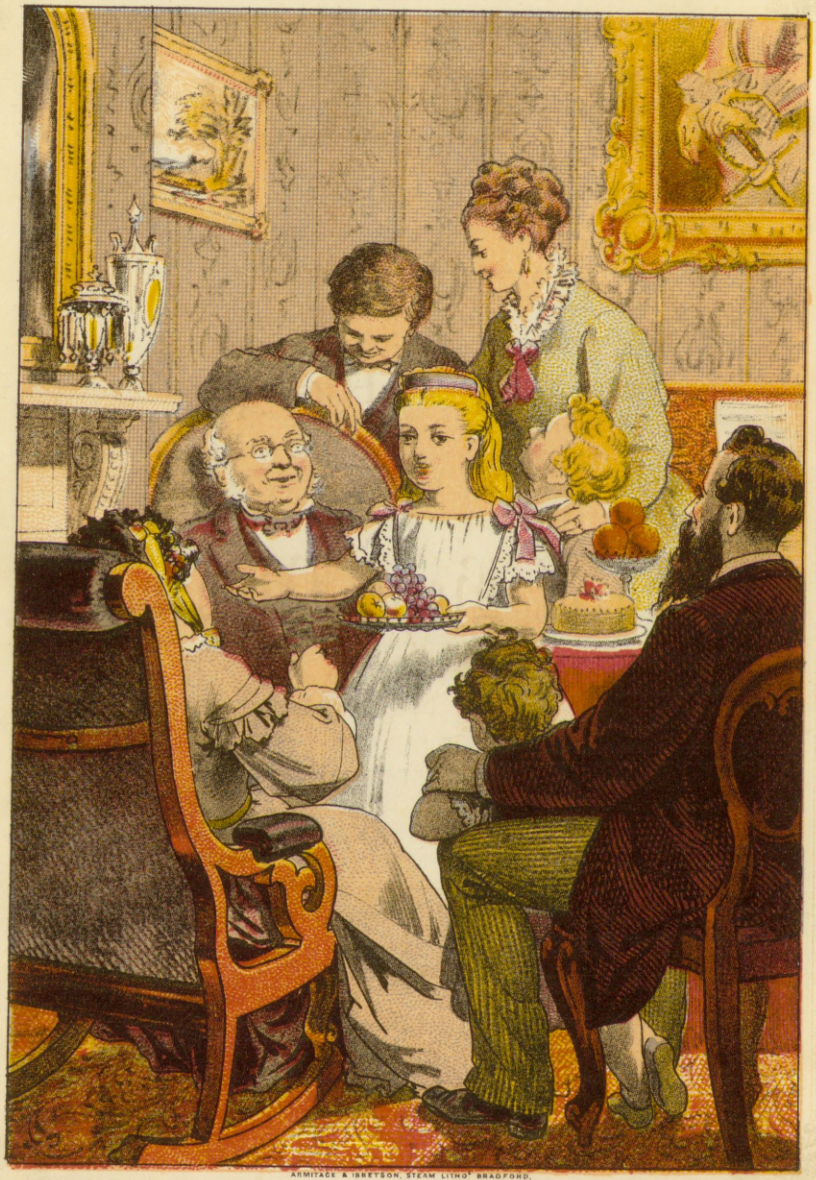
ONWARD

1875



ARMITAGE & IBBETSON, STEAM LITHO^S BRADFORD.

"ONWARD." JANUARY. 1875.

"FIRESIDE JOYS."

ONWARD.

THE ORGAN

OF THE

Band of Hope Movement.

VOLUME X, 1875.

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Contents of Vol. X.

TO OUR READERS.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."—TENNYSON.

THE merry chimes ushering in the glad New Year—Nature in her pure snowy garb—the bright faces at your hearth—the congratulations on every hand—all seem to swell a grand chorus of glad welcome :—

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU."

At this great joyful season we too would be among the number who join in wishing to all our friends and readers "A very, very happy New Year."

But while we rejoice with them that do rejoice, we are also enjoined to weep with them that weep. And, alas! how much sorrow there is—too deep to be stirred by all the pleasantries of friendly tongues, too nameless to be reached by those early visitors who come burdened with their load of kindly wishes on the pretty New Year's cards. To how many does even New Year's morning rise with a leaden, dull, and hopeless sky? Our national curse, *intemperance*, has blighted many a home and saddened many a heart, so that thence comes no response to the glad wishes of to-day.

To combat this destroyer of the happiness of our country and our hearths we again unfurl our banner and buckle on our armour; and with a New Year prayer to the Lord of Hosts go forth again to battle.

For more than nine years we have been privileged to occupy no mean rank in the field. Temperance literature is our weapon; and while we make no proud boast of our achievements, we need not blush on account of any stain resting on the pages of the volumes of ONWARD, the ninth of which was completed with the departed year.

In putting this volume alongside its predecessors on our library shelf, we admit that we feel honest pride at, and true thankfulness for, our little though increasing row of trophies. And while we raise our "Ebenezer" in reviewing the past, inspired with high anticipations for the future we re-enter upon our work, heralding to the world this first page of our *tenth volume*.

To us the Band of Hope movement has ever appeared to possess a special claim beyond every other department of the great temperance work. Because in it we deal with natures uncontaminated by contact with drink, free from the bad habits, distorted opinions, and deep-rooted prejudices, which are the offspring of the drinking customs of our land. In the young, too, we have a power which, when developed and rightly guided, may revolutionise the world, and cause a new and higher social and national life.

A brief review of the temperance movement will surely show that there never was a time more full of hope and brightness than the present. Only a few years ago there were found philosophical Christians who taught the sinfulness of administering the pledge to children, and who denounced the Band of Hope work as fraught with great danger to religion. But while these doctors of the law were propounding magnificent theories of aerial beauty, we quietly went on our way demonstrating the baseless absurdity of their "castles in the air," and demolishing them, "till not a wreck was left behind,"—showing by the logic of unanswerable facts that the Church was receiving new life and religious energy from the very source which she had despised and opposed. And, now, was there ever a time in the history of our movement when the conscience of the Christian Church throughout the country was so thoroughly aroused, and the feeling so clearly expressed in every denomination, that something must be done?

To this, the greatest revolution and most hopeful sign ever witnessed, we lay claim as having largely contributed by our Band of Hope movement.

But let it not be forgotten that while these encouragements give joy and hope, affording higher incentives to labour more devotedly, they also deepen our responsibility.

To-day we are appealing to thousands who, having been blessed by the temperance movement, perhaps brought up in our Bands of Hope, while receiving all, are content to give nothing. From such, nay, from all, we plead for help. If you have never done anything for the cause as yet, begin at once. This is no time to lay aside your armour, or sit with folded hands, as though the conflict was over. Drink is still doing its deadly work. What are you doing to stay the plague? Remember it is written of some who were idle spectators of a mighty struggle long ago between the chosen of God and their bitter foes:—"Curse ye, Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

There is suitable work for all in our great movement. We want each class in every Sunday School in the country to be a miniature Band of Hope—we want the Church permeating with sound temperance truth—we want missionaries in our mills and workshops, in our homes and social circles—we want advocates for our platforms—we want secretaries and earnest committees for our Bands of Hope—we want district visitors and tract distributors who shall scatter temperance literature and temperance truth broadcast in every town and village in the kingdom; in short, we want in this coming year to urge upon every member of our great army to recognise his responsibility, and in the sight and fear of God to do his individual duty lovingly, manfully, and fearlessly.

We are not unmindful at this time of the obligations incumbent upon ourselves as editors. Year by year we have added such features of

interest and utility as should enhance the value of ONWARD, and make it second to none as the organ of our great movement. The large increase in our circulation is a gratifying evidence that our efforts have not been in vain.

Many of our earlier readers whom in the past we addressed as boys and girls are now men and women, taking an active part in temperance work, and largely contributing to the growth of a sound public opinion. To meet their case, as well as the demands made by the growing intelligence of the age, we propose—in addition to our juvenile matter and all those other features of varied interest—to give a series of articles on the higher phases of the temperance question, specially written for our pages by men of renown and ability.

Our musical department will receive increased care and attention, so as to secure for it a continuation of that popularity which it has hitherto enjoyed ; while the gifted authoress, Mrs. Clara L. Balfour, will again enrich our magazine by a new and charming serial tale.

As one proof of our desire to make ONWARD alike useful and attractive, we have at a considerable cost issued with our present number a very beautifully illuminated picture, specially designed and executed for our magazine by artists of high reputation, so that the volume when issued will equally adorn the drawing-room or the cottage.

In pressing our claims at this time for a still larger circulation, we have no other motive to gratify than the extension and prosperity of the Band of Hope movement. We gratefully acknowledge the valuable aid received in the past not only from the large staff of able literary contributors, but also from those fellow-helpers who have laboured earnestly to increase our circulation. To all we express our deepest thanks, and trust that the same valuable aid which has been so generously accorded in the past may be continued in the future. We need, however, still increased help to carry on successfully the momentous struggle in which we are engaged.

In no way can the *readers* of our present issue more effectively assist us, or give a more practical response to our New Year's greeting than by each resolving to obtain at least one new subscriber for our magazine. How small an amount of labour or self-sacrifice would this involve ! The Sunday School superintendent could recommend it to his teachers, the teacher to his scholars, the scholar to his companion and friend, and thus our object would be achieved.

For ourselves we rejoice at all that has been accomplished, and thank God for it, but so long as the monstrous evil is in our midst—so long as this deadly Upas tree casts its dark shadows over our land—so long as our country is deluged by brutality, vice, crime, misery, and death, produced mainly by that accursed drink—so long shall we lift up our voice, and continue in God's name and by God's help to wage a conflict unto death against this foul destroyer of our homes and happiness. Who will enlist with us in this mighty struggle ? Who ? WHO ?

WE'VE BADE FAREWELL TO DRINKING.

BY J. C. REID, M.D.

HERE we've met in mirth and glee,
Right happy o'er our cup o' tea,
For we ne'er drink the barley-bree,
We've said farewell to whisky, O.

Porter and ale, and brandy too,
Wine, gin, or rum, will never do,
Teetotal boys should aye stand true,
And never think of drinking, O.

Here we've met to drink our tea,
To sing our songs and chat awee,
But whisky mair we'll never pree (taste),
And so farewell to drinking, O.

Of *Cordials* too we have no need,
A drunken appetite they feed,
To utter ruin they often lead;
We've bid farewell to drinking, O.

Firm as a rock let all remain,
And never taste strong drink again;
Let's all join hands and shout, "Abstain!"
A long farewell to drinking, O.

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER I.

A REFUSAL AND ITS RESULT.

TO a stranger the town of Wasteburn, something more than a dozen miles from London, presents a rather odd appearance. There are a great number of low but spacious buildings which on their roofs and gables have a sort of gigantic pointed hood, shaped pretty much like an old-fashioned copper coal-scuttle set up on end. These are malting houses, and the trade of malster is the most general and the most prosperous in the before-named town. I hardly think I ought to call it a trade, for as it partakes of that lofty gentility which so distinguishes

the brewing and distilling companies of the land, whereby they manage skilfully to brew not only liquor but legislators, and to distil out of the decay, not merely of natural products, but out of many other kinds of decay among the dregs and dross of society—wealth, dignity, and honour, it must be spoken of deferentially; at least so thought Mr. Gideon Gulper, the rich malster of Wasteburn. His house stood on an eminence out of, yet overlooking, the town. He was the great man of his locality. There were not many resident gentry, and the immediate district being rather flat and uninteresting, it had not as yet been selected by speculative builders for experiments in ornamental architecture, nor resorted to by business men of the metropolis as a country retreat. Therefore a man who had made money, owned most of the public-houses of the district, built a fine house, and set up his carriage, was thought to have great merit. The place was proud of him, and very naturally he was proud of himself.

The rector of Wasteburn being a very old man, whose health required him to live a great part of every year away from his charge, added to the influence Mr. Gulper exerted—or rather did not restrain it. Young curates succumbed to him; and as the rich malster's name headed all the lists of the local charities, and he was chairman of several committees and boards, boasted of his entire freedom from sectarianism, and had one or two dissenting ministers to smoke and hob-nob with him on winter evenings, he was very popular.

All that was required of his visitors, clerical or lay, was that they should agree with their host, who was very hospitable—when he was not thwarted.

Now it so happened that among the good deeds Mr. Gulper boasted of, was that he had taken the orphan son and daughter of a poor clergyman who had died some years before our story begins. Certainly they were related to his wife—but as he always said, "Even if Mrs. Gulper had lived, they had no claim on me; and as she died soon after their father, they have not the ghost of a claim on my purse. I took them, and I educate them, and I keep them, purely from charity." To which, as in duty bound, those who heard him used to say, "How very good of you;" though they did sometimes whisper to each other, that as he had no children of his own or relatives, it was not so very great an act of generosity that he should bring up his wife's orphan niece and nephew—Cyril and Julia Lyndon. Still it added to his reputation for benevolence.

It was known that Julia was placed at a very good school in London; her brother had been moved about to cheap English and foreign schools with much indecision on the part of his patron, arising, it was thought, from a dislike Mr. Gulper had taken to the lad, or from a grudge he had against the youth's father, which even the grave had not quite buried. Certain it was he took Cyril from school and put him into the office of the malting works, under a churlish man, who had been manager for

years, and who, knowing his employer's likes and dislikes, contrived to keep Mr. Gulper well informed of all that Cyril did which would increase any dislike in which he was held.

So I need scarcely say the youth had not had a very happy time of it. He was not allowed to live at "The Upper Grange," Mr. Gulper's house; he was lodged at Hicks's, the manager's. And his evenings were filled up with office work, by which they certainly saved the pay of an extra clerk. Moreover, as Mr. Gulper did not like writing himself, he was fond of keeping the pens of others busy. Heaps of uninteresting copying came to Cyril's share. It was quite right that he should have his time well filled, for idleness is ruin to youth. But it was a sort of tedious monotony, this pen-work, which filled his time, but did not allow of his mental improvement, and the youth wanted to be learning something—to go to some pursuit by which he might live usefully and intelligently. An honourable ambition in all, the young especially.

Occasionally Cyril was invited to visit Mr. Gulper, and was then expected to listen dutifully to long accounts of the wisdom and merit by which that gentleman had raised himself to his present pinnacle of success.

Thinking of his sister Julia, the one sweet treasure left to him, and grateful for what was done for her, kept Cyril a most respectful listener, however hard it was to be so; but there came a day when both Mr. Gulper's dislike and Cyril's forbearance broke the bounds which hitherto had restrained them, and led to serious results.

It was a dark night at the end of November when the youth was rather hastily summoned to "The Grange." He took with him the copy of some business agreements that he had been writing, and Mr. Gulper's face as the youth entered the dining-room was flushed and angry.

"Put down those papers. I don't want them—I want *you*," said Mr. Gulper, in his loudest voice. "Is it true that you sent that fellow, who came canting here, to ask for my schoolroom for his meeting?"

"Yes, sir; I ventured to do so, for as there had been so much drinking here lately, and such crimes of violence, I thought, as the applicant said, that a temperance meeting might do good."

"You thought! Who told you to think, pray?"

"I understood, sir—that is, I've heard you say—you wished to do the people here—good."

"Of course I do. I'm always doing good; and what do I get by it but ingratitude? Do good indeed! to a set of drinking wretches that prison is the best place for! What am I to expect from *them* when *you* —that I've so far reared—are tearing up and down, I hear, of a night, after a set of fools, with some precious nostrum of setting things right by overthrowing the most respectable, and lucrative, and excellent trade of the country? There, lad, I give you fair warning—let me hear no more of such goings on. You may well look dumfounded,

young sir—sending such a fellow to me on such a fool's errand. Lend my room indeed! Well, there, as you look ashamed of yourself, I say no more—only *I won't* have you giving in to such stuff. Here, it's my birthday, and to show I'm not hard on you, you shall drink my health."

Cyril had been standing near Mr. Gulper's chair, and he now involuntarily moved away a few paces, and stood in a respectful and yet embarrassed attitude.

"What do you stand staring like that for—stupid? Did you hear me?"

Mr. Gulper pushed as he spoke a full tumbler towards the youth, who bowing made a sudden movement to the table, took up a glass jug of water, and quietly pouring out a draught into a goblet, said in a low, respectful, but firm voice—

"Sir, I'll drink your health in this. I wish you most earnestly every happiness you wish yourself."

Mr. Gulper moved his chair round and faced the lad. He seemed so surprised that for a few moments he did not speak. His eye had that threatening gleam in it which Cyril had often noticed lay like a lurid spark, ready to blaze, after Mr. Gulper rose from his dinner table. His red face seemed now to swell and take a purple tinge.

"Then it's true," he roared, "what Hicks and others tell me. It's true you've been and disgraced yourself. That's not so much matter, but you've disgraced *me*, signing that pledge, eh? Drink my health, boy—at once—no shilly-shallying—or——"

"Sir, I mean no disrespect, but I cannot." Then he added hastily, "I never mean to drink the drunkard's drink as long as I live."

"What! Then you shan't eat—not at my expense, you ungrateful dog. So I've reared you to snarl and bite, you——"

He was so angry, his words were inarticulate. He took the full tumbler of drink, and without a moment's hesitation dashed its contents at Cyril, who by darting aside received the *douche* meant for his face harmlessly on his shoulder. There is little doubt that had Mr. Gulper been as agile as he was angry, he would have followed up this outbreak of passion by rising from his chair and striking the youth; but he had a sort of consciousness that after dinner he did not always stand quite firmly on his legs—a nervous affection Dr. Blandly called it. But Cyril was not of the age or the temperament to take this sudden attack quite calmly. The splash of the liquor against his cheek, the crash of the glass as it fell on the floor, and his dripping coat-sleeve all roused him.

"I'm no dog—and will not be treated as one," he cried involuntarily.

"Hear this beggar!" shouted Mr. Gulper.

"No, sir, not a beggar," interposed Cyril. "*I've worked hard*, and tried to serve you and to please you—but drink I will not. Listen a moment, and then I'll go. My mother, on her death-bed, told me that when my father was curate here, you advised him to take port wine for

"I NEVER MEAN TO DRINK THE DRUNKARD'S DRINK AS LONG AS I LIVE."—(*Page 7.*)

his health at first, and then he took it with you, sir, until from less to more he was overcome by it; and then you, sir, were among the very first to denounce him as a drunkard."

"And so he was, the weak fool! He disgraced himself—he disgraced *me*. He, a clergyman, to let himself be seen as a drunkard."

"He died, sir, of a broken heart, as you know, penitent. Ruined in life, but not in death. And since I've thought about his lost life and blighted name, I've resolved not to touch, taste, or handle the *accursed* thing that destroyed him."

The youth was stung by the memory of his sad family history into a noble indignation, which, careless of consequences, would utter itself.

"You viper, that I have warmed! you *curse* me, do you? Now hear me. Out you go from my house, and my premises, and my people; I'll not have you harboured here. You may beg, steal, or starve; I've done with you. If you dare to stay another day in this place I'll wash my hands of your sister as well as you—you're an ungrateful brood, the whole set!"

The mention of his sister checked the words on Cyril's lips. He cared not what befell himself; but Julia had been reared in comfort and affluence, and the thought that she might be injured gave him a bitter pang.

Mr. Gulper noticed the momentary paleness, as of a sudden chill, on Cyril's lips, and exulted that he had wounded the poor youth, he resolved to follow up his blow.

"Begone!" he cried, pointing to the door. "I'll have the police sent for unless you're off at once. I'm '*accursed*'—am I?"

"I said the drink was——"

"No words. Go; and never let me set eyes on you again, unless you want me to pack your sister after you—a pair of vagabonds. It'll come to that, I've no doubt."

"Mr. Gulper," said Cyril, stretching out his hands, and retreating slowly to the door, "I go, as you order me. I'm not ungrateful; I hope to live to prove I am not. For what *you have done for my sister* I thank you, sir. Do not, pray do not let poor Julia suffer for what you think my fault."

"Begone!" he roared, in reply, and reached out his hand to the bell.

Cyril, who was well aware that the domestics had been listening—indeed could not help hearing their master's words—bent his head and left the room, encountering as he went through the hall the supercilious looks of Mrs. Downing, the housekeeper, who, flinging wide the door, said, "You've done for yourself now, Mr. Water-drinker. It's my belief as the pump have served you a bad turn."

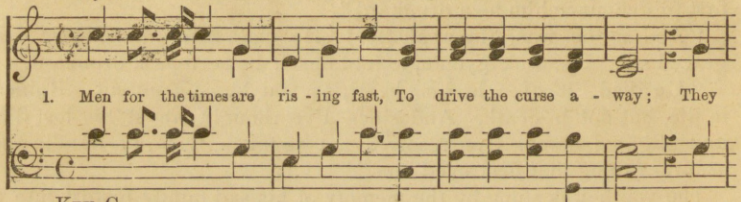
Cyril had too much to think of to mind the insolence of a menial, and so he went out into the night, feeling that a right path is not quite an easy one.

(To be continued.)

MEN FOR THE TIMES.

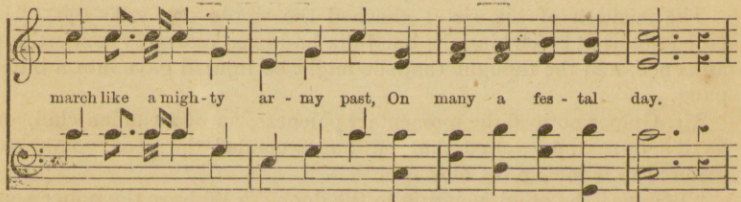
Music and Words by WILLIAM HOYLE.

Vigorous.



KEY C.

d¹	: d¹.,d¹	| d¹	: s	m	: s	| d¹	: s	l	: l	| s	: f	m: —	|	: s
2. Men	for the times		drink	wa -	ter	pure,	No	drunkard's	thirst	they			feel;		A
d¹	: d¹.,d¹	| d¹	: s	m	: s	| d¹	: m	f	: f	| m	: r	d: —	|	: s
d¹	: d¹.,d¹	| d¹	: s	m	: s	| d¹	: d¹	d¹	: d¹	| d¹	: t	r: —	|	: s
3. Men	for the times		to the	res -	cue	fly,	Thrice	ho -	ly	is	their		cause;		And
d¹	: d¹.,d¹	| d¹	: s	m	: s	| d¹	: d	f	: f	| s	: s,	d: —	|	: s



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stur -	dy band	with	a	pur -	pose	sure,	They	fear	no	foe -	man's		steel.		
d¹	: d¹.,d¹	| d¹	: s	m	: s	| d¹	: m	f	: f	| f	: f	m: -	| -	:
d¹	: d¹.,d¹	| d¹	: s	m	: s	| d¹	: d¹	d¹	: r¹	| r¹	: r¹	d¹: -	| -	:
soon,	with the help		of	God	most high,		They'll	change	vile	drink -	ing		laws.		
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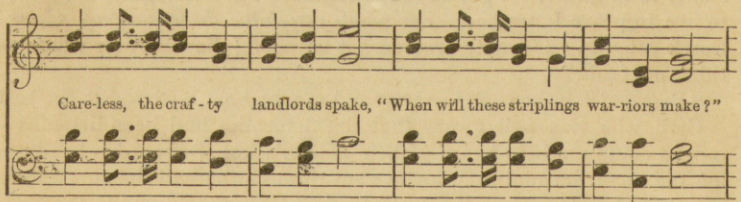
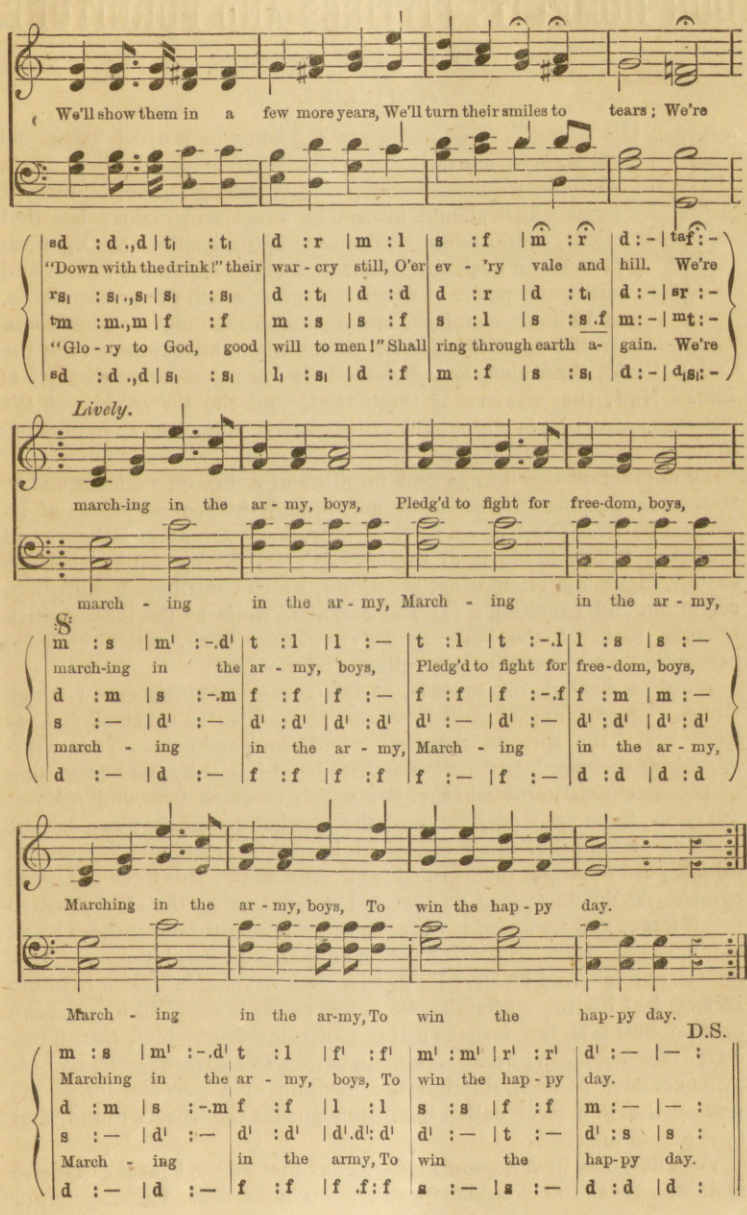


r¹	: r¹.,r¹	| r¹	: t	d¹	: r¹	| m¹	: —	r¹	: r¹.,r¹	| t	: s	d¹	: m	| s	: —
Hark ye,	the tramp		of their	will -	ing	feet,		Onward	they	march,		the	foe	to	meet;
t	: t .,t	| t	: s	s	: s	| s	: —	t	: t .,t	| s	: s	s	: d	| r	: —
r¹	: r¹.,r¹	| r¹	: r¹	d¹	: t	| d¹	: —	r¹	: r¹.,r¹	| r¹	: t	d¹	: d¹	| t	: —
Sweep-ing	a - way		our	country's		bane,		Lead-ing	the	drunkard			to	ab -	stain;
s	: s .,s	| s	: f	m	: s	| d¹	: —	s	: s .,s	| s	: f	m	: d	| s	.—


We'll show them in a few more years, We'll turn their smiles to tears; We're
"Down with the drink!" their war-cry still, O'er ev-'ry vale and hill. We're
"Glo-ry to God, good will to men!" Shall ring through earth a-gain. We're
Lively.
march-ing in the ar-my, boys, Pledg'd to fight for free-dom, boys,
march-ing in the ar-my, March-ing in the ar-my,
S
march-ing in the ar-my, boys, Pledg'd to fight for free-dom, boys,
march-ing in the ar-my, March-ing in the ar-my,
Marching in the ar-my, boys, To win the hap-py day.
March-ing in the ar-my, To win the hap-py day.
D.S.
Marching in the ar-my, boys, To win the hap-py day.
March-ing in the army, To win the hap-py day.

OUR HOME: ITS FITTINGS AND FURNITURE.

By DR. F. R. LEES.

ARTICLE I.

"OUR Home!" I do not mean the home built up of brick, and stone, and mortar, and wood, wherein our Bodies dwell, sheltered from the freezing cold or stifling heat of Nature—a home which should always be sweet and clean; but that closer, dearer home, wherein our Spirit dwells—the Organism of our own flesh and blood and brain—upon the health and purity and power of which depend so much of our happiness, and all our usefulness and mental development. The House we Live in is the concentration of all the wise and subtle laws of the Outer World, controlled and governed by the principle or property of Life. Now, the mastery of these laws, and the knowledge of the wondrous structure in which they are displayed, should be as interesting to the student as they are important to the man.

To appreciate the fittings and furniture of a house, we must understand the purposes it has to be put to, and the special offices of its various parts. The Human body is, in truth, an Organ of Labour, and the work it has to do is of three kinds: (1) *Living* work, such as eating, digesting, circulating, breathing, which contribute to nutrition, secretion, and excretion; (2) The *Physical* work of the limbs, which are the tools of the Will; and (3) *Mental* work, which includes perception, enjoyment, moral feeling, and thought.

What is wanted for work is STRENGTH or POWER, out of which comes the expenditure called "force." In a watch or clock you see the wheels, the springs, the chain, and the pendulum. The *mainspring* of the watch had its "elasticity" put into it by the hammering of the mechanist, and when either watch or clock is wound *up* you put your force into position, and the *un*winding takes place by the pushing or falling of this force, which keeps the machinery at work till all the power you put in has run down. And mark! this force is always *equal*. As much *pull* as you exerted in winding up the clock, just so much force, and no more, is expended in the weight falling down; one balances the other. So with a steam engine, with its platform, wheels, piston, furnace, and boiler. Its passive and mechanical power is in the *strength* of its iron material. Its active power is supplied by the coke or coal burnt in the furnace; this generates *heat*, which transforms water into steam, the heat-force reappearing as *elastic* vapour, and so, by successive pushes, through the medium of a *vacuum* (or empty space), the iron lever called the piston pushes the wheels round, and thus moves the train.

You know that heat *expands* things—in other words, heat is expansive motion, as seen in explosions of steam or gunpowder. This motion, or

"force," can be measured exactly. So much powder, for instance, will yield force enough to send out from a gun a bullet of a given weight; *i.e.* it is equal to *pushing* that weight against the friction of the air, and the falling tendency called "gravity," *so far and so long.* Again, so much heat will make so much steam, and so much steam will do so much work, and no more. Thus these various forms of motion, or force, are equal to each other. If you have "work" to do, you must have *power* to do it with, and that power must be put into *some shape*, that is, be stored up for use as gunpowder or coal.

Something of just the same sort happens with the human body. Its mechanical *strength* consists in its solid parts, which are the tools it works with; but, unlike a mere machine, it contains a number of instruments composed of special matter and constructed in a peculiar way, which both generate, hold, and distribute *power*. We will now strive to explain this mechanism and the uses of its parts.

First, we have the BONES of the body, altogether making up the "skeleton," one of the most beautiful and marvellous structures in the world. It may be divided into three parts—(*a*) The *Skull* and *vertebræ*, (or back-bones); (*b*) The *Ribs*, or hoops of the body proper; (*c*) The *Limbs*, upper and lower. The uses of these parts are as follow:—

(*a*) The *Skull*, or cranium, is the roof and walls of the Brain—a mass of NERVOUS matter and cells where feeling and thought are generated, or at least manifested: connected with an infinite number of nervous filaments, which act like the wires of the telegraph in communicating impressions. These nerves pass from the brain-cells into the perforated *bones of the back*, that serve at once the purpose of pillars to the frame and protectors of the delicate nerve-lines of sensation and action.

(*b*) The *Hoops of the Body*, called ribs, also answer a double purpose. They keep the frame expanded, and protect the vital machinery within the Trunk from injury, and they serve as a fulcrum for certain muscles to play upon and exert their power.

(*c*) The bones of the *Arms* and *Legs*, including the Fingers and Toes, are simply levers of power, suited to convey and resist motion—which means to pull and push, to grasp, hold, walk and carry, etc. The limbs, in fact, are instruments doing the same sort of work which is done by pistons, rods, wheels, and other levers, in artificial machinery.

Second, we have a vast number of cords or fibres of flesh, called MUSCLES, working upon and around the bones, to which they are tied fast at various points by ligaments and tendons. These muscles correspond in function (or use) to the ropes, straps, bands, and chains of common machinery.

Third, we have the NERVES and BRAIN, spoken of already, which are the more immediate residence and instrument of *conscious* life. The nerves bring sensation from the Outer world to the Inner, and through the Gateways of the Senses fill the brain with impressions—photographs,

as it were, of reality; and the Brain thus becomes a picture gallery, a music hall, a school and college, a telegraph office, and even a parliament where we legislate, wisely or foolishly, not only for ourselves, but all around us. Having our work to *do* in the outside world, this system is that which connects us with it: first, by way of *knowledge* of it, and, second, by way of *action upon* it.

And here comes into review a peculiarity of the organism, namely, its *Livingness*, or vitality, which must be explained in order to render further description intelligible.

(*To be continued.*)

DAY DAWN.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

TOILERS in the night are we
Looking for the dawn of day,
Longing that its light may be
Shining on our dreary way.

We have struggled on thus far,
Hoping, praying, for the light;
Now we see the morning star
Rising o'er the hilltops bright.

'Tis the herald of the dawn,
For the gloomy shadows fly;
Silvery streaks are on the lawn,
Rosy tints adorn the sky.

Soon the glorious sun will rise
In his majesty and strength:
See! the darkness quickly flies,
Day is breaking now at length.

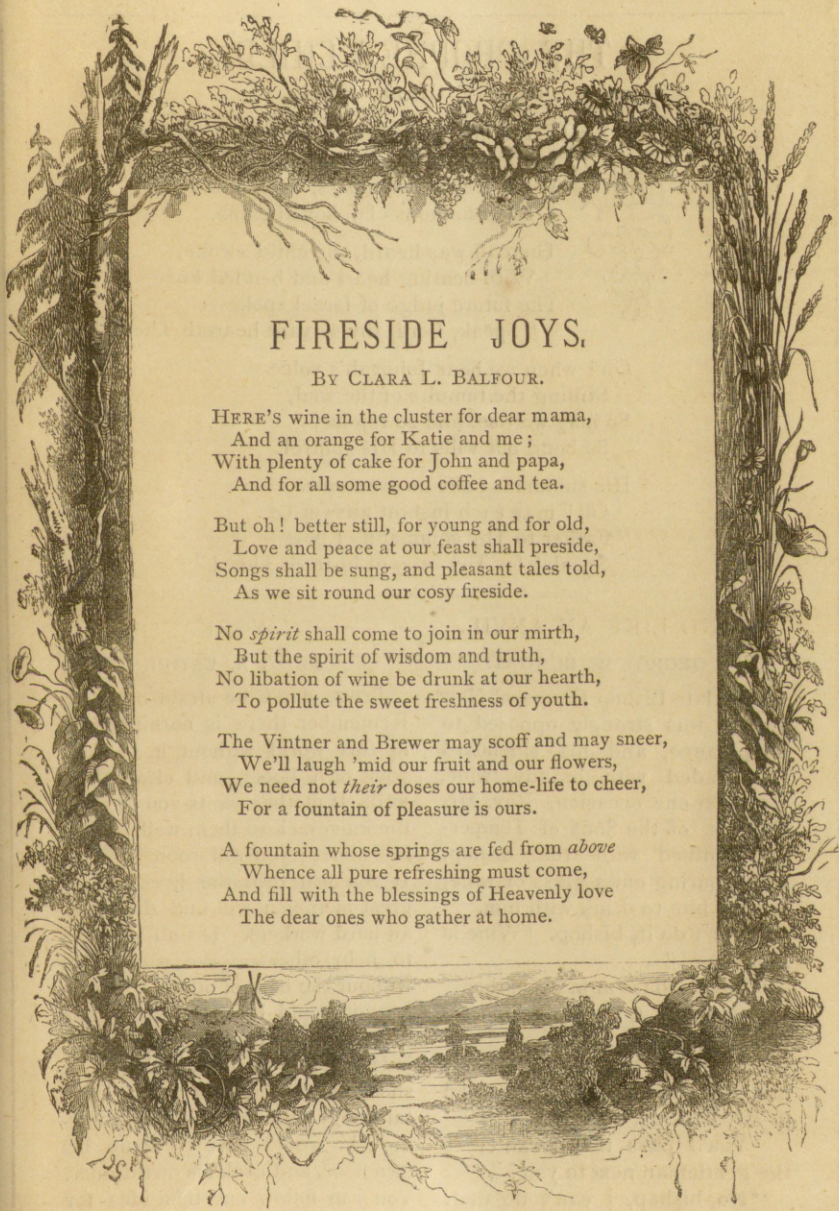
Fellow-toilers, through the night;
Ye have yearned to see the day;
Now behold its cloudless light
Beaming brightly on your way.

Courage, brothers, onward press
Towards the goal ye hope to gain;
Persevere until success
By your efforts ye attain;

Till the light of Truth has flamed
Its refulgence all abroad,
Till the fallen are reclaimed,
And the world is brought to God.

PROHIBITION.

THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, in his work on "Church Principles," quotes the following passage from the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Goodman, who lived in the reign of Charles I. The Bishop thus described two parishes once under his care: "In neither of these parishes (I thank God for it) I had—1, not a beggar; 2, *not an ale house;* 3, not a suit in law; 4, not a quarrel; 5, not a spendthrift; 6, no labouring man wanted a day's work; 7, on the Sunday no poor man ever dined at his own house, but was ever invited; 8, no man was ever prosecuted for fornication, or any great crime; 9, no robbery, murder, or felony ever committed in the parish; 10, no man ever came to a violent death." Mr. Gladstone quoted these passages as worthy of notice. They are especially so in view of the demand for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Who can doubt but if there were no ale houses in many of the English parishes in the days of Queen Victoria the same good results would follow, as in the days of King Charles?



FIRESIDE JOYS.

By Clara L. Balfour.

Here's wine in the cluster for dear mama,
And an orange for Katie and me;
With plenty of cake for John and papa,
And for all some good coffee and tea.

But oh! better still, for young and for old,
Love and peace at our feast shall preside,
Songs shall be sung, and pleasant tales told,
As we sit round our cosy fireside.

No *spirit* shall come to join in our mirth,
But the spirit of wisdom and truth,
No libation of wine be drunk at our hearth,
To pollute the sweet freshness of youth.

The Vintner and Brewer may scoff and may sneer,
We'll laugh 'mid our fruit and our flowers,
We need not *their* doses our home-life to cheer,
For a fountain of pleasure is ours.

A fountain whose springs are fed from *above*
Whence all pure refreshing must come,
And fill with the blessings of Heavenly love
The dear ones who gather at home.

THE PROPHET CHILD.

By S. C. Hall, F.S.A.

WITHIN the Temple slept the child,
The destined guard of Israel's fame:
When o'er his slumbers, calm and mild,
The summons of Jehovah came.

The call was heard, the child awoke,
With beating heart and bended knee,
The future judge of Israel spoke—
"Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth Thee!"

Oh! when we hear Jehovah's voice
Stilling the tumults of the soul,
So may we rise, and so rejoice,
So bend our wills to His control.

His summons calls us even now.
Oh! may each instant answer be
"Father to Thy commands I bow—
Speak! for Thy servant heareth Thee!"

STAND LIKE AN ANVIL.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to temperance, and his sideboard was loaded with brandy, wine, etc. On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperance, dined with the bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him.

"Can't do it, bishop. 'Wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, bishop. 'Strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the bishop, becoming somewhat excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins,

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you?"

"No, bishop, I can't do that. 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips.'"

WORK.

BY W. A. EATON.

Boys, don't be afraid of work. Remember there is nothing done in this world without it. Clean your own boots, and clean them well. If mother wants you to clean the knives, clean them well. Don't idle about; you will soon be men. If you will read the lives of any great men, you will find they were all hard workers. Do all you can to help others. We cannot do without the help of others. Think how it would be if all the people in the world were to try and be independent of each other. A shoemaker would have to learn tailoring and building and painting; he would have to scrub his own floor, and cook his own dinner. You can follow out this idea for yourselves. Everybody must work; see that you do your full share.

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By THE REV. JOHN JONES, Liverpool.

CHAPTER I.

THE Empire of Great Grog, like that of the world, encompasses us on every side; we must needs be in it while yet not of it, as the diciples of Abstinence and Sobriety. Like the pilgrims in Vanity Fair, we are marching through it to return no more for ever.

Liquordom is a wonderful thing; its area is the habitable globe—its religion is the worship of Bacchus—its vocabulary is made up of all spoken languages—its subjects include all nations, kindreds, and tribes—its allies are the powers of darkness—its flag is the black flag of death—its army is made up of a myriad distillers, brewers, and publicans—its weapon of war is strong-drink—its object of attack, is the happiness, peace, and life of the community—the refrain of its national anthem is, "We won't go home till morning"—its declared foes are the legions of abstainers contending against it under the banner of Christianity. Yes, a wonderful thing is Liquordom.

Among other of its notable features are its language and heraldry. By its language we mean the *names, terms, and phrases* constituting its vocabulary; and by its heraldry we mean those *trade marks* emblazoned on glass, or canvas, or paper, exhibited in liquor-shop windows. Let us notice

First, its Language.—It is ever an interesting study to trace the origin and meaning of words, and our temperance crusade will be all the more intelligently carried on by equipping ourselves with such knowledge in reference to the language of Liquordom. Considerable skill is shown by the votaries of Bacchus in the selection of words and phrases; while the genius of poetry is not unfrequently seen when describing, as for instance, the virtues of certain beverages. A particular bin of sherry is thus expatiated upon,—"Gold; quite a connoisseur's wine, of truly delicate character. A high-flavoured old wine, without the Amontillado character. Five shillings per bottle." Or, if you prefer port, it is,—"Port, old in bottle; a wine of a delicate *silky* flavour, with exquisite aroma; *tawny* in colour." Is not that poetic? Wine with silky and tawny attributes! Or, again, if you wish for wine for church purposes, here it is,—"Malaga, dark brown. A sweet, luscious wine, suitable for sacramental purposes." Bacchus is undoubtedly of a poetic turn of mind.

Let us now look at the principal names employed in the liquor traffic. Our inquiry here will come under three divisions. (1) The names given

to the *places* where drink is sold. (2) The names given to the *agents* who make and sell it. (3) The names given to the *drink itself*.

1. *The Names given to the Places*, viz. the bar, gin-palace, hotel, inn, tap-room, public-house, tavern, spirit-vaults, grog-shop.

THE BAR.—The signification of this term is, an enclosed place, which provides for the retailer of drink a place inside and for the consumer a place outside; an arrangement corresponding to that of the counter of the baker or the grocer, with this difference, that bread and grocery are not consumed on the premises. The bar! Yes; how very suggestive. The path of the drunkard is from bar to bar—a visit first to that of the publican and then to that behind which sits the magistrate or the judge—and a busy time the latter have of it, and a still busier era is opening up for them, for as a nation we have been sowing the wind, and we must reap the whirlwind. It would become a grand reform if we could abolish the criminal bar and assign a handsome annuity to all its stipendiary officials. We should not be very far from such a millenial state if we only abolish the publican's bar. Then white gloves would become the frequent and welcome gift to judges, recorders, and magistrates as the outward symbol of the existence of law and order. This, then, must be our aim, the abolition of the two bars—first the publican's, and then, as a sequence, the other. May Heaven speed its accomplishment.

THE GIN-PALACE.—This term literally signifies a gorgeous establishment for the sale of gin, differing in this respect from the humbler beer-house or tavern. The gin-palace is the offspring of the nineteenth century, for the most part, and becomes a landmark in the progress of Liquordom. The object of this gorgeous thing, this combination of the skill of architect and artist, this blending of the hues of the rainbow, this concentration of gold and vermilion and light, is all intended to dazzle and allure the passer-by, and to charm out of their reeking holes and dens the begrimed sots, with foul and greasy and tattered garb. O, what a mockery of these perishing ones! their own homes stripped of all comfort and robbed of all beauty in order to decorate the gin-palace. The order of things should be reversed; let us have miserable and reeking gin-shops, and send the artist and decorator to the homes of the people, for—

"Home, sweet home, there's no place like home."

This modern tendency to gorgeous gin-palaces is partly due to modern legislation, which insists so strongly that the public-house premises must be of the most complete and convenient character, as if on purpose to allure men. Magistrates of late years have received evidence from officials appointed for the work that such and such a house is a a model of perfection; the Licensing Bench has nodded and smiled, and said that a licence should be granted. Thus publicans have sought to rival each other in the grandeur of their premises, lavishing their unholy gains on wood, and stone, and iron, and brass. But the beauty

of the gin-palace shall fade ; its glory shall be a thing of the past, and home, sweet home, shall be the palace of each happy and ensobered family.

THE HOTEL.—This term comes from the French, and signifies originally a princely residence; then a place of call for "genteel strangers;" then in our country any establishment where you may obtain a bed, a stable, and an unlimited supply of alcohol. There is something very suggestive in the secondary meaning of the term, viz. a place for genteel strangers, and, we may add, genteel tipplers; for what the common public-house is to the labourer or artizan, the hotel is to the respectable tradesman or lawyer, or doctor, or artist, a place wherein to get drunk, to become demoralised and ruined. The hotels of our country, in every town and city, through many ages of time, have multiplied the votaries of Bacchus, hurried myriads to a premature grave, who might, or who actually did once, adorn the higher ranks of life, and sent desolation and woe into the affluent homes and stately halls of Old England ; and yet only one thing in these hotels has done all the mischief—only one thing we ask to be taken away—then "genteel strangers" may come and go, their reputation and character standing secure, and no reflex wave of sorrow sweeping over their elegant and happy homes.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE'S ANSWER.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright—Shall be my lot,
If that wherein my hopes delight—Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years—Toil's heavy chain,
Or day and night my meat be tears—On bed of pain.

Dear faces maysurround my hearth—With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth—Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand—By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand—Other than mine.

One who was known in storms to sail—I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale—I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite—I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light—He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land—The end is this,
And then with Him go hand in hand—Far into bliss!

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

SOME people will never learn anything; for this reason, that they understand everything too soon.—*Pope.*

TO compliment vice is but one remove from worshipping the Devil.—*Collier.*

OF all the good that mortal men pursue,
The Muse has least to give and gives to few.—*Crabbe.*

IF the headache should come before drunkenness, we should guard against drinking too much. But pleasure, to deceive us, marches before and conceals her pain.—*Montaigne.*

CUSTOM is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.—*Milton.*

A falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity.—*Dryden.*

Reading makes a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.—*Bacon.*

LANDLADY (to Potman): "Joe, put this lot out." Potman: "He says he has fourpence." Landlady: "Then don't be so rough. Ask the gentleman what he'll have."—*Fun.*

THERE is no disease, bodily or mental, which the adoption of vegetable diet and pure water has not infallibly mitigated, wherever the experiment has been fairly tried.—*Shelley.*

THE question of revenue must never stand in the way of needed reform.—*Gladstone.*

A WOMAN who had a drunken husband was requested to try the law of kindness, and put coals of fire on his head. She replied, that she had tried bilin' water, and it didn't do a bit of good.

A POOR Irishman applied to the Board of Excise for a licence to sell rum; being questioned as to his moral fitness, he replied, "Oh, sure, it is not much of a character a man needs to sell rum."

"LEAVE you my friend," said a tipsy fellow, talking to a lamp-post on a dark night,—"leave you in a condition not to take care of yourself, (hic.)—never."

THE prophet Habakkuk, says, "Woe unto him that giveth drink to his neighbour and maketh him drunken." Would a licence from the government have made the Act holy in the ages of the prophet?

A DRUNKEN fellow got out of his calculation, and was dozing in the street, when the bells aroused him by ringing for a fire. "Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen," cried he. "Well, if this isn't later than I ever knew it."

ALE-HOUSES are ever an occasion of debauchery and excess, and either in a political or a religious light, it would be our highest interest to have them suppressed.

IN all the towns and countries in which I have been, I never saw a city or village yet, whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public-houses.—*Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.*

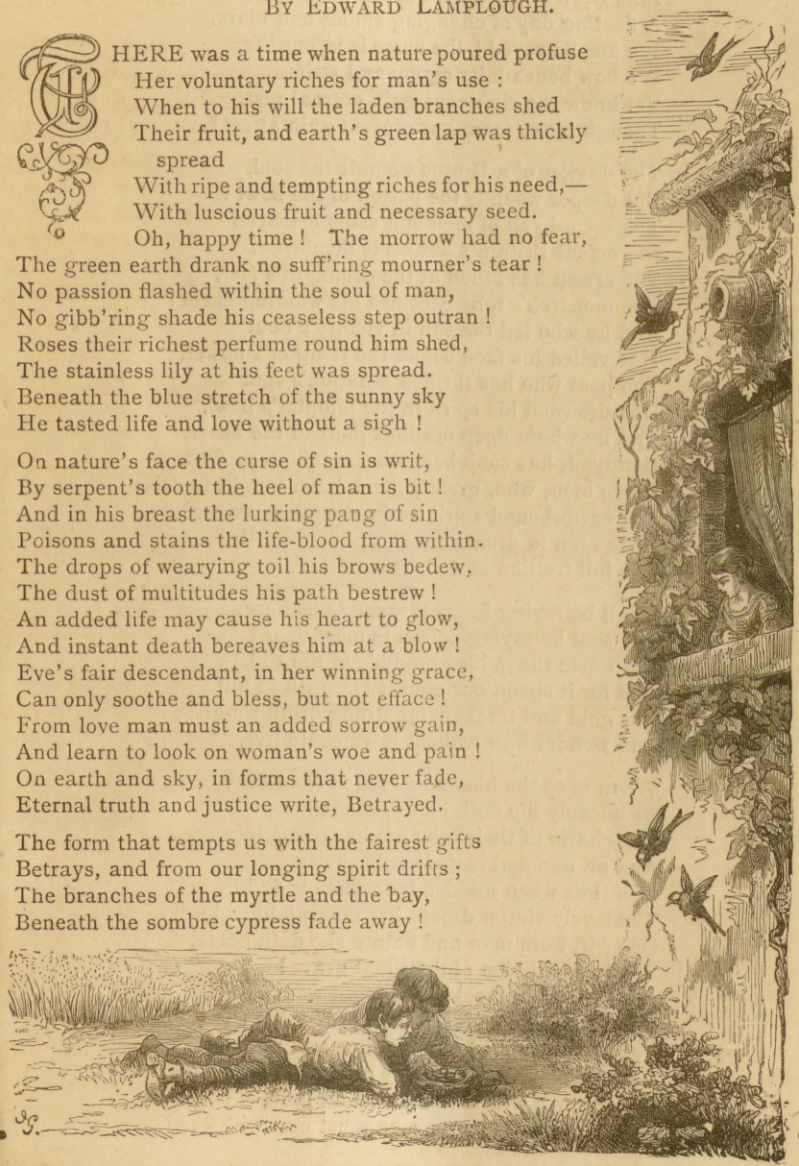
BETRAYED.

By Edward Lamplough.

THERE was a time when nature poured profuse
Her voluntary riches for man's use :
When to his will the laden branches shed
Their fruit, and earth's green lap was thickly spread
With ripe and tempting riches for his need,—
With luscious fruit and necessary seed.
Oh, happy time ! The morrow had no fear,
The green earth drank no suff'ring mourner's tear !
No passion flashed within the soul of man,
No gibb'ring shade his ceaseless step outran !
Roses their richest perfume round him shed,
The stainless lily at his feet was spread.
Beneath the blue stretch of the sunny sky
He tasted life and love without a sigh !

On nature's face the curse of sin is writ,
By serpent's tooth the heel of man is bit !
And in his breast the lurking pang of sin
Poisons and stains the life-blood from within.
The drops of wearying toil his brows bedew,
The dust of multitudes his path bestrew !
An added life may cause his heart to glow,
And instant death bereaves him at a blow !
Eve's fair descendant, in her winning grace,
Can only soothe and bless, but not efface !
From love man must an added sorrow gain,
And learn to look on woman's woe and pain !
On earth and sky, in forms that never fade,
Eternal truth and justice write, Betrayed.

The form that tempts us with the fairest gifts
Betrays, and from our longing spirit drifts ;
The branches of the myrtle and the bay,
Beneath the sombre cypress fade away !



Brief is the space from ardent youth to age,
A Cæsar's history scarce completes a page.
Like April is the record of our years,
A fleeting day of changing smiles and tears.
We are Betrayed! the curse is in our life,
We bow beneath its agony and strife,
Yet know the righteous gain eternal rest,
Though bitter tears our present pain attest!

The dagger of a Brutus wounds the soul,
But deeper wounds the poison of the bowl!
The record sad of men and souls betrayed
In ancient Britain's annals is displayed.
The crown has fallen at the drunkard's feet,
The monarch's robe becomes his winding sheet!
And he who led the van in victory's hour
Has veiled his face before the tempter's power.
The poet who has thrilled a nation's soul
Has drowned his spirit in the tempter's bowl.
And he whose deep orations pierced the heart,
Betrayed, has sunk beneath the tempter's dart.
Brave men, who, greatly good, have sought to raise
The earth-bound spirit to the deathless skies,
Have seen in drunkenness a power to foil
The full fruition of their earnest toil.

Of all betraying forms that curse us here,
The soul betraying poison is most dear!
We waste the golden produce of the soil,
And for it spend our utmost strength to toil.
Our gold and treasure for strong drink we give,
And wonder how without it we could live.

When once the bloom has faded from the rose,
Or queenly lily doth its fragrance lose,
The charm of their brief life has passed away,
And all unnoted is their swift decay.
'Tis thus when maiden innocence is fled,
The lovely victim droops her mournful head;
One gift from man and nature she doth crave,
The long oblivion of the silent grave!
As though the mocking draught were half Divine.
Man's frothy eloquence doth praise the wine.
Yet hath it robbed of innocence and name,
Of maidens' honour, purity and fame!
It is a curse within this Christian land,
And one which all true men must now withstand.

Lest Britain, through it, tremble to her fall,
Like Babylon, a warning to us all!
And those who vainly strove their land to save
Shall write *Betrayed!* above a nation's grave!
Then may the shriek of liberty resound
Through ev'ry land where patriot truth is found,
And many a weeping pilgrim come to pray
O'er relics of an empire in decay!

Do thou avert, O Lord of truth and life,
A ruin with such woe and sorrow rife!
Raise up true hearted men within the land,
The progress of the Tempter to withstand!
No purjured men who aid the weaken'd state
With deadly energy unto its fate;
Who all things would deny that true men claim,
To weakly fill the drunkard's cup of shame.

A GOOD CREATURE OF GOD.

REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

"I HAVE heard a man with a bottle of whiskey before him have the impudence and assurance to say, 'Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving;' and he would persuade me that what was made in the still-pot was a creature of God. In one sense it is so; but, in the same sense, so is arsenic; so is oil of vitriol; so is prussic acid. I think of a fellow tossing off a glass of vitriol, and amusing himself by saying that it is a creature of God. He would not use many such creatures; that's all I'll say. Whiskey is good in its own place. There is nothing like whiskey in this world for preserving a man when he is dead. But it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put whiskey into him. It was a capital thing for preserving the dead admiral when they put him in a rum-puncheon; but it was a bad thing for the sailors when they tapped the cask, and drank the liquor till they left the admiral as he never left the ship—high and dry."

GEN. SIR W. F. WILLIAMS THE HERO OF KARS.

"I AM indebted to a gracious Providence for preservation in very unhealthy climates; but I am satisfied that a resolution, early formed and steadily persevered in, never to take spirituous liquors, has been a means of my escaping diseases, by which multitudes have fallen around me. Had not the Turkish army of Kars been literally 'a cold water army,' I am persuaded they never would have performed the achievements which crowned them with glory."

DRAW THE SWORD OF TEMPERANCE.

By W. P. W. Buxton.

COME draw the sword of Temp'rance
You brave and hopeful band,
And bright the beams of morning
Shall dawn to bless our land;
For we are stalwart soldiers
Who scorn the deeds of wrong,
And boldly we'll press forward,
An army bold and strong.

Come, draw the sword of Temp'rance,
And fight with main and might,
And God our faithful Captain
Shall bless and crown the right:
The foe shall flee before us,
Shall gasp in vain for life;
We mean to fight and conquer,
To end the foeman's strife.

Come, draw the sword of Temp'rance,
You brave and mighty band,
'Tis yours to win the battle,
To save your Fatherland.
No more the wine shall sparkle,
To lead our souls astray;
For beams of truth and Temp'rance
Shall bring a brighter day.

Come, draw the sword of Temp'rance,
Come, battle for the right:
To free our land from darkness,
O, let us bravely fight!
Our God by strength shall cheer us,
Shall make us bold and strong,
And soon the song of triumph
Shall dance on ev'ry tongue.

THE RIGHT STIMULANT.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

"There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats low in the veins; when the spirit-sleep, which apparently knows no waking, sleeps in its house of clay, and the windows are shut—the doors are hung in the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and wish to fancy clouds where no clouds can be. This is a state of sickness, when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we wish none of it. What shall

raise the spirit? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses through all myriad thronged halls in the houses of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us with all its old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight, love, and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant,—the most intoxicating of all, and performs all these miracles itself, and is not a drug-store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged God is not a money-changer, we assure you.

"Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulant.

"Men try to bury the floating dead of their own souls in the wine-cup, but the corpses rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses to playing music, and the thoughts galloping, but the fast clock runs down sooner, and an unnatural stimulant only leaves the house it filled with the wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted. There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates,—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over man, into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing."

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER. II.

SEEKING SHELTER.

IT is not very easy to depress the spirits of a youth of eighteen. Hope is then so strong that its sunny pinions wave towards the future, and shed a many-tinted glow over every mental prospect. For a few minutes after Cyril heard Mr. Gulper's door banged after him, and while the words of the master and the jeers of the menials were ringing in his ears, he walked on hastily, feeling that quick motion was in harmony with the agitation of his spirits. As soon, however, as he regained the power of calm thought he noticed that he was walking in an opposite direction to the town, and consequently farther away from his lodgings; but as it was early yet, that did not much matter, and the loneliness of the road was favourable to meditation. He felt that he had been insulted and wronged. He told himself that he had borne taunts and jibes too long, not only from the master, but from the men—Hicks especially—and that had it not been for his sister Julia's prospects, he would have thrown off the yoke long before.

A sort of relenting towards Mr. Gulper always came into his mind when he thought of his sister. She was at school at Finchley, and would now, he knew, soon leave; for she was but a year younger, and one

who looked more grown-up than he did. Not that he knew very much of his sister. She had for some years spent her summer vacation at the sea-side, where also Mr. Gulper resorted for six weeks; and Cyril had always spent his winter holidays at school, having been placed at establishments one of whose recommendations consisted in "*No vacations.*" But since he had been clerk at the Maltings the youth had made a pilgrimage two or three times to Finchley, and seen his sister for half an hour. A time short indeed, but enough for him to trace the likeness of their mother in his sister's lovely face and form, and to bestow on her all the hoarded tenderness of a heart sensitive to affection in proportion to having received so little.

Yes, for Julia's sake he thanked Mr. Gulper, and revered the memory of Mrs. Gulper, who had taken Julia when their father died, and he would have borne any and everything—as he had done, patiently—except the violation of a principle he had calmly pondered on, read about and resolved to abide by—Total Abstinence—entire freedom from the strong drink which had ruined and disgraced his father, and brought him to his grave a decrepid man at thirty-seven. His death bringing about also that of his mother, and the desolation which had thrown himself and sister on the charity of Mr. Gulper. No resolution could be, on this point, stronger than his—that, suffer what he might, he would not violate his principle in that matter. But what was he now to do, so as to offend Mr. Gulper no more? He must go away. Of course he need not hurry for that night; he would return to his lodgings at Hicks's, and pack up the few things in the way of clothes and books that he might call his own. He had no regular salary, but he was expecting the same small gratuity at Christmas, which had been given him at Michaelmas, and which the purchase of some necessaries and a pair of boots recently had exhausted. He owed nothing, but he had a nearly empty purse. Still he reckoned half a quarter's money was due to him—he had earned it.

Full of these thoughts, he retraced his steps leisurely and reached his lodgings at Hicks's. Somewhat to his surprise, he found the latter waiting on the threshold of his door under the gas lamp. He made a pace forward on to the doorstep, and met Cyril as he was approaching with the words, "Not in here, young sir! No, Master Lyndon; you're too fine a gentleman, with your airs and your whims, for my house. Our ways won't mix. It's you to go, or me; and as the house is mine, why——" He waved his hand in completion of the sentence.

"Very well, Mr. Hicks," said Cyril, as calmly as he could. "Let me get my few thing together, and I'll trouble you no more."

He had not got out the whole of the sentence when Hicks said, scornfully, "*Your* things indeed! where are they? Not here—oh, no, not a shred of anything goes from here. Why they're Mr. Gulper's—even the clothes on your back. I wonder he didn't bid you strip off your coat. What are you better than a livery servant?"

"Mr. Hicks, I do not want any words. Is it possible you have been ordered to keep my few things?"

"Never you mind about 'ordered.' When you know how to obey orders you may talk about them. Only this I say—you touch one scrap here, or dare to try to get in, and I'll have you locked up as a thief and a housebreaker. Ah, I will, and I'll stand to it."

One or two idle lads began to gather in the street, and there was some such murmur as "shame!" "Turn him out at night?" "What's he done?"

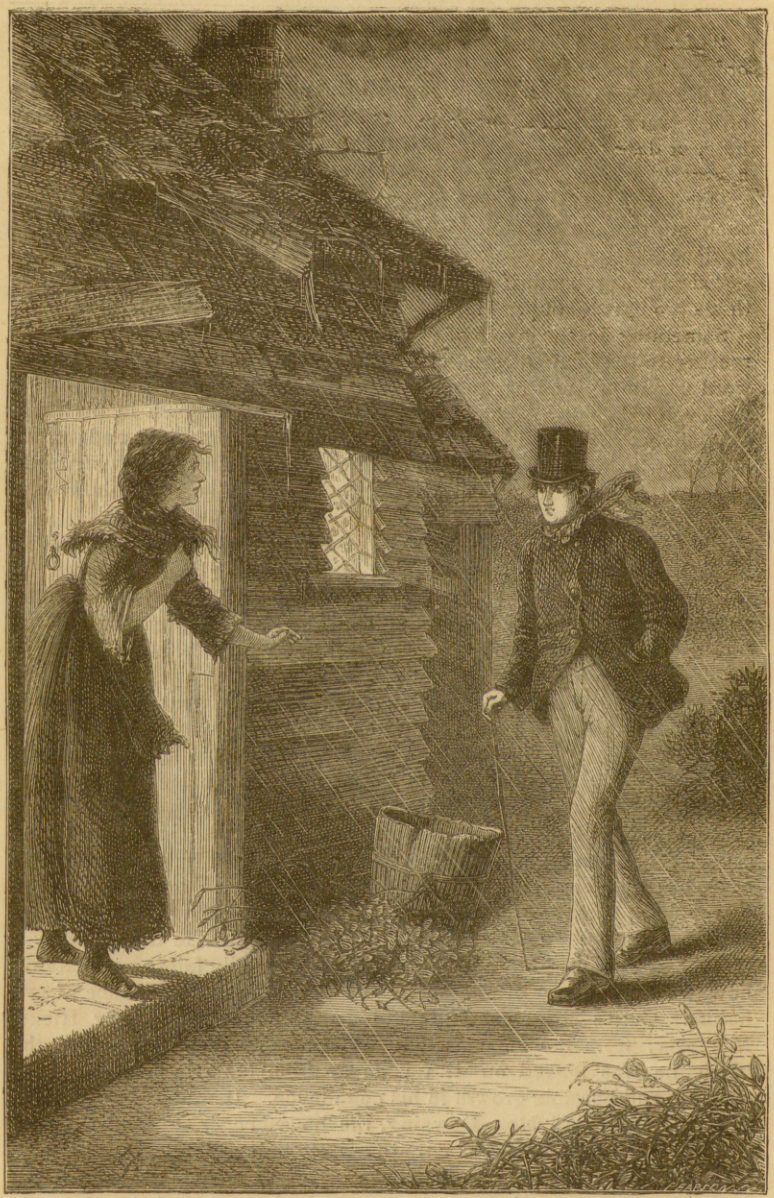
"He's a vagabond, if you must know, and has abused Mr. Gulper, that's brought him up. He cursed him. There's a scamp for you."

Something in the name of the rich man, and in the charge was so rousing to the instincts even of the street lads, that they caught up the word "scamp," and began shouting it out, Hicks heading them with a loud yell, "Yah—a scamp!" With a burning anguish in his heart that almost suffocated him, Cyril looked at them a moment and turned away slowly, his manner, however, restraining them from following him; the tiny shriek of a lame boy striking in ironically, "Ah, howl him down; he ain't got no friends."

There was a lane leading to the churchyard which turned down at right angles from Hicks's door. Along this, favoured by the darkness, Cyril walked, and vaulted over the low wall among the tombs. There he was safe from the shouts and presence of his tormentors, and with a bitterness of feeling far greater than any he had endured that night, he sat awhile on a low altar tomb, striving to still the throbbing of his heart, and to quell the sob that would rend its way from his throat. Then indeed he realized that he was not only injured, but scorned, desolate—an outcast from all who had known him; stamped by the authoritative voice of the most influential man in the town, and his underlings, as an ingrate, who had turned against the hand that had reared him.

"No; he was innocent. He had worked hard, he knew, and earned, ever since he had been employed, all he had received." Yet as this thought came to still the throb of his pained feelings, he could not but wonder how it was that all seemed so against him. He did not know—it is a lesson of worldliness which the young happily fail to understand, how great the power of wealth is; how perverting the influence of evil habits. Cyril's strict sobriety had long made him disliked by Hicks. Moreover, from the moment that the lad came from school into the office, he was looked on with jealousy from his relationship to the master, and possible growth in his confidence. It was a great delight to both Hicks and Mrs. Downing, the housekeeper, that Mr. Gulper disliked the lad. They took care to irritate that dislike.

Cyril was familiar with the churchyard. He had spent many hours there, for in a remote corner there was a grave he had often weeded in the early morning when no one saw him. It was that of his father and mother.



A YOUNG VOICE CRIED, "OH, GREGORY, IS THAT YOU AT LAST?"—(*Page* 29.)

A stone coping round it, and a footstone with initials and dates, was all the memorial. He had often promised to himself that he would put a headstone when he grew to manhood. Meanwhile it was a forgotten spot; no one cared to remember that there lay the remains of the eloquent young clergyman, who, until he was attacked with some strange malady, had been listened to with admiration, and whose subsequent want of punctuality, stupor, and at last open delinquency, when the drink he relied on for strength overthrew him, was so great a scandal, that the grave only could hide it. His mourning widow knew that he paid the drink penalty by his ruin; and she knew that he carried to his Maker's presence "a broken and a contrite heart," from which her own was not long severed. Her complaint being that those who tempted him were the first to denounce him, and her dying words to her boy of nine years old were, "Beware of drink."

Cyril made his way in the darkness across the churchyard to this grave, and kneeling there, a passion of tears came to his relief. "Mother—father," he said, "I will beware." Then rising to higher thoughts than any the grave limits, he lifted up his hands and uncovered his head before God, with the words, "Father of the fatherless, Lord of life, Thou hast promised '*I* will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'" How long he might have remained there thus taking comfort to his soul is uncertain; but it began to rain, and he rose, buttoned his coat round him, and passing out of the churchyard set off, with the resolve to try and reach a village six miles further on the London side of Wasteburn. An old woman who had known his mother lived near there; he had been once at her cottage on the common. It was now nine o'clock, and it would be good walking that would take him to Nurse Simpson's much before eleven. The rain fell in a continuous downpour, making the dark night darker. On he plodded, some lines of Wordsworth's to the sons of the poet Burns running in his mind; stanzas that ended with:

"Oh be admonished by his grave,
And think, and fear!"

But poetry and youth, brave and noble as they are, could not keep the chill rain from soaking him. Walk as hard as he might, he could not keep warmth in his weary limbs. Two or three times he lost his way, and was inclined to turn back again and shelter in the church porch for the night, fearing to rouse the cottage inmate whom he was seeking. In the midst of his distress the bark of a dog was hailed as a friendly sound. He recollected the name of "Spring," and called it. Suddenly a feeble ray of light gleamed from a casement; a minute after he heard a door open, and a young voice cried, "Oh, Gregory, is that you at last?"

"No; but I'm a friend of Mrs. Simpson's, come to ask shelter."

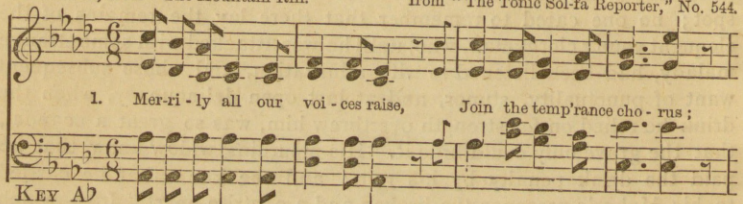
"Oh, dear, dear, don't you know she's dead? But you can come in."

(To be continued.)

MERRILY ALL OUR VOICES.

Words by A. Duncan, from "The Mountain Rill."

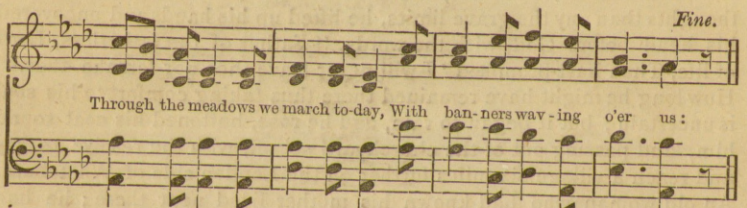
Music by S. W. Martin, from "The Tonic Sol-fa Reporter," No. 544.



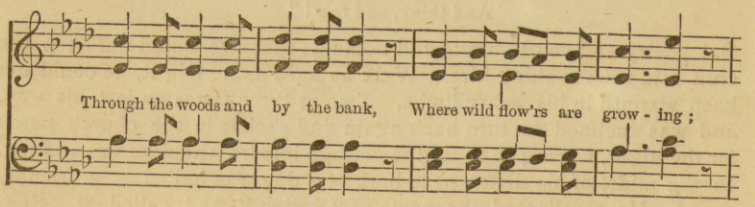
Key A♭

m : r : d | s$_1$: — : s$_1$	l$_1$: - : l$_1$ | s$_1$: - : (m)	m : - : d | t$_1$: - : d	r : - : - | s : - :		
2. Hear the sweet and	plea - sant sound—	Youth-ful voi - ces	sing - ing		
s$_1$: f$_1$: m$_1$ | m$_1$: — : m$_1$	f$_1$: - : f$_1$ | m$_1$: - : (s$_1$)	s$_1$: - : s$_1$ | s$_1$: - : s$_1$	t$_1$: - : - | t$_1$: - :		
d : d : d | d : — : d	d : - : d | d : - : (d)	d : - : s | f : - : m	s : - : - | s : - :		
3. Join our cause in	youth's bright morn, When	all is love and	beau - ty;		
d$_1$: d$_1$: d$_1$ | d$_1$: — : d$_1$	f$_1$: - : f$_1$ | d$_1$: - : (d)	d : - : m | r : - : d	s$_1$: - : - | s$_1$: - :		

Fine.

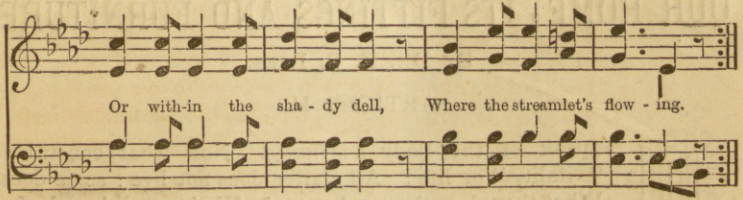


m : r : d | s$_1$: - : s$_1$	l$_1$: - : l$_1$ | s$_1$: - : (m)	m : - : s | l : - : s	r : - : - | d : - :		
Of the good and	bet - ter time	That our cause is	bring - ing.		
s$_1$: f$_1$: m$_1$ | m$_1$: - : m$_1$	f$_1$: - : f$_1$ | m$_1$: - : (d)	d : - : d | d : - : d	t$_1$: - : - | d : - :		
d : - : d | d : - : d	d : - : d | d : - : (s)	s : - : s | f : - : m	f : - : - | m : - :		
Keep the tem - p'rance	pledge thro' life, And	brave-ly do your	du - ty.		
d$_1$: - : d$_1$ | d$_1$: - : d$_1$	f$_1$: - : f$_1$ | d$_1$: - : (d)	d : - : m$_1$ | f$_1$: - : d$_1$	s$_1$: - : - | d$_1$: - :		



m : - : m | m : - : m	f : - : f | f : - :	r : - : r | r : d : r	m : - : - | s : - :		
Sing not in the	praise of wine,	Call it not a	trea - sure;		
s$_1$: - : s$_1$ | s$_1$: - : s$_1$	l$_1$: - : l$_1$ | l$_1$: - :	s$_1$: - : s$_1$ | s$_1$: - : s$_1$	s$_1$: - : - | s$_1$: - :		
d : - : d | d : - : d	d : - : d | d : - :	t$_1$: - : t$_1$ | t$_1$: l$_1$: t$_1$	d : - : - | d : - :		
Drink - ing brings to	man - y homes	Nought but grief and	sad - ness;		
d : - : d | d : - : d	f$_1$: - : f$_1$ | f$_1$: - :	s$_1$: - : s$_1$ | s$_1$: - : s$_1$	d : - : - | d : - :		

D.C. Chorus "Merrily," &c.



m	:-	:m	|m	:-	:m	f	:-	:f	|f	:-	:	r	:-	:s	|s	:-	:fe	s	:-	:-	|s	:-	:
Death		and	dan	-	ger	of	-	ten	lurk			Where	we	think	it			plea	-	sure.			
s_1	:-	:s_1	|s_1	:-	:s_1	l_1	:-	:l_1	|l_1	:-	:	s_1	:-	:t_1	|l_1	:-	:d	t_1	:-	:-	|s_1	:-	:
d	:-	:d	|d	:-	:d	d	:-	:d	|d	:-	:	r	:-	:r	|r	:-	:r	r	:-	:-	|s_1	:-	:
Tem	-	p'rance	then		shall	be		our	plan,			Bring	-ing	joy	and			glad	-	ness.			
d	:-	:d	|d	:-	:d	f_1	:-	:f_1	|f_1	:-	:	t_1	:-	:s_1	|r	:-	:r	s_1	:-	:-	|s_1	:f_1	:r_1

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

MY times are in Thy hand, I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting Thee.
Though all things fade away,
All weakness, I on Him rely
Who fix'd the earth and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hand—pale poverty or wealth,
Corroding care, or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath, or winter's snows,
Sickness, or buoyant health,
Whate'er betide—if God provide
'Tis for the best—I wish no lot beside.

My times are in Thy hand—should friendship pure illume
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom,
Thou art a friend—till time shall end
Unchanged, the same—in Thee all beauties blend.

My times are in Thy hand—to Thee I can entrust
My slumbering clay till Thy command
Bid all the dead before Thee stand ;
Awaking from the dust,
Beholding Thee—what bliss 'twill be
With all Thy saints to spend eternity !

OUR HOME: ITS FITTINGS AND FURNITURE.

By Dr. F. R. Lees.

ARTICLE II.

We speak of the Body as *living*. Now what constitutes "vitality" or life? All matter does not live: some does. What then does the word mean? We have all heard of a "vital spark," of a "spirit of life," and a "vital principle," but these are unmeaning and even deceiving words put in the place of knowledge. They are as nonsensical as the phrase would be, "a *typhus* spirit," or a "*tooth-ache* principle." Even the modern phrases of the philosophers, "a *constructive* force," and a "vital-*directive* agency," are fictions of the same kind. The word "life" is only a word denoting a *special condition* of some matter which I will now define and describe.

Matter is LIVING *when it possesses the property of building up other matter into organic forms, and of reproducing itself.* For example, a pippin (under appropriate conditions) produces an apple-tree, and also apples containing other pippins. An egg (being hatched) produces a bird, and the bird an egg again. Life is a *continuous* or unbroken chain of that sort: once snapped it is never mended or taken up. Moreover, as Genesis declares, each seed produces *after its own kind*, showing that where human vision fails to detect a difference of form in the living matter, still an infinite difference *is* there, as testified by the result. Turnip seed never produces wheat, nor tares potatoes. No dead or rotten seed ever grows: and hence growth is the proof of the presence of *living* matter in the seed and egg. What *is* this matter? Evidently it is *not* the husk, the starch or gluten of the grain, or the shell and albumen of the egg, for these were formed *by* living matter, and are partly used *as food* by the young seed and chick: nay, in the seed they actually decay and serve as manure to the young wheat. In short, they are the *material* which the real living germs of matter use and mould into the appointed fashion of plant and bird. This living matter has everywhere certain *general* characteristics, and is now known as PROTOPLASM, which is simply a compound formed of the Greek words meaning *first-matter* of life. As out of the China-clay or other plastic substance the potter forms his ware, so the great Master Potter of the universe prepares this vital protoplasm, and out of it moulds and fashions the infinite variety of plants and animated forms which bless and beautify the grand temple of Nature.

This *protoplasm* is of course a peculiar compound, unlike everything else. No one has ever made it by art. Sugar, starch, possibly albumen, may be *made*,—not "protoplasm." The "secret of life" is yet the Master's. Protoplasm is a *jelly-like substance* which may be dried

or solidified in some of the lower forms of things, but such a process is fatal in the higher. Before it can do any work it must be supplied with drink—and its only drink is water. Alcohol, in any degree of strength is fatal to it, and the germs that are not killed outright grow only into dwarfed specimens. Hence, by giving dogs alcohol, the germs of the future life are injured and the progeny become smaller. So with drinking fathers and mothers: they transmit to their children enfeebled frames. Even good and well-meaning people thus curse their unborn children through ignorance of the truth.

The solid part of protoplasm is the same, of course, as the albumen, which it changes into organism and into seed and germ; its liquid part is *water* purely. That subtle fluid,—"honest water: too weak to be a sinner"—is the fitted *vehicle* of movement, and hence of all the processes connected with it. Its function is to carry matter, *to* every part and *from* every part, just as is needed. It thus cools and warms, nourishes and purifies. It is the messenger of the baker and the butcher in one case, of the sanitary reformer in the other.

A curious inference follows from this explanation. As in grain and egg not *all* the matter is living, so in Man's wonderful organism not *all* is alive. The bone, muscle, nerve, and tissue are formed, and so far have ceased to be living: what really lives is the magic *protoplasm* which permeates them or circulates around them. This has the "property" (don't use the erroneous word "force") of changing the albumen of the blood into itself, and thus, within the appointed circle, of reproducing the organism from day to day. The general protoplasm, made up of millions of little floating life-cells (called *bioplasts*), when it passes into bone becomes a bone-maker, into nerve a nerve-maker, &c., so that if a little of bone plasma were to run into another part, it would grow bone *there!* So subtle and mysterious are the changing processes of life.

Life is now seen as a continual circulation and movement of matter; and this implies all the conditions needed to carry it on. We see *why* water is wanted. Let us ask here what is *air* required for? To do certain *chemical*-work, as it is called. If you shut up the grate tightly, the fire will quickly go out. Why? Because an element of the atmosphere (forming twenty-one parts out of every hundred) called *oxygen* is needful to burn up the wood and coal, by the burning of which you get up *warmth* for the house, *heat* for the cooking, and *steam* for the engine. How? The "force" called sunshine which went into the growing wood (and coal was once wood) ceases to be "cohesion" (or solidity), because the oxygen seizes the carbon of which it was made, and, so to speak, the sunshine-force comes out again from the wood or coal where it had been stored up for use. So the human blood and body want *heat*, one of the conditions of movement, and therefore we want an organism for taking air into the body and pumping it through the system. Hence the first function of life after birth is *to breathe*,

through our mouth and windpipe, with our LUNGS, which form the fourth great organism of the Body. They are, in fact, the "bellows" of the frame, whereby when we inbreathe we take in fresh air, and when we breathe out we pump out *foul* air, or air very much resembling that which goes up the chimney when we have a fire in the grate. Thus we do two things with one instrument—we burn the fuel which warms us, and we purify the chambers from taint and poison. The lungs are both Ventilator and Chimney.

The play of the lungs sets to work in full vigour the great pump of the system called the HEART, and as this drives the blood throughout the arteries, chemical affinities, electric forces, and mechanical friction are all increased. After a few hours the Child feels the cravings of Hunger and Thirst, and, by an inherited instinct, turns to the mother's breast to satisfy the needs. Heart and Lungs, with their connexions, form the RESPIRATORY SYSTEM. Next come into view other organs —mouth (and the grinders of solid food when required), gullet or throat, stomach (or digesting-bag), the liver, to prepare still farther the digested food, lacteals (or milk-sponges) to take it up, whence it is thrown into the *veins* of the circulating system, and goes to the heart and lungs for final preparation. This forms the great NUTRITIVE SYSTEM, whereby the body is furnished with "force" for doing its necessary work.

Then, as *waste* solid matter accumulates and becomes partly bad or obnoxious to the body, various organs, such as the skin and especially kidneys, are called into play, so that all that would become offensive may be regularly drained away by this Excretive System.

(To be continued.)

ONWARD! BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY GEO. BUCHANAN.

ONWARD, Band of Hope, boys,
Onward, girls as well,
By your blest example
Temperance precepts tell;
Tho' men may deride you,
Yours is the best way
To o'ercome the tempter,
And to win the day.

When the ancient warrior
Stood upon the field,
And there marched before him
Those who loved the shield;
He was most delighted,
As there came along
Boys and girls together,
Crying, "We'll *be* strong."

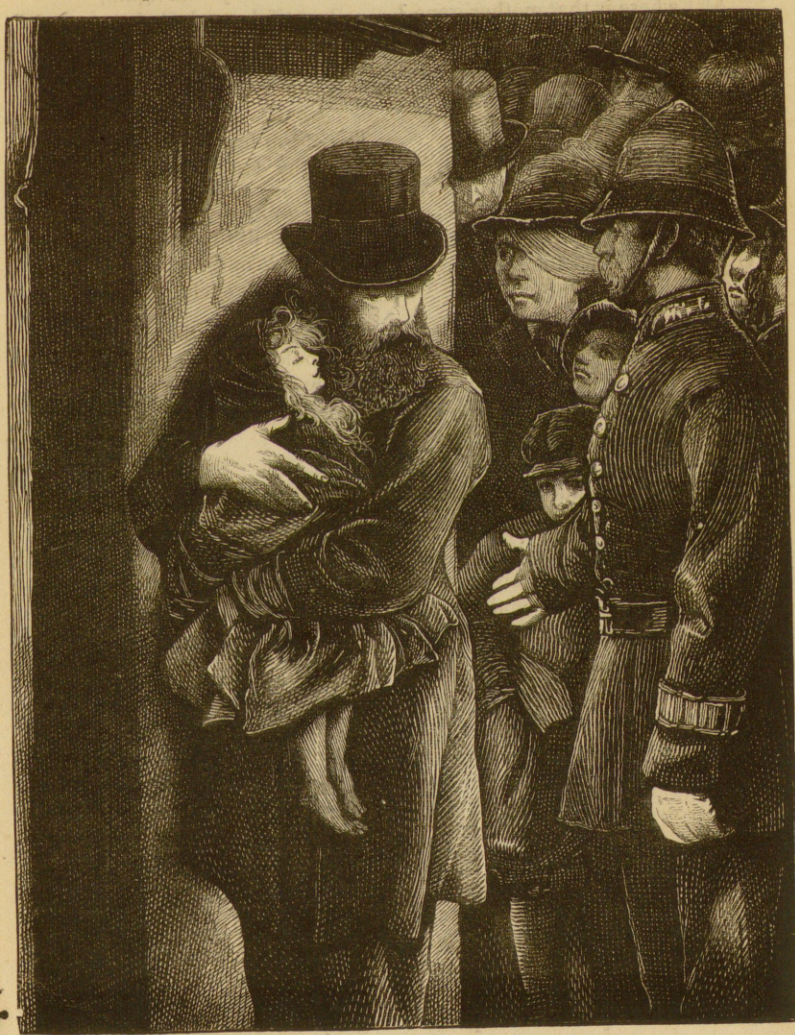
So in Band of Hope boys
We must put our trust,
For a sober nation,
When we're in the dust;
And the Band of Hope girls,
They will help them then
To respect their promise,
And be sober men.

Onward then, ye young folks,
Pledged to make a war
'Gainst the hosts of Satan,
Wheresoe'er they are.
Noble men and mighty
To our cause are true,
And we feel quite certain
God will help us through.

DRINK DID IT!

By Mrs. E. C. A. Allen.

TAKE her away who dares!
'Tis my own—my own lost child!
I have sought her with tears and prayers:
I have sought her with frenzy wild.



Where did ye find her, ye say?
Down on the cold floor lying!
Life swiftly ebbing away,
Fainting—insensible—dying!

Beaten, half-starved, ill-used,
Forsaken and left alone,
By a mother thus abused!
Ah! where is that mother gone?

A monster ye call her! a wretch?
What was it that made her so?
The drink that your children fetch!
It was that which caused our woe.

A while ago she stood,
Fairest among the fair,
Of high and noble blood,
Of courtly, queenly air.

Our love was strong and deep,
Flowing unchilled, unchecked,
Till with fell Ruin's sweep
Our earthly bliss was wrecked.

The deadly love of drink
Entered into her soul,
She drank, nor paused to think
Till reason lost control.

I strove to save in vain,
I wept and pleaded long,
I sought to break her chain,
But its links were far too strong.

I tasted the drink no more,
I banished it far away.
Ah! had I done that before
I might have been blest to-day!

She fled, and I knew not where,
I only knew she was gone,
And I left in blank despair,
Wifeless and childless alone!

But God hath pitied my pain,
And given me back my child;
Oh! had I my wife again,
Beautiful—undefiled!

Darling! thy shoeless feet
Have learned rough paths to tread,
The storm hath heavily beat
On thy defenceless head.

Dear lamb! thy father's breast
Shall hush thy wild alarms;
Thou shalt find repose and rest
Within his sheltering arms.

Bring me her mother back!
I would shield her too from ill;
Follow the wanderer's track,
And tell her I love her still!

* * *

That mother never came
To her wretched lonely cot;
In the haunts of sin and shame,
They searched but found her not.

She had plunged in her dark despair
Into the river deep;
And the searchers found her there
Sleeping her long, last sleep!

FOUL INTEMPERANCE.

C. JEWETT.

THERE is one language, and but one alone,
Above all words, to tongue or pen unknown
That can pourtray to man's discerning glance
The woes that spring from foul intemperance.
Behold it written in the tearless eye
That speaks in eloquence of agony.

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By THE REV. JOHN JONES, Liverpool.

CHAPTER II.

INN.—This is a familiar term in liquordom. The word is of Oriental origin, and signifies to dwell, or to pitch a tent. In England, however, the inn is more substantial and permanent than as a thing of canvas and poles. The Red Lion Inn, or the Green Dragon Inn, are among the oldest institutions in many an English village and town, and on many an highway, which in the old coaching days were as so many landmarks on the traveller's route. The Inns will probably last as long as men travel to and fro on this earth, and neither a Maine Law nor a Permissive Act will be able to shut them up; but such schemes will vastly reform them—taking out of them *one* article of danger, and leaving undisturbed the articles of safety. Roast beef, plum pudding, tea, coffee, &c., would remain to refresh the traveller, and help him on his way, but alcohol, that greatest enemy of man, will be among the things of the past. May heaven hasten the happy time.

TAP-ROOM signifies the place where the barrels are "on tap," and usually refers to that cosy apartment in a drinking house where a jovial company meet around a table to smoke their narcotic, to quaff their liquor, and to talk sense or nonsense till the day is far spent—for happily the tap is under the control of an Act of Parliament, which turns it "off" at eleven o'clock at most places. We need not wonder that with the publican eleven o'clock is become an unpopular hour. Each stroke of that hour is to him the intimation that no more gold shall flow into his exchequer that day, and so with a feeling of spite he said that the clock "struck Bruce;" now it strikes "Cross;" by-and-bye around the whole dial it will strike "Lawson." Alas! seven hours more per week has been accorded to the tap in the town of Liverpool and many other places, and this in the year of grace 1874; and the worst of it is, that the turning on of the publican's tap always involves the turning on the tap of national prosperity, and the one thing flows out in proportion to the other.

PUBLIC-HOUSE.—This name signifies literally a place which any one may enter without being an act of intrusion, providing he comes to purchase any of the commodities it may have for sale. It is thus regarded as an *accommodation* to society, an idea in which the publican is said to pride himself to no small extent, regarding his calling as one of the most useful in the land. Such, at all events, he declares, and if he is sincere he must be looking through coloured spectacles—but the probability is that he is tolerably conscious that this public scheme of his has

a very *private* motive underlying it, viz. lining his purse with gold. It is after all sham philanthropy—how many publicans would be willing to ply their calling when no further profit could be derived from it?

Tavern.—This word applies to those humbler establishments for the sale of alcohol (usually in less variety), with less of glitter in the general make-up of the house. Such places we meet with in village or hamlet, and by the wayside. The name is supposed to have something to do with that of table, and usually a tavern is a place where men drink around a table as distinct from the bar of the gin-palace. If tables could speak, what tales of revelry—of blasphemy—of beastliness—of ruin—would they unfold; for generations of drunkards have gathered around them, who, while in many instances the tables still remain, are themselves rotting in the grave.

Spirit-vaults.—This is another name usually applied to the gin-palace, and is very suggestive of some of the facts connected with it; for example, the term "spirit" is the name given in the New Testament to the Devil, as in the passage, "The spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." Now we regard the gin-palace as eminently under the auspices of that fallen angel. What would he do without such an auxiliary? Strong drink is as the Devil's right arm—nothing in this world is more essential to him than liquordom; he would sooner part with Paganism, Mahometanisn, Infidelity, and every superstition with which he enchains the world. He then is the presiding genius of the spirit-vault, and it is aptly described by his own name. The word "vault" has two meanings equally appropriate—it means first to *tumble*, and then a grave—so the gin-palace is most prolific in the manufacture of tumblers, now tumbling in the street, then into the river, then down stairs, then across other people, then one grand tumble into the tomb, where as "dust to dust" the tumbler has to lie still, but alas! only till the trumpet of doom awakes him.

Grog-shop.—This is another term usually applied to the gin-palace. The word "grog" technically means unsweetened spirit. Thus a man would consume a glass of grog were he to go to the spirit-vaults, and call for so much gin or rum, to which he added cold water, and then drank it. It differs thus from "toddy," which technically means spirit, to which sugar and hot water are added—a well-known and popular beverage in Scotland.

The origin of the term "grog" is as follows:—Formerly it was the custom in the British navy to deal out daily a quantity of rum to each man in its "raw" state, but an Admiral Vernon (who was scarcely as green as his name implies) thought it was not good that each Jack Tar should have it so strong, so he ordered it to be diluted with water. At the time when this was done, he wore a peculiar coat named "*grogram*" (a mixture of mohair and silk), so the gallant sailors out of spite called him "Old Grog," since which time diluted or watered spirit is thus called.

Beer-shop.—This is an establishment from which winebibbers and grog-drinkers must keep away; for their favourite beverages are prohibited by Act of Parliament. So here again we have the *principle* of law interfering with the liberty of the people—for the people's good—as a matter of principle then we have the very essence of a Maine Law or Permissive Act. Such measures then are in *harmony* with the British constitution. What shall we say of the beer-shop? Is it a blessing or a curse? It was predicted long ago that it would be the former, and sweep away intemperance by withdrawing tipplers from more fiery and potent drams. Vain hope. Intemperance has but spread the more. The drunkard has come forth from the beer-shop, while as of old the votaries of gin and rum and wine have staggered along our streets. Now the beershop is under a ban—the sunshine of public favour is withdrawn, and the gorgeous gin-palace, with its "*respectable*" proprietor, is the hope of magistrates and senators, and moderate drinkers. Vain delusion again. When, oh when will the nation's eyes be opened?

Such then are the places where the drink is sold and consumed, and the names they bear. How inwoven they are with our national history—with the fate of families—with the doom of indlviduals. How prominent will be the memory of them in the great day when every work will be brought to judgment, and when the blood of the slain shall be avenged. Who can adequately conceive the happiness of Britain if such places had never found a foothold on its soil! What tongue could fully depict the glory and grandeur of our country in this nineteenth century if built up with the accumulated blessings of ages of sobriety! But the mischief is done—the evil is rampant. It must, it shall be put down, and the soldiers of temperance shall become more than conquerors.

(To be continued.)

THE CRACKER IS TOO DEAR.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

A toper, some time since, went into a room in the western part of New York, when it was unlawful to sell liquor, and called for a drink.

"We don't sell liquor," quoth the landlord; "but we will give you a glass, and then sell you a cracker for ten cents if you want one."

"Well pass along the bottle."

The customer took a stiff glass, smacked his lips, and walked off.

"Stop, won't you have a cracker?" asked the astonished publican.

"Well, no, you sell awful dear; I can get them opposite, two for a cent."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

EVERY inordinate cup is unblessed,
And the ingredient is a devil!—
Shakspeare.

"WHAT is whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer. "Bringing women and children to want," was the appropriate answer.

THE Chinese say that a drunkard's nose is a lighthouse, warning us of the bitter water that passes underneath.

HE fails who pleasure makes his prime pursuit,
For pleasure is of duty but the fruit.—*Sir Egerton Brydge.*

"WHEN Æsculapius applauded Philip, King of Macedon, as a jovial man who would drink freely, Demosthenes replied 'that it was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king.'"

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was examined before the commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject of military punishments, Lord Wharncliffe inquired: "Is drunkenness the great parent of all crime in the British army, in your opinion?" The Duke replied in one single word: "*Invariably.*"

ST. ANTHONY lived to 105 years on bread, water, and herbs; James the Hermit, to 104; Arsenius to 130; St. Epiphamus to 113; St. Jerome to 100; Romaldus to 120; Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, his life being despaired of at 40, by a rigid adoption of temperance, recovered and lived to nearly 100 years.—*Dr. Cheyne.*

O THAT a man should put an enemy in his mouth
To steal away his brains!—*Shakspeare.*

"IT is a sad thing to be often eating of the tree of knowledge, but never to taste of the tree of life."—*Brooks.*

ABSENCE of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distrest.—*Cowpar.*

IF you your lip
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where.*

"How far it may be enjoined in the Scriptures, I will not take upon me to say; but this may be asserted, that if the utmost benefit to the individual, and the most extensive benefit to society, serve to mark any institution as of Heaven, this of abstinence may be reckoned among the foremost."
—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

A WOMAN was once being beaten in her house by her husband, who was under the influence of liquor. She slowly retreated towards the door, the husband following with kicks and blows; and when both were fairly out she nimbly stepped in, at once shutting the door. The husband, enraged at the trick thus played on him, cried out, "If you're a *man* come out!"

HOW BESSIE FORDHAM SAVED HER FATHER.

By Rev. Charles Garrett.

"I CAN do no more," said Mrs. Fordham to one of her friends; "I have done all that a wife can do to save my husband, and after sixteen years of toil he is nothing better, but rather worse;" and the sob with which she ended her sad tale told of the agony she felt. Her daughter, Bessie, a bonny girl of twelve, listened to her mother's tale of sorrow, and as she saw her anguish, seemed to hear again the text she had heard on the previous Sunday. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee;" and as the words passed before her mind, they seemed to be spoken directly to her, and, with the simple faith of childhood, she received them, and determined to try if prayer could not do what toil and tears had failed to accomplish.

Mr. Fordham was a man universally beloved. He occupied a good position in society, and his intelligence and generosity made him a general favourite. He had twice been mayor of his native town, and most of the religious societies rejoiced to secure him as their president. His only fault was a growing passion for strong drink, and often as he passed down the town, you might have heard the remark, "There goes one of the best men living: he is nobody's enemy but his own." This declaration, though well meant, was most untrue, for at home the nights were scenes of shame and the mornings of sorrow. His wife was sinking under the burden of anxiety and care which his drunken habits laid upon her. He had not only become irritable, but idle, and gradually she had been compelled to take the oversight of his large business.

The children were kept, as far as possible, in ignorance of there father's intemperance; and "Father's poorly" was the explanation of many a perplexing scene.

Bessie, the eldest, a blue-eyed intelligent girl, had, at last, come to see the terrible position of her father, and all that a child could do to soften her mother's sorrow was gladly done. Now, with her text before her, one more effort was to be made, and in the hopefulness of her nature she saw her plan crowned with success, even before she began. "I know that God loves me," she said to herself, "and I know He keeps His promise, so I must succeed."

That night Mr. Fordham came home earlier than usual. To-morrow was Bessie's thirteenth birthday, and he had procured, as a birthday present, an elegant locket, containing his likeness and that of her

mother. Bessie was, as he often called her, his "little queen." No one had so much power over him as she, and often her loving arm and soft cheek had calmed and subdued him when all other attempts had failed.

He had intended the beautiful present to be a surprise in the morning, but an extra glass had destroyed his self-control, even in this matter, and hence the gift, meant for the morning, was produced over night. Bessie saw his state, and the tears with which she received his gift were as much from sorrow as from gratitude. She knew that to speak to him of his intemperance was to incur his hottest displeasure. More than once she had seen the result of a single word of remonstrance to be weeks of increased dissipation. Hence she could only thank him, and urge him for her sake to spend the rest of the evening at home. To her great joy he consented. She knew his fondness for music, and soon had him by her side at the piano, while she sang his favourite melodies with all the sweetness at her command. More than once she saw him dash away the starting tear, and she eagerly caught the sight, as a token that the prayer of her heart would be answered. At last he closed the instrument, saying, "My little queen must now retire; I want her to have a good night's rest, so that her birthday may be without a a cloud."

When she reached her room, the emotions she had so carefully concealed found relief in tears, and, for a time, her feelings fairly mastered her. It, was, however, only for a time; she "remembered God and was comforted." She had what she claimed as a promise from Heaven to herself, She opened her Bible, and read it over and over again. As she read her faith was strengthened. She was to "call" upon God, and then deliverance was sure.

She determined that nothing should be wanting on her part, and falling upon her knees, she poured out her heart "before Him who had encouraged her to come." As she prayed, the veil that hides the invisible seemed to be drawn aside, and she spoke to God as a man speaks to his friend. She told him of her mother's sorrow, of her own grief, of her father's danger, of her love for her father, of the praise she would give if God would but undertake for her, and the earnestness of her desire made her oblivious to the fact that the prayer was being offered aloud.

Soon after Mr. Fordham retired for the night, and, on passing the door of Bessie's room, was startled to hear a sob. His love and fear were at once aroused, and, dreading lest aught should harm the child, he eagerly listened. Her tale of sorrow met his ear. Every word pierced him like a sword. His wife's anguish, his daughter's shame, his own peril crowded in upon him, till the pangs of hell seemed to get hold upon him. He dared not speak to the little pleader, but, rushing from the door, he hastened to his room, and fell upon his knees, in deep anguish and contrition.

When Mrs. Fordham entered, she found him sobbing in anguish : he told her what had happened, and they knelt together to seek pardoning grace.

That night a pledge of total abstinence was written out and signed by both, and, as soon as they heard Bessie astir in the morning, Mr. Fordham entered the room, and, pressing her to his heart, placed the pledge in her hand, saying "Will my Bessie accept this as a token of her father's love ? and will she pray that God will help her father to keep his promise ?"

That morning a family altar was erected in Mr. Fordham's home, and as Bessie knelt by her father's side she felt that hers was a happy birthday indeed. The grace Mr. Fordham needed has been given. The fight was long, and his feet often well nigh slipped. A craving appetite had to be conquered, evil habits had to be subdued, and many temptations to be resisted ; but his house was cleared of the cause of his sorrow, and God made His strength perfect in his weakness.

Mr. Fordham is now an active officer in a Christian church, and Bessie rejoices to declare that prayer is the only certain remedy for trouble.

A HYMN FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

By S. C. Hall, F.S.A.

DEAR brother Jesus, Lord of all,
We hear Thy sweet words—"Come to Me :"
The little children hear Thee call ;
And bring their thoughts and hearts to Thee.

Dear Jesus, hear our simple prayer,
In all our perils Thou art near,
To ease our troubles, banish care,
And help and bless us, Jesus dear.

In holy joy, in holy mirth,
The joy and mirth that pleases Thee,
We thank Thee for good gifts of earth,
For pleasant things we feel and see.

Give us this day, and every day,
The health and peace that sweeten life,
And keep us through the toilsome way,
From inner and from outer strife.

And bless the friends who heavenward led
Our steps, and brought us nearer Thee :
Who told us when the Master said—
"Let little children come to Me !"

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER III.

A NIGHT'S TROUBLES.

THE word "*dead*" seldom falls suddenly on any ear without giving a shock, especially to the young who have not as yet realized how frail is the barrier which separates this anxious, struggling life from the icy stillness of the grave.

Young Lyndon had known Nurse Simpson when she was the faithful attendant on his mother in her last illness; and though he had not been able to see her often, he had retained an acquaintance by calling at intervals, whenever he had some trifling gift to take the poor woman—which indeed was seldom. Still, the kindness he felt for her made it natural that he should think of her cottage as a refuge when he was homeless; and for the moment he was stricken so dumb by the young woman's words, that, though he entered the house mechanically, a fiercer blast of driving wind and rain propelling him, he stood on the mat unable at first to explain why he came; the rain from his soddened garments oozing out in little pools round him.

He did not recognize the young woman. She, however, knew him well enough; for she had not only seen him when he had made his calls at the cottage, but going to the market at Wasteburn she had often met him, though she was not familiar enough to speak to him. Of late, indeed, for reasons that will appear, she had rather avoided him when she saw him.

"I'm Ruth, sir," she said, gazing sorrowfully at Cyril's pale face and drenched garments. "You don't remember me, sir. I'm poor Mrs. Simpson's niece."

The dog "Spring," meanwhile, who had the memory of his race for one who had once been kind to him, was leaping up to welcome him; and the youth, struggling to master his voice, said hoarsely, "Dead! I never knew she was ill! I came," he continued, "to ask her to let me have a lodging. Do you——" he added, awkwardly—for he did not recollect her—"do you live here?"

She repeated, in equal embarrassment, "Oh, I'm Ruth, sir; leastways, I was, I mean. I'm married now, and Gregory is my husband. I expect him home every minute." There was a pause, as if she suddenly

recollected something which made his visit very unwelcome. "You can come in a bit, sir; but I'm not alone."

There was an inner door opened out of the little bricked entry in which Cyril had been standing, and though it was only partially opened, he saw the living room, which he had good reason to remember; for many of the better articles of furniture in it had been Mrs. Lyndon's, and were given by her when dying to Nurse Simpson. But what now attracted his gaze was a cowering form, partially hidden behind a clothes-horse that stood by the smouldering fire, more as if it would keep the chilly-looking grate warm, than to gather warmth for the old clothes which hung on it.

Confusedly interpreting Ruth's words or manner as a sort of invitation to go beyond the entry, Cyril involuntarily stepped into the room, and hastily, on seeing that some one seemed hiding, exclaimed, "Oh, I beg pardon. I'm intruding." When a young lady, loosely wrapped in a shawl, and her hat in her hand, instantly stepped forward, and with her face covered with a flush of vexation, and downcast eyelids, from whose lashes tear-drops were softly falling, said, "Pray do not apologize to me. In such a night any shelter is welcome. I'm sheltering here myself."

"Yes, sir," said Ruth, advancing with Cyril; "Miss Brath——"

"Annette," hastily interposed the young lady, with a sudden glance of correction to the woman.

"Miss Annette is waiting here till Gregory comes, to see her to the—to her home."

Lyndon was quite aware, from the embarrassed manner of Ruth, that the young lady did not want her name or her abode to be mentioned, and he had enough gentlemanly feeling, not only to respect her incognito, but to regret that he should be an intruder. If a passing wish came into his mind, that he might offer to escort this Miss Annette, it was instantly checked as he looked around and thought of the death of the kind woman he had come to seek.

What a change in the place since he had last seen it! Then it was a picture of homely neatness; now it was not exactly dirty, but a look of disorder, waste, and muddle was apparent. There was an old-fashioned looking-glass over the little mantlepiece, which had affecting associations for Cyril, as it had hung in the bedroom of his mother. This glass was disfigured with a long crack right across it, as if from a blow. Bits of old and really fine china in front of it were every one chipped or broken. Pipes of various kinds lay about amid smears of tobacco ashes; one in particular, quite black, was hung on a wire, with some care, in front of the glass. The table in the centre was propped up by a pile of bricks, which did duty for a missing leg, and the chairs around were either broken in the back or the seat—all but one big three-cornered oak chair, which was hacked all over the arms, as with a knife. The brass top of the fender bent inwards to meet the ashes; and the clothes-horse, Cyril now saw, was drawn round a three-legged stool, on which Miss Annette sat, to shelter her a little from a draught that blew in through a long

CYRIL MEETS MISS ANNETTE.—(*Page* 49.)

crack in a wall separating some kind of dark scullery or outhouse from this dingy room.

With a little surprise, as he seated himself carefully on a ricketty chair, so as to balance it, Cyril looked at the young woman, whom he now only very dimly recalled as Mrs. Simpson's niece, and he saw that she was sadly pale and sickly-looking. Her dress was tolerably neat, and a few clean towels, and a workbox unbroken, gave some faint tokens of a feeble effort to keep the wreck of the home from going to pieces. Evidently it had struck hard on the rocks of poverty, and was breaking up.

"I fear you have been ill, Mrs.—Gregory, I think you said was your name?"

"Yes, sir; I was married in July last, when I heared of your being away somewheres; and poor Aunt Simpson died in October, just a month ago yesterday; and I'd have let you know, but I was laid up, and—and things have gone a bit hard with us. You see, sir, first aunt being ailing, and then me, was a bad beginning for my husband, poor fellow! I'm more sorry for him than for myself, because it's so hard for a man, and it's but nat'ral like they should go where they wouldn't, and do what they shouldn't, when they are put about."

Cyril remembered that in the early autumn his sister Julia spent her holidays with a schoolfellow at Dovercourt; and he, having a fortnight granted him, had made a walking tour to the Suffolk coast, partly as that was the only way of travelling which suited his pocket, and also that thus he could meet his sister.

While Mrs. Gregory was hesitatingly explaining and excusing the condition of her dwelling, Cyril's eyes glanced at Miss Annette's face, and he was struck with a look of such extreme pity, as well as trouble, on it, that he felt certain he had come upon the two at a time of special grief or anxiety, and he heartily wished himself away, unless he could do them some good.

There was, however, no time for further explanation or apology; for suddenly the sound of voices came on the wind, and filled the pauses of the drifting rain, as it beat on the rattling window. There was a snatch of wild singing in a fine voice, and another voice was speaking, coarser and rougher; the latter seemed to be coaxing.

"Don't, sir, no don't now, or the Bobbies—be hanged to 'em—'ll be down upon us. We're just at my crib—it's——"

"Oh, Ruth! Ruth! that's Archy's voice," said the young lady, starting up in a panic of alarm. "He must not see me. Oh, hide me! Stay, I'll go in here;" and as she spoke she darted through a dilapidated door that swung from the cracked wall.

The mistress of this poor abode was as pale as death, and shook in every limb; but she did not attempt to fly. Involuntarily she drew the clothes-horse across the part of the room where Cyril stood, irresolute whether he also ought not to fly; for to any ear that has been shocked by the rude shouts of drunken riot in our streets, it was plain that the

men approaching were not sober, and Cyril instantly comprehended the reason of the terror their coming had inspired in the two young women. There was this difference in their dread ; one had fled under the panic of fright, the other was mute with the misery of despair. The dog, meanwhile, crouched trembling, with a low whine, in a corner.

On came the voices, floundering footsteps and heavy stumbles hindering them awhile ; and Cyril, rightly judging that a drunken man might take umbrage at his being in the house, said hastily, "Do you wish me to go? Can I get out at the back, or can I serve you by waiting here?"

"Oh, pray, pray go ! I didn't think Gregory would meet Mr. Archy to-night, so as he promised me."

"Ruth, are you deaf or asleep? Bring a light, stoopid. What have you done to the door? A light, I say, or I'll smash the door in."

Wan as a corpse, the woman went to the door, and opening it wide in her fright, suddenly two men fell into the little bricked lobby over each other, one striking his head heavily against an iron shovel that stood in the corner. The wind that rushed in with them blew the candle out, and there was for some moments a horrible clamour of struggling, shouting, and execrations, while Cyril, taking the candle from Mrs. Gregory's trembling hand, lighted it, and, obedient to her scared look of entreaty, stepped a moment behind the clothes-horse.

Somehow the revellers scrambled to their feet, and reeled, the one into the oak chair, the other, half-shouting half-singing, "Any port in a storm," after standing a moment, deliberately laid himself down before the fire.

Cyril at a glance saw they were men of very different grades, but reduced to one level by their vices. The man in the chair was Gregory ; a short, thick-set, coarse-featured fellow, whose forehead was bleeding from a cut he had just received in his fall. The other was young and tall ; a very fine—animal, shall we say? His muddy garments were those of a gentleman, and his face bore the unmistakable impress of education, degraded as he was.

Ruth went to minister to her husband. Her trembling hands were busy stanching the blood and binding up the cut, while he kept grumbling that it was her fault, and asking for supper, and what she meant by looking so ghastly, as if she tried to frighten a fellow.

"Be quick and get something to eat or——"

But why unveil the shameful brutalities of the drunkard's home? Who can—who dare tell the tragedies which are acted night by night in multitudes of English homes? There is no romance in them to make them interesting. They are realities that appeal to heaven, atrocities that people hell ; but gentility coldly ignores them.

Cyril saw that neither of these men was able to do more than murmer or shout ; that the poor woman was personally safe from them ; and as his presence evidently added to her terror lest he should be discovered, he managed to pass unheard through the door of the young lady's hiding place.

A blast of cold air met him as he entered, and he saw that it proceeded from a door into a back yard. He listened for a sound of voice or breathing. There was none; the place was evidently empty. He groped in the rain about the little garden at the back, and finding a wicket gate open, concluded that Miss Annette in her fright had quitted the cottage entirely,—a conjecture that was soon after confirmed, when a low whisper in the shed called to him, and said, "I dare not now ask you in. You can stay here for the night as a shelter, or you can go to the Panther."

"Is the young lady safe?" said Cyril, hoping she might have known of a way to some upper room of the cottage.

"Oh, she's gone away all alone, poor dear!"

A shout from within caused Ruth to retreat, and Cyril was fain to lie down on a heap of sacks in a corner of the outhouse, and snatch a little rest.

With the earliest sound of working men tramping to their labour he rose, and found the rain had ceased, and the day promised to be fair. There was some water to refresh his face and hands, and he set forth, resolving to continue his journey towards London.

Two hours' walking brought him to a populous suburb, and here, at the corner of a street, where some new buildings were going on, was an itinerant coffee stall, and here our outcast took his first meal since he had been discarded by Mr. Gulper.

One thing at his breakfast was very fine, that was his appetite. Never had bread tasted sweeter; never did true sobriety seem nobler than when he thought over the scene of the past night. He went on refreshed, and resolved that he would at once begin to look out and enquire at a bookseller's, or some shop of that kind, for employment. "Anything that is honest for a beginning," said he to himself.

Suddenly turning a corner of a terrace, he saw in a music shop a written card laid in the window, with—

"Wanted, a qualified Young Man as Assistant in a Private School."

He absolutely darted in, and began to make enquiries.

"Your testimonials?" was the cool answer of the shopkeeper, gazing suspiciously at Cyril's rather wan and neglected look.

"I have never held such a situation before, but——"

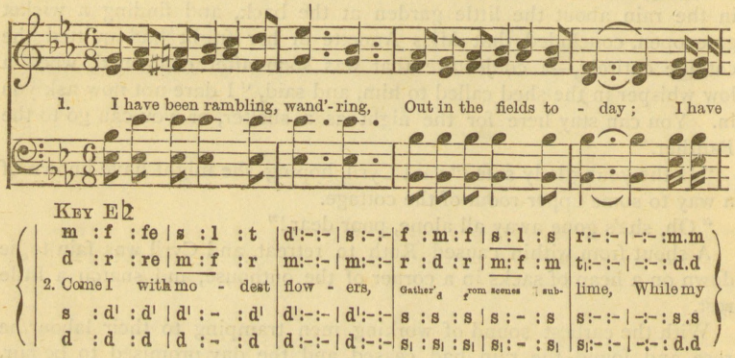
"Oh dear, then it's no manner of use your applying."

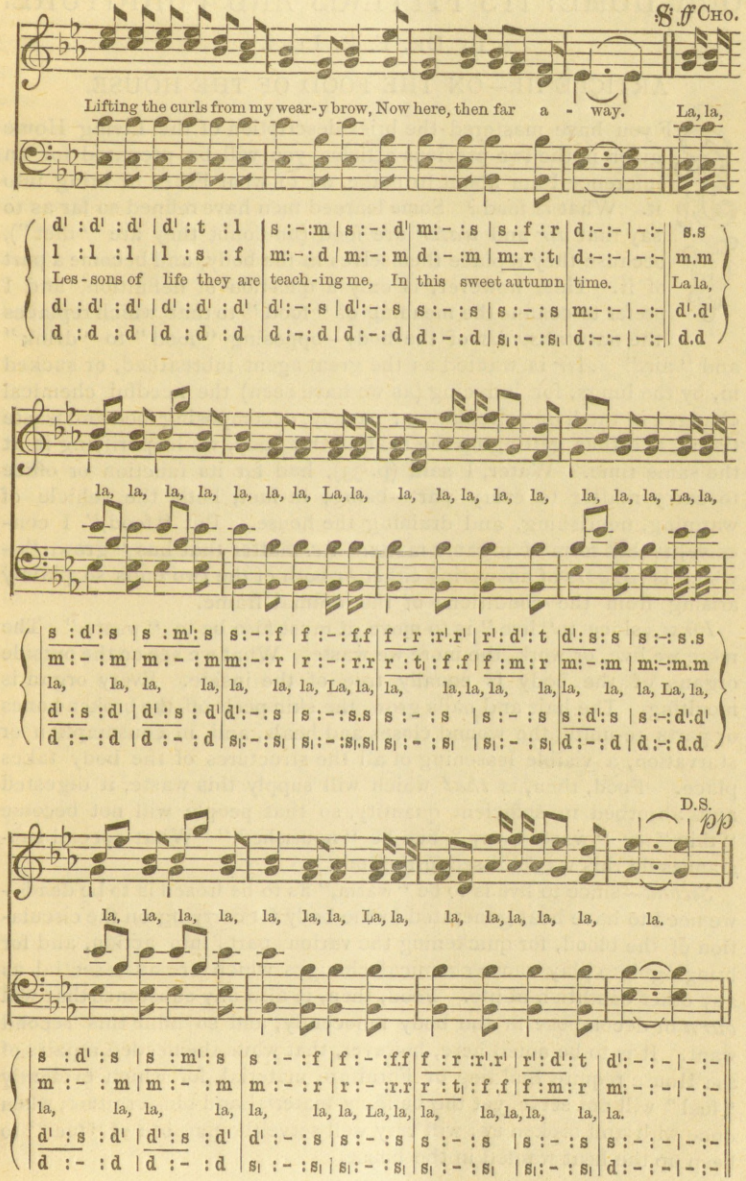
"Character, testimonials, certificates;" these words came out in a sort of torrent, as poor Cyril, bowing dejectedly, went out; but just as he descended the step into the street, a young lady with a music book in her hand approached. He looked up—their eyes met—it was Miss Annette. But with a deep blush she gave him a rather stiff bow, and retreated into the door he had just quitted.

(*To be continued.*)

I HAVE BEEN RAMBLING.

P. P. Bliss.




S. ff CHO.
Lifting the curls from my wear-y brow, Now here, then far a - way. La, la,
Les-sons of life they are teach-ing me, In this sweet autumn time. La la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
D.S. pp
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

OUR HOME: ITS FITTINGS AND FURNITURE.

BY DR. F. R. LEES.

ARTICLE III.—ON THE FOOD OF THE HOUSE.

IF you have mastered the brief description of the Living Home given in the two previous articles, you will be prepared for an inference I am about to make, as to what FOOD to bring into it. What *is* food? Some learned men have refined so far as to say that *air* and *water* are food (no doubt they are "diet"), because they replace themselves in the body, and become a part of it. This, however, is only a question of definition, and I prefer to confine the meaning of "food" to that which replaces the natural *solids* of the body—opposing "food" to "drink" and "air." *Air* is wanted as the great agent inbreathed, or sucked in, by the lungs, for inducing (as we have seen) the needful chemical changes in the living circulation; namely, decomposing food and waste tissue, and thus getting up the heat of the body, while purifying it at the same time. Water, I said (p. 33), had for its function or office to carry matter to every part—being, in fact, both the vehicle of warming, nourishing, and draining the house. But "food," I conceive, is that form of organic matter—*i.e.* matter that has "grown"—which is *capable* of answering either or both of the two ends so plainly arising from the conditions of the animal frame.

First, since to "live" is to move, it must also be to "waste." The more we live, or work, the more we waste. What we see on the outside organs of the body is equally true of the inside. Every organ is moulting. The hair and nails grow, the skin peels off, the broken bones or parts re-unite, the wound closes and heals, and, in consumption or starvation, a visible lessening of all the structures of the body takes place. Food, then, is *that* which will supply this waste, if digested and absorbed in sufficient quantity, so that people will not become "thin" or "waste away," but be "nourished." What special substances do this we shall see further on.

Second—since to live is to be "warm," as to be frozen is to be dead—we need to have heat generated in the body for carrying on the circulation of the blood, for quickening the various parts into action, and for bringing into play those chemical changes which are as essential as any other condition of life. Food, then, is also any substance that will *burn* or decompose in the body innocently, and so fulfil this second want. It is to be noted here, however, that while the needed repairs of the House require Building or Furniture material, for which evidently "fuel" will not serve, yet the building-material and old-furniture, when done with and broken up, will very well serve the purpose of "fuel" to keep up the heat wanted in the house.

It is clear, then, that the two primary conditions of the body, "warmth" and "movement," are followed by two losses—the loss of *heat* and the loss of *substance*, and these are the two wants to which foods are related. Nobody can imagine a third. It now remains to see how all-wise Nature has provided in her bounty for these wants of ours. As in other cases, so here, there is nothing forgotten. When the chemist takes his instruments of analysis, and applies them to the products of the field, the vineyard, the orchard, and the garden; when he examines carefully the varied grains and seeds, roots and fruits of the earth in every clime, no matter how endlessly distinct their form and taste may seem,—they are found to consist at bottom of but *two dishes*, differently flavoured and variously cooked! As I pointed out above forty years ago, this truth was symbolized by the plainest facts. Let the new milk stand a day, or the fresh eggs be broken, and the whole story is told. All that the young animal needs is there. The milk *feeds* the calf; the contents of the egg the chicken. There in the egg we have the white (albumen), and the yolk (yellow). In the albumen we see the nourishing substance, and in the vital part the *protoplasm* which uses it in building up the little bird. There in the milk we find the oil and sugar which warm the calf, and in the *curd* (casein or cheese element), the matter which builds up its bones and muscles. The late Baron Liebig, about the year 1843, was the first great chemist to publish the details of this luminous distinction in foods, and he called them, respectively, "Plastic" and "Respiratory" elements. Here they are, with the particular substances under each class:—

I.—*Elements of Nutrition.*	II.—*Elements of Respiration.*
1. Albumen.	1. Oil (or Fat).
2. Fibrine or Gluten.	2. Starch.
3. Casein (or curd).	3. Sugar.

Liebig added "gum" to the second list, but I have long since noted that it is not *digested* under ordinary circumstances, and is therefore most worthless as food. A few observations on each kind must now close this lesson.

I.—ALBUMEN IS UNVITALIZED "PROTOPLASM." It is found in all fruits and most roots. The grape and its juice has it ready formed in great abundance, but when the natural wine is fermented (*i.e.* decomposed), it rises to the top as *scum*, and is finally cast out and lost. So, too, in the fermentation of barley wort. Thus, in regard to these two valuable gifts of God, the express purpose of the brewer is to destroy their albumen! GLUTEN (or *macaroni*) is the nourishing part of wheat and other grains; and much of it lying close to the skin or husk, is thrown away with the "sharps" and "bran." Cats are wiser than men, and will eat brown bread, when they despise white.

Whether gluten, fibrine, or casein be used, they are all changed, in the process of digestion, into albumen, before they can become assimilated to the blood.

II.—OIL and FATS stand at the head of "fuels," giving out, in their decomposition, the greatest amount of heat. Hence the instinctive free use of fat food in winter-weather and northern regions. It is our natural protection against cold and consumption. STARCH is sugar packed up and preserved in another form; and in the process of digestion is changed into sugar again, so that it may be absorbed in the circulation, which as starch it cannot be. If a crust of bread be slowly chewed in the morning, it will become sensibly sweet, owing to the action of the saliva upon the starch.

(To be continued.)

TOUCH NOT THE ACCURSED THING.

BY ANNIE CLEGG.

SURE is sin to kill our peace,
Sure to make rejoicings cease;
Sins indulged, or sins unfought,
Turn our springs of bliss to drought.

These the "little foxes" are
Which devour our vintage fair;
These the canker-worms that eat
All our consolations sweet.

Oh! how oft would God have blest
With the choicest and the best
Of His favours! but we strayed
Into paths with thorns o'erlaid,—

Lured by sin's apparent glow,
Lighting up its scenes of woe;
But when sin's delights were tried,
Ah! we saw the *darksome side.*

Then our hearts began to burn
With a longing to return
To the bosom of our God,
Humbled by His chastening rod.

But, 'tis easier far, we learn,
To *decline* than *to return*;
Not that greater are our foes
Than the grace that God bestows.

But our God would make us feel
'Tis *His* hand alone can heal,
'Tis *His* service that is best,
Since it makes us truly blest.

Oh then flee the smallest sin,
Lest thy heart it enter in;
Lest it cause thee sighs and tears,
Days with gloom, and nights with fears!

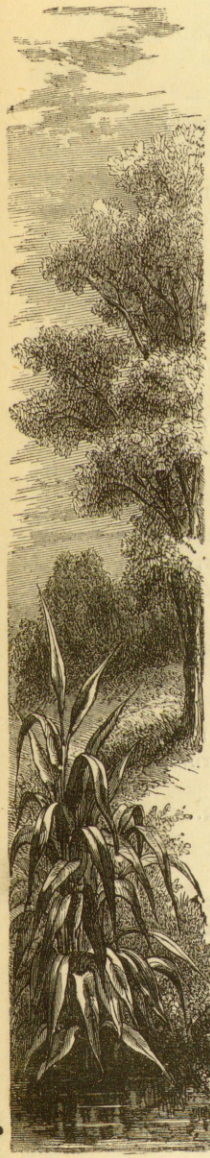
DRINKING & LONGEVITY.

BY DR. MARTIN.

"IT does, indeed, sometimes happen that a toper would live to a good old age, but it was the exception, not the rule. He knew of a club into which none were admitted who could not drink sixteen tumblers of punch at a single sitting, and it was presided over by a hearty hale old man. That old man, however, boasted that he had lived out three generations of topers. It was not because a man had gone through a hundred battles that there was no danger in war; thousands of soldiers might have fallen though he might have escaped."

HOW LONG? O LORD! HOW LONG?

By Rev. F. Bottome.



O THOU God of truth and justice!
Seated on Thy glorious throne,
Hear the pleadings of Thy people,
And Thy mighty power make known.
God of Israel,
Send us swift deliverance down.

See the slain of Moloch strewing,
Like the sand the ocean shore!
Hark! the drunkard's death-knell tolling,
Wailing o'er us evermore!
God of mercy,
Hast Thou lost Thine ancient power?

Shall the widow's piteous crying
Waste itself in wild despair?
Shall the orphan's bitter sighing
Die unheeded on the air?
God of judgment,
All Thy majesty declare!

Over all the land is mourning,
Every house bewails its dead!
Shame and sin and desolation
Over all the land is spread;
Strong Redeemer,
Lift Thou up our fainting head.

Turn the tide of dark intemperance,
Sweep the plague of death away!
Gird Thy mighty sword upon Thee,
And Thy Sovereign power display!
God Almighty!
Bare Thine holy arm to-day.

ONLY A BOY!

BY W. A. EATON.

"I AM only a boy!" did you say?
Well, yes; I am only a boy!
A boy, full of mischievous play;—
Let me ask—were you ever a boy?

I am only a boy! what of that?
I shall grow, if I live, to a man;
I shall throw away tops and tip-cat,
And work on a definite plan.

I shall play in right earnest till then;
I shall throw my heart into each game:
You will find that the noblest of men
In their boyhood were ever the same.

Don't ask me to think like a man!
I can't mope over books I don't like;—
I must stretch my limbs well, while I can,
But study I do not dislike.

I am fond of historical books,
If they're writ in a nice sort of way;
About Nelson and brave Captain Cook,
I could read their adventures all day!

I am only a boy, it is true;
It would do you more good, sir, by far,
To romp about now, as I do,
Than to puff at that sickly cigar!

I'm a Band of Hope boy, sir! I've signed
The pledge to abstain from strong drink,
And there's many a man I could find
Would do well to do that, sir, I think.

Yes, there's many a man that I know
Would do better to act in that way,
Than to win himself boundless wealth;
For wealth would but lead him astray.

I am only a boy, it is true;
But I'm going to do what I can;—
And if I do that, sir, why you
Will believe I shall make a good man.

I shall fight for the right while I can,
And my talents and time will employ:
If I would be a Temperance man,
Why I must be a Temperance boy!

HISTORY OF A DISTILLERY.

PARKER.

WHAT if the history of a distillery could be written out?—So much rum for medicine of real value, so much for the arts of real value,—that would be one drop, I suppose, taken out and shaken from the distillery. Then so much rum sold to the Indians, to excite them to scalp one another; so much sent to the Africans to be changed into slaves to rot in Cuba and Brazil; so much sent to the heathens in Asia, and to the islands of the ocean; and so much used at home. Then, if the tale of every drop could be written only—so much pain, so much redness of eyes, so much diminution of productive power in man, so many houses burnt, ships foundered, and railway trains dashed to pieces; so many lives lost; so many widows made,—double widows, because their husbands still live; so many orphans,—their fathers yet living, long dying on the earth,—what a tale it would be! Imagine that all the persons who had suffered from torments engendered on that plague spot came together, and sat on the ridgepole and roof, and filled up the large hall of that distillery, and occupied the streets and lanes all about it, and told their tales of drunkenness, robbery, unchastity, murder, written on their faces and foreheads. Would not such a spectacle be stranger than fiction?

NOT A DROP.

BY BARON LIEBIG.

"THERE is no drop of alcoholic liquor in healthy and unchanged nature. God has not made alcohol in any other sense than He has created carrion meat or rotten eggs. It is the product of sugary substances *decomposed*, *decaying;* and whether called brandy, rum, whiskey, being distilled and of fiery potency, or wine, ale, cider, being fermented only and weak, the fermented element is the same thing —*alcohol*. 'Fermentation is nothing else but the putrefaction of a substance containing no nitrogen.' 'Alcohol cannot be evolved from the sugar of vegetable matter until after vinous fermentation sets in, which is its decomposition or death.'"

THE LAMB.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight—
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
  Little lamb, who made thee?
  Dost thou know who made thee?

  Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
  Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
  Little lamb, God bless thee!
  Little lamb, God bless thee!

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By the Rev. John Jones, Liverpool.

CHAPTER III.

In the preceding chapters we have passed in review the names given to the places where alcohol is sold, and treated of their origin and meaning. In this chapter we propose to treat of the names given to the AGENTS employed in the manufacture and sale of the drink. How familiar these names are. We have only to mention them in order to feel that their sound has haunted us from the earliest date in which names became recognizable. Brewer, distiller, publican, licensed victualler, barman, and barmaid: how these words have impressed themselves on the ages as they have rolled onward. No names so potent in the business world in commanding the homage of men, and were they but to abdicate their functions, it would be impossible to exaggerate the horror and consternation which the nations would confess to.

But such horror and consternation would be very temporary, for a new social world would rise up around them, and in their midst; and from shore to shore a new song would be echoed, whose burden would be, "For lo the winter is past . . . . the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

We enter upon the most painful part of our subject in coming to deal with the agents. Alcohol, however dire a poison it may be, and the gilded saloon or humbler tavern in which it is sold, however much associated with sin and crime, are in themselves passive things, and can do no harm, except under the influence of the living *agent* who calls them into play. Look at that fiery rum imprisoned within its wooden barriers—how harmless it is. Millions may pass by, but it will not injure them, if they simply leave it alone, but when man comes to put in his tap, and with his fingers turns it on, then ruin, demoralisation, and death ensues, and the agent therefore, and not the article, will be summoned to the judgment seat when the great assize shall be holden. The liquor traffic becomes thus an illustration of "man's inhumanity to man."

BREWER.—This word comes from the Saxon language and signifies *to stir, boil, and agitate.* The term, therefore, is appropriate when applied to one who carries on the operations of the brewhouse, where stirring and boiling and agitating is constantly going on. But unfortunately the word is equally applicable, viewing the brewer in relation to society. Suppose we were to send him to Bessbrook, in Ireland, or

Saltaire, in England—now the arenas of tranquility and peace—in one week how changed the scene would become—how the people would be stirred to a state of disorder—how boil with raging passions—how agitated by violence and lawlessness. But, happily, the brewer cannot enter those peaceful haunts; the strong arm of the landowners prevents his entrance. What we most urgently require is to have in this respect all the kingdom a Bessbrook or a Saltaire—a kingdom without a brewer.

DISTILLER.—This word signifies to *fall in drops*, and fitly expresses the mode by which spirits are obtained from various fermented liquors, when the ascending vapours become condensed. The distiller then is the manufacturer of spirits, such as rum, gin, brandy, whiskey, &c. Such a manufacturer was unknown in very ancient times, for not until the ninth century of the Christian era was the art of making spirits discovered. What a pity it has been discovered at all! Since then myriads upon myriads of our race have become dram-drinkers—who lie now in the dram-drinker's grave, and who presently must awake to the dram-drinker's doom. To fall in drops—thus the horrors of the Inquisition were carried on—a napkin was bound around the head of the victim, who was placed beneath a small orifice connected with the ceiling, from which water descended drop by drop, saturatiug the napkin, and suffocating the unhappy being destined for death. Drop by drop the fiery fluid descends at the distillery into its appointed receptacle which then is sent forth to do its deadly work.

PUBLICAN.—This name is applied to those who keep houses of resort for the public, who can come and go at pleasure for the purchase of drink. Thus we have two kinds of publicans who are familiar, viz. the publican in liquordom, and the publican in the Gospel, and between these two there are some striking points of analogy: for example, both *impose taxes*, and both are unpopular members of the community, so far as regards a considerable number of their fellow-beings. But of the two before us we are bound to confess that we infinitely prefer him in the Gospel. We like, for instance, his mode of raising taxes better, for he made a levy direct upon the purses of the people; but the publican of liquordom not only does this upon the purses of his customers, but indirectly also upon the purses of the rest of the population by the insanity and pauperism and crime he engenders. The pubilcan of old was satisfied if his victims yielded up their property, but the victim of the modern publican has to offer up his gold—his health—his reputation—his family—his life—his soul. There is one other solemn and impressive point of analogy—the publican of Judea had to smite upon his breast and appeal for mercy. Shall the publican of liquordom escape?

(*To be continued.*)

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

STRONG drink is not only the devil's way into man, but man's way to the devil.—*Dr. Adam Clark.*

COVETOUSNESS, by a greediness of getting more, deprives itself of the true end of getting! it loses the enjoyment of what it has got. —*Sprat.*

HE who cannot contract the sight of his mind as well as dilate it, wants a great talent in life.—*Bacon.*

DEFER not till to-morrow to be wise;
To-morrow's sun on thee may never rise.—*Pope.*

IN ancient times publicans were engaged in collecting taxes; now they are engaged in making them.—*Professor Miller.*

SLEEP is death's younger brother, and so like him, that I never dare trust him without my prayers.—*Sir T. Brown.*

LIKING is not always the child of beauty; but whosoever is liked, to the liker is beautiful.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

HE must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.—*Hare.*

MEN might live healthfully and happily without intoxicating liquors.—*Milton.*

HE that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still.—*Butler.*

WHAT people hope for, they think at last they have a right to, and when they are dissappointed, they actually think themselves ill-used.—*Sam Slick.*

A GOOD name will wear out; a bad one may be turned; a nick-name lasts for ever.—*Zimmerman.*

WORDS are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.—*Hobbes.*

THIRST teaches animals to drink, but drunkenness belongs only to man.—*Fielding.*

LET me tell you, every misery I *miss* is a new blessing.—*I. Walton.*

PEOPLE talk of liberty as if it meant the liberty of doing what a man *likes*. The only liberty that a man worthy the name of a man ought to ask for is to have all restrictions, inward and outward, removed to prevent his doing what he *ought*.—*F. W. Robertson.*

ALCOHOL has been the water of death to myriads of the human race.—*Dr. Une.*

EPILEPSY, idiocy, and insanity, whether noticed at birth or developed later in life, with or without any exciting cause, are among the direful effects so often seen by medical men in the children of those who are addicted to habits of intoxication. — *Drs. Storer and Day.*

A YOUNG woman tried to be aristocratic, and did not look at the money which she gave an omnibus guard, but he meekly gave her the lozenge on which was written "I'll never cease to love thee," and said he was an orphan with five little brothers to support and must be excused.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

IN ITS RELATION TO

THE BAND OF HOPE.

THERE is no institution of the Christian Church more hindered in its great mission of love by intemperance than the Sunday School. Nor is there any class of zealous workers for God more indispensable to the real and successful progress of the Band of Hope movement than Sunday School teachers. On these grounds we are the more anxious to enlist under our banner, as co-workers, all those engaged in this great field of labour who from various causes have not yet seen their way to unite with us in our protest against the use of strong drink. We hope also, if possible, to stimulate and quicken the energies of those already on our side, by presenting some motives of action and incentives to duty gathered in an experience of thirty-five years in the Sabbath School.

It is always difficult when one becomes thoroughly zealous in any good work to take a fair and impartial view of the motives and arguments of those who oppose or withhold their sympathy from us, but the great diversity of men's minds, their varied intellectual and moral perceptions of things—early education—social training and surroundings—and a thousand other circumstances, ought to make us tolerant and liberal in our judgment of the opinions and motives of those differing from us.

With all our desire, however, to be fair and impartial in this matter we are firm in the belief that *it is a duty incumbent on every Sunday School teacher to be a total abstainer.* We have discussed this question with hundreds of teachers, yet we are bound to say that we have never met with a single argument to shake our conviction on this point. Excuses—and some fairly stated, but mostly of a personal character—we have encountered without end; but they have never had any real bearing upon the general question or the principles on which it is grounded, while on the other hand the experience of facts alone supply invulnerable proof in favour of our proposition.

In our present article we propose to deal only with the Sunday School teacher in his personal and individual capacity; and we are led here to affirm—

That total abstinence is safest and best for the teacher personally.

The very attributes which are essential in a good Sunday School teacher often render him more susceptible to this dangerous temptation. Young, zealous, loving, generous, he suspects not an enemy whose approach is accompanied with smiles and professions of geniality and

benevolence; and so, if without a friend to warn him of the danger and tear away the hypocritical mask from the enemy, he falls a victim to its subtlety.

It is a sad and painful fact that many of our Sunday School teachers fall victims to intemperance. Almost every Sunday School can supply from its past history sad examples of those lost and ruined by the fatal and insidious cup. If we could only realise the number of those who, entering on their mission of love with high hopes and bright anticipations of future usefulness, have been wrecked and lost on this rock, it would supply one of the strongest proofs in favour of total abstinence, and awaken a feeling of horror and dread of this dire foe to religious zeal and effort.

A few years ago when in conversation with a gentleman as to the probability of forming a Band of Hope in a certain Sunday School, he said, "I have great fear that you will not succeed in obtaining the necessary consent; and yet," said he, "I know of no place where it is more required: for during my residence of thirty-five years in this neighbourhood, I know of five superintendents of that school who have fallen victims to intemperance; and there are now, to my knowledge, eleven men and two women, living grossly intemperate lives, who first acquired the fatal habit when teachers of that Sunday School. And how many have died from the same cause, who, at one time or other, were officially connected with it I cannot tell, but they are not a few." Who will dispute that total abstinence would have been safest and best for these lost ones? Speaking not long ago to a practical, earnest Christian teacher, in a Sunday School of at least six hundred children, in a large and important town, where a Band of Hope had just been successfully organized,—"Do you know?" said he, "that in the short space of one year and ten months two superintendents of this school have had to relinquish their office through the drink?"

From another thoroughly reliable source we elicited this most important fact—that in a very large Sunday School with over sixty teachers, during five years ending 1860, nine teachers had fallen and left the school through intemperance, in the succeeding five years during which a successful Band of Hope had been carried on only one such fall was recorded. The Band of Hope was then discontinued, and in the second year following that event another victim fell; in the third year still another, and in the fourth year two victims were registered.

Facts of this description need no argument to sustain them; they show that there is a special danger to the Sunday School teacher in the contact with drink and drinking customs, a fatal danger to his personal character and prospects in life, and a fearful danger to his spiritual life, to the work he has undertaken, and to his hopes of an eternal future. It is safer, then, fellow-teacher to abstain from that which has left on its track millions of wrecked souls as the trophies of its power.

GIVE A HELPING HAND.

By W. P. W. Buxton.

COME, honest, sober, Christian men,
And give a helping hand,
To save from all the woes of drink
Our blessed Fatherland.
Help, help who can to chase the foe
For ever from our shore ;
Come, burst the bonds of slavery
For ever, evermore.

Drink sows around the seeds of death
With sweet entrancing smile ;
Its talons pierce the youthful breast,
And fills that breast with guile.
Then draw the sword, ye men of might,
Your countrymen to save,
And never more may Britain be
To cursed drink a slave.

Drink spreads its blight on young and old,
Benumbs the giant mind ;
It spreads destruction all around,
And leaves sad wrecks behind.
Oh, come then, honest Temp'rance men
And break the cup of woe ;
Come, let us strike in tides of might
To oust the tyrant foe.

Drink turns the brightness of the eye
Into a madman's glare ;
It scatters round the poisoned seeds
Of misery and care.
Come, Christian men who love your God,
Come, men of heart and brain,
To save from drink your Fatherland,
Oh, work with might and main.

No longer may the foulsome plague
Disgrace old England's shore ;
No longer may its liquid fire
Consume our nation's core.
Then come, ye sober, Christian men,
And give a helping hand,
To save from all the woes of drink
Our homes and Fatherland.

PERSEVERANCE.

Boys, remember you can never do anything without perseverance. You know what perseverance means. It means keeping right on when everything seems against you. You have a hard sum to reckon up at school, and you feel inclined to throw down the slate and make for the door. The next time you feel like that, take your pencil and work away with all your might; you will then be able to understand what perseverance means. You belong to a Band of Hope, and you try to recite a piece, and you break down; and some of the girls begin to laugh at you, and you think you will never try to recite again. What? Afraid of the girls laughing at you! Stick to it, and you will some day or other be very glad that you began when you were a boy to learn the meaning of the word—Perseverance.—W. A. Eaton.

GENERAL SIR RICHARD DACRES.

"Since I have become a teetotaller, I have gone through great fatigue in hot climates. I have crossed the Atlantic, come here to the Crimea, been exposed to disease and some discomfort, and I have never been sick, or had even a short attack of diarrhœa. I ascribe this to water. But I am a temperate eater also. I never eat animal food more than once a-day; no lunch, but a piece of biscuit. I am also a very early man. All these things combined enable me to do as much hard work at fifty-five as many men ten or fifteen years younger. What I began with as an example, I now continue, as I consider I am much better without wine, beer, &c., both in a religious and worldly point of view; and I shall continue as I am, please God, to my life's end."

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER IV.

A HELPING HAND.

FOR the first time it occurred to Lyndon that it might be harder than he had supposed to get employment. His morning hopes, which, despite a wretched night, damp clothes, and meagre fare, had risen gaily, were indeed like the sudden flaring out of early sunshine, which often heralds a stormy day. It was certainly fortunate for him that he had, as the police say, to "keep moving," for otherwise he must have suffered from his clothes drying upon him; as it was—with a pang at his heart that he was both rejected by the music-seller, and politely repulsed by Miss Annette—he walked on rapidly, out of sight of the place of his mortification. He had read, and loved to read, as every intelligent youth does, of men

who have risen from amid the greatest hardships, and wrestled for every step they gained on the ladder of progress; but somehow he could just then think of none who were utterly friendless. George Stephenson had a good father and mother. Michael Faraday was reared in a home where all the Christian graces flourished. Poverty, in these memorable cases, was the wholesome, if keen, breeze that braced their nerves to strongest effort.

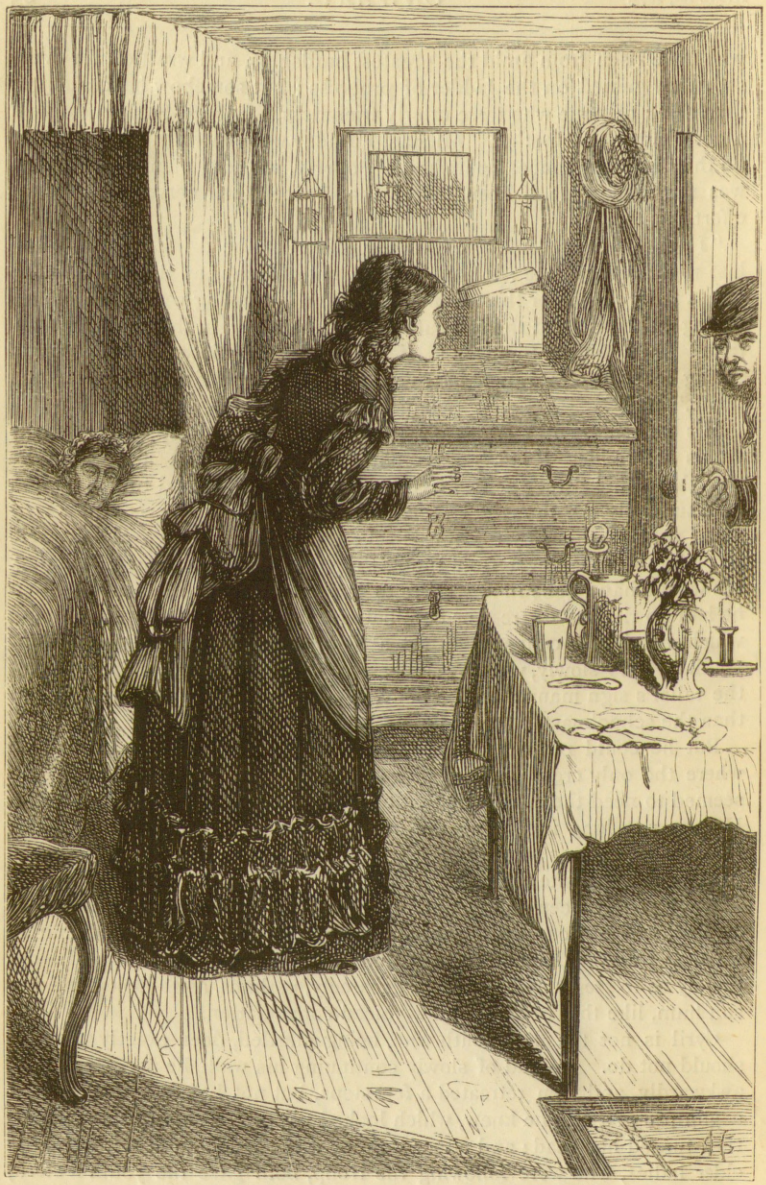
"I am sure I was not wrong in my refusal of the drink. What I saw last night assures me; for that young man 'Archy,' as they call him, is only a few years older than I am, and what a disgusting wretch he looked, rolling on the floor at the low ruffian Gregory's feet, in that wretched cottage! Poor Nurse Simpson! If she loved her niece, I should think seeing her so miserably married might well hasten the faithful old creature's death."

His reverie continued some time, when, looking up, he saw the words "Finchley Road," on a corner house, and in an instant he thought of his sister's school, Balliol House, and resolved to call on her. But suddenly the thought struck him, that he had been seen at his very worst that morning by the music-seller, that his well-worn clothes were now shabbier than ever from the last night's rain and his rough lodging. He would have gone in any attire to Julia, if he could see her alone, but he had no right to distress or humiliate her by his shabbiness, at a house which, he rightly conjectured, set a high value on appearances. Poor youth! Very slowly, yet very surely, was he learning the hard lesson that the tailor's sign manual on the body, is far sooner recognized and valued than the schoolmaster's on the mind.

But he could not deny himself the comfort of looking at the abode where the only creature lived with whom he felt any tie of kinship. He seemed to need the assurance that all which had passed was not a dream. He was not long in finding the house, a mansion enclosed in spacious grounds, and it was some little solace to him to walk up and down on the path on the opposite side of the road.

He had not been many minutes thus employed when the hall-door opened, and out came a stream of young ladies, two and two, demurely walking towards the outer gates, and through them into the road,—demurely as to step and deportment, scarcely, perhaps, as to looks, and the soft hum, like that of bees, of low-voiced conversation.

Cyril is not the first youth who, being startled, does exactly what he should not do. Instead of slowly continuing his walk, he first stood still, awkwardly, and then retreated a few steps, but not before he had caught a glimpse of a face he knew, which looked vacantly at him for a moment, then turned her head; and either went or was hurried on faster, while the elder ladies, who were following the troop, both gave the youth a stern, proud gaze as they passed, which seemed to him to say, "Shabby, impertinent fellow!" but before this interpretation of their look was clear to his consciousness, he was walking away in an opposite direction, wondering



'GO AWAY!" SHE CRIED. "IF YOU ARE A MAN, AND NOT A MONSTER, FETCH A DOCTOR."
(*Page* 69.)

whether his sister had really recognized him. Was she, too, going to cast him off?

It need not be said that his feelings were for the next hour very bitter; and he had a difficulty in arranging his thoughts or shaping out any course of action.

He found himself at length in a poor thoroughfare—he fancied that he had turned back, and was again near the music-seller's—when he came to the door of a broker's shop. There was a box of second-hand books near the door, and by its side a wooden bench. Very gladly he availed himself of this momentary rest, and, not to be forbidden, he began to look, as a customer would, over the books. He was dreadfully weary; the events of the last night had told on him; and his heavy eyes and white lips might have moved compassion in any one who had been sufficiently interested to notice him.

He felt in his pocket for his trifle of money, and began to think of enquiring where he could get a lodging, when a sudden blast of wind caught a large drugget that hung at the door, and tore it from its fastening; as it fell it upset the book-box, and a heap of old furniture also fell rattling down on to the pavement fronting the shop. A woman came running out in great trouble.

"It's all Sutcliffe's fault, a leaving me here, and not a creetur to help me."

"I'll help you, as well as I am able," said Cyril, instantly setting to work to catch the flying carpet, and pick up the scattered stock. It was by no means an easy job, for the place was very full of odds and ends, and the open front of the shop had been rather carelessly set out. But he and the panting woman worked on, until, as he carried in a drawer of tools, she paused a moment, and looking at him earnestly, said, "Well, whatever I should a-done without you to give me a hand, with them things as our old Dick hev put up so ramshakle, I don't know. But lauk-a-me, you aint a working man! I asks yer parding, sir, I'm sure; it's more 'an ever I would a-thought—a gent, like you!"

"Oh, pray do not call me 'a gent,' I hate the word," he said, with more frankness, perhaps, than politeness. "I am a working man; that is, I want to be one!"

"Well now, raly—and everybody a-settin' up for gents now-a-days—it's wonderful! But it's an ill wind as blows nobody good—and that there wind 'ud a-done me a sight of harm. Now if you raly be a working lad, I might ask you to take a crust of bread and cheese along o' me, in the back shop there. Sutcliffe, that's my husband, would stand treat, I know, if he was here."

"I want no greater treat than that you offer me, and a glass of water."

"Water! Are you a 'totaller?"

Cyril smiled his first smile that day, as he said, "I'm an abstainer from all strong drink, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, I wish my poor son had been!" She gave a sigh, and turned into her shop, signing to Cyril to follow her.

Feeling that his help had really been valuable to the woman, he had no scruple in partaking of the homely fare she set before him; and under the coarseness of her looks and words, somehow, he felt that a motherly heart was beating; and he, poor unfriended lad! was not likely to reject a kindly hand held out to him, because it was a rough one. He had seen a tear rise in her eye as she had spoken of her son, and he knew by the prescience of sorrow that she had suffered, and he pitied her.

Over that meal the youth told her that he wanted work, and also that he was without lodging and friends. He did not choose to mention Mr. Gulper, meaning to carry out his plan of working his own way, and wishing, as he could not speak well of his relative, not to name him.

Mrs. Sutcliffe heard Cyril's statement attentively—leaving him every now and then to serve her customers. At length she said, "I've got a garret to let, you can have that; and I wish to goodness ours was a different kind of business; but my husband being a sworn broker, in course we has to seize. And old Dick is our man as goes in possession."

This was all unintelligible to Cyril, and for a time he listened, unable to pick out her meaning; when he faintly comprehended it, he shrank away with a gesture of repugnance.

"Oh, it's a bitter bad trade, I know, a-taking the poor creeturs bits o' sticks; but, bless you, 'taint half so bad as the trade what keeps 'em from paying their rent!"

Our youth silently assented, and she continued, "There's Sutcliffe is a-going, or gone this very aternoon to put in a distress on a lady—a rale lady, though poor, and has a daughter, quite a picter to look at, as teaches music to eke out a living. Ah, and she've a son, too, as fine a lad as ever stepped; leastways, he wur. But he's turned gay, as they call it. He's distressed them, till Mrs. Brathwaite's come down to a poor lodging, and can't pay *even* for that. Now they'll be sold up; and what I say is, Mr. Archy Brathwaite, fine gent as he thinks hisself, a-caused it."

"Archy!" the name struck on Cyril's ear, and he hazarded a question.

"Is the young lady named Annette?"

"Yes; do you know them?"

Cyril made no immediate reply, and his new friend seemed suddenly to be thinking of something.

"If I could a-got out unknown to Sutcliffe, I'd a-gone and put the poor things on their guard. They might, you see, have got some friend to lend them a trifle, and keep their bits of things about 'em. But Sutcliffe won't have me do it. 'Taint business,' he says. If I was a scholar, I'd a warned 'em to keep their door shut, and keep the execution out, while they raised a trifle if they could."

"Mrs. Sutcliffe, could I go? Tell me the nearest way, and I'll go. It's dreadful the ladies should be taken by surprise."

"Well, they know they owes the rent; and Sutcliffe collects it, and he must pay it in. But there, I've a soft place in my heart yet, though it's been hotted in a forge, and beat till it's a'most as hard as steel."

"Not it. You've a kind heart. Tell me the nearest way from here."

She took a smeary card out of a rack, and saying, "You keeps the Finchley Road until you've past four turnings, then down that, and——"

Cyril, taking the card, said, as he fled out, "I'll be back with all speed to tell you all about it, and to occupy your lodging." He was off, and having now a purpose, his pace was very different to his saunter of the morning.

Still, being a stranger, he found the outskirts of London by no means easy to thread, and, doubtless, went double the distance he need have done. At length, however, he found the place, and saw a rather large house, in which two of the front upper windows looked clean and neat, but the whole had that neglected look which houses on the confines of gentility, let out to different lodgers, so often have. His knock was answered by a little girl, who seemed half scared, and when she heard the name Brathwaite, pointed up the stairs, saying, "She's very bad, and it was Dr. Studley I went for, not the assistant."

Without staying to reply, or quite comprehending that the child mistook him for a young doctor, he went up, and a door was half open into a sitting room; getting no answer to his knock, he entered. There was no one there, but an open door led into an adjoining bedroom, and he heard sounds of moaning, as of one in pain; and while he was meditating to retreat, and send up the child to announce him, a heavy step came up the stairs. He heard another door on the landing (which being shut, he had passed) now pushed violently open, and involuntarily starting forward a pace from where he stood in the sitting room, he saw a bed with an aged woman lying on it; but what fixed his gaze the most was the wild cry, the lifted, imploring hands, of a young girl, who was rushing across the floor of the chamber, just as the open door showed her a rough man invading the privacy of the sick room.

"Go away!" she cried. "Mr. Sutcliffe, don't you see my mother is dying? Oh, don't come here! If you are a man, and not a monster, fetch a doctor."

Long before even these words were out of her mouth, Cyril had recognized the speaker; and without pausing a moment longer, he rushed down stairs, found the child in the passage, and asking her the name of the doctor she had spoken of, set off to fetch him—rightly divining that by so doing he should be rendering some service, however poor, to both mother and daughter. *(To be continued.)*

DEATH'S HARBINGERS.

PRIOR.

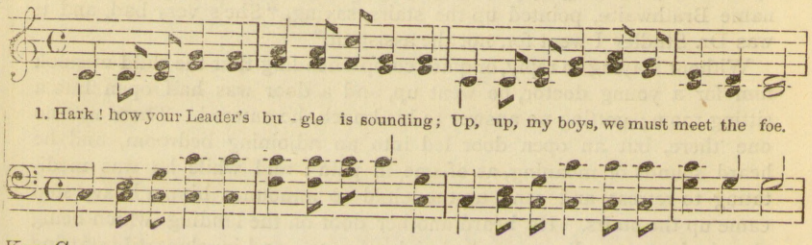
MEMORY confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught,
And in the flowers that wreathe the sparkling bowl
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

"A LITTLE WON'T HURT YOU."

ES, IT WILL! A very little burn into the living flesh, or a little bruise, always *hurts a little.* Repeating such burns or bruises daily for two, five, or ten years will seriously maim or injure one for life. So a glass of intoxicating liquor inflames a little, deranges some organs a little, poisons the vital tissues a little; and these small doses, repeated daily through periods of years, will produce lasting functional derangements or fatal organic lesion. Let no moderate drinker delude himself with the idea that he can escape such result. *He cannot escape!*

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER.

B. R. Hanby.



Key C.

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d	:d	.d	m	:m	f	:f	.f	m	:m	d	:d	.d	m	:f	.m
2 Hark! how your Leader's					bu -		gle is sounding;			Up with the en -				sign, and	
d	:m	.s	d'	:d'	d'	:d'	.d'	d'	:s	d	:m	.s	d'	:d'	.d'
d	:d	.d	d	:d	f	:f	.l	d'	:d	d	:d	.d	d	:d	.d
3 Hark! how your Leader's					bu -		gle is sounding,			Quick! take the step				as we	

m	:r	r	:—												
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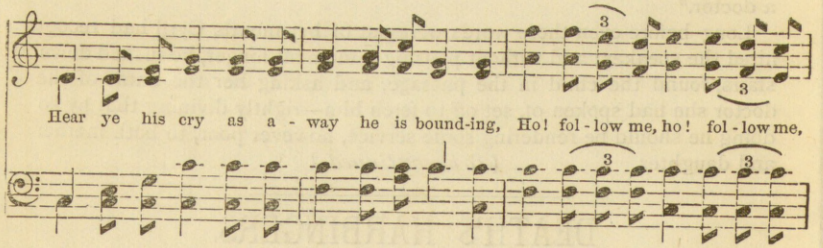

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Hear	we	his cry		as a -		way	he	is bound-ing,			Ho!	follow me, ho!		follow me,	
d	:m	.s	d'	:d'	.d'	d'	:d'	.d'	d'	:d'	d'	:d'$_l$d'$_l$d'	d'	d'$_l$d'$_l$d'	
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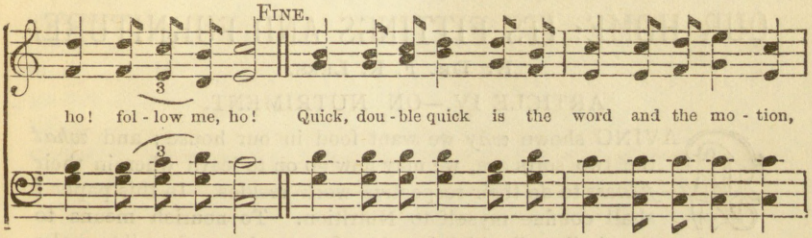
E -	cho his	shout		as a -		way	he	is bound-ing,			Ho!	follow me, ho!		follow me,	

FINE.



r'	:r'.d'.t	d	:—	t	:t .d'	r'	:r' .t
f	:f .m .r	m	:—	s	:s .l	t	:s .f
ho!	follow me, ho!			Tem-p'rance we bring,		for the	
t	:t .d' .r'	d'	:—	r'	:r' .r'	r'	:t .r'
s	:s .s .s	d	:—	s	:s .s	s	:s .s
ho!	follow me, ho!			Hail		ye whose hearthstones are	

d'	:d' .r'	m'	:d'
m	:m .f	s	:m
wound - ed a heal		-	er,
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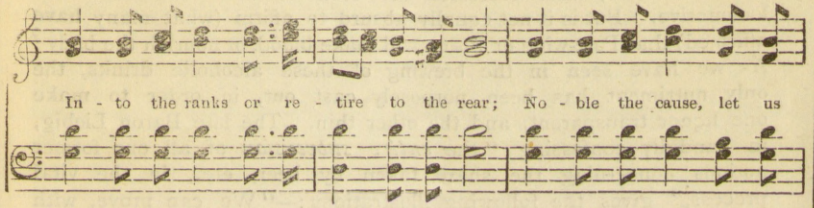
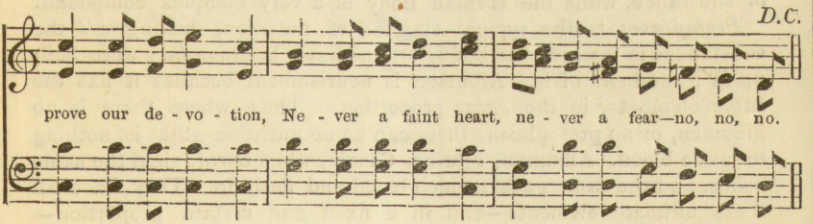
d	:d .d	d	:d
shroud - ed with sor		-	row,



t	:t .d'	r'	:r' .m'	r'.d'	:t .l	t	:—
s	:s .l	t	:t .d'	t .l	:s .fe	s	:—
Hope	for the hope	-	less, and	joy	for dismay,		
r'	:r' .r'	r'	:r' .r'	r'	:r' .r'	r'	:—
s	:s .s	s	:s .s	r	:r .r	s	:—
Look	through your tears	to	the dawn- ing of day;				

t	:t .d'	r'	:r' .t	t	:—		
s	:s .l	t	:s .f	s	:—		
Help	for the drunk	-	ard and				
r'	:r' .r'	r'	:t .r'	d'	:—		
s	:s .s	s	:s .s	d	:—		
Join	us ye	er	- ring, nor				

D.C.



d'	:d' .r'	m'	:d'	t	:t .d'	r'	:m'
m	:m .f	s	:m	s	:s .l	t	:d'
law	for the deal	-	er;	On	to the front, boys,		
d'	:d' .d'	d'	:d'	r'	:r' .r'	r'	:d'
d	:d .d	d	:d	s	:s .s	s	:d
wait	for the mor	-	row,	Fly	from the temp - ter;		

r'	.d'	:t	.l	s	.f	:m	.r
t	.l	:s	.fe	s	.f	:m	.r
in	-	to	the fray, yes, yes, yes.				
s		:r'	.r'	s	.f	:m	.r
r		:r	.r	s	.f	:m	.r
Haste	ye a	-	way, yes, yes, yes.				

OUR HOME: ITS FITTINGS AND FURNITURE.

By Dr. F. R. Lees.

ARTICLE IV.—ON NUTRIMENT.

HAVING shown *why* we want food in our house; and *what* the two sorts are, we may now go on to learn wherein their *fitness* to do their respective work resides. In this paper I shall confine myself to Nutrition. To nourish means to "assimilate," which is only a fine word meaning "to make *like*." Now what would be said of me, if I were to write about Sand or Limestone being good to "assimilate" with a Locomotive Engine? Who is so ignorant as not to know that the notion is absurd, and the fact impossible? Why? Because the *iron* and *brass* elements of the engine have nothing *like* them in stone; and therefore the stone cannot "nourish" the locomotive. But is it not equally absurd to affirm (what many have affirmed) that Port-wine or Porter will make blood, or nourish the body? As we have seen in the brewing of these alcoholic drinks, the only nutriment has been purposely cast out, in order to make one liquor transparent, and the other thin. The late Baron Liebig, in candidly confessing "the *entire subversion* of all our former notions concerning the share taken by beer, etc., in the vital process," gives the following illustrations:—"We can prove, with mathematical certainty, that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer" ("Chemical Letters," p. 338). In the light of such a fact, the delusion as to the strengthening properties of fermented liquors must seem very plain; but, in truth, it is even more absurd than the notion of repairing iron machines with lime or mill-stone grit, because the composition of the engine is almost homogeneous, that is, of one kind of substance, while the Human Body is a very complex compound.

Protoplasm is the typical element of nutrition, having *all* the substances in it which the bodily organs have, because *they* were built up *by* it, and *out* of it. Albumen is nourishment because it has the *same* elements, in the *same* proportion. Thus, where there is no albumen, or no protoplasm, there can be no nutrition—that is, nothing to make blood. Albumen, Fibrine, Casein, when burnt, yield the same ashes, and the same gases, which blood and flesh do. They have all these ultimate elements—and in a fixed and certain proportion—*Nitrogen*, Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, *Sulphur*, *Phosporous*, *Potassia*, *Sodium*, *Iron*, etc. Hence being in form innocent, and in elements and composition *like* the bodily structures, they can either build-up, or repair and renew them. But ALCOHOL—the intoxicating element of fermented liquors—has only three of these elments—C, H, O, (Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen)—has them only in a volatile form, not a solid—and, instead of being innocent, a drop of it falling upon a drop

of blood congeals it, upon a point of nerve paralises and kills it in a moment! Our young people should see and feel, in the face of such facts, that "opinions" of men, no matter what their name or station, go for nothing; and illustrate only the truth, that when men cease to think, and allow appetite or fashion to influence them instead of evidence, there is no absurdity or superstition too great for their acceptance!

We have reached the conviction, then, that nourishment signifies "like to like"—and that Alcohol is *not* like the Living House, or any part of its fittings and furniture. And at the same time we have seen, that while the elements of food are right in their *com*position, they must be right also in their *dis*position. They must not only *do* their work, which they cannot without material, but they must do it in a *friendly* fashion. While building up the kitchen, they must not be setting fire to the parlour; they must not enter the house on the plea of feeding the parents, while they also make the children drunk. An ounce of Alcohol, for example, will cause the great muscle of the heart to beat *many hundred extra beats;* and it will do this by *deadening* the nerves which regulate the fine hair-like circulation of the blood in the extremities. A true food, however, will not do good *and* evil, but good only. Its physiological character will be in harmony with its end and use. Hence albumen, fibrine, and casein are all *neutral* in their relations to the tissues. Applied to a burn, a scald, or a wound, they act like a starch poultice, an oiled rag, or a gum plaster—they soothe, not irritate—they cool, not inflame. Food, and the property of "intoxication," are as opposite as the poles asunder. If nature, then, be right, human custom is wrong. Liebig, in his "Chemical Letters," has well said, "As in the case of plants and animals, so in man, the food should be of an *indifferent* character; it should exert neither a chemical nor peculiar action on the healthy frame, by which its normal functions are either *excited* or *retarded*," (p. 470.)

(To be continued.)

THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE.

SOUTHEY.

CHILDREN are we all
Of one Great Father, in whatever clime
His providence hath cast the seed of life.
The all-seeing Father—He, in whom we live and move,
He, the impartial Judge of all—regards
Nations and hues, and dialects alike.
According to their works shall they be judged,
When even-handed justice in the scale,
Their good and evil weighs.

A CONTRAST.

By George Buchanan.

IN the village of Walton, near Liverpool, there is a small public-house known as "The Bee Hive," over the door of which is inscribed—

"Within this Hive, we're all alive,
For good Malt makes us funny;
So if you're dry, step in and try,
The flavour of its honey."

Surely in the light of the late John Ashworth's story, "A Bargain with the Pump," the following would be a more consistent invitation—

"Within this Hive, we're all alive,
Step in if you have *money*;
But if you've *none*, then pray begone,
For *you* we have *no* honey."

A DOG'S LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE.

BY J. E. M.

A MAN was wending his devious way down to an old liquor haunt of his in the city of Boston. A noble Newfoundland dog followed close at his heels, looking very dejected. Presently the man turned off from the walk to go into a saloon. Then the dog aroused himself, and, wheeling around in front of the man, planted his fore-feet on his shoulders, and looked up into his face with such a pleading whine, the man's heart must have been stone not to heed it. But the faithful fellow was shoved off, and his well-meant warning answered only by a curse and a blow. Still, the dog did not give over, but repeated his efforts to draw his master away. It took a great amount of harshness to finally put him down, so that the man could get in at the door. Even then the dog followed him like a shadow, coming between him and the bar, and pleading, more eloquently than any temperance lecturer could, that he would leave the place of destruction.

Surely the dog's wisdom exceeded that of the man. While the dog saw plainly the downfall which awaited his master if he allowed himself to take even the first glass, the man blindly went on determined to "seek it yet again." The dog was certainly entitled to the most respect of the two.

WHAT A GIRL DID.

By Olive Thorne.

CHAPTER I.

NEARLY a hundred years ago there was born in Scotland a little girl. Doubtless there were many other girls born in the same year who lived out their lives in the regular way appointed for girls in that day. They learned enough of reading to read the Bible, and enough of arithmetic to keep household accounts.

But the girl I speak of was not at all like other girls of her time. To begin with, she did not care for dolls, which, of course was very odd in her; and in the next place she had a great longing for books, which was still more strange and out-of-the-way, for in those days books were written entirely for men,—and boys, women, and girls were never expected to look into them.

She was a lonely child, amusing herself with watching the birds, learning their names, feeding them when snow was on the ground, spending many hours by the sea-shore, finding out the ways of star-fishes and sea-urchins, and gathering shells. So she ran wild—her mother so busy she did not realize it till she was about ten years old, when her father, who was a sea-captain, came home from a voyage, and was shocked to see what a little savage she was.

He at once decided that she must go to school. So to a boarding-school she went, where she was perfectly miserable. She had lived such a lonely life—no one taking the least interest in her amusements—that she was very shy, and the loss of liberty was dreadful to her. However, she was at once put into a course of instruction which it is funny to read about. The first care was to improve on Nature in the matter of her figure. She was put into a stiff corset with a bar of steel up the front. From this bar their went up to her chin a rod, on the end of which was a semi-circle of steel to make her hold up her head. To add to her comfort her shoulders were strapped back till the blades met; and in this rig poor Mary joined a class of unhappy girls, all dressed in the same way—to study.

The most important book was Johnson's Dictionary. She had to learn a page by heart, so that she could spell each word, give its meaning, tell what part of speech it belonged to, and repeat the whole list of words in their order as an exercise of memory. Next to this came French and English grammar, taught in a dull and tiresome way.

In this place she spent one year, and, as it had cost a good deal, and her parents were not wealthy, great things were expected of her. When it was discovered that, notwithstanding the doses of Johnson's Dictionary, she could not spell well nor write a decent note, they were

very much vexed with her, and reproached her with the money her education had cost.

She was now eleven years old, and she ran more wild than ever. She spent pleasant days on the sea-shore, and unpleasant ones among her father's books, when she found Shakespeare and read it with great delight.

Her education was not quite forgotten, however, for her mother taught her to "sew a sampler." The working of a perfect sampler was the most important object of a girl's life in those days. It consisted of a square of canvas, on which were embroidered the alphabet, in large and small letters, the ten numbers, and sometimes a verse from the Bible.

She was getting on very quietly, when an aunt came to visit the family. This respectable relative spent most of her own time at her window, where she could see and criticize everybody who passed, and even went so far as to keep a small telescope with which she could look into the dressing-room of one of her acquaintances and see all that she did. She was much shocked at her niece's love of reading, and at once called her mother's attention to her unfeminine ways.

"I wonder you let Mary waste her time in reading," she said; "she never sews any more than if she were a man."

This remark alarmed the mother. Mary was sent to the village school to learn plain needlework, and kept there till she could make a fine linen shirt, that being considered the highest achievement of the needle in plain sewing. She was then taken out of school and all the house-linen given into her hands to make and mend.

Still she kept up her reading, though she could not do it openly. It was looked upon with a sort of horror, as strange and unwomanly and an attempt to be like a man. Among the books she found a course of historical reading recommended, and finding most of the histories in the collection, she went resolutely to work at it. One of the books was in French, and she had to puzzle out its meaning by help of what little she had learned at school and a dictionary; but she persevered and managed to make out the sense.

When she was thirteen an uncle gave her a piano, and she began to take lessons. She practised regularly four or five hours a day, and taught herself Latin enough to read "Cæsar." Think of that, you girls who have teachers and text-books as many as you like.

It was forbidden knowledge to her. She never dared to let her family know what she was doing. She could never speak to her mother of her wishes or hopes; so she grew reserved as she grew older and was not at all a favourite among her relatives. She felt it keenly, and was very lonely and forlorn, but could not smother her desire to learn, poor child! We must now break off her history until next month.

(*To be continued.*)

WHEREIN TO GLORY.

"Let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me."—*Jer.* ix. 24.

By Mrs. Prentiss.

LORD, have I anything of which to boast,
Of ought to glory,
Who of myself can only sigh and tell
The old, sad story?

Ah, yes! for Thou hast stooped low down to me,
Hast kindly sought me,
And who and what Thou art, through long, long years,
Hast taught and taught me.

Slowly I learned, for I was dull of brain,
Cold in affection;
I was a heedless scholar, giddy, childish,
Without reflection.

Yet now, my Teacher patient, Thee I know,
Glory in knowing;
Each hour, each day, a grace, a beauty now
To me is showing.

Absorbed in this lesson, all about me
Looks dim and meagre.
To learn it wholly, learn it all by heart,
How am I eager!

Oh, condescend to tell me, then, my Ma ster,
The whole dear story,
And Thy rapt listener, with grateful joy,
In Thee shall glory!

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By the Rev. John Jones, Liverpool.

CHAPTER IV.

LICENSED VICTUALLER.—This signifies literally one who is duly authorised to sell food to such as may be in need of it, so that in the eye of the law some of our city aldermen and other civic dignitaries are owners of cook-shops, where rashers of bacon, mutton-chops, cabbages, and potatoes are in a constant state of readiness for hungry stomachs. What a delusion! the supposed useful cook-shop is only an infamous dram-shop; the supposed nutritious *solids* are all pernicious *fluids*, and thus John Bull is cheated out of his plate of roast beef and plum pudding. But the language of the statute book is significant as showing the original intention of the legislature, which was to provide houses of accommodation for man and beast in journeying, or when home was not available. Yet there is no doubt that the modern legislature, although retaining the term licensed victualler, yet intend nothing more than those tippling houses which abound on every side, and which, unless destroyed, will destroy our country.

Victualling houses will, in the proper sense of the term, be needed while society continues, but tippling-houses pay so much better, that we shall have to fight for their overthrow. Let us give thanks that the battle is begun, and that under the auspices of our noble "Alliance" we are marching on to victory.

Barman and Barmaid.—These names are applied to the employés of the publican and "victualler," and the contemplation of them and their work awakens a melancholy train of thought. How sad is their collusion with an evil work. Many owners of public-houses would quit the trade in an hour, if they had only to forfeit a weekly wage, but they are entangled by leases and mortgages, &c.; but not so those whom they employ; they could run but little risk; in proportion then will be their responsibility. How sad, again, to remember their minute insight into the demoralisation and ruin of their fellow-men. The proprietors are often absent—in some cases altogether so—but their servants are always present, and every step in the downward path of the drunkard is familiar to them. In seeking these situations by the aid of the advertising column they often lay emphasis on their own *respectability*. How strange they should be so indifferent to the respectability of others as to engage in beggarizing and pauperizing people as respectable as themselves. They forget the grand old law—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." But this gigantic conspiracy of brewer, distiller, publican, licensed victualler, and barman and barmaid against

the weal of society must be overthrown; it must be overthrown speedily.

In the foregoing chapters we have considered the names given to the places where the drink is sold and to the agents employed in its manufacture or sale, we have now to examine the names given to the drink itself. Very great is the variety in which that drink present itself under the general term Alcohol. The word Alcohol comes from the Arabic, and signifies a powder with which Oriental ladies painted their eyebrows. The word now means a spirituous liquid having the power to intoxicate—(literally to poison)—those who swallow it. As a poison it can affect injuriously *all* the vital organs in the human body; but its most dangerous quality is that which affects the reason—making a rational being for the time irrational, and transforming the sane into a condition of insanity. A rustic drunkard once acknowledged this in a Court of Justice—"If I war drunk and didn't know I war drunk, then I war drunk."

Alcoholic drinks may be classified under three heads, viz. *Ales*, *Wines*, and *Spirits*. Ales being malt liquors; Wines being fermented juice of certain fruits; and Spirits being a *distilled* article from either of the former two. We shall now examine the names given under this threefold classification of Alcoholic drinks.

Ale.—The name is supposed to be derived from the Irish word *olain*, signifying to drink. Originally this word, Ale, signified a malt liquor *without Hops*, and in this form it constituted the old beverage of Europe. Its price was regulated in England by Act of Parliament in the reign of Henry III., A.D. 1257. The law read thus: "A brewer may sell two gallons of Ale for a penny in Cities, and three or four for the same price in the country." Now as we look back on the past ages we can pity the people who could obtain so much of what was bad for so little money, although the penny then, of course, was of greater value than in these days. But we need not wonder that the publicans or former ages could promise their customers that they should get "drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence,—straw in the bargain."

Beer.—This name come from the German word *bier*. It is usually made from Barley and Hops when pure; but in its adulterated form it is a mixture with many strange ingredients in it. It is said that Hops were introduced into England by Henry the Eighth. Thus Beer and the Reformation came in together; the Bible and the Beer-barrel are thus singularly entwined in the history of England. Is it not an unholy alliance?

(To be continued.)

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

The drunkard not only injures and enfeebles his own nervous system, but entails mental disease upon his family. His children are likely to be nervous, weak, eccentric, and to become insane under the pressure of excitement from some unforeseen agency or the ordinary calls of duty. — *Dr. Brown.*

A German writer, complaining of the difficulties in the pronunciation of the English language, cites the word "Boz," which he says is pronounced "Dickens."

It is remarkable that all the diseases arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, increasing, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct.—*Darwin.*

"Biddy," said a lady, "step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, seven months, and two days old that morning.

A country paper gives the following advice to a correspondent: "We shall have to decline your article on the 'Decline of Aristocracy. We have left out several of our own articles this week, and yours is worse than any of them. Take our advice. and write a few short pieces. Write only on one side of the sheet, write plainly, and then take your pieces and burn them up in a kitchen stove."

I am inclined to be extravagant, and that leads to meanness; for those who will throw away a good deal, are apt to mind giving a little.—*Elizabeth Fry.*

"What do you sell these fowls for?" inquired a buyer. "I sell them for profits," was the answer. "Thank you for the information that they are prophets," responded the querist; "I took them to be patriarchs."

He that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth.—*Franklin.*

Doth not intemperance rob us of our reason, that chief excellence of man, and incite us to commit the very greatest crimes? Can he who is immersed in false pleasure find time to think of things that are useful? Or, if he could, is not his judgment so conquered by his appetite, that seeing the right path he deliberately rejects it? However intemperance may promise pleasure, it can never bestow any, for this is the gift of sobriety. It is this virtue alone which places both the body and the mind in the utmost degree of perfection.—*Socrates.*

It can be proven with mathematical certainty that as much flour or meal as would lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer. — *Baron Liebig.*

WHAT A BOY DID.

By Mrs. George L. Austin.

IT used to be the custom of the old Venetian senators, as it is now, to spend the warm season of the year at their country seats, generally located in the interior and near the foot of the Asolani Hills. Their country seats, or villas, as they were generally termed, were among the most delightful places on earth. The grounds were laid out broad and ample, and there was no limit to fruit and shade trees and the abundance of rare flowers. The houses were usually built low, with flat roofs and verandas all round, large rooms, and windows always kept open. The song of birds, the hum of bees, the rippling of waters—such were the charms which allured to these abodes.

Not far from Possagno was a villa owned by the Senator Giovanni Falier. For its natural beauty and wealth of adornment it was unsurpassed by any other similar place. Its possessor was a man of riches, a nobleman by birth, and a great lover and patron of the arts. Hither he used to come, together with his family, to seek that quiet and comfort which the noisy and bustling life of the city did not afford.

One day it happened that a great feast was to be given at the Villa Falier. Invitations to be present had been sent out to the various friends and relatives of the family, and vast preparations had been making for a long time to ensure full success and pleasantness to the affair. When the senator planned an entertainment of this kind neither pains nor money were spared in rendering it of the highest order.

The servants, too, of whom there were many at the villa, understood the requirements equally as well as their master. A long experience had taught them what they might expect in case they were the least negligent or careless about their duty.

The day appointed for the feast dawned at length. A few hours before it was time for the guests to assemble at the table one of the servants rushed into the kitchen, with his arms extended and looking as pale as death.

"Pietro! Pietro!" he exclaimed, "do come into the dining-room and see what is wanting."

The two servants, followed by half a dozen others, wended their way thither. Pietro glared his eye hurriedly over the table and then said:

"You are mad, Battista. Nothing is wanting."

"But I say there is," continued Battista in a loud voice. "Where are the ornaments?"

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed all the fellows at once.

"And we must supply them in quick haste, or else we shall all have to quit before sundown," said Pietro.

"But Pietro," continued Battisa, "it is impossible. Signor the senator requires something very nice, and I declare we cannot provide it. Everything for the palate and nothing for the eye."

"It shall be done," said Pietro, stamping his foot.

"Who will do it?" inquired his associate.

"Yes; who will do it?" queried all.

"Pasino, the aged Pasino, if we ask him. He is a good-natured old man and will do anything for anybody."

"But Pasino is no fool," replied Battista, "and whatever he does costs money. Santa Maria! and we haven't got that."

It was finally agreed that Pietro and Battista should go and lay the matter before Pasino. Pasino was an aged stone-cutter, who at this very moment was at work on the further side of the villa. He had seen many troubles and had left many years behind him. For all that he was a good-natured old soul, full of fun, and always ready to grant any favour that lay in his power. His honesty, humour, and a deep sense of right had won for him the love and respect of the senator and his family, for whom he was oftentimes engaged to perform important services.

As soon as Pasino observed the two servants running towards him with all speed he dropped his mallet and chisel wondering what it all meant.

"Pasino! Pasino!" shouted Pietro, when they had come within hearing. "Come quick! come quick! We are in trouble."

"May you soon get out of it then," replied Pasino. "And what is the matter, pray?"

"Oh! the great dinner, you know. The food is ready and the guests have come. It lacks only two hours before they will sit down to eat. But there is no ornament for the table!"

"You are fools, then, not to have thought of that. Do you not know the senator by this time?"

"But we forgot," said Battista, sadly.

"Bad, bad, and a good lesson for you all. What are you going to do about it?" queried the aged stone-cutter.

"We do not know what to do," replied Pietro. "We have come to ask your assistance."

"And I can do nothing," said Pasino. "I am an old man and need time for such things. You will have to do the work yourselves."

"Santa Maria!" sighed the servants.

Just then a small boy came tripping up to the scene. His name was Antonio, and Pasino was his grandfather.

"What is the trouble now?" he asked of his grandfather, who had returned to his work.

"It's dreadful, Tonin!" said Battista. "We have no ornament for the table. It's a bad scrape and your grandfather won't help us out of it."

"I'll do it," replied Tonin.

"Go back to your play, boy!" said Pasino. "You are only a boy and cannot do the work of a man."

"But I'll try. Who knows but it will come out all right?"

The servants were delighted at hearing these words, and, seizing hold of the boy's hand, they led him off to the house. After they had arrived, Antonio threw aside his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves. Then, washing his hands clean and white, he told them to furnish him with butter enough to make a good-sized statue.

"What does the boy mean?" exclaimed one of the domestics.

"He means what he says, and don't you bother him with your foolish questions," replied Pietro, with a very self-satisfied air.

The butter was brought and laid on the table. Antonio, taking up a small case-knife, began to cut into it and to shape it as he thought best. Soon a head appeared—not a human head, the head of some animal. There were the eyes as plain as could be, the mouth, the nose, and the ears. Then there was something that looked like a mane. Next came the body, with strong muscular legs rolled up beneath it; and finally there was a long tail, with a small tuft on the end.

"A lion, as true as day!" shouted Battista.

"Does it look like one?" asked the boy.

"For all the world, and a great artist could not have done better," said Pietro.

Antonio was satisfied, and, after washing his hands again and putting on his coat, he hurried back to the orchard.

When the guests assembled at dinner every eye was turned towards the ornament which graced the centre of the table. The like they had never seen before, and they wondered who it was that had produced such a novel embellishment.

"A lion of butter!" exclaimed one.

"And how perfect!" exclaimed another.

"What a strange idea!" said another.

"And whose work is it, Senator Falier?" inquired a fourth.

"I know not," replied the senator.

It was a cause of universal amazement. No one was willing to eat before the name of the artist was divulged. The servants were ordered in and questioned about the affair.

"Antonio did it," replied Pietro.

"Tonin! the little Tonin!" shouted the senator. "Bring him here at once."

The summons was obeyed. The boy came in, looking half-frightened, and in expectation of receiving a thrashing for his conduct.

Ah! no. Such was not the reward that awaited him. On the contrary, he was petted and caressed by all the company, and was made to sit down to the table as one of the invited guests.

The affair was explained satisfactorily to the senator, and he complimented his servants for their good fortune in having thus afforded pleasure to his guests.

This event proved of the highest importance to Antonio. Thenceforth he was treated as one of the family by the Venetian senator, who, noticing in him a genuis for art, put him under the instruction of good masters and became his patron.

At this time Antonio was scarcely twelve years of age. He was determined to live and die a great man. He chose sculpture as his profession and as a student he went to Venice. There he studied long and faithfully, working from early morning to late at night.

From thence he went to Rome, where he established a permanent residence. By this time his name had become famous over all Europe. His works, beautiful and costly, were sought after far and wide, and by a constant application to duty he amassed a large fortune.

He was one of the noblest and best of men. He cared little for wealth, and was very charitable to the poor. He possessed a warm heart, a lofty soul, an intelligent mind, and an honesty and sense of justice which nothing could destroy. At the time of his death, in 1822, and at the age of sixty-five, he was honoured by all the crowned heads of Europe, and his name was enrolled in the golden book of the Capital as the Marquis of Ischia. Posterity will always remember him as Antonio Canova, the prince of modern sculptors.

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER. V.

"He sits him down, the monarch of a shed."

THE frightened-looking child, as she let Lyndon out at the door, suddenly exclaimed, as a carriage was being driven quickly past, "Oh, that is Dr. Studley's—there he is!"

There were doorsteps to descend and a forecourt to pass through, so that by the time Cyril was in the road the carriage had gone some distance, and his shout was not heard; he gave chase, however, and at length some passers-by calling the attention of the coachman to the pursuer, he looked round and drew up, while Cyril, mounting the step, took off his hat and spoke to the doctor, who seemed to our excited youth very cold or indifferent.

Oh! Mrs. Braithwaite, do you say?—worse, is she? Marshall, turn, I'll call."

"Pardon me, sir; may I say I fear they are in great trouble—about —about—there's some legal matter—— "

"Ah! that's frightened her. Go on, Marshall."

As Cyril stood in the road looking dreamily after the doctor's carriage, and seeing it stop at the door of Mrs. Braithwaite's lodgings—he felt that it would be useless for him to return there; he would be intruding on them, making words, it might be, between Mrs. Sutcliffe and her husband, for he had been particularly enjoined not to let himself be seen by the doctor. Spent out now completely, what with excitement and fatigue, he retraced his steps wearily to what he hoped would prove a temporary lodging, in which to rest his aching limbs.

Never in his young life had the power of money as a means to do good seemed to him so important. "If I had money, what a joy it would be to pay that Sutcliffe their rent and never let them know a word about it." The very thought gave a glow to his sad heart, and it was small wonder that as he turned into the crowded poorer streets which led to his destination he should stare with a gaze of half disgust, half pity, at the wretched people who were going in and out of the gin palaces and taverns, waste and want being ever in close companionship. The means that might keep many a home happy and prosperous he saw squandered on a vile luxury that had not one redeeming merit to atone for its use, or to benefit its votaries. How the poor youth longed to work, to earn, to save, to give. It seemed to him that no self-denial would be too great which would lead him to independence and enable him to do good. Many a millionaire rolling along that day in his easy chariot had not the generous aspirations which visited our youth. Day dreams, some may say, but like the dews that silently condense on the flowers and refresh them when no rain palpably falls, these good desires strengthened his soul, and one proof that they did so was—almost involuntarily they led his thoughts to Him who alone can send the prospering blessing. Happy the young spirit which is imperceptibly drawn from lowly self-communion to lofty aspirations to the Source of all Good. But his walk was not destined to end without giving him an added subject of contemplation. A handsome gig, with a very fine spirited horse, was driven along the street; two young men were in it; the one not driving was smoking a huge cigar. In an instant Cyril recognised the fair, curling hair, worn rather long, and the fine, but by no means, to his thinking, prepossessing features of young Braithwaite —the "Archy" of the preceding night. It was a momentary glance, and yet complete. And Cyril wondered, as many often have done, how two faces can be sometimes both so like and so unlike. The young man, on an enlarged scale, resembled his sister in complexion, symmetry of form, and outline of feature; but our Cyril instantly settled it to himself that an angel had given the expression to the one and a

"YOU AINT BEEN AN' RUN AWAY FROM YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER? I HARBOURS NONE AS CASTS OFF FATHER AND MOTHER," SHE SAID DECIDEDLY.—Page 87.

demon to the other. He was right so far, that a mere map of the face is no clue to its expression, and that all true beauty depends on the latter. His weary gait and pallid looks as he entered Mrs. Sutcliffe's shop were not unnoticed by her, and though her sympathy did not extend so far as to restrain her constant questioning, she made her new lodger a cup of tea, and inducted him into his room, which—though it only contained a chair, a table, and a truckle bed, under a sloping roof, and with a window all askew, like a squinting eye—seemed a delightful retreat to him, for was it not for a time his own? His sense of proprietorship was rather rudely shaken by his landlady saying,

"And when will your box come?"

"My box?" said Cyril, dreamily.

"Yes, your things—your clothes."

"I have none. They refused to give them to me. I must get to work and earn some."

"Indeed!" said the good woman, dubiously answering the first part of his reply. "Whatever kind of folks can they be as turned you out, with nothin' but what you stands upright in? Excuse me; but I hope you aint been a-doin' nothin' as you can't answer to! There's law, and if they aint got the law o' you, you can get the law o' them."

"Trust me, Mrs. Sutcliffe, I have done nothing I'm ashamed of. I do not want to say anything of those I have left; but I have not been exactly kindly treated."

There was a hoarseness in his voice.

"You aint been an' run away from your father and mother? I harbours none as casts off father and mother," she said decidedly.

"My father and mother lie in a churchyard not many miles from here." His voice broke down as he spoke, and he sat on the little low bed and covered his face.

"Bless me, I don't want to hurt nobody's fieldings. I've an 'art as can feel, and I'm not without intrails—intellecs—whatever 'tis; stay an' welcome."

Mrs. Sutcliffe's phrases grew confused by her sympathies, and Cyril quite understood that she meant well towards him; and when she left him to himself he sought the comfort of his hard but clean bed, with a sense of gratitude, and was quite prepared by his recent experiences to sleep soundly.

Meanwhile Mrs. Sutcliffe, who had left a neighbour for a few minutes in charge of her shop, while she had ushered her young lodger upstairs, was in no small perplexity about what she had done. Old Dick, however, their man, as she called him, came back to shut up the shop, and brought the tidings, "Just as master went up into the room and a showing of his warrant to the young body, the old 'oman in the bed was in a fit, or some sich dodge, and master went into the front room and was a waitin' for me to come, when that 'ere Dr. Studley comes; and, as cool as you please, said as the warrant warn't quite right,

and tells master to wait till Mr. Braithwaite was seen. If so be as he's the young-looking chap as I've seed at the Panther billiard-rooms, he's had a run o' bad luck lately. The tables and the turf hev both gone again him. I yeard say he was cleared out as clean as a whistle."

"Don't tell me," cried Mrs. Sutcliffe, "about no sich murdering scamps as Braithwaite and the likes. They're every bit as big brutes as them that's hung for murder. They tramples their mothers and wives to death by inches—tell me when's the master coming home?"

"He's a bit down in the mouth, and just gone to the sale room to see about things."

Mrs. Sutcliffe knew what that meant, and so she sat gloomily down when her shop was shut up, and she was left alone to ponder over the events of the day—her young lodger in particular. She was evidently struck with some things in him that seemed to her unusual. "He aint to say handsome, but he looks as if his head had summat in it, an' was right screwed on. To think as he didn't like to be called a 'gent,' and wants to be a working man, and yet a 'totaller. Well, I've let mostly to them as was 'totallers of t'other kind. Let Sutcliffe say what he will I'll try this lodger, and mayhap if he's a bit of a scholard he'll help with the accounts, and do it cheap."

The good woman had an eye to business amid her kindliness; indeed, she was forced to attend to what she called "the main chance," for her husband had, as she said, "a gullet deeper than his brains," and had it not been for her, there would have been a pretty sweeping "distress" in the broker's own home. It was curious, and in some sense affecting, to see the poor, illiterate, and yet clever, woman making her memoranda on a big slate behind the cupboard door, where she entered some weekly rents received:—a rough sketch of the tenant's tub, representing a laundress; a hammer, a carpenter; and sundry queer hieroglyphics, which she could read, represented defaulters. She sighed over her task, saying, "Ah, if my boy had been as he should and took to the schoolin' I worked to pay for, it might a-bin different; but, there, wiser than him swills away their senses—makes just nothing but sinks and gulleys of theirselves for drink to run down. I'll try this yere water 'totaller."

Her husband came home not quite intoxicated; he was of the genus *sponge*, and therefore was merely heavy and dull. He had had a bad day, he said; all had gone wrong. Couldn't get the rents in, and hadn't put a man in possession at Upper East Terrace, because Dr. Studley had put his nose in and sniffed at the warrant. And the other rent accounts weren't done, and he believed he was cheated by the quill-driving muff he employed, who was half his time muddled.

On this admission Mrs. Sutcliffe saw her opportunity, and spoke of having "let the attic to one, she thought, as could write and sum first-rate—a lad who wasn't of much account for anything else in their

trade, but would do for the reckoning up; and as the year was getting on, and Christmas would be upon them in a jiffey, she'd spotted the very thing."

Sutcliffe merely growled out, "So long as he's to be had cheap."

And so it was concluded that she should carry up a drawer full of litter of bills, receipts, and blotted and bleared account books, to her new lodger the next morning, and set him to work.

Cyril woke to the consciousness that he had not entirely escaped with impunity from the miserable cold night and damp clothes, and a weary stiffness in all his limbs as he dressed himself, added to the glimpse of a wet morning outside his window, made the proposal of his landlady that he should undertake the work she brought him, not so unpleasant as under other circumstances it might have been. He had no fire, for the reason that there was no chimney to the room; but Mrs. Sutcliffe brought up, with a rough breakfast, a rug for his feet, and a thick old wrapper which had belonged to a former lodger. And thus provided, Cyril sat down resolutely to his task of picking a clear path through a thorny jungle of tangled figures.

For many days after his weary head throbbed, and his stiffened limbs ached, as he plodded on; he felt so completely beat down, that he was often fain to lie on his bed and think of getting admission into an hospital. How precious did health now seem to him as he feared its loss! How it increased his sense of dependence on God!

At intervals, feeling better, he worked away, and Mrs. Sutcliffe was so far pleased that she attended to him in a rough, but not unkindly, way. She took possession of his clothes, however, partly as a security, and in order to have some washed, providing him with such eccentric covering in the meanwhile as would completely prevent his attempting to go out, so that, though he did not suspect the fact, he was to all intents a prisoner.

He had thought a great deal of the family at Upper East Terrace; but Mrs. Sutcliffe could not, or would not, tell him anything about them, and he himself had a repugnance to speak of them—he felt as if it was a sort of prying into their affairs.

His sister Julia, too, had been constantly in his mind, and he resolved, as soon as he was paid his first pittance, to seek an interview with her, and learn what was her feeling in reference to his being cast adrift on the world. *(To be continued.)*

LUXURY AND EASE.

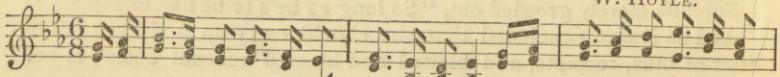
MARY CHANDLER.

FATAL effects of luxury and ease!
We drink our poison, and we eat disease,
Indulge our senses at our reason's cost
Till sense is pain, and reason hurt or lost.

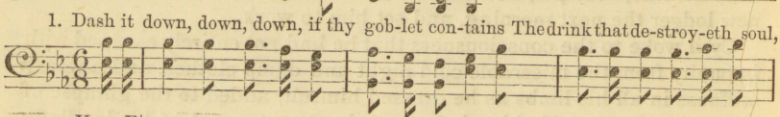
DASH IT DOWN!

Music and Words by
JOHN FAWCETT SKELTON.

Arranged for "Onward" by
W. HOYLE.

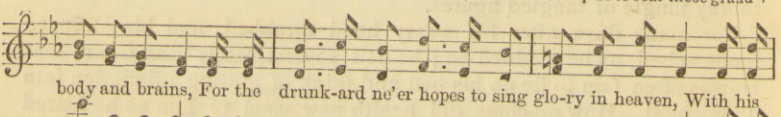


1. Dash it down, down, down, if thy gob-let con-tains The drink that de-stroy-eth soul,

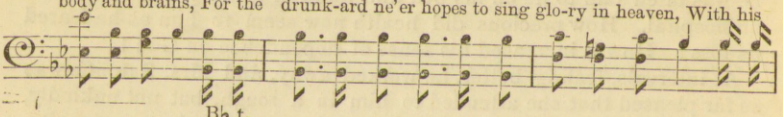


KEY E♭.

: m . f	s :-.f: m | m : -.r : d	r :-.d : t₁ | d : - : m.f	s :-.l : t | d' :-.t : l
: d . r	m :-.r: d | d : -.t₁: d	t₁ :-.s₁: s₁ | s₁ : - : d.r	m :-.f : f | m :-.s : f
2. Oh	God! must it be to the	fin-ish of time, That this	drink shall ap-pal with his
: s . s	s : - : s | s : -.f : m	f :-.m : r | m : - : s	s :-.s : s | s :-.l : t
3. Or	shall we soon see the broad	ban-ners un-furled, Of	temp'r'nce&loveconqu'ring
: d . d	d : - : d | d : -.d : d	s₁ :-.s₁: s₁ | d : - : d	d :-.d : d | d :-.d : d
4. Then my	dear fel-low mor-tal and	brother in love, Come and	help us to rear these grand

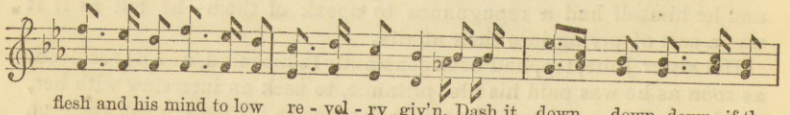


body and brains, For the drunk-ard ne'er hopes to sing glo-ry in heaven, With his

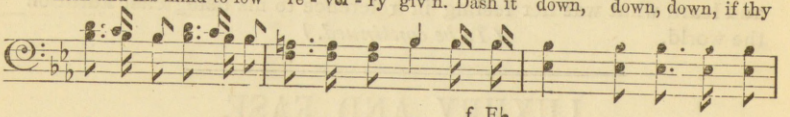


B♭ t.

s : f : m | r : -.r s₁.s₁ | d : -.r : d | m : -.r : d	m : r : d | t₁ : -.t m₁.m₁ | m₁ : -.f₁: m₁ | s₁ : -.f₁: m₁	t₁ : r : f | m : - : m.m | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : s₁.s₁
folly and crime? That like	some fell Go-liath, whom	de-vils at-tend, He shall
d' : s : s | s : -.s d.d	d : -.d : d | d : -.d : d	r : t₁ : r | d : - : d.d
kings of the world? God	grant it, for then we may	wel-come the blast Of the
d : d : m | s : -.s d₁.d₁	d₁ : -.d₁ : d₁ | d₁ : -.d₁: d₁	s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | d : - : d.d
ban-ners a-bove; Thy	joys will in-crease, and thy	fu-ture be bright, If thou

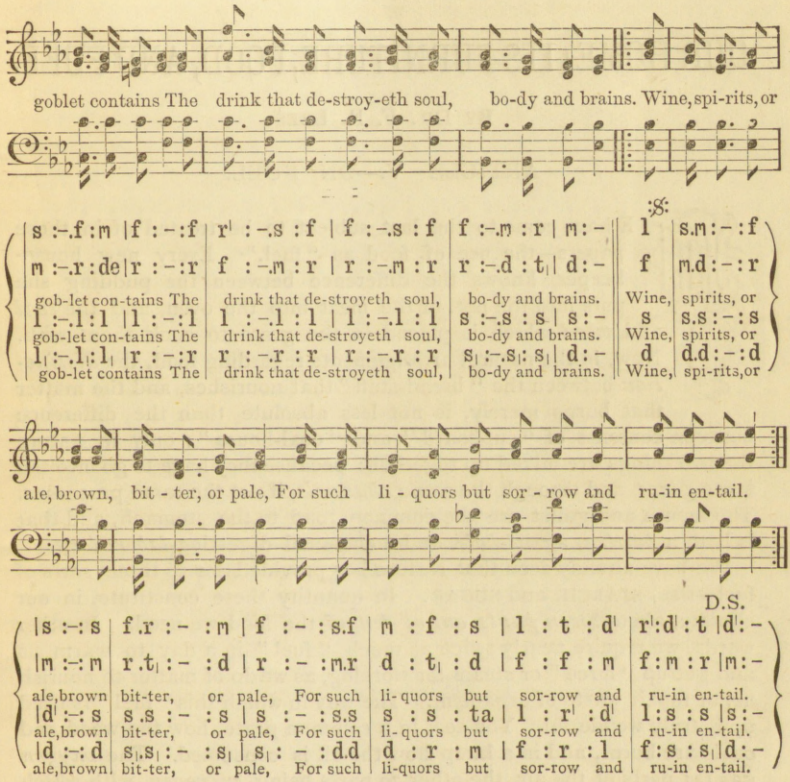


flesh and his mind to low re - vel - ry giv'n. Dash it down, down, down, if thy



f. E♭.

s :-.f : m | s : -.f : m | r : -.m : r | d : -.d s.s | d' : -.l : s | s : -.l : s	s₁ :-.s₁: s₁ | s₁ : -.s₁: s₁ | f₁ : -.s₁: f₁ | m₁ : -.ta f.f | m :-.f : m | m : -.f : m	
ruth-less-ly stalk o'er the	earth to the end? Dash it	down, down, down, if thy
m : -.r : d | m : -.r : d	t₁ : -.t₁ : t₁ | d : -.d s.s	s : - : s | s : -.s : s
trum-pet of heav'n and our	Saviour at last. Dash it	down, down, down, if thy
d : -.d : d | d : -.d : d	s₁ : -.s₁ : s₁ | d : -.d s.s	d : - : d | d : -.d : d
join in our ar-my and	march to the fight. Dash it	down, down, down, if thy



ONE DEED OF GOOD.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

IF I might do one deed of good,
One little deed before I die,
Or think one noble thought that should,
Hereafter not forgotten lie,
I would not murmur though I must
Be lost in death's unnumbered dust.

The filmy wing that wafts the seed
Upon the careless wind to earth,
Of its short life has only need
To find the germ fit place for birth;
For one swift moment of delight
It whirls, then withers out of sight.

OUR HOME: ITS FURNITURE, FOOD, AND FUEL.

BY DR. F. R. LEES.

ARTICLE V.—ON FUEL.

WE have come to the last subject to be treated of in these papers—the use of food as "fuel." Every new housekeeper knows the difference between the pudding she puts into the pot, or the meat into the oven, and the *coal* and *wood* which is placed in the grate to cook them with. Now, in the natural arrangements regarding food, the *distinction* between the "bread-stuff" that nourishes, and the matter that burns merely, is not less absolute than the difference between contents of "cupboard" and "coal-house": only in nature the two things are mixed up together; because they have to go into the same *place*, and through the same *channels*, if not the same processes. The mouth and gullet are the common road to the stomach, and that is both a *pantry*, a *coal-hole*, and a chemical digesting-*laboratory*.

We have already seen that Nature has provided for us three sorts of fuel—OIL, STARCH, and SUGAR. In quantity these constitute, in our climate, about *seven parts out of ten* of the food we need. In other words, we require nearly twice as much "fuel" in a day to warm us and get up "force" or steam for working, as we do of matter to nourish us, or repair waste of organism. The way in which this "fuel" is used up is truly wonderful. You see, in a common grate, how the wood and coals are burnt, and in a lamp how the oil is consumed. The *oxygen* gas (21 parts of the air, the other 79 parts being *nitrogen*, with which it is diluted) has an affinity for combustible matter, and burns it under certain conditions. It is therefore called "a supporter of combustion." Another way of saying the same thing is to say that the oxygen *oxidizes* it. When you leave steel or iron out of doors it gets *rusty*—that is, the oxygen eats into it, unites with it, *oxidizes* it. If this process is slowly carried on, as in the case of "touchwood," it is called "decay," but if rapidly, it is "cremation," or burning. But the final results are the same. Slow decay leaves "*white*-carbon" behind it; quick burning leaves "*black*-carbon," or charcoal. The amount of heat given out, however, is just the same, namely the amount taken in from the sun when the wood grew, and fixed as chemical attraction, or solidity—only the heat is spread out over varying times. In the slow example it is years in yielding up its warmth (a smoking stack or manure-heap is another example), and you don't *see* the result; in the quick example it is soon over, and the rapidity and concentration of the process is attended with *visible* flame. Now the body is provided with all con-

ditions needful for this union of the *fuel* and the *oxygen*. The fuel-food is digested, prepared in the liver, and goes as an element in the blood to the heart and lungs. In the lungs the venous blood delivers out its excess of carbonic acid gas and takes in *oxygen*. The blood contains a certain quantity of iron in its composition, and other elements having a strong attraction for oxygen, and thus the little corpuscles of the blood really become boats for "carrying oxygen" into every part of the system; and as it travels through every fine channel and artery it unites with the *prepared fuel* and the *waste tissue*, burning them up, and giving out heat in every change it induces.

The great things to recollect here are, first, that in absorbing air the lungs are of a fixed *capacity*, and, second, that the susceptibility of the blood to *absorb* oxygen is limited. Hence the importance of ventilation and exercise in the fresh air, that the *proper* quantity of oxygen may be appropriated. So much oxygen is due or owing to the blood, which was made for it, and cannot do its work rightly without a fixed supply. Now—as I endeavoured to teach the world in 1843, in discussion with Surgeon Jeaffreson, when it was first alleged that alcohol was an element of respiration—the oxygen cannot burn *two* things at once: it cannot be burning up the artificial alcohol taken with our food and rapidly absorbed, and *also* be burning up the *natural fuel* consumed and digested, and the *waste-tissue* elements waiting to be oxidized, which, if not burnt up, must defile the body and induce disease. I said then, and I repeat now, that, by necessity of physiological law, *alcohol robs the blood of oxygen*, exactly to the extent to which it is itself decomposed. The results are certain and inevitable: there must be less *carbonic acid* breathed out (so that the living house is not so well ventilated), and there must be *less heat* generated. Years afterwards Dr. Vierordt, of Carlsruhe, demonstrated by experiment that while the lungs laboured more, they sent out less foul air; and two years later Dr. Davy, F.R.S., showed by the test of the thermometer that the body was *cooler* after the use of wine and not warmer. (For particulars, see *Works of Dr. Lees*, vol. iii., p. 52-8; and *Lectures for the Million*, p. 71.) Dr. Binz, Dr. Ringer, Dr. Anstie, and many others have since confirmed these conclusions.

The explanation is very easy. First, alcohol disturbs the nerves which regulate respiration, and it wastes power. In other words, the body is not a "spirit-lamp" merely, nor at all adapted for such stuff; second, the blood is always laden with valuable fuel of its own—oil, liver-sugar, bile, and various elements of the worn-down tissue, which, measure for measure, are more valuable than brandy-and-water—and if the alcohol is burnt up, these are left unconsumed; and the body loses the difference of value. Hence, alcohol is not only a poisonous element, but a costly fuel to be introduced within the precincts of the Vital Temple.

THE RESCUE.

By Lizzie Higgins.

FIERCE, yea fiercer grew the tempest
As the daylight waned away,
Higher rose the foaming billows,
Dashing up their snow-white spray.
'Twas a scene of awful grandeur
As all bowed beneath their sway.

Hark! amid the tempest's fury!
Is not that the signal-gun,
Telling sailors of their danger,
Making many hearts to burn?
For they see the poor wreck'd vessel,
As they to the life-boat run.

Quickly haste they to the rescue,
Ere the ship is seen no more,
Ere the souls of shipwreck'd sailors
Live no longer on Time's shore.
Haste, oh, haste! for ere you reach them
Their last struggle will be o'er.

See those men in yonder life-boat,
Straining every nerve to save
Poor, forlorn, despairing seamen
From a yawning, watery grave!
Is there one sad coward 'mong them?
No, they're bravest of the brave.

See! they reach the stranded vessel!
Frantic sailors loudly cheer:
Now they're in the ark of safety,
And for land again they steer.
Answered are the prayers, yea, answered,
Of the hundreds on the pier.

Is there not in this a lesson
For each Temperance band to heed?
Shall we cast it careless from us?
'Tis so plain, "who runs may read."
No! with courage we'll press forward,
And be earnest, word and deed.

"We will strive to save the fallen;"
Let us speak as if one voice,
"Raise the drunkard, cheer and heal him,"
May this be our every choice!
Not alone shall mortals bless,
But the angels will rejoice.

WHAT A GIRL DID.

By Olive Thorne.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN this brave girl was fourteen years old she accidentally heard the name of algebra and was at once interested in it. Indeed, she was always attracted to mathematics as a duck is to the water; but she could get no light on the unknown science from her books, and she dared not ask any one; so she struggled on till she overheard her teacher in drawing and painting speak of Euclid's geometry. She carefully remembered the name, and on the first opportunity, when her younger brother had a tutor who was good-natured and whom she dared ask, she begged him to buy for her books on algebra and geometry. He did so, and she plunged into them with a zest that you who have all the books you want cannot imagine.

She was not idle in the house either. She practised her five hours daily, spent some time with her painting, and made all her own clothes, —even her dresses—besides helping in other ways about the house. Her study-hours were at night till the servants told her mother that she sat up late; after which she was obliged to go to bed at the regular hour, and her light was taken away.

But she was not discouraged. She had, before that took place, gone through six books of Euclid, and she exercised her memory by beginning at the first book and demonstrating in her mind several of the problems every night after her light was gone till she could go nearly through the whole. Then she would get up early to study, and sit wrapped up in the blankets from her bed, for of course she had no fire. Her friends were much annoyed, and almost feared she was losing her reason.

I cannot follow this brave girl through all the years of her study. She grew up a beautiful young lady, and was much admired; but, though she went into society a good deal, and was flattered and made much of, she never neglected her studies. When she married she was unfortunate enough to have a husband who had all the prejudices of his time about reading women. She lived an unhappy three years with him, till he died; and she went home to her father's house with a son to educate.

Her health was not good, and she had the care of her child; but she attacked with fresh vigour her studies, and bought quite a number of scientific books, thus having, for the first time, suitable tools to work with. Do not think her friends tamely submitted to this extraordinary

conduct. By no means. They spared no efforts to let her feel that she was foolish and eccentric, and did their best to make her life hard and unpleasant.

She had several offers of marriage. One suitor sent her a volume of sermons, with a leaf turned down at a discourse on the duties of a wife, which were of course set forth in the narrowest way. Mary indignantly returned the book and dismissed the suitor. She finally married her cousin, a liberal-minded man, who fully sympathized with her and assisted her in her life of study as much as possible—always anxious that she should improve herself—urging her to take up the study of Greek when she had a tutor for her son who understood that language, studying geology with her himself, though all the time she kept house, never neglected her music, and had young children to attend to.

She was forty-seven years old when she wrote her first scientific book, at the earnest request of learned gentlemen of her acquaintance, and that work at once made her famous.

I cannot closely follow her career. She was made honorary member of any number of royal societies and academies, and at once took the high place in the scientific world which she retained through life and till she died at an advanced age. Her full name was Mary Somerville.

Most beautiful was the life of this lovely woman. Notwithstanding her great scientific attainments, which made her a companion for the most learned men, she was perfectly modest, unassuming, and womanly through her whole life. She had no affectation of manliness, never neglected her dress, and once, when in Paris, amongst accounts of visits with Arago, La Place, and Humboldt, she speaks of equipping herself in proper dresses. She never affected to look down upon the ordinary occupations of women (and she was herself a skilful needlewoman), nor to despise the society of those who could not hope to understand her grand studies.

Though living to be very old she never hardened into a setness peculiar to age, but sympathized with the younger scientific men, as she had with the generation before them. Youthful and cheerful to the last, she kept up her relations to society and to books, and actually wrote a book herself for the materials of which she had to study a new science, after she was eighty years of age.

For many years, her health being poor, she had the habit of studying in bed till one o'clock at noon, and this she did till the very day of her death, at ninety-two years of age.

As a record of what a steady perseverance will do under the most discouraging obstacles this woman's life is invaluable. It is simply and beautifully told by herself in her "Personal Recollections," and I would like to put it into the hands of every young person who thinks he or she has a hard life and few helps.

IT DON'T PAY.

It don't pay to have fifty working men poor and ragged in order to have one drink-shop keeper dressed in broad-cloth and flush of money.

It don't pay to have those fifty working men live on bone soup and half rations in order that one drink-shop keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne.

It don't pay to have the mothers and children of twenty families dressed in rags, starved into the semblance of emaciated scarecrows, and live in hovels, in order that the drink-shop keeper's wife may dress in satin and her children grow fat and hearty, and live in a bow-window parlour.

It don't pay to have one citizen in the jail because another citizen sells him liquor.

It don't pay to have one citizen in the lunatic asylum because another citizen sells him liquor.

It don't pay to hang one citizen because another citizen sold him liquor.

It don't pay to have ten smart, active, and intelligent boys transformed into blackguards and thieves to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor.

It don't pay to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled, and turned into hells of discord and misery in order that one wholesale liquor dealer may amass a large fortune.

It don't pay to keep thousands of men in the penitentiaries and prisons and hospitals, and thousands more in the lunatic asylums, at the expense of the honest, industrious taxpayers, in order that a few capitalists may grow richer by the manufacture of drink.

It don't pay to permit the existence of a traffic which only results in crime, poverty, misery, and death, and which never did, never does, never can, or will do any good.

It never pays to do wrong; your sin will find you out; whether others find it out or not, the sin knows where you are, and will always keep you posted of that fact. It don't pay.

THE LOST JEWEL.

By George W. Bungay.

The invisible asp,
In the cup you clasp,
Will poison your breath,
Will sting you to death.

Cleopatra of old
Dissolved, we are told
In a rythmic line,
A jewel in wine.

In every cup
The drinker drinks up,
How great is the cost
Of the jewel that's lost!

That jewel, the soul,
Is lost in the bowl.
Shall that jewel of thine
Be dissolved in the wine?

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By the Rev. John Jones, Liverpool.

CHAPTER V.

PORTER.—This is a much more modern beverage than the former two, and is the invention of a Mr. Harwood, in the year 1730. Surely his genius was worthy of a nobler discovery. Porter is a malt liquor like Beer, but the malt is more dried —hence the darker colour of the liquor, by which the name was probably suggested—Port being dark as compared with other wines, this was called Porter as being darker than other Ales. Porter is said to be remarkable for its adulteration. Indeed, according to chemical analysis, it is a most unhappy mixture for the deluded consumer, who, if he were to ask the waiter at an inn to give him a glass of it by specifying the ingredients, would say like this, "Waiter, please hand me a gill of beverage made up of Water, Malt, Hops, Treacle, Liquorice, Sugar, Capsicum, Coculus Indicus, Salt of Tartar, Ginger, Lime, Linseed, and Cinnamon." Unhappy stomachs who have to store such a potation!

Cider.—This is a beverage made from the juice of the apple, and, probably, is derived from the word *Citron*, the name of a foreign fruit, which in the Bible is translated apple. The apple itself is one of the good creatures of God, and Cider is the apple spoilt—and transformed into the enemy of man. Some of the counties of England, such as Hereford and Devonshire, could tell many a sad tale of sorrow and sin arising from the use of Cider. Such then are the Ales now or formerly consumed. It is said that seven out of ten of the drunkards from Ales die of Apoplexy or Palsy. Alas for John Bull who is the greatest consumer of these in the world!

We will now notice briefly the names given to some of those alcoholic drinks which are known as Wines. The word *wine* is from an Oriental source, and signifies to "press out," and is thus descriptive of the method by which the juice of any fruit is obtained. Let us take first a highly popular beverage, viz.,

Champagne.—This is a French word, and signifies the "open country," and is the name given to a part of France, where this particular wine is manufactured. We regret to say that this tempting drink has been held in repute for the last six centuries. It is said that Henry the Eighth had a vineyard in which the particular dark grape was cultivated from which this beverage is made. And such a vineyard is said to be worth as much as £800 per acre. Champagne is very popular in the ball-room, and in the festive chambers of the rich and the great. But it seems that a good deal of champagne is consumed

in this country—*made on the spot*—from which a very handsome profit is derived. The trick is accomplished by putting gooseberry wine into champagne bottles, then sent out at ten shillings a bottle to be drank by the votaries of pleasure in the ball-room and elsewhere. The medical advice to *gouty* patients is—not to touch it. We may add to the value of this advice by suggesting that nobody should touch it.

CLARET.—This word is also French in its origin, and signifies *clear*, and is the name applied to several wines from France. This wine is a great favourite with doctors, and a great source of danger to invalid abstainers. This is the beverage which mistaken friends so often urge upon us. "You might take a little claret" they say—just as if it were as harmless as water—but it contains 15 per cent. of alcohol, and consequently we must swallow 15 parts in every 100 of that which will be an enemy to ourselves, and which is to-day the greatest enemy of our world. We should like every bottle of claret to be labelled, for the special benefit of teetotallers, with the word in large letters, "BEWARE." New claret is sold in the market as being ten years old, by dressing up the bottles. Thus we have another illustration that wine is a deceiver.

LACHRYMA CHRISTI.—This is literally translated "Christ's Tears"—shameful use of that blessed name, and of His blessed tears, when applied to the alcoholic cup. They were first so applied by an abbot, long ago, in Italy, who it appears was one day sipping a peculiar wine, when he exclaimed, "It is as precious as Christ's tears." What a daring utterance! and yet there is a sense in which wine and Christ's tears are associated, when He, as it were, weeps over the sin and misery and woe it occasions. (*To be continued.*)

TO A DRUNKARD.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

DRINK! Drink! What are you drinking?
But for a moment hold your breath;
But for a moment just be thinking
That you are drinking, drinking *death*.

Drink! drink! your wife is sighing;
See her in rags and tatters go!
Drink! but hear your children crying—
What are you drinking? Woe! woe! *woe!*

Take the pledge—it may save you wholly,
Save you from wretchedness and sin.
And, from the depths of pain and folly,
Bring you *pleasure and peace* within.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where Truth is not at the bottom Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray itself one time or another.—*Tillotson.*

It would be difficult to find a more *destructive poison* than *ardent spirits.—Dr. Gordon.*

Self.—Do you want to know the man against whom you have the most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.—*Whately.*

It has been ascertained that a young man at twenty, who is strictly temperate, has before him, as his average of life, forty-four years and two months. On the other hand, the young man of the same age who poisons his system by drink can look for an average of life of only fifteen years and six months.—*Dr. William Parker.*

Pedagogue: First little boy, what is your name? Little boy: Jule. Pedagogue: Oh! no; your name is Julius. Next little boy, what is yours? Second boy: My name is Bill—no, Bilious.

Sidney Smith was once dining in company with a French gentleman who had been before dinner indulging in a number of free-thinking speculations, and had ended by avowing himself a materialist. "Very good soup this," said Mr. Smith. "*Oui monsieur, c'est excellente,*" was the reply. "Pray, sir, do you believe in a cook?" inquired Mr. Smith.

An obituary notice of a much-respected lady concludes with: "In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed; and her death—oh! how consoling to her friends."

In the morning we carry the world like atlas; at noon we stoop and bend beneath it; and at night it crushes us flat to the ground.—*H. W. Beecher.*

As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land, he said to a farmer: "Sir, I see your land here is not very productive." "No, sir," said the honest farmer, "our land is just like self-righteousness." "How is that?" "Why, the more a man has of it the poorer he is."

Getting money is not all a man's business: to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Some one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum; but he preferred gravy and butter.

In every way, in every sense,
Man is the care of Providence:
And whenso'er he goeth wrong,
The errors to himself belong.
—*S. Butler.*

"So weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruined at our own request."—*H. More.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS TO YOUNG FOLKS ABOUT ALE, BEER, SPIRITS, AND WINES.

BY J. W. KIRTON.

TO DOUBT you will often be asked by your relations or friends to take a glass of Ale, and I am very anxious to give you some plain reasons why you should not do so. There is one thing, however, I should like to say before I go any farther;—and it is this : I hope you will try and cultivate a respectful spirit to those who may from time to time try to get you to drink. I have sometimes been grieved to hear little boys and girls speak to grown-up people in such a way as to lead me to suppose that they had forgotten that if we wish others to respect us we must be ready to respect them. If we wish to be treated kindly we should be willing to manifest a kindly spirit ourselves. Now, to be ready thus to act rightly, try and remember, in the first place, that many people will ask you to drink who think they are doing you a kindness, and therefore, while you firmly and steadily adhere to your pledge, also try to do it in such a manner as will let them see that you refuse because you have good reasons for so doing, and this will, perhaps, open the way for you to tell them why you abstain from all kinds of intoxicating drinks.

Now the common idea among drinkers is this,—that a glass of good Ale will help to make people strong, and so enable them to do their work better, as well as to live healthier and longer. Now this is a complete mistake from beginning to end, and there are just two easy ways of proving this to be the case, and the first is this—to examine very carefully the process by which Ale is made, and, second, the things of which it is made. Now, if Ale is genuine—and I never trouble about any other kind, because I can show what is called "good ale" to be good for nothing—then, of course, any other bad things which bad men may put into it only makes it so much the worse ; but of one thing you may be quite sure, and it is this—they can never put in anything more hurtful to the body or dangerous to the soul than the *alcohol* which is sure to be found in all kinds of the genuine article, as they call it.

Ale, if it is genuine, is made of three things, namely, malt, hop, and water. To obtain malt, however, we must first get BARLEY and steep it in water for some time, and then lay it on a floor where, after turning it over from time to time, it will soon begin to shoot, sprout, or grow, as it is sometimes called, just as you have seen potatoes grow if kept in a warm place in the winter. But perhaps you ask, "Why do they do this to the barley?" It is to get the starch which is in it changed into sugar. If you get a piece of barley, and bite it, you will notice that it is dry and floury to the taste. Then get a piece of malt, and you will find it is very *sweet*. The maltster spoils the barley to

make the malt, and the brewer spoils the water to make the ale. So, between the two, the customer gets nicely taken in.

The brewer takes the malt, and crushes it, and puts it into a tub with a false bottom, pierced with holes, in which is inserted a tap. Over this crushed malt he pours hot water, and stirs it up to wash the sugar out, and this, running through the small holes—in the same way that tea comes through the tea-pot, leaving the leaves behind—he gets what he calls "sweetwort," which, with the HOPS, he puts into a copper and boils. This he does to impart the *bitter* taste which has given the name of "bitter ale" to such drinks, but which also gives a warning of the "bitter results" which have so often happened to those who are so foolish as to take such drink.

After boiling it a certain time he cools it, and then sets it to "work" or "ferment." This is done to change the sugar into ALCOHOL, the intoxicating principle in all such drinks; and as soon as he sees, by signs with which he is familiar, that it has worked long enough, he has to stop it, for, if he did not, it would work on until it became "vinegar," which, we all know, people never talk about as making them strong, although it is advertised as "strong pickling vinegar." After this he has to "cleanse" it, "fine" it, and "bottle" it, and soon after it is sold to any who will buy.

You will thus see that, from the time the maltster begins, until the moment the brewer ends, there is not one part of the process where they try to make that which will make people strong. If your mother wishes to make anything to make you strong, she puts plenty of solid meat into the soup, or oatmeal in your porridge, and the *thicker* the broth or gruel is, the more it is suited to your wants. But in making ale they go altogether in the opposite direction, and the *thinner* it is and the clearer it looks the better it is supposed to be. It is all a mistake, depend upon it. What would you think if you held up to the light a slice of bread-and-butter, or a glass of milk, and said, "I can see through it; how clear it is!" Why, that the bread was poor and the milk sky-blue. Everybody would at once conclude that such stuff could not make you strong, because the SOLID portions were not in. So of the Ale. No one who knows how to make it ever tries to make an article which can impart strength to the body. Indeed, if he understands his business, he does all he can to prevent any solid parts getting in which might do the body any good. If, therefore, he never tries to put it in, but does all he can to prevent it getting in, it strikes me that "all the king's horses and all the king's men" will find some difficulty in getting it out; so that you may safely say to any one who asks you to drink ale to get up your strength, "You may as well whistle jigs to a milestone and expect it to dance, as to expect to get strength out of the stuff called ale, for the simple and yet certain reason, no one in his senses tries to put it in, and therefore it is no use trying to get it out."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BY R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

"I WON'T stay at home till I'm faded and gray;
I *will* see the world, I declare;"
And the mouse stuck his tail in a desperate way
Through the hole at the foot of the stair.

"My father and mother can travel about,
But I must stay home till I die;
They say I'm too simple, too small to go out,
And think themselves wiser than I.

"I'll show them if I can be trusted or no,
If I'm not as cunning as they;
The things they call cats will not find me so slow
But I can keep out of their way.

"I shan't lose my breath as my mother has done,
Nor my tail as my grandfather did.
The truth is they're getting too old for a run,
While I am as spry as a kid."

So he twisted about with his stiff little tail
Till it stuck where his head was before;
Then started to walk to the old kitchen pail,
That stood on the bright yellow floor.

'Twas quite an excursion—at least, so he thought,
As he cautiously travelled ahead.
"How silly," he murmured, "that mice should be caught,
Who should do the catching instead.

"Let the things they call cats bother me, if they dare:
I'll carry them home for my tea."
And the mouse looked about with a confident air
For the creatures he thought them to be.

That great furry mass lying there in the sun
Was a mountain, without any doubt.
He never imagined the thing could be one
Of the cats he'd been cautioned about.

So he walked to its side in a critical way,
As soft as itself and as bold,
When—swoop! went a paw on his jacket of gray,
And, well what remains to be told?

The old parent mice came home early that night,
And passed the old cat on their way.
Her jaws were all bloody, and close at her right
Lay the last final end of the poor little mite
Who thought himself wiser than they.

A DEAF EDITOR STIRS UP A BOOK HAWKER.

AMERICAN.

THE thought everybody in this country knew that we were deaf; but once in a while we find one who is not aware of the fact. A female book pedlar came to the office the other day. She wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in this world, and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance; hence, we should buy her book. She was unmarried, and had no manly heart into which she could pour her sufferings; therefore, we ought to invest in her book. She had received a liberal education and could talk French like a native. We could not, in consequence, pay her less than two dollars for a book.

We had looked at her attentively, and here broke in with: "What did you say? We're deaf."

She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole. When she had finished, we went and got a roll of paper and made in into a speaking-trumpet, placed one end to our ear, and told her to proceed. She commenced: "I am alone in the world———"

"It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are a husband and father. Bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals."

"Oh! what a fool the man is," she said in a low tone. Then at the top of her voice: "I don't want to marry you. I want to sell a b-o-o-k."

This last sentence was howled. "We don't want a cook," we remarked, blandly. "Our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good-looking a woman as you to stay in the house five minutes. She is very jealous."

She looked at us in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt, she exclaimed: "I do believe that if a 300-pounder were let off alongside that deaf fool's head he'd think somebody was knocking at the door."

You should have heard her slam the door when she went out. We heard that.

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VI.

A DEBT PAID.

LEAVING Cyril for awhile, we will return to the mother and daughter in Upper East Terrace, as they were found by Dr. Studley. Mrs. Braithwaite had long been ailing, and it had been her hope that, by dint of great economy and management, with the help of what her daughter Annette earned by giving

lessons, she should be able in November to pay up arrears of rent, and go into the country. The source she looked to for this was an annuity which she received half-yearly in May and November. Out of the wreck of what was once a large property, all that was left was this little life annuity of fifty pounds, hardly valued in her former days.

To explain fully how she had drifted on to the shoals of misery would delay our narrative. Suffice it that her son's education had taken more than she could really afford; but it was cheerfully expended, while she denied herself every luxury, in the full belief that it was but an investment which would be returned with interest when her handsome Archibald attained maturity. He was so clever and comely, gifted by nature so liberally, that for years her hopes had not a shadow of fear to dim them.

Unfortunately, as he grew up, all young Braithwaite's talents were poisoned by selfishness and sensuality. His society was prized by the giddy throng of pleasure-seekers, for he was great at all kinds of out-door sports and indoor games, and could "set the table in a roar" with his mirth; his musical talents also making him a favourite with the ladies. No young man ever had better opportunities. He had a good salary at an early age in the counting-house of a merchant, once a friend of his father's. He was sent abroad for the firm, and soon had a large increase of income, but his earnings went in company, which led to the gaming-table. He lost his situation; but, as he said, "fell on his feet," with some dashing speculators in the city, made some money out of honest dupes, and then began to dislike all regular employment as below his talents—a drag on his progress. He was known as a musical amateur in some circles—as a sporting man and *bon vivant* in others.

Meanwhile no money of his ever went to his mother and sister. Indeed, their means were by degrees all literally sunk in his schemes. The little half-yearly pittance from the annuity he had been in the habit of getting for his mother, he felt no scruple in often taking a dip out of, for himself under the name of a loan; but at this last time, when he had the £25 in his pocket, he was very low in cash, and intent on making a desperate effort to retrieve some losses he had lately suffered. Never before had he thought of risking his mother's last remaining means. But, under the excitement of drink, he resolved to do so, and lost it all.

He wrote to his mother, pretending that as he was suddenly obliged to go abroad on business he had temporarily borrowed the twenty-five pounds, which he promised to remit speedily.

How dreadful it is to have the eyes, which have been closed by the sweet wilfulness of love, rudely torn open. Mrs. Braithwaite read his hasty letter, and her heart sunk within her at the dread that he was deceiving her. She did not tell her daughter her fears, but a bolt of ice seemed to weigh down her heart.

WITH A WILD CRY HE FLUNG HIMSELF DOWN ON THE MARGIN AND LOOKED IN AT HER COFFIN.

Page 109.

Annette had soon the misery of discovering her brother's falsehood. She was startled by the wan look that had settled on her mother's wasted face, and at the terrible quietude of her manner. So she went out to seek Ruth Gregory, who had been servant to them until she went to live with her Aunt Simpson, and there formed the acquaintance of Gregory, a low hanger-on of young Braithwaite's. Ruth's marriage and her aunt's death had followed in quick succession, and on the night when our story opens Annette had gone to ask Ruth to come and sit up with Mrs. Braithwaite, not expecting to find either the place so miserable or Ruth so sickly, or the night so inclement. Nor was she in the least prepared to learn, as she soon did, that Gregory had been recently with her brother at some steeple-chase at Croydon. She believed the latter was in Hamburgh by that time, and her amazement was as great as her sorrow and mortification to find he had deceived them. It was while she was weeping the first bitter tears of anguish and humiliation that the barking of the dog Spring had caused Ruth to rush to the door expecting, and yet dreading, her husband; and the confusion of the poor woman's feelings between compassion for Annette and terror that her husband would ill use her for what she had told Miss Braithwaite, made her let Cyril in, before she quite knew what she did.

The rest the reader knows, and how completely the poor sister was enlightened as to the vices of her brother. No wonder that in the panic of hearing his drunken shout, she fled as if for life out of the back shed of the cottage, over the waste ground, threaded her way amid new buildings and unformed roads, until, panting and spent, she met an empty cab, and reached her home.

Her mother seemed rather better, and, after a brief sleep, Annette rose early, urged Mrs. Braithwaite to take a little breakfast, then put the room in order, and prepared to go out to fulfil, with an aching heart, her daily task of teaching. Having to call for some new music for a pupil on her way, there, to her confusion, she encountered the young man, who had witnessed the scenes of the preceding night at the cottage, and, to her great mortification, evidently instantly recognised her. Ah! poor Annette was new to the intolerable humiliation which intemperance inflicts on the innocent. Shame was to her a new feeling, and now, too, it contended with intense sorrow for her poor mother, and dread of the consequences if she came to know all.

Annette did not stay long that day at the school, where she taught a class of junior pupils, but, asking to be released soon, sped home to find the little girl she had left in waiting on her mother almost wild with fear at Mrs. Braithwaite's tears and words—"I'll pay all," —"Give me time"—"Surely my boy will send"—"Yes, yes, I'll pay all." These sentences, sometimes moaned out—sometimes rising to a shriek—were constantly reiterated until Annette came. She was only just in time, for Mrs. Braithwaite was struggling to get out of bed, but as she saw her daughter enter the room, she suddenly cried, "Have

you brought Archy?—tell him to come. He must be quick—quick—dear Annette. There's the debts—I'll pay all—all!" A strange tremor shook her quivering lips and ran through her whole frame as she was folded in her daughter's arms, and her throbbing head laid on that young bosom. Then a dark shadow seemed to pass over the skin, and a violent convulsion distorted the features. She was in a fit, and the little girl fled to the doctor. It was a time of day when all the doctors in that neighbourhood were out on their rounds among their patients, and Annette never knew how long it was that she was left to apply her own simple remedies, or had the relief of seeing her mother sink into the stillness of exhaustion. She was roused from watching her by the door opening and a man appearing, whom she rushed at with a scream, and would even with her own little hands have tried to push out, when Dr. Studley entered.

In the presence of the great calamity that was, she feared, impending, everything else passed like a dream, in which reasons are rarely sought. How Dr. Studley sent the man away, or what the man's coming even meant, she had no time clearly to think of; all her attention was given to her mother; she had, as we know, never seen Cyril go up or down the stairs. All the hopes and fears of this world were to her concentrated in that one feeble form, which was sinking away into the sleep that knows no waking.

Through that night and all the next day the sufferer gave no sign of consciousness. The beating rain on the window was the only sound which broke in upon the occasional catch and gasp of the sufferer's breath. When suddenly, with a long sigh, she roused, and opening her eyes, fixed them inquiringly on her daughter's face, and said in a hurried but perfectly clear voice—

"Annette, dear, you are there I know. Call Archy?—he hasn't left me to die without seeing him—not to scold him; oh, no, for I love him, and pray for him. Mothers' hearts are full of—full of—of love—and pray-er." The voice died into a faint murmur in the last broken sentence, and then there was a sort of wandering smile fluttered over the face, and all was still—poor Annette was alone with the dead!

The next few days passed in that sort of trance of sorrow which permits no clear thinking or definite acting, and yet those days just after death are full of dreary details which must be seen to by some one. In Annette's case there was no one to take off these cares from her. She went through them mechanically, in a kind of stupor. Her brother was now her only relative, and she wrote to him, sending the letter to Gregory's cottage to be delivered. She had forgotten in her first anguish all about his lying statement that he was in Hamburgh, and she implored him to come. But it so happened that when Cyril had seen Braithwaite in the gig he was going for what he called a run in the country to a boon companion who had come in for "a slice of luck," and who, with a sort of contemptuous pity for Archy as being "hard up," had invited him.

Gregory did not know young Braithwaite's whereabouts, but he set some inquiries on foot, which, however, did not prove successful, and Annette was not able to postpone her mother's funeral longer than five days. She had really done a great deal in that wretched interval, working on half unconsciously. A dealer had come in and paid the rent, taking the furniture at a valuation, which left a trifle for funeral expenses. The school where Annette taught were willing to receive her as an in-door teacher, Dr. Studley having recommended her to take that offer, and saying, in the short way that was his manner, "Rely on yourself, and not on any brother—self-help is best." It was a hard lesson when she longed for some hand to clasp hers—some bosom on which to weep—for the good, dear mother who could never be replaced.

As late in the day as the funeral could be delayed Annette had waited before going to the neighbouring cemetery, herself truly "chief mourner," and little Jane, who had helped her to nurse her mother, and whose hand was just a something to hold by on the margin of the grave.

It was a desolate scene. The dull November day, the low-hanging leaden clouds, the clergyman shivering as he hurried over the grand words of the service, and Annette steadying her frame, which shook with sobs, by clutching her young companion's hand. But it was not destined to pass off so quietly. Suddenly, as they were listening to the last words of the service, there came the sound of a loud voice, and a young man was in the grounds contending with a policeman, who was striving to to keep him off the little group at the grave. But with all the strength of youth and passion, he flung the policeman aside, dashed across some graves, and stood a moment, heated, flushed, blustering, drunk, at his mother's grave. With a wild cry he flung himself down on the margin and looked in at her coffin, then he raised his glaring eyes to his sister, who stood as if petrified to marble by the shock, and shaking his fist at her, cried, with an imprecation we need not repeat, "You've done this—you've kept me from knowing—I'll never forgive you—no, nev——"

The undertaker's men and officials of the cemetery, with the police, all closed on him and bore him in their arms away to a neighbouring public-house, much used by a certain class of disconsolate or riotous mourners at funerals.

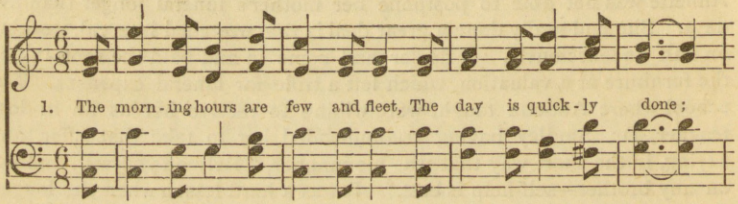
He escaped being taken up on the maudlin plea, "Poor feller, he was overcome, you see, bein', as it wur, his mother's funeral, and his sister never tellin' of him. Ah! she looked as hard as one o' them 'ere stone monuments, and never giv' not a drop of nothin' at the house to the men but a slop o' coffee."

The next day Annette was domiciled at Balliol House, Finchley.

(*To be continued.*)

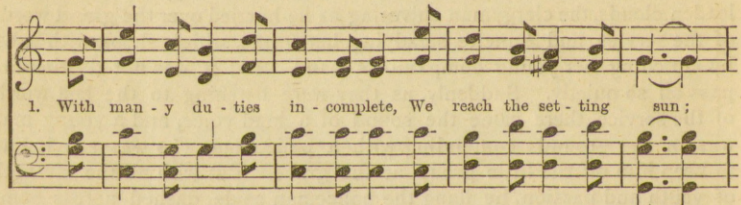
ONWARD! STILL ONWARD!

Words by Josephine Pollard. Music by T. E. Perkins.

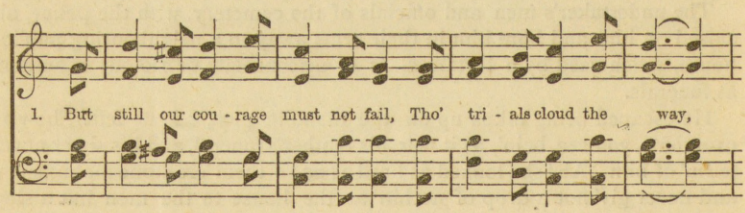


Key C.

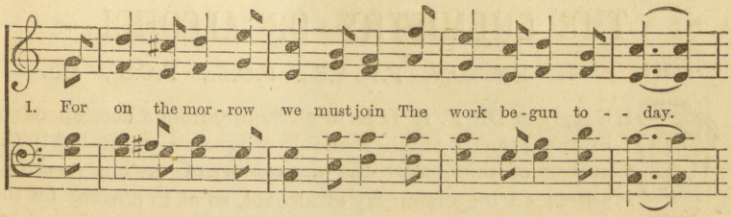
:s	m¹:-:d¹	t:-:r¹	d¹:-:s	s:-:s	l:-:l	r¹:-:d¹	t:-:-|-:-
2. Still	press - ing on where	du - ty calls, Still	keep - ing heav'n in	view, . .			
:m	s:-:m	r:-:f	m:-:m	m:-:m	f:-:f	f:-:l	s:-:-|-:-
:d¹	d¹:-:s	s:-:t	d¹:-:d¹	d¹:-:d¹	d¹:-:d¹	l:-:r¹	r¹:-:-|-:-
3. O	God, di - rect each	on - ward step, In -	struct us ev - 'ry	day, . .			
:d	d:-:d	s:-:s	d:-:d	d:-:d	f:-:f	f:-:fe	s:-:-|-:-



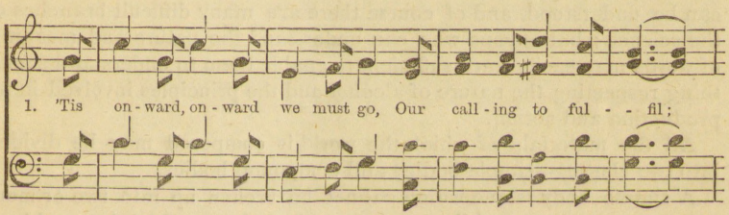
:s	m¹:-:d¹	t:-:r¹	d¹:-:s	s:-:m¹	r¹:-:t	l:-:t	s:-:-|-:-
2. We'll	work for Je - sus,	for we know There's	al - ways work to	do. . . .			
:s	s:-:m	r:-:f	m:-:m	m:-:s	s:-:s	fe:-:fe	s:-:-|-:-
:t	d¹:-:s	s:-:t	d¹:-:d¹	d¹:-:d¹	t:-:r¹	d¹:-:r¹	t:-:-|-:-
2. And	give us strength and	cou - rage now To	tread the nar - row	way. . .			
:s	d:-:d	s:-:s	d:-:d	d:-:d	r:-:r	r:-:r	s:-:-|-:-



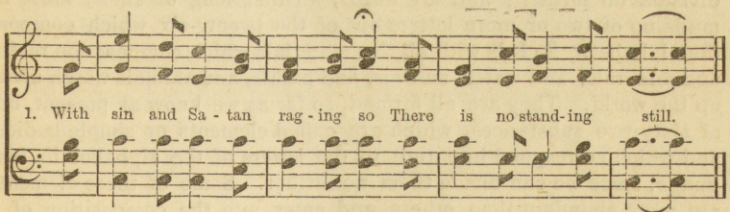
:s	r¹:-:de¹	r¹:-:m¹	d¹:-:l	s:-:s	l:-:t	d¹:-:m¹	r¹:-:-|-:-
2. We	may not live to	see the end Of	la - bours we've be -	gun, . . .			
:s	f:-:m	f:-:s	m:-:f	m:-:m	f:-:f	m:-:s	s:-:-|-:-
:t	t:-:le	t:-:s	s:-:d¹	d¹:-:d¹	d¹:-:s	s:-:d¹	t:-:-|-:-
3. We	praise Thee for the	love that lights These	hearts and homes of	ours, . .			
:s	s:-:s	s:-:s	d:-:d	d:-:d	f:-:r	d:-:d	s:-:-|-:-



: s	r' : - : de'	r' : - : m'	d' : - : t	l : - : f'	m' : - : d'	r' : - : t	d' :- :- | -:-
2. And	ev - 'ry day the	soul may grieve At	some - thing left un -	done. . .			
: s	f : - : m	f : - : s	m : - : s	f : - : l	s : - : m	f : - : f	m :- :- | -:-
: t	t : - : le	t : - : s	s : - : d'	d' : - : d'	d' : - : s	t : - : r'	d' :- :- | -:-
3. And	bless Thee for the	joy that crowns Our	con - se - cra - ted	hours. . .			
: s	s : - : s	s : - : s	d : - : m	f : - : f	s : - : s	s : - : s	d :- :- | -:-



: s	d' : - : s	d' : - : s	m : - : f	s : - : s	l : - : l	r' : - : d'	t :- :- | -:-
2. 'Tis	on - ward, on - ward	we must go, Our	call - ing to ful -	fil; . . .			
: s	d' : - : s	d' : - : s	m : - : f	s : - : m	f : - : f	fe : - : fe	s :- :- | -:-
: s	d' : - : s	d' : - : s	m : - : f	s : - : d'	d' : - : r'	l : - : r'	r' :- :- | -:-
3. 'Tis	on - ward, on - ward	we must go, Our	call - ing to ful -	fil; . . .			
: s	d' : - : s	d' : - : s	m : - : f	s : - : d	f : - : r	r : - : r	s :- :- | -:-



: s	m' : - : r'	d' : - : t	l : - : t	d' : - : l	s : - : d'	t : - : r'	d' :- :- | -:-
2. With	sin and Sa - tan	rag - ing so There	is no stand - ing	still. . .			
: s	s : - : f	m : - : s	f : - : s	l : - : f	m : - : m	f : - : f	m :- :- | -:-
: t	d' : - : d'	d' : - : d'	d' : - : d'	d' : - : d'	d' : - : s	s : - : t	d' :- :- | -:-
3. With	sin and Sa - tan	rag - ing so There	is no stand - ing	still. . .			
: s	d : - : d	d : - : m	f : - : f	f : - : f	s : - : s	s : - : s	d :- :- | -:-

THE CHEMISTRY OF ALCOHOL.

BY F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &c.

THE reply of Dr. F. R. Lees to an inquiry from a correspondent in the January number of this magazine suggested to the author of this paper the desirability of writing a simple article on the chemistry of alcohol, so as to prevent for the future any doubt respecting the nature of those drinks, which from the very process of their manufacture must contain alcohol in them, and are therefore to be refused by those who wish strictly to abstain from all beverages containing it. There are many young persons, and those who are not young also, who imagine that all chemical subjects must necessarily be difficult and dry, and require a large amount of thought and hard study before they can be understood, and of course there are many difficult branches of the science; but anyone who can understand the nature and meaning of words may easily learn sufficient to enable them to understand something respecting the nature of alcohol and the principles involved in its production and action.

All the materials of which the world is composed may be divided into two classes—simple bodies and compound bodies.

A simple body is one which cannot be broken up into two or more different substances, while a compound body is one which is capable of this division. We can obtain a familiar illustration of this from the letters of the alphabet, out of which all words are formed. Some are long words, such as MISREPRESENTATION, which is composed of many syllables, and more letters, while others are short, such as TO and AT, which have only two letters each. When we have separated these two letters from each other we get simple letters, and we can carry the division no further; and all words, whether long or short, must be made up of two or more letters out of the twenty-six which compose the alphabet. So it is with all the materials which compose the rocks, and minerals, and water, and air, and plants, and animals which make up the world. They are all formed, so far as we know at present, out of sixty-two substances, which are called elements or simple bodies, and which correspond in nature to the letters of the alpbabet in language, since we can divide them no further. Some of these elements are more abundant than others, and enter into the composition of a larger number of substances, just as some letters, such as the vowels a, e, i, o, u, are more frequently used in spelling words than such as k, q, v, x, or z, but all have their place and use, and if one were wanting in the alphabet, there would be some words which we could not make. Just in the same way, if one of the elements was absent in nature, the world would be different to what it is. All the metals, such as gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, quicksilver, or mercury, and some bodies

which are not metals, are simple substances, and correspond to letters; while air, water, salt, sugar, milk, and indeed the largest portion of all the things we behold, are compounds, and correspond to words.

A compound body may be either a mechanical or a chemical compound.

Thus gunpowder is a mechanical compound, being made of charcoal, saltpetre, and sulphur intimately mixed together, while we have an example of a chemical compound in a piece of limestone or chalk, which is composed of a metal called calcium, united with an invisible gas called carbonic acid, which is itself composed of charcoal and the gas oxygen, which is one of the materials abundant in the air we breathe. The difference between a mechanical and chemical compound appears to be this:—In the mechanical compound the materials have no real bond of union, being simply mixed or placed together, and the resulting substance partakes of the nature of the materials out of which it is formed in the proportion of the quantities which enter into the mixture; but in a chemical combination there is a real bond of union, and the resulting substance may differ in everything from the materials out of which it was made. Thus two or more solids may unite to form a liquid or a gas; two or more harmless substances to form a deadly poison, and two or more poisons to form a body which can be eaten or drunk without injury to life. Colourless bodies can unite to form coloured compounds; and in this way plants form the colours which adorn the flowers out of the colourless soil and air; and sour and tasteless and scentless elements can unite to make sweet and pungent and fragrant substances. It will be seen from this, therefore, that it is no argument in favour of alcohol that because it is produced from grain, or grapes, or sugar, all of which are harmless to take and nourishing to the body, that therefore alcohol itself must be a food and nourish also; and, as we shall afterwards see, it is no proof either that the alcohol exists in these substances before they are fermented.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

MILTON.

IF thou well observe
The rule—of not too much—by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return,
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, in death mature.

THE CRUEL DEED.

BY E. C. A. ALLEN.

DID you ever take a bird's nest
Little boy in early spring?
Never thinking you were doing
All the while a cruel thing?
Did you ever hear the mother,
When she found her nest was gone,
Pouring out a wail of anguish
That might melt a heart of stone?

Could you ever make a bird's nest,
Little boy, howe'er you tried?
Bend the twigs and shape it nicely,—
Line it soft and warm inside?
What a little home of gladness
God intended it to be,
When He taught the bird to build it
For her pretty family!

When you tried to take a bird's nest,
Did it ever cross your mind
What a change your home would witness
Should your mother some day find
After going out an errand,
Just when entering at the door,
All her darling little children—
Lying dead upon the floor?

Birds can feel as well as you can.
And a thoughtless boy that gives—
Just to please a passing fancy—
Needless pain to aught that lives,
Grieves the loving God who made him
Who supplieth all his needs,
Who for little sparrows careth,
Who the hungry raven feeds.

Little boy! Take no more birds' nests.
If true happiness you seek—
Strive to bless, not injure others,
To protect, not harm the weak.
So when through the fields in summer
You shall gaily roam along
Purer joy shall thrill your bosom
As you hear the glad birds' song.

"ALL HER DARLING LITTLE CHILDREN—
LYING DEAD UPON THE FLOOR?"—Page 114.

THE FLOWER'S CATECHISM.

BY EMILY FORD.

ARY-GOLD and Rose-Mary,
Are you cousins? Don't be chary.
All your history tell us now:
Who gave you your names, and how?
Day's eye and Eyebright,
Sure some soul you did delight,
And your gifts he did requite,
With each sweet and winsome name
Secrets new from you we claim.

London Pride, pretty flower,
Who baptized you? In what hour
Was the christening, where and when?
In what mood? What wise men—
Merchants, lovers, doctors witty—
Labelled you as proud, though pretty,
Naming you for London City?

Maidenhair, dark and rare,
Lurking in the rocky lair,
Now declare when and where
Fronds so delicate and fair
Found a name. And the same
Question answer, Virgin's Bower;
Clematis, dear vagrant flower.

Sweet Marjoram, growing
In your garden-bed,
Do you see Sweet William,
Stiffly hold his head?
There stands Sage, advising,
And by him frowneth Thyme;
They are sure devising
Death to poet's rhyme.
Mint swift shakes his *spears*,
Then he shakes out *pepper*,
Spotted Balm appears
Albino or leper.
Marjoram, sweet maiden,
Are you with this knowledge laden?

Spring Beauty, with your timid cheek
And tender tints,
Your paleness showeth ruddy streak
And rosy hints,

Which brighten all your aspect meek,
While fluttering frail
You breast the gale;
Beauty, blushes for you speak.

Scarlet Runner, all aflame,
Tell us how you won your name.
Were you in the military,
Were you prudent, wise, and wary,
And could run as well as fight
When the foeman came in sight,
When the battle rose in might?
Or so fast the sky you seek,
Running like a tow spark reek,
That they name you from the fire,
Mounting swiftly, mounting higher?

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE (AWRY).

By W. Coplestone.

IF a body's always drinking,
Everything's awry.
Should a body get a thinking
Sure he'd stop and sigh.
All such bodies think teetotal
Very hard and dry,
But 'ere they say they could not keep it
Ought they not to try?

If a body scan this lesson
With a steady eye,
All its hardness he would conquer,
Conquer by and bye.
Water pure is much the better,
Need we then be dry?
And drink would cease to be his master
If he would but try.

Then how glad would be his children
Nevermore they'll cry.
How his little child will prattle
When Papa is nigh.
Then Mamma will go to market,
For she now can buy.
Nevermore they'll say "I cannot,"
But will always try.

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By THE REV. JOHN JONES, Liverpool.

CHAPTER VI.

WE have two more wines to refer to in addition to those given in the preceding chapter, viz., Port and Sherry.

PORT.—This name is derived from Oporto, a Portuguese town, which in the Portuguese language is called Porto. This town is the great emporium for this particular wine. England is a great consumer of this drink, for the threefold purpose of a beverage, a medicine, and a religious ordinance. The consumption has ever assumed larger proportions, for in the year 1678 the importation was only 500 pipes, in 1872 it was 38,489. It is sometimes sold in this country at 18s. a bottle —but chemists can *make* it at the cost of only a few pence. Much is swallowed by the English public as Port in which not a drop of the juice of the grape can be found. How unfit is such stuff for the Lord's Table. The time is hastening on when only the pure and unfermented "*Fruit of the Vine*" will be tolerated at a sacred feast.

SHERRY.—This word is derived from a town in Spain called Zeres, whence a large quantity of this liquid is usually in store. It is said that 80,000 acres of Spanish soil is employed to produce this wine for the the English market. This is the beverage of polite society. Often-times the working-man goes to bed drunk by Beer—and the working-man's master similarly drunk by Sherry, because the same poison belongs precisely to each. It is said that Lead is found useful in clearing Sherry. Thus often-times Lead leads to Lead—Lead in the wine conducting to a coffin of Lead for the unhappy victim.

We will now briefly refer to the names given to the beverages classified as *Spirits*.

BRANDY.—This word comes from the German, and signifies *burnt wine*. This drink is distilled from the juice of the grape and usually contains about 50 per cent of pure alcohol. It is sometimes styled "cognac," from a town in France. It is also manufactured from potatoes, beet-root, and corn. It is the most deadly, in its effects, of the various spirits drank, and is the sheet-anchor of the hospital and the sick-room in all emergencies. It would be well if our chemical friends could supply us with some liquid as a substitute that would be equally available and equally prompt in its action on the human organism.

GIN.—This name is derived from Juniper, the juniper-berries being employed in its manufacture. This is originally a Dutch drink, and is produced from corn—with which oil of turpentine, &c., is mixed. This is a favourite beverage in London, and the "Gin Fiend" is to be met with up and down the great city.

WHISKEY.—This word is from the Irish language, and signifies *water*, so that we abstainers have after all the real "mountain dew." This is obtained from corn, and is allied to Gin, but by a different mode of preparing the corn a flavour is imparted which makes it Whiskey. Ireland and Scotland are the chief sources of this beverage, by which in their exportation of it they send a curse to the Anglo-Saxon portion of the Empire.

RUM.—This word is supposed to be derived from *rheum*, signifying to flow. This is the produce chiefly of Jamaica, being distilled from the juice of the sugar-cane by the negroes and their masters. We have ransomed those black people from slavery, in return they are forging the claims of a dire slavery for their emancipators. This is the beverage which John Bull gives to Jack Tar by mistaken kindness. It is said that Rum improves by age. We therefore advise such as may have any in store to keep it, and keep it, and keep it, for at least a hundred years, and we will guarantee that it will not injure them much.

(To be continued.)

HERE IS MY HAND, MY BROTHER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"HONOUR thy father and thy mother"
All the days of thy mortal life,
Love thy sister and thy brother,
And kindle not the fires of strife.
Then thy life shall be sweet and cheery
In the dear land where thou dost live;
In deeds of mercy be not weary,
Gifts are given to the hands that give.

The skill of man cannot dissever
The threefold cord of kindred ties;
There is a law which lasts for ever,
That links us here and in the skies.
Then let us strive to aid each other
With temperance, offspring of the right;
Let man to man be like a brother,
Let there be light! let there be light!

BEWARE THE BOWL.

BEWARE the bowl! though rich and bright
Its rubies flash upon the sight;
An adder coils its depth beneath,
Whose lure is woe, whose sting is death.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

SAID a tipsy husband to his wife, "You neen-needn't bl-l-ame me. 'Twas woman that first tem-tempted man to eat forbidden things." "That won't do," retorted the indignant wife. "Woman may have first tempted man to eat forbidden things, but he took to drinking of his own accord."

THEY have a good joke on a certain gentleman in Chicago who is a great land operator, as well as a most successful physician. The doctor prescribed some pills for a lady. She asked how they were to be taken. "A quarter down," said the doctor, "and the balance is one, two, and three years."

ALL writers on Materia Medica now rank alcohol among the most *powerful* and *fatal* narcotic vegetable *poisons.—Dr. C. A. Lee.*

"MR. CONDUCTOR, pray tell us how you hold these cars when you want them to stop," said a frightened lady while descending the almost perpendicular road from the Tiptop House on the White Mountains. "We apply the brake, madam." "Suppose the brake should give way, what then?" "We then apply the double-acting-brake." "But, Mr. Conductor, suppose that break should not be sufficient to stop the cars, where would we go then?" "Madam," said the conductor, solemnly, "I can't possibly decide. That depends entirely upon how we have lived in this world."

IT is no small gratification to me that I have seen and conversed with Mrs. Hannah More. She is indisputably the first literary female I ever met with; in part, no doubt, because she is a Christian.—*Coleridge.*

THERE is a prejudice in human kind against large ears. As the poet says: "Man wants but little ear below, nor wants that little long."

THE true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have an humble opinion of ourselves.

IF we waited until it was perfectly convenient, half of the good actions of life would never be accomplished.

LAWYER: "How do you identify this handkerchief?" Witness: "By its general appearance and the fact that I have others like it." Counsel ('cutely): "That's no proof, for I have got one just like it in my pocket." Witness (innocently): "I don't doubt that, as I had more than one of the same sort stolen."

A PROVERB is much matter decocted into few words.—*Dr. Fuller.*

THE lazy schoolboy who spelled Andrew Jackson "&ru Jaxon" has been equalled by a student who wished to mark half a dozen new shirts. He marked the first "John Jones" and the rest "do."

A CERTAIN man has a watch, which he says has gained enough to pay for itself in six months.

THE CONSTANT DOVE.

By Celia Thaxter.

THE white dove sat on the sunny eaves,
And "What will you do when the north wind grieves?"
She said to the busy nuthatch, small,
Tapping above in the gable tall.

He probed each crack with his slender beak,
And much too busy he was to speak;
Spiders, that thought themselves safe and sound,
And moths and flies and cocoons he found.

Oh! but the white dove she was fair,
Bright she shone in the autumn air,
Turning her head from the left to the right;
Only to watch her was such delight.

"Coo," she murmured, "poor little thing,
What will you do when the frosts shall sting?
Spiders and flies will be hidden or dead,
Snow underneath and snow overhead."

Nuthatch paused in his busy care:
"And what will *you* do, O white dove fair?"
"Oh, kind hands feed me with crumbs and grain,
And I wait with patience for spring again."

He laughed so loud that his laugh I heard,
How can you be such a stupid bird!
What are your wings for, tell me, pray,
But to bear you from tempests and cold away

"Merrily off to the South I fly,
In search of the summer, presently,
And warmth and beauty I'll find anew;
Why don't you follow the summer, too?"

But she cooed content on the sunny eaves,
And looked askance at the reddening leaves;
And grateful I whispered: "O white dove, true,
I'll feed you and love you the winter through."

PROHIBITION IS RIGHT.

NEARLY every religious, political, and secular paper we take up acknowledges the widespread desolation, misery, crime, and increased taxation resulting from the liquor-traffic, and confesses it would be for the best interests of society to close the dram-shop and suppress the traffic. The drink is neither necessary nor useful. It is evil, and only evil. It is pre-eminently right that it should be suppressed by law.

THE LITERAL BOY IN THE BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.

AMONG the scholars when Lamb and Coleridge attended was a poor clergyman's son, by the name of Simon Jennings. On account of his dismal and gloomy nature, his playmates had nicknamed him Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to the master, Dr. Boyer, and said, in his usual whimpering manner: "Please, Dr. Boyer, the boys call me Pontius Pilate." If there was one thing which old Boyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek and Latin, it was the practice of nicknaming. Rushing down among the scholars from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried, with his usual voice of thunder: "Listen, boys. The next time I hear any of you say 'Pontius Pilate' I'll cane you as long as this cane will last. You are to say 'Simon Jennings,' and not 'Pontius Pilate.' Remember that, if you value your hides." Having said this, Jupiter Tonans remounted Olympus, the clouds still hanging on his brow. Next day, when the same class were reciting the Catechism, a boy of a remarkably dull and literal turn of mind had to repeat the creed. He had got as far as "suffered under," and was about popping out the next word, when Boyer's prohibition unluckily flashed upon his obtuse mind. After a moment's hesitation, he blurted out: "Suffered under Simon Jennings, cruci—" The rest of the word was never uttered, for Boyer had already sprung like a tiger upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunate shoulders like a Norwegian hailstorm or an Alpine avalanche. When the irate Doctor had discharged his cane-storm upon him, he cried: "What do you mean, you booby, by such blasphemy?" "I only did as you told me," replied the simple-minded Christ-churchian. "Did as I told you?" roared old Boyer, now wound up to something above the boiling point. "What do you mean?" As he said this he again instinctively grasped his cane more furiously. "Yes, doctor, you said we were always to call 'Pontius Pilate' 'Simon Jennings.' Didn't he Sam?" appealed the unfortunate culprit to Coleridge, who was next to him. Sam said naught; but old Boyer, who saw what a dunce he had to deal with, cried: "Boy, you are a fool. Where are your brains?" Poor Doctor Boyer for a second time was floored, for the scholar said, with an earnestness that proved its truth, but to the intense horror of the learned potentate: "In my stomach, sir," The doctor always respected that boy's stupidity ever after, as though half afraid that a stray blow might be unpleasant.

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VII.

MORNING CALLS.

MRS. SUTCLIFFE was, in her way, a kind-hearted woman; but the wisest of all books tells us that none can "touch pitch and not be defiled," and the people and scenes where her life had passed, had infused a measure of hardness and cunning into a naturally generous nature. Cyril had worked at the accounts, made up rent books, and drawn out agreements for rooms and houses so well, that she began to think that instead of merely helping him she might make a good bargain out of him. His severe attack of cold, which at first had caused a fear that he would be a burden, as soon as she saw it yielded a little to treatment, seemed to her a very useful ally in her plan of keeping him quiet, and "under her thumb" as she called it.

She took away his clothes, as she said, "to have them seen to," and she used some little invalid cookery and extra attendance as pleas for an increase of charge to him, so that Cyril found himself at the end of a fortnight's work, when he courteously yet firmly insisted on having a settlement, rather in Mrs. Sutcliffe's debt, instead of having any money to receive. Yet when he said he must seek some employment that would pay him better, she said, "Don't you shut up one door till you gets another open. I'll look about and find you summat in the pen way, as you can do along of ours, until you gets straight and turns yourself a bit. I'm sure I'll do my best for you."

There was a calm determination in Cyril's manner, which was not without its influence on his landlady, while it must be owned her attention to him, and the fact that he was cut adrift from all but this rough-spoken, yet, as he thought, motherly kind of woman, had its weight with him.

Very reluctantly and suspiciously she brought him his clothes, brushed and mended, and as she did so murmured—

"I'm allays unlucky with this room. One and another comes and stays a bit, and runs in my debt, and then it's neither with yer leave nor by yer leave, off they goes."

"Mrs. Sutcliffe," said Cyril, "I should not think of making such a return to you after your kindness. My wish is, and my intention too, to pay you."

"Well, that's handsome on you. An' there's a house agent nigh hand, as we knows on, as wants a hand with his accounts, so don't you be a wandering about you don't know where, nor jining you don't know who; for there's lots o' sharks in London, with their jaws open for a grab, I can tell you."

The youth's only answer was a sigh, for he seemed "bound in shallows and in miseries." His reason for being so urgent was, as we have seen, that he intended to seek an interview with his sister, but of course he did not enter into any explanation.

It was not until he got into the open air that he found how ill he had really been; but though of a reflective, he was not of a desponding temperament, and as he walked on, taking a rather circuitous route towards Balliol House, he seemed to gain strength and spirits, so that he presented himself at the door, enquiring for Miss Lyndon, sent in a neatly written card with his name, in the full hope that he would be admitted.

He was shown into a little ante-chamber off the hall, and remained there some time; at length, when he began to think the servant had failed to take his card, the door opened, and a young lady in plain but deep mourning entered. She was very pale, and her manner as she first approached him was stiff and cold. He had risen, and stood hat in hand: but when their eyes met, the recognition was mutual, to the confusion of both, Annette particularly, who forgot the message she was charged with; while Cyril recalled the cottage scene, the music shop, and later still—but that the young lady did not know—the sick chamber. He was the first to speak.

"I am Julia's—Miss Lyndon's—brother. Can I see her for a few minutes?"

"Sir, I'm sorry to say—that is, I'm desired by Miss Rulien to tell you—that, by Mr. Gulper's desire" (Miss Lyndon's guardian), "you cannot be allowed to see her."

"Not see my sister, Miss Annette?" In his earnestness he spoke her name, and she looked up at him with both distress and surprise in her countenance, perhaps momentarily forgetting that her name had been uttered at the cottage; with a deep blush, which showed that she recalled the circumstances of their first meeting, she stammered out—

"I'm sorry—very sorry—indeed—but—"

"It's very cruel," interposed Cyril; "it's very unjust. Julia and I are orphans—surely a request for a few minutes' interview is not much for me to ask: Miss Rulien cannot mean to forbid it. Oh, Miss Annette—I beg pardon—Miss Braithwaite, a brother is not to be dismissed like a stranger."

"A brother—may be worse than any stranger," she replied in a low voice, her eyes filling with tears, and her lips quivering with suppressed sobs. All at once it flashed into Cyril's mind the sort of brother this young lady had, and he said involuntarily—

"I have done nothing that makes me unfit to see my sister, nothing disgraceful. Mr. Gulper has cast me off, because, warned by the fate of my fa—— of one dear both to me and to Julia, I resolved not to begin a course which, however fashionable and pleasant at first, leads in the end too often to shame and ruin." A voice behind him said—

"Miss Braithwaite, pray why are you waiting? Have you given my message?"

"She advanced, while speaking, to the bell, and a servant appearing, said, "Show this—person—out."—Page 127.

The words were spoken in a very measured tone, by a rigid-looking lady, who had entered the room unobserved, and who was, Cyril knew, Miss Rulien herself, and without further preface, for he was roused, he said—

"Madam, I am glad to have the opportunity of speaking to you. I intended to ask to see you, for I cannot think it possible that you refuse my seeing my sister."

"Quite possible, sir. In this house *we obey parents*, and guardians who are in the place of parents. I decidedly refuse your seeing Miss Lyndon; and she of course has no wish, none, to act contrary to Mr. Gulper's orders."

"Why, what am I accused of doing? It's most——"

"Oh, young man, I do not enter into any discussion with you. Your own conscience should tell you that ingratitude is the worst of vices; *cursing* your benefactor is so horrible a crime, that I tremble to utter it." She advanced, while speaking, to the bell, and a servant appearing, said, "Show this—person—out."

A haughty inclination of Miss Rulien's head, and a little tremulous curtsey, and furtive pitying glance of Miss Braithwaite's, were his dismissal.

He was so heated with the sense of injustice, that on quitting the house he walked on for some time rapidly, taking no note of his course, until he was brought up at the door of the music shop—and felt impelled to enter. They sold stationery, and out of the trifle which he had in his purse he bought materials, and asked permission to write a letter, which was granted. The wife of the shopkeeper was attending at the counter, and after he had written a brief but earnest letter to his sister, he ventured to ask if the situation was filled up, which he had seen advertised on a card in their window. The answer was—

"Oh, yes, a young gentleman with good testimonials has entered on it."

"Do they never take a teacher on trial?"

"Often, if they are well recommended, not otherwise. If you are seeking a situation, and bring your testimonials as to competency, character, and connexions, we could no doubt soon procure you a situation; we supply most of the schools in this neighbourhood with music, and there are a great many in the district."

He continued his enquiries only, as it seemed, to find that the way of an unknown, unfriended aspirant was hedged up; but one little good, as he thought, came out of his conversation with the music seller—she allowed him to have a letter addressed to him at her shop, and looking at his card as he gave it, said, while he added the address in his note—

"Oh, I know a young lady of the name of Lyndon; she is a good customer to us for music and drawing materials."

"My sister is at Balliol House," he said.

"Oh, I'm sure we will do anything to serve you."

"Would you give this letter into Miss Lyndon's hands?" he asked

eagerly, for he feared whether it would reach her by post; but to this request there was a polite, and indeed proper, negative.

"Why, sir, we cannot do that. The post takes letters so securely; and of course they're very particular about letters at ladies' schools."

He apologized and left, comforted a little at the thought that he had not been obliged to give the address of his mean lodging; and moreover that his future walks to the neighbourhood of the music shop might enable him to see his sister, whether his letter reached her or not—for he justly felt no one had a right to prevent him. Nor, it must be owned, were his thoughts only of his sister. It seemed to him strange that circumstances had so often brought him into the presence of Miss Braithwaite. He concluded, from her dress, that her mother was dead, and a feeling of sympathy, a yearning to be able to serve her, a strange idea that there was something similar in their sorrows, filled his mind, until he roused himself with an impatient sigh from his reverie, exclaiming, "I have lived by myself until I am getting foolish."

The fineness of the day tempted him onward, and he had some thought of calling at Gregory's cottage; but before he turned to the lane that led to the common where the cottage stood, he had to pass, at the junction of two roads, a large tavern, or "hotel" as it called itself, great gilded letters announcing "The Panther," and he remembered to have heard the name from Mrs. Gregory. A fence by some new buildings screening him, he paused awhile. A group of idlers were at the door, most of them with pipes in their mouths, and the dog-cart which he had before seen was waiting. A shabby kind of groom stood at the horse's head. At a glance he felt sure this groom was Gregory; and if he had any doubt, it was quickly set at rest; for a woman in a thin shawl, and her old bonnet pulled down over her face, came creeping up with a timid gesture, as if trying to avoid observation, and slinking round the off side of the vehicle, was evidently calling in a low tone to the man, who started, and then, stopping a moment in front of the horse's head, lifted up the hand which did not hold the reins, and shook it with a threatening gesture at her. After a moment he fumbled in his pocket, drew out something that Cyril thought was a coin, which he flung on the ground, and going back resumed his place at the other side of the horse—the poor woman meanwhile stooped and picked up what had been thrown at her, and hurried away as fast as weakness permitted. Meanwhile the attention of the loungers was given to a young man in the entry, who was making very elaborate adieux to a girl, so beringletted and bejewelled, that the poor besotted gazers, who kept their children shoeless and foodless, in order to help decorate her, were quite dazzled with the effect, and almost ready to utter a cheer as she kissed her hand to Mr. Archy Braithwaite; for he it was who, mounting the dog-cart, took the reins, Gregory jumping up beside him.

Cyril, from his retreat, made his mental comments on this scene; looking from the tawdry barmaid, his eyes followed the footsteps of the wretched wife, as, cold and faint, she was making her way towards town, and not in the direction of her cottage.

But the adventures of the morning were by no means over. Coming out into the main road, and looking after the retreating dog cart, he saw a carriage that he instantly knew as Mr. Gulper's approaching, and before he decided whether, if that gentleman was inside, he should bow to him or not, he saw a recognition between the occupants of the brougham and the dog-cart, and to his surprise young Braithwaite, tossing the reins to Gregory, alighted and entered Mr. Gulper's carriage, which bowled past Cyril, who distinctly saw a cordial greeting was being exchanged.

This gave our youth enough to think of. It was no use going onwards to the cottage, so he turned his footsteps towards his lodging. Evidently Braithwaite looked different now to the vile object Cyril had once seen, but that sight remained in his memory; and though he knew, to his sorrow, that Mr. Gulper dearly loved his quiet glass, and hated all who censured it, yet he was surprised that he had any intimacy with one who must be known as a drunkard.

Pondering this matter made his reverie so deep, as he turned absently into the narrow streets, that it was with a shock he was aroused by loud shouts, and looking up startled, saw a runaway horse with a gig behind it turning a corner short, and coming full upon him. He made an instantaneous dart forward, and caught the bridle with a sudden vigorous grasp of both hands, which checked the horse back on its haunches, and the servant, dropping down behind, ran instantly to Cyril's aid; and the creature, panting and trembling, stood still while the gentleman in the gig, jumping out, attempted with hearty thanks to shake Cyril's hand; but the latter, in trying to do so, gave a hasty gasp of pain—his hand fell at his side—he had dislocated his left wrist.

The bystanders, many of whom justly said he had risked his life in so fronting the horse, conveyed him into a chemist's shop, the gentleman entering with him; and as Cyril looked up, he recognized Dr. Studley. Seeing the concern on the good doctor's face, he said, "Oh, it's not much."

"But it might have been very much to me." Then, looking hard at Cyril, he added, "Do I know you? I see so many faces."

"I merely called you once, sir, to a lady in Upper East Terrace."

"Well, I shall know you for the future. You've done me a great service. As soon as I put this wrist right, I'll take you to your home." Poor Cyril felt a pang almost as great as the wrench of his wrist, when he gave the name of his abode, and all the self-restraint of the Doctor could not repress a look of surprise as he said, "Do *you* lodge at Sutcliffe the broker's?"

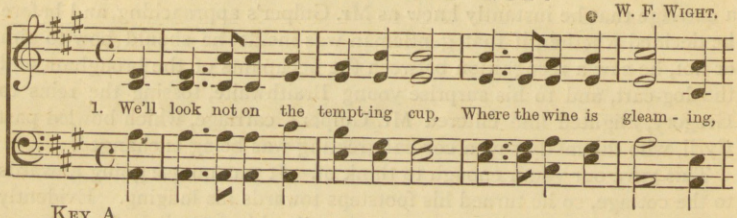
"For the present," was the answer, with a sigh.

"Come with me to my house awhile; it's nearer, and you can walk with me there," said Dr. Studley, evidently interested.

(To be continued).

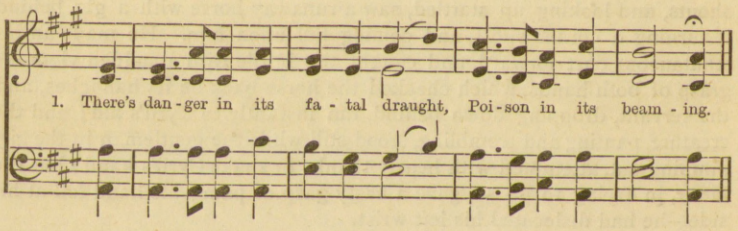
THE TEMPTING CUP.

W. F. Wight.

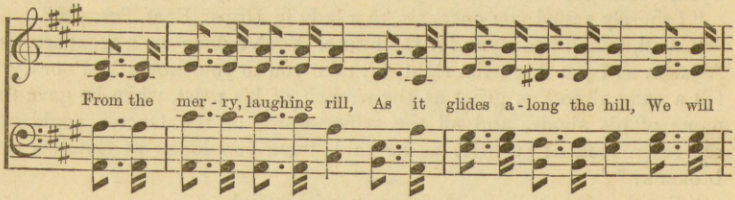


Key A.

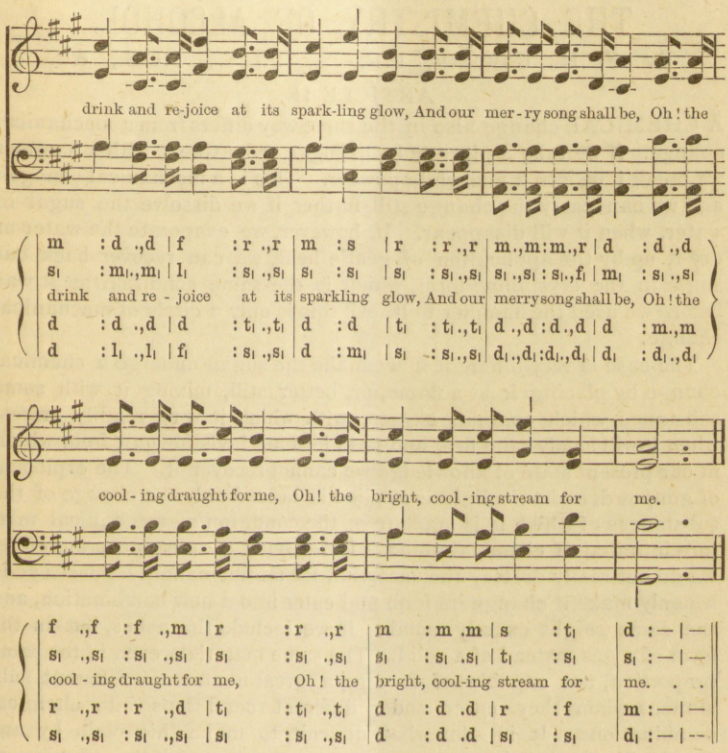
: s$_1$	s$_1$:-.d$_1$ | d$_1$: d$_1$	t$_1$: r$_1$ | r$_1$: —	r$_1$:-.r$_1$ | d$_1$: r$_1$	m$_1$: — | d$_1$		
2. We'll	touch it not, the	ru - by wine,	All our sen - ses	steal - ing;		
: m$_1$	m$_1$:-.m$_1$ | m$_1$: s$_1$	s$_1$: s$_1$ | s$_1$: —	s$_1$:-.s$_1$ | s$_1$: s$_1$	s$_1$: — | m$_1$		
: d$_1$	d$_1$:-.d$_1$ | d$_1$: m$_1$	r$_1$: t$_1$ | t$_1$: —	t$_1$:-.t$_1$ | d$_1$: t$_1$	d$_1$: — | s$_1$		
3. Say,	would ye wear the	rose of health,	Bro - ther, son, and	daugh-ter?		
: d$_1$	d$_1$:-.d$_1$ | d$_1$: d$_1$	s$_1$: s$_1$ | s$_1$: —	s$_1$:-.s$_1$ | m$_1$: s$_1$	d$_1$: — | d$_1$		



: s$_1$	s$_1$:-.d$_1$ | d$_1$: d$_1$	t$_1$: r$_1$ | r$_1$: f$_1$	m$_1$:-.r$_1$ | d$_1$: m$_1$	r$_1$: — | d$_1$		
2. It	chills the heart, des-	troys the brain,	Drowns each nobler	feel - ing.		
: m$_1$	m$_1$:-.m$_1$ | m$_1$: s$_1$	s$_1$: s$_1$ | s$_1$: —	s$_1$:-.f$_1$ | m$_1$: s$_1$	f$_1$: — | m$_1$		
: d$_1$	d$_1$:-.d$_1$ | d$_1$: m$_1$	r$_1$: t$_1$ | t$_1$: r$_1$	d$_1$:-.t$_1$ | d$_1$: d$_1$	t$_1$: — | d$_1$		
3. Then	shun the bright, de-	cep - tive bowl,	Drink the pure cold	wa - ter.		
: d$_1$	d$_1$:-.d$_1$ | d$_1$: d$_1$	s$_1$: s$_1$ | s$_1$: —	d$_1$:-.r$_1$ | m$_1$: d$_1$	s$_1$: — | d$_1$		



: s$_1$.,s$_1$	d .,d : d .,d | d	: t$_1$.,d	r .,r : r .,r | r	: r .,r		
: m$_1$.,m$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$: s$_1$.,s$_1$ | s$_1$	: f$_1$.,m$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:fe$_1$.,fe$_1$ | s$_1$	: s$_1$.,s$_1$		
From the	mer-ry, laughing rill,	As it	glides a-long the hill,	We will		
: d .,d	m .,m : m .,m | d	: s$_1$.,d	t$_1$.,t$_1$: l$_1$.,l$_1$ | t$_1$	: t$_1$.,t$_1$		
: d$_1$.,d$_1$	d$_1$.,d$_1$: d$_1$.,d$_1$ | m$_1$	: r$_1$.,d$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$: r$_1$.,r$_1$ | s$_1$	: s$_1$.,s$_1$		



GRIEF BANISHED BY WINE.

BY SIR W. A'BECKETT.

GRIEF banished by wine will come again,
And come with a deeper shade,
Leaving, perchance, on the soul a stain
Which sorrow hath never made.
Then fill not the tempting glass for me,
If mournful, I will not be mad;
Better sad, because we are sinful, be,
Than sinful because we are sad.

THE CHEMISTRY OF ALCOHOL.

BY F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &c.

ARTICLE II.

A CHEMICAL change also in the same way differs from a mechanical change. If we take a piece of lump sugar and strike it with a hammer we break it up into a fine white powder. This is a mechanical change: and we can carry the change still further if we dissolve the sugar in water, when it will disappear. If, however, we evaporate the water or dry it up by the application of gentle heat, we can recover back our sugar in the crystalline form, which is the same condition as it was before we used the hammer to it. All this is only a circle of mechanical change.

The case is very different if we make the sugar undergo a chemical change by placing it in a flame, or, better still, mixing it with some substance which contains oxygen, with which it very readily unites, when it will easily take fire, and pass into an invisible gas, from which in our present state of knowledge we cannot recover it. The explosion of gunpowder when a light is applied is indeed only the change of the substances of which it is made from the condition of mechanical mixture into that of chemical union. If we burn a substance, therefore, we do not really destroy the material, for matter cannot be destroyed; we only make it change its form and enter into a new combination, and the same weight exactly remains if we include the ashes, but in the form of a gas instead of a solid. The same materials, even in the same proportion, are capable of forming a great number of different substances when they enter under different conditions into chemical combinations. It is somewhat difficult to make this plain by any simple illustration, but we can gain some idea of it by referring to words and letters again. Let us take the letters E, I, L, and V, which are four in number, and which we can arrange into a word, LIVE, which means the act of living. We can also, however, arrange them into several different orders, when we shall obtain not one, but four different meanings. Thus:—

LIVE—the act of living.
EVIL—the opposite of good.
VILE—low, wicked, or mean.
VEIL—a covering for the face.

And we might arrange them further into a considerable number of other positions, which would be really unpronounceable words, to which we could attach no meaning.

If we take a longer word, we have of course a far greater variety; and if the word is long enough, can not only make another or other words, but even sentences. Thus out of the word MISREPRESENTATION we can make, by a re-arrangement of the letters, SIMON PETER IN TEARS, which is very different, and conveys a very different meaning

to our minds. In nature we see the same thing. A very few elements differently arranged, and in different proportions, compose the great portion of the complicated structures of plants and animals, and while in the mineral world we find a greater variety of simple substances entering into the composition of the various bodies, they are more simple in their structure than those which are formed by the action of life, and are thus called organic.

Charcoal or carbon, which must be familiar to all, and two invisible gases, oxygen and hydrogen, which, when united, form water, are the chief elements out of which all organic substances are formed, and these are the three substances which, when united in certain proportions, form alcohol. There is one other body, nitrogen, which is also an invisible gas, and which forms the greater portion of the air we breathe, which is of equal importance in the organic world, but since it does not enter into the composition of alcohol, we need not say anything further respecting it. The first three, however, require special notice.

Carbon, or charcoal, occurs in nature mostly in combination with other substances ; but it is also found pure and crystallised in the form of the diamond, and also as a mineral called graphite or plumbago, which is better known to the great majority of people as black lead, out of which pencils are manufactured, although it does not contain any lead whatever. In union with oxygen, it is found in the atmosphere in small quantities as carbonic acid, which is a heavy, invisible gas, and when breathed without mixture with air in considerable quantities causes death to animals, while it serves as food for plants, which obtain the bulk of their carbon from this source ; and thus by taking it out of the air, purify and render the air fit to breathe. It also forms one of the materials out of which limestone, chalk, and other rocks are formed. In union with hydrogen, it constitutes the chief part of coal, and also of all solid vegetable and animal structures, so much so that one of the readiest methods of procuring carbon is to heat wood or coal in an enclosed retort, when its compounds with hydrogen pass off in the form of gas, while charcoal or coke remains behind. We can also obtain it in the form of soot from all light-giving flames, and the smoke of our mill chimneys is only very finely divided carbon, which is carried upward from the furnace in the current of heated gases. In its pure state, except when in the form of the diamond, carbon is a black, dull, solid, with no smell and no taste. It takes fire very easily when a light is applied, and burns with a bright glow, without any smoke, and with considerable heat. Even the diamond, if raised to a sufficiently high temperature, will take fire and burn. When carbon burns it enters into chemical union with the oxygen of the air, and forms carbonic acid. Carbon can also enter in combination with many other substances, and along with oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen forms an enormous number of vegetable and animal compounds.

(*To be continued.*)

ROCKED BY THE ANGEL OF DEATH TO SLEEP.

BY T. H. EVANS.

YES, yes, we have lost her, she's gone from us now,
Though only five summers have passed o'er her brow;
I thought we should lose her, almost from her birth,
For there seemed more of Heaven about her, than earth.
She showed so much gentleness, sweetness, and grace,
She never appeared to belong to the place.
It does seem so strange, not to see her about,
It looks just as if some great light had gone out;
It makes the room seem such a different place,
To go all the day without seeing her face.
But she knew no path where the sun ever shone,
So after all, p'raps, it is well that she's gone.
But we haven't quite lost our dear little one, yet,
For yonder she lies, pretty motionless pet.
Don't she look lovely? Oh! do come and peep!
Oh! what a flower for death's sickle to reap!
Sweetly reposing in slumber so deep,
Rocked by the Angel of Death to sleep.

Oh! how it would ease my poor heart of its pain,
To hear her sing one of her sweet hymns again;
But there, it is useless, p'raps wicked, to long,
For she's singing on high a more beautiful song.
She said when she died, in a whisper so low,—
"I'm glad you've 'signed,' father, I'm ready to go.
I shall see Jesus soon, on that beautiful shore,
And I'll tell Him you've said you won't drink any more."
Then she kissed his poor hand, and tried once more to speak
As a tiny tear stole down each beautiful cheek;
One long, lingering look, as she heavily sighed,
Then closing her bright eyes, she fell back and died.
But why should I mourn her? oh! why should I weep?
She's gone her sweet promise with Jesus to keep.
Don't she look beautiful? Do come and peep!
Oh! what a flower for death's sickle to reap!
Sweetly reposing in slumber so deep,
Rocked by the Angel of Death to sleep.

"POOR CHILD, SHE KNEW MUCH OF EARTH'S TROUBLE AND STRIFE,
HAD MORE THAN HER SHARE OF THE CONFLICT OF LIFE;
FOR A HOME THAT'S BY DRUNKENNESS ROBB'D AND DEFILED,
IS AT BEST A SAD PLACE FOR A DEAR LITTLE CHILD."—Page 136.

Poor child, she knew much of earth's trouble and strife,
Had more than her share of the conflict of life ;
For a home that's by Drunkenness robb'd and defiled,
Is at best a sad place for a dear little child.
All sunless and dark were her little life's hours,
Her tiny wan hands never plucked the wild flowers ;
She gained not from earth all her sunshine and love,
It came through her heart straight from Heaven above.
She had not a playmate to cheer her, poor child,
She said they were always too rough, and too wild.
As for toys, she'd a doll, but nothing beside,—
Poor tattered old thing, 'twas her little heart's pride.
There it is, look ! nestling down by her side,
In just the same place that it was when she died.
Don't she look lovely? Oh ! do come and peep !
Oh ! what a flower for death's sickle to reap !
Sweetly reposing in slumber so deep,
Rocked by the Angel of Death to sleep.

MESSENGERS OF MERCY.

BY ANNIE CLEGG.

It is said that a wounded soldier in one of the hospitals of Scutari was observed to kiss the shadow of the benevolent Miss Nightingale as she passed to relieve the sufferers.

HE kissed her shadow as she passed,
And oh, what love was there !
What love, combined with reverence,
For her so young and fair!

For she was fair, yea, passing fair,
In all the light of love ;
And to that wounded man she seemed
An angel from above.

And so might more, how many more !
Be angels if they would,
By gathering up earth's broken hearts,
And healing them with good.

The mighty good we *all* can give
In soothing words for fears,
In quiet acts of tenderness,
In sympathising tears ;

Till from earth's cup of misery
Some drops should be exprest,
And treasured up in grateful hearts,
Our memory would be blest.

PROHIBITION A DUTY.

GOVERNMENT is ordained to establish justice, protect society, and advance the general good. There is no injustice greater than the liquor-traffic, no evil so great from which society is to be protected. The "greatest good to the greatest number" demands the entire and absolute suppression of the dram-shop. It is both the right and duty of the Government to dry up these fountains of iniquity, and to stop the "sum of all villanies."

FIRST ENGLISH POEM SET TO MUSIC.

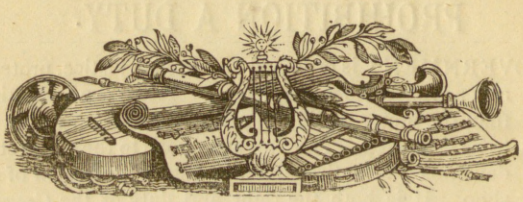
THE following old English poem is said to have been the first English song ever set to music. It was written about the year 1300, and was first discovered in one of the Harleian manuscripts, now in the British Museum :—

"APPROACH OF SUMMER.

"Summer is i-comen in,
Lhude sing cuccu ;
Groweth fed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu.
Sing cuccu.

"Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu ;
Bulluc sterteth, buck verteth :
Mur'e sing cuccu :
Cuccu, cuccu ;
Wel singes the cuccu ;
Ne swik thow nawer nu.
Sing cuccu nu,
Sing cuccu."

The following is a literal modern prose version : "Summer is coming. Loudly sing cuckoo. Groweth feed and bloweth meed and springeth the wood now. Ewe bleateth after lamb, loweth cow after calf; bullock starteth, buck verteth"—*i.e.*, harboreth among the ferns—"merrily sing cuckoo ! Well singest thou, cuckoo. Nor cease to sing now. Sing, cuckoo, now ; sing, cuckoo !"

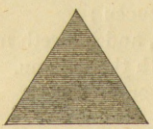


THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By THE REV. JOHN JONES, London, (late of Liverpool).

CHAPTER VII.

LIQUORDOM is distinguished by its Heraldry as well as by its Language. The skill of the artist has been called in, and various, and sometimes beautiful, trade-devices or marks have been selected by the different large and oppulent firms of brewers and distillers, in order to the advancement or protection of their business. On examination we shall find them very suggestive, and from an abstainer's point of view very appropriate also. We shall now give a sample of them to the readers of ONWARD.

I. THE PYRAMID  . This is the trade-mark of Bass, the great brewer, whose Bitter Ale is handed round the civilized world with very bitter results. The Pyramid is to be seen in all the towns of the kingdom, duly framed and exhibited in the windows or on the walls of the public-house. Now the Pyramid is the symbol of *antiquity*, and thus fittingly represents the hoary years of Liquordom. This is one of the most solemn considerations in connection with drunkenness, viz., its remote antiquity. Its public records commence with the days of Noah, and run on through the ages down to this nineteenth century of the Christian dispensation. Great Britain has figured in history for nearly two thousand years, but the national sin through all these years is the loathsome and debasing sin of intemperance. When the Romans first landed fifty years before the dawn of Christianity, they found the barbarous natives of Britain addicted to this evil habit. If these first invaders of our islands were to come back from the dead to revisit our shores, they would find the now civilized and Christianized natives still steeped in drunkenness. How many must have perished through those

by-gone centuries? Suppose we could empty Great Britain to-day of its thirty million of inhabitants, we could re-people it with perished drunkards could we but awake the sleeping dust. We might empty it once again, and again re-people it—and still again and again. Oh! how sad will be that final morning in relation to this highly-favoured land. Better, far better, that the Archangel's blast be never given, for its voice shall but indicate the day of doom to countless myriads who now lie beneath the soil of these islands as the victims of strong drink. When we go forth to fight our great battle of Temperance let us remember the *Pyramid*, and thus call to mind the vast antiquity of Liquordom and how its reign stretches back to the very dawn of history. Yes, the drunkard stalks forth, as it were, from the very cradle of the human race. His form was familiar when Moses went forth from Egypt, when Solomon reigned in splendour, when Homer sang his lofty strains, and when Plato taught philosophy. But we take heart from this very fact of its antiquity, for surely we may say in the exulting words of inspiration—"The night is far spent: the day is at hand."

II. The Hand . This is a well-known trade-mark in Liquordom, and is conspicuous in the windows of the publicans as is the Pyramid. This is also a very suggestive and appropriate piece of Heraldry. What an influence upon the "hand" has the accursed drink. The hand of man is a noble member of his body, and is one part of the wonderful mechanism which raises him above the brute; but Liquordom degrades it and renders it an instrument of evil. There are two kinds of hand characteristic of Liquordom, viz., the *Idle Hand* and the *Violent Hand*. Go to the manufactory or the workshop on Monday morning, but where is the workman? Ah! he is an idler to-day. Liquordom is demanding a holiday in honour of Saint Monday, and not unlikely Saint Tuesday will be equally recognised; and while the idler is away the work of the manufactory is at a stand-still and the family are starving at home, all through an idle hand. See that woman's face—she is the drunkard's wife—her eye is blackened and closed, her cheek is swollen and bruised,—it is the violent hand which Liquordom has called into play that has done this. Let us go in for abolishing both the idle and violent hand together by abolishing Liquordom. *(To be continued.)*

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"THE local effects of alcohol are those of a powerful irritant and *caustic poison*."—*Professor Pereira.*

IN these days of hydrophobic fever it is refreshing to read a sensible bit of advice, such as comes from a New Orleans paper. A timid correspondent wanted to know "how to tell a mad dog," and the editor made the following suggestion: "We don't know what he wants to tell him, but the safest way would be to communicate to the dog in writing. Send the letter from a gun, in the shape of wadding, followed by small shot, to see if he gets it."

"NEITHER a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loseth both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man." —*Shakespeare.*

"OH! Ma, Ma, Johnny's got the urn and is spilling Pa's ashes over the floor." "Oh! what a naughty Johnny! Get the feather duster and sweep your poor father right up."

"OUR to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build;
Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen." —*Longfellow.*

A SCHOOLBOY, being requested to write a composition upon the subject of "Pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher. And the boy replied: "Why, by not swallowing them." This matches the story of the other boy, who defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."

"ACTION is the end of all thought, but to act justly and effectively, you must think wisely."—*Lord Stanley.*

"DO your duty and leave the rest to God."—*R. Cecil.*

"CARLYLE is like pickles; only a little of him can be tasted with any relish at a time."—*Dr. Mackay.*

"NIGHT brings out the stars, as sorrows show us truths."—*Bailey.*

A CALIFORNIA paper, having obtained a new subscriber, records the startling fact in a half-column article, headed: "Still another! Our Course Endorsed by the People!"

"SOCIETY is built upon trust, and trust upon confidence of one another's integrity."—*Dr. Smith.*

DARWIN acknowledged himself sold when his little niece asked him, seriously, what a cat has that no other animal has. He gave it up after mature deliberation, and then the sly little puss answered: "Kittens."

THE Danbury *News* remarks that "the dearest object to a married man should be his wife; but it is not infrequently her clothes."

THE WOEFUL WEDDING.

BY THE REV. THOS. JARRATT.

"OH, grandfather, do please tell us one of your stories while we rest awhile on this soft sunny bank."

"I will, my dears, but it will not be a very cheerful one; for my mind is filled with sadness as I remember that it is just ten years this very day since the principal character in my story met his death near this spot" :—

John Somers was a fine young man, strong, hearty, intelligent, and cheerful. He was the pride and joy of his widowed mother, who thought nothing was too good and no labour too heavy which would minister to his enjoyment. She taught him in early life to attend the house of prayer, and as he grew to manhood his strong arm assisted his mothers' feeble footsteps as they wended their way thither every Sabbath day.

Ah me ! but it was a beautiful sight to see the young man so thoughtful of his old mother, and I doubt not the owner of many a pair of bright eyes thought so too, and concluded that if he made such a good son he would surely make a good husband.

As might be expected, therefore, not a little envy was excited among the village maidens when it became known that Annie Turner had secured John's affections, and was now his affianced bride.

Annie was the only child of a substantial farmer in the neighbourhood, who was well known at all the villages round as a conscientious dealer, and, at the same time, as a jolly companion over the wine at the market dinners.

In this case the old proverb proved false, for "the course of true love did run smooth." Farmer Turner liked John for his industrious habits and his cheerful good humour, and Widow Somers loved Annie for her sweet disposition, her neatness, and modest beauty. Of course, it will be unnecessary to say that John and Annie loved each other, for the reason that each looked upon the other as the pink of perfection.

At length the wedding-day drew near, and with it much bustle at the farm-house. What consultations there were about cookery and crockery, dresses and dinners. Nevertheless, all these things have an end, and

at last the eventful day arrived which the lovers fondly hoped would complete their earthly happiness. Everybody said what a beautiful couple they were. The bridegroom looked handsomer than ever; and the bride—well I will not attempt a description: suffice it to say, she was lovely as a poet's vision. The vows were made, the blessing was given, and the happy pair once more returned to the farm-house.

Now a scene of jollity began. Friends far and near had been invited to partake of the farmer's good cheer, and to drink his wine and home brewed ale in honour of the newly married pair. Farmer Turner set the example and drank freely and pressed it upon his friends. The bridegroom, happy and excited, did the same, but not with the same result. His father-in-law took his drink without any perceptible difference in his conduct or appearance; but John's face began to flush, his tongue to utter nonsense, and his limbs refused to obey his will as readily as they were wont to do. Suppressed laughter and low jests were called forth by these indications of drunkenness.

The farmer therefore led his son-in-law out into the fresh air, to chide him for his folly, and with the hope that the change would sober him a little.

John retorted angrily at being rebuked, and loudly asserted his sobriety and his capability of taking care of his own character. Finding his remonstrances useless at present, the farmer left him alone in the field to recover his senses, and hastened back to his guests.

John staggered aimlessly about for a while, muttering incoherent jargon, and presently stumbled and fell.

Meanwhile the wedding party were enjoying themselves, and after a time remarks were made upon the continued absence of the bridegroom.

Search was made, and at length he was discovered lying outstretched with his face and half his body immersed in a shallow brook that ran at the bottom of the field close to the house. They raised him up quickly; but ah! it was too late—the vital spark had fled. Death had claimed the proud and happy bridegroom of a few hours ago; and another victim had been slain by the drink fiend.

And what of the beautiful bride?

Alas! she still lives in yonder lunatic asylum, and calls in vain for the husband of her youth.

My dear children, learn from my story to avoid strong drink as you would a serpent, then one great stumbling block in the pathway of your life's happiness will be effectually removed.

"WINE IS A MOCKER, STRONG DRINK IS RAGING."

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

WINE is a mocker; would'st thou take
Unto thy heart a treacherous friend,
To flatter thee with honeyed lips,
Yet cause thy *ruin* in the end?

Wine is a mocker; would'st thou choose
A *mocker*, in thy trusting youth,
To cheat thee of thy hopes of heaven,
To lead thee far from hope and truth?

Wine is a mocker; touch it not;
It leads to want, and crime, and woe;
Down, *downward ever* is its path,
Where sorrow's waves *for ever* flow.

Strong drink is raging; deeds of blood,
Red-handed, follow in its train.
Drink, and the *fiends* shall wait on thee,
And nerve thy hand, and fire thy brain.

Strong drink is raging; would'st thou know
The choicest blessings life can give?
Touch, taste not, handle not the cup,
Keep God's commands, and *thou shalt live*.

SALT WATER.

JINKS, the milkman, one morning forgot to water his milk. In the hall of one of his customers on his rounds, the sad omission flashed upon Jinks's wounded feelings. A large tub of clean water stood on the floor by his side, No eye was upon him, and thrice did Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub, before the maid brought up the jugs.

Jinks served her, and went on. While he was bellowing down the next area the first customer's footman beckoned him from the door. Jinks returned and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk. "Jinks," said his lordship. "My lord," replied Jinks. "Jinks," continued his lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would henceforth bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me to mix them myself." "Well, my lord, its useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship watched me while——." "No," interrupted the nobleman; "the fact is, that my children bathe at home, Jinks, and *the tub in the hall was full of sea water*."

DEATH LEADS THE DANCE.

YOUNG.

WHEN against reason riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense,
Then foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die,
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORKING OFF TROUBLE.

WHEN Cyril accompanied Dr. Studley to his house, he was in the deepest stage of dejection that he had yet experienced. Everything seemed against him. Physical weakness after cold and privation, and the shock of the morning's accident, may have had much to do in distressing him; but far beyond all was the thought that his sister was being set against him, that he was stigmatized as ungrateful and profane,—his use of the word "accursed," so justly applied to the drink, being perverted into a personal epithet used to Mr. Gulper. The evident disgust of Miss Rulien, most likely he thought shared by Miss Braithwaite, all tortured him. There is no time of life when sensitive people are unmoved by misrepresentation; but in youth the sense of injustice is most keen, belief in truth and goodness is shaken. It needs a fixed and lofty faith in a higher and immutable court of appeal against human prejudice, where all wrongs are righted, and where, if immediate deliverance is not granted, sustaining grace is bestowed, to bear bravely on through good and evil report. Seldom is this power possessed by any but long-tried and advanced Christians. Cyril Lyndon was but a young and feeble disciple, feeling his way amid darkness and trouble, so that it was no wonder that he was overwhelmed with gloom, and replied to Dr. Studley's few enquiries moodily.

The doctor was not only a busy, but a sharp-speaking man, who seemed as he was—pre-occupied; and Cyril was not able to open his mind to him, so only a brief dialogue took place.

"How is it you live at Sutcliffe's?"

"Because I have nowhere else to live."

"What do you do to maintain yourself?"

"I have been used to writing and keeping accounts, and while I was ill I paid Mrs. Sutcliffe for lodging and attendance in that way."

If Dr. Studley then purposed making any further enquiries, he was cut short by being called to a patient. So having ordered a meal to be served to Cyril, and ordered that a cab should be sent for to take him to his lodging, with a desire that he should keep quiet, and promising to call and see him shortly, the youth was left in the doctor's surgery to the attentions of a man servant, who, having glanced critically at Cyril's boots, made up his mind that he need not be very ceremonious; but finding our youth disinclined to talk, began whistling, while Cyril made some attempts at eating; and then, with a feeling of relief, entered the cab provided, and was once more in the shelter of his garret. Mrs. Sutcliffe, as she saw that his coat-sleeve had been ripped from his bandaged arm, exclaimed—

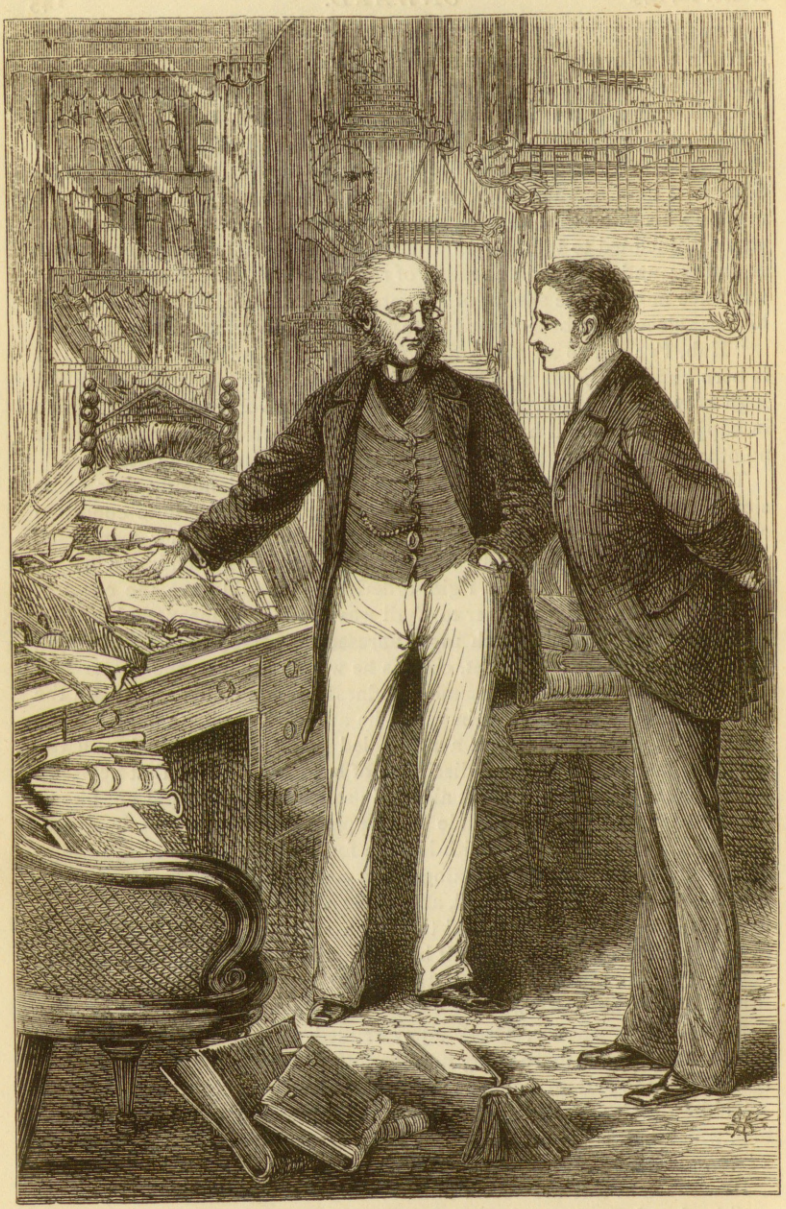
"Hah, I've sed so all along, an' I'm certing sure on it. You're wun as is born hunder a hunlucky planet. You've the look of it, which it's in the high brows as shows it, so it's no good to 'xpect no other," a verdict which in happier days would have caused a smile at her credulity; now he made no other answer than, "If so, Mrs. Sutcliffe, I must make the best of it."

The next day Dr. Studley called, and the officious landlady took occasion, before showing him upstairs, to expatiate on the destitute condition and friendlessness of her lodger, and somehow infused her own belief into the doctor's mind, that he had run away from his friends,—a notion which, once entertained by a rigid, orderly man, would have the effect of prejudicing him. His manner to Cyril was not by any means unkind, but it was so distant, that a much more unreserved person than Cyril would have been repelled by it. Yet, cold as he was in manner, the doctor had not a cold heart; he often assumed coldness to hide compassion. In the course of the following week, in which he attended Cyril, he made up his mind that he had to deal with a self-willed youth, who would be all the better ultimately for the stern discipline of hardship, and yet that he would by no means leave him without aid. He saw that Cyril would not like to be rewarded for his promptitude in stopping the horse by a money gift. However, as he had worked with his pen for the Sutcliffes, he resolved to employ the youth to make a catalogue of a very valuable medical and scientific library which he possessed, and while doing this work, which would take time, the doctor determined to keep a strict eye on him, and regulate his future efforts on Cyril's behalf by the opinion he should form of him.

One thing it must be owned startled Dr. Studley. He learned from Mrs. Sutcliffe that Cyril was what she called "a totaller," to which, after a few moments' silence, Dr. Studley replied, speaking as if to himself, "That accounts for there being no inflammation, and so little general disturbance of the system from the accident."

"If he didn't fret, and hadn't took sich a 'fluenzey as he brought with him, which he's come from no-one-knows-wear-all, he'd not be weak; he's a strong build, but his planet seems again him."

How much of this the doctor understood could not be said. He waited until he found Cyril one day over some account books, brought by Mrs. Sutcliffe from the neighbouring house-agent, and then he said—



"SUPPOSING I GAVE YOU WORK TO ARRANGE AND CATALOGUE MY BOOKS."—Page 147.

"If you really wish, young man, to occupy your pen in regular employment, I think I can give it to you."

There was something grated on Cyril's ear in, '*if*,' as though the doctor doubted him, and he replied, "Certainly, I want regular employment; there's no '*if*' in the case."

"Supposing I gave you work to arrange and catalogue my books, I should expect you to be regular at the hours I appoint, and attend to my directions. I cannot take you into my house—I have no accommodation for more than my present household."

Cyril's cheek flushed crimson; he concluded instantly that he was not exactly thought fit to be received as an inmate; in that he was wrong. A man who trusted him among valuable books would not doubt his honesty; but Cyril was sensitive, and he replied with less interest than he felt—

"Sir, I should do my work as well as I could, and not attempt to intrude. I would rather keep my own lodging."

He looked round a moment, and the doctor's eyes followed his in a rapid glance at the poor abode.

"You have been used to a different dwelling, young man?"

Cyril did not trust himself to speak, he felt choking, and Dr. Studley added, "And you will soon get one more comfortable, if you choose to try."

Mrs. Sutcliffe's voice on the stairs cut short any further conversation. Writing hastily in pencil on a card "Nine o'clock next Monday," Cyril was left alone.

He determined to make one more effort to see his sister before he entered on the work at the doctor's, and then if he failed he resolved to work hard and live hard—he scarcely cared how hard—until he could save up money to emigrate as a steerage passenger to some distant land, he did not care where.

With this determination he took the advantage of a fine evening to walk out, carrying his lame arm in a sling, to the music shop, in the forlorn hope that an answer to his letter might be there for him, and for the first time since he had been there before his heart glowed as a letter was put into his hand. Thanking the lady, who kindly enquired the nature of his hurt, and who really compassionated his pale and melancholy looks, he left, and walked quickly homeward with the letter safe in his breast pocket. He felt stronger and happier, poor fellow, when he hastened up with his tiny lamp to his garret, and as soon as he had closed his door opened his treasure; all he saw was his own letter, with one line outside, "All communication forbidden."

There was no one to witness his sorrow, so he freely gave way to it. "Oh, Julia, how can our dear mother's child be so hard?"

The memory of that mother's tenderness increased his anguish. As soon as he was a little composed he scrutinized the handwriting, which at first he had taken for Julia's, but now he doubted it, and justly, for often ladies write so alike—particularly when taught under one system—that a

greater expert than Cyril would find it difficult to decide. He readily caught at the shred of hope which just fluttered in the thought, "Julia has known nothing of my letter: she has not written this." On the Saturday he fairly surprised Mrs. Sutcliffe with the way he worked, and she by her obsequiousness showed that all fear of her lodger not earning enough to pay for his simple meals and humble room had departed. He told her he should be out, he supposed, twelve hours daily for some time, but would have overtime both in the morning and at night for any work she brought him. Then having explained so much, he was deaf to the many queries she plied him with, and very decidedly refused her invitation to take "a bit of supper along of her and Sutcliffe to cheer him up."

"I want nothing to cheer me up but work; company depresses me," he said, with which reply she was forced to be content. And as it was the custom of Mr. Sutcliffe to make late hours over his "bit of supper on Saturdays," the house was of course wrapped in heavy slumbers until late on Sunday morning. Cyril had not gone to a place of worship for some time. He was independent of any one to provide his breakfast: a small loaf was in his cupboard, and he had waylaid a passing milkman for a measure of milk, and so was out to attend service. He had not planned to go to the church where the pupils of Balliol House went. But it happened that their district church was undergoing repairs, and they attended for the time a chapel-of-ease where a celebrated preacher whom Cyril wished to hear officiated, and from the seat in the gallery which the youth was shown into he saw under the gallery immediately opposite several rows of young ladies, in the front being Miss Rulien, and next her—therefore with her side face to him—was his sister. Whether they ever looked up he did not know. He honestly tried to think more of the place he was in, and the spirit of devotion, which is true worship, public or private; yet he was not quite successful in restraining his thoughts, or a wandering glance now and then towards the group. It was by no means his wish to be seen, and he thought he had escaped observation. Certainly the party from Balliol House prevented his noticing any others of the congregation and it was not until the service was nearly over that, on turning his head, he saw in a seat near him, and with his eyes fixed on the opposite group, a fine young man dressed in deep mourning, and with a bearing so staid and an aspect so melancholy, that for an instant Cyril could not believe his eyes that it was Archy Braithwaite; yet a second glance assured him it was, and as if to prevent the possibility of doubt, he had full confirmation on leaving the church. Braithwaite's pew was nearer the door than that in which Cyril had sat, and the young man had left his place quickly, so that as Cyril was descending the stairs, and saw the confluence of the congregation meet in the vestibule below, he noticed that Miss Braithwaite was walking out with Julia on her arm, and with a low bow to Julia and a most humble deferential manner to the governess, Brathwaite stepped forward, took his sister Annette's hand a moment, but spoke, as it seemed to Cyril, more particularly to Julia. He noted that Annette lowered her crape veil,—was it to hide a rush of tears? and Julia's face was filled with

the rosy light of heightened bloom on her cheek and lustre in her eyes. Nay, as in pure surprise he paused a moment near the door, and still looked on the descending crowd going over the outer steps into the road, he saw next Miss Rulien herself return the young man's bow; and her long dress getting entangled in a gentleman's walking stick, causing her a momentary stumble on the steps, Archy's ready arm was given to her, and he walked to the church gates in such obsequious state with the lady, that she was evidently prevailed on to accept his further escort on the walk home, her young flock preceding her.

I'm afraid that Cyril's feelings were not quite what they should have been after the engagement of the morning. He could not but think, "So this drunkard, this profligate, has a smile from my sister, is reconciled to his own, and is received by that piece of starched precision, who ordered me from her house, and returned my letters." It was hard, very hard, to bear. He did not, in his bitterness, note how shrinking and sad had been the manner of Annette, how she had hid her face under her veil, nor that her hand had been yielded rather than given by her.

It seemed evident that by some means this Braithwaite was known to Mr. Gulper, and was making his way into a circle closed to Cyril.

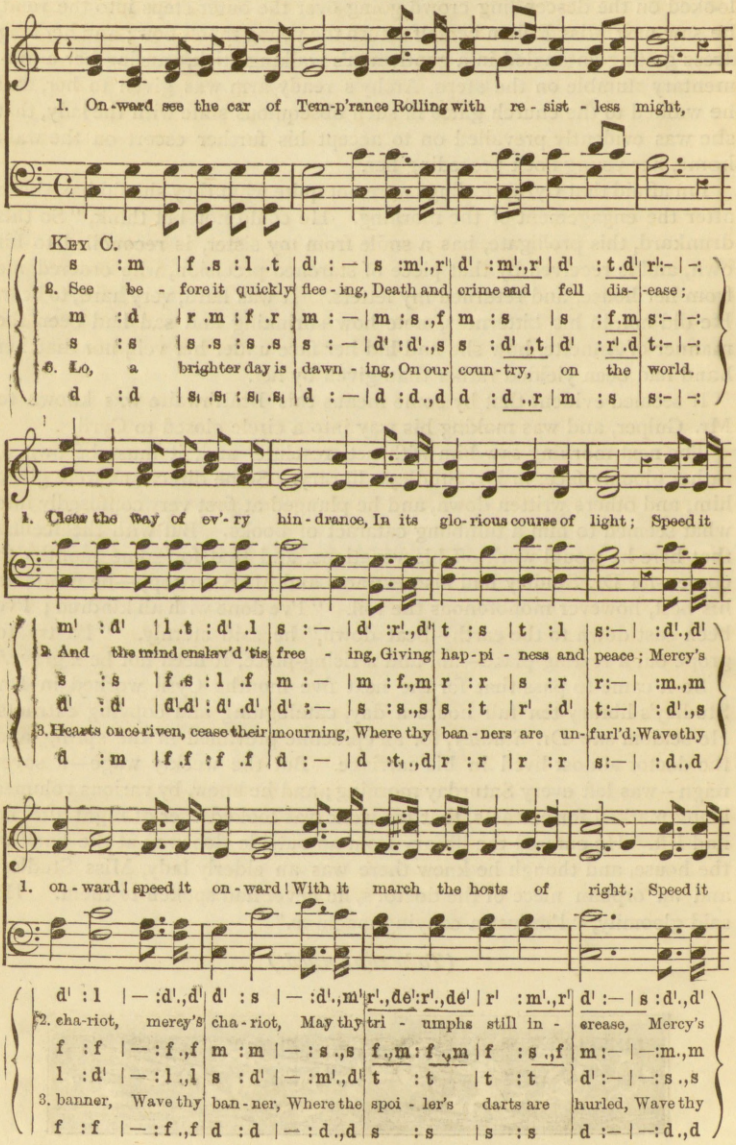
The next morning saw him with set, resolute, and, it must be owned, rather gloomy face, in Dr. Studley's library. Some directions were given him, and others written down, and he plunged at first very confusedly into what seemed to him a tumbling cataract of books. But with the feeling that here he would work off his vexations, and that for some months to come—for Dr. Studley had also extracts and MSS. to copy—he would do his best, however monotonous the toil. "I've done with all kindred; I've been cast down to the earth—beat down," he said sternly. "I'll try to grope out a resting-place—ah, and a rising-place, it need not be a grave."

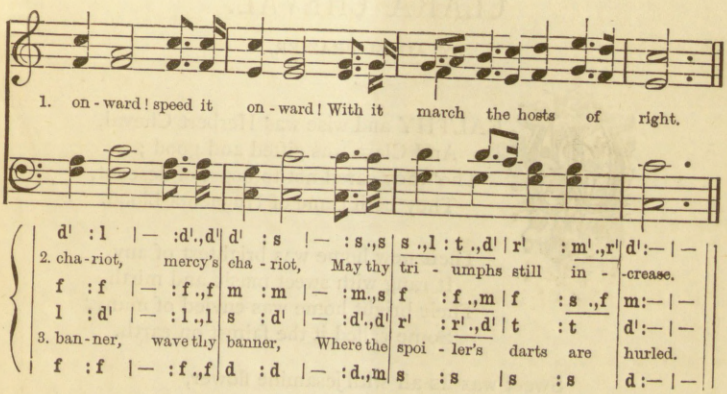
So it came to pass that for the next five months Cyril worked in Dr. Studley's library ten full hours a day, cataloguing and copying extracts He seldom saw Dr. Studley, for an epidemic prevailed in the spring, and the doctor almost lived in his carriage. But the weekly wage—a sovereign—was left every Saturday morning; and he knew, by various volumes being marked for extracts, that his work was looked over at night after he had left. He entered the library from an outside doorway at the back of the house, and though he knew there was an elderly lady, Miss Studley, and an orphan niece of the doctor's, he never had spoken to them. He said gloomily, "I'm just a copying machine."

(To be continued.)

SPEED IT ONWARD.

W. Fisk.





OLD ENGLISH SONG.

COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair,
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep:
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough!

CLARA CHEVAL.

BY ADAM BRAZIER.

WEALTHY and wise was Herbert Cheval,
And Clara was gifted and good ;
Tho' they cared not to boast of descent,
They both came of Huguenot blood.

Their new home was brightest of any,
It rang with sweet music and mirth,
Their bright home was envied of many,
Some called it the fairest on earth.

Sweet was its air with jesamine flower,
Its day, like perpetual Spring,
And both hearts were happy and buoyant
As long-encaged birds on the wing.

Yet, soon was that bright home betroubled,
Its music grew fainter and dumb,
And griefs known already were doubled
By shadows of those yet to come.

For Herbert drank wine, and it mocked him,
And strong drink, it rendered him weak ;
He drank till his own excess shocked him ;
Yet, all the love Clara could speak

Was powerless to check the wild passion
That burnt in his breast like a fire,
Nor could the kind counsel of others
Abate the inhuman desire.

And *this* robb'd that home of its brightness,
And gave place to discord and strife,—
This stole from the heart its uprightness,
And brought in those dark views of life.

Herbert lived on a wretched five years,
But Clara could bear it no more,
But, blinded by madness and tears,
She pushed at Eternity's door !

At midnight one went to destruction,
And plung'd in the dark cold canal ;
In three days that lifeless form floating,
Was found to be—Clara Cheval.

THE CHEMISTRY OF ALCOHOL.

BY F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &c.

ARTICLE III.

OXYGEN is a colourless, tasteless, odourless gas, rather heavier than the air, of which it forms about a fifth part, the remaining four-fifths being nitrogen. It is also by far the largest element in the composition of water, forming eight parts out of nine, and is thus perhaps the most abundant substance in nature. Without it nothing could burn, and all animals would die for want of breath, for the nitrogen of the air does not appear to be of any service in the lungs, except to dilute the oxygen and make it less active. When oxygen is pure, substances burnt in it glow with almost inconceivable brightness. Even a piece of iron wire will blaze in it like a lucifer match, while the boiling iron drops like rain into the bottom of the vessel containing it. It is pure oxygen and hydrogen, mixed in proper proportions and thrown into a little cylinder of lime, which gives the brilliant light, which must be familiar to all Band of Hope children, when used inside a lantern for dissolving view exhibitions. It enters into union with almost every other element, and forms along with them an almost unlimited number of compounds.

Hydrogen, the remaining constituent of alcohol, is also a gas. Like oxygen it is colourless, tasteless, and has no smell. It is the lightest body known, being more than fourteen times lighter than air, and sixteen times lighter than oxygen. When it is ignited it burns with a pale blue flame which is very hot, and if it is mixed with air or oxygen in proper proportions it explodes with great violence.

We have an instance of this in explosions in coal mines, and in coal gas, which is largely composed of hydrogen. When it unites with oxygen, either by burning or any other way, it forms water, and indeed water is the great source in nature from which it is derived.

Hydrogen also enters readily into combination with many other elements, and forms with them many of the most important materials of which the world is made up, and especially the structure of plants and animals.

These three substances, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, are the materials out of which alcohol is formed, and it always contains the same proportions of each. This law of constancy of composition, so that the same substance invariably consists of the same elements in the same proportions, holds universally true in all chemical combinations. The composition of water, salt, lime, sulphuric acid, or any other definite chemical compound, is always exactly the same, wherever it is met with. Some of our readers, however, will be much surprised to hear that alcohol, about which we hear so much, is really only one of a long list of substances which are very nearly alike in compo-

sition, differing only by having more or less carbon and hydrogen in their composition. The alcohol which we find in all the intoxicating liquors of commerce, such as beer, wine, and spirits, stands the second in this list, having the least carbon and hydrogen except one. On this account it is distinguished from all others by being called dentylic alcohol, from a Greek word which signifies second. It is also sometimes called ethylic alcohol, but the first-named is now generally used. If we call the least quantity of an element which can be thought of an atom, we have this dentylic alcohol composed of two atoms of carbon, six atoms of hydrogen, and one atom of oxygen, so that it is really a very complex body, and every molecule of alcohol, which is the name we give to the least quantity of alcohol of which we can think, is really a little cluster of atoms of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, which are in some mysterious way, we cannot tell how, united together, and act as if they were only one atom. We do not know how these atoms are arranged, but we know that they are always there in the same number. and probably in the same arrangement, in the smallest portion of alcohol which we can take from whatever source it has been obtained.

If we try to represent to our minds what an alcohol molecule is like by using letters to signify the elementary atoms out of which it is made, as C for carbon, H for hydrogen, and O for oxygen, we should have an unpronounceable word like this, CCHHHHHHO, which, for sake of brevity we may write thus : $C_2 H_6 O$, because it contains two C's, six H's, and one O ; and this is the method which is employed in works on chemistry, so that the eye sees the composition at once. Those who are acquainted with the science of chemistry will see from this method of writing the symbol of alcohol that the author has added all the hydrogen atoms together, while recent researches indicate that one of the hydrogen atoms is in direct union with the oxygen atom, but he has preferred to do this for the sake of simplicity, and since it does not interfere with the theory of the production of alcohol from sugar.

Pure alcohol is a clear, limpid, bright, colourless liquid—considerably lighter than water. It takes fire very readily, and cannot be frozen. If undiluted with water, it is a deadly poison, destroying all animal tissues with which it comes into contact by absorbing all the elements of water out of them. When diluted with water, as in spirits of wine, it has a sweetish taste, and in this form it is the spirituous principle of all intoxicating liquors, and the cause why they have such a deleterious influence both on the mind and body.

It boils at a temperature much below water, and on this account can be distilled from any liquid containing it by the simple act of boiling. On this account any alcohol in a liquid can be very easily detected by simply placing a small quantity of the suspected liquid into a retort or a glass flask with a cork and a glass tube through it, and heating it to the boiling point. This arrangement may be obtained at any good chemist's shop for a few pence. As soon as the liquid boils, and indeed rather before it, the alcohol will escape as vapour from the end of the

tube, and will blaze if a light is applied to it. There are other methods of detecting the presence of alcohol in a liquid, but this is the most certain under all circumstances. Alcohol is not found anywhere in nature, being entirely as much an artificial production as gunpowder, nitro-glycerine, or soap, and those who advocate its use on the ground that it is "a good creature of God," and as such ought "to be received with thankfulness," have no more right to apply that term to it than any other of the bodies named.

No single instance, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, has ever occurred in which dentylic alcohol has ever been produced apart from the agency of man. It is quite as much a creation of man as a cannon, and has proved quite as great a curse to the human race. The source from which it is usually obtained is the fermentation of liquids which contain sugar in them. Sugar, like alcohol, is composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, but a sugar molecule is much more complicated.

(*To be continued.*)

TRUST.

A SONNET.

By Margaret J. Preston.

CONSIDER were it filial in a child
To speak in such wise: "Father, though I know
How strong your love is, having proved it so
Since my first breath was drawn; and though you've piled
Your stores with anxious care that has beguiled
You oft of rest, that thus you might bestow
Blessings upon me when your head lies low,
Yet in my heart are doubts unreconciled.
To-morrow, when I hunger, can I be
Sure that for bread you will not give a clod,
Letting me starve the while you hold in fee
(O'erlooking lesser needs) the acres broad
Won for me through your ceaseless toil?" Yet *we*,
In just such fashion, dare to doubt of God!

HEALTH AND THE HERMIT.

BAILY.

HEALTH

Flies the luxurious glutton's rich repast,
And with the hermit, at his temperate board,
Sits a pleased guest.

TO A GLASS OF WATER.

By John Baxendale.

COME hither fair goblet!
Thou life giving stream,
I love thee as earth loves
The sun's golden beam;
I know thou art fresh from
The cool fountain, where
Flows nectar ten thousand times
Better than beer.

When Spring decks the earth
In her mantle so fair,
And the warbling of song birds
Is heard far and near,
I hail thee, bright water,
Descending in showers,
To fill the light breeze
With the perfume of flowers.

The lark plumes her wings,
And humming bees hide,
And young lambkins gambol
Near thy crystal tide.
Thro' each passing season
Thy influence I see,
Dispensing rich blessings
So bounteous and free.

Still, still, let me quaff thee,
Pure water be mine;
Ten thousand times better
Than goblets of wine.

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By the Rev. John Jones, London, (late of Liverpool).

CHAPTER VIII.

CASTLE AND DRAGON.

This piece of Heraldry divides itself into two parts. First the Castle, and next the monster Dragon, either of them, as well as both combined, are fitting emblems of the Liquor traffic. Take for example the Castle; how many, through strong drink, have been dragged down from their ancestral homes and baronial halls to the humble cottage or the lodging-house of the mendicant. Drink is no respecter of rank, and many a coronet has it laid in the dust, and we will take this heraldic device as the memorial of that established fact. Then again, how many are brought to the castle to lodge awhile in its gloomy cells: some going to York Castle, some to Lancaster Castle, and others to similar establishments up and down the land. What a change in the history of Castles would the Temperance Reformation effect; no more would bankruptcy so often overtake the nobleman, or imprisonment the working classes. In the one case the Englishman would retain his castle, in the other he would escape it. Yes, surely, the "Castle" is a very appropriate device for Liquordom.

Then what shall we make of the *Dragon*, except to say that it is, if possible, even more appropriate than the Castle, for strong drink under the emblem of a stinging serpent is the Bible mode of its representation. "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." But the Dragon in question is significantly equipped with *two* stings, one in the head and one in the tail. When Solomon compared it to a serpent, he obviously meant that it had only one sting, but now we have Liquordom,

as if conscious that the fatal and poisonous influence had become greater, adding another sting. That the condition of the world in relation to drink is much worse; we have only to compare the days of the Apostle with our own in order to perceive the fact. "They that be drunken," says Paul, "are drunken in the *night*," as if there was in the first century a modesty about the drunkard by which he shrunk from the light of day. But if that same text were written in the nineteenth century it would be this: "They that be drunken are drunken in the night and in the day." With Gin-shops open at six o'clock in the morning and continuing open all through the day, what wonder that the drunkard staggers along beneath the light of the sun. Yes, the serpent has got now another sting, and Liquordom has endorsed the fact in its Heraldic device.

BRITANNIA.

Here is the lady seated by her wheel with the trident in her hand, looking stately enough as the mistress of the mighty ocean, for "Britannia rules the Waves." Her place in the Heraldry of Liquordom is that of patroness of its traffic; alas that it should be true. However boastfully they may sing that "Britons never, never shall be slaves," still slaves they are, of the most abject and pitiful sort. Oh, if Britannia could but cast off Bacchus and hoist the standard of Sobriety, what a glorious dominion would be hers; what happy subjects would teem in her Empire; what an example to the nations would she become; how the chariot of her missionary enterprise would roll on; how her wealth and greatness would develop. Let us aim at her speedy recovery from the fatal influence of Liquordom, and hasten on the day when it shall be rightly sung,

"Britons never, never, shall be slaves."

(To be continued.)

THIS AGE OF OURS.

By Daniel Connolly.

DEAR me, how wondrous wise the world
Has grown since we began it!
Even schoolgirls now can search the skies
And play with each new planet;
Can sweetly chat of nebulæ,
Descant on Nature's wonders,
Laugh down the stupid elder folk
And ridicule their blunders.

The merest boy, with clever head
And proper education,
Can put to shame the hairs of his
Grandfatherly relation.
With feet that fear no ditch, he goes
On puzzling raids and rambles,
And makes his way, without a scratch,
Through philosophic brambles.

And children of the larger growth—
The full-blown men and women
Of these enlightened days—why, they
Are surely more than human.
With hands that hold all things, they seize
The universe and weigh it,
Take down the sun from heaven and try
By science to assay it.

The cause of all that is to them
Is just as plain as preaching,
And every useful thing they are
Quite capable of teaching.
They know exactly how the earth
Became what we behold it,
And hint it might be better had
The task been theirs to mould it.

But still, ah! still these hearts of ours
Throb in the same old fashion,
And feel, just as our fathers felt,
The pang of every passion.
Great progress has been made, no doubt,
Where Science spreads her highways;
But still poor Human Nature gropes
Through many cheerless byways.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

MORE LIGHT.

KIND hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits ;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

A TRUE WIFE.

HUBERT. Now thou art mine !
My love, my beautiful, thou art mine own !
Henceforth the partner of my every joy,
Which sharing, thou wilt double.
EDITH. Nay, my Hubert !
Thou art but envious. Am I not thy wife—
And shall I be content to share thy joys ?—
In every sorrow, too, I'll have a part,
And sharing make each less than half its weight.

IF you pray for strength to endure it will surely be given. But nothing that anybody can say or do will take away pain. It is there, and has to be borne, just as bodily pain has to be borne. We have to accept suffering.—*Mrs. Diaz.*

TAKE well whate'er shall chance, though bad it be,
Take it for good, and 'twill be good to thee.—*Randolph.*

A MAN who pretended to have seen a ghost was asked what the ghost said to him. "How should I understand?" replied he. "I am not skilled in any of the dead languages."

"WE do that in our zeal,
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

AS a river boat was loading at La Crosse, a large gray mule refused to go on board. The mate sung out to a deck-hand : "Twist his tail, and he'll come." Like Casabianca, that deck-hand obeyed orders, and like Casabianca he nobly died.

TO BOYS.

BY HORACE MANN.

YOU are made to be kind, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him ; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fist.

"WHAT sadder scenes can angels view,
Than self-deceiving tears,
Poured idly over some dark page
Of earlier life." —*Keble.*

PLAY.

By W. A. Eaton.

BOYS and girls would think life was very dreary if they were not allowed to play. Play is very good for children—ay, and for grown-up children too! Boys and girls! be in earnest when you play! Mischief is not amusement: that which gives pain to others, no matter in how small a degree, is sinful: you can enjoy yourself thoroughly without injuring others. If some of your playmates are poor and rather shabbily dressed, do not refuse to play with them on that account. If some are the children of drunkards, treat them tenderly, and try to show them that you do not despise, but pity them. Keep your temper, even if you lose a game at marbles, or a skip in the long rope. You cannot afford to lose your temper. Don't be selfish with your toys, but let others have the benefit of them as well as yourself. Make the most of your youthful days, and learn to play in thorough earnest.

GOOD CREATURES OF GOD.

BY MRS. E. C. A. ALLEN.

THAT! Hath God given and called them good,
The liquors that can intoxicate:
That fire the brain and poison the blood,
That gender violence, strife and hate?

That change the peasant or the king,
Whoe'er beneath their yoke shall bow,
Into a staggering, reeling thing—
With idiot face and sin-stamped brow?

Those liquors that lure the drinkers on—
And on—and on with fearful haste;
Till character, friends and home are gone,
All bartered to feed a filthy taste?

That stir the father in frenzy wild
To deadly blows and deeds of blood;
That make the mother forget her child,
Forget her honour, her soul, her God?

Where are they given, or where prepared
By Him who spreadeth nature's feast?
Water, pure water, alike is shared
By grateful man and by thirsty beast.

And fountains of nourishing milk we find
Kindly provided all around;
In rich white liquid the sweets combined
Of wholesome herbs that spread the ground.

And wine which cheers and strengthens life,
Without the elements of death;
Free from the germs of sin and strife,
That sweetens and not pollutes the breath—

All these are gifts of God we know,
We gratefully take them and thankfully use;
But where do the rivers of brandy flow?
From whence do the springs of whiskey ooze?

What generous cow yields forth supplies
Of foaming porter or frothing ale,
So strong and good that the fumes which rise
Send the maid nodding over her pail?

Nay! nay! What comes from God is good
Till man has spoiled it with his arts:
He can pollute bright water's flood
Till death, not life, its taste imparts.

Pure milk he can adulterate,
And from earth's wholesome luscious fruits
A God-dishonouring drink create,
Whose power sinks man beneath the brutes.

But take not gifts that God has given
Polluted, poisoned, mixed by man,
And tell us then they come from Heaven:
'TIS FALSE! They lie beneath Heaven's ban.

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER IX.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

THOUGH with the restlessness of youth Cyril had, as the reader knows, called himself "a copying machine," he had not by any means remained stationary during the months that elapsed before we take up his history again. He had made progress every way. Quietly as plants grow, his mind had expanded. The troubles which had caused him to be his own companion had increased his natural reserve, until his talkative landlady was awed into a certain respectful distance, saying to her gossips, "He's a schollard, and they ain't like nothing in natur but a tortoise, a-living atween two thick book covers, a-drawering in their nose if you but come a-near 'em. But schollards, ven they're totallers, is very harmless. He pays his way, and he comes and goes—an' it's nothin' to nobody as I knows on, so I don't bother."

In his solitude he had not only worked, but read and reflected. He still did odd jobs of accountant work of an evening. He lived on less than half his earnings; and though by nature liberally inclined, the first chill of poverty into which he had been so suddenly plunged had taught him prudence. He knew that extravagance and debt were as iron fetters on the limbs, impeding all upward effort, therefore he avoided them, and was bent on gaining a sum that would take him out of England, if no

better plan offered. Meanwhile he was studying chemistry. He left a note asking of Dr. Studley the loan of a valuable book, and two days after he found a reply on his desk, with a list of seven books, all in the library, that he might take home to study, and a ticket for a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, which he might attend, if he made up the time thus taken afterwards, which he was very careful to do. He knew something of shorthand, and he took down these lectures.

He did not neglect his appearance, and some advice in a book of Cobbett's falling in his way, he took care by the utmost frugality to have clean skin and white linen, good strong boots, plain serviceable coat, no finery and no shabbiness; and it is wonderful how much neatness, a cultivated mind, and orderly, quiet, prompt manners, have to do with gentlemanly bearing. Your tobacco-smoking, drinking and gorging, lounging or larking young men, with plenty of handsome clothes on their backs, are for the most part mere vulgarians, aping something they think very aristocratic and superior, which deceives no one but themselves.

We cannot pursue the theme of Cyril's mental studies, or his growth in true manliness; for his personal adventures form the staple of our narrative. It is well to point out to the young reader, that his having adopted a principle, and proved his firmness by suffering for it—that coloured all his actions and purposes. He allowed himself one social recreation. A Temperance Society held its fortnightly meeting, not far from Cyril's lodgings, and there he went and found employment one evening a week, in teaching some Band of Hope boys writing and arithmetic, and helping them in several branches of useful knowledge; so that our outcast had that one strong link to bind him to his kind—benevolence; thus keeping his heart refreshed; for kindly deeds ever return to bless the doer.

And he needed to sustain his sympathies, and prevent them getting chilled; for all his efforts—and he had not ceased to make all that he properly could—to see his sister were fruitless. But he knew enough that was going on to be often annoyed and tormented about her. Braithwaite was a frequent visitor at Balliol House; Cyril had also often seen him with Mr. Gulper in his carriage. At a public dinner at the Panther (in aid of a Reformatory), over which Mr. Gulper had presided, young Braithwaite had moved a vote of thanks to the president, in a strain of fulsome adulation, which the local journal fully reported. And to Cyril the allusion to the "wretched creatures gathered from the streets, the offspring of dissolute drunkards," seemed such insulting hypocrisy, that he read it with intense contempt. One thing was certain, Braithwaite was now high in Gideon Gulper's esteem. Ah, and not in his only. Cyril had seen that his sister had such a smile for this young man as he never before saw on her face. That sweet face, which was so completely the resemblance of their dead mother's, that the poor youth often looked at it from his seat in church through a mist of unshed tears. Another thing did not escape his observation—a profound melancholy had settled on Annette Braithwaite's countenance. She had neither the bloom nor the dimpled smiling

loveliness which made Julia so attractive, but she had that thoughtful expression which renders a face noble, in spite of pale complexion ; and eyes in whose sombre depths the fire still lingered, though too often quenched in tears.

One sweet June evening Cyril suddenly met Miss Braithwaite in a lane leading from Hampstead to Kilburn ; she was alone, and taking off his hat he bowed to her, and under the strong impulse of the moment he ventured to speak: "Excuse me—may I ask if you will tell me how my sister, Julia Lyndon, is?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Lyndon," she said, as if his name came familiarly to her lips ; "I have been desired on no account to speak to you." He was about to remonstrate, when she continued, "I am very sorry that it is so —very sorry—but you are aware that my position in Miss Rulien's house is confidential. All under her roof—teachers especially—must submit to her rules—and I regret it, but the rule is fixed—no intercourse, no information, with or about Miss Lyndon to you."

"It is a pity," said Cyril angrily, "that the rule is not extended. I am no drunkard, and yet those who are, are allowed——"

A kind of stifled cry stopped him, and he saw in a moment that his hasty words were wrong.

"Oh, Mr. Lyndon, do not reproach me about my brother," exclaimed the poor girl involuntarily ; then, as if annoyed, she dropped her heavy veil over her face, and bowing, hastened away—Cyril in great agitation following her, and saying—

"Forgive me ; I did not mean to distress you, Miss Braithwaite. I'm so unhappy in the treatment I have received, that I spoke, I fear, rudely—harshly. My sister is all I have—we are orphans."

She paused, and the wind blew back her veil, while the tears stood glittering in her eyes, and said, "I know what you must feel—am I not also an orphan with one only brother——"

"But you see him—often, often."

"Not by my wish ; that is, I mean—what I would say is, I'm very sorry for you and for Julia, but cannot help either."

She had spoken confusedly, as if afraid of saying too much, and yet with a sweet compassion in her tones that penetrated to Cyril's heart; but with the last words she quickened her pace, and now was running—so that Cyril could not farther intrude on her.

As he pondered what her words implied, he came to the conclusion that she was sorry for the intimacy between her brother and Julia, and that she herself had no faith in him—therefore that Braithwaite was not really changed. Cyril had conjectured that some partial reformation had taken place in the young man, but now he doubted it entirely. A more complete art of hiding was, he concluded, the new step in the drunkard's career.

The twilight slowly gathered as he wandered on through some meadows, and into lanes whose growing darkness suited the mood of his mind. He

"STEPPING IN THE DIRECTION WHENCE IT PROCEEDED, A FORM ROSE UP, AS IF FROM CROUCHING ON THE DOOR-STEP."—Page 167.

was too absorbed to note the flight of time; when strolling round a corner, he entered an avenue of unfinished buildings, and the sudden whine of a dog came as a warning that he was nearly treading on the animal. "Poor fellow," he said kindly, for a love of animals was natural to him. When in a moment the creature leaped on him with demonstrations of affectionate recognition, he could only dimly see the dog, but it flashed into his mind that it was "Spring," the dog that he had known in Nurse Simmons' time, and last encountered in Gregory's cottage; so he called him by his name; and stooping to pat him, and to moderate a little the almost frantic joy of the poor beast, he found his hand rested on a wretched frame of bones; but any further thought of the dog was checked by a voice which seemed to come from the open doorway of a mere skeleton house, calling huskily, "Lay down, Spring." In a moment Cyril knew it was Ruth Gregory's voice, and stepping in the direction whence it proceeded, a form rose up, as if from crouching on the door-step, and he instantly said, "Mrs. Gregory, is it you? are you ill? have you lost your way? you are very far from home." A kind of gasping sob was the only reply for a moment or two, then gathering a little firmness, she said, "I know my way well enough, Mr. Lyndon—but—but—I have no home." Further words were choked in tears: she wept so violently, that a tremor shook her whole frame, and she sank down again on the door-step, the dog fondling round her.

To leave her thus was absolutely impossible. "No home! well, but you cannot stay here—the police will"—then checking himself, he said, "Where's your husband?"

"In the Free Hospital. He's been there five weeks, and all through one of Mr. Braithwaite's drunken sprees—and he's as bad as bad can be. And I'd no money to pay rent, so they've sold my bits of sticks, and turned me out—and Mr. Braithwaite 's never given me a farthing."

It was between her sobs that she said this, and Cyril, as well as he could gather from her utter wretchedness, learned further that she, with her only friend, the dog, had slept for the last three nights in the shelter of the unfinished houses; and that having exhausted herself in walking to and fro to see her husband, and spending her last coppers in bread, now she was utterly destitute.

Her weakness and distress were evidently genuine; and Cyril, giving her half a crown, was absolutely afraid the poor creature would fall at his feet with emotion. He spoke roughly—

"You must be calm; you said you knew where you were, and you must get a lodging. I wish to speak further to you, but not now. Do you think you would be able to meet me at noon to-morrow?" He named his dinner hour, and puzzled to think of a place both sufficiently public and private. He mentioned the Chalk Farm railway station.

"I know where to get a lodging," she said feebly; "and I'll be where you say. Ah, sir, you've maybe saved me from—from——"

"Say no more now—go." He had a bit of biscuit in his pocket, that he threw to the poor dog, and standing under the first lamp-post he came

to, he watched the slowly retreating form creep along until some shops were reached; then at a distance following, he saw her enter a small baker's shop; and as he walked past the window, noticed that she was sitting on a chair in the shop, and eating some bread, while the baker seemed to be directing her.

Small wonder was it that Cyril did not sleep much that night. If Braithwaite was still such a profligate as this woman amid her sobs indicated, he resolved that come what may he would seek Mr. Gulper on his sister's behalf, and acquaint him with the real character of the young man he had taken into intimacy. He resolved that his sister should not become that miserable hopeless being, a drunkard's wife, if he could prevent it.

Yet, firm as this purpose was, the thought shot like a dart through his heart "This Braithwaite is Annette's brother. If I expose him, can I ever hope to be forgiven by her?"

Ah! then came the revelation to himself, that his mind in all its fancies, his heart in all its emotions, had yielded to one deep over-mastering hope, which he had, unknown to himself, cherished. His lonely hours had been invaded by one silent sweet companion, and that was Annette Braithwaite, and now he was intending to expose her brother.

As he knelt that night in prayer, he asked to have strength given him *to do right*, at any sacrifice of his own feelings and hopes. A prayer that whenever earnestly uttered surely brings its own fulfilment.

The next day he had some fear that perhaps poor Ruth would be too ill to keep the appointment. But as he sped away in his dinner hour to the station, he saw her walking on the bridge over the railway—a wasted, sickly, but not disreputable object. In that public meeting place he contrived to make his enquiries, and found all his worst fears confirmed. Mr. Braithwaite was allowed to pay his addresses to Mr. Gulper's niece. The young lady was to leave school at the end of the present term; and meanwhile her suitor was, to use Ruth's expression, "all-in-all with Squire Gulper." But naturally the poor woman thought most of her own troubles, her sick husband's bad conduct was evidently all forgotten and forgiven now that he was suffering, and her anger was hot against the man who had, as she phrased it, led him away, made him a drunkard, put his life in danger, and now left him to die.

"Ever since the doctor said my poor husband couldn't live, Mr. Braithwaite, though he owes Gregory money, never took any notice; and when I ventured to speak to him in the street, he drove me away with threats of the police for molesting him."

It seemed that Gregory had ridden, at some spring meeting, a very spirity, half-broken horse, which Braithwaite had betted on; that the man would never have mounted the animal, but that he was plied with drink, and was both foolhardy and cruel, and so spurred and goaded the creature that it ultimately reared, and falling back, broke its spine, fracturing the man's skull with its plunging hoofs in its dying struggles. Gregory had been carried on a litter to the noble institution which

benevolence sustains for drunkards to abuse, and there the unfortunate wife had daily visited him—hoping against hope; for the man was young and strong, and but for the liquid fire which throbbed in his veins might have recovered.

Cyril promised to visit Gregory, and also to write for Ruth to some relations in the country, whom Gregory had tired out by his conduct, but who might listen to the appeal of a third party.

So the conference came to an end, and Cyril resolved on his future course—he would see Braithwaite; but he had no idea of where to find the young man, unless it was by waiting near Mr. Gulper's house at Wasteburn, and intercepting him as he visited there.

In the months of quiet regular occupation and stated hours of exercise which had now passed, Cyril's health had become established. He could bear a considerable amount of fatigue, and do with less sleep than most young men. And as he by no means purposed to neglect any of his work, he resolved to go to Wasteburn by an evening train, and reconnoitre, walking the ten miles back in the cool summer night to his abode. He had no clear purpose as to what he meant to do, or whether indeed any opportunity of warning or saving his sister would be found. But he could not rest. If cast off, he felt there was still a bond which held him—the memory of his parents; and so on that night he began a series of pilgrimages to Wasteburn, all of which for a time seemed utterly futile. He saw, himself unseen, his old enemy Hicks, and the sneering Mrs. Downing, and learned that Mr. Gulper was in rather weak health—an ulcer in the leg had broken out again, and young Braithwaite seemed a nightly visitor, and had evidently ingratiated himself there; and was moreover, whether Mr. Gulper knew it or not, hand and glove with both Hicks and Downing.

On the road was a bank shaded with trees, which commanded a view through the shrubbery of a south-west verandah, in which Mr. Gulper sat in his invalid chair with a table and the inevitable decanters and glasses which Lyndon so well remembered—supplemented with cigars. There, in the sweet twilight of the summer night, would the young and old man sit, polluting the flower-scented air with smoke, and filling their blood with foulness and their brains with frenzy.

To this home and guardianship Julia was to return; and not alone—Annette was to be her companion.

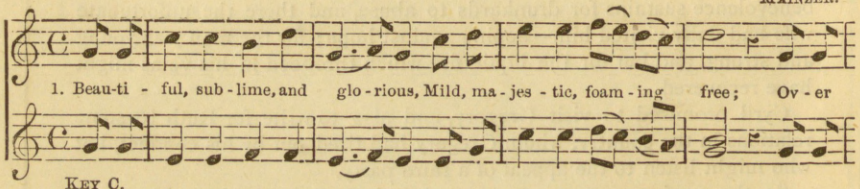
Ruth, who had obtained some needlework by which she earned a pittance, had met him on the hospital steps one day as she returned from seeing her husband, and thinking any information of the Wasteburn family would be welcome to Cyril, gave him that information.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SEA.

*

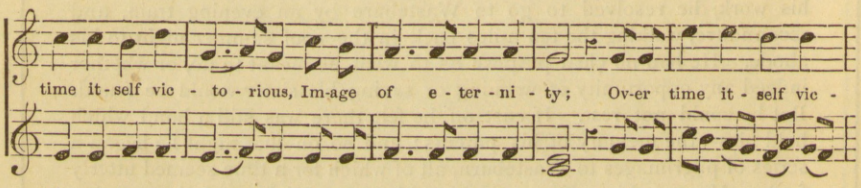
MAINZER.



KEY C.

:s .s | d' :d' | t :r' | s :-.l | s :d'.r' | m' :m' | f'.m':r'.d' | r' :— | :s.s
2. Sun and moon and stars shine o'er..... thee, See thy sur-face ebb and flow; Yet at-
3. Whether morning's splendour steep..... thee With the rainbow's glow - ing grace, Tempests
4. Earth her val - leys and her moun - tains Mortal man's be - hests o - bey; The un-
5. Such art thou, stu - pen-dous o - - cean; But, if ov - er - whelm'd by thee, Can we

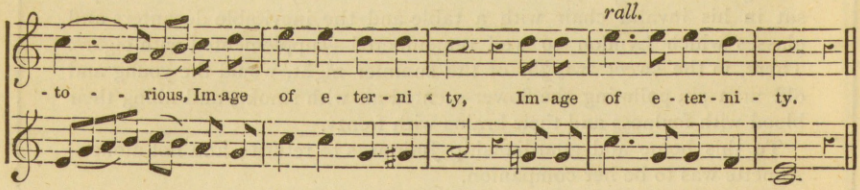
:s .s | m :m | f :f | m :-.f | m :m .s | d' :d' | r'.d':t .l | t s :— | :s.s



d' :d' | t :r' | s :-.l | s :d'.t | l :-.l | l :l | s :— | :s.s | m' :m' | r' :r'
tempt not to ex- plore..... thee In thy soundless depths be- low; Yet at- tempt not to ex-
rouse or na - vies sweep..... thee, 'Tis but for a moment's space; Tempests rouse or na - vies
fa - thom - a - ble foun - tains Scoff his search and scorn his sway; The un- fa - thom - a - ble
think without e - mo - tion What must thy Cre - a - tor be! Can we think without e -

m :m | f :f | m :-.f | m :m .m | f :-.f | f :f | m d :— | :s.s | d'.t:l.s | f.l:s.f

rall.



d' :-.s | l.t :d'.r' | m' :m' | r' :r' | d' :— | :r'.r' | m' :-.m' | m' :r' | d' :—
plore..... thee In thy soundless depths be- low, In thy soundless depths be low.
sweep..... thee, 'Tis but for a moment's space, 'Tis but for a moment's space.
foun - - tains Scoff his search and scorn his sway, Scoff his search and scorn his sway.
mo - - tion What must thy Cre - a - tor be! What must thy Cre - a - tor be!

m.s :l.t | d'.t :l .s | d' :d' | s :se | l :— | :s .s | d' :-.s | s :f | m d :—

* In the above Duet the Treble and Tenor sing the air; the Alto and Bass the accompaniment.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

By E. Carswell.

We have fought a goodly battle;
And, defeated in the fight,
Are not dismayed, but proud to think
We battled for the right.
When selfishness and vice combined
Our army to defy,
We *knew* we could not conquer, yet
Were not afraid to try.
From sun to sun we fought the foe,
Expecting *not* to win
(With such a small though faithful band)
Against the hosts of sin
Which stood defiant in our front,
A hundred to a man,
Yet trembled when our spotless flag
Was carried to the van.
And now the battle's over,
And, though we bear a scar,
One wound will not destroy the man,
One battle end the war.
No, though we fail a hundred times,
Yet still *again* we'll try,
And kiss the rod, yet trust in God,
And hope for by-and-bye.

THE CHEMISTRY OF ALCOHOL.

By F. H. Bowman, F.R.A.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &c.

ARTICLE IV.

The smallest portion of sugar, such as is contained in the juice of the grape, and which gives its sweetness to the ripe fruit, is made up of six atoms of carbon, twelve of hydrogen, and six of oxygen, so that we can write it thus: $C_6 H_{12} O_6$. Every sugar molecule, therefore, contains twenty-four elementary atoms, and is thus a very complicated body, and, like all complicated things, is more liable to change than simple ones; besides which, like a long word with many letters, it can be broken up into a great number of different syllables or words, each of which will have a different character.

The process of decay after death in animal and vegetable substances is in fact only the breaking-up of the complicated materials of which

the bodies of animals and the organs of plants are formed; and when sugar begins to decay or undergo decomposition by exposure to the air and warmth, its complicated molecules fall to pieces, and the atoms of which it is composed re-arrange themselves in the form of alcohol and carbonic acid. The alcohol remains in the liquid, while the carbonic acid escapes into the air. The alcohol and carbonic acid were not in the sugar, and the sugar was destroyed before they were produced. They differ entirely from each other. Sugar is a solid, alcohol a liquid, and has never been seen in the solid form; and while alcohol acts on the animal system as an irritant poison, sugar can be eaten with impunity, and the body will derive nourishment from it. The action of yeast, which is usually added to cause this fermentation or decay to commence, is not understood, but it seems to act by setting up a disturbance amongst the atoms of the complicated sugar molecule, and by destroying their mutual attractions and the balancing of the forces which hold the elementary atoms together, enables them to assume a new arrangement.

Like alcohol, there are several kinds of sugar, which differ from each other by containing more or less carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, but deutylic alcohol is always obtained from that which has the composition named above; and we can understand the change which takes place if we write the letters representing the molecule of sugar thus:—

$C_6 H_{12} O_6$ = 1 molecule of grape sugar,

which breaks up after fermentation into

$\left.\begin{matrix} C_2 H_6 O \\ C H_6 O \end{matrix}\right\}$ 2 molecules of alcohol

$\left.\begin{matrix} C & O_2 \\ C & O_2 \end{matrix}\right\}$ 2 molecules of carbonic acid

$C_6 H_{12} O_6$

From this it will be seen that a molecule of carbonic acid is composed of one atom of carbon and two atoms of oxygen, and if we add up all the atoms contained in two molecules of alcohol and two of carbonic acid, we have just the same number as in the sugar molecule.

The escape of the carbonic acid from the liquid which is undergoing fermentation is the cause of the frothing and bubbling which we always see in the process of fermentation; and this same gas, when the liquid is bottled up before the fermenting process is quite finished, is the cause of the effervescence and sparkling of champagne, ale, ginger beer, and other beverages. It is also the cause of the rising of bread in the process of baking, which, from the fermenting of the starch sugar in the wheat or flour by the action of the yeast, produces alcohol and carbonic acid; but none need on that account abstain from eating bread, since the heat of the oven in baking drives off all the alcohol, and not a particle remains in the bread, however new it may be, if sufficiently baked. If those who wish to use fermented liquors

would only boil them before drinking, we should have no drunkenness to deplore. All fermented liquors contain alcohol in either large or small quantities, and it should be distinctly understood that ginger-beer, nettle-beer, treacle-beer—all home-made or British wines, such as ginger wine, gooseberry wine—and all light wines, such as cider, perry, claret, and others,—all contain alcohol, and only differ from stronger intoxicating liquors, such as beer, ale, wine, and spirits, in having a less quantity in them. Lemonade, orangeade, gingerade, soda water, and all aërated waters which have the sparkling or effervescing properties communicated to them not by fermentation, but by pumping into them carbonic acid under pressure, contain no alcohol, and therefore may be taken by anyone without fear of violating the pledge. It is a mistake to suppose that because they effervesce or sparkle they must therefore contain alcohol. The action of alcohol upon the human system is that of a powerful stimulant, and if its use is long continued, a strong and irritant poison. No proof has yet been given that alcohol is changed in the body to any other form, and so built into the structure of the body, and it cannot therefore be classed as a food; and since it always lowers the temperature and reduces vital action it does not evidently supply force. The various organs of the body reject it as soon as possible, and if they cannot get rid of it a diseased condition immediately follows. The cases are extremely rare where its place as a stimulant in medicine may not be supplied by others which are less likely to produce a permanent desire for its use, and the present practice of a large class of medical men, who prescribe it in every instance, is alike contrary both to science and common sense. Alcohol takes its place amongst a large class of artificial productions, which have rendered great service to the arts, but which, when taken into the body, are dangerous alike to the physical, moral, and spiritual well-being of man.

ERRATA.—For "dentylic" read "deutylic" in last article, page 154, line 5, also whenever the same word occurs.

A BENEVOLENT INDIAN.

AN Indian, whenever he got into a bad place in the swamp, where the ground was too soft for safety, used immediately to put up a stake to mark the spot. Thus he not only kept clear of the danger the second time, but kept *others* from the same danger. Learn a lesson from the red man, not only to guard against our own false steps, but as we pray, "Lead us not into temptation," to be careful to remove temptation from the path of others.

UNHEEDED GIFTS.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

THE song no bird should sing in vain,
The song no bird will sing again,
I did not hear before the fleet
Air-singer lost it at my feet.

The lily that was in my grass—
(White as a child's sweet shroud it was)—
Shook down forlornest leaves before
I thought that it would bloom no more.

The moon that had a charmed light
(Oh ! never after that one night
Will any eye such shining see)
Went out—before it shone for me.

The ship that anchored at my door,
With treasure from a fairy shore—
Which was to be and is not mine—
Full fathom five lies lost in brine.

The wind, that blew the enchanted scent
From some divine still continent,
Beat long against my window, but
It passed away—the window shut.

The bee that brought the one sweet drop,
The cure for bitterness, could stop
To offer in its golden haste
The honey—which I did not taste.

The king's fair son, who came in state,
With my lost slipper, for its mate,
I only saw through my regret—
Oh ! I am in the ashes yet !

A WORD TO BOYS.

SHOW me a boy who obeys his parents, who has respect for age, always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved, then there is no such thing as truth in the world. Remember this, boys, and you will be respected by others, and will grow up and become useful men.—*Young.*

DON'T DESPISE THE CHILDREN.

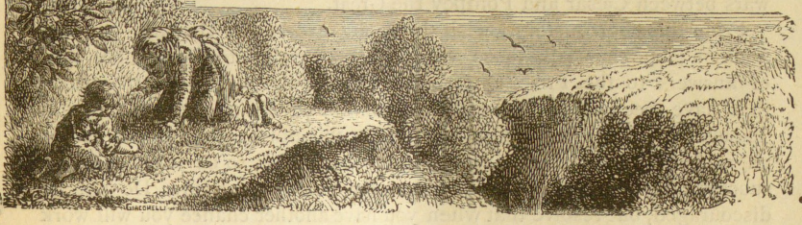
By W. A. Eaton.

DON'T despise the little children!
They are flowers bright and fair;
Flowers in the world's great garden,
Train them, then, with tender care.
Let the sunshine of your kindness,
And the showers of your love,
Rain upon them and prepare them
For the blooming time above.

Don't despise the little children!
Do not call them useless toys;
Many a noble glorious spirit
Dwells in little girls and boys;
Teach them, then, to follow after
Noble deeds and glorious ways—
Do not check their childish laughter,
Do not hush their hymn of praise.

Don't despise the little children!
Let them have their fill of joy;
For the greatest man amongst us
Once was but a tiny boy.
Children will be men and women
When we all have passed away;
They will have to fight life's battle
As we're fighting it to-day!

Do not, then, despise the children—
They have souls as well as you!
Help to train them up for heaven,
'Tis a glorious work to do!
He who came from heaven to save us,
Took the young ones on His knee,
And His bright example gave us,
Saying sweetly, "Follow Me!"



ABOUT THE PRIZES; OR, THE STORY OF LUCAN THE POET.

BY THE REV. J. W. KAYE F.R.S.L., ETC.

HERE once lived a man named Lucan, who was a noted poet, and wrote in Latin. He was born about thirty-five years after Christ, at a place now called Cordova, in Spain. He went to live in Rome and gained many honours by his writings ; even the Emperor Nero showed him great favour.

It happened on one occasion that a prize was offered at Rome for the best poem that should be written, and so much honour was attached to this prize that even the Emperor himself sought to win it ; but the young man Lucan easily gained the victory.

The Emperor took the loss very hardly, and was much annoyed because Lucan had won the prize and gained the honour which he coveted. Soon the Emperor began to treat Lucan very unkindly. Lucan could not brook such conduct, for he was of a proud and haughty spirit, and perhaps had become vain because he had won a victory over an Emperor. Just at this time there was a man named Piso, who was secretly banding together a number of men in order to drive Nero from the throne or put him to death. This was because Nero was very cruel to his people, often causing them to be killed, just as he pleased, without pity or mercy.

It was this same Nero who, we are told, put St. Paul to death, and persecuted, tortured, and burned great numbers of Christians because they would not deny Christ as their Saviour. But the wickedness of Nero did not make the resentment and pride of Lucan any the less wrong ; neither did it justify him in joining the plot against the Emperor. We are told in the Bible that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall ;" so it was in this case, for the plot was found out, and the Emperor in his anger and revenge commanded the plotters to be seized and put to death, and Lucan among the rest. Thus died one of Rome's great poets, in the twenty-sixth year of his age ; a victim of his own pride and Nero's revenge. He wrote many poems, but all have been lost except one called Lucan's "Pharsalia," which gives an account of the wars between Cæsar and Pompey the Great.

From this short history I wish the young readers of "Onward" to learn a lesson ; but especially those who have been trying to give the best sets of answers to the Prize Questions. You cannot *all* obtain the prizes that have been offered ; some of you will be disappointed no doubt. Though you may not have gained a prize this time, try not to feel sad or angry, but think of this story and how wrong it is to be jealous of the success of those to whom the prizes have been awarded. Do not be discouraged, but resolve that when you have another chance you will work

more earnestly than ever. Hold fast to your Pledge, and seek to learn all you can of the truth of total abstinence principles. Especially read well the "Onward;" and if you meet with anything you don't understand, don't be afraid to ask your parents or teachers the meaning of it. In this way, with God's blessing, you will gain a rich prize of knowledge, of life-long value. To those to whom the prizes have been awarded I would say, do not become proud and vain, remember how Lucan's vanity helped to make the Emperor his enemy and how at last he lost his life. In the spirit of meekness and humility receive your rewards, and by God's help seek to continue faithful to your Pledge, lest you be tempted in some evil hour, and become at last a slave to the debasing intoxicating cup.

WHO IS LIKE A MOTHER?

OH! who is like a mother, when on a suffering bed
Her gentle, soothing, loving hand is laid upon thy head?
And who can spread a couch so soft, or tread so light as she,
And watch and wait, and tend each want, and yet unwearied be?

And who can pour such cheering words to drive away thy fears,
And whisper with so sweet a grace that joy is reaped from tears;
And that the tears, though thickly sown, are from a loving God,
Who maketh every son He calls pass 'neath the chastening rod?

And who is like a mother in each perplexing hour?
When men have failed to show our course *her* words have been with power—
"My son, commit thy way to God; be duty's pathway thine,
Then wait His wonder-working will—the clouds again will shine."

And whose adieu's so hard to bear, whose parting prayer's so deep?
And when we roam whose image comes so oft, awake—asleep?
And whose full joy at meeting us so far exceeds all others?
Whose mild reproof, or loving heart, or aught—is like a mother's?

And yet there *is* a Loving One who yearns to bless His own,
Whose *power* to rescue and to heal to mothers is unknown;
Who gently speaketh to His child when tears his eyes bedim,—
"As one his mother comforteth, so I will comfort him."

If never known or lost to thee, a mother's tender love,
Oh, lift thy soul in trustfulness to One who reigns above;
And thou shalt meet a love more deep, more potent, more in truth
Than that of her who gave thee birth, the mother of thy youth.

ANNIE CLEGG.

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By THE REV. JOHN JONES, London (late of Liverpool).

CHAPTER IX.

OLD TOM.

THIS well-known domestic animal is also dragged into the service of liquordom, constituting a part of its heraldry. His place is usually on the top of a barrel, with one foot significantly uplifted as if in admiration of the noxious stuff within. Latterly, however, he is promoted to appear all by himself, on a large scale, adorning the publican's window, and forming a conspicuous object to every passer-by. Now is it not a libel on this very sober creature to associate him thus with the Bacchanalians of the world? "Old Tom" never gets drunk; no one ever saw him marched to the Bridewell as "incapable," for he is a thorough teetotaller from the beginning to the end of his days; and thus, although styled an "irrational" creature, he sets a fine example to the so-called rational ones. Why then associate him with the barrel and the tap-room? Is there any link at all between him and the realm of liquordom? Yes, assuredly there is, for he ranks also as one of its victims. There is many an "old Tom" in the drunkard's home; but how lean and haggard he seems. That empty cupboard from time to time is telling upon his constitution. The triumph of the temperance cause would be a grand era for him, for then "his bread and his water" would be assured to him. May this golden age soon come, even for the sake of Old Tom!

THE PHŒNIX.

This fabled bird is also made to subserve the interests of liquordom. It is recognised as the emblem of immortality, for it is

said to rise from its own ashes into renewed existence. It was regarded by the ancients as a sacred bird; they say that in shape it resembled the eagle, but its plumage was a commingling of crimson and gold. The phœnix is very suggestive of a solemn fact in reference to liquordom; viz., the *resurrection of its victims.* Yes, like the phœnix they too will rise from their ashes; not, however, to the renewed career of the drunken, but to their doom. That is why we must destroy liquordom, because it is destroying our fellow-men. Whenever, then, we see the phœnix in the windows of the tavern, let us think of the ashes out of which shall emerge the poor perished drunkard, and renew our vow that we will not cease the conflict till every drunkard is rescued. We wish the publicans would take a hint from the habits of the phœnix and act upon it. The old Egyptians of Heliopolis used to say that this singular bird visited them only once in 500 years. Now the high priests of liquordom have had a very long stay in our midst, suppose they take a holiday, and phœnix-like come back again at the end of five centuries. We will accompany them to the shore, and wish them a prosperous voyage across the seas, and leave to our great, great, great grand-children to decide what sort of a reception they shall have when they venture to return again.

In one sense, however, the phœnix is inappropriate to liquordom. It too shall come to its "ashes," but it *shall not rise again.* We are now digging its grave. Myriads are preparing for the hour of its burial, and when it comes, instead of mourning, there will be a shout that shall make the heavens ring—NO RESURRECTION, NO RESURRECTION.

(*To be continued.*)

DR. BEECHER'S SON.

THE REV. E. BEECHER, of America, in one of his temperance speeches, said:—"I was baptized, as it were, a temperance man. You all know the principles of my father. When I was a boy, and he put into my hand the little coin I was to spend on holidays, he used to say to me, '*Edward, take care that you taste nothing but water.*' I need not tell you that I followed his injunction to the letter. There is not a muscle nor a bone in my frame that ever felt the power of alcohol; and so long as this arm adheres to my body, and this tongue does not cleave to the roof of my mouth, I pledge myself anew to the cause." What father would not be proud of such a speech from his son; and what a generation should we have if all our young men could use the same language!

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A GOOD HINT.—If in instructing a child you are vexed with it for want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand.

IT has been said that the three sweetest words in the English language are—happiness, home, heaven. About these cling the most touching associations, and with them are connected the sublimest aspirations.

CURE FOR A FIT OF DESPONDENCY.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and promised in the next.

GOOD AND BAD THOUGHTS.—Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

THE light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

THERE is a Turkish law that a man for every falsehood he utters shall have a red mark set on his house. If a similar law were in force here a good many mansions would have a coat of paint.

THE haunts of happiness are varied and rather unaccountable; but you will oftener see her among little children, home firesides, and country houses, than anywhere else.

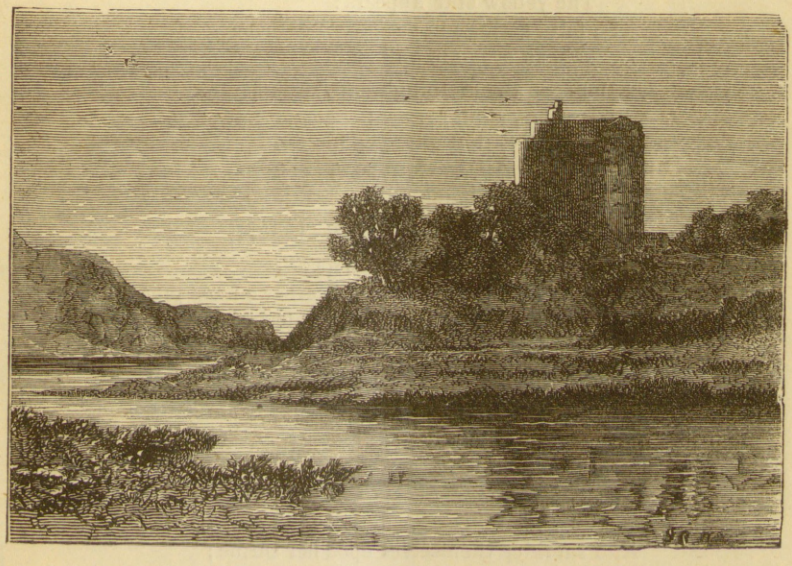
"SIRE, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the king, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The king stared, whistled, and signed.

"FATHER, I think you told a fib in the pulpit to-day," said a little son of a clergyman. "Why, what do you mean?" "You said, 'One more word and I have done.' Then you went on, and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you promised them. But you didn't, and kept on preaching a long while after the time was up."

AUNT ESTHER was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more arguments with him.

"WHAT is the reason that your wife and you always disagree?" asked one Irishman of another. "Because we are both of one mind. She wants to be master and so do I."

"IT seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before," said a swell to a stranger whom he met the other day; "but I cannot imagine where." "Very likely," the other replied; "I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."



THE AUTUMN EVENING.

PEABODY.

BEHOLD the western evening-light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
The yellow star appears:
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

THE GODS OF MEN.

By David Lawton.

WHAT in our heart of hearts we most prefer,
That is our god, whatever it may be;
And though allegiance we to God aver,
Our idol He can see.

Some blindly worship at the shrine of Fame,
Upon her altar offer e'en their all,
And hope to win her smile and gain a name,
While at her feet they fall.

Some worship Pleasure with a foolish zeal,
And sacrifice themselves upon her shrine;
For empty joys they sell their endless weal,
And drown their souls in wine.

And yet another god—the god of Gold—
Whose worshippers are met with everywhere,
'Mongst good and bad, the rich, poor, young, and old,
Who make him their first care.

Besides these three, there even yet remains
Of less and greater gods a numerous train,
On whom their different votaries spare no pains,
Some fancied good to gain.

Alas! that men should worship gods like these,
And think to live upon the empty wind;
Such worthless things the soul can never please,
Nor feed the starving mind.

What folly it must seem in angel-eyes,
And ours, if we but saw it as we should,
To throw away for vanity and lies
The soul's eternal good.

God made the soul to worship Him alone,
And nought with Him may in its worship share:
He justly claims its homage as His own,
Its first, its greatest care.

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER X.

A MEETING AT LAST.

Mrs. SUTCLIFFE took care to tell her lodger that she should mistrust any other young man who took such long night walks. Not that the hours of her house were early. Her husband was getting worse and worse in his habits, while the poor woman herself was so far impressed by Lyndon's example that she actually left off her little sips, remarking—

"Somebody must make a beginning; 'twont do to burn the candle at both ends, even supposin' as one end burns but a little. Ah, tother 'll make it flare away and bring us to darkness, as sure as death. My experience," she added, "if I wur to giv it, is four nights a week stoopid or ragin', one night sick, one night sorry, and one ill-tempered, and then begin a-boosing agen; that's the week for a woman with a drinking husband."

The youth knew by what he saw and heard that was a record which many drunkards' wives could confirm, and the rough common sense of his landlady was correct. He was interested in her honest effort to do right, and all the more that some secret trouble seemed recently to have altered the woman. Sutcliffe was not a noisy drunkard. He stumbled into the house sullenly; but sometimes he made the place resound with abusive words, signifying,—

"If I'm bad, I aint worse than t'others as belongs to you, so you've no call to grumble."

But Cyril's thoughts were very naturally engrossed with his own purposes. He trusted to meet his sister, or to find Mr. Gulper alone in his verandah some evening, and then to venture on the unwelcome, perhaps hopeless, task of unmasking a profligate. Still he could but make the effort; if he failed he had done his duty, and he was now not without other employment or the means to emigrate, which he felt he must do rather than witness his sister's union with Brathwaite. He took some comfort from the thought that Julia was most likely much attached to Annette. She must have asked the latter to spend the holidays at Wasteburn. Probably, if Julia was leaving school entirely, it was intended that Miss. Brathwaite should remain with her as her companion. No electric telegraph conveys intelligence so quickly as the affections do. And though Cyril would have been quite unable to state any rational grounds for his belief, he certainly entertained the settled conviction that Annette was as good as she was gentle, lovely, and unhappy.

The holidays had commenced. Cyril one evening soon after was passing sufficiently within sight of Hawkes' house to see that his former lodgings there had a new occupant, Archy Brathwaite being seated smoking at the window. A trifling incident arrested Cyril's steps just as he gained the shelter of a lime tree. A doctor's boy, with a basket on his arm, came along the middle of the road, and was hailed by a whistle from the window; a sixpence being thrown out, the words travelled in the soft sunny air to Cyril's ear,—

"Dick, my blossom, fetch me a pint of stout—put down your basket, I'll watch it. You'll be back like a shot. You can keep the change."

The boy evidently knew his customer, and setting down his basket in a little angle of the porch, which Lyndon had once been turned from, sped off, and the whole transaction would not have caused a moment's further notice or delay, but that as quickly as the lad had fled, Brathwaite's head appeared at the porch, and his hand stealthily took the boy's basket inside—most likely to keep it safe—for what else? Yet if so, it was odd that in two minutes after the basket was put out again, and Brathwaite re-appeared carelessly lolling out of the window. He seemed to be scrutinising the road up and down, but the bole of the great lime tree, in its full foliage, hid Cyril, who felt rooted to the spot by some undefinable dread. Presently the boy returned, and Brathwaite said,—

"Bring the pewter up, Dick, if the door is open; if not, I'll fetch it."

"*If* the door was open. Why, he knew it was. What motive could he have in deceiving the boy by the pretence that he did not know?" While these and other thoughts rushed through the spectator's mind, the boy returned, shouldered his basket, and rattling some coppers in his hand, went blithely on his way.

Shaking off the strange feeling which had held him while witnessing this incident, Cyril made his way to the bank overlooking the verandah. But all was closed up there, and he feared that the whole family party had gone to the sea-side; and yet what he had noticed of Mr. Gulper's weakness made him conclude that he was not fit to travel. Moreover he knew Dr. Studley had been called to a consultation at Wasteburn that very day. He had heard from the open library window the direction given to the coachman, and the idea did occur that it might be Mr. Gulper's case. Now the silent look of the house and the empty chair in the verandah threw a doubt on that conclusion. Was he never to have an opportunity of speaking to his sister? He sauntered gloomily on to the churchyard; the beams of the setting sun, while shedding their splendour on the edifice, left the quiet corner where his parents lay in deep shadow, increased by the spreading branches of a venerable yew tree, so that he came quite close up to the grave before he distinguished two forms seated there, and heard the sound

of a sob. Fearing he was intruding on some mourner at a neighbouring grave, he was retreating, when he was struck by the utterance of his own name.

"To think that ever Cyril should have turned out so ungrateful, so profane," was sobbed out.

"May there not be some mistake, dear Julia? I have always told you that until you are allowed to write to or see your brother you should suspend any harsh decision."

These words went to Cyril's heart. He darted forward, and exclaimed with deep emotion, as he stretched forth his hand and caught hers,—

"Oh, Julia, my dear sister! it is I. At last we meet here—*here!* by our parents' grave. Nay, do not take your hand away; hear me, for our mother's sake."

"Cyril, Cyril," said the girl in a voice that rose to a cry, "how could you insult our only friend; oh, how could you? Why, they all say that you actually *cursed* him."

"It is false, utterly false; on this spot sacred to us both, Julia, you will surely believe me. I refused to drink; need I tell you why? Did not drink make us fatherless, ah, and motherless? Did that loving heart ever recover the grief, and worse than grief, of our father's death?"

"Oh, I'm ordered not to speak to you."

"Yes," he retorted, "and the fear that you would be injured through me has made me submit to restrictions I otherwise never would have borne as I have done; and now that we are met here, you must and shall hear my explanation. I called the drink 'accursed;' I refused it then, and I rejoice that I did, and was cast out for that offence, and no other. Mr. Gulper always disliked me. He listened to all that was said against me. He was no doubt angered by some reports of temperance meetings at Wasteburn, for the truth, Julia, is sure to offend. But though I was cast out utterly destitute, not even paid the pittance due to me, I have managed, and will manage, to get an honest living."

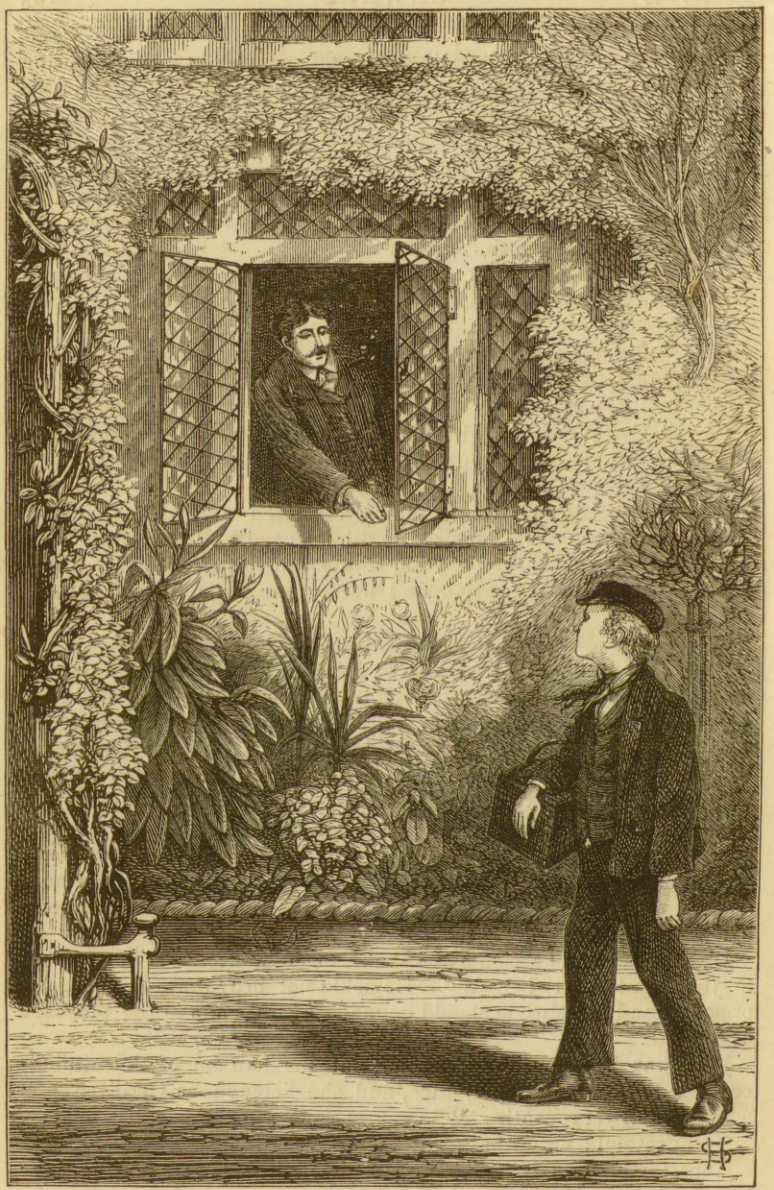
He was stung to passion as he spoke, for he wanted to clear himself to Julia, and not to her only. He could not bear that the charge of profanity and ingratitude should be made against him in the presence of Annette.

Julia was by no means unmoved, but she had one of those minds easily led to adopt a prejudice, and she listened to Cyril's words, weeping and yet repeating, "So ungrateful."

"Ungrateful! pray what gratitude do I owe him?"

Annette thinking his grief was merging into anger, said, in those low sweet tones which ever soothe the hearer,—

"Excuse me, Mr. Lyndon, for intruding a few words in this strictly family matter; but though I am not exactly in your sister's confidence,



"DICK, MY BLOSSOM, FETCH ME A PINT OF STOUT—PUT DOWN YOUR BASKET, I'LL WATCH IT."—
Page 184.

I know she has heard two things to-day which have very naturally deeply affected her. Mr. Gulper is seriously ill—worse than he thinks himself—and (as Miss Rulien has considered it right to tell Miss Lyndon) he has recently made his will entirely in his niece's favour."

"Yes, Cyril," interposed Julia, "when I am told by those who know what is right that I am bound to make up to our uncle for your bad conduct, as he insists it is; and that he, so good and generous, has a deadly malady; and he has been truly good lately, so indulgent, in a case where guardians are often unkind. Oh, Cyril, you have so distressed——"

"You mean that Mr. Gulper has sanctioned your acquaintance with Mr. Brathwaite," said Cyril, speaking out his inmost thoughts.

"Acquaintance? Cyril, you are my brother; you should know it is more than 'acquaintance'; it's an—an—engagement." Her voice sunk to a whisper, as with all a young girl's mingled pride and bashfulness she confirmed her brother's worst fears.

"Then I'm very sorry for it," he said abruptly, and was turning away, when Julia added—

"This young lady is Mr. Brathwaite's sister; pray respect her feelings, Cyril, if you care nothing for mine."

"I sincerely beg her pardon. If I cared nothing for you, Julia, I should go and leave you. But this I say, you are young; you cannot know much of this gentleman; and even his sister will forgive me if at my mother's grave I say——"

His words were stopped by Julia exclaiming angrily,—

"I know this, Cyril; I know he has shown the duty and attention which you have been wanting in. For months past he has been the greatest comfort and help to uncle Gulper. He told me so himself. Called Archy 'his right hand.' You left the accounts so confused, Hawke could do nothing with them."

Annette had walked away a few paces, unable or unwilling to take any further part in the discussion; and Cyril very naturally thought she was hurt with him. He seemed to have done no good in removing his sister's prejudice, and he had most likely alienated one whom he thought was silently his friend. So he took his sister's hand, drew her to him, and kissed her cheek, yet wet with tears, saying,—

"One thing I ask you, for your own sake, and for the sake of the dead," pointing to the grave, "let me send a letter to you—show it, if you will, to Mr. Gulper; I wish him to know what I know."

"You want to turn him against Archy, but you'll not do that, any more than you'll turn me."

She darted away from the spot with such speed, as if she feared to trust herself a moment longer, and rushed out of a gate into a side lane, Miss Brathwaite having sauntered on to the principal entrance; Cyril's long strides soon overtook the latter.

"I am unfortunate," he said, "in having wounded you. Oh, Miss

Brathwaite, if I could disbelieve my eyes and ears; if I could believe your brother was—was like you, how should I rejoice in my sister's choice."

"You know nothing of me, Mr. Lyndon," she said, in a voice she wished to be cold and formal, but failed to make so.

"Pardon me; those who are thrown upon their own thoughts and companionship—who look on 'through the loop-hole of retreat,' see and know more than others can do, and judge accordingly. Sorrow is a hard school, but it teaches its pupils some truths not learned elsewhere. Before you condemn me, just remember my father was an honoured clergyman; he fell through strong drink, and his chief tempter and near family connection denounced him. My mother never looked up again, though she lingered long. Can I forget that? Can I have anything to do with that vice which brought such ruin? No, I will not; I dare not. And if I fear my only sister's lot in life may be like my mother's, oh, pity me, Miss Brathwaite."

"I do, I do. I too have lost a mother, whose life was embittered; nay, I fear, shortened, by similar sorrow. Persevere, Mr. Lyndon. Would to God my brother was acting like you are. But——" She said no more; sobs choked her voice, and she hastened back to the side gate after her friend Julia.

The moon rose, and Cyril staid awhile to calm his spirits. He sat down on his mother's grave until the clock striking nine roused him, and he made his way to the wooded bank to take one more look at the house. A man passed along among the trees hastily. Cyril thought it was Brathwaite, and made up his mind to follow and speak to him, when another person, whom he knew by his voice to be Hawke, joined the former, and they entered a gate into Mr. Gulper's grounds together.

The night was warm, and Cyril in wiping the moisture from his forehead dropped his handkerchief, and in stooping to grope for it his hand encountered some smooth cold substance. It was small, and very light, and he knew by feeling that it was a glass bottle. He was just about to throw it aside, when there flashed into his mind the incident of the boy with his basket of medicines. And without any definite association of the one circumstance with the other, he went on, still holding it in his hand, until he came out of the clump of trees into the moonlight, and holding up the bottle, he saw that it was empty, and again was about to toss it away, when on second thought he hastened on until he reached a gaslight, and there, on looking at the vial again, he read the words—"POISON. For outward application only." He saw, moreover, that it was a dark blue-ribbed bottle, such as he knew was used by careful chemists for poisons.

He could not tell what to make of it. He rejected one horrible thought that struck him like a dart, exclaiming, "I grow morbidly fanciful living so much alone. I need more of the charity that thinketh

no evil. God pardon my sinful thoughts." As if to assist him in throwing off his gloomy ideas, he began to walk at that regular steady pace which enables a good pedestrian to get quickly over the ground, and at the end of six miles met a return chaise, and bargained with the man, who was going past Sutcliffe's door, for a lift home.

Another surprise met him as he entered with his pass-key. There was a sound of hysterical weeping in the back parlour. The door was open, and Mrs. Sutcliffe was standing in her shawl and bonnet, as if going out, and a woman was on the ground sobbing at her feet.

"If I'd known it before I'd a come before. But he kep' it from me; I didn't know as he had a mother living."

Cyril instantly knew it was the voice of Ruth before he saw her thin tear-scalded face, and he could not restrain himself from crying out—

"Why, Ruth, what is the matter? Is Gregory worse?"

"You knowed it too, and never told me," cried Mrs. Sutcliffe.

"Knew what? I don't understand you."

"Why that my son Gregory Jones, as I had when I was a happier wife than I am now,——"

"Your son? I never dreamed of that, or that his name was, or yours had been, Jones."

Explanations quickly followed, and poor Ruth it seemed had come from her husband's death-bed, who, long estranged from his mother, having years before quarrelled with his step-father, had never told his wife, or thought of any ties of nature until the hand of death was heavy on him, and made him in his weakness think of the one bosom which he had rested on in his infancy, and which with high and low is sometimes never tenderly thought of, until all in this world is fading away.

Mrs. Sutcliffe had given poor Ruth but a harsh reception. She was in the mood to blame everybody as much or more than her son. She had been instituting inquiries recently, and had heard a rumour that her son was married, but the tidings brought her that night swept away every other thought but that he was her only son, and had not long to live.

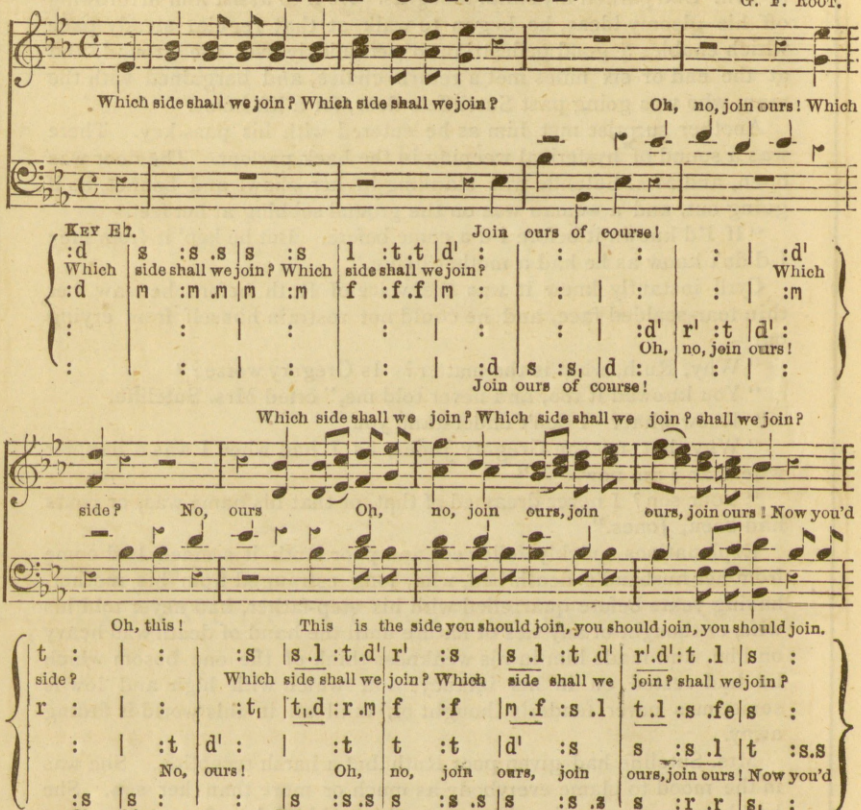
As she went out of the door, however, she paused an instant, and wrung Cyril's hand, saying,—

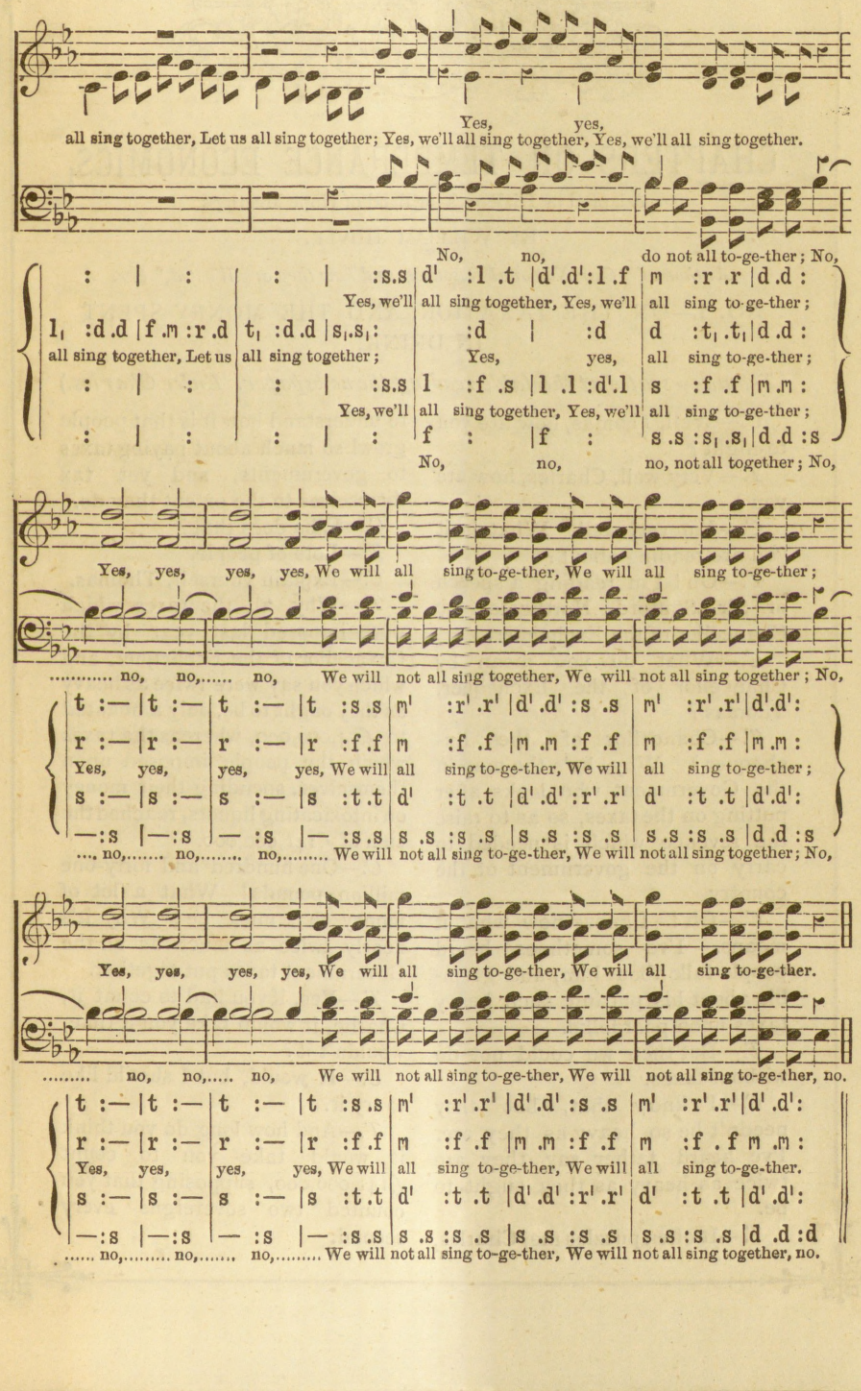
"Oh, if my lad had given the drink the total go-bye as you have done, what a comfort he might have been to me;" and looking for the first time compassionately at Ruth, she added, "And this poor thing too."

(*To be continued.*)

THE CONTEST.

G. F. ROOT.




Yes, yes,
all sing together, Let us all sing together; Yes, we'll all sing together, Yes, we'll all sing together.
No, no, do not all to-ge-ther; No,
Yes, we'll all sing together, Yes, we'll all sing together; Yes, we'll all sing together, Yes, we'll all sing together;
all sing together, Let us all sing together; Yes, we'll all sing together, Yes, we'll all sing together;
Yes, we'll all sing together, Yes, we'll all sing together;
No, no, no, not all together; No,
Yes, yes, yes, yes, We will all sing to-ge-ther, We will all sing to-ge-ther;
..... no, no,..... no, We will not all sing together, We will not all sing together; No,
Yes, yes, yes, yes, We will all sing together; Yes, yes, yes, yes, We will all sing together;
Yes, yes, yes, yes, We will all sing to-ge-ther, We will all sing to-ge-ther.
..... no, no,..... no, We will not all sing to-ge-ther, We will not all sing together; No,
..... no, no,..... no, We will not all sing to-ge-ther, We will not all sing together, no.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, We will all sing to-ge-ther, We will all sing to-ge-ther.
..... no, no,..... no, We will not all sing to-ge-ther, We will not all sing together, no.

CHAPTERS ON TEMPERANCE ECONOMICS,

Adapted as Dialogues for Band of Hope Meetings.

By William Hoyle.

Author of "Our National Resources and how they are Wasted," &c.

NO. I.—ON THE TAXATION, AND THE MONEY SPENT IN DRINK.

(*Thomas—seated at the table reading the newspaper. Enter Charles.*)

C.—Well, Thomas, how are you to-night?

T.—Very well, Charles, how are you?

C.—I'm very well. What is it you are reading about?

T.—Oh! I'm reading a speech of Sir Stafford Northcote, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

C.—What do you mean by Chancellor of the Exchequer, Thomas?

T.—Chancellor of the Exchequer? Why, he's the man in the Government who looks after putting on the taxes, so as to raise the revenue which is needed to carry on the government of the country.

C.—Oh! I know now what it means. I've sometimes heard people talk about him, and grumble about his putting such heavy taxes upon poor folks.

T.—But then we could not do without taxes.

C.—I know that, but they needn't be so heavy as they are. I've heard father say they are twice as heavy as they ought to be.

T.—It often puzzles me, Charles, to understand how it is that people growl so much about paying taxes to governments, and yet tax themselves to the extent they do.

C.—Who does that?

T.—Lots of people.

C.—Explain yourself, Thomas.

T.—Why, all the taxes which were imposed last year by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and which you say were twice as heavy as they ought to be, only amounted to £74,000,000, whereas the taxes which the people imposed upon themselves, spending their money on intoxicating liquors, reached the sum of £141,000,000.

C.—One hundred and forty-one million pounds! What a lot of money that must be! Why it's nearly twice as much as all the Government taxes put together.

T.—Yes, if you had to count it, Charlie, it would take you a time, wouldn't it?

C.—It would, but I should like to try it.

T.—And how long do you think it would take you to count £141,000,000, supposing that you counted two sovereigns every second.

C.—I don't know, perhaps a month.

T.—A month! Why, it would take you above seven years!

C.—Seven years! What a tremendous while. I wonder how many youths like yourself and me it would take to carry it.

T.—What weight do you think you could carry, Charlie?

C.—I think I could carry half-a-hundredweight.

T.—That's fifty-six pounds.

C.—Yes, I believe it is.

T.—Well it takes about four sovereigns to weigh an ounce, and if you reckon it up you will find that if each boy carried fifty-six pounds it would take 50,000 boys to carry the sovereigns that were spent last year in intoxicating liquors.

C.—50,000! What an enormous multitude there would be!

T.—Yes, if they went in procession, two and two, walking two yards apart, they would make a procession above eight miles long, and if they walked at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, it would take them above eleven hours to go past your house, Charlie.

C.—And all laden with sovereigns!

T.—Yes, every one carrying a bag of sovereigns.

C.—What a sight that would be! And how many sovereigns would there be in each bag?

T.—About 2,800.

C.—2,800! And do the people of the United Kingdom spend that amount of money every year upon intoxicating liquors?

T.—They do.

C.—And what do they get in return?

T.—They get liquors which in no wise benefit them, but which lead to poverty, crime, madness, misery, disease, vice and death.

C.—What a melancholy thing it is to think of, that our countrymen should be so insane as to pay such a price for such a return.

T.—It is indeed a melancholy thing, and yet we call ourselves a civilized—nay, a Christian people. But I must go. I shall be glad when we meet again to have some further conversation with you upon these points.

C.—I shall be very glad indeed to renew the conversation at the first opportunity. Good night.

T.—Good night.

(*To be continued.*)

VERY GOOD ADVICE.

THERE is a curious Chinese proverb which says, "In a cucumber-field do not stoop to tie your shoe, and under a plum-tree do not wait to settle your cap on your head;" which means, if you do so some one may think you are stealing the cucumbers or the plums. Never forget that the Apostle says, "Abstain from all *appearance* of evil."

PRAY LITTLE MAID.

By Wm. Hoyle.

Author of "Hymns and Songs for Bands of Hope," &c.

PRAY little maid what brings you here
Among this drink and bother?
You surely are not going *there*,
For father or for mother?

Ah no, you are too neatly dress'd
To be a drunkard's daughter,
You have a home with comforts bless'd—
"Your parents drink cold water?"

There! run away—that man is wild
With drinking too much toddy:
He's used to blows and curses, child—
He'll fight with anybody.

I wonder you're allowed to come
Among these scenes of ruin;
I'm sure your mother dear at home
Don't know what you are doing.

"You know my name!"—you little elf,
"You've seen me rather tipsy!"
Suppose I takes a glass myself,
What's that to you, young gipsy?

And don't come here to lecture me—
"Not vex'd?"—I think so rather,
I'm past the age of seventy-three
And might be your grandfather.

"You love me!"—well I do declare!
What next will come I wonder—
There, run off home you baby fair,—
Look what a row there's yonder.

"You've got a pledgebook—want my name
To make up just a dozen!"—
You are the strangest little dame—
Pray why am I thus chosen?

"Because you love me!"—'pon my word
If that ain't quite a teazer—
Here, come along my pretty bird,
I'll sign the pledge to please her.

"YOU KNOW MY NAME!"—YOU LITTLE ELF,
"YOU'VE SEEN ME RATHER TIPSY!"
SUPPOSE I TAKES A GLASS MYSELF,
WHAT'S THAT TO YOU, YOUNG GIPSY?—Page 194.

REV. DR. PARKER ON TEMPERANCE.

THE REV. DR. PARKER, minister at the City Temple, London, in a recent sermon referred directly to the question of total abstinence, in which were the following remarks :—"How independent a man is who has risen above the point of the mere animal life! Temperance all the world over is independence. Moderation means mastery. There are some men in the world who will not be pampered: Daniel was one of them; his compeers belonged to the same class. There are men, alas! whom you can seduce from paths of righteousness and services of duty by offering them the wine when it is red in the cup. If they are going upon the King's business and you hold up wine in the air and say, 'Come, taste,' the King's business may perish. They are drawn aside; they are slaves of their appetites. Their arms are free; their hands are not bound; their limbs have upon them no mark of fetter or manacle, but still they are the bondsmen of their passions. In order to hold yourselves masters of your appetites begin early. It is little use a man of forty-five years of age beginning to say he is going to turn over a new leaf: the leaves won't be turned then. I think, perhaps, I may be speaking discouragingly to some man who is making at that time of life a resolution to be better. Well, to resolute perseverance, to devout energy, it is possible, but it is not easy. Young man, lay down your cigar, it will do you no good. Throw away your pipe, it does not make you manly, it only makes you a nuisance to other and better people; and don't touch strong drink of any kind whatsoever. This is the testimony that I have to bear: that he who gives way to these things in his youth is committing suicide inches by inches. He is taking away his will-power; he is dulling his finest spiritual sensibilities. It does not tell upon him all at once, he may live to be an old man and say, 'Well, it is a very slow poison.' What he might have been he never thinks of: he only sees what he is, a tough, much-enduring man, whereas, he might have been a very prince and king, and guide, and friend among the highest classes of the land. Be sure of this, you can never do wrong in being temperate; you cannot be wrong if you are total abstainers. You cannot get wrong if you say, 'No, I will not touch this. I will have few habits, and they shall be simple, pure; such as can be named in the hearing of the most virtuous, and practised in the sight of the keenest moral critics.' . . . As a minister, visiting all parts of the country for upwards of twenty years, I have never gone any where that being an anti-smoker was an objection to my going; I have gone to places where my smoking would have been a deadly objection. You can't go anywhere where discipline will be a disadvantage to you, and where the power of saying 'No'

to appetites and tastes will go against you; but in life you will be very often placed in circumstances where your longings, your hungerings, and evil habitudes will stand in your way and blight your prospects. My hope in this matter is in the young. As to the old I have little or no hope: they are gone. They will hear our lectures and sneer at them. . . . 'They cannot hear, for their ears are waxed heavy.'"

THE LITTLE WORN SHOE.

By Charlotte Cordner.

THE bow is all faded, the buckle is gone,
And the lustre is all worn away;
Yet there, as it stands in the corner alone,
The memories of many a day
Come back like a tide and sweep over my heart
Of a fairy with footsteps so fleet,
That went flitting along in past days at my side,
Like a sunbeam so bright and so sweet.

Little feet I have knelt and kissed them full oft,
And brushed the dust on them away;
For my heart had a queen to reign o'er it then,
A spring-time to brighten the way.
Oh! mother of memories, Mnemosyne,
We bless thee, that still there is power
To see by thy lights, when life's treasures have flown,
And recall them, if but for an hour.

TEMPTATION.

By Rev. Thomas Jones.

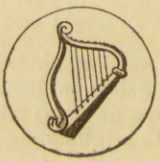
"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."—Proverbs.

Men sometimes tempt themselves. They gaze upon the forbidden fruit; they look at it from this point and from that; and by so doing they change its appearance; the imagination gives it new colours, and it becomes desirable and beautiful in their sight. The man who acts thus is his own tempter, and the natural consequences follow. Gazing creates desire, and desire ends in transgression. By playing with the sharp instrument he wounds himself. People often tempt each other. Walking among the rocky cliffs of the sea-shore, you come to a place of danger. Above are the overhanging crags, and below the yawning abyss, and you fear to proceed. But, seeing footmarks on the rocks, you are tempted to make the perilous experiment. Others have passed that way, and why should you not go? Thus do men by their example lead their fellows into danger.

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

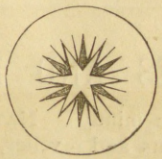
By THE REV. JOHN JONES, London (late of Liverpool).

CHAPTER X.



THE HARP.

THIS sweet musical instrument is included in the heraldry of liquordom, by which it is intended to teach us that strong drink is the natural accompaniment of melody. Well, of discordant sounds it certainly is, as given forth in the uproarious shouts of the tavern, or in the silence of night, as the drunkard is staggering homeward. The song of the drunkard is as old as the days of the Psalmist who mournfully refers to it (Ps. lxix. 12), and, alas! that miserable song is still being sung all through the land. How one hates to hear it not only because of its usual vulgarity and inharmoniousness, but because it is so unreal and fictitious. While sung its author may be at the moment in his circumstances and prospects the most miserable of men, but drink has elated him—has painted his sky with a false glory, and strewed his path with false flowers; and we listen to the voice of one who for the time is mad. "Music hath charms." Yes, that is an axiom all will assent to; but better, far better eternal silence than the ribald song of the inebriate. The harp as a trade-mark in liquordom, is very suggestive of the fact that through the sorrow and woe of drinking, it is too often hung up on the willows. Abolish liquordom. The harps will be taken down, and the world shall be full of sweet music.



THE STAR:

Earthly objects are, it seems, insufficient to meet the demands of liquordom, for it climbs to the skies, and drags down a beauteous star to subserve its interests. What presumption, when we remember that this star is some glorious sun, a centre of light and heat to planetary orbs as they wheel around it; and all the more presumptuous when we reflect upon the legitimate hypothesis that all the stars are grand tee-total worlds. Sirius and Alcyone have within their wide domain neither a brewer nor publican, for it is highly probable that there is only *one* drunken world in the teeming empire of creation, and assuredly one is enough, yea, is one too many.

Happily the stars are ignorant of this indignity cast upon them by liquordom. But we would suggest farther to the publicans whether this heraldic device is not most inappropriate. What have drunkards to do with the regions of the stars? the regions of the "pit" are theirs. They alas are not to *soar*, but to *descend* to the abyss. The Bible tells us that the righteous shall shine as the "stars" for ever, but there is for the drunken no refulgent glory. He has nothing to do with the stars; and we protest against the impudence which brings down one of God's great host to subserve the schemes and plots of Bacchus.

Shine on, thou sweet star! light up with thy glory the far-spreading firmament; the hour is coming when liquordom shall no more desecrate thy beauteous form, and when thou shalt be an emblem only of the noble, the pure, and the good.

(*To be continued.*)

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

MY mother asked me never to use tobacco. I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to game, and I have never gambled; and I cannot tell who is winning and who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I have attributed to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink; and then I made a resolution of total abstinence that I have adhered to through all my life. What do I not owe to my mother!—*Hon. T. H. Benton.*

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

Difficulty excites the mind to the dignity which sustains and finally conquers misfortunes, and the ordeal refines while it chastens.

Men may judge us by the success of our efforts. God looks at the efforts themselves. — *Charlotte Elizabeth.*

Say nothing, do nothing, which a mother would not approve, and you are on the certain road to happiness.

Never purchase love or friendship by gifts ; when thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you stop payment.

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage conduct of an unforgiving spirit.

A man who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark.

Pleasure is a very pleasant garment, but it is a very bad one for constant wear.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is said to have been much astonished at the display of flowers, carriages, and gay dresses in Hyde Park. "Verily," he remarked to Dr. Badger, "the present world is undoubtedly yours ; whether the next will be yours also is, to say the least, uncertain."

"I am firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life."—*Sterne.*

Natural Weakness.—A traveller, overtaking an old minister, whose nag was much fatigued, quizzed the old gentleman upon his "turn-out." "A nice horse yours, doctor ! very valuable beast that. But what makes him wag his tail so, doctor ?" "Why, as you have asked me, I will tell you. It is for the same reason that your tongue wags so—a sort of natural weakness."

Go to strangers for charity, to acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing—and you will often have a supply.

A man's good fortune often turns his head ; his bad fortune as often averts the heads of his friends.

An officer who was on intimate terms with the Prince of Orange, one day asked him the purpose of an extraordinary march they were making. "Will you keep the secret ?" asked the prince. The officer hastened to assure his master that he was incapable of abusing his confidence. "I believe you," replied the prince ; "but if you possess the gift of keeping a secret, the same blessing has also been conferred on me."

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master and tell him to lay up treasures in Heaven !" "What's de use of him laying up treasures up dar ? He never see um again."

"Nat, what are you leaning over that empty cask for ? You look as if you had lost all your friends." "The fact is, Tom, I'm mourning over departed *spirits.*"

THE SUMMER IS OVER.

By E. Lamplough.

THE months have come, the months have fled,
The Autumntide is here!
The buds have bloom'd, the blooms have sped,
The fruits are stored, the leaves are dead,
And wrinkled, brown, and sere,
They strew the trackway of the year—
The tears of nature, shed on nature's bier!

The months have come, the months have fled,
The Autumntide is here!
But with the months hath error sped,
And many a stricken foe lies dead
Beneath the shed leaves sere;
So, temp'rance triumphs bless the year,
And with their trophies deck its waiting bier.

BE CAUTIOUS.

By W. P. W. Buxton.

BE cautious, my young friends, as you travel life's journey. The signal is before you; you have the Bible for your chart, and God will be your guide. Avoid every appearance of evil, for "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" keep clear of danger, or there is no telling how fearful your doom may be.

If you would live and die happy, avoid intoxicating drinks; for they injure the body, wither and destroy the mind, debase the character and sink the soul into eternal perdition.

That mother was mistaken when she saw her son drain off a glass of wine and thought it but a childish freak. She thought he would outgrow such habits, but she saw her mistake in after life when that son died upon the gallows—the result of that little beginning. Take warning, and be cautious.

The young lady who placed the sparkling wine-cup to the lips of her accepted lover, and bade him overcome his scruples, and drink her health in a single glass—only one glass of wine: received her reward in those hours of wretchedness, woe, and misery, through which she was called to pass a few years afterwards. She only discovered, when too late, that she had displayed a great want of caution.

The drunkard loves the wine-cup, but he thinks not of the misery and disgrace he brings upon his friends. How he makes a mother's heart bleed; crushes the hopes of a loving father; and brings shame and reproach upon his sister! Slowly but surely his reputation fades away; his friends leave him to his fate, and he goes down to his grave "unhonoured and unwept." Had he been cautious, he might now have been an ornament to society.

Be cautious; or in after years, when it is too late, you may see the sad mistake of the past; you may see home, health, peace, and joy for ever gone!

Tamper not with the fatal enemy, for destruction lurketh in its smiles; and its sting is worse than that of the adder. The words of the tempter are smooth, but if you act under their influence you will be deceived. If the danger signal is in your way, slacken speed, put on the break, reverse the engine; lest the fatal crash come, and "the companion of fools" is "destroyed."

Be cautious; the Word of God speaketh to you in science and revelation, bidding you beware, for "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging." "Live soberly, righteously and godly, in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, even our Saviour, Jesus Christ: who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER XI.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all."—Shakespeare.

CYRIL'S mind was too much occupied with recent events to permit him to take much rest, and he resolved, after looking again and again in his room at the empty vial, as if it could solve the mystery, to go early to Dr. Studley's, and ask for a holiday, and then to go to Wasteburn and call on the chemist whose name was printed on the label, and who made up Mr. Gulper's prescriptions, and tell him where he had found it. As to anything further than this simple fact, he would be guarded. Braithwaite was Annette's brother, and by Julia, poor girl, he was considered more than a brother. These thoughts made Cyril cautious.

Accordingly he was at the library door a full hour earlier than usual, and if anything could have turned his anxious thoughts into pleasanter channels, it was his success in meeting Dr. Studley there, and the conversation he had with him. Ordinarily the doctor was a man of few words, and to Cyril he had been more than usually reserved, leaving directions in writing for him; and when he met him condensing his orders into short and, as Cyril thought, stern sentences. Such men are often great observers; and Dr. Studley had closely watched the youth, and formed a very high opinion of him. He had also made far more discoveries about his librarian than the latter suspected. Lyndon is not a common name, and Dr. Studley's practice included Balliol House. He slightly knew Miss Lyndon; and of her relationship to Mr. Gulper, whose cheques paid his occasional medical attendance on Julia.

The story of Cyril's "dissolute conduct and vagabond intrusion at the school" had reached his ears, with all Miss Rulien's superfine exaggeration. Medical men know more than any others of family histories, and, when they are wise, read character clearly. Putting this and that together, he soon discovered that he was employing this "profane outcast." When, therefore, Cyril encountered the doctor, and preferred his request to be released for the day, to his amazement he was asked,—

"What! you mean to try to see Mr. Gulper—your uncle, I believe?"

"My mother's sister was his wife, sir," said Cyril, in mere surprise, answering the last part of the remark first.

"Well, go. But he's not in a state to be agitated. I can't allow that. Has your sister made your peace, eh?"

Poor Cyril could contain himself no farther. The thought that Julia was now his enemy, though less his than her own, was too bitter, as he poured out the story of his trials frankly. Very quietly the doctor listened until the name of Braithwaite was mentioned, when he visibly started, but made no other remark than,—

"I wish Mr. Gulper in his illness had other inmates in his house as sensible as Miss Braithwaite is. However, as to yourself, I'm more than satisfied with you, and if you like to come to me as a pupil, I'll take you, and you can work out a premium. I like sobriety, industry and punctuality. These, where there is not much ability, make their way. Where there is, why——"

He did not finish his sentence, and Cyril fancied the doctor thought less well of his talents than his principles, but it was a great point gained that he thought well of him in any sense. And the youth stammered out his thanks for the offer in words whose awkwardness testified his emotion.

Dr. Studley was departing, when, in reply to some remark deprecating any sudden agitation for Mr. Gulper, Cyril mentioned that he meant to call at a chemist's in Wasteburn, and took from his pocket the vial he had found. But even while he did so he was conscious of regret at his pre-ignorance, and gave but a confused account of his purpose.

Dr. Studley looked hard at him, and took the vial from his hand, simply saying,—

"Humph! this is my affair. You go boldly to the house and tell your sister from me that I will send a trained nurse this morning. Stay; I'll drive down as far on the way as to Mr. Brownson's, and you can go so far with me."

In less than twenty minutes Cyril was on the road at Dr. Studley's side. He knew that Mr. Brownson was the general practitioner employed by Mr. Gulper, and he reflected that this journey on the road to Wasteburn seemed a sudden resolve, as the brougham for the daily rounds seldom left the doctor's until ten o'clock, and it now wanted a full hour of that; but the silence was unbroken. Dr. Studley looked buried in thought; but scarcely had half an hour elapsed when a gig was passing them, and the driver hailed Dr. Studley with the words,—

"You're the very man, doctor, that I'm seeking. I want you to see——" he paused, noticing Cyril, and added, "the case we consulted about yesterday. He's worse. Something rather peculiar. The fact is a nurse must come. The housekeeper in that house——" he did not finish his remark, but lifted his hand very significantly to his mouth.

Cyril with a bow prepared to alight, so as to give place to Mr. Brownson, when Dr. Studley wrote a telegram in pencil, and telling Cyril to go with it to the nearest telegraph office, copy it fair, and send it off, dismissed him.

Cyril saw it was a nurse's institution, and felt as if the message he was previously charged with to his sister was taken from him. Nevertheless his duty was clear, and he lost no time in finding the office and dispatching the telegram, and then made his way to Mr. Gulper's.

There was a little breakfast-room close to the front entrance, and the day being warm, through the open French window he saw the breakfast table, and Julia sitting alone at it. He ventured to the garden path in front, and was about to speak, when he heard his sister exclaim,—

"Oh, Annette, why ever did Archy go to Hawke's this morning? Surely so tired as he must have been with sitting up, Downing could have made him up a bed here."

"I sent him, Julia. He has a matter of great importance to attend to. I told you last night that he must go away—on—on business."

"Allow me to interrupt you," said Cyril, wishing to call their attention to himself; "I do not come as an intruder; I am sent by Dr. Studley to you." He bowed to both as he spoke, and entered through the French window. He was struck by Annette's face; it was pale to the lips, and there was a scared look in her eyes, as if she had received some fright or shock. She sat down on a chair as he spoke, and trembled violently. Julia's eyes were red with crying, but she was merely manifesting ordinary grief or vexation. Annette's emotion was very different.

"Dr. Studley sent you, Cyril? Why, what do you know of Dr. Studley?" said Julia.

"Only that I have been with him the last six months. And," he continued, his answer having made Julia start with surprise, "he desired me to say that he should send a trained nurse to-day. Indeed I have just sent a telegram for one."

"Oh, I'm so thankful," exclaimed Julia; "that will save dear Archy from fatigue. I'm sure my heart ached for him last night. And he would make Mrs. Downing go to bed. He always thinks of others more than of himself."

"It is needful, very needful that skilled help should come to Mr. Gulper," said Annette, forcing her white lips to utter a few words; "for mistakes, I mean accidents, might arise."

"I'm sure Downing is careful."

"I did not say she was not, Julia; but attendants on the sick need clear brains and steady hands."

"And you are such a fidget, Annette, thinking yourself so gifted with an old head on young shoulders, that you must need haunt my uncle's room all night like an unquiet ghost. It's my belief you've worried Archy more than anything."

"I did it for the best," faltered Annette, in a scarcely audible voice, and then her head drooping on her shoulder, she would have fallen from the chair in a dead faint, but Cyril caught her as she was falling,

"DR. STUDLEY LOOKED HARD AT HIM, AND TOOK THE VIAL FROM HIS HAND, SIMPLY SAYING] 'HUMPH! THIS IS MY AFFAIR.'"—Page 204.

and carrying her to a sofa, laid her down ; and while Julia was creating some loud screams, he ran to the kitchen for water, and returned with it before any of the household answered the bell.

The household ! Is there anything more comfortless than a drinking set of servants, where profusion, waste, muddle, and ill-temper are combined ? By a long course of intemperance and mismanagement, culminating recently in Mr. Gulper's illness, the house was reeking with drink and dirt. Endless quarrels and departures of humbler servants left Mrs. Downing and Hawke to play into each other's hands, and yet also to betray themselves. The way of transgressors is sure to be hard in the long run. A cleverer schemer than themselves had come in the person of Archy Braithwaite, and managed to be at once an accomplice and a check by worming himself into the confidence both of Mr. Gulper and his chief servants. A drinking *friendship ?* Oh, profanation of the noble word—rather a convivial bond, weak as flax at the touch of flame, existed between the old and the young man. Mr. Gulper's habits made him dependent in every sense for companionship, for help, for advice, the prey of a crafty profligate.

In the last six weeks he had made his will in favour of his niece. During that time, while he had never been what he would call drunk, he had been always drinking, and certainly never sober. That dangerous condition, when the judgment sleeps, and when disease, long making its stealthy progress, gathers itself for a final spring on the victim. How common a sequel to the history of many a man noted as great at dinners, and admired for social qualities.

But to return from this digression. Julia took the glass of water from her brother's hand, and bathed her friend's temples with a show of kindness. Somehow too, as brother and sister were busied about the sofa, there came to each the remembrance of their childhood, and their hands met in a friendly clasp, and a hasty kiss of reconciliation was exchanged. But this brief episode ended when Annette opened her eyes in wonder, and exclaimed, before she knew what she was saying, or where she was,—

"Archy, you must fly ; I'll expose you if you were twenty times my bro— Oh, dear, I'm dreaming."

"Hush, hush ; you are with friends," whispered Cyril.

She looked up at him imploringly, and a servant then coming in, said,—

"Miss Julia, here's the doctor, and Mrs. Downing ain't up yet, and it ain't Mary's place, she says, to go up to master's room."

Julia looked at the still helpless Annette, and then hurried away to her uncle's bedside.

With a great effort at calmness Annette rose feebly from the sofa and tottered to a chair, saying,—

"I'm afraid my senses are leaving me ; pray, Mr. Lyndon, do not notice my words."

"Miss Braithwaite, trust me. I think you have had a shock. You should get some rest."

"Shock?" she gasped in alarm; "who says so?" adding, "In this house there is so much drinking and confusion that mistakes—fatal mistakes—may be so easily made; but I've done my best; I've, as Julia says, haunted the bedroom, and not slept the last three nights, and prevented any—any——"

"Anyone tampering with the medicines," said Cyril involuntarily.

She started up, caught his arm, and gasped out, "No, no, don't say that, pray don't."

She must have choked with the effort, had not a flood of tears come to her relief, and she sank back into a chair utterly overpowered by her feelings. Cyril understood it all. He remembered the medicine boy's basket—the empty vial—far more quickly than we write the words, and taking the poor girl's cold hands in his, he said,—

"Whatever happens, you have done your duty."

"Have I?" she moaned drearily. "I could not; no, I could not do more."

"Hush; I understand. I know more of this than you think; but is Mr. Gulper safe?"

Julia returned, and Mr. Brownson with her, who, speaking to Cyril, said,—

"Mr. Gulper requires the attendance of a skilful nurse. It was great carelessness the upsetting of the medicine table, and the servants had no business to clear away the *débris*. Why, the lotion I ordered was a deadly poison. Dr. Studley will require you, Mr. Lyndon, to wait in the ante-room to Mr. Gulper's chamber until he sees him, or the nurse comes."

It was such a change as Cyril could not easily realise to find himself installed in the dressing-room leading out of his uncle's chamber, and a housemaid whom he did not know treating him most obsequiously.

He heard the heavy breathing of the sufferer, and once he ventured to look in upon him. As he gazed upon the pallid, bloated face he thought what a stalwart frame, what a stock of health had once belonged to the man who now lay suffering not merely the loss of health, but of care, of love! What was his wealth able to do for him in that hour? By its misuse it had become a snare to himself, and a temptation to others—an added means of misery.

Dr. Studley's afternoon visit was a great relief to Cyril's mind, for he said that "the patient was passing through an expected crisis of his malady." Cyril, who knew the doctor's mode of speaking, took comfort from the word "*expected*." It relieved a horrible dread of foul play the previous night. If there had been, the attempt had been frustrated by Annette's vigilance. Poor girl! Cyril thought he understood all the misery she had endured as causing the collapse he had seen. Yet who can gauge the wretchedness of losing all hope in those

bound to us by the ties of nature? ties that may become far more torturing to the spirit than red-hot shackles to the body. The youth dimly suspected that Annette had discovered her brother in some act of tampering with the medicine, and had threatened to denounce him; hence her utter prostration. But this was clear only to his own mind; he could not, and he was glad he could not, prove it.

He was confirmed in this view by Hawke bringing a telegram addressed to Julia containing, as she announced in dismay, the words,—

"A letter from Hull compels A. B. to go there without delay. More by post."

Julia was full of inquiries of Annette as to whether they had friends at Hull, to all which there came the weary answer,—

"I do not know much of either my brother's friends or business."

"How ever can you be so cold, Annette?" said the impetuous girl, as she rushed off, weeping angry tears.

Cold? Ah! many a heart has been hot with anguish when that charge has been made.

The coming of the nurse released Cyril from his watching. The half-stupefied housekeeper made some show of resisting her authority, but was soon put down by the new queen of the sick room, who began her rule by turning out heaps of bottles and decanters, which told the tale of tippling by attendants.

That night, as Cyril returned to London, he pondered on what could be Braithwaite's motive if he really had *tampered* with, *i.e.* changed the medicine, and substituted a poisonous lotion for a draught.

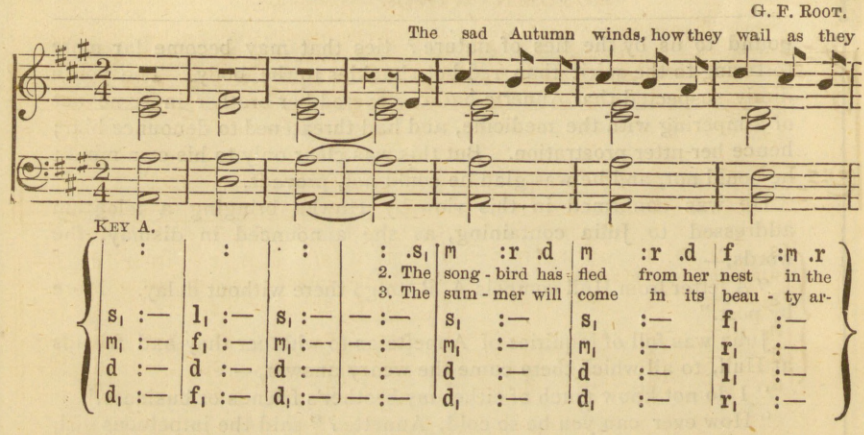
It was only too clear, read in the light of recent facts. Mr. Gulper's will made Julia rich; but while he lived nothing was secure, and a long delay might come. If he died a marriage with the heiress might be hurried on by the plea, not altogether false, that Mr. Gulper wished the union.

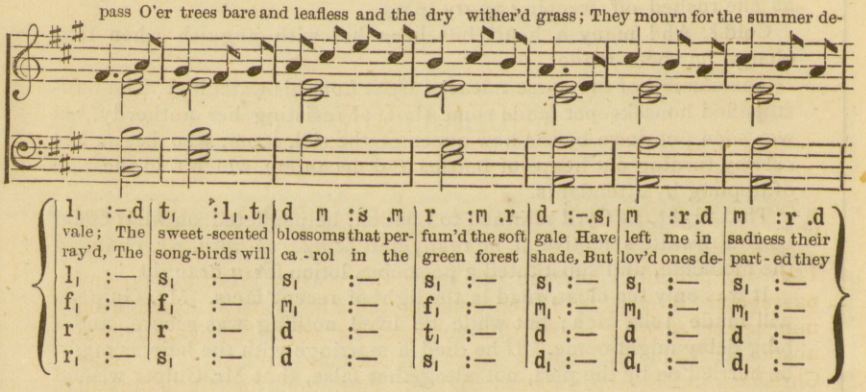
But the scheme was foiled—the schemer was suddenly gone, dreading exposure. Would he venture back? NO! he was now the outcast driven forth by his own crimes, scourged by his own guilty fears.

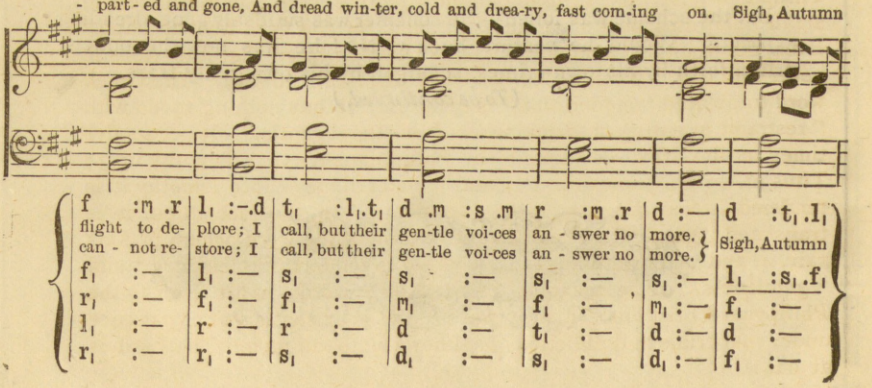
(To be continued.)

AUTUMN WINDS.

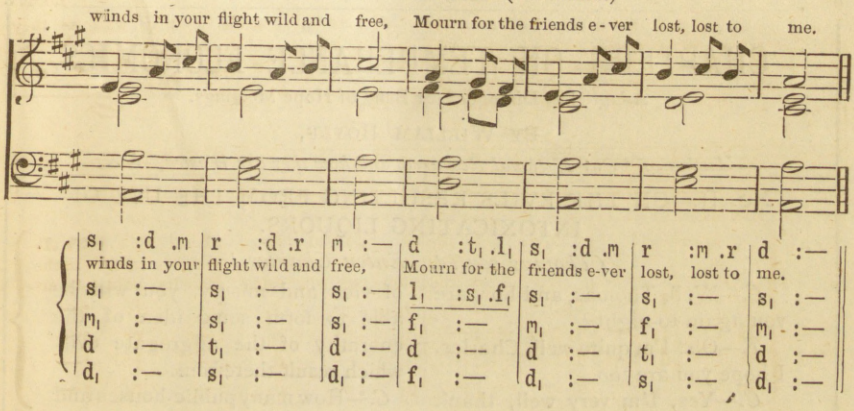
G. F. ROOT.







AUTUMN WINDS.—(*Continued.*)



MODERATION.

BY REV. WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.—Philippians iv. 5.

IT is very painful to any one who loves God's Holy Word to hear any passage in it misquoted and misrepresented. I have heard even ministers of religion using this verse as an argument against total abstinence from intoxicating—that is, poisoning drinks. Very many Christians in England suppose that St. Paul told the Christians in Philippi to "let their drinking of intoxicating or poisoning liquors in small quantities be known unto all men, for the Lord was at hand." Even the youngest reader of "ONWARD" will see that the Apostle never said this. Now let us see what St. Paul did say. The Greek word translated "moderation" is *epieikes*. It has nothing to do with "restraint in eating or drinking." It means "gentle." It occurs five times in the New Testament—in Philippians iv. 5; 1 Timothy iii. 3; Titus iii. 2; St. James iii. 17; and 1 Peter ii. 18. In 1 Timothy it is rendered in our English Bible "patient." In the last three it is translated "gentle." The substantive form of the word occurs in Acts xxiv. 4, and 2 Corinthians x. 1, where it is rendered "clemency" and "gentleness." The meaning of St. Paul's words in his letter to the Philippian Christians evidently was: "Let your gentleness or patience under your trials and afflictions be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand."

CHAPTERS ON TEMPERANCE ECONOMICS,

Adapted as Dialogues for Band of Hope Meetings.

By William Hoyle,

Author of "Our National Resources and how they are Wasted," &c.

No. II.—ON THE EVILS RESULTING FROM THE USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

(Thomas seated. Enter Charles.)

C.—Well, Thomas, and how are you again to-night?

T.—Oh! I'm quite well, Charles. I hope you are too.

C.—Yes, I'm very well, thank you. The last time we met, Thomas, we had a very interesting conversation upon the subject of the money raised by taxation, as contrasted with the money spent upon drink.

T.—Yes, I remember.

C.—And you will no doubt recollect that at our parting you were just alluding to the evils which result from drinking, and you promised to go more fully into the matter when we met again.

T.—I believe I did, Charles, and I have been puzzling my brains to find out how, in the limits of a few conversations, I could best give you even a faint picture of these evils, but they are of such gigantic magnitude, and so appalling in their nature, that I am perplexed.

C.—The £141,000,000 which you said was spent upon drink is certainly an appalling sum.

T.—But this is nothing as compared to the deplorable evils which result from its expenditure; for when you are told that there are over 150,000 public-houses and beershops where these liquors are sold, and that each one is a source of vice and misery, you will be able to form some idea of the enormity of the aggregate evils which result therefrom.

C.—How many public-houses and beershops did you say there were?

T.—There are about 150,600, and there are over 30,000 wineshops, grocers' shops, and other places where intoxicating liquors are sold.

C.—Why if these were all put together they would make a town as large as Manchester almost?

T.—As large as Manchester *almost?* Yes, twice as large.

C.—What a tremendous town it would be! I wonder how far the houses would stretch if put end to end, all in a row.

T.—How far do you think?

C.—One hundred miles, perhaps.

T.—Yes, thirteen times one hundred miles.

C.—What! Would they reach thirteen hundred miles?

T.—They would, Charles.

C.—Why that would form a street 650 miles long.

T.—Yes, the public-houses and beershops, without the grocers' shops, wineshops, &c., would form a street the length you state, which would reach right from Dunnet Head, at the top of Scotland, to the Land's End, in Cornwall, right at the bottom of England.

C.—What a monster street that would be, Thomas!

T.—It would, and all consisting of houses licensed by a professedly Christian Government to promote the sale of a liquor producing drunkenness, poverty, crime, madness, disease, and death.

C.—I'm just thinking, Thomas, what a capital thing it would be if all these liquor shops could be put into one street, and Members of Parliament be compelled to have a drive from one end to the other every year, during their autumn holidays.

T.—Your idea, Charles, is certainly a novel one and if carried out would do Members of Parliament good, for it's only right that they should have a look occasionally at what results from their doings.

C.—What sights they would see!

T.—Yes, if all the drunkenness, pauperism, crime, lunacy, and other evils which flow from the drink traffic could be concentrated into one street there would indeed be some most melancholy and heartrending sights.

C.—Suppose we fancy ourselves journeying along the street.

T.—Well, if we were, every yard we went we should stumble across a pauper, every second yard we should come in contact with a besotted drunkard, every seventh yard we should have to face a criminal, and every twentieth yard there would be a raving madman.

C.—It would indeed be a terrible sight.

T.—When we had travelled a mile we should see a great union workhouse, when we had gone six miles there would be a great asylum to put lunatics in; we go two miles further still, and we find a great county gaol to lodge criminals in, four miles further again and there is a reformatory in which to put young criminals, and all these, or nearly all, brought into being by the liquor traffic.

C.—And who have to pay for all these workhouses, &c.?

T.—Pay! Why, the public have to pay, to be sure!

C.—What a shame it is that the publicans should be permitted to bring the people to poverty, crime, &c., and then the ratepayers have to build houses to lodge them in.

T.—It is a shame. Other tradesmen have to build warehouses themselves in which to put their finished goods, but the publican finishes off his customers by bringing them to pauperism and ruin, and then the ratepayers have to build houses in which to lodge them.

C.—What a sight it would be, Thomas, to see all the drunkards, paupers, criminals, lunatics, vagrants, and all the other fruits of the liquor traffic brought into one grand procession marching along the street.

T.—Your suggestion is a good one, Charles. I will think the matter over, and the next time we meet we will have a little further chat about it. Good night, Charles.

C.—Good night; I hope we shall not be long before we meet again.

(*To be continued.*)

THROUGH LONDON FOG.

By Gervase Etchells.

ONLY a year and a half ago
Since Ralph and I were wed;
And now through fog, and sleet, and snow,
I hurry to seek for bread.
The air was fragrant with wild rose,
The hedgerows white with May;
Like heaven's gate flamed the sunset glows,
And—here am I to-day.

Like heaven's gate! my foolish heart
Deemed that high place was won:
"*His own! His own! no more to part!*"
He sang at set of sun.
And other eves and mornings sped:
Thrice happy was the time;
His words of love rang in my head
Like well-remembered rhyme.

We left our village home: "no scope
Was there for enterprise;"
And as he spoke, the light of hope
And courage filled his eyes. . . .
The city life was cold and sad,
Far from my home and friends;
But Ralph's return still made me glad,
And yielded full amends.

By slow degrees there came a change;
His look and tone grew cold;
Anon he flamed with fury strange—
It was not so of old.
He left me till the midnight hour,
Lonely and sad, to think:
My noble Ralph fell 'neath the power
Of the destroyer, drink.

His false friends lured him farther on
With dreams of untold wealth;
His means, his occupation gone;
Ruined his peace and health.
This babe was born 'mid sore distress—
Would he had ne'er been born!
And yet my anguish has grown less
Since that most dismal morn.

"AND NOW THROUGH FOG, AND SLEET, ANDSNOW,
I HURRY TO SEEK FOR BREAD."—Page 214.

And now if God will send me bread,
And strength to travel on,
'Neath the old roof to lay my head,
Soon let my life be gone.
No hope or joy has earth for me;
But still for thee, my child,
My father's house a home shall be
'Mid flowers sweet and wild.

BAND OF HOPE.

AN ALLITERATIVE ACROSTIC.

By Mrs. H. Noel-Thatcher.

B-en Believes Boys do Better without Beer.
A-rthur Aims At Adding Autographs to Abstinence.
N-ed Never Neglects New-comers.
D-an Delights in Daily Deeds to Deliver Drunkards.

O-scar's One Object is *Onward!*
F-lorrie is Famous For Fetching in Female Friends.

H-ettie Heartily Helps Her.
O-live Obediently Observes when Obstinate Objections are Over-[thrown.
P-olly's Pride is in Procuring Pledges.
E-ach Everywhere Exerts an Excellent Example, Effecting Efforts for the—

BAND OF HOPE.

RESIST THE BEGINNINGS.

THE Arabs have a fable of a miller who was one day startled by a camel's nose being thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained in a room certainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

The moral of the fable concerns all. When temptation occurs we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its "nose to come in." Everything like sin is to be turned away from. They who yield to it in the smallest degree will in all probability soon be overcome.

THE PET BIRD.

By W. A. Eaton.

I HAD a little skylark once,
My father gave it me;
And all day long it used to sing
As sweet as sweet could be.

I loved that little bird of mine,
I loved to hear it sing!
I used to give it nice clean sand,
And water from the spring.

It seemed to thank me for its food
Whenever I went near;
And it would sing its little songs
More truly sweet and clear.

But one sad day I quite forgot
My pretty little bird:
I did not fill its little pot,
Its songs I never heard.

I had a new frock on that day,
And I felt very proud;
I could not hear my little bird,
Though it sang just as loud!

I went to play out in the woods,
Till sank the sun from sight;
I was so tired, I dropt asleep
Before I said "good night!"

And in the morning, when I woke,
I thought about my pet;
And ran to feed it, but oh, dear!
How I did cry and fret!

For there it lay, poor little thing!
All still, within its cage;
No water in its little pot,—
I cried with shame and rage.

For if I had not been so proud
I should have heard it sing;
And filled its little water pot
From out the bubbling spring.

I dug a tiny little grave,
And buried birdie there;
I was so tender with it then,
When it was past my care.

And there are little boys and girls
Who treat their mothers bad,
And when they lose them, then they feel,
Ah me! so very sad!

Then let us treat our parents dear
With kindness, for we know
We cannot keep them with us here,
When God does bid them go!

NO; NOT A SPOONFUL!

A GENTLEMAN was much interested in a friend who had fallen into habits of intemperance, and earnestly urged him to self-control. His friend was much affected, and promised to regard the counsel. That night he was brought home drunk. When the gentleman called him to account he answered: "If you had insisted on total abstinence I should have been safe, but I cannot so much as *taste even a spoonful* and keep any self-control."

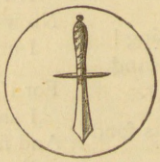
"If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee."

"But judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." E. P. H.

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By THE REV. JOHN JONES, London (late of Liverpool).

CHAPTER XI.



THE DAGGER.

WHAT could John Barleycorn be thinking about when he selected this ominous piece of heraldry? Did he happen to forget that the dagger is the weapon which his traffic is ever unsheathing? The assassins of our world are mostly the products of liquordom. For fiery liquids and cold steel go ever together, thus furnishing another example that 'extremes meet.' In every ten murders *nine* result from alcohol, as administered by the liquor traffic.

In this sense then the dagger is indeed most appropriate as a trade-mark, but one wonders how Great Grog is bold enough to introduce it. Does he "glory in his shame," like some of old? Does he wish to patronise the assassin that he thus thrusts into view the odious dagger? Does he also forget that it is this foul weapon, so characteristic of liquordom, which is arousing the land to a high pitch of indignation, and causing millions vehemently to exclaim, "This murderous work must come to an end; the liquor traffic must be crushed?"

Thank Heaven, not only shall liquordom be overthrown, but the dagger shall also be no more, for the golden age is to come, when they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruninghooks. May the auspicious day come quickly.

THE CROWN.

This well-known insignia of Royalty is hung up in all liquordom

to remind us that the manufacture and sale of alcohol has the sanction of Royalty. We admit and deplore the fact. Every publican in the land, however they may be crowded in a given street or neighbourhood, can show his licence, and claim, therefore, in his unhallowed business, the protection of the Crown. To every true temperance reformer this fact becomes, so to speak, the sting of the matter. When we hear of pirates sweeping the seas, plundering ships, and slaughtering their crew, all men rejoice at the fact that they are under the prohibition and ban of all Governments. When obscene literature circulates from the press in England, we rejoice at the fact that it is in violation of statute law. Why then should the law sanction an evil more terrible in its results than piracy or indecent literature? Yes, it is galling to every righteous man to think that in our land they "frame mischief by a law," and our rulers have fellowship with "the throne of iniquity." A thousand times nobler would it be on the part of our country that the publican surreptitiously dealt out death and ruin, than as it is, by actual connivance. Let us work to remove this blot from the moral character of a Christian land.

But there is another crown than that of England; it is "*the Crown of all the earth*," which is to adorn the brow of Him who is coming to establish His kingdom, and who is to be King of kings, and Lord of lords. That crown will never be prostituted to advance the schemes of liquordom, but it shall exert its omnipotence to sweep it away.

(*To be continued.*)

PERSEVERE!

By Dr. James Hamilton.

ONG ago, a little boy was entered at Harrow School. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction denied to him. His master chid him for his dulness, and all his own efforts could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted, he procured the grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep to the mastering of these; till in a few weeks he gradually began to rise, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became not only dux of that division but the pride of Harrow.

That boy lived to be the greatest Oriental scholar of modern Europe, the famous Sir William Jones.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

SORROWS are like tempest clouds: in the distance they look black, but when above us scarcely gray.

ECONOMY is half the battle of life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.—*Spurgeon.*

IN the world there is no evil without a remedy.—*Sannazaro.*

HELP somebody worse off than yourself, and you will feel that you are better off than you fancied.

WE may have many acquaintances, but we can have but few friends: this made Plato say that he who hath many friends hath none.

LET friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

INDUSTRY.—An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humour, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

USEFUL knowledge can have no enemies except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

PUNCTUALITY. — Washington once had a secretary who was often late at his desk, and always laying the blame on his watch. "You must get another watch, or I another secretary," said the general at last.

NO greater harm is done to Christendom than by the neglect of children; therefore, to advance the cause of Christ we must begin with them.—MARTIN LUTHER.

A NOTED philosopher being asked by a friend how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels, replied, "By letting the angry person have it all to himself."

A FAIR TRANSLATION.—Canon Stowell, in a speech, said that, when catechizing his school-children, he asked the meaning of "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath." For a time there was a pause, when at last the plaintive voice of a poor pale boy replied, "Licking them so as to make them angry."

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you a hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"

AN Irishman once observed that milestones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

BE content with enough. You may butter your bread until you are unable to eat it.

WHILE the boys were home for the holidays, a gentleman passing the gate of Winchester College, stopped and inquired of a bright-looking lad, "What they did in there?" The urchin looked up, scanning his interrogator's face a moment, and then, with a wicked leer and knowing wink, replied, "They tan hides, sir!" That boy had probably received his share of smart in the Wykehamist nursery.

"I could a tale unfold." Could you? Then lose not a moment, but go instantly to Mr. Darwin. He will be delighted to see you.

THE SNOW-BIRDS.

By G. W. BUNGAY.

Sweet little birdies live with me;
You shall have plenty and be free.
Peck the white crumbs out of my hand,
I'll reach out to you where you stand.
Don't be afraid—I'll not hurt you,
I am your friend, faithful and true;
You earned your breakfast long ago,
Singing in the morning's red glow.
You are cold-water birds I think;
The dew and the rain-drops you drink.

How would you look if you drank gin?
I wouldn't ask you then to come in.
If you dipped your sweet bills in wine,
You would not then be friends of mine.
Only think of the birds drinking rum!
Not knowing how to fly to their home.
Come, little birdies live with me;
I have crumbs in my hands, you see.
You can come and you can go,
Out in the sunshine, out on the snow.

LYNDON THE OUTCAST.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OUTCASTS CHANGE NAMES AND PLACES.

"THERE is no friendship with the wicked" is one of those maxims of Holy Writ which the observation of human life confirms. Like the Cobra serpent the wicked often devour each other. In our narrative we have seen how Mr. Gulper's habits so weakened his mind and strengthened his prejudices that he not only discarded a conscientious youth, but fell into the snares of crafty servants; and they again, with their master, into the subtle toils of a more wily deceiver—Braithwaite. Yet the latter in his craft had over-reached himself, Hawke was in the public-house when the chemist's boy had come for the pint of stout, and learned who sent him. To do Hawke justice he had no notion of the horrible purpose in Braithwaite's mind in getting rid of the boy and emptying the vial of lotion into a draught vial; Hawke told Braithwaite that he had met the boy on his errand. This so alarmed the guilty that he went at nightfall to the shrubbery on the bank, and having put the contents of the vial in another bottle, got rid, as he thought, of all evidence of having tampered with the medicine. He announced his intention of sitting up with the invalid. Mrs. Downing took her usual potion, and was as sleepy as she was stupid. But one was both vigilant and alarmed. Annette found means to watch her brother. She had noted his strange look, and that he mingled soda-water with his brandy, as if wanting to keep what he called sober, *i.e.* duly primed for deadly work—not overloaded. Just as he in the small hours of the morning had poured out some *medicine* in a wine-glass she opened the curtains of a recess where she had been watching, and simply saying, "Brother, shall I help you and give the draught?" she took it from his startled and yielding clasp, and smelling it, flung it down into the fire-place, and looking at her brother, said, in words that she afterwards repeated on coming out of her swoon,—

"Go—go, or I denounce you, if you were twenty times my brother."

She said no more. With a deep shocking curse the wretch fled, knocking over a chair as he left the room, an incident which poor Annette afterwards made use of, to throw down the little medicine table at the side of the chair and break the whole contents. She felt sure from the look of her worthless brother's face that he knew she had fully discovered his purpose, and that he would fly. But for hours her mind was in a frightful tumult. Yet as she gave the invalid his morning cup of milk how thankful she was that his extreme exhaustion and apparent

sinking were from natural causes—perhaps increased by wretched nursing—but not from——what she dared not give a name to. No wonder that when she found Julia at the breakfast-table after such a night she should, as we have seen, have succumbed to her emotion.

Mr. Gulper was confined for many days after this strange night vibrating over the brink of the grave.

Julia's distress was really at the continued absence of her lover; but she would not say much on that topic. It was, however, strange to her that he did not write. Possibly, she concluded, business had taken him from Hull to Hamburgh, and as he was returning soon he postponed writing. A thousand conjectures—none of them right—thronged her mind.

Annette never believed he had gone to Hull; he was likely, she argued, to go in quite a different direction. He was not without money. He had gold and notes of Mr. Gulper's in his possession, she knew, though the owner was in no state to think of money, or of anything.

But in the fortnight after this crisis many changes had come to Cyril. When he returned to his lodgings he found Mrs. Sutcliffe and Ruth mourning for their dead. Women in every station of life may reiterate the affecting words of Charlotte Brontë as she looked at her brother's corpse, slain as he was by intemperance,—

"I never knew, until I saw him cold in death, how much we can forgive to one who can offend us no more."

The mother remembered him only as her innocent child, and the wife as her lover—once. They united in denouncing Braithwaite as the heartless cause of his ruin. Nevertheless they were won to listen to Cyril, when he told them the drink was his real enemy, and, warned by his fate, both the women adopted Cyril's mode of life.

Humble adherents, but not without value. Mrs. Sutcliffe was not the person to be silent or ashamed of her principles; and Ruth was so gentle and winning in her sorrow, and bore such traces of her sufferings, that humble wives and mothers of the neighbourhood were touched by the mute appeal of her looks; and many were led to see that drink was the destroyer of the home, and that instead of being mere passive victims, it was their duty to be active reformers of the habits of their families. So they began, as all should do, by reforming themselves. Oh, if the hard-working, hard-living, much-tried women in workmen's dwellings would but resolve to cast out their enemy, strong drink, they would from their lowly homes teach such a lofty lesson as would make grandeur and luxury blush for their selfishness and folly.

The ice once broken between Dr. Studley and Cyril, there was a great flow of familiar intercourse and mutual esteem. The offer the good doctor had made of taking our "outcast" was promptly and gratefully accepted, and as Mrs. Sutcliffe wanted her attic for Ruth, who was to live henceforth with her mother-in-law, and help her "to take care of Sutcliffe," Cyril was invited to take up his abode in Dr.

Studley's house, where an elderly maiden sister of the doctor's presided, and who, having been as observant of Cyril as her brother had been, was glad to have as an inmate one who was likely to be an example to others.

"They think my water-drinking an eccentricity suitable to my age, but not for them to follow. Youthful adherents to the same wise plan will have more influence," said Miss Studley.

If Cyril worked in sorrow and almost despair, we may be sure he did not flag when sympathy and hope cheered him on. Dr. Studley had every reason to be pleased with his pupil.

"I'm afraid," he said one day, "you will never obtain your rights from Mr. Gulper."

"Do you mean, sir, the alteration of his opinions about me?"

"I mean, Lyndon, the alteration of his will in your favour."

"Oh, as to that I'm young; I can with your help, so kindly given, make my way. I do not want anything of Mr. Gulper; but that he should not consider me ungrateful. I'm quite content, nay, I'm happy that Julia should have his money."

"Well, if she does not throw herself away on some scamp. By-the-bye, what has become of Braithwaite? Hawke tells me that fellow was over head and ears in debt. Is that the reason he keeps away?"

"I know nothing of him, sir. He does not correspond with my sister, or with his own."

"Humph, you know that much, do you? The sister of that scamp is a gem. I've seen her at her mother's death-bed, and now in Mr. Gulper's sick-room, and she is, I repeat, a gem."

This was wonderful praise from Dr. Studley; and Cyril's face glowed with pride and pleasure, for cannot the reader guess that, thrown together as these young people now were, the mutual esteem which under adverse circumstances each had felt, warmed into a far deeper and tenderer feeling. It was no time for love-making in the ordinary sense, but days of showers help forward spring blossoms as fast as days of sunbeams. There was a tacit understanding between the two, though no words were used. As time passed on Annette was relieved about her brother. He had escaped to some foreign country she was sure, but poor Julia drooped as much with mortified vanity as wounded affection. It was a bitter lesson, but she came gradually to learn that he was unworthy. Mrs. Downing as a parting shaft, when, after a quarrel with the nurse, she was dismissed from the house, said,—

"Don't be too sure of your fortune, Miss Lyndon. I've got a few words to say about your true lover and the way he carried on with coaxing over the master. He knew well enough he couldn't face it out, and so he's gone, and a very good job for *you*, for he was a drunken scamp."

Maiden pride came to Julia's aid. She gained in self-control what she had lost in youthful gaiety, and a better understanding than

had ever existed since their mother's death grew up between the brother and sister.

There came a day when, after many weeks of suffering, stupor, and incoherence, Mr. Gulper's faculties seemed clearer. He recognised Julia, and called Annette by her name, which he had never before done. He liked to have her with him, but yet had always apparently thought she was Julia. Now he looked at them both, and said dreamily,—

"Two of you ; which is my niece of you two ?"

Julia stepped forward, and bent over the bed. He looked hard at her, and then gazed at Annette.

"My friend, who has helped to nurse you," she explained.

"I know—I know. A quiet kind creature——"

His voice faltered ; he plucked at the bed-clothes and moaned, then after a long pause he said,—

"Two of you ; yes, there were two : where's—where's——"

"He means your brother," whispered Annette to Julia.

The whisper fell on his ear, sensitive now with the keenness of impending death, and he said,—

"Yes, her brother Cyril. They said he went to the dogs. He cursed me ; but he mightn't have meant it. I threw a glass in his face"

"He never cursed you, sir; you mistook his words," exclaimed Annette. "He has felt for you in your illness, and been here often——"

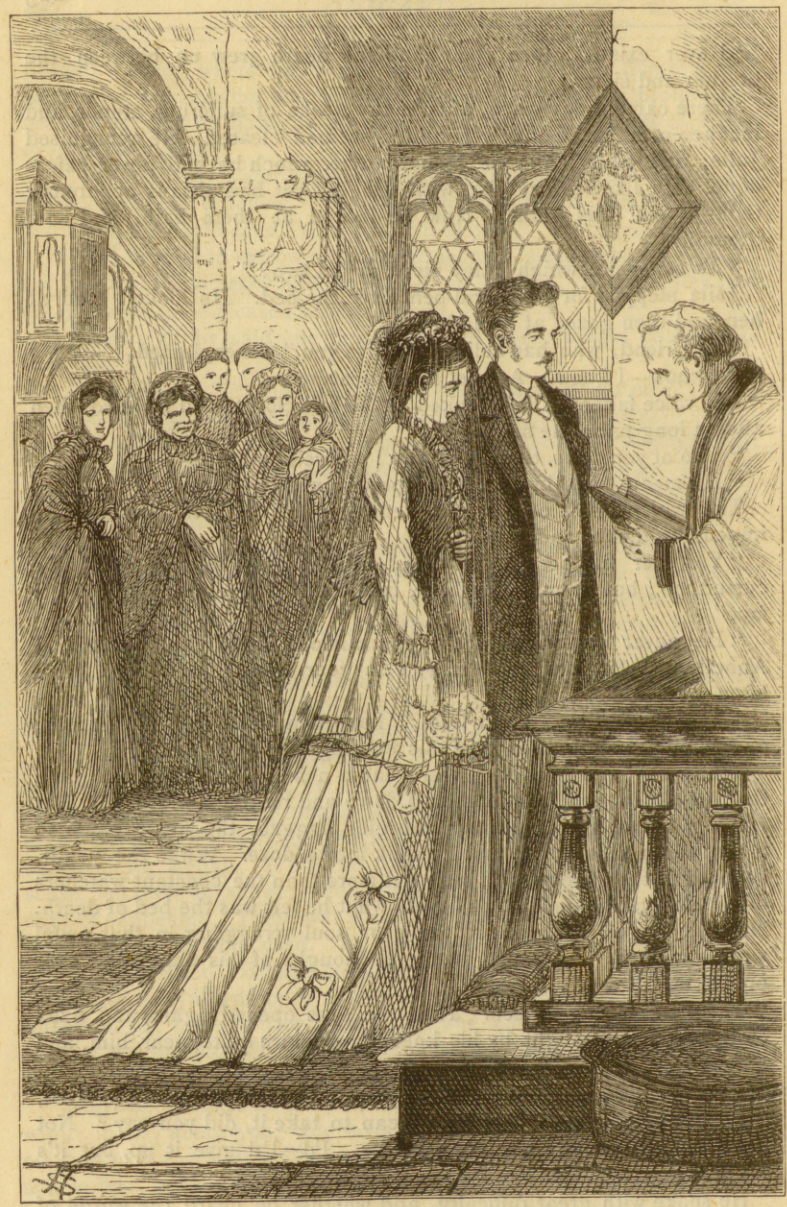
"And Uncle," interposed Julia, "he is doing well with Dr. Studley as a pupil. I expect him here this evening."

While she was speaking there came a step on the garden path that they knew, and Julia hastened down and returned with Cyril. But for a moment the sick man's energies flagged, the nurse came to administer a restorative, and he sank into a doze. While the youth, shocked at the change, and seeing it more than the constant watchers did, involuntarily knelt down beside what he felt was the bed of death. How he longed to know if the poor soul struggling in that awful wrestle with the last enemy had ever thought of his state, had ever prayed for himself.

There was a long silence. Then the eyes opened again, and fixed on Cyril's face, brought by his kneeling posture quite near him, and he said,—

"Oh, then you're come ? Was I wrong, my lad? The drink, Cyril, the drink put me out. You don't mean to take it, did you say ? Not like your father then ; not like poor me. I'd—I'd give it up, but it's too late, boy, too late."

He spoke with great difficulty, and whether he heard the words of soothing that Cyril uttered they never knew, for his eyes closed, a more rigid look came over his features, and though he breathed for some



MARRIAGE OF CYRIL AND ANNETTE.

hours after, he never spoke again. Before the dawning of the next day the soul had fled where earthly treasures are utterly valueless.

Julia had an immediate visit from Miss Rulien, who professed a great attachment for, and a decided wish to matronise, the heiress, and was most polite to Mr. Lyndon, expressing in very stately terms her "regret and indignation that she should have been so misinformed and deceived about so excellent a young man—one who ranked so high in Dr. Studley's esteem."

Cyril took all that for what it was worth, and Julia expressed a decided wish, wherever she lived, that Annette should be her companion.

Death in some wealthy houses brings more perplexity than sorrow, and so it was in this case. Lawyers came, traders came, and poor relations from a distance clustered like bees, and buzzed as loudly about their rights. Mrs. Downing and Hawke, who also had been dismissed, avenged themselves by offering testimony that Mr. Gulper was under undue influence when he signed his last will. He had made fifty wills in the last two years of his life, and most of them more or less under the influence of drink, so that Julia was more likely to inherit a law-suit than a fortune.

Advertisements were issued for Archibald Braithwaite, but without success. A rumour that an Englishman named "*Abner*" was killed in a quarrel at a drinking saloon in New York reached Annette through Ruth. The latter had a brother in America, who said he was sure Mr. Abner was no other than young Braithwaite, and Annette with a pang remembered that the initials A. B. had often from his boyhood been turned by her brother into the name of Abner. A silent conviction that thus his wasted life was ended settled upon her, though she never said so to anyone but Cyril, that life-friend to whom she was bound by ties rivetted by mutual love and early sorrows.

They knew that they must wait not only because they were both young, but Cyril had a steep hill to climb, work as hard as he might, before he could think of marriage. Long engagements as a rule are not wise, but there are many exceptions in which a noble love strengthens a young man in every good word and work—preserves both from caprice and levity, and all the common follies of youth. One thing they were each agreed on, that *drink, the destroyer*, should never enter an abode that they presided over.

Dr. Studley was vexed, in the interests of Cyril, that none of Mr. Gulper's wealth would come to him. But the youth was more than content. "I shall do better without it; I shall owe nothing to any branch of the traffic, except that as a medical man it will provide me with work in trying to remedy its evils," while to the doctor's sister, who loved a poetic quotation as much as Annette did, he said, in what was thought a very convincing style by both,—

> "Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
> In that gross element fix all their happiness;

But purer spirits, purged and refined,
Shake off that clog of human frailty.
Be it their care
To augment wealth: it shall be mine
To increase knowledge." *

Much as Cyril desired his sister's welfare, he was not sorry that after long litigation the lawyer who was left Julia's trustee advised a compromise with the relatives who disputed the will. It was a course which prevented the exposure of Braithwaite's craft, and the probable entire setting aside of the will, so that when Julia's money affairs were ultimately settled a modest competence was all that came to her, which she was far more likely to manage well when she came of age than the large fortune she was at first thought to inherit.

Very calmly passed the years of probation, cheered as they were by hope and occupied by work.

Annette insisted on continuing to teach music-pupils, justly thinking honourable toil of any kind better than dependence. And when at length Cyril passed with distinction at London University and the College of Surgeons, and was taken by Dr. Studley as his junior partner, then, with the consent and approbation of all, Annette and Cyril were married. Among the spectators at the ceremony were a great concourse of poor people, who gave the young couple the rich endowment of their heartfelt blessings. These, it must be confessed, do not make any show among the list of wedding presents, but yet are laid up in the treasury that abides for ever.

Mrs. Sutcliffe and Ruth, both now emancipated from the broker's shop, and keeping a large and prosperous lodging-house, looked at the young couple with tearful eyes, the former saying,—

"I bless the day as that young 'totaller came under my roof; and Sutcliffe 'ud say the same, only he's so infirm; but there, his last days is his best days, for I can keep him in comfort now, as the public-house don't get the upper hand of the private house. And talk of looks, Ruth, wher' 'ull you see a blominger couple? Fresh-water flowers, not grog blossoms, is blushing on their cheeks. God bless 'em."

There was a shadow on the brightness of their lot when the young married pair thought, amid their own happiness, of the wasted life of one whom Annette had in childhood loved for his own sake and afterwards pitied for his mother's sake—one whom Julia, not knowing all his sin, secretly mourned.

"Oh, had he but kept the path of sobriety, he never would have fallen so utterly—been so completely an outcast," said Annette with tears.

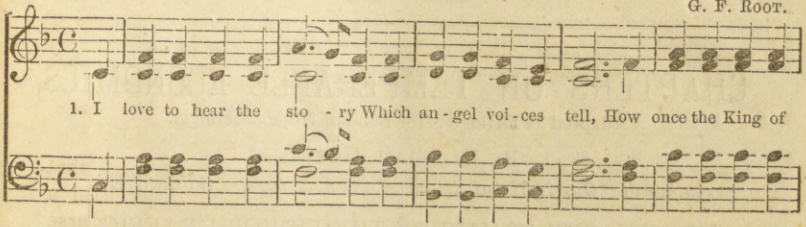
"Well, dearest, let it be our work, for his sake, and in sad remembrance of his fate, to teach a better way of life, both by practice and precept. There is much room for our efforts."

THE END.

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

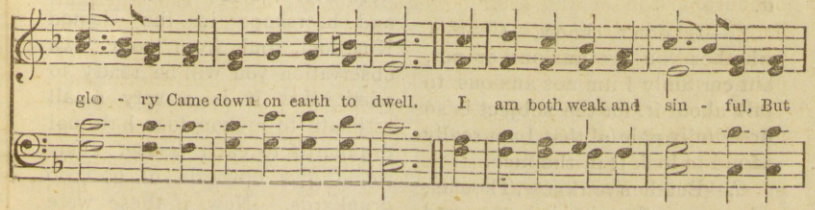
BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO.

G. F. ROOT.

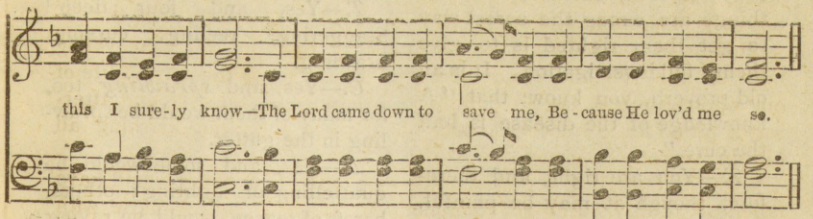


KEY F.

:s₁	d :d	|d :d	m :-.r|d :d	r :r	|d :t₁	d :-|-:d	m :m |m :m
2. I'm	glad my bless - ed	Sa - viour Was	once a child like	me, To	show how pure and		
:s₁	s₁ :s₁	|s₁ :s₁	s₁ :— |s₁ :s₁	l₁ :l₁	|s₁ :s₁	s₁ :-|-:d	d :d |d :d
:s₁	m :m	|m :m	s :-.f|m :m	f :f	|m :r	m :-|-:m	s :s |s :s
3. To	sing his love and	mer - cy My	sweetest songs I'll	raise, And	though I can - not		
:s₁	d :d	|d :d	d :— |d :d	f₁ :f₁	|s₁ :s₁	d :-|-:d	d :d |d :d



s :-.f|m :m	r :s	|s :fe	s :—|—	s	l :s	|f :m	s :-.f|r :r
ho - - ly His	lit - tle ones might	be;		And if I try to	fol - - low His		
m :-.r|d :d	t₁ :r	|r :d	t₁ :—|—	d	d :d	|d :d	t₁ :— |t₁ :t₁
s :— |s :s	s :t	|t :l	s :—|—	m	f :m	|r :d	r :— |s :s
see Him, I	know He hears my	praise.		For He has kind - ly	pro - mis'd That		
d :— |d :d	r :r	|r :r	s₁ :—|—	d	d :d	|d :d	s₁ :— |s₁ :s₁



m :d	|t₁ :d	r :—|—:s₁	d :d	|d :d	m :-.r|d :d	r :r	|d :t₁ |d :-:-
footsteps here be -	low, He	ne - ver will for -	get..... me, Be -	cause He lov'd me	so.		
d :s₁	|s₁ :s₁	t₁ :—|—:s₁	s₁ :s₁	|s₁ :s₁	s₁ :— |s₁ :s₁	l₁ :l₁	|s₁ :s₁ |s₁ :-:-
s :m	|f :m	s :—|—:f	m :m	|m :m	s :-.f|m :m	f :f	|m :r |m :-:-
I shall sure - ly	go, To	sing a - mong his	an - gels, Be -	cause He lov'd me	so.		
d :m	|r :d	s₁ :—|—:s₁	d :d	|d :d	d :— |d :d	f₁ :f₁	|s₁ :s₁ |d :-:-

CHAPTERS ON TEMPERANCE ECONOMICS,

Adapted as Dialogues for Band of Hope Meetings.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE,

Author of "Our National Resources and how they are Wasted," &c.

NO. III.—THE FRUITS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Thomas (rising).—How are you to-night, Charles? I'm glad to meet you once more.

Charles.—I'm very glad to meet you, Thomas, for ever since our conversation, a month ago, I've been very anxious to renew it.

T.—I don't know, Charles, whether you are anxious or not, but certainly I am not anxious to talk about it, for the subject is so dreadfully painful that I am really afraid to look it in the face.

C.—But then you know, Thomas, wherever evils exist, it is no good to shut our eyes to them.

T.—No more it is, Charles, for the worst misfortune that can befall either an individual or a nation, is to be so degraded as to be afraid to look their position in the face.

C.—So it is, Thomas, but when things are wrong the surest way to get them righted is to give them a full investigation. It is an old proverb, you know, that "A knowledge of the disease is half the cure."

T.—You are right, and therefore, though it may be painful, we must be honest, and look the evils of the drink traffic fairly in the face.

C.—I think you promised, when we last separated, that when we met again you would give a picture of the drunkards, paupers, criminals, lunatics, and some of the other evils resulting from the drink traffic.

T.—So I did, Charles. Well, as you will recollect, in our last conversation I stated that there were over 150,000 public-houses and beershops in the United Kingdom, and from your own observation you will be ready to admit that it is a very small estimate to reckon four habitual drunkards to each house. This would give upwards of 600,000 drunkards. Now, if these were placed four abreast, and two yards asunder, they would form a procession which would stretch 170 miles.

C.—What a dreadful sight it would be, Thomas! Why, they would reach nearly from Manchester to London.

T.—Yes, and four deep! Staggering, reeling, cursing, brawling.

C.—Yes, and *sprawling* too, for many of them would be sprawling in the gutter.

T.—Yes, and some would be quarrelling or fighting; others, bereft of reason, would be raving like madmen, whilst others, as you have said, would be laid in the gutter, as helpless as though they were logs of timber.

C.—And how long would it take

this procession of poor drunkards to pass a given point?

T.—If they walked two miles per hour for ten hours daily it would take them eight and-a-half days.

C.—What a sight it would be!

T.—Yes, bleared faces, black eyes, bloody noses, and bandaged heads. Some would be shoeless, others coatless or shirtless, whilst many of those dressed would be clad in garments all ragged and tattered, and then too, at the end of the day's march, many of them would have no home to go to. They would have to sleep in the vagrant wards at the workhouse, huddle themselves into some barn or outhouse, or some brick-kiln, or indeed wherever they could.

C.—And how many paupers are there in the United Kingdom?

T.—From the last returns which were published, which was Christmas 1874, I find there were at that date 1,002,475 paupers on the books of the Unions.

C.—But then, you don't mean to say that all the paupers which are published in the Government returns are made paupers by drink?

T.—Certainly not, Charles, but as you know, there are lots of people who are reduced to pauperism by drink, who are kept by their friends or relatives, but these are as much paupers as the others, only they burden their friends to keep them instead of taxing the public. If all these were reckoned, it would doubtless, much more than make up for those on the published list who have not been brought on by drink. And then, too, you must not forget that there are a great many people who become paupers during the year, but who, perhaps, are not on the books when they are made up at Christmas; it is said that there are above three times as many paupers who get relief during a year as are shown upon the books at one time, this would give us 3,000,000 of paupers in the United Kingdom.

C.—What a scandal and disgrace it is that in a country like ours, having such an immense foreign trade and such enormous riches, there should be found such lamentable pauperism; one person in every ten or thereabouts being a pauper, and made so mainly by drink.

T.—It is indeed most lamentable.

C.—Suppose these 3,000,000 paupers were formed into a procession, what length would such procession be?

T.—If all the 3,000,000 persons who apply to the parish for relief during the course of a year were marshalled into a procession four deep and two yards apart, it would stretch above 850 miles; but suppose we only take half of these, say 1,500,000—which would be a long way within the mark—these would still reach 425 miles, and it would take them above three weeks to pass any given point.

C.—What a sight it would be in a country which has a fourth of the commerce of the world, and calling itself a Christian country, to witness such a procession!

T.—Yes, and these followed by 145,000 criminals, which would make a procession stretching 40 miles, and then there would be 60,000 lunatics, and 60,000 vag-

rants, making another procession 34 miles in length. These, if all added together would form a grand procession stretching nearly 700 miles in length, and if they marched at the rate of 2 miles per hour, it would take them five weeks to pass any given point.

C.—You might well be loth to go into these matters, Thomas, for as you say they are most painful to contemplate.

T.—Yes, imagine you were stood by the wayside and watched them pass. Staggering, blear-faced drunkards, four deep for a week; wan-looking paupers, four deep for other three weeks; and then condemned criminals to follow for a couple of days more; after these 60,000 raving lunatics for a day or so, and then 60,000 vagrants without a home or place to lay their head, and all this in a Christian country.

C.—It is sad, indeed; and then it is said there are 60,000 deaths annually through drink.

T.—Yes; but I should like to have a little more extended conversation about these, and if you are agreeable we will postpone this until we meet again. Good night.

C.—Good night.

(*To be continued.*)

APPEAL TO THE CHRISTIAN AND PATRIOT.

By David Lawton.

OH, Christian, Patriot, now arise!
Avert thy country's awful doom,
Nor let her sink before thine eyes
Through drink into oblivion's tomb.

Oh, Christian, see the souls that die!
The want, the misery, the shame,
The ruin that around doth lie,
And ask thyself, "Am I to blame?"

Thou art to blame, unless thy hand
And voice are lifted 'gainst the foe
That overwhelms this favour'd land
And threatens soon to lay her low.

Christ died for thee, and wilt thou shrink
From self-denial for the sake
Of those who stand on ruin's brink?
Nor cease the poisonous cup to take?

Thy country, Patriot, see and weep!
And let thy tears flow like a flood,
Because her crimes are dark and deep,
And she has lost so much of good!

Oh, Christians, Patriots, now unite!
Shake off your lethargy and rise
To save your country, ere the blight
Doth lay her low before your eyes.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By William Alex. Drysdale.

A WORTHY old couple, one cold Christmas eve,
Sallied forth on a mission—the poor to relieve;
Through courts and dark alleys they wended their way,
Where sunlight's a stranger on midsummer day.
As they move through this labyrinth of squalor and mire,
In search of the needy who sit without fire,
Their hearts feel a joy, for their mission is love—
That grand, sublime feeling inspired from above.

With kind, loving words this warm-hearted pair
Their bounty bestow with benevolent care;
Nor seek to find fault where blame perchance rests,
But with charity obey their lov'd Maker's behests.
As each house they enter what gratitude's shown
In the faces of those to whom plenty's unknown!
And untold is the joy to the donor believe,
For sweeter it is to give than receive!

They haste past a gin-shop, where uproar and din
Give sad intimation of evil within;
The drunkard and harlot their orgies keep here,
Thus losing their souls by their maddened career!
Here wages are spent with unsparing hand
For the poison that killeth—that curse of our land;
Here dwelleth the source of much sorrow and sin:
Alas! for the victims who enter herein!

They come to a dwelling where poverty's rife,
But else its appearance gives small sign of life;
A woman in rags is seated alone,
Whose face plainly tells of all happiness flown;
She sighs as she re-threads her needle again,
But dwells not a moment on bodily pain;
Though she suffers in silence, she toils on in dread,
Lest her fatherless children should ever want bread.

Fast asleep in a corner two young children lie,
Whose slumber is checked by a sad, subdued sigh;
Their fancies in dreamland are now free from sorrow:
Mayhap they are dreaming of food for the morrow!
While far in the night her lone vigil is kept,
And oft o'er her work has the poor mother wept;
Far back to the past her musings have sped
To dear ones, though living, to her now as dead.

From her fair youth of promise to her now piteous fate
This poor creature's story is simple to state:
Her parents were loving, and worshipped their child,
Whose nature had ever been gentle and mild,
Till the tempter stepped in and decoyed her away,
While yet she was innocent, happy, and gay.
The fond hearts deserted no comfort would seek,
Save from Him who is known as the "Lowly and Meek."

The man who had sworn to love and protect
Had gone to his grave with his promise unkept;
His sad, wicked end, through his profligate life,
Had broken the heart of his sorrowing wife;
And now she's alone this cold Christmas eve,
With very sad thoughts her poor heart to grieve,
She falls on her knees ere she sinks to despair,
And calls on her Father in faltering prayer.

That prayer was soon answered; for who goes in vain
To that Fountain of Mercy—that Healer of pain?
With heart full of comfort, and hoping once more,
She turns her sad gaze to the now open door,
Where stand the old couple with joy almost wild
As they look on the face of their dearly-lov'd child.
"Dear mother! Oh, father! it is you indeed!
And God's heard my prayer in my hour of need;

And brought us together after long absent years—
Oh! yes, you forgive me, I see by those tears!"
"Forgive! my poor lost one!" the fond mother said;
"We have prayed for this hour, and now we're repaid:
Through weary long years we have lived on in pain,
Yet hopeful to press to our old hearts again
That child of our love whom we look on once more;
Who can doubt but 'twas God bent our steps to your door?"

O! soon may the Christmas eve come when we'll say,
"Peace on earth, goodwill toward men" this day!
When the drunkard looks back on his unhallow'd ways,
And with gratitude sinks on his knees as he prays
To that merciful God who has shown him his sin,
And the way of escape, that he enter therein;
For even the drunkard, and sinner depraved,
May look up to Him with true faith and be saved!

THE LANGUAGE AND HERALDRY OF LIQUORDOM.

By THE REV. JOHN JONES, London (late of Liverpool).

CHAPTER XII.

THE GLOBE.

THE globe is ever an interesting object in a picture, and consequently it looks exceedingly well as emblazoned in the heraldry of liquordom, especially when coloured to represent the hues of sea and land. This is another instance of an appropriate trade-mark, for is not the globe the symbol of UNIVERSALITY, and thus of liquordom ?

This is another of its solemn facts. In this respect intemperance is like the sun—it belongs to every land ; it touches every shore. All nations are under the blight of this curse. It is only what one might expect, remembering the unity of the race of man, and the unity of Satan's dominion. If the prince of darkness finds strong drink so valuable an auxiliary in England, will he not be likely to employ it in Africa and everywhere else ? What wonder then that in every clime men have exercised their ingenuity in mixing potations of an inebriating character, adapted alike to blast the body, the soul, and the mind of men. In *China* they make alcoholic drink from rice and lamb's flesh ; in *Ceylon* from the cocoa-nut ; in *Affghanistan* from the milk of sheep ; in *Madagascar* from honey ; in *Siberia* from mushrooms ; in *Lapland* from the spruce tree ; in *Sweden* from potatoes ; in *Africa* from the palm tree, and so on through the plains of the Pacific, Japan, Batavia, and every kingdom in Europe. Yes the globe —the emblem of universality—is very appropriate. So then we temperance reformers have a whole world to put right. Well might we exclaim, "Who is sufficient ?" but if with men it is impossible, with God all things are possible. He is on our side in this great battle ; we therefore must win ; it is only a question of time. Yes, that POWER which poised yonder sun in the heavens, which brought water from the "flinty rock," and raised the dead from their sepulchres, is on our side. And already the declaration is gone forth that the axe is laid at the root of the tree, and that every tree which God hath not planted shall be rooted up.

Our temple of sobriety then shall rise—its foundations are laid of old—the superstructure is rapidly advancing—the top stone shall be brought forth.

"What though the hosts of hell engage,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes."

What hallelujahs shall we then hear! for the battle of the age must be celebrated in the day of its victory. An emancipated world must be jubilant in the day of its freedom. Then shall the very humblest soldier in the ranks of our army, the lowliest labourer in this harvest-field, who amid tears has sown his seed, come forth to share in the triumphs, while heaven and earth, commingling their voices, shall shout—IT IS DONE; IT IS DONE.

(*The end.*)

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

I THANK my Heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love; I thank him for all experiences, be they bitter or sweet, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with a blessing.—MRS. CHILD.

TELL not your secrets to your servant, for he will then be your master.

THE most common of all human complaints is parents groaning under the vices of their children.—R. CECIL.

THE heart is happy still that is intent on good.

A MORNING blessing is one of the richest blessings, for it sheds a savour upon the whole day. So is early religious instruction; it gives a halo to life.

GOOD laws will not reform us if reformation begin not at home.

A LITTLE girl who loves to pray, one night was very tired and sleepy, and was going into her little bed without saying her prayers. But her mamma told her to kneel down first to pray. So she folded her little hands and said: "Please God, remember what little Polly said last night, she's so tired to night. Amen."

"PORTER," asked an old lady of an Irish railway porter, "when does the nine o'clock train leave?" "Sixty minutes past eight, mum," was Mick's reply.

SMALL boy on tip-toe to companions: "S—h—stop your noise, all of you." Companions: "Holloa, Tommy, what's up now?" Small boy: "We've got a new baby—very weak and tired—walked all the way from heaven last night—mustn't go to kickin' up a row around here."

END OF VOLUME X.

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