ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1881

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




GOD IS LO

ONWARD.

A

BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE,

AND

FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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KATIE'S ANGEL.

BY GRACE ORA.

IT was the afternoon of New Year's Day. The children were being dressed in the nursery, while mamma and Auntie May downstairs were putting fresh toys and tapers on the Christmas tree, which was to do duty to-night for the second time, at the children's party. You may be sure they were in high spirits. Annie was dressing her prettiest doll in its best frock to be taken downstairs, and nurse was brushing Katie's hair as well as she could ; a very trying time she was having of it, though, for neither nurse nor Katie could keep the curly head still for two minutes together—but nurse was used to that sort of thing, I dare say.

The only drawback to the children's happiness was that baby would not be able to appear at their party. Poor baby ! all yesterday and to-day she has been so poorly, and has cried and fretted so pitifully, that she cannot be allowed to leave the warm nursery.

"What would you like to have off the tree to-night, Annie ?" asks Katie.

"Oh ! the little cradle mamma showed us last night, to put in my doll's house ; my baby's cradle is broken, and last night they had to sleep on the drawing-room table, and they didn't like it a bit." (Poor little Annie is a perfect slave to her large family of dolls, their comfort and well-being is her only anxiety.)

"I shouldn't care for that," said Katie, who is not very fond of dolls; "but oh! Annie, I *do so* want to have the little white angel from the top of the tree, its wings are lovely white feathers, with silver on, and it flies up and down just like a real angel."

"Real angel! It's fastened to the chandelier with elastic, that's all," said brother Freddie, who thought he knew a great deal more than his sisters did, because he was eight years old and went to school. "Come, Annie, isn't your doll ready yet? What babies girls are, to be sure!" Oh! Freddie, and only half an hour ago you were spluttering and crying because the soap was in your eyes!

At last the children are ready, so they all kiss baby and run downstairs. After tea, what with blind man's buff, forfeits, and games of all sorts, you may guess whether the children enjoyed themselves or not. And the toys were taken down from the tree and distributed among the little guests. I wonder how it came about that all the children happened to get exactly what they most wanted! Can you guess? All *I* know is that such was the case, that Katie did get the little angel, and thought that she had never seen anything half so beautiful before, and that she would never, never spoil nor lose it, nor give it away. At nine o'clock, the children, all excepting, of course, the babies, danced "Sir Roger," papa at the top, with a little shy, white-frocked mite of four, and Freddie, with his partner, a grown-up young lady, at the bottom.

Nor was poor little baby in the deserted nursery forgotten. Katie had been up to see her two or three times, and found nurse trying to rock her to sleep, but the little creature was restless and suffering, and would not be soothed. "She ought to be asleep, poor little dear; she is just worn out with fretting and crying," said nurse.

"Let me rock her a little," said Katie; "and oh! nurse, perhaps she would like to see my little angel. Look, baby, look at Katie's beautiful angel; but baby mustn't touch," and Katie held the pretty white-winged figure by its string, while it floated up and down before baby's delighted eyes. But baby is in no mood for obedience, and before Katie can prevent it, the little baby hands have grasped the toy, and the smooth white feathers are crushed in baby's fingers.

An hour later, and the children's party is over; the little guests have finished up with a scramble for sweets, and are gone home.

"Well, nurse, and how is baby now?"

"She fell fast asleep in her cot, ma'am, an hour ago. She'll do nicely now. It was Miss Katie's little angel that quieted her; she has it yet so tight in her hand there's no taking it from her."

"Poor Katie, and you never told me!"

"I don't mind, mamma—at least, not so very much," said Katie, though her eyes were full of tears.

"Did you give it to baby?"

"Miss Katie was showing it to her," said nurse, "and she got hold of it and wouldn't let it go. But I don't think Miss Katie minded much; she did cry a little, certainly, but she was so pleased when baby fell asleep." Nurse thought Katie didn't mind, but mamma knew better, and there was something very like a tear in her eye as she stooped to kiss Katie, and whispered, "God bless my dear, unselfish little girl." And though, of course, Katie's broken-winged little angel knew nothing at all about the matter, *I* shouldn't wonder if another angel did; what do you think?

WHY SHOULD WE?

WHY should we ungrateful murmur,
Think that God has been unkind,
Just because some thing we covet,
In our lot we do not find?

Strange that we are cross and sulky,
Careless o'er our daily task,
When we should be good and cheerful,
And in life's sweet sunshine bask.

Though we may be poor and nameless,
Still we can be good and wise;
Lovely live, and live to purpose,
Look to God with trustful eyes.

Learn the lessons Nature teaches
In her various forms of life;
And although the world ne'er sees us,
Fill our places in the strife.

Shine the stars in heaven less clearly
When the sky is overcast?
No, they pour their flood of radiance
O'er yon fields of glory vast.

Bloom the summer flow'rs less brightly
In the lonely forest glen,
Where no eye will ever see them,
Far away from haunts of men?

Sing the nightingales less sweetly
Out upon the prairies wide,
Where there is no ear to listen,
None to praise and none to chide?

Stars, and flow'rs, and birds would tell us
That wherever they may be,
Shine, and bloom, and sing they ever,
As God bids them—so should we.

DAVID LAWTON.

THE PLEDGE—OUGHT WE TO SIGN IT?



AT the annual meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union a paper was read at the morning conference after the breakfast, which gave rise to much interesting talk. The paper on the above subject was both written and read by a lady. And as woman's work and mission is so thoroughly in harmony with our Band of Hope movement, Mrs. Cooper and her welcome words were warmly received. We only regret that we have not space to give our readers the whole of that valuable address. But a brief outline may be better than nothing.

In answer to the question, WHY should the pledge be taken? we are told (1) *for our own sakes* we should sign. The resolution to abstain must go before, but when formed it ought to be known, and this is well done by giving the purpose the definite form of the pledge. Paul's determination to abstain from meat, if it cause my brother to offend, is a case in point. It fixes our good intentions to record them. Three instances were cited from the lives of Sir Matthew Hale, to abstain from wine and strong drink; John Howard, to devote himself to his work of doing good; and that of the old Puritan divine, Robert Bolton, to give up all intoxicants. In these instances, a written promise was adopted to strengthen each man to keep his resolution. For increased personal safety the pledge should be taken.

(2) *For the sake of others*, because of our influence, and for the help it does become to the weak and helpless. It is the strongest protest we can declare against drink and its evil. As Christians and patriots for social reason, and in the interest of philanthropy, this common bond is needful. As an example, it is not only desirable and expedient, but useful and powerful for others.

(3) *The pledge draws a separate and distinct line between abstainers and non-abstainers.* The pledge-book becomes the census-book of teetotalers. Those who are unpledged are classified among those who are more or less in sympathy with the traffic.

(4) In all important movements *the necessity of union* or confederation has been felt and acknowledged. When the Barons wished to obtain the concessions from King John, they pledged themselves to fidelity to the cause until they obtained the Magna Charta. So was it with the men who formed the American Declaration of Independence. They bound themselves together by common allegiance. Many other instances could be narrated to the same effect.

(5) *The testimony accorded by the Bible.* Jacob at Bethel makes a vow or pledge. The vow of the Nazarite affords an instance peculiarly significant. We have other cases in point—David and Jonathan, Asa and his people; and, above all, we have the Lord Himself entering into covenant with His people.

If, then, covenants and pledges are thus sanctioned, all that can be urged in favour of their use and importance has weight in regard to the temperance question. The conclusion is therefore plain that greater care and attention should be paid to the enrolling of members in all our Bands of Hope, not amongst children only, but to gather those individuals who stand aloof from us, or are not yet identified with us in the movement. There is yet much powerful and resolute opposition, so that it behoves us to be well and unitedly equipped for the battle, "with a single eye to the glory of God" and the good of our beloved "fatherland." Then shall we most assuredly be successful, and in due time we shall reap if we faint not. Violence shall be no more heard in our land, wasting and destruction in our borders. For so far as the drink traffic is concerned, "the days of our mourning shall be ended."

A NEW YEAR'S RESCUE.

BY UNCLE BEN.

MARY and Claud Benson were the children of good influence and of many prayers. Their father had been a minister, they had been well educated and very carefully brought up. Their mother had died early, and Claud, the younger, had missed that guidance which is so lasting in its control on a young man's life. They lived with their father until he died; then Mary, who was engaged, married and settled in a pleasant London suburb.

Claud, her brother, when the house was broken up, went to live in lodgings. He was in business all day, was glad to escape the restraints of his former narrow life and be his own master. But having no strong religious convictions, no definite object or aim in life except to get on as best he could and make life generally as easy as possible, he soon began to devote all his spare time to amusement, and to form associations which began to draw him into the ways of pleasure and waste.



"Father was riding Sissy on his knee."—p. 5.

The decline from the straight up-hill road was very gentle with Claud at first, but as one point of resistance after another, with some plausible excuse, was passed, the incline downward became more rapid.

He had no friends that did him any good; he did not go out of his way to find better associations by uniting himself with a Young Men's Christian Association. It is true he did go to a place of worship at first regularly, then said no one took any notice of him, gradually ceased to go altogether. All the people who had happy homes in the church didn't care for him, he said. Christian family-life did not seem to have much regard for homeless young men, unless they had very promising prospects. He had no fine tastes, no high capacity; very ordinary respectable middle-class society would have pleased him. But as is often the case, those who might have done him good fought a little shy of him—were a little too proud to welcome him to their homes; and he, with whom the social curse of respectable pride was not even checked by formal piety, would not associate with people, however good they might be, who were not in the same rank of life. He would as soon have thought of flying as going back on Sunday evening to tea or supper with old John Ford, who had often heard his father preach, and whose kind and generous heart would have done anything for the young man had he only seen the opportunity. Often did he say to his wife, as they returned from service to their little home at the corner of a narrow street, and passed through the boot and shoe emporium to a very tiny room at the back, where a leathery smell obscured even the refreshing odour of hot potato-pie, which was the usual Sunday dinner—"Ay, I am sorry to see Claud Benson getting so inattentive at the means of grace. I would like to do summut for the lad, for his father's sake, but he wouldn't take notice of such folks as we."

And so the young man drifted away, first from one tie, and then from another, until the day came when he had lost one situation after another, and had sunk lower and lower; and he found himself some few years later turned out of a place at the year's end, with the assurance that the best thing he could do was not to ask for a character, as the employer would only speak the truth about him, and state plainly what an untrustworthy, intemperate man he was. Now he realized that he stood alone in the world, a ruined young man with a *lost character*.

What to do and where to go, he did not know. For a long time he had not dared to go to his sister, he had been ashamed to show his face in her happy home. However, it had been the custom for him to go and spend the New Year's Day with his sister at her pleasant house at Tottenham.

After some consideration he determined to

keep up the custom, and go just this once to see them all and say good-bye, and to tell them he had determined to go abroad. It would be the last time he would be with his sister and her family for many years; he would get through the ordeal as well as he could, and say little about what he called his misfortunes.

It was a bright cheery house where his sister lived, so cosy and comfortable, her husband a kind genial man, and two nice little girls, Daisy and Sissy, both fond of Uncle Claud, whom they had not seen for so long.

On New Year's Day the children had asked many questions about Uncle Claud, about his coming and his long absence. Their father had come home early, had taken off his boots, put down the evening paper, and was riding the chubby little maid Sissy on his knee to "Banbury Cross," while Daisy was nursing her new doll, when the bell rang, and he said, "There's Claud! I heard to-day he is again out of a berth."

"I am so sorry," rejoined the wife, "poor Claud has been unfortunate of late."

"It is more his fault than misfortune, I fear," replied her husband.

Soon after, Claud came into the room, looking so altered and changed, so shabby and uncared for, that his sister was quite shocked. At first the children seemed shy of him. He was evidently depressed and miserable. After several vain attempts to be cheerful, at last he said, "I have made up my mind to go abroad."

All looked up in surprise. "Why?" said Mary, in astonishment. And Sissy, who was favoured to sit by him as a treat, said, "No, Untul Cord, I do 'ove 'oo so, 'oo mustn't do away." His heart had been long full to overflowing, thinking this was the last time he should see them all—the only ones in the world who cared for him—and these words touched him so, that the tears started to his eyes.

"Untul Cord is kying," observed Sissy, solemnly. "You mustn't ky, Untul Cord. Dod will forgive 'oo if 'oo are naughty."

This was more than he could bear; he told them he was worse than naughty, that he must go away lest he should bring disgrace on their name; how, by folly and drink, he had lost his character, and there was no chance for him. But this sad story was the confession of penitence from a broken and contrite heart. And it was the beginning of a new life. Mary confessed she had been selfish in her home, and had not been the good sister she ought to have been; but they would all help him. If he would rather go abroad, they would provide him with the means; and if he liked to take a low place in his brother-in-law's firm, he could. New resolves were made, the pledge was signed, the New Year's Day began a new life. And in years after, when Claud had a home of his own, he would tell his children how Sissy's words had been his rescue in the hour of need.

THE PASSING YEARS.

A DIRGE for the dead Old Year!
Many a blessing he brought us,
Many a lesson he taught us;
Many a hope he quenched,
Many a heart-link wrenched;
But his days, or dark or bright,
Were numbered and closed last night.
Farewell! Old Year!
Fleet hast thou sped, Old Year!

A song for the young New Year!
Many a peal is ringing,
Many a hope is springing;
Many a heart is light,
Many a vision bright
Paints the days the New Year brings.
But he, too, on tireless wings
Shall fly, nor tarry here;
Fleet shalt thou speed, New Year!

And so, year after year,
Many a life-plan scheming,
Many a life-scene dreaming;
Many a cherished hope,
Many a thought lights up;
But our short life flies away,
And the visions may not stay.
Fly on, swift year!
Thou shalt only bring Heaven more near!

E. C. A. ALLEN.

PUTRID FISH.

A DIALOGUE.

BY DR. RIDGE, M.D.

Walter.—(With a basket, cries) Putrid fish! putrid fish, O! Who'll buy my putrid fish?

Alan.—(Laughing) Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! What a Simple Simon! Who do you think wants putrid fish?

W.—Well, what are you laughing for? You don't know how nice it is. Putrid fish, O!

A.—Why, everybody knows how nasty it is. Faugh! it almost makes me sick.

W.—Makes you sick, does it? All I can say is, some people like it very much.

A.—What? like putrid fish? That's a big joke. Where do they live when they're at home?

W.—In Burmah, to be sure. And if the people of Burmah like it, why shouldn't the people of England?

A.—You won't find any English people buy-

ing your fish. I suppose it is because we never learnt to like it when we were young. I am sure it would be better to throw it away.

W.—Then what was it made for, I should like to know, if not to be eaten?

A.—How absurd you are! The fish has gone bad, and would make me ill.

W.—It might make you ill at first, but you would soon get used to it, and long for it.

A.—If it would make me ill at first, that is quite enough to show it's not fit to be eaten, and must do me harm in the end, even if I did get used to it.

W.—Then why do you take wine and beer? and why did you try to get me to take some the other day?

A.—Oh, there's a great difference between wine and putrid fish.

W.—But they are very much alike, after all. *You* say that the putrid fish would make *you* ill, and *I* say that the wine would make *me* ill, it would get into my head and make me tipsy.

A.—That's because you are not used to it.

W.—And you are not used to putrid fish, and as you said just now, we can tell if a thing is bad by its first effects on us.

A.—But what were grapes sent for, then?

W.—I have just as much reason to say that fish were sent to be eaten putrid, as you have to say that grape-juice was sent to drink when it has fermented and changed into intoxicating wine.

A.—Well, but you know your fish must be bad, because it would give a great many people pain inside, and perhaps make them very ill, or kill them.

W.—Perhaps it might; but as your intoxicating wine and spirits do make people ill and kill them, and more than that, often make them mad and wicked, intoxicating wine must be worse than putrid fish.

A.—But, you see, wine is so nice.

W.—Ah! that's the reason you don t see how much more silly it is for you to drink wine than for the Burmese to eat putrid fish.

A.—I shall tell the police, and then you will be fined and put in prison for selling bad fish.

W.—I know I should, but I don't really mean to do so. I only wanted to make you see how blind you are to your own big bad habits, while you see other people's smaller ones very well. And I say it's a crying shame to put any one in prison if they sell bad meat or fish, and not to put in prison those who do ten thousand times more harm to the bodies of men, and their souls also, by making and selling intoxicating drinks.

A.—I think you are right after all, and no doubt some day they will treat both alike. Good night!

W.—Good night!

THE LEVEL CROSSING.



DON'T mind talking about it now, though the time was I couldn't speak of it without a big lump coming in my throat!

We hadn't been married long, Jane and I, when it happened. Jane was a trim, bright-eyed slip of a girl as ever you'd wish to see, and the very first time I ever set eyes on her I made up my mind to make that girl my wife. So when the Company raised my wages—I was pointsman at Fairfield Junction, I should tell you—I took heart and asked her if she'd halve them with me, with a wedding ring thrown into the bargain.

"Do you really mean it, Will?" said she.

"I do really mean it, Jane," said I.

"Then," said she, putting both her hands in mine, "I'll trust you. I've no living relation to advise with me, so I can only take counsel with my own heart."

So we were married. And everything went smooth until Jane began to object to my mates at "The Railway Arms," and the Saturday evenings I spent with my mates.

"Why, Jane, girl," said I, "where's the harm? A man can't live by himself, like an oyster in its shell, and a social glass never yet harmed anyone."

"No," says Jane, "not a social glass, Will, but the habit. And if you would only——"

"Pshaw," said I, "I'm not a drunkard, and I never mean to become one. And no one likes to be preached to by his wife, Jane. Remember that, and you'll save yourself a deal of trouble."

I kissed her and went away. But that was the beginning of the little grave shadow that grew on my Jane's face.

It was a sore point between us. I felt that Jane was always watching me; and I didn't choose to be put in leading-strings by a woman. So—I shame to say it—I went to "The Railway Arms" oftener than ever, and I didn't always count the glasses of beer that I drank; and once or twice, of a particularly cold night, I let myself be persuaded into drinking something stronger than beer! and Jane cried, and I lost my temper—well, I don't like to think of all these things now.

But one afternoon I looked my own life in the face. I made up my mind that I had been behaving like a brute.

"What are those senseless fellows at 'The Railway Arms' to me," muttered I, "as compared with one of Jane's sweet, bright looks? I'll give the whole thing up. I'll draw the line just here and now. We shall be off duty early to-night; I'll go home and astonish Jane."

But as the night fell, the blinding drift of a great storm came with it. The last train was kept later than usual by the snow which collected on the rails, and when it reached the junction there was a little girl, who had been sent on in the care of the guard, who must either wait till morning in the cold and cheerless station, or be taken home across the snowy fields by some one who knew the way.

"I'll take her," said I; and lifting her up, I gathered my coarse, warm coat about her, and started on the long, cold walk along the edge of the river. I knew that Jane would be uneasy at my unexplained absence, and made the best of my way home, only to find the door was shut and locked. I went round to the back. Here I effected an entrance, and little Willie, my eldest boy, called out—"Papa, is that you?"

"Where is mamma?" said I.

"Gone out with baby to look for you," said he. "Didn't you meet her, papa?"

I stood for a moment in silence.

"Lie still, Willie," said I, in a voice that sounded strange and husky even to myself. "I will go and bring her back."

I thought with dismay of the blinding snow-storm outside, and—worst of all—the level crossing over which an express shot like a meteor at a few minutes before midnight. O Heaven!

A clock, sounding dim and muffled through the storm, struck eleven as I hurried down the hill!

As steadily as I could I worked my way onwards, but more than once I became bewildered, and when at length I came out close to the line, I knew that I was half a mile below the crossing.

And in the distance I heard the long, shrill shriek of the midnight train.

Some one else had heard it too, for as I stood thus, I saw, faintly visible through the blinding snow, a shadowy figure looking with a bewildered, uncertain air up and down—the form of Jane, my wife, with the little baby in her arms!

I hurried down to her, but was only just in time to drag her from the place of peril, and stand, breathlessly holding her back, while the fiery-eyed monster of steam swept by with a rush and a rattle and a roar.

"Jane," I cried—"Jane, speak to me!"

She turned her wandering gaze toward me, with eyes that seemed scarcely to recognise me.

"Have you seen my husband?" said she.

"Jane! little woman! don't you know me?" I gasped.

"And I thought, perhaps," she added, vacantly, "you might have met him. It's very cold here, and—and——"

And then she fainted in my arms.

The long, long brain-fever that followed was a sort of death. There was a time when they told me she never would know me again; but, thank Heaven, she did. She recovered at last. And since that night I never have tasted a drop of liquor, and, please Heaven, I never will again. The baby—bless its dear little heart!—wasn't harmed at all. It lay snug and warm on its mother's breast all the while. A. R.

BACK TO MOTHER.

BACK to your side, my mother, we have come,
Drawn by the love that yearned to see its own;
And from the world we bring our trophies home,
And offer them upon the old hearth's stone.

Grown stronger with the years, the love we bring
Meet tribute is it to a heart so true,
And may the spirit of our offering
Be like the fragrance of a rose to you!

Oh, mother, crowned with silver! wide and far
Our paths have led us from the threshold-stone;
But memory tells us, wheresoe'er we are,
That truer mother, child has never known.

In earnest words you taught us to be true
To God and manhood, when we left your side;
And when we strove and won, we thought of you,
And wished that you might know, O loving guide!

If any good our faltering hands have done
To those who journeyed with us in the way—
If any lasting honours we have won—
Share them, my mother, with your sons to-day.

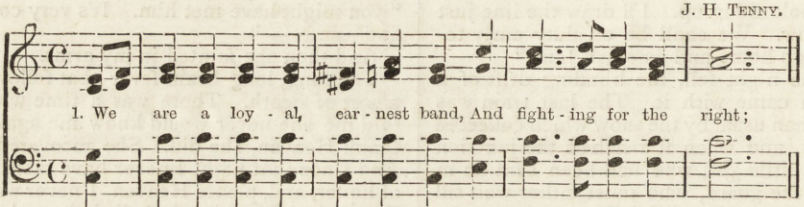
We would not grieve your faithful mother-heart,
Nor make you blush to own us as your own;
And so we pledge you, in warm tears that start,
May you reap richly where your hands have sown!

And, mother—loving mother—let your kiss
Rest like a blessing on each face to-night;
Dearest and sweetest of rewards it is—
The seal of love, whose flame is always bright!

E. R.

HALLELUJAH! MARCHING ON.

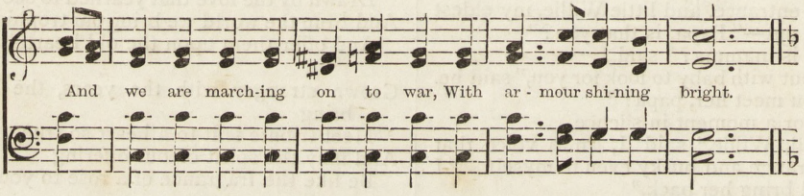
J. H. TENNY.



1. We are a loy - al, ear - nest band, And fight - ing for the right;

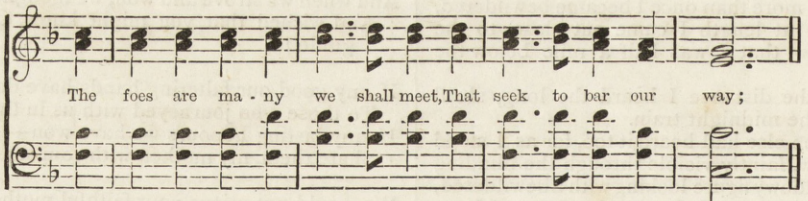
KEY C.

:m .f	s :s | s :s	fe :l | s :d'	d' :-.r' | d' :l	d' :— | —		
2 A	mighty foe is	in our land, We'll	meet him in the	fray;		
:d .r	m :m | m :m	re :f | m :s	l :-.l | l :f	l :— | —		
3. The	hosts of sin are	pressing hard, But	ne - ver will we	yield;		
:s	d' :d' | d' :d'	d' :d' | d' :d'	d' :-.d' | d' :d'	d' :— | —		
4. We	float our ban - ner	in the breeze, And	shout our Lead-er's	name;		
:d	d :d | d :d	d :d | d :m	f :-.f | f :f	f :— | —		



And we are march-ing on to war, With ar - mour shi-ning bright.

:t .l	s :s | s :s	fe :l | s :s	l :-.d' | d' :t	d' :— | —		
The	gi - ant Drink we	must withstand, And	chase the curse a -	way.		
:s .f	m :m | m :m	re :f | m :m	f :-.f | m :r	m :— | —		
We'll	ne - ver lay the	ar - mour by, Nor	quit the bat - tle -	field.		
:d'	d' :d' | d' :d'	d' :d' | d' :d'	d' :-.l | s :s	s :— | —		
Re -	joic - ing we will	march and sing, His	hon - our to pro -	claim.		
:f	d :d | d :d	d :d | d :d	f :-.f | s :s	d :— | —		

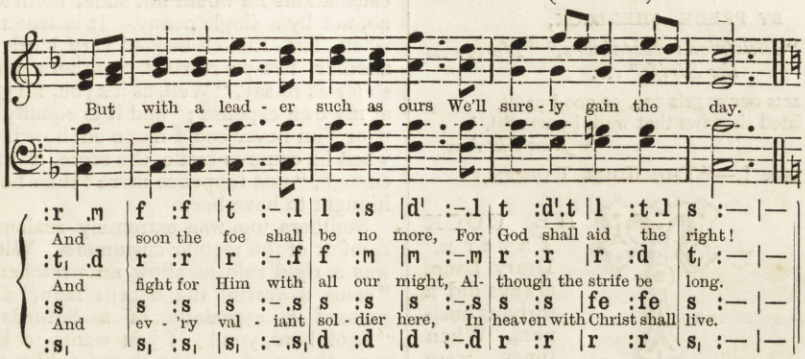


The foes are ma - ny we shall meet, That seek to bar our way;

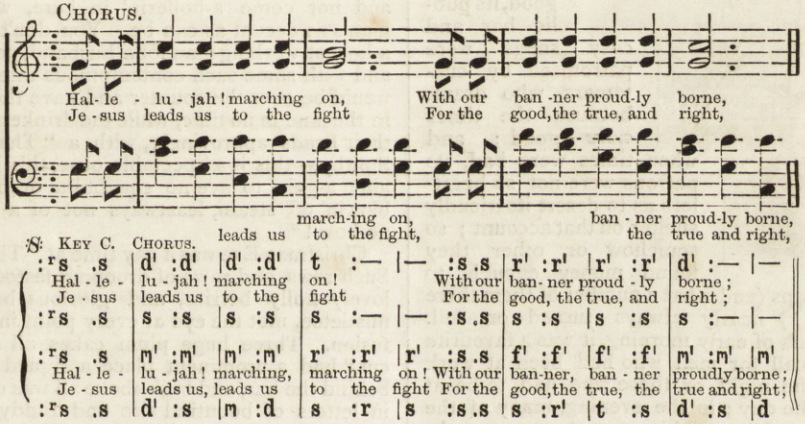
KEY F.

:d' s	s :s | s :s	l :-.l | l :l	s :-.l | s :m	r :— | —		
With	loy - al hearts on	Bri - tain's shore, We'll	ral - ly for the	fight;		
:l m	m :m | m :m	f :-.f | f :f	m :-.f | m :d	t_1 :— | —		
We	have a Cap - tain	firm and true, He	bids us all be	strong;		
:d' s	s :s | s :d'	d' :-.d' | d' :d'	d' :-.d' | d' :s	s :— | —		
And	when in bat - tle	we shall fall, A	crown of life He'll	give;		
:f d	d :d | d :d	f :-.f | f :f	d :-.d | d :d	s_1 :— | —		

HALLELUJAH! MARCHING ON—(*continued*).

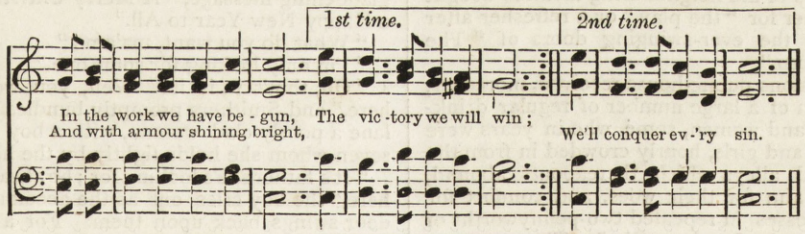


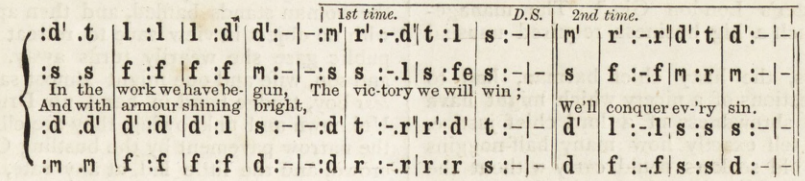
CHORUS.



𝄋 KEY C. CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! marching on! With our ban- ner proud - ly borne;
Je - sus leads us to the fight For the good, the true, and right;
Hal - le - lu - jah! marching, marching on! With our ban-ner, ban - ner proudly borne;
Je - sus leads us, leads us to the fight For the good, the true, the true and right;





MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," "Heroes in the Strife," etc.

"Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fated shadows that walk by us still."
—*John Fletcher.*

CHAPTER I.—"THE COCK TAVERN."



"THE COCK Tavern," Drury Lane, always did a thriving business. When times were good, its public bar and cosy snugs were patronised by customers who drank because the times *were* good; and when times were bad, its patrons were not so heartless as to desert its friendly shelter on that account; so somehow or other they found money enough to keep the taps (and what a number of them there were, too!) nearly always turned on full. In the hours of early morning, it was a favourite house of call for men who had been at work through the night, or those who had to be at work all the day; in the evening, many of the frequenters of the neighbouring theatres sought an appetiser for "the play," or a refresher after it, behind the ever-swinging doors of "The Cock Tavern."

This famous public-house received, moreover, the custom of a large number of regular drinkers—men and women, some who in years were only boys and girls, hourly crowded in from the courts and alleys which thereabouts abound, seeking balm for their woes, and comfort for their distresses in repeated two-pennyworths of "Winchester's London Gin." The management of such a big business required unusual tact.

Smithers, the lusty chief barman, had to decide questions of a nicety which might have tested the shrewdness of a lord chief justice. He could tell exactly how many half-noggins notorious old soakers could carry without the danger of tumbling into the hands of the police, and what was perhaps of more consequence, he knew precisely the length of the score which the several credit customers of "The Cock" could earn in a week. Beyond his finely-balanced calculations he would not suffer them to exceed, no, not by a single penny. It is true that once when Tim Russell begged very hard for "just another two-penn'orth," Smithers yielded in so far as to say, "Well, as it's you, I'll give it you at my own expense;" and it is equally true that poor Tim never could make out how it was that when he came to settle the score, it was, oddly enough, "just tuppence more" than he thought it ought to have been.

Smithers too, was extremely zealous for the comfort of the regular customers. With him it was a rigid rule to allow no wretched wife to "come a-worrin' the decent man," as he expressed it, especially of a Saturday night. "Look here, you! If you wants to kick up a row, why can't you do it quiet like at home? and not come a-hollerin' in here, when the man's as decent as can be. You don't deserve a honest working man for a husband, you don't," and with some such contemptuous utterance he would be over the counter and have the woman in the lane in no time, while the drinkers nodded their heads approvingly, with a "That's right, Smithy,—this is a 'spectable 'ouse, this is." "We ain't a-goin' to 'ave no squabblin' drabs 'ere, a-blowin' off steam, leastways not of a Sattday, no-how!"

Christmas Eve was a gay time at "The Cock." Such rows and rows of drooping festoons, such lovely holly berries, and glorious boughs of mistletoe, met the eye at every point in gay profusion. Three huge plum cakes all "on the cut," had a prominent place assigned to them behind the bar, and high above all was displayed in letters of bountiful size and ruddy hue, the gladdening message, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to All."

"What do you want, ma'am?"

"I'm only looking for some one."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, you won't look here," and Smithers promptly bundles into the lane a poorly-clad woman, with a boy of about seven whom she holds tightly by the hand.

"It's father she's looking for; he always comes here," the boy cries out as the accommodating door swings back upon them. For a moment the woman stands baffled, and then apparently with no object in view save to retreat from the public gaze she wearily turns away. Mother and son, wife and one might almost say *fatherless* boy, trudge hand in hand up Drury Lane. Unknown and unknowing, they are elbowed off the narrow pavement by the bustling Christmas crowd, and the little lad, at any rate, feels immensely relieved when Oxford Street is at last crossed over, and they find themselves in quieter streets and more respectable company.

"Oh! Robert, Robert, what shall we do?" the

poor woman exclaims in tones of anguish as she pulls the boy closer to her side.

"Don't cry, mother! Let's sit on these steps and rest a bit. We'll go back just now, and we'll be sure to find him presently."

They sat down, for although that mother's every wish was bound up in the happiness of her only son, although all her thoughts were ever intent upon what would be the best for him, young as he was, she had learnt to turn to him for advice, and to trustingly rely upon his simple plans as if they were the experienced counsels of a wise man.

"Mother, did you see what it said in 'The Cock'? *A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to All.* Perhaps we'll have a happy Christmas yet."

"No, no, Robert! Not this time, for to-morrow *is* Christmas Day."

"To-morrow? Ah, I do so wish we were back at Christleton!"

"So do I."

And well they might. A twelvemonth past, Christleton had no happier household than the Marshalls'. Robert Marshall was then proud of his wife Martha, proud of his bright little Robert, proud of his cottage home, which was one of the neatest in all that Cheshire village, and oh! so proud of his garden—the "prize garden," as the neighbours had called it ever since the village Flower Show, two years previously, when Marshall's fuchsias, geraniums, and roses were the gems of the exhibition. A bricklayer by trade, he was valued by his employer as a steady, reliable fellow, and was respected by his brother workmen for his sociable, neighbourly qualities. A strike in the building trades threw him out of employment, and for eight long weeks he remained in enforced idleness. On a bright May morning little Robert was roused from his sleep to receive his "father's good-bye kiss," and before sunset every family in Christleton knew that "Bob" Marshall had gone on tramp. To have her husband out of work was bad enough, but to be separated from him after ten years of happy married life, this was indeed a bitter trial for Mrs. Marshall. Whither he was gone she could not tell, save that he intended to make for Warrington, and if needs be farther, until he had found something to do. Oh the unutterable sadness of those following days! How deserted the whole place looked! How dreary and neglected the garden seemed to be! Even the piping song of the thrush in the home-made cage appeared to be new tuned to a strain of sorrow for the absent good-man of the house. As for little Robert, it was now that he began really to feel how much his father was to him. How he wished for just one ride on his father's knees! for just one scamper down the long green lane, after the ball which his father used to throw as far as he could, to give Robert a frolicsome run! Up to this time he had not once seen his mother in tears, and little Robert will never forget the dreadful sense of grief which filled his bursting heart, when he first saw his own dear mother weeping those bitter tears.

Five weeks—years they almost seemed to be—elapsed, and then the good news came that Marshall was in London, and had dropped into a situation which promised to be a permanency. To keep two houses going was impossible, and even had there been no monetary difficulty in the way, Martha Marshall was not the woman to feel comfortable apart from her husband, so she speedily decided upon leaving Christleton. The excitement of disposing of the more cumbersome portions of the furniture, and of carefully packing the few things which remained to be taken with her, was almost a pleasure after the long season of anxiety through which she had passed; while as for little Robert, his joy knew no bounds at the bare idea of going to live in the mighty London, of whose wonders he had heard not a little.

How all the old friends came about to bid them good-bye; how Farmer Parker gave them a lift into Chester in time to catch the parliamentary train; what a splendid medley pie Farmer Parker's wife had crushed into the basket just as they were starting; what a many times they had to show that ticket-and-a-half on the journey; how little Robert had failed to count more than thirteen stations on the way, because he had toppled off to sleep—these are but brief fragments of the thousand and one topics which Robert Marshall had to listen to as he piloted his wife from Euston Station to their new home in the great city. Through Bloomsbury Square, across Oxford Street, down Drury Lane, up Long Acre, two turns to the right, two turns to the left, and the goal is reached.

"You know, wife, rents are very dear, and it's the best I could afford at present; besides, some of my mates live in the same house," said Marshall in a kind of apology as they stood at No. 36.

"Ours is the top floor; it's a goodish way up, but once in, we are all by ourselves," he added, as they commenced to climb the stairs.

Little Robert had never been in a house in which there were so many stairs, and just as he was wondering if they ever would reach the top, the father cheerily cried out, "Now this is it, lass. Home again at last!"

One large room, with a few ancient articles of furniture, lent for a consideration by the enterprising lodging-house keeper, such was their new home. Mrs. Marshall did her best to dis-

guise her disappointment, and little Robert was too wearied after the long journey, to sufficiently comprehend his new surroundings.

Before the week was over, Mrs. Marshall had opportunities of seeing those of her husband's mates who lived in other parts of the house, and the impression which they made caused her to determine to agitate for new lodgings without delay. She found that "the mates" almost invariably completed each day's work by a friendly sitting in "The Cock Tavern," and that her husband's pliant disposition had already led to his putting in a regular attendance at those "select" gatherings. In vain did she remonstrate.

"If I am to get bread for you and the lad," said Marshall, "it'll not do for me to fall out with my mates. I'm but a new hand; when I'm more used to London ways I shall do as I like, but for a while I must do as they do. I've had enough of starvation!" So matters went on from bad to worse. By-and-bye the poor wife's share of the weekly wages grew less and less, and now, on her first Christmas Eve in London, she had been driven to ask her child in the bitterness of despair! "Oh, Robert, Robert, what shall we do?"

THE BEGGAR-BOY.

I WANDER about in the desolate street,
The snow gathers thickly around my bare feet,
My carols I sing as I stand at each door,
And beg for a morsel from rich people's store.

I wander all day in the cold and the storm,
I see the bright parlours so cosy and warm;
There children are smiling with hearts full of glee,
But every bright parlour is closed against me.

Ah! why do I wander so helpless and sad?
Oh, what have I done—am I wicked and bad
That I should be out in this pitiless storm,
While other dear children are joyous and warm?

They say I'm a beggar-boy, throw me a crust—
A poor little beggar-boy no one will trust;
My story, they say, has so often been told,
Then leave me to wander about in the cold.

The dogs in the street some compassion will show,
They lick my poor feet so benumbed with the [snow;
The poor chirping sparrows my steps will attend,
But where can be found the poor beggar-boy's [friend?

How fair is the snow as it covers the ground!
It comes from the skies without murmur or sound,
It falls on the rich and the beggar below—
Our Father in heaven sends the beautiful snow.

I wonder if God, looking down on earth's woe,
Can see a poor beggar-boy out in the snow?
He sendeth the treasure to rich people's store,
Can He tell when they drive me away from their door?

Before mother died I had somewhere to sleep,
But now when night comes, into hovels I creep;
With limbs cold and weary, I sleep till the light—
I wish my dear mother were with me to-night!

I wonder if she, from her home in the skies,
Can tell when I'm hungry or hear my sad cries:
How happy to be in yon mansion of joy!
Oh, mother! look down on your poor beggar-boy!

* * * * *

The beggar-boy crept in his hovel that night,
The snow spread around him a halo of light,
Wild winds murmured softly a dirge o'er the hill,
While the poor beggar-boy lay unconscious and still.

The morning light stole over casement and tower,
The city bells joyously chimed out each hour;
But the beggar-boy heard not—all silent he lay,
For the angels had taken his spirit away!

A hero had fallen, but none the tale told,
How the beggar-boy struggled with hunger and cold;
None sighed o'er his grave as they buried him low,
For Heav'n only knew the poor beggar-boy's woe.

No monument tells of his patience and worth,
How he wandered forsaken, neglected on earth;
He peacefully rests in yon bright home of joy:
'Tis enough that Heav'n smiled on the poor beggar-boy!

W. HOYLE.

IT is useless to endeavour to make a child control his temper if you give way to your own, to tell him to be truthful while you are not strictly so, to inculcate neatness while careless of your own dress. The little folk are keen observers, and will not respect you unless you are worthy. Be careful not to impose unnecessary restrictions—to forbid nothing without reason.



"My carols I sing as I stand at each door,
And beg for a morsel from rich people's store."—p. 12.

HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

BY MRS. R. COOPER.



HIS was the way it happened. It was the fifth of November, and Fred and Alf were determined to have a jolly time. Fred, a handsome lad of nineteen or thereabouts, was just out of his apprenticeship. His father being dead, he had come to this lovely village, nestled among the hills, to live with his grandfather, a grave, steady-going old man, thoroughly conscientious and respectable. Alf was Fred's youngest uncle, not many years older than himself—grave, like his father, but not so free from evil habits. Noticing the two, the old man saw they were making some special arrangements, and found that they intended to join a merry party at a well-known public-house, some distance from home, and to share in the amusements common on that day. Knowing the character of the house, and the probable nature of the company, he besought them anxiously to remain at home, and offered them money to purchase all the requisites for a pleasant evening. Nothing, however, could turn them from their purpose; so off they set in high glee, joined the assembly, and spent the evening in a manner that can easily be imagined. Closing-time arrived, and our two young friends set out on their lonely way home, accompanied by one or two others whose way lay in their direction. At the last house they had to pass they called, and one of the company took out a valuable watch, observing that he always wound his watch up at a certain time. The watch was handed round and admired, after which they resumed their journey. How it was, the owner of the watch could not tell; he only knew that Fred insisted upon walking arm-in-arm with him until they separated, and that his wife inquired for his watch after getting him to bed, but no watch could be found. Then ensued search and inquiry, including a visit to the old farmhouse where Fred and Alf resided, and finally a visit to the police to register the number of the watch. Struck by the circumstances, the officer offered to accompany him again to visit the young men. Great was their professed indignation; but Fred was observed to pay a hasty visit to a haystack, and there the watch was found. Its owner would very gladly have taken it back, and allowed the affair to pass, but it had gone too far. And this is how it came to pass that Fred is in prison, and that a grey-headed old man, whose prayer for years has been, "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me," is now overwhelmed with grief and shame and disappointed hope. Boys, will you learn from this two lessons? Not to despise the advice of your parents, and not to be allured to the public-house. *All* the parties were the worse for drink, or it never would have happened. Fred, when taken to prison, was placed in the same cell as *a murderer*, who saluted him with the greatest familiarity, but from whom he recoiled with horror. He little dreamt that his fifth of November spree would have such a terrible ending.

BABY WALKING.

ONLY beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go,
Little feet how they patter,
Wandering to and fro!

Tripping again so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee;
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

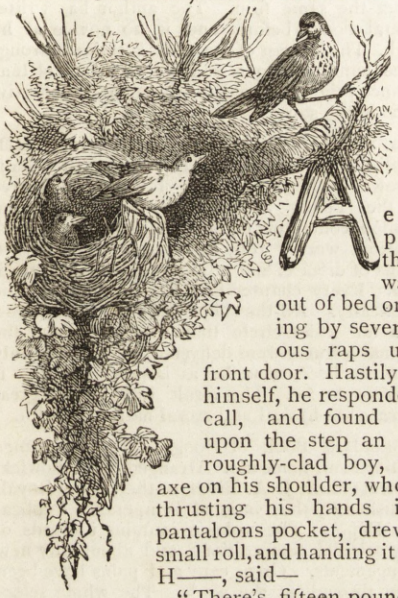
Talking the oddest of language
Never before was heard;
But mother, you'd hardly think,
She understands every word.

Tottering now and falling,
Eyes are going to cry;
Kisses and plenty of love-words
Willing again to try.

Father of all, oh! guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the up-hill road,
Braving the dust and heat.

And then when they grow weary,
Keep them in paths of the blest,
And when the journey is ended,
Saviour, oh! give them rest.

I WORKED, AND EARNED IT.



A FEW weeks ago, a gentleman living in the eastern part of the States was called out of bed one morning by several vigorous raps upon his front door. Hastily dressing himself, he responded to the call, and found standing upon the step an uncouth, roughly-clad boy, with an axe on his shoulder, who, hastily thrusting his hands into his pantaloons pocket, drew out a small roll, and handing it to Judge H——, said—

"There's fifteen pounds which I want you to put in the savings bank," and hastily turned on his heel and started away.

The judge, slightly disconcerted at this curious proceeding, scarce knew what to say, till at length recovering his wits, he cried out after the boy—

"Stop! come back here. How did you come by this money?"

"I WORKED, AND EARNED IT, sir. My time was out last night, and got my money. I've got a job chopping, which I began on this morning, and I thought I'd leave the money with you as I went to my work, and then it wouldn't take up my time this evening when I want to study."

"What is your name, my boy?" asked the judge.

"I wrote it on the paper that I wrapped the money up in," shouted the little woodchopper as he passed on to his work.

That boy's note for two hundred pounds due ten years hence would be as good as gold. If he has his health, he will be worth double that then.

He is beginning in the right way. The very day his time was out for the summer, he entered upon another job, and immediately placed the money he had worked for where that would work for him; and with an economy of time which is more to be praised than his forethought with regard to money, he could not endure to have a moment devoted to anything but his books when the long evenings came.

Five years from to-day, with a good education, with good habits, with a hundred pounds, which he has earned by work, his chances for place in the business and political world will be far greater than those of the spendthrift boy, who, born with a fortune, begins without knowing the worth of money, and instead of going up, goes down.

WEALTH.

My small Charlie said to me
That he had lots of riches.
"How much, old man?" said I. Said he,
"Two farthings in my breeches."

"A silver fourpence in my purse,
And one French bit of money;"
Then added, speaking of his nurse,
"'Twas given me by Nanny."

"A lucky sixpence, father, too!"
He paused, as though to measure,
With those grey eyes, what I should do
On hearing of such treasure.

With those grave eyes he looked at me
Ere he resumed his parley;
It was as plain as A B C,
Or plainer perhaps to Charlie,

That mightier matters were our care,
We meant to sift and try 'em.
"And, father," Charlie said, "are you
As rich a man as I am?"

And I replied—the while I drew
My arms around his shoulder—
"Charlie, I am not so rich as you,
Because I am ages older."

DARE TO DO RIGHT.—"All men forsook me," is Paul's own account of himself, "but the Lord stood with me and strengthened me." Here is a golden hint for the young who are put to their mettle in refusing a sinful fashion, or in bearing a jibe at their conscientious scruples. The young man who can be laughed into a glass of wine, or a game of cards, or a ball-room, may set himself down as a pitiable coward, who can be pushed back by a straw. If he is more afraid of a companion's sneer than of God's frown, he is doomed.—*Rev. Dr. Cuyler.*

PRAYER is needed, not to prepare God to bless us, but to prepare us to receive God's blessing. In carrying to Him our want, we carry to Him an open heart; and not even Almighty grace can give help to the soul that is closed against the great Father's loving help.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WHY is a selfish friend like the letter P?—Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

PURCHASER: "You are a fraud, sir! When I bought this horse from you, you assured me that he hadn't a fault. Why, sir, he's stone-blind!" Vendor: "I know he is; but I don't consider that a fault. I call it a misfortune!"

YOU may have seen a young man on one side of the gate and a maiden on the other side. Why they talk so long is because a great deal can be said on both sides.

PARROT TALK—Polly-syllables.

A MATCHLESS MAID—An ancient or unmarried lady.

A FITTING OPPORTUNITY—The visit to the dressmaker.

THE youth who permits his sweetheart to rule him is a miss-guided young man.

A LUCKY HIT—An original idea striking one.

"WHAT must I do," asked a mean and conceited man, of a friend who knew him well, "to get a picture of the one I love most?" "Sit for your own picture," was the reply.

PEOPLE who waste their time, generally try to waste the time of others.

A WOMAN once went home from church praising the sermon, and some one said to her: "Where was the text?" She had forgotten. "What was the subject?" She had forgotten. "What did the preacher say, anyhow?" She had forgotten. "Well, what do you remember?" "Oh!" said she, "I remembered to burn up my half-bushel." She had kept store, and used a bad measure.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Miss Margaret's Stories," by the author of "Katie's Counsel." Published by the National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand. This little book contains five separate stories, prettily told with freshness and point.

"Una's Crusade," and three other tales, by Adeline Sergeant. From the same publishers. These short stories are very suitable to be read at Band of Hope meetings.

"Non-Alcoholic Home Treatment of Disease," by I. J. Ridge, M.D. From the same publishers. A most admirable and useful work, and should be the possession of every mother. If only read, this book must do much good in the service of promoting health, and will remove the old superstition that alcohol is a valuable medicine. By abandoning its use in the hospital, "no loss has been incurred, save the loss of a cause of disease and death."

"The Tempter Behind." A tale, by John Saunders. From the same firm. The author has written several books before, and is no novice at his work. The interest of the tale is sustained through three hundred pages, and the advocacy of temperance principles holds a prominent and effective place in the story.

"Health Studies," by H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, price half-a-crown. The third course of lectures delivered to the Young Men's Christian Association, London, containing eight capital lectures on food, exertion, worry, rest, fastness, a merry heart, germs of disease, and rational principles of medicine. Every chapter is treated popularly and practically. All the subjects are of great interest to a far wider circle than those to whom the original lectures were delivered, and we can only hope the book may be as largely read as it deserves to be. The result would be a great increase of physical and moral national health.

"The Standard Book of Songs," for temperance meetings and home use. Arranged by T. Bowick. Musical editor, J. A. Birch, of the Chapel Royal. Published by the National Temperance Publication Depôt. The volume contains upwards of sixty original compositions, and about fifty new arrangements. Great care and pains have been taken throughout the work. The whole selection contains 298 temperance, moral, and sacred songs.

"Blossom and Blight," by Miss M. A. Paul. Published by Partridge and Co., London. ONWARD Offices, Manchester. This story is the first of "The Onward Series." Price two shillings, post free; well illustrated. The tale has all the features of point and interest that have made the reputation of the well-known authoress, and, like all her works, most suited for home-reading, for Sunday-school libraries, and Band of Hope prizes.

"The National Temperance League Annual for 1881," edited by Robert Rae. Price one shilling. Published at the Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand. This handbook forms a most admirable summary of interesting and useful articles on the many aspects of the temperance question.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Hand and Heart, with its Christmas supplement, "Ring the Bells," well illustrated and attractive—The Temperance Record—The Western Temperance Herald—The British Temperance Advocate—The Irish Temperance League—The Social Reformer—The Rechabites' Magazine—The Garden—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Good Templars' Watchword—Anti-Tobacco Journal—The Coffee Public-house News—The Coffee Palace and Temperance Journal—Longley's Illustrated Annual, 1881. "The Good Shepherd," by Mr. Longley.

KIT'S GIVING.



"'IT is more blessed to give than to receive,'" she spelt out slowly and awkwardly from the big black-lettered board in front of the teacher's desk.

"I don't believe it," she remarked by way of comment a minute after.

"Kit!" spoke the teacher, reprovingly.

"Well, I don't," returned Kit stoutly; "it's a lot better to get things given you, than to have to go and give them away."

"Did you ever try giving anything to another person, Kit?"

"No," was the prompt response; "I'd never anything to give."

"Then try it when you do have something, and you will find out for yourself how true it is."

Kit did not answer, she was busy knotting her little sister's tattered shawl closer round the small shoulders. If she knew nothing of general benevolence, as far as Dot was concerned her life was one constant service. The teacher watched them as they passed out together. Dot with her bonnie, babyish face and winning little ways; Kit, plain and angular, square-set chin, and air of general defiance.

"I fancy she has learnt unconsciously the blessing of giving in one direction, at any rate," she said to herself, as she went back to her desk.

Kit was a flower-girl by profession, pleasant work enough in the time of primroses and lilacs, but it was only February now, and a cold, gusty one. It seemed bleaker and colder even than usual that next day, and customers were few and far between.

"I guess it's no use waiting any longer to-night," she said at last, "people won't stop while it's blowing things about like this. Come along, Dot."

Dot rose up wearily from her corner of the step, and stretched her tiny stiffened limbs. "I wanted you to go hours ago, Kit," she sighed, fretfully.

"Couldn't without the money," returned Kit, decidedly; "and there's only threepence of it now."

She gathered her half-dozen bunches of violets together into the basket-lid, settled Dot's battered bunch into position, and then the two trudged away homewards, down the narrow street, between the tall, frowning city warehouses.

Halfway they stopped before a brilliantly-lighted restaurant. Dot planted her elbows on the ledge, and flattened her small nose against the steamy glass. There were great joints of beef and ham, and vast piles of buns in full view, only the glass between. Dot's hungry eyes travelled beyond, to the little marble-topped tables, where people sat drinking—some soup, some tea, but all warm and comfortable in the full glow of gas and firelight.

"Oh, Kit," she cried, "if we could only go inside just for once, and have as much to eat as we liked!"

Kit was looking at the three pennies in her dirty palm, calculating the possibilities of them. She was a practical little person, and it never entered her imagination to envy those privileged beings inside; they belonged to a different rank of life entirely.

"Dot," she said, slowly and impressively, "we've got some bread at home, so I think—I think we might buy a trotter for ourselves."

Dot took down her elbows instantly, her face sparkling with interest. "Oh, Kit! we'll get it at Old Grundy's."

They did get it at Grundy's after a lengthy inspection of every one on the stall, and took it home carefully wrapped up in a piece of newspaper.

Home was a single room at the end of a crowded alley; the head of it was a porter at one of the big warehouses, but the greater part of his earnings were devoted to the support of the flaring public-house at the corner. The two cautiously reconnoitered the aspect of affairs through the window; fortunately the coast was clear, and they joyfully took possession, and kindled a tiny fire on the hearth.

"Kit," remarked Dot, half-an-hour later, tenderly polishing the well-picked trotter-bone on her petticoat, "Jim Watson said yesterday that they had a fire all day at their house. I wish we could."

"Jim Watson hasn't got a father who goes to the 'Beehive' every night," explained Kit, putting the stalks of her violets into a saucer of water; "it would be little fire they'd get if he did."

"And I wish we could have some more clothes," pursued Dot, who seemed to have a relay of wants ready. "Look at it!" she said, spreading out her ragged shawl for inspection.

"It'll get a bit warmer every day now," observed Kit philosophically, "and you've got me."

"Yes, I've got you," and Dot crept up closer and put her little tired head down upon her sis-

ter's knee; better than shawl or fire was the close clasp of the loving arms about her. Kit sat still, her plain face growing almost beautiful in its softness; she liked to feel that she was necessary to the child, and that all help and comfort must come through her.

Two hours later a heavy foot stumbling across the floor brought them back to the waking world—their father, and in the state a night at the "Beehive" generally landed him. Dot sprang to her feet, and stood looking at him with big, frightened eyes, while Kit in sturdy silence helped him off with his clumsy boots, and covered him up after he flung himself upon the pallet, and then she and Dot slipped away to their corner, and forgot their wants for one more night.

It was school night the next evening, and there was a strange lady-visitor in the room when they got there, a lady of a different stamp altogether to the general run of visitors. This one wore rich furs and heavy silks, and looked round pitifully at the ill-clad children about her. Dot's sunny hair attracted her notice.

"Who is she?" she asked her teacher. "The child looks quite different to the others."

The teacher explained in a low tone, and presently came round to their seat.

"So this is your little sister?" she said, touching Dot's curls and looking at Kit.

"Yes, that's Dot."

"She is a very little dot to go out selling flowers."

"She *is* rather little," owned Kit, looking at her with her head on one side, trying to take an unbiassed view of Dot's stature, "she doesn't grow very fast."

"Have you no father or mother?" queried the lady.

"We've got a father," returned Kit, indifferently; "he drinks—men always do drink, you know."

"No, I did not know," said the lady; "but I think Dot needs a little taking care of, she is scarcely strong enough to go about in all weathers. How would you like her to be taken into one of our homes? There is an empty place just now that would do for her nicely."

Kit's face flushed hotly, "I shouldn't like it; I can take care of her myself."

"Very well," said the lady, gently, turning away, "but you are standing in your sister's light."

Kit paid little attention to the after lesson, she kept Dot close beside her with a jealous watchfulness. When it was ended, and the children going home, the teacher called her to the desk.

"Kit," she began, "I want you to understand about Mrs. Percival's offer for Dot; it's not one to be hurriedly refused, it means that she would be well-fed, and well-clothed, and educated to earn a respectable living some day. The chance may never come again; Mrs. Percival came purposely to-night to choose a child, and if you don't let Dot have it, she will choose some other who may not need it as much."

But Kit's face only set more firmly. "I *can't* do without her, I have the most right to her."

"I know it, but don't you think it would be a kinder thing to give her up for her good than to keep her for your own? It *is* more blessed to give, Kit."

"I don't believe it," cried out poor Kit in her perplexity.

But she was beginning to believe it, not in the blessedness of it, perhaps—not many of us do believe in that phase of it at first—but the duty of it, and that once seen and faithfully done, the other surely follows.

"There isn't any hurry for to-night?" she asked.

"Oh no, this is Friday, and Mrs. Percival will not come again till Monday, but you must make up your mind by then."

Three days off, but Kit knew by the blank weight inside that her mind was made up already.

Through the three days she never faltered. Saturday night they had a last noble feast of trotters, three, from Grundy's. Sunday was a leisure day—of necessity, not principle; Kit had no scruples of conscience about Sunday trading, but her customers did not come to town that day. The pair spent it on an expedition to the nearest cemetery, not the most exhilarating resort possible, but the chill February sunshine lay still and bright on the green graves, and on some of them the early violets were lifting their blue eyes—blue as the clear cold sky above.

They met other children, too, in the broad walks, some acquaintances, and once, in the distance, they saw the redoubtable Jim Watson with his father and mother and small sister, all in their Sunday clothes, sitting on one of the green iron benches. A sudden hot sense of wrong and injustice surged up in Kit's sore heart at the sight; she was not old enough to comprehend the full extent of her wrong, it was only a blind struggling instinct against the selfish sin that made the sacrifice a necessity, while others lived together in comfort and gladness all their days.

The Watsons did not see the two little vagrants, and Kit would not speak to Jim, the distance between them seemed greater out here than it did in their own court; and when the slant sun rays faded away from the graves, Dot and she crept home together.

Home, such as it was, was worse than usual

that evening ; her father had brought two men in, they were sitting over the fire drinking out of a black bottle. Clearly there was no room for either of them, and they retreated to a friendly baker's at the corner, where the ovens were being heated for the morrow, and a certain degree of warmth might generally be counted upon. It strengthened Kit's resolution. Dot should be lifted out of it ; for herself it did not so much matter, she was older and harder, and better able to stand it. "But oh!" she wailed, vaguely putting cause and effect together, "if that 'Beehive' had only been built somewhere else, she wouldn't ever have had to go."

Dot was little more than a baby still, and the excitement of going away with the beautiful lady took the edge off the parting with Kit entirely. Kit had done her utmost in adorning her for presentation ; the small face and hands had been scrubbed to a state of exceeding redness, though it had not occurred to her that an application of soap and water to her neck and ears also, was at all necessary, and the biggest bunch of violets out of the day's stock-in-trade was pinned into her shawl ; and then, when the deed was done, Kit, declining sympathy and congratulation alike, went away by herself, to grow used to the blank as best she could.

She was not at all a demonstrative person, and sometimes her teacher, watching the silent, self-contained face, doubted if it had been quite wise to separate them ; and yet as the weeks slipped past she began to notice a new tenderness in Kit's manner to other little children, especially little girls, as if, the one great care taken out of her hands, she had leisure to think of and care for others, and the teacher being a wise woman made no comment.

Human nature is only human nature, and little Dot was very human ; as time slipped by and she grew into a thoroughly respectable member of society, the sight of the dusty, ragged flower-girl who always claimed her so joyfully before all her companions, became a little trial to her. In her new home she was being taught to be clean and neat, and to regard dirt as an unpardonable sin.

Perhaps dusty Kit outside was being taught some things higher still: the one was giving, the other only receiving.

Kit never talks about her views and feelings on the matter, it has been a silent lesson ; she lives in the same room in the crowded alley still, but it is peaceful by comparison, for her father is dead, and his custom lost to the "Beehive" for ever. Ragged and dingy though she may be, the court children carry their difficulties to her, sure of patient sympathy and help, for Kit's first great giving has opened the door into another world for her, a world in which there is no place for selfishness, and where it is more blessed far to give than to receive. E. K. O.

THE MORN OF VALENTINE.

It is the morn of Valentine,
And I am all alone ;
For Robin dear, my own true love,
Across the sea is gone.

Each pretty bird may find a mate
To sing upon the tree,
Yet here I sit and here I sigh,
For my heart is on the sea.

Three long, sad years have passed away
Since Robin courted me,
And then he joined a jovial crew
To sail across the sea.

I never thought I loved him so,
Until he went away.
Oh, Robin ! do come back again,
If only for one day.

His ship it was the *Betsy Brown*,
She sailed for Zanzibar ;
My Robin, with his bright blue eyes,
Would make a handsome tar.

Oh, have you seen a sailor-boy,
With eyes so bright and blue ?
He was the fairest sailor-boy
That ever joined a crew.

Oh, have you been to Zanzibar
And seen the *Betsy Brown ?*
Or do you think his ship is lost,
And all the crew gone down ?

He promised to come back again,
And make me his fair bride ;
And often in my dreams I see
Him standing by my side.

Oh ! if I knew where Robin was,
I would sail the raging main,
And face the fiercest winds that blow,
To see his face again.

I would tell him all my love for him,
And all my long, long grief—
To see his bright blue eyes once more
Would bring my heart relief.

For every day, where'er I go,
The world is dark to me,
Until I see my own true love
That sailed across the sea.

W. Hoyle.



MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," "Heroes in the Strife," etc.

CHAPTER II.—WINCHESTER AND SON.

"Only a word!
But sharp, oh, sharper than a two-edged sword,
To pierce, and sting, and scar."

MR. WEBSTER WINCHESTER was often pointed out in the city as a representative "successful man." There were those who never wearied of proclaiming that "Winchester's father was only a Manchester mill-hand, who died in the workhouse." Whatever his antecedents, there was no gainsaying the fact that he was the head of the firm of Winchester and Son, and that he was "turning over some thousands every year, although you wouldn't think it."

He had a large circle of acquaintances, but not many friends, the general opinion being that he was more of a man to trade with than to know. From being a brewer's clerk in Essex, he had in some way or other secured a small distillery at Stepney, which under his masterly hand was surely if slowly developing into a vast concern.

Winchester and Co. had only been transformed into Winchester and Son a few months at the time of which we write, and the gossips said it might have been made "Sons," since there were five lads who owned Mr. Webster Winchester as father, beginning with Mr. Harold, the newly-made partner, aged twenty-one, and ending with Master Edgar, aged eleven. However, Mr. Winchester knew his own affairs best, and was far too much immersed in them to be at all influenced by any wandering words which reached his ears.

If he was making money, he was certainly not spending it, except on the distillery. He lived in a quiet way in Bedford Place, Russell Square, and was not above acknowledging that his home was within easy walking distance of his city office.

No doubt, when an inquiry was made touching Mr. Webster Winchester's commercial position, the reply would be, "highly respected," and to say the truth, the same phrase, "highly respected," just as thoroughly described his position in the family circle.

Yes, the five sons of Mr. Webster Winchester, "highly respected" their father, but as for loving him, well—he had never been able to spare time to bother himself with their affections, and so they were growing up about him, in tolerably fair outward obedience to his commands, which were often arbitrary and as often irksome.

But what of their mother? She was a mild,



" His ship it was the *Betsy Brown*."—p. 19.

even-tempered lady, immensely proud of her boys, but confessedly unable to manage them. When they were quite young, many times in a day she had to use the suggestive threat, "I must tell father about this;" and even now, when some of them had passed over the borderland of childhood, her constant rejoinder to their numerous perplexing wants, was, "I'm sure it will be quite right, but we must wait for a convenient opportunity to first ask father's permission."

Father's permission had been sought and somewhat reluctantly given for a Christmas Eve gathering, and although Harold (the partner) and George (two years his junior, and next in turn for a partnership) thought it a little beneath them to countenance their younger brothers, still Christmas was an exceptional season, in view of which they generously relaxed a little of their dignity, particularly as to do so afforded an opportunity for inviting two or three jolly fellows, so that it was by no means exclusively a juvenile party.

Wilmot, aged sixteen, fresh from boarding-school, and heartily glad that he was now to go to the office; Bertie, a delicate boy of thirteen, whose time, according to his father's cut and dried plan, had just arrived for boarding school;

and Edgar, the youngest, sometimes called "the baby," although he was as manly a lad for his years as one could have wished to see, were each allowed to ask a companion. Such a Christmas party had never been held at Winchester's before, nor will such an one be ever held by them again.

All the boys were full of high spirits and glee. Many and merry were the jokes which passed round the table. The presence of Mr. Webster Winchester did perhaps keep the mirth a trifle within check, and we fear it must be added that the lads were not sorry when at half-past ten he suddenly said, "Good night, lads! I've a little work to do," and abruptly quitted the room. Mrs. Winchester almost immediately afterwards excused herself, and thus left together, the boys and their friends abandoned themselves to a little rough sport, which under the excitement of the spirits and wine so unreservedly at their command, soon became too unpleasant and personal to be enjoyable.

"Pass that decanter over here," said Harold in a peremptory manner.

"Shan't, till I've done with it," as testily answered George.

"Won't you, though? We'll see about that," retorted the elder, as he stretched over the table and seized it.

A laugh all round, which would have ordinarily terminated so petty a quarrel, only served to stimulate the younger brother's passion, and with a look of scornful defiance he hurled a glass at Harold, exclaiming, "Take that with it!"

He missed his mark, but the agonised shriek of Wilmot, who heavily fell to the floor, as the blood streamed over his forehead, told its own tale.

For a moment every one was too terror-stricken to act. Then the most indescribable confusion prevailed. Mr. and Mrs. Winchester rushed excitedly into the room, followed by the servants. Harold and George, both impelled by the same impulse, affrightedly escaped from the house, and in opposite directions hastened to seek surgical aid.

"What *can* be the matter? There must be something wrong," said Mrs. Marshall, who with little Robert had been almost knocked into the roadway by the terrified young men as they leapt down the steps.

The door opened and slammed again as a servant ran out and quickly disappeared from view.

In a few moments one of the brothers returned, accompanied by a stranger. They were presently followed by the other, also bringing a companion.

"Mother, there's trouble for rich as well as for poor," said little Robert. Had he known all, he might have added, "and strong drink, which is no respecter of persons, has often a great deal to do with it."

PHILANTHROPIC ASPECTS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

I.—The Coffee Public-House Movement.

NO step in social improvement has been more needed than that of offering to the public an open house for resort where refreshments could be obtained and time could be spent free from the temptation and influence of intoxicating drinks. In most towns of any importance, and in many villages, these public-houses are established, which provide all the advantages of the beer-shop, the gin-palace, and the old-fashioned country inn, with its snug parlour and cosy company.

These public-houses without drink are not new institutions, they are only a modern adaptation to the wants of the time. Their origin in England dates back to 1650, during the Puritan rule under Cromwell, when the first coffee-house was opened at Oxford, under the sign of "The Angel"—the right sign for a good house, beginning a true work of reform. In sixty years' time London alone could boast two thousand coffee-houses. These places of resort became very popular, every trade and profession had its own special house. Smoking was usually allowed. One penny was paid at the door for entering, and the price of a dish of tea or coffee was twopence. Every comfort and accommodation was provided.

Many of these houses developed into low places of resort, and many of the better ones became transformed into subscription clubs; and the rapid growth of public-houses where liquor was sold almost swamped the coffee-shops, so that they gradually declined. One cause, doubtless, of this decrease was the growth of suburban life and increasing love of home which sober, temperance men are sure to possess.

It has been the lack of this fireside affection among the truly respectable people on the Continent that has made the cafés of France and Germany so famous.

In 1847 an Italian started a café restaurante on the Continental plan, and a very successful undertaking it became. In Scotland, about six years later, Lord Kinnaird opened a house for the working people of Dundee, as a benevolent effort, but it soon became a self-supporting enterprise, and others were established.

Mrs. Hind Smith, at Leeds, in 1867, in connection with mission-work and Christian benevolence, opened a temperance public-house free to all who chose to use it, under the name of "The British Workman."

From that time the movement received a new impulse, and rapidly developed. The enthusiasm of Christian abstainers was enlisted, and people soon saw the value of this necessary adjunct for temperance among all classes of society. It quickly assumed the character of a social and practical reform that could be made self-supporting.

In the West of England, in 1862, during the construction of the South Wales Union Railway, a wooden shed was built to provide the workmen with refreshments, free from the sale of strong drink. This proved to be a very useful and successful effort.

Miss Robinson, in 1873, commenced her practical work in the army by meeting a great need among our soldiers, and she is continuing to supply the want, which must be a safeguard against many temptations. Mrs. Daniels is carrying on a good work at Aldershot; and for the sailors, Miss Weston is supplying the same demand, giving to those that require it a place of rest, recreation and refreshment that is freed from the drink traffic.

In Liverpool, the reformed public-houses were started at the beginning of 1875, and so thoroughly successful has the progress been in that city that now there are thirty-five houses paying ten per cent.

London was very slow to realize the advantages such places afforded as alternatives to the drinking shop. The first coffee tavern was opened by private enterprise, under the sign of the "Red Star," Clerkenwell Green, and became successful. Others in the suburbs were started on a semi-benevolent system. In 1876, "The Coffee Tavern Company" commenced its operations by carrying on the business of tavern refreshment houses without drink, and has now twenty-five places in working order.

"The People's Café Company" was the senior, being formed in 1874—in fact, was the first company in London. There are twelve houses opened now to the public, some of which are simply dining-rooms without a license.

"The London and Provincial Coffee Palace Company" has twelve houses, and the "Coffee Palace Public-house National Society" has nine conducted on the same principle.

The Café Company's houses are conducted on a co-operative system; twenty-five per cent. of the profits are divided among the employés, in addition to their salary.

There are other private adventures, which number altogether about 100, beside which there are some subsidised by charity or benevolent institutions, like Dr. Barnardo's in the East-end, where temperance work and Christian missions are in active exercise.

Manchester and Birmingham are not behind in this good work, the one town has fifteen, and the other sixteen houses paying well. Other large towns have followed their example, and now England can boast of 161 companies formed for the extension of this movement, and it is satisfactory to know that out of twenty-four of the principal companies, twelve are paying ten per cent.

The moral influences these houses have on the temperance habits of the nation is wide and powerful. They are on a sound and healthy basis as business establishments, a preventive of vice and drunkenness, and a social advantage to every town and village where they are situated. Their rapid advance has shown how great a demand there was for such institutions. They have been the growth of a wise and practical spirit of temperance, that will tend to the commercial success of the people, and must bring a useful influence to posterity.

WILD ROSES.

A POOR little lassie stood plucking
The roses so sweet and so wild,
That grow in the hedges in summer
To gladden the cottager's child.

Her clothes they would scarce hold together,
So ragged, and shabby, and torn;
She stood, in the bright summer weather,
A little maid sad and forlorn.

She held the sweet roses and tied them
With poor bits of ribbon and thread;
She gathered them not for their beauty,
But only to sell them for bread.

And then from the hedge she turned slowly,
And wearily went on her way;
And to all who passed whispered lowly,
"Oh, buy my wild roses, I pray!"

And soon came a bright little maiden,
In fresh pretty garments arrayed;
And gazed on the little one laden
With roses, and came to her aid.

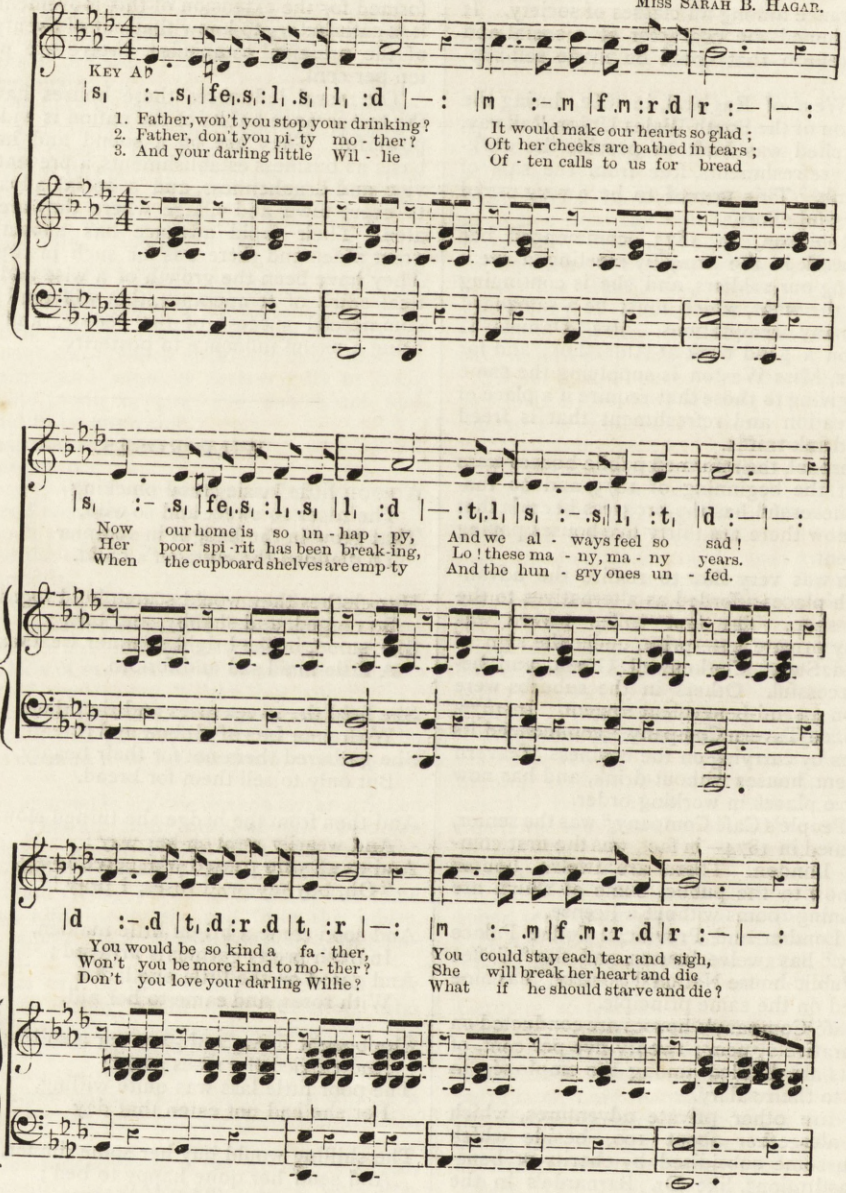
She bought them, and gave her a shilling,
And carried the roses away;
The poor little lass was quite willing,
For she had not eaten that day.

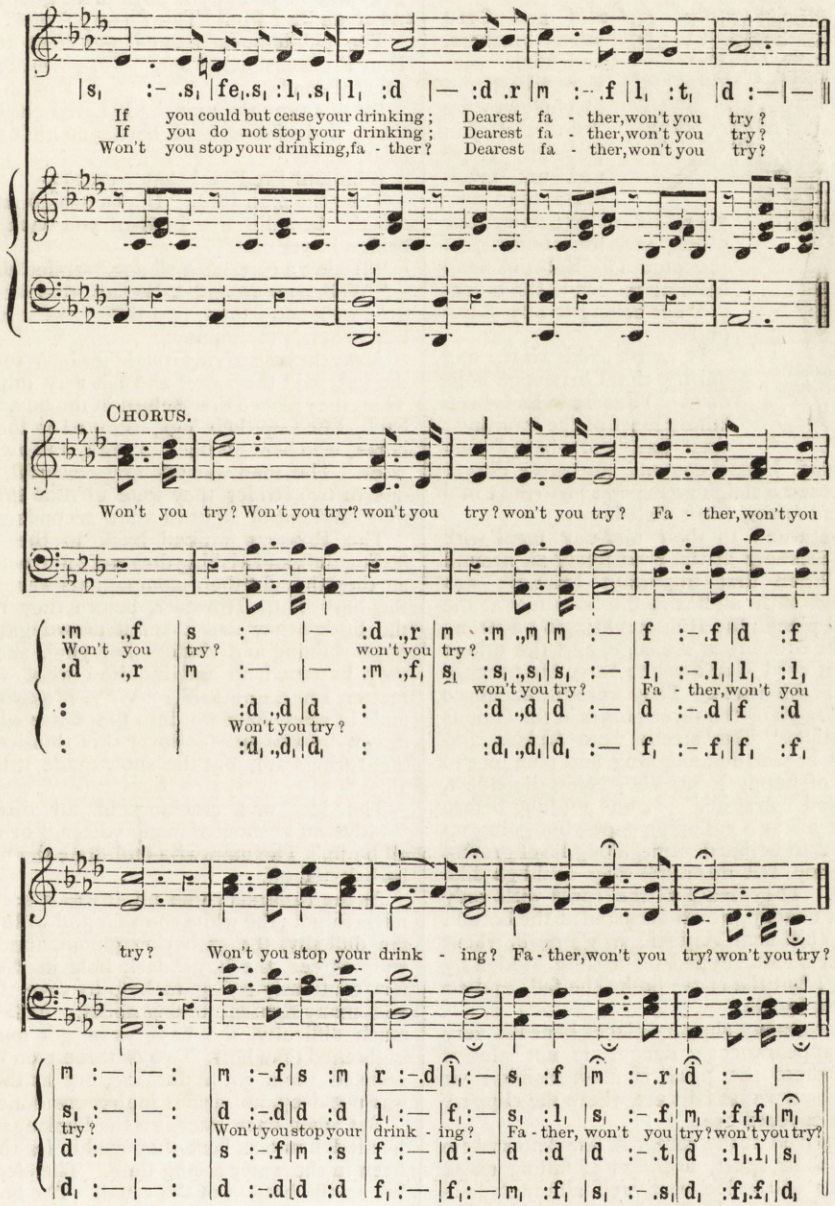
The shilling would buy her some dinner,
And send her quite happy to bed;
So, thanks to the wild briar's roses,
One poor little mouth would be fed.

M. H. F. DONNE.

FATHER, WON'T YOU TRY?

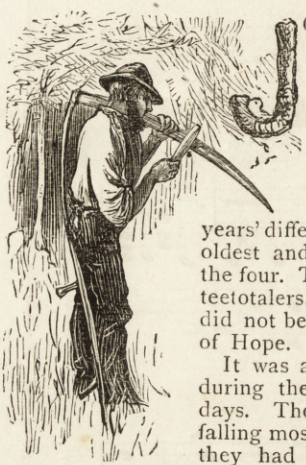
E. A. Hoffman. Miss Sarah B. Hagar.




If you could but cease your drinking ; Dearest fa - ther, won't you try ?
If you do not stop your drinking ; Dearest fa - ther, won't you try ?
Won't you stop your drinking, fa - ther ? Dearest fa - ther, won't you try ?
Chorus.
Won't you try ? Won't you try ? won't you try ? won't you try ? Fa - ther, won't you
Won't you try ?
won't you try ?
won't you try ?
Fa - ther, won't you
Won't you try ?
try ? Won't you stop your drink - ing ? Fa - ther, won't you try ? won't you try ?
try ?
Won't you stop your
drink - ing ?
Fa - ther, won't you
try ? won't you try ?

A CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY STORY.

BY UNCLE BEN.



JOHN and Fred were brothers, and their constant friends and playfellows were Tom and Jim Robson. There was not much more than two years' difference between the oldest and the youngest of the four. The Robsons were teetotalers, while the others did not belong to any Band of Hope.

It was a cold wintry day during the Christmas holidays. The snow had been falling most of the morning; they had snow-balled each other to their hearts' content, and after dinner they proposed a sleighing expedition to the canal about a mile away from their home.

They returned to their mid-day meal with appetites as sharp as the keen frosty air around them. When that important business was despatched with all haste, the boys met at the appointed place; the Robsons bringing a strong wooden box to act as a sledge, and the others some stout cord which was to serve the purpose of shafts and harness. They were to take turns in being drawn by the three horses in the famous snow-chariot. The steeds were furious and impatient at starting, neighing and plunging to the peril of happy John, who, being the eldest, was allowed "first go." It was not long before they were off at a galloping pace; but going up hill proved to be hard work, along level ground was not easy, but down hill they could go like the wind. They reached the canal with only one slight mishap, which occurred at the bottom of a steep hill near Major Fitzroy's park, where the leader's foot slipped on a slide hidden by the snow; but the snow broke the fall, and no knees were broken.

There are many slippery places beneath very smooth appearances; danger is not always greatest where the peril is most visible: we often find our worst falls are where the slippery place was covered over.

They arrived at the canal. A few skaters were pursuing their sport, heedless of falling snow. The sledge on the ice went well, although here and there it cracked a great deal, and in places the snow was melting round a few dark holes. The afternoon had sped merrily onward, until it was getting dark and it was time to return. And just as the boys were going off, one of the skaters called to them, and said—

"Halloo! one of you boys there go and fetch me some beer from 'The Fitzroy Arms.'"

The public-house named was close at hand. Tom Robson shouted out, "No, governor! I am a teetotaler."

By this time the man had skated close up to them, and said—"Look here, you ain't all such fools, surely."

John and Fred said they weren't.

Then the man said, "If you two go and fetch me the beer I'll tow both of you back to the bridge in yer cart."

"It ain't a cart, it's a sledge," replied the boys.

"Well, you go and bring me that beer, and then we'll show these two duffers what a ride is like; there's the money."

Away the boys went, brought the beer, took back the jug, paid the score, and felt very important. Then they placed themselves in the box, back to back, lifted up their legs, shouted to their new horse, who bent his back to work, and away they went. The man was tall and powerful, and in one or two strides they were off like the lightning, and out of sight in a few seconds.

The Robsons walked back to the bridge, feeling dull, and wishing they were not teetotalers, as they thought their companions were getting the best of it. However, before they reached the bridge they saw a small crowd gathering, boys running and skaters hurrying, and when they hastened up and inquired what was the matter, some one said, "Why, it's two young fools in a box have got into the water who were drawn by a bigger fool over this thin ice where the springs are, but the snow made it look all alike."

The ice was cracking in all directions. "Move off!" shouted many voices, "or we shall all be in." The man who had done the mischief had skated off.

As the Robsons came up, it was a scene they never forgot: the white snow far and wide against the dull sky, the gathering gloom, the leafless willow-trees, the large dark hole in the ice, a few cautiously trying to help to save the lads, and many figures moving about. At last, after much difficulty, the boys were got out, more frightened than hurt. Two or three men who had assisted them got a ducking, but as the canal was not deep, no serious injury was done.

But when once safely on the bank again, they hurried home as best they could, for they had been in the water a long time. The sledge was left on the bottom of the canal. The boys were put into a hot bath and sent to bed immediately they reached home.

And in years after, they none of them forgot how danger and temptation find us out when we

least expect it, and beneath the fairest surface may lurk snares and perils that none can see. Mind, then, "the slippery place" and the "thin ice," lest a worse adventure befall you than happened to the boys of our story during their Christmas holidays.

A THIEF IN HIS HEART.

I WANT to tell you about John Lovell, who was taken into a merchant's office when in his sixteenth year. He was a clean and tidy-looking boy, well skilled in arithmetic, and otherwise well adapted to succeed in a mercantile life.

After a few years he was advanced to a very responsible desk. Large sums of money and other property were intrusted to his care. None doubted his fidelity.

One day he saw an opportunity to defraud his employer. He could do the deed so cunningly that no one would detect him. He was horribly tempted to do the accursed act. Finally he said, half aloud—"I can do this thing easily, and make enough by it to give me a long start on the road to fortune. I do not fear discovery. But this act *may* be found out. Then my reputation will be blasted and my prospects ruined. I will not run so much hazard."

"*Noble fellow!*" I hear you exclaim, as if you thought such conduct honest. On my part, I am led to say, "*That young man has a thief in his heart.*"

Yes, A THIEF IN HIS HEART. Just read his talk to himself over again. Does he refuse to steal *because stealing is wicked?* Not at all. He declines to be a thief solely because *he is afraid of being found out.* This is his motive for not stealing. He would steal but for his cowardice. Do you call such a lad honest?

No, no. A truly honest lad would have said to the temptation, "I can't do this deed. It is wrong. I should offend God, and despise myself, if I did this wicked thing. I won't do it. I can starve, if need be, but I can't steal."

This is the talk of an honest heart. Don't you like it better than the sneaky, contemptible talk of the lad you thought honest just now? I know you do. Go, then, my child, into the work of life, and when you are tempted to sin, as you will be, say with noble young Joseph of the olden time, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"—*S. S. Advocate.*

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

LET us stop the liquor traffic!
We have borne with it too long—
Borne with all its flood of evil,
All its misery and wrong.

Day by day the foul pollution,
Traced in human guilt and woe,
Fills our souls with indignation,
Makes us long to strike the blow.

Let us stop the liquor traffic!
Rise like men of earnest mind,
Heed no voice of creed or calling,
Selfish craft, or faction blind.
On our banner love inscribing—
Love that forth to conflict flies,
With a noble "No surrender!"
When our nation bleeding lies.

Let us stop the liquor traffic!
Talk no more of pigmy plans—
Better dwellings, education,
Pictures, parks for artisans.
Fools! to think such palliatives
E'er can grapple with the foe,
While drink's palaces are licensed,
And the doors swing to and fro

Let us stop the liquor traffic!
'Tis the people's earnest will:
Hear their voice, like distant thunder,
Waxing louder, deeper still!
Now's the day to claim deliverance,
Freedom for our fatherland;
Now to win back all her glory,
Make her first of nations stand.

Let us stop the liquor traffic!
Statesmen of Victoria's reign,
Wherefore halt ye, still debating,
While her brightest sons are slain?
Craven souls! what paltry measures
Ye have boasted loud and long!
Prove yourselves true men and patriots!
Rise to crush a giant wrong.

Let us stop the liquor traffic!
England! yet from thee shall rise
Men whose might shall crush the monster,
Men whom Heaven will not despise.
To the fight I see them flying—
Flying! one united band;
Every foe and danger scorning,
To redeem our native land.

Let us stop the liquor traffic!
Who shall hinder such an host?
Who? When God in conflict leads them
To restore our nation's lost!
England! cease thy strains of sadness,
Sing thy songs of hope again;
'Tis the time of thy deliverance,
God is moving hearts of men.

W. HOYLE.



MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England! men of England!
Would you see your country free
From the drink-curse which doth blight her—
Makes her wretched as you see?
Then you must be up and doing,
Every man his place must fill;
Set your face against the traffic
With a strong determined will.

Men of England! men of England!
Patriots, earnest, good, and true—
Shrink not from the task before you,
But with zeal the work renew.

You have power if you will use it—
Power to stem the tide of woe;
You can warn, persuade, and reason,
Spread our cause where'er you go.

Men of England! men of England!
Raise your voice, the truth declare—
Those who tamper with the wine-cup
Run the road to wild despair.
Each one strive to win his neighbour,
Give his own example too;
Such a work of self-denial
Angels would delight to do.

DAVID LAWTON.



"It was not long before they were off at a galloping pace."—p. 26.

MR. GRANT'S STORY.



THE boys and girls of Miss Glenn's school were out for their hour of recreation. Most of them had finished their dinner, and were playing "tag" or ball, while two or three were busy studying their afternoon lessons. These last thought, perhaps, that they were very much better than their schoolmates; but I think when the time for play comes it is wrong to study. If you give your whole attention to your lessons, you can learn them in your study hours, and need not take the time which is as necessary for your bodily health as your study time is for your mental health. But to go on with my story. As the children were playing a little dog ran up and began to chase them.

"Oh! there's 'Fido,' and Mr. Grant must be coming," called out Harry Blake.

"There he is! there he is!" shouted one and another as they ran towards a gentleman who had seated himself under a tree. Mr. Grant was a great favourite with the children. He had lived for two years quite near their school, and as he wrote books and stories for the magazines, the children thought him a wonder of learning. He was as fond of them in return, and told them strange bits of history and tales of travel. This time, as they all ran up to him and begged for a story, he said, "Gently, my dears, I can hardly tell you a story to-day; my heart is very sad."

The children began to look grave. "I don't want to make you sad, my dears, but perhaps if I tell you what I have seen it may teach you a lesson that you will never forget. God grant it," the good man added solemnly; "for who knows but some of you may be tempted, and so need a warning.

"I was passing along the river, and saw a train of cars coming over the railroad bridge. Just as they went slowly over the water, a man leaped from the train, and sank. Heads were instantly out at all the car-windows, and the train was stopped as soon as it had crossed the bridge and a brakeman was left to see about the man. It seems that he was very drunk, and having no ticket, the conductor had tried to put him off at the last station; but the man had jumped on, and declared he should ride to the city. The conductor told him that he should be given up to a constable at the next village, and the man was so furious that he jumped from the cars into the river. A boat was instantly put out to rescue him, but he had struck his head against a rock and sunk, never to rise again. All this was dreadful to witness; but the saddest part to me was that, when the body was brought to shore and examined, I found, by letters in his pocket, that he was an old friend of my school-days, Jack Hardy.

"Jack was a favourite with all, a bright, talented boy; but there was one trouble—he could never say 'No.' One week he would be with the best boys of the school, and all went well; and another week some of the worst boys would get hold of Jack and lead him into all sorts of folly. Our teacher saw Jack's weakness, and more, I think, for his sake than for most of us, proposed that we should all form a temperance society, and pledge ourselves never to drink liquor. Most of us were willing, and signed the pledge. We had pleasant meetings, with songs and speeches, and Jack often attended them; but we could never get him to sign. Like most weak people, he was sure he was strong. 'I'll never take too much; perhaps I'll never take any,' he'd say; 'but I won't sign.'

"Well, we left school and went to business. Jack made hosts of friends, and some of them taught him to drink. I went to him then, and said: 'Now, Jack, you have begun to drink a little; it'll be hard to stop it if you go on. Join our temperance society.'

"But no, Jack would not; he was sure he would never drink too much. For years I had not seen him till to-day. I found by the letters in his pocket, and by a mark which, as boys, we had each had tattooed on our arms, that my old schoolmate had died the death of a drunkard. Be warned, children, be warned! If you never taste liquor, it can never ruin you. So the safest way is *total abstinence*."

THE SAILOR AND HIS MOTHER.

DURING the last illness of a pious mother, when she was near death, her only remaining child, the subject of many agonising and believing prayers, who had been roving on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit.

After a very affecting meeting, "You are near port, mother," said the hardy-looking sailor, "and I hope you will have an abundant entrance."

"Yes, my child, the fair haven is in sight, and soon, very soon, I shall be landed

'On that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.'"

"You have weathered many a storm in your passage, mother; but now God is dealing very graciously with you by causing the winds to cease, and by giving you calm at the end of your voyage."

"God has always dealt graciously with me, my son; but this last expression of His kindness, in permitting me to see you before I die, is so unexpected, that it is like a miracle wrought in answer to prayer."

"Oh, mother!" replied the sailor, weeping as he spoke, "your prayers have been the means of my salvation, and I am thankful that your life has been spared till I could tell you of it."

She listened with devout composure to the account of his conversion, and at last, taking his hand, she pressed it to her dying lips, and said—

"Yes, Thou art a faithful God! and as it hath pleased Thee to bring back my long-lost child, and adopt him into Thy family, I will say, 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

WILL JONES.

WILL JONES was a clinker,
And fond of a glass;
Not much of a thinker—
Men called him an ass.

But Will had a notion
Sometimes that he ought
To look for promotion,
Not always be nought.

And so to his master
He mentioned one day
That money went faster—
He wanted more pay;

For children kept coming
His cottage to fill.
"You still keep on rumming?"
Quoth master to Will.

"Well, yes," said Will, grinning,
"I guess that I do;
You don't think I'm sinning?
I like it—don't you?"

"Not I, I don't take it;
I'm better without;
And if you'll forsake it,
My word you won't doubt.

"I'll raise you your wages,
And make you a man;
'Tis best for all ages,
The temperance plan."

"I guess that I'll try it,"
Said Will, in deep thought;
"If you can enjoy it,
Then surely I ought."

So Will left off rumming,
And soon got more pay;
His wife loved his coming,
His children were gay,

And gladly they met him
With shouts of delight;
Their glee did not fret him
As once did the sight

Of wan-looking faces,
Which told of their need;
The thought of such traces
Now makes his heart bleed.

Will's home, once a sad one,
Through rumming at night,
Is now made a glad one,
Religion its light.

For Will on a Sunday
At church may be seen;
And early on Monday,
He's faithful I ween,

And works for his master
With care and with skill;
And he gets on faster
Each year up the hill.

He now feels securer
Than drunkards e'er are;
His life is much purer,
More useful by far.

Sometimes, too, he rises
To speak about drink,
And always advises
His hearers to think

Of all that abstaining
Has done in his case,
While firmly maintaining
Drink curses our race.

This simple narration
Proves clearly, I think,
A grand reformation
Would follow if drink

Was only avoided,
Or banished from sight,
And men would be guided
By God's own true light.

DAVID LAWTON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

BOYS AND TOBACCO.—The boys of the present day, with faces as smooth, but not as pretty as their sisters, imagine themselves to be men when they smoke a dirty pipe or a filthy cigar. These poor little beardless youths by their indulging in the habit of smoking injure their health, and weaken their not over-strong intellect, to say nothing of squandering their means. Pity it is that they have escaped from their mother's control, for it is quite evident they are not capable of taking care of themselves.

HOW TO BE SAFE.—"Doctor," said a patient, a short time since, after reading over the prescription of a distinguished friend of temperance, whom ill health had obliged him to consult—"Doctor, do you think a little spirits now and then would hurt me very much?" "Why, no, sir," answered the doctor, deliberately; "I do not know that a little now and then would hurt you much; but, sir, if you don't take any it won't hurt you at all."

BREAD is the staff of life, and liquor the stilts—the former sustaining a man, the latter elevating him for a fall.

A MAN out West was bitten by a rattlesnake fifteen years ago, and has been taking whisky for the bite ever since.

FOR the draining of lands—Drink whisky, spend all your time in the saloons. This will drain all your lands in a short time.

THOSE men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.

TEMPERANCE puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, and clothes on the bairns.

"WHY, Mr. Jones," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, as her husband came staggering into the house, "you've been drinking!" "No, indeed, 'pon honour. H-h-aven't tasted a d-drop. Been seeing them fellers go round on their velo-lo-locipedes and got dizzy."

GOOD ADVICE.—An elderly gentleman accustomed to "indulge," entered the travellers' room of a tavern where sat a grave Friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles from his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for brandy and water, he complained to the Friend that "his eyes were getting weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do them any good." "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think: if thou wouldst wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thine eyes would get well."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"The Fireside," a magazine of home literature for the Christian family. Price sixpence a month. Well illustrated, and equal to many of the most prominent journals of the day. In the January number appears an interesting article from the pen of Mr. F. Sherlock, on Joseph Livesey, the Temperance Pioneer. We heartily recommend this chapter of biography to all our Band of Hope friends.

"The New Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdotes." Issued in monthly parts, price threepence, to be completed in eighteen numbers.

"Evans' Temperance Annual" for 1881 contains a pleasing variety of fact and fancy, with a most interesting statement of all Temperance serials for the last fifty years.

"No Room at Home." A Christmas story. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. Published by National Temperance Depôt. Price threepence.

"The Manor House Mystery." By Mrs. Clara L. Balfour. The second of the ONWARD series of Temperance stories. Published by Partridge & Co, London; ONWARD Office, Manchester. The well-known authoress' name is sufficient to ensure a large circulation to this attractive and profitable volume. Two other short tales are included, one by T. S. Arthur, "What one Man may do"; the other, "Just for a Lark," by T. H. Evans.

"Heroes in the Strife"; or, the Temperance Testimonies of some Eminent Men, by Fred. Sherlock, published by Hodder and Stoughton, is worth the careful study of every honest abstainer. No greater incentive to fidelity in the Temperance cause is to be had than can be obtained by a knowledge of the great lives and characters which have been identified with the movement. Each sketch is well done, and the work as a whole is of high merit. We can only re-echo the many words of praise the book has already received, and trust that its circulation may be as great as the men are worthy about whom it speaks.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Young Standard-Bearer, a halfpenny magazine, published by the Church of England Temperance Society, for young people—The British Temperance Advocate—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Coffee Palace and Temperance Journal—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Western Temperance Herald—The Social Reformer—The Temperance Record—The Royal Naval Gospel and Temperance Brigade News—The Sailor's Rest, or the Report of Personal Work among our Blue-Jackets for 1880—Home Words—The Church of England Parochial Magazine, illustrated and well edited—The Good Templar Gem—The Halifax and District Band of Hope Star.



WOMANLY WORDS FOR WOMANLY GIRLS.

WE are not going to sermonise, but should like to have a little chat with the girl readers of this magazine, because we have a few thoughts which we think will be helpful to them. We know that many of you, if not all, have very often a hearty desire to be better than you are, and to feel that, in however small a way, you are taking part in the work done for God in the world. You are constantly reading and hearing about great actions being accomplished by men and women, but you think there is nothing great for *girls* to do. Our conviction is, that there is a great work to be done that can only be accomplished by girls, and we want to help you to see the thing as clearly as we do. You have talents and opportunities given to you which no others possess, which with constant use will increase in power; hence it is to you who are determined to make the best of your *girl* lives, that we shall look for our great and good women. We know that you have to work much harder at your studies than your mothers were expected to do, and that if you are to keep in the front ranks among your compeers you will not have much time unemployed. We wonder, however, if with a little contrivance you could not manage to spend one half-hour in the day for work for others. This might demand a little sacrifice on your part, but you would be well rewarded for any self-denial exercised when you saw how much you had accomplished in the way of benefiting others. Some young friends of ours agreed amongst themselves that they would devote this short period out of twenty-four hours to charitable work, finding out before they began what was most congenial to each particular taste. Some spent the time in making simple articles of clothing for the poor children in their neighbourhood, others in visiting and reading to sick people, others upon preparing some little delicacy in the way of food to tempt the appetite of the sick and suffering; others devoted their time to the advancement of the cause of temperance, for in looking round at the evils that needed redressing they found what a cruel curse drunkenness was, and felt persuaded that whatever was done towards the extension of the cause of total abstinence was a step towards the regeneration of mankind. Not one of our young friends failed in finding something to do for the Master, and so amongst this little society a great work was carried on, the importance of which it was impossible for them to estimate. What a delight if we can realise that we are *co-workers* with God! and we may claim this title if we are doing anything towards comforting the sorrowing, and making "life less difficult" for the distressed. It is you young people who can *best* do this, for your lives have not been darkened by disappointment, so that you may suggest hopefulness and see possible brightness which sadder souls would fail to find. We should like to say a few words to you on the subject of dress. It seems to us there is a growing tendency amongst you girls to think too much about your clothes, and to spend too much time in adorning yourselves. No one can blame you for taking a *proper* pride in your appearance, for we think it is only fair to your parents that you should take care of the dress they provide for you, and by keeping it in good order, make it wear as long as possible; but it is a melancholy sight indeed to see a young person devoting all her study to the subject of dress, vainly imagining that fine clothes will make her pleasing to the eyes of lookers-on, in the absence of beauty of heart and mind. The fallacy of such a notion was greatly impressed on our minds some little time ago at an evening party, where a goodly number of young people were assembled. We there found that those who were most gorgeously attired had their minds so completely filled with

the knowledge of it, that they could think of little else ; while those who made no pretensions to elegant attire were simple and unaffected in their manners, and being less thoughtful of themselves, entered heartily into the pleasures of others. Do strive against allowing the subject of dress absorbing too much attention, and never for a moment imagine that fine clothes will make a lady. A real lady will maintain her position however far worn or old-fashioned her dress may be ; her actions, her way of speaking, her attention to perfect cleanliness in her personal attire will show what she is without any regard to the clothes she wears, in the eyes of those whose opinion is worth caring for. It has been said, "Fine feathers make fine birds," but we want you girls to possess a deeper and more lasting beauty, namely, the beauty of heart and mind, which will make the plainest features lovely, and instead of fading with youth, will become sweeter with ripening years. One more subject we must speak to you about, and then we have finished. We want to urge upon you all the importance of cultivating in yourselves loving, helpful, unselfish spirits, and of striving to be, in your own home circle, comforts and helps : this is a sphere which is open to you all, and within your grasp, so you cannot excuse yourself on the plea that it is any way beyond you. Some time ago it was our happiness to witness the results springing from the exercise of these virtues, and seeing their wonderful power for good upon those who fell under their influence. Maggie H. was the only girl among a large family of boys, and as her mother was weakly, much of the responsibility of household matters had to be borne by our young friend. She seemed to be wanted by everybody at the same time—the elder brothers were constantly coming to their sister with little repairs that only her loving, busy fingers could put to rights ; the younger lads wanted helping with lessons, disputes settling, and all by Maggie ; and everything was done so cheerfully, and with such looks and words of love, that all who received favours from her hands seemed to take at the same time gleams of sunshine into their hearts. This dear girl was a most pleasing study to us, and we could not help looking forward to a very bright career for her, for she seemed to have found the secret of a happy life, that of not thinking about oneself, but constantly striving to help others. When we first saw Maggie, we thought her face plain, but after becoming acquainted with the beauty of her character, we found that in spite of irregularity of features, she possessed unusual loveliness ; her sunny smile seemed to illumine everything around her, and her light step, which was constantly tripping on some errand of love, became to us full of grace.

We could not help contrasting our young friend with what she might have been had she lived for herself only, and consequently not had the wealth of love which was showered upon her from every side ; and we did most earnestly wish that Maggie's spirit might be carried into every girl's life, so that whatever home was blessed with her presence would be enriched. Many of you, I doubt not, *are* Maggies in your own circle, and are just as loving and helpful to those around you as she was to them ; and to us all I would say, let us not be satisfied with present attainments, but strive daily after higher things, looking to our Elder Brother as an example, and to our Father in heaven for health and strength to follow the precepts given to us.

MUSIC.

THERE'S music in the deep blue sea
  Which rolls along the shore ;
There's music in the whistling wind,
  The thunder's deafening roar.

There's music in the cataract,
  Niagara's awful falls ;
There's music in the avalanche
  Which human sight appals.

There's music in volcanic fires
  Which threaten earth and sky ;
All tell, in strains sublimely grand,
  The Majesty on High.

There's music in the busy bee
  That flits from flower to flower ;
There's music in each little bird
  That shelters in the bower.

There's music in the sportive lambs
  We chase in early spring ;
There's music in each faithful beast,
  And every tiny thing.

There's music in the prattling child
  That climbs its mother's knee ;
There's music when the mother sings
  Her evening lullaby.

There's music when both young and old
  Meet on a Sabbath day,
Their voices blend with organ peals,
  And sinners learn to pray.

There's music when the Christian dies,
  The soft refrain he hears
Of angel harps and angel songs
  From the celestial spheres.

J. J. LANE.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK.

CHAPTER III.—TWO RESOLUTIONS.

"For all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave."—*Herbert.*



"FATHER, ain't this New Year's morning?"

"Aye, son; it is."

"Well, then, 'A Happy New Year to you, and to you, mother, an' all,'" said little Robert Marshall.

Mrs. Marshall stooped and gave her boy a kiss, and the father, beckoning him to his side, took him upon his knee, with a "God bless the bonny lad for his good heart!"

There was silence for a moment or two; then the wife's gloomy thoughts found utterance in the sad words, "There's not much prospect of happiness for us."

"I'll leave it off! I will! I'll leave it off!"

Mother and son knew full well what the *it* stood for, and both felt that gladness indeed might return, that the happy Christleton days might even come back to them, if the man really meant what he said.

"Do, father, do!" the lad earnestly pleaded.

"Oh, Robert, if you but mean what you say," exclaimed the wife.

"I do! I do! O God, I do!" reiterated the man, and there was a fierce intensity in his eyes which gave added force to his words.

The woman fell on her knees by the side of the scantily-furnished breakfast-table, and there in that upper room, on that New Year's morning, fervent prayer was made, entreating the help of the Mighty to aid the weak frail man in his good resolution to leave off the drink.

"We'll begin again afresh. We'll forget the past!" kept ringing in the ears of Robert Marshall all through that day. "Forget the past!" how much he longed to do so. Greatly indeed did he desire to forget the last seven days. That Christmas Eve when he remained in "The Cock" until closing-time! That Christmas Day when he struck his wife for the first time in his life, simply because she asked for money to buy bread with! That Boxing Day on which he threatened to "have the life" of his lad if he followed him any more in his rounds to the public-houses! That succeeding week of continuous dissipation, with its "plenty to drink" but "little to eat" remembrances! "Forget the past!" Well, if he could not do that, thank God he could and would "Begin again afresh!"

He was not the only person who made a good resolution that day, nor was he alone in his determination to leave off the drink.

Poor Wilmot Winchester had been buried that day.

Early in the evening his younger brothers, Bertie and Edgar, had retired to their own room, to be out of the way of the elder folk. As they sat in the firelight, talking over their loss, Edgar remarked, "It was the glass killed him."

"What was in the glass, you mean, Eddie," said Bertie.

"No, the glass—the broken cut glass which George——"

"Don't say *that* about George; remember mother said——"

"Yes, I remember," interposed Edgar, "but it was the glass, after all."

"Ah, but George wasn't himself. When people keep drinking strong wine they can't help what they do."

"Can't they? Why?"

"Well, they can't; and because they can't I don't mean ever to touch another drop," answered Bertie.

"I won't, either," said Edgar. "I do so wish Wilmot had spoken," he added, after a pause.

"So do I," was Bertie's sad reply. "But he did open his eyes once and look straight at me, and nearly smiled. I made sure he would speak."

The brothers sat in silence for some time, but were soon startled by the entrance of their brother George. He quietly closed the door, and tried to draw the bolt, but as it had not been often used, he was unable to do so.

"Eddie, let me have the chair, and I'll keep you both company a bit," he said, taking his youngest brother on his knee. Bertie also drew his chair closer to George, who, if the truth be known, was really in need of their keeping him company from the crowd of anxious thoughts passing through his tired brain. In a moment or two, looking nervously towards the door, he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, and commenced to unburthen his mind.

"I'm going to tell you something very particular, but you mustn't speak of it until you

hear the news from mother or father." This was more than enough to secure their attention, and quicker than we can write, George told them that his father had decided to send him to Australia, and perhaps before many days were over he would be aboard ship on the journey.

"But you won't go," said one; "Mother won't let him," confidently added the other.

"Oh yes, she will, and I want to go too, I can't stop here. If only poor Wilmot——" he dared not trust himself to say more, but doubtlessly felt, if only poor Wilmot had been spared, this banishment from home would not have taken place, nor yet the bright prospect of a partnership in his father's distillery so soon have vanished from his grasp.

"Yes, I must go, but you'll write to me, Bertie, won't you?"

"I will, if you go; but don't go, George. Perhaps you'd never come back."

"Why can't we all go?" chimed in Edgar.

"That couldn't be, for many reasons. I shall have to go, and soon too."

"Do you think you'll come back in a year, George?" said Bertie.

Before he could answer, the door opened, and Mrs. Winchester came gently in.

"Oh, my poor, poor George!"

"Hush, mother! you will be heard downstairs."

"It wasn't George's fault! Bertie says it was the wine that did it," Edgar eagerly said.

"My child, I shall be very angry with you. Did I not forbid you to speak about the matter?"

"Yes, mother, but Bertie says 'twas the wine that——"

"Bertie, what have you been saying? I am so vexed to think you disregard my wishes."

"Why, mother, I only said 'it was the wine that did it,' and it *was* the wine that did it," he firmly replied.

"Yes, and we're neither of us going to taste it any more," was Edgar's earnest addition.

"Come, mother, come, we must go downstairs," George interposed. She took the hint, and the two lads were left to themselves again.

"I'll tell father in the morning that 'twas the wine that did it,'" said Edgar.

"Oh no, don't! If you do——"

"What?"

"Oh, you mustn't; he'll be so cross, and would scold us both, and perhaps mother as well."

"What matter, if it only makes him let George stay at home?"

So they talked on till bedtime, and when Mrs. Winchester came to bid them "good-night," she again told them they must not speak to any one about the Christmas Eve party.

We can, of course, sympathise with the feeling which prompted her to make such a request. Wilmot's tragic end was indeed a painful topic, and Mrs. Winchester was one of those who think silence is the best treatment for subjects which are unpleasant to them. But we must never forget, that although the truth may be suppressed for a time, it cannot be hidden from the world for long. That Truth is mighty and must prevail, is a maxim which applies to the lesser as well as the greater affairs of life.

The truth about Strong Drink has often been hidden from the minds of men, but in these days—thanks to the exertions of many self-denying workers—men and women, and even the young people in our Bands of Hope, are being led to a better understanding. The world is beginning to perceive that "'Twas the drink that did it," should often take the place of the *excuses* put forward as the *causes* of the sins and the sorrows which unhappily abound upon all hands.

(*To be continued.*)

"I WANTED TO HEAR MORE."

MISS AMES was passing the corner of a street, when she felt a little hand pulling her dress. Looking down, she saw a ragged child, with a thin, eager face and dark eyes lifted to hers.

"Please, ma'am, ain't you Susie's teacher?"

"Susie O'Neil? Of course I am. Why did not Susie come to the mission-school last week, and the week before?"

"She couldn't, ma'am; she got runned over by one of them street-cars, and she's had her leg tooken off, and she's up at the hospital now. Please, ma'am, won't you go to see her?"

"I am very sorry, my child," said Miss Ames, putting a little money into the child's hand, "and I will go to see Susie this week. I cannot go to-day, but I will visit her very soon indeed."

Miss Ames went on her way, a little saddened by the thought that the bright, merry, black-eyed Susie would never more be able to walk and run as she had done; but she was very busy that day, and it was not until night that her thoughts reverted to the promise she had made. Three days went by before she stood by the bedside where lay little Susan, dying. White, still, scarcely able to speak, the large, mournful eyes alone recalling the child as she had been three weeks before. She smiled feebly as she looked at her teacher, and murmured something Miss Ames could not understand.

"Susie," she said, "are you happy? Do you know you are going to Jesus? Do you feel that you love Him? for oh, how He loves you!"

Slowly, painfully came the words from the pale lips—

"I hope so, but I wanted to hear more—more." And with one sigh the soul departed.



"She stood by the bedside where lay little Susan."—p. 36.

Days and nights passed before Miss Ames could get the echo of those words out of her memory. She was ever hearing the dying sorrowful cry—"I wanted to hear more."

With a chastened spirit she taught her little class hereafter, and no one was more faithful in looking after the absent ones from that time forth.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY CANON FARRAR.



THE very lowest reason for embracing the temperance cause was yet not in itself wholly despicable, viz., the ground of thrift. No one can fail to be struck with the immense increase there was in the severity of the struggle for life. There were many young men and middle class families who could really ill-afford the indulgence in intoxicating drinks. There were only two ways of getting riches—one was by increasing our gains, and the other was by diminishing our expenditure. One of the best plans with the latter object was to abstain wholly from intoxicating drinks. When he entered the dwellings of the poor (and his parish contained some of the poorest streets in London), he could tell almost at a glance whether the owner was an abstainer or not. If the room were that of a drunkard, he saw signs of it in the squalor and misery around it ; but if it were the room of an abstainer, he saw signs of greater prosperity and greater self-respect. But apart from individuals, he did not think the English nation could afford the gigantic sum it was annually expending in intoxicating drinks. The direct expenditure was about £150,000,000, and there was also the indirect expenditure ; 69,000 acres were taken up in growing hops, which were perfectly useless for anything else than beer, and then there were millions of bushels of grain annually destroyed for making intoxicating drinks. Put all this together, and the whole loss of the nation was absolutely stupendous. The working classes spent on drink, according to the lowest computation, £36,000,000, or about the same as they spent on rent, so that if they abstained they might live rent free. It might be said that this money was spent upon an article of food ; but he believed that alcohol had been proved to be no food, or so trivially so, that it was not worth mentioning in that category. It was certain that alcohol could not contain any necessary food, because whole races had subsisted without it. Alcohol in its separate form as a spirit was only discovered in the Middle Ages, and there was not a single scruple of it in the whole realm of nature. Did the prisoners in the gaols suffer from the deprivation of alcohol? It was notorious that the death-rate amongst prisoners was lower than amongst any class in England ; and further testimony of an important character might be found in the report of the Lords' Committee on Intemperance. Hence the money spent on beer and wine was spent upon nothing but a luxury. They might say that alcohol was a source of strength, but here the facts were distinctly against them. Mr. Brassey had found his teetotal gang of navvies the best. Captain Webb, as an abstainer, had crossed the Channel swimming (the only man who ever did it), and the nearest approach to the North Pole had been made by an abstainer, Adam Ayles. Alcohol was not a source of food, health, or strength, but a positive waste of money to those who consumed it. He was a director of a large insurance company, and if they found an applicant an abstainer it was scored down to his advantage. The worst lives for insurance companies were those of publicans. They tried to get up an insurance company of their own at ordinary rates, but it completely collapsed. He knew that many publicans would be glad to leave their trade, because they saw its effect upon the community. But yet none of the reasons he had given were those that had led him to be an abstainer, although they certainly deserved consideration. One reason was that he felt alcohol to be a dangerous thing—not for himself, but for those around him. Intellect and education were not in the least degree a deliverance from it. He had known many men in high position who had suffered terribly from the gradual growth of that insidious craving created by this substance. Alcohol had a property of creating a craving for itself, and in this respect was like such agents as chloral and morphia. The Legislature had interfered with the free sale of these agents, and why should it not do so with alcohol? It was nothing but the fatal familiarity with drunkenness that made us so tender in dealing with the agent that caused it. He had never said to any one, "It is your duty to be an abstainer," but he could assure the young men before him that if they did they would escape a terrible source of temptation and danger. If secure about themselves, could they be secure about others? and then, should they not by their example try to win them to the path of safety?

"REST FOR THE WEARY."

"I HAVE tried my best, and I cannot be a Christian. I am going to give it up."

"And be what?"

"Why, be happy, like other people."

"But you cannot be happy."

"Why not? Others are happy, who are not Christians, and I can be too. At any rate, I have been miserable enough this way, and I am not going to try it any longer."

"You are unhappy, not because you are a Christian (you confess you are not), but because you are a sinner, and know you ought to repent. Ah, Mary, you will not find happiness in turning your back on your Saviour."

"Yes, I shall be as happy as other people are."

"No, Mary; having felt this longing in your heart for Christ's love and peace, you will never be happy till you have it. Remember what I tell you."

"Oh, I shall be the gayest of the gay."

"Yes, you may be outwardly, but you will find no rest, no peace, no real happiness. I shall still pray that the dear Saviour will incline your heart to love Him; but words of mine will do no good."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about me; I shall be all right."

Weeks and months passed after the above conversation. Mary was outwardly "the gayest of the gay," but those who knew her best saw that gladness was not in her heart. Sickness came, but she was not ready to yield. One dear friend after another was taken away, and at length she began to see that there was no rest, no safety, or happiness *out of Christ*. After a long struggle, her proud heart submitted.

"Mary," asked her friend, "have you been happy all these years—happy as you determined to be?"

"Not a moment," was the quick reply. "Very often I have thought of your words and feared I never should be happy."

"Are you happy now?"

"Yes; the long struggle is over, and the word that best expresses my feelings is, Rest. I am at rest in Jesus after long warrings against Him. He told me years ago to come to Him and find rest. Like a foolish child, I have been seeking everywhere else, knowing all the time I could only find it in Him. Oh, I wish I could persuade some one else not to be so foolish as I have been, but to come to Jesus now, and rest in His love!"

ENGLAND'S CURSE.

THE British flag is floating
In many a pleasant breeze,
Proclaiming England's greatness
O'er distant lands and seas.

But Britain's power is waning—
And must it, shall it, sink,
Slain by that fiery serpent,
Her deadly foe, strong drink?

Can John Bull boast of freedom
When to the drink a slave?
For sixty thousand yearly
Go to a drunkard's grave.

How oft the hard-earned wages
Of the misguided poor
Are spent within the gin-shops,
Which fatally allure!

How many homes, once happy,
Are hardly worth the name,
Where alcohol is working
Both misery and shame!

Think of the money squandered,
Think of the wasted life,
Think of the half-starved children,
And the neglected wife.

Men rich in wealth and learning,
With ladies not a few,
Like poorer men and women,
Have fallen victims, too.

The suicide and pauper,
The murderer as well,
With many a raving madman,
The fatal truth might tell.

When licences are asked for
To sell the poisonous stuff,
Permission still is granted;
Oh! are there not enough?

And must our country's coffers
Be filled to overflow,
From traffic that is plunging
Body and soul in woe?

No! Vote for Local Option,
Thus duty's call obey;
Your fellow-men are falling—
No longer then delay.

Let every true abstainer
Most gladly lend his aid,
Crying, with brave Sir Wilfrid,
"Down with the liquor trade!"

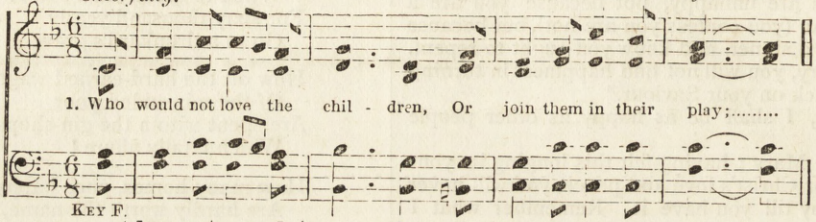
Undauntedly press onward
The righteous cause to win,
Sure in the end to conquer,
For Britons ne'er give in.

Then, when the foe is vanquished,
And drunkenness shall cease,
Sobriety will bless us
With plenty, joy, and peace.

C. H. BETTS.

THE CHILDREN.

Cheerfully. *Music and Words by* W. HOYLE.



KEY F.

:s_1	d :- :m | m :r :d	r :- :- | l_1 :- :d	t_1 :- :r | s :- :f	m :- :- | :- :-		
2. Fair	flow - ers of the	house - hold—Sweet	mes - sengers of	love,		
:s_1	s_1 :- :s_1 | s_1 :- :s_1	l_1 :- :- | f_1 :- :l_1	s_1 :- :t_1 | t_1 :- :t_1	d :- :- | :- :-		
:m	m :- :s | s :f :m	f :- :- | r :- :r	r :- :s | s :- :s	s :- :- | :- :-		
3. How	ten - der - ly the	Sa - viour Of	lit - tle chil - dren	spake,		
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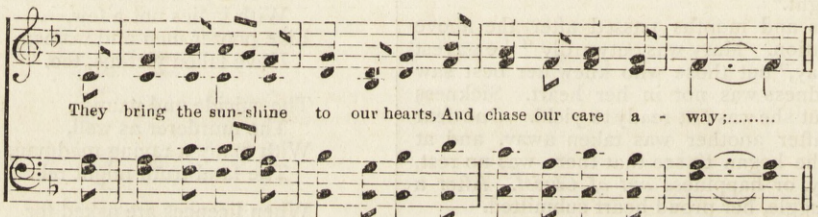
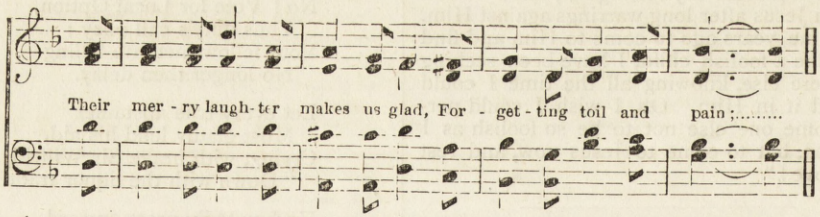
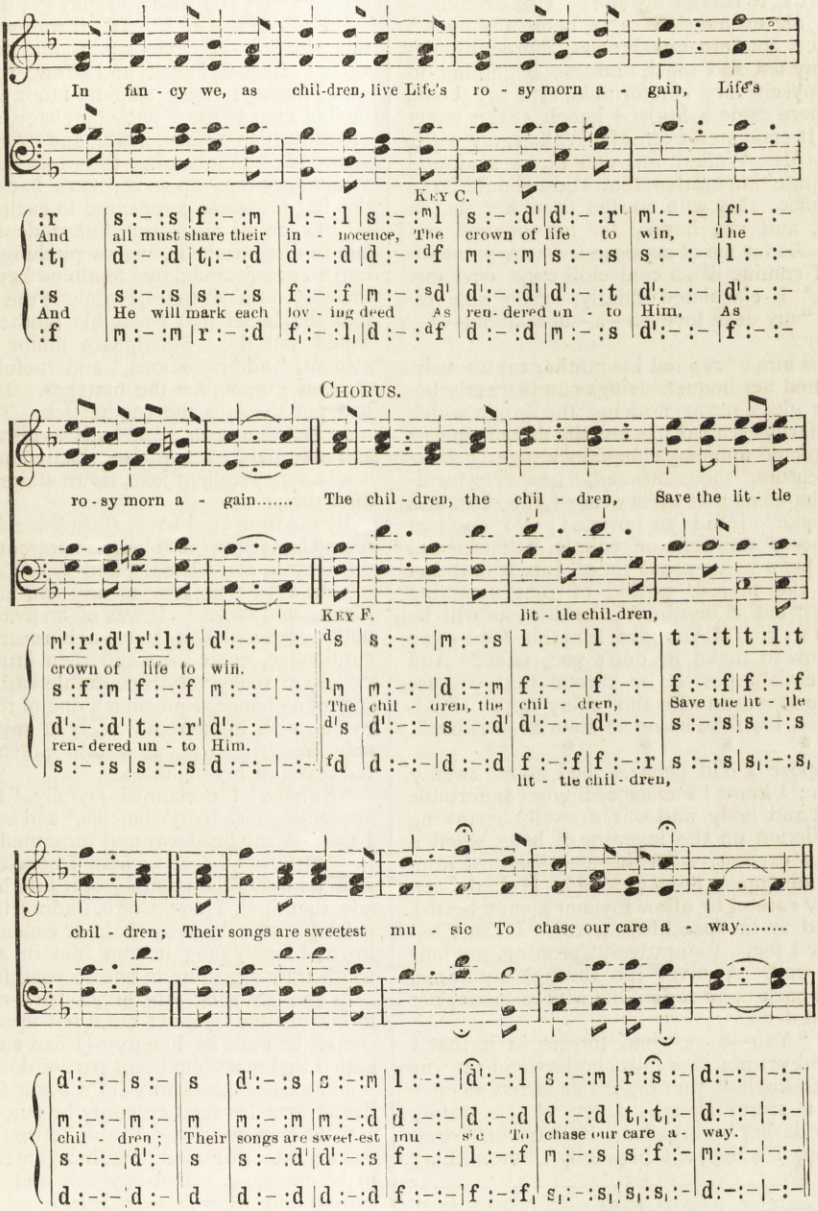


:s_1	d :- :m | m :r :d	r :- :l_1 | r :- :f	m :- :d | m :- :r	d :- :- | :- :-		
They	tell us of the	pur - er life In	that bright home a -	bove.		
:s_1	s_1 :- :s_1 | s_1 :- :s_1	l_1 :- :f_1 | l_1 :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :t_1	d :- :- | :- :-		
:m	m :- :s | s :f :m	f :- :r | f :- :l	s :- :m | s :- :f	m :- :- | :- :-		
And	will not He re -	mem-ber those Who	love them for His	sake?		
:d	d :- :d | d :- :d	f_1 :- :f_1 | f_1 :- :f_1	s_1 :- :s_1 | s_1 :- :s_1	d :- :- | :- :-		



:m	m :- :m | l :- :m	m :- :r | d :- :de	r :- :l_1 | r :- :m	f :- :- | :- :-		
Oh,	wide shall o - pen	hea - ven's gate, To	let them en - ter	in;		
:d	d :- :d | d :- :d	t_1 :- :t_1 | d :- :l_1	l_1 :- :l_1 | l_1 :- :l_1	l_1 :- :- | :- :-		
:l	l :- :l | l :- :l	se :- :se | l :- :m	f :- :r | l :- :s	f :- :- | :- :-		
He	sends us forth in	street and lane, To	bless them in His	name;		
:l_1	l_1 :- :l_1 | l_1 :- :l_1	m_1 :- :m_1 | l_1 :- :s_1	f_1 :- :f_1 | f :- :m	r :- :- | :- :-		

THE CHILDREN.—(*continued.*)



A NIGHT WITH A BABY.*

BY JULIA CHANDLER.

WELL, to resume my story. One evening—*the* evening—I came home tired from the office, got into my slippers, thoroughly enjoyed my tea and toast, and was beginning to make myself very comfortable with my book, when there came a hurried knock at the street door. It emanated from Mr. Walker, my wife's father. Mrs. Walker was very ill, he said, and it was quite imperative that Mary should go to her at once. My wife started from her seat in affright, and ran hastily for her bonnet and shawl. As for me (I suppose it was a presentiment of coming ill), a cold chill crept over me. "Mary," I ejaculated faintly, when she returned, "my dear love—a—a—how about—a—the *baby?*"

"*Bless* him!" replied his mother rapturously, as she tied her bonnet strings complacently before the glass, never noticing the groan which involuntarily escaped me, nor the utter helplessness depicted upon my elongated visage. "*Dear* little creature," she continued, "how *very* fortunate it happens that he is weaned, the *dear*, and IS *so* good." [Oh! ye powers!] "I don't at all suppose," she went on, calmly, "that he will awake before the usual time" [my wife didn't specify the precise period of that appalling event]; "but if he *should*, the *love*, he will be as good as *gold* if you give him his food—you know how to make it, don't you, dear? And oh, Jeremiah, pet, *do* be careful that you use the little saucepan with the 'shiny' top. Goodbye, dear, I will be home as soon as possible."

* * * * *

I suppose I had been in bed about twenty minutes; I know I was exceedingly comfortable in mind and body, and was drowsily bestowing a benediction on the inventor of beds, when a faint but expressive "Yah—a—a" issued from the bundle upon the other side [I had been specially careful to allow my son a wide berth]. I started up in speechless terror. I can't tell you how I felt. Figuratively speaking, my hair was on end. A shiver ran through my frame, as I fell back upon my pillow with a groan, not loud, but deep.

That "Yah—a—a" had terrors in it that I fully (and yet not *then* fully) understood; it was the death-knell of that night's departed sleep—it was a storm signal. I lay like a statue, scarcely daring to breathe. Perhaps he'll drop off again, I whispered hopefully; but nothing was farther from *his* programme of the night's entertainment, I can assure you. In fact, could he have spoken, I verily believe he would have said, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

"*Yah*—a—a—*ah!*" Oh, it was an earsplitting shriek! It came again, and again, and again! Louder, longer, and stronger! Matters were growing serious. Rapidly I took stock of my limited knowledge of baby language, and began accordingly to "*Hush, hush,*" and "*Pretty dear,*" vigorously administering the while sundry little admonitory taps upon my son's back. But as this last proceeding appeared to excite the dear infant's ire to an extraordinary degree, I was fain to discontinue it, and so pitching my voice into a sweetly modulated feminine key, I sought thereby, in dulcet tones, to delude the little muff into the belief that I was his mother. But it would not do. Smallpeace junior has, it is evident, "all his buttons," and ruefully I commenced groping for the matches. I thought I had put them in the candlestick. There they were not, however; and with a dismal visage and a desperate attempt to whistle and consider it all a very excellent joke, down stairs I trudged after them.

By the time I got back, *Baby* (*bless him!*) had roared himself to the colour of beetroot. In vain did I coax, and wheedle, and *pretty dear* him; in vain did I rock him to and fro, and dandle him up and down. It was of no avail; he did nothing but shriek at the top of his excruciatingly shrill voice, every now and then introducing a variety of really very remarkable variations (by way of a change, I presume), one of them being to bob with his mouth fiercely at my nose and chin, another to make frantic clutches at the red tassel of my nightcap.

"*Eureka,*" I exclaimed joyfully, "there's no accounting for a baby's fancies," and accordingly I took off my headgear and presented him with it. With round-eyed wonder I beheld him first stuff an unlimited quantity of it into his mouth, and then (not, I conjecture, finding it quite so palatable as it looked) shake it violently to and fro, and finally fling it from him in a burst of wrath truly appalling in one so youthful.

At this startling juncture, a burst of light as to his terrible frame of mind fell upon me—of course, he must be hungry—[I had entirely forgotten that most important part of the business]—and most unpleasantly did it occur to me that the parlour fire must certainly be out.

"*Nil desperandum,*" I said, betwixt a whistle and a groan, as, making another ghastly attempt to be merry, I seized my son and heir, and carried him below *(the darling!)*

Time—nearly three o'clock on a cold, bitter cold, January morning, Paterfamilias in his night-shirt and slippers, kneeling by an obsti-

* The complete edition of this laughable *brochure*, price 6d., is published by Dean and Son, Ludgate Hill, and W. E. Thorpe, White Rock Library, Hastings.

nate fire, blowing vigorously at the feeble flames; one hand engaged in insinuating small sticks of wood betwixt the bars, the other holding at arm's length a little imp of a baby, whose limbs, from their incessant motion, look at the least a dozen or so in number; said baby, yelling! Paterfamilias—well, a-*growling!*

"At last, at last," I groaned, as, after innumerable upsettings of that idiotic little saucepan with the shiny top, the food was ready, and as nice as any child in its senses could desire. "*All right, now,*" I ejaculated triumphantly, as I clutched young Smallpeace firmly round the waist, and nibbled and tasted at the mess as I had seen his mother do.

But it was not by any means "all right;" he would have none of it. Up went his legs and arms, and over went the cup and spoon (on *me*, it is needless to state). I *looked* at the little fellow, and he returned the look with compound interest. I fancied, too, that he chuckled secretly in his infantile way; and if ever a pair of eyes said "Not for Joe," my son's did then (*bless him!*).

"It's no use," I shouted angrily, "it's not a bit of good trying. I won't do anything more for you; squall to your heart's content, you disagreeable, discontented, wicked little mortal." And so he *did*. I am bound to confess he was strikingly obedient upon that one point.

Upstairs I trudged once more, soaked with the gummy substance his mother chooses our son to eat,—and miserable beyond conception.

And the next two hours? *Never, never* shall I forget those two dreadful hours! How I rocked and dandled and walked about with Smallpeace junior to no purpose; how the perspiration (notwithstanding the severity of the weather) streamed down my sooty face, and how fervently I prayed for succour in the respective shapes of daylight and my wife.

I wonder how many times I took that wretched baby out of bed and put him back again! I wonder how many times I rushed frantically about the room with him! If his temper had been dreadful before, it was at this juncture simply fiendish: and the way in which he gnashed his gums, and mangled his red fists, and endeavoured to pull out the few straggling hairs his head possessed, was something wonderful to see.

"What on earth *do* you want, child?" I shouted furiously as I turned over, and offered severally for his acceptance the heterogeneous assemblage of articles I had collected by gradual process upon the bed as peace-offerings. "What on earth *can* you want? Haven't you got the brushes and combs, and the pomatum jar, and the water bottle, and your mother's best chignon, and the cosmetique, and——" But here, in the midst of my indignant harangue, I stopped short. The appearance of the candle struck me dumb with horror. It was going out. The wick lay in a little pool of grease, leaning helplessly upon one side, flaring and flickering ominously, and casting hideous shadows all about the room.

"For mercy's sake, don't," I exclaimed imploringly, in my consternation, as I made a dash at the candlestick, and after having laboriously propped up the well-nigh defunct dip with a couple of pins and a broken-backed lucifer—burning my fingers during the process—I carried it cautiously to the cupboard, wherein I knew were kept the night-lights, and groped about for the box. And I found it; but not the ghost of anything was there in it!

By the final brilliant effort on the part of the candle, I glanced toward the bed. The cherub, watching my every movement, sat bolt upright, diligently sucking the cosmetique, and consequently quiet, but the unearthly howl that escaped his infantile throat as the light departed, defies description. It sets me trembling even now when I think of it. So we were left in pitchy darkness—I and that child! Such a catastrophe as this had never entered my imagination. The acme of wretchedness was now reached; for well I knew that, ever since our amiable young domestic had been discovered reading penny horribles in bed, the candle cupboard was invariably kept securely locked, and the key safely deposited in the pocket of Mrs. Smallpeace. As to trimming the lamp, it was not to be considered, with a yelling youngster in one's arms. "I suppose I must continue my treadmill with you," I muttered, as I leaned over the bed, to get at my son; and if he had answered "I suppose you must," I shouldn't have been a bit surprised—I was prepared for anything. I took him up amidst a clatter of various objects as they fell from the bed to the floor; but I am bound to admit that I don't in the least know the respective positions of his head and legs in my arms; I incline to the belief that I occasionally held him upside down. I essayed to carry him around the apartment as before, but I don't know how it was, I couldn't find my way about; the place seemed all doors and bedposts, and do what I would, I couldn't prevent him getting a knock now and then.

Presently the cuckoo on the stairs announced that it was now a quarter to five; I felt convinced it must be six at least, and I struck a match that I might consult my watch. In doing so, my hand rested upon a box! Yes, *the* night-light box—and full! "Hurrah!" light was coming; "the darkest hour is just before the dawn." I looked at my watch again after an interminable time had seemed to elapse. Just then I heard a "click" at the gate. Joy, joy unutterable,

there followed footsteps. I knew the welcome sounds—my wife had come. At last, at last, that little villain's mother had come back.

I flung young Smallpeace upon the bed ; I executed a brief war-dance around him ; I apostrophised him solemnly in broken accents. "Jeremiah junior!" I breathed forth tremulously, "*you* have triumphed ; I acknowledge it ; *you* have won—*I* am beaten! But, my son, lay this to your heart—if *ever* you have the opportunity to amuse your idle hours with me again, may I—may I deserve it—that's all!"

Whether he remained speechless from sheer astonishment at my audacity in thus flinging him unceremoniously from me, or whether his quietude arose from an indignation too profound for utterance, I know not ; but certain it is, he exhibited a superb indifference to my outbreak, and after winking at me lazily, but familiarly, a few times, he closed his eyes firmly with an air of such exquisite calm—a sort of done-my-duty look—that for a few minutes I remained gazing upon him in stupefied wonderment.

Then Mary's gentle knock aroused me. I rushed down stairs, I seized my astonished wife's hand (after having flung wide the street door), I kissed her frantically. "Come up," I yelled ; "come up, for the love of all that's pitiful, to this—this—[I checked myself, fortunately]—this *dreadful* child."

Off flew my wife, like an arrow from a bow. "Oh! Jeremiah," she shrieked ; "Oh! what has happened?—the *beauty*, the *darling*, the *chickabiddy*."

BEAUTY! DARLING! CHICKABIDDY! My friends, I leave you to imagine my speechless indignation.

* * * * *

Now, I don't expect you to believe it—but, nevertheless, it *appeared* to be a positive fact, although I possess strong doubts upon the subject—but when we entered our room, that sweet-voiced cherub, who not ten minutes before had been sending forth the shrillest shrieks that ever assailed the ear of man, was asleep! fast asleep! (at least he *looked* so). Moreover, he was *smiling*, actually *smiling!* And altogether his hypocritical young countenance bore the most complacent, innocent expression you ever saw (or I either). I was petrified ; a whole dictionary would not have supplied me with words adequate to record what I felt at that moment.

"Bless his heart!" rapturously exclaimed his mother, "isn't he *good?* Oh, Jeremiah, how *could* you frighten me so? *Dear*, quiet little soul, isn't he *good?*" This was the last straw, and the camel's back was broken.

"*Good!*" I roared. "*Quiet!* The deceitful, hypocritical young imp! I don't believe he *is* asleep."

"Smallpeace!" ejaculated my wife reproachfully. "Smallpeace with a vengeance," I muttered irefully ; and then, sitting upon the edge of the bed [the report of a cannon wouldn't have elicited the faintest shriek from my son then, oh dear no], I pathetically related the agonies of the past night. And how Mary laughed! [a pretty laughing matter] ; and the next evening, as we sat together (young Jeremiah looking like a saint, bless you), she observed, with a comical twinkle in her eyes, "Suppose somebody had tried to make *you* eat starch, my dear?" Starch, indeed! it's a wonder I didn't give him arsenic!

"THE KING DRINKS!"

BY THE REV. F. WAGSTAFF, F.R.H.S.,

Editor of the "Lay Preacher" and "Temperance Worker."

ONE of the paintings in the famous collection of the Louvre is a picture by Jordaen, representing a Flemish celebration of Twelfth Night. One of the company being chosen to fill the post of "king" for the evening, despotic power is, for the time, conferred upon the mimic monarch, of whose subjects none dares to drink till his majesty first sets the example. The moment chosen by the artist in his representation of the evening's festivity, is that in which the mock king first raises his glass to his lips. The company assembled round the board are anxious to take their share of the costly food and wines with which the table is spread, and every eye has been watching impatiently for the anticipated signal. No sooner does the monarch's cup reach his royal lips, than a great shout goes round the room, "*Le roi boit!*" ("The king drinks!") ; and every one hastens loyally to follow the example of so great a man.

The incident thus depicted is virtually repeated every hour in ten thousand English homes. One stronghold of intemperance against which we have still to labour earnestly, is the *power of example*. There is scarcely anything that has done so much to foster drinking habits among the people, or that has rendered the work of temperance reformers so difficult, as the almost omnipotent influence of example ; and very much will have been accomplished when those who are possessed of social influence can be induced to exercise it on the side of total abstinence.

With all his boasted independence, the average Englishman is the most imitative being under the sun. Whether the monkey tribe have learned this trick of copying others from human



"Put on a cheerful, smiling face."—p. 47.

beings, or whether men have inherited it from certain remote ancestors, we must leave to Mr. Darwin and his critics to decide. All we can undertake to say is, that the monkeys somehow have the best of it in regard to this one matter of drinking. They, at any rate, are water-drinkers; so that if we are their descendants the race has somewhat deteriorated, and if they are the imitators it is very much to their credit that monkeys have eschewed the pernicious practice of dram-drinking, so common among the enlightened and civilised members of the human family.

Speaking seriously, it is this habit of imitating others that tends so much to swell the ranks of the drunken. The father takes his glass, the mother sips her wine, and sons and daughters cannot do less than follow the parental example. The master drinks, and the workman must do the same. The mistress takes a little, and the servant must follow suit. If men in humble circumstances are remonstrated with because they waste their hard-earned money on poisonous drink, they point to those who move in higher circles, and declare their determination to do as others.

All through the social scale the cry is the same, "*Le roi boit*" ("The king drinks"); one drinks because another drinks. The practice has become fashionable. The habit is customary, and the very appeal that is made to the example of some one else is a virtual admission that all who drink know that they are acting unwisely, or, at any rate, a confession that the act is one which calls for an excuse. The work before us, then, is to change the habits of those to whose example others always look for guidance. Something in this direction has been done, enough to justify the hope that the day is not far distant when no one will be able to plead, as an excuse for his own folly, "The king drinks!"

HOW TO BE A MAN.

NOT long since a boy of some seventeen years of age called on a merchant doing a large business in New York. He was rather poorly clad, and showed evidence of pretty hard work; but his face indicated honesty and common sense, with a firm and energetic manliness under the somewhat rude exterior.

When at liberty, the merchant said, "Well, my young friend, what can I do for you?"

"I called, sir," he replied, "to ask you for a situation as an engineer. I was told you were having a new engine built, and I want you to give me the place. I'd like to run it for you."

"Are you an engineer?" asked the gentleman.

"No sir; but I can be," he answered, setting his lips firmly together, standing squarely before the gentleman, and looking him full in the face. "I don't understand the business well; I know something of it, though. But I can be an engineer—and I will be. And I wish you would give me a chance."

His modest but determined manner pleased the merchant. He was having a new engine built for a certain department of his business, and could, of course, have as many experienced operators as he desired. It was no object to him to take up an inexperienced boy and attempt to train him—no object except to help the boy. Such deeds he was noted for—a fact which no doubt had encouraged the boy to make this application.

"What are you doing now?" he inquired.

"Working in a machine shop in Brooklyn. I have been fireman and often worked the engine. I think I could get along pretty well with one now, if anybody would have a little patience with me."

"What wages do you get?"

"Fifteen shillings a week, sir."

"What do you do with your money?"

"Give it to my mother, sir."

"Give it to your mother! Humph! What does your mother do with it?"

"Well, you see, there is mother and sister and me; and mother takes in sewing. But it goes pretty hard, you know. They don't give much for sewing, and 'tis pretty hard work too. And then with all the other work she has to do, you know, she can't get along very fast at that rate, so I help all I can. If I could get an engineer's place I could get more wages, and it would make it easier for mother."

"How do you spend your evenings?" asked the gentleman.

"I attend the free school at Cooper Institute, and study mechanics," he replied; "I spend all the time I can get studying."

"Do you ever drink liquor?"

He looked up with an air of astonishment on his countenance that such a question should be asked, but answered firmly—

"No, sir."

"Do you chew, or smoke, or go to the theatre?"

"Never—can't afford it. Mother needs the money, sir. And if she didn't, I could make a better use of it. I would like to have some books if I could spare the money to get them."

"Do you go to church or Sunday-school?"

He held down his head, pretending to brush the dust off the floor with his foot, and replied—

"No, sir."

"Why not?" asked the gentleman, a little sharply.

"I haven't any clothes fit to wear," he replied. "It takes all the money I can get for us to live: and I can't have any clothes." He looked down at his coarse and well-worn suit. "It didn't used to be so when father was living. I was brought up to go to church and Sunday-school. If I can get to be an engineer, we shall go again. I know that I can run an engine."

Telling him to call at a certain time, when he expected his engine would be ready for use, and he would talk further with him, he dismissed him.

"But he must have that engine," said the merchant to a friend to whom he related the circumstance. "He will make a man, that boy will. A boy who is determined to do something; who gives his mother all his money to lighten her burdens; who does not use tobacco, and does not go to theatres; who spends his evenings in study after working all day, such a boy will make a man, and deserves to be helped. I have not told him so, but I shall take him and put him under one of my engineers until he is fully capable of taking charge, then let him have the engine. He will get three pounds a week then, and be able to lighten a mother's burdens, have clothes to wear to church, and buy books to aid him in his business."

A noble boy, though hidden amid hard conditions and under unattractive garbs, will work out and show his manhood. He may not always find friends to appreciate him; but, determined, virtuous, and willing to endure, he will in due time conquer.

A SMILING FACE.

I HOLD it is the wiser plan
To laugh instead of crying.
Since fleeting are the days of man,
Pray what's the use of sighing?

The world is full of sighs and tears
That never were intended;
The graver looks of threescore years
Are worn ere youth is ended.

How many troubles that arise
Might surely be prevented,
If men would follow maxims wise,
And learn to be contented!

How many ills would disappear,
Like monsters dead or dying,
If every face displayed a cheer
Instead of needless sighing!

Then wherefore sigh from day to day
O'er each approaching sorrow?
Let's smile upon them while they stay,
And blessings from them borrow.

Let's laugh betimes and shake our sides,
'Twill shape our faces rounder;
For laughter flows like healing tides,
To make our bodies sounder.

To practise laughing as an art
Would seem an innovation,
But surely it is worth a start
To bring the reformation.

Heed not the proud whose pomp and place
Forbid them to look jolly;
Let's dare to wear a merry face,
In spite of seeming folly.

To laugh and sing and merry be,
On every fit occasion,
Is soundest of philosophy
To benefit the nation.

First let the Queen from her high place
Smile daily on the nation,
And smiles reflected from her face
May fall on lowest station.

Then let each lord forget his lands,
Each statesman his ambition,
To grasp the toiler's horny hands,
And smile on low position.

Let masters in each graver mood,
When wealth seems evanescent,
Still find there's something wise and good
In trying to look pleasant.

Let hammers swing and anvils ring
Loud echoes to the chorus,
Where busy workers laugh and sing—
"There's life and hope before us."

Let frugal wife with bright smile meet
Her husband home returning,
And make his home a glad retreat,
His love and labour earning.

Let children dance and maidens sing,
With son and sire uniting,
And every hill and valley ring
With pleasures so inviting.

Let young and old in every place,
Each one in his own calling,
Put on a cheerful, smiling face
While sands of time are falling.

For is it not a little while,
The days of our probation?
Oh! while we live, let's try to smile
For health and recreation.

W. HOYLE.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A YOUNG man boasted that he had a well-stored mind, whereupon a wag said he was glad to hear it, and asked him *where* his mind was stored.

SOMEBODY asked a minister if there had been an awakening in his church. "No, sir'ee," was his reply; "there has been no sleeping in my church."

SOME one said to a man of the world, "So-and-so has been speaking ill of you." "I am surprised at that," said the latter, "for I never did him any service."

THE ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armour of the soul. There is a satirical poem in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and fitting his bait to the taste and business of his prey; but the idler, he said, gave him no trouble, as he bit the naked hook.

SOME time ago a rich old man fell into a mill-pond, and was gallantly rescued from a watery grave by one of the miller's men. On finding himself once more safe and sound, the wealthy miser offered his rescuer fivepence as a reward for his bravery. The hero looked at the coins for a moment, and returned four of them, saying: "It's too much, the job ain't worth more. That's about right," as he pocketed the remaining penny.

A CELEBRATED doctor, being surrounded in his last moments by many of his fellow physicians who deplored his loss, said to them, "Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians." Every one thinking himself to be one of the three, affectionately pressed him to name them, upon which he replied, "Cleanliness, Exercise, and Temperance."

THE report of Convocation on Intemperance says that there are no less than 2,000 parishes in England and Wales entitled to the distinction of being without a public-house.

A FRIEND of mine went the other morning to call on an old woman who exists in a dingy court down in Bermondsey. There was snow on the ground outside, and the paper in the broken panes of the dame's window but partially kept out the biting wind. Seeing no fire in the grate, my friend naturally remarked on its absence. "Bless you, my dear," said the brave old soul cheerily, "I ain't a chilly mortal." If I mistake not there was an old proverb which used to find currency in days before Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley had discovered Providence to be a myth, which said something about the wind being tempered to the shorn lamb. I trust that the old Bermondsey dame finds it true, and that her remark was more than merely a brave word.

A SCULPTOR'S wife had her husband arrested for assault and battery, because, as she testified, on the occasion of her going to his studio to inform him that a woman across the road had eloped, he struck her in the face with a huge mass of mud. The sculptor explained that the occasion referred to was the first time for years that he had seen a pleasant look on his wife's face, and therefore he hastened to take a cast of her features, in order to catch the expression for use on a bust he intended to model. The case was dismissed.

IN an action that was recently tried at Westminster Hall, when the question in dispute was as to the quality and condition of a gas-pipe that had been laid down many years before, a witness stated that it was an old pipe, and therefore out of condition. The judge remarking that "People do not necessarily get out of condition by being old," the witness promptly answered, "They do, my lord, if buried in the ground."

A SETTLER.—Scene—A court of law; trial for manslaughter is going on; Pat in the witness-box. Counsel for the prisoner: "Did you see the prisoner at the bar knock down the deceased?" Pat: "No, yir honour; he was alive when I see him knocked down."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

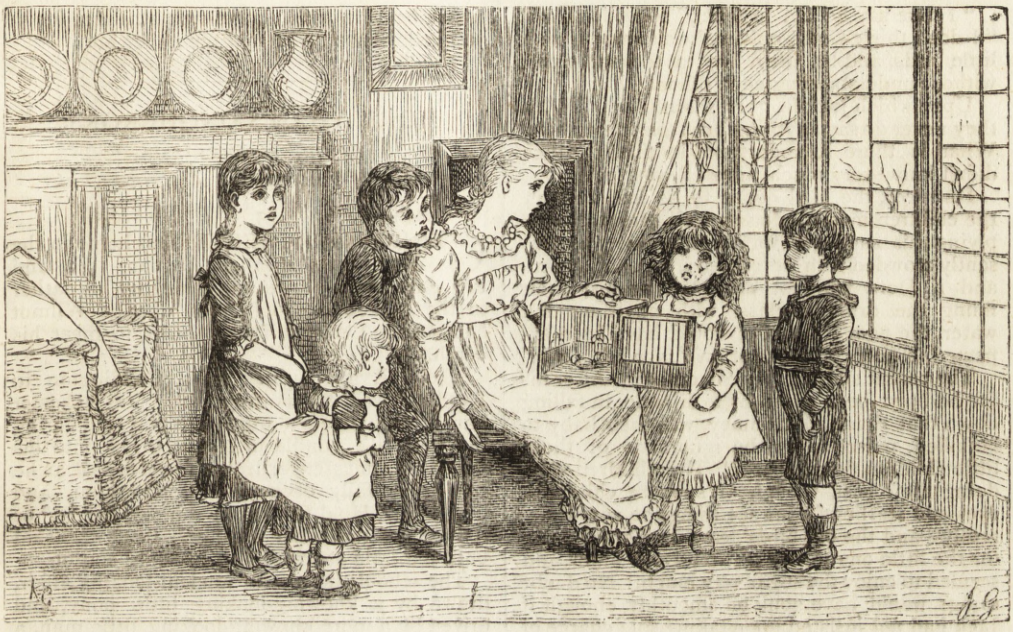
"Dick's Hero," and other stories. By Sarah Pitt. Published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London. We are very glad to welcome this volume, first for its own sake, and also because some of the stories have appeared in the ONWARD and also in *The Quiver*. All are graphically and truthfully written, but better still, the spirit they manifest has for its end high living, deep loving, and wide far-reaching meaning.

"The National Temperance Year-Book." A directory of temperance work and workers. Compiled by John Kempster, London. A most admirable and complete summary of all necessary information concerning the progress of the movement, and should be in the hands of every abstainer.

"The National Temperance Mirror." Published by the Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand. With a large variety of fact and matter in the first numbers, and will continue to appear as a monthly organ.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Rainbow Reading—The Temperance Record—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Western Temperance Herald—The Social Reformer—The Dublin Coffee-Palace Journal—The British Temperance Advocate—The Band of Hope Star.



ABOUT A STARLING.

BY GRACE ORA.



"I'M sure it's all the fault of those nasty birds. The nursery fire never will light while they are allowed to build in the chimney!"

It is to be hoped the starlings' feelings were not hurt by hearing that unkind speech of nurse's. The truth was, that the nursery chimney provided a warm, cosy spot for the rearing of young birds, and was, besides, a remarkably good place for seeing and hearing; and every one knows that starlings, being a very inquisitive race, and accustomed to frequent window-eaves and chimney-tops, can understand everything they hear—almost. Indeed, they try very hard to talk themselves, and no doubt *we* lose more than we know of by not being able to understand *them*.

There was a great deal of fluttering and chattering in the little warm nest early one morning, when one of the baby starlings was missed; and quite as much excitement, of pretty nearly the same sort, down below in the nursery when the children found the tiny brown creature hopping disconsolately about in an old cage, where nurse had placed him for safety. A truly pitiable object the little thing looked, for he had fallen down the chimney, and besides having blackened his pretty golden feathers, one wing had been broken in the fall, and the poor starling had not been able to flutter beyond the rug. So nurse had had no trouble in catching him, and there he was in the cage. What was to be done with him? If the children had understood the meaning of the tumult which they could plainly hear going on up above, they need not have wondered long; for the old starlings in their distress were chattering and wheeling round the chimney-top, perching upon it to look down, and calling, as plainly as starling could call, upon the lost one. It is a wonder that the mother, at least, did not screw up her courage and fly headlong down the black vault in search of her child.

"Of course we must nurse him well again, and then——"

"Oh, yes, and then we will let him go if he wants; and he will tell his brothers and sisters about us down here—won't he?"

"How can he?" says Jack, who is ready to give his opinion on the shortest notice on any subject whatever. "He can't talk!"

"I dare say he can to them," believed Dora. "I don't think God would make a family of dear little birds, and let them live in the same nest without understanding each other."

Upon which Jack laughed scornfully. "Why, they never do say anything but 'sweet, swe-e-et.' What is there to understand in that?" Jack didn't know very much, after all, you see.

However, the bird ought to be fed, and as the children must all do something towards supplying his supposed wants, the cage was presently crowded with bits of bread, egg, and sugar; and if Dora had not protested against their filling the drinking-glass with anything but water, the poor little bird would have been expected to quench his thirst on "nice hot milk."

The parent starlings were in despair. After his life had just been saved by a miracle, in falling down that dreadful chimney, was their baby to be killed, poisoned by the ignorance of those little children down there? The children were doing their best, though—I suppose children's eyes and starlings' eyes see things so very differently—and the old birds' fears were groundless, for the little one throve on bread and water, and seemed to enjoy the sugar very much. No doubt things would have gone on smoothly enough if Jack had not insisted upon taking sole charge of the little stranger. But Jack was one of those—I don't mean to say that they are always children—who contrive to get their own way by sheer teasing and worrying, so in the end the starling was left under his care. At first all went well, and the broken wing seemed to become strong like the other. But by-and-by the poor little bird himself began to realise that he was being neglected. Every day he grew thinner and more melancholy, and his pretty feathers began to lose their dusky golden brown. Clearly the starling was pining. His wing was quite strong again—why not let him fly home? urged the tender-hearted little sisters. But Jack would not let his prisoner go; he would be all right in a day or two, and surely it was more comfortable in the nursery than it possibly could be up there in the cold and smoke! So Jack had his own way; but he did not keep the little stranger many days longer, for on coming down one morning, Dora found the starling lying on the floor of his cage quite dead. Jack could not at all understand how a bird could die of home-sickness; but I think it natural enough, for what is the use of having a home, if you don't love it and feel sorry to lose it? Although the children were all grieved at their little pet's fate, they did not reproach Jack much, because he was so miserable too.

The birds still build in the nursery chimney, but the children are gone. They are not children now, but some of them, I know, still remember the little home-sick starling, for it was Jack himself who told me about him.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—"THE POPLARS."

GEORGE WINCHESTER left home in the *Star of the West* on January 15th, and two days later Bertie was taken by his father to the boarding-school from whence Wilmot had returned with so light a heart, to meet his death.

The railway journey from Paddington to Reading was soon over. Mr. Winchester hardly exchanged a word with his boy during the time. A bundle of letters thrust into his hands by a messenger from the office just as he left home fully occupied his attention, and beyond a "Hold that for a minute, Bertie," or "Close up the other window," little was said until the train steamed into Reading station.

The school chaise—an ancient-looking affair, drawn by a knowing-looking little pony, and driven by a more knowing-looking little man, a quaint old boy, indeed—was waiting to receive them.

"Morn', Mass'r Winchester. We've heerd about Mass'r Wilmot, an's mortal sorry the fever——"

"Get that box and bag, Peter," Mr. Winchester said sharply, as if he had not heard a word of old Peter's greeting.

"Sartinly, sir;" and very nimble the old man was about it, too.

Mr. Winchester and Bertie took their seats in front, and Peter jumped up behind. Mr. Winchester knew the road well. This was the third son whom he had methodically entered at the same school, and his routine habits were such, the master felt quite easy in his mind that when Master Bertie's three years' term was over, the youngest of the Winchesters would in a similar manner be placed at "The Poplars" for a like period.

Through the market-place, and along two or three streets, and they were in the country.

"Do you see those five poplars across there?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, that's the school."

"Oh, I remember George and Wilmot telling me the lads used to——"

"Never mind what it was just now. I'm thinking about something else;" and if he be judged by his silence, Mr. Winchester steadily continued to think about something else until

the chaise passed in by the poplars, and came to a standstill by the six wide steps which led up to the old-fashioned doorway.

The Rev. Dr. Potts ("Old Potts," as many of his pupils irreverently called him) came to the door to receive them. As he stood in academic cap and gown ("mortar-board and bed-hangings," the lads used to say), he was to Bertie a very forbidding personage. The doctor was, however, better than his looks; beneath his somewhat stern exterior he carried a warm heart, and although the eighty-four young gentlemen boarders often poked fun at some of his formal sentences, most of them admitted "he was a good sort, after all," a feeling which deepened as the years went by. This was often testified by the visits of old pupils—bearded men, and sometimes even men advancing towards middle life. Such visits, while very agreeable to the principal, were also cordially welcomed by the pupils, for the old scholars usually begged a half-day's holiday for the boys before taking their departure.

Dr. Potts was aided by three assistants, the chief of whom was Mr. Blimber. He was very tall, very thin, and very short-tempered. "He teaches arithmetic because he's such a wretched figure himself!" was the stinging criticism of a boy, whose pointed description had been handed on for three or four years past as one of the traditions of the school. Mr. Thompson came next in rank, and was in every respect a contrast to Mr. Blimber. He was short, stiff, and sturdy, often inclined to a little pleasant merriment, and as he frequently patronised the outdoor pastimes of the pupils, he was, of course, a popular favourite. Mr. Gregory, the junior assistant, was a melancholy young man, with a high forehead, and long, wavy, black hair. He wore a pair of blue spectacles, from behind which he was continually peeping into a well-worn pocket-book. "I will refresh my memory, gentlemen," was the solemn remark he used to make when so doing. Geography and history were his special subjects, but his method of imparting instruction was so drearily miserable, we need not wonder that many of the lads grew up professing to hate geography and history, when all the while it was really Mr. Gregory for whom they felt so much distaste. "Gentlemen," he would say, "as it is somewhat difficult to correctly remember the chronology of the Saxon period, I have thrown the kings and their queens into a poetical form, by which simple arrangement you will readily have them at your finger-ends. I will refresh my memory, gentlemen." Then the flabby pocket-book would be produced, and requesting the class to "Say after me," he would lead them in a sing-song fashion through a dozen lines, which, although rarely edifying, never failed to excite the astonishment of the lads for the ingenious rhymes. Mr. Gregory's poems had much to answer for. Sometimes the whole school would be taken with "a rhyming fit," and for the time being conversation would be literally "Gregoryfied," as it was termed, and in the most ridiculous manner, too.

The house itself was a long, irregular structure. Bit by bit had been added as the different enlargements were needed, and so the style of architecture of "The Poplars" had become decidedly various. Dr. Potts had never married, and the domestic arrangements were under the management of Mrs. Spiffkins, a bustling, active person, whose notions of order and cleanliness made her a perfect terror to any young gentleman who was inclined to be untidy. "Master Arnold, your clothes-bag was not on its peg this morning. That's the second offence this week, remember. Next time I report to Dr. Potts—so there!" was her emphatic way of exercising authority. What the effect of the awful threat would be, none of the lads knew, but there was a vague feeling that it would be something dreadful.

Such were some of the leading inmates of the boarding-school to which Bertie Winchester was to be introduced. The Rev. Dr. Potts led the way into the small, cosy room called his study, which apartment had been nicknamed the "snoozery," from its being supposed to be the place whither the doctor retired to have half-an-hour's nap after dinner. The doctor placed two chairs near the fireside, and Mr. Winchester motioned for Bertie to take one, which he did. The father remained standing, pleading in excuse that he must at once return to town.

"Well, you will take a glass of wine?"

"You're very kind. Thank you."

A decanter, with three glasses, had been placed on the table, in anticipation of this ceremony, and the doctor thereupon poured out the wine, handing one glass to Mr. Winchester, placing another before the boy, and taking one himself.

"You'll do your best with him, doctor?"

"Certainly, my dear sir. I shall treat him as a son of Mr. Winchester."

"You'll be strict, doctor?"

"My invariable rule, sir."

"You have full liberty to chastise him for any and every fault, doctor."

"I am honoured by your confidence, sir."

"Good morning, doctor. Good-bye, Bertie; stick well to your books," and Mr. Winchester hurried from the room, but returned immediately to pop a half-crown into the boy's hand for pocket-money, and was gone again in a moment.

The slamming of the hall door, the noise of the wheels as the chaise rumbled down the gravelled walk, seemed to Bertie to be the most wretched sounds he had ever heard. They were to him warnings that he was alone, alone in the world for the first time in his life. Oh, what that boy of thirteen would have then given to be back with Edgar in the old house in London. His sad reflections were soon ended, for Dr. Potts said, "Now, my little man, drink up the wine, and we will have a chat together."

The doctor filled his own glass again, and drank off the contents with evident relish.

"Come, cheer up, and drink up! It will never do for the other young gentlemen to see you like this!"

"I won't—I mean can't, sir," stammered Bertie, surprised at his own boldness in making answer without crying.

"Won't! Can't! We don't allow such words here, Winchester! Won't! Can't!" murmured the doctor, as if half to himself. "Won't! Can't! Why, pray?"

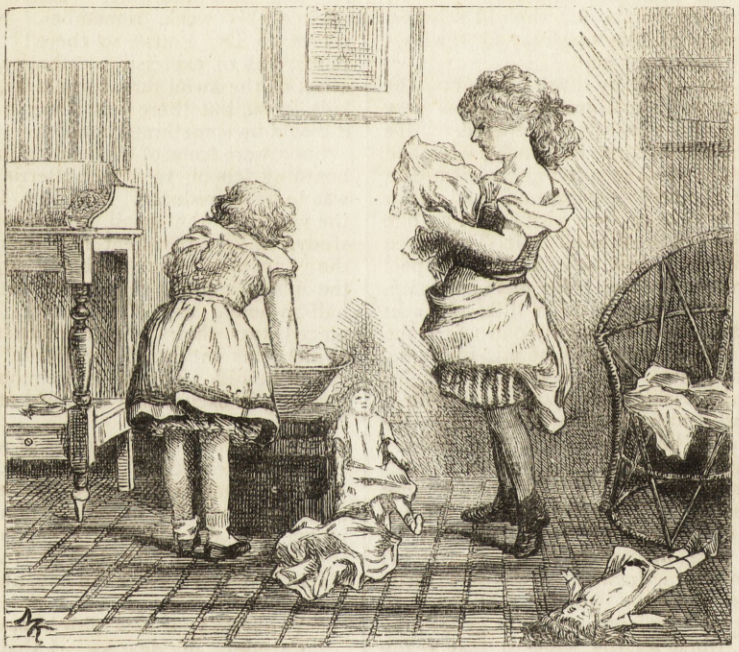
"Because, sir—because of Wilmot—I mean George—I mean both of them."

"Come, come, my boy, take the wine. It will do you good after the journey. We shall be great friends presently. But you mustn't speak of your brothers here. This is your father's particular wish, as communicated to me by letter before bringing you down. Come, take the wine!"

"No, sir, I won't!"

"This is a bad beginning, little man; but—there, don't cry; we'll say no more about it."

(*To be continued.*)



WASHING DAY.

It's washing day:
What work, I say,
For only me and you!
I do declare,
It is not fair
To have so much to do.

Our eldest Polly,
And little Dolly,
They give us so much care
To keep them clean,
Fit to be seen,
We have no time to spare.

We soak and scrub,
Then soap and rub;
With all our might and main
We iron and dry:—
But dolls won't try
To save us trouble again.



"A RAINY DAY."—p. 54.

A RAINY DAY.

THE keen sharp winds of March have given place to the copious April showers. Yes, it is April! Very few people are fond of rainy weather, yet rain plays a very important part in the economy of nature. What would the little mountain streams do but for the showers? They would soon be quite dry and useless. The cattle could no longer quench their thirst, and the sweet flowers would languish and die if there were no showers; the farmer might prepare his land, and cast in the seed, but the ripe golden harvest would never come without the fertile showers.

We often hear people complain when it rains; they will say: "What a wretched day! What beastly weather!" but surely such language only betrays ignorance and a want of reverence; for does not our Heavenly Father control and direct all the operations of nature? Why, then, should we murmur? If we rejoice in His golden sunshine and His balmy breezes, let us also thank Him for fertile showers, for His wisdom is infinite, and He doeth all things well.

"GIRLS, HELP FATHER."

"MY hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crotchet-work. "I shall be glad to do so, if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"I would be ashamed if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cosily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty—"Thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, where a man can have a clerk," said the father. "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if able, said Mr. Wilber, which last was a sad truth How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labour! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father! Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents, as parents do on their children.

ONLY A GLASS OF BEER.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

"COME, Robert, take a glass of beer—only a glass of beer, for it cannot harm you."

"I never drank a glass of beer in my life," was the low reply; "I think I will not drink it."

"Why, what harm will it do?" again said the tempter. "Do you think a glass of beer is going to kill you or make a drunkard of you? What a fool you are, Robert Barnes! I think you had better go around delivering temperance lectures."

Robert could not bear ridicule, and he wished very much to keep on friendly terms with Mark Bently; and so he said, "I'm not afraid to drink it, Mark, and to please you I will do so."

He drank the beer to please his friend, and also two or three more glasses for the same purpose; but in a very few weeks he began to drink it to please himself. Ah! it was a sad day when he first yielded to partake of "only a glass of beer."

He was hardly a man when he yielded to the tempter's voice, and so, being young in years, he was easily led into sin and temptation. Soon he drank something stronger than beer, and in a short time nothing but rum would satisfy that terrible appetite. The eyes of Robert Barnes lost their gleam of truth and nobleness, his cheeks their rosy glow of health, and his once noble form its sprightly activeness. Alas! for poor Robert Barnes.

A year ago I stood by an open grave that was to be filled by a poor, wretched drunkard—one that had died in his shame and misery. A weeping mother and aged father bent over that dark grave, and as the sod and stones fell upon the coffin, I heard the words, "Oh! why did

not my boy die in his infancy?" and then the saddest groans I ever heard came from the lips of those parents. "Poor boy!" I heard the father say, "he died a drunkard; but I never taught him to drink liquor, for a drop of the deadly poison was never found in my house. Oh! why did my noble Robert yield to the tempter?"

This was the end of Robert Barnes, and it was the "one glass of beer" that led him to ruin. He died in the prime of manhood in consequence of drinking one glass of beer; for it awakened the fires of an appetite that never could be quenched. I sometimes wonder if Mark Bently fully comprehends what a deed he did when he held the beer-glass to the lips of his victim. Perhaps he does; but still he tempts the weak ones of earth to drink the awful poison, and his own red, glaring eyes betray the fact that he is also on the way to ruin.

"Only a glass of beer!" Beware, boys, and do not touch it any sooner than you would a crested serpent, for it is far more dangerous. Do not for a moment listen to the voice that tells you that it cannot harm you, for it may lead you also to ruin, as it did poor Robert Barnes. Boys, never, never touch a glass of beer!—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

OUR home is where the heart would be;
'Tis where the spirit feels most free—
The spot on all the earth most dear,
For the affections centre there.
No matter where the lot may fall,
In gilded palace, cot, or hall;
No matter where the feet may roam,
The loving heart doth yearn for home.
The marble hall or dingy room
Alike would seem a living tomb
But for the faces gathered there;
And oh! we know the hearth seems bare
If we but miss one smiling face
Which does not fill its wonted place.
Love makes the home in hall and cot—
Home cannot be where love is not.
And could we range this wide world round,
No other place would e'er be found,
With half its charms, or half so fair,
To tempt the heart to linger there;
For e'en as flowerets seek the sun,
Fond memory oft doth backward run,
And many a wistful look doth cast
Upon the bright and happy past.
Yes, wheresoe'er we rest or roam,
In life, in death, we think of home—
Of home, sweet home, abode of love;
Blest type on earth of heaven above.

DAVID LAWTON.

THREE GLASSES OF STOUT.

I REMEMBER, I remember
Of a dull and dreary day,
Walking home with my friend Thompson
Through a quiet, old highway.

All at once we heard some voices,
And a sound of many feet,
Which betokened jolly doings
In this dark and calm retreat.

Then we saw a country alehouse
That looked old and quite forlorn,
With a signboard hanging outside,
Which they christened "Barleycorn."

In we went to learn the reason
Of the sounds we heard without,
When they asked us to be seated
While we had a glass of stout.

Down we sat before our glasses,
Gazing on the merry throng,
Never dreaming, as we watched them,
That we stay'd there very long.

But the dancing was so pleasing,
And the songs they sang so sweet,
That, despite our resolutions,
We were fastened to the seat.

When our glass of stout was finished,
It began to grumble sore,
Saying it would not be quiet
Till we had a little more.

Well, to keep things nice and pleasant,
We another glass drank down;
When, behold! to our amazement,
They began to fight and frown.

Nothing now, of course, would do
But an umpire must be sent
For to judge between the two
Who had caused this small ferment.

When their quibbling was all over,
And to peace they'd settled down,
They to make their number even,
Had just one more glass of brown.

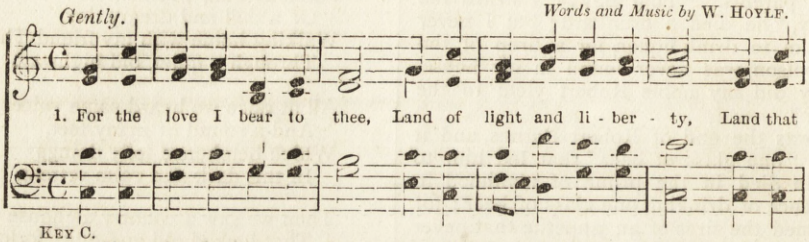
Then amongst themselves they muttered,
"What a fool this man has been!"
And they all, with strength united,
Knocked me down upon the green.

I'll remember, I'll remember
Never more to turn aside
From the path that leads me homeward,
To my own dear fireside.

FOR LOVE OF ENGLAND!

Gently.

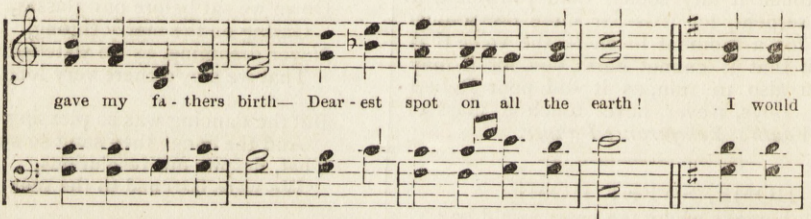
Words and Music by W. HOYLE.



KEY C.

2. Eng- land! first of ev - 'ry land, Who thine ar - mies can with- stand? Sail thy

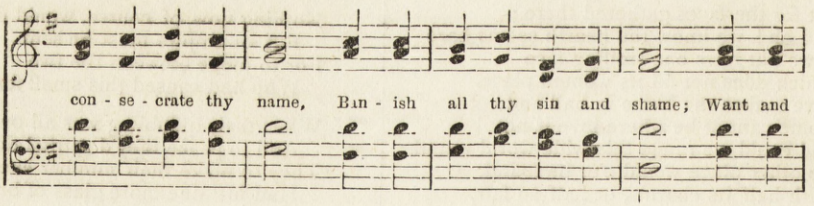
3. Heaven in mer- cy from the skies Calls thee, na - tive land, A - rise! Thou-sand



KEY G. t.

ships on ev - 'ry sea, Na - tions hom- age pay to thee! Yet, my

voi - ces thee im - plore, Chase the mon - ster from thy shore! In thee

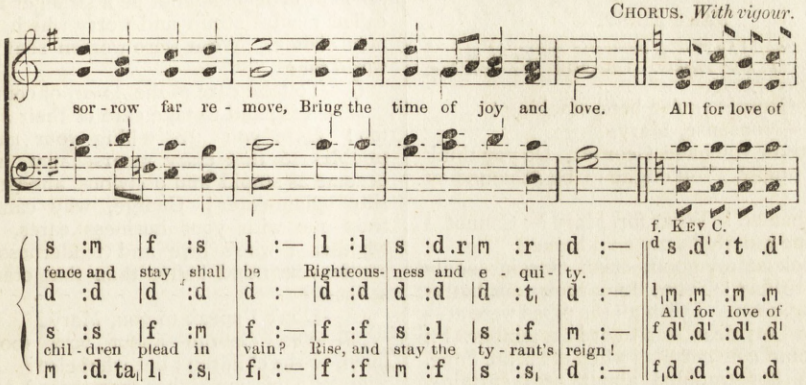


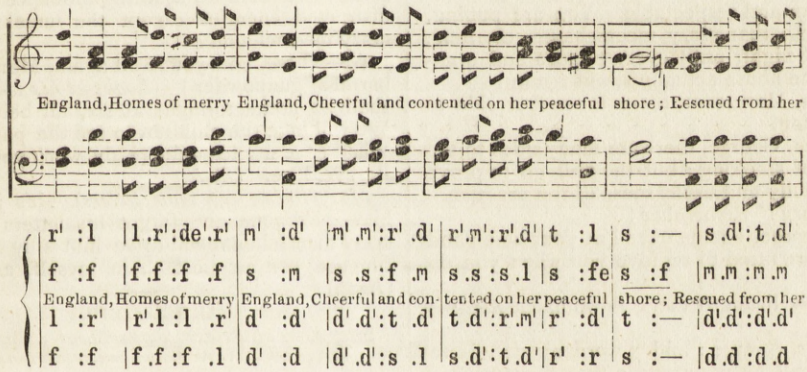
coun- try, these a - lone Can - not for thy sins a - tone; Thy de -

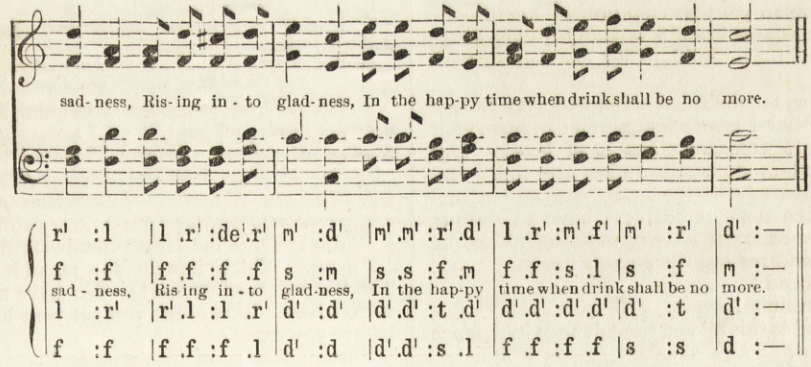
dwells a no - ble band, Loy - al sons for truth to stand; Shall thy

FOR LOVE OF ENGLAND!—(*continued.*)

CHORUS. *With vigour.*







THAT CRAZY MEERSCHAUM!

A DIALOGUE BY W. HOYLE.

PART FIRST.

GEORGE *and* MARY.—*A domestic scene, in which* MARY *asserts her rights.* GEORGE *sits reading, and* MARY *is sewing.*

Mary.—George, you've been smoking!

George.—Nonsense, Mary.

M.—I know you have, George. Do you think I cannot smell? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

G.—Ashamed! What for, Mary? Cannot I enjoy a pipe quietly in my own home?

M.—Look at my good, clean curtains—only hung last Friday! They'll not look a bit better for washing, soon. I wish all the pipes were at—

G.—Now, my dear, don't get in a temper. I'll buy you some *new* curtains when these are done.

M.—I'm not troubled about *new* curtains, George. It's this everlasting smoke nuisance, that disgusts any woman who wants to keep her house clean and respectable. You are puffing, puffing with that crazy meerschaum, morning, noon, and night, until every picture and ornament in the house actually stinks again!

G.—But, Mary dear, there is another side to this question.

M.—Yes, George, there are many sides to the question of smoking; but they all go to prove the utter folly and uselessness of the practice.

G.—Mary! Remember!

M.—George, I remember I'm your wife; and who is more fitted to reprove you when you do wrong?

G.—Now listen to me. A woman's *place* is at home.

M.—Yes, George; and a woman's *duty* is to put down all filthy practices that disgrace her home!

G.—Now, will you listen to me? I never knew a woman yet that could bridle her tongue.

M.—You never knew a woman with any sense of decency that would defile her mouth with tobacco!

G.—Now, for the third time, will you let me speak? After I have spoken, you can have your full say. A woman's place is at home. Her little round of domestic duties are light and trivial compared with the load of care and mental strain which men of business have to endure. Business men must have something to soothe the mind and restore the equilibrium.

M.—Indeed!

G.—Certainly!

M.—And is this all you can advance in defence of smoking?

G.—Well, much more might be said; but——

M.—But it is all on the other side. Listen to me, George. I'm your wife, and although you speak so lightly of a woman's duties, let me tell you that a good wife—such as, I trust, I have proved to you—may not be a stranger to the so-called mental strain and worry which business men endure. What were women sent into the world for?

G.—To take care of the *house*, of course!

M.—Yes; and to take care of their *husbands*, too! Here you are, telling your cares and troubles to that crazy meerschaum, until you become as stupid and oblivious, almost, as the silly opium-eater! George, why cannot you trust me with your business cares, and try whether a wife's love and tenderness cannot soothe your mind better than that crazy meerschaum?

G.—Don't I speak to you, Mary?

M.—Yes, George—about your food, your linen, or the children; but what else? Hasn't a wife got a mission higher than these? Is she not man's help-meet in a nobler and more exalted sense? Is there no soothing influence for your distracted energies except the fumes of that crazy meerschaum?

G.—There, now you're off again, Mary, like a barrel of gunpowder! (*Looks at his watch.*) I shall be home to-night at six, all being well. We will take the children to see the panorama. You'll have my tea quite ready, won't you, dear? By-bye, love. (*Exit.*)

M. (*picking up some letters*).—It's just like him—he's gone and forgot his letters! That crazy meerschaum will drive him silly yet! I suppose I must post them myself, as usual. (*Exit.*)

PART SECOND.

SCENE.—*Third-class compartment in a railway carriage, in which three persons enter into conversation.*

Characters.

Mr. ROBINSON, *an elderly gentleman of good habits*
Miss BENTLEY, *a young lady of education.*
GEORGE, *Mary's husband.*
RAILWAY PORTER, *a robust individual, with powerful voice.*

(*Enter* RAILWAY PORTER, *hurriedly.* R., B. *and* G. *approach platform slowly.*)

Porter.—Now, mum, are you going? Time's up; get in please, get in! (*All three get seated.*) Show your tickets, please. Tickets all ready! (*Moving about as from one carriage to another, repeating above, while voices behind platform are representing sundry passengers calling.*)

Porter! is this the North Sandwich line?

Porter.—Which line do you mean? (*Voice:* The Sandwich, of course!) We have no sandwiches here. Why didn't you get your breakfast before you came?

Porter! how soon are we going?

Porter! have you seen my luggage all right? I've a japanned tin box, a carpet bag, two umbrellas, and a satchel!

Porter! here's a gentleman here been insulting me! Turn him out! He said I was old enough to be his grandmother—which I wasn't!

Porter.—Keep in there—keep in; the train's moving! (*Railway whistle.—Exit* R. P.)

George.—I'm glad we're off at last. What a row these ignorant people make at railway stations. How lovely the country looks!

Robinson.—Charming!

G.—I'm a great admirer of nature.

R.—Indeed.

G.—Yes. I like the spring-time especially—when the young buds are opening, the flowers are putting forth their fragrance, the birds are singing sweetest melody—and all nature waking to—a—(*pulling out a meerschaum pipe*) you don't object to smoking, sir?

R.—Certainly I do! This is not a smoking compartment.

G. (*preparing for a smoke*).—Yes, sir, I'm a great admirer of nature.

R.—Whether you are an admirer of nature or not, I don't *admire* you smoking here; and I tell you plainly, I object.

G.—Why, bless me! all the professors in our Literary and Stumpological Society now are smokers.

R.—More's the pity.

G.—Sir, let me tell you, you are behind the age. There is a marvellous soothing efficacy in tobacco. These learned men were slow to take up the weed; but now, sir, there is not one that would abandon his pipe.

R.—What next, I wonder!

G.—What next? Why, sir, I am told that over one thousand ladies have sent boxes of cigars to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to initiate the habit of smoking among ladies, so that gentlemen may not have all the luxury to themselves!

Miss B.—Who told you that nonsense?

G.—Who told me, ma'am?

B.—Yes; who told you? It is a shameful libel on the fair sex—a baser falsehood was never uttered. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

R.—Don't believe a word he says, ma'am. He takes you and me for simpletons; but he shan't smoke while I am here.

G.—Do you insinuate that I am a simpleton? (*Growing excited, and putting pipe away.*) Let me tell you, sir, I have forgotten far more than some people ever knew!

R.—I dare say; at any rate, you seem to have forgotten your good manners!

G.—Whether I have or not, I am prepared to discuss with you on any science or subject you can mention—astronomy, gastronomy, phrenology, geology, zoology, biology, history, mystery, religion, or politics.

R.—An empty vessel makes most noise. Look here, young man—do you understand the science of *self-control?*

G.—Let me see—the Latin of that is *septimus ominous controlimus.*

R.—Never mind the Latin, let us have the English of it.

G. (*pausing*).—Self-control? Of course you refer to the—ah—regulating principle—ah—appertaining to the science of—ah——

Miss B.—Young gentleman, I'm sorry for you. I pity your wife, if you have one.

R.—Never mind him, ma'am—I'll deal with him. He's only a specimen of the so-called modern society. How long have you been a smoker?

G.—Long enough to appreciate the *value* of it.

Miss B.—Not long enough to discover the *folly* of it.

R.—Did you ever study the physiological effects of tobacco?

G.—Why should I, indeed?

R.—Have you read the testimony of Sir Benjamin Brodie?

G.—Brodie? Brodie? Let me see—was he a member of the Stumpological Society?

R.—No; but he was Sir Benjamin Brodie, Baronet, F.R.S., and physician to the Queen.

G.—Oh, indeed. He ought to know something.

R.—Let me give you his opinion. After a long course of observation, he says: "There are very few who do not suffer harm from the use of tobacco to a greater or less extent."

G.—Oh, but doctors differ.

R.—Take another witness—the eminent Dr. Arnot: he says, "The habit of smoking drains the life-sap out of the smoker's cheeks."

G.—Strong language!

R.—Take another witness, that distinguished physician, Dr. C. J. Russell: he says, "I affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that no unnatural practice in which men indulge is fraught with more mischief to body and mind than the habitual use of tobacco."

G.—All the doctors in the world would not make me believe that. Why dear-a-me—to think that a man who indulges in a whiff of tobacco must be stigmatised in that way!

Miss B.—Have you any family?

G.—Family? Yes, I've three of the finest boys in creation!

Miss B.—A pretty nice example you are setting them! Look out for the young smokers, sir; the boys will follow their fathers—example draws where precept fails.

(*Enter* RAILWAY PORTER.)

R. Porter.—Weatherbridge! Change here for Bangum, Slangum, Wrexum, Vexum, Sendum, Endum, Floggum and Joggum! Tickets all ready! tickets all ready! (*While this is being*

repeated by the porter, voices are heard behind the platform calling in different tones, representing sundry passengers.)

Porter! do we change here?

Porter! is this Wiggleton Junction?

Porter! will you look after my luggage? I've a japanned tin box, a carpet bag, two umbrellas, and a satchel!

Porter! here's a fellow been smoking all the way from Hangum Station!

P.—Well, hang him yourself—don't bother me!

Porter!—there's a good fellow!—just help me out with this baby and perambulator.

Porter! have you got a match?

Porter! there's a lady here fainting—bring a glass of water.

P.—Why don't you smoke in your own compartment?—ladies may well faint! Get in there! get in! the train's going. (*Rings bell, train's off. —All retire from platform.*)

PART THIRD.

GEORGE *and* MARY.—*In which* GEORGE *makes a sad discovery—is convicted of folly, and vows amendment.* GEORGE *is reading, and* MARY *sewing.*

G.—What time does the panorama begin, Mary?

M.—Eight o'clock.

G.—I don't know about going to-night. I feel out of sorts.

M.—Was there something wrong at the warehouse?

G.—No.

M.—An accident on the line?

G.—No.

M.—Then it's that crazy meerschaum again, George! You're not blessed with too much brains, but the little you have will be all gone soon, if you don't stop smoking.

G.—I was wishing to myself to-day that I had never been a smoker.

M.—Why don't you give it up, then? You must see the folly of it, if you only keep your eyes open.

G.—It wasn't eyes exactly, but ears.

M.—Then somebody's been giving you a lecture in the train, I suppose. Well, I only hope they'll do you good, for my pleading doesn't affect you.

G.—My old grandmother used to say, "It was all the comfort she had," and I suppose I take after her—at least, they used to tell me so.

M.—Your old grandmother! George, I'd be a man, not a baby! What comfort do you want? Am not I working all day like a slave to make you comfortable—cooking, washing, starching, ironing, scrubbing, baking, sewing your buttons on, getting your linen up, cleaning your boots, making your tea and toast, boiling eggs for you, and ham, getting you cauliflowers and sausages, and—why, bless me, man! what more *can* you have? You don't want *comfort*, George, I'm sure. It's common sense that you want, and if somebody would only knock that into your head, you would soon give up smoking.

G.—I am glad nobody is listening to you.

M.—Why?

G.—They might think I was henpecked, and no mistake.

M.—Never mind what people think; you know different. If I didn't care for you, like some wives, I would let you smoke on until you killed yourself; but you know whether I love you or not, George. When I took you for better or worse, I made up my mind that if there was any worse about you, I would do all that a true woman could to shift it. I wish every husband had such a wife as I have been to you.

G.—You are a brave, true woman, Mary.

M.—I have seen so many fall from smoking to drinking, George, that I have trembled to think you might some day break your pledge. Then I have thought about the dear boys, George: I know you think the world of them, and they are looking up to you, their father, as a pattern of excellence. Would you like them to begin smoking?

G.—Certainly not, Mary; it would be disastrous to young boys. I can't bear to think of it.

M.—But you are setting the example; what better can you expect? Is it not natural as sowing and reaping? Don't you sometimes say "Ill weeds will grow"?

G.—You put the case strongly, Mary. I wish I could give it up; I've tried many a time—it's a terrible habit to overcome, but I will some day, you'll see.

M.—I would do anything for you, George, if you would only give it up; but I have little faith in *some day* promises. Think of your home, your wife, and children!

G.—Well, after all, there's no place like home, Mary, is there? You never sing me that old song now, Mary—"Home, *sweet* Home."

M.—Must I tell you why, George?

G.—Tell me? Certainly, Mary.

M.—Because the chorus would have to be altered. It isn't "Home, *sweet* home," now, George.

G. (*astonished*).—Mary! What do you mean?

M.—I used to sing "Home, sweet home," when we were first married. Everything *was* sweet then, George; it was not so large a house, but there was no crazy meerschaum then to spoil all my nice curtains and ornaments. I do try to sing "Home, *sweet* home," now, George,

when you're not in, but something rises in my throat to choke me when I see all my ornaments and things getting spoiled.

G.—Mary, if my pipe has silenced the music of your familiar voice, it shall do so no more. (*Throws his pipe away.*) It shall be "Home, *sweet* home," again. I have listened to many arguments and appeals, but nothing has moved me like this. You *shall* sing the old song again, dear.

M.—Thank heaven! thank heaven! My prayer is answered. [*Exeunt.*



WORK AMONG THE SAILORS.

BY REV. JOSEPH JOHNSON.

NO work in the whole of the great Temperance movement is more needed, and more widely useful than that which is carried on amongst our sailors. They go to every quarter of the globe, and are to many heathen countries the chief representatives of Christian England. Therefore, not only for their own sakes and for the honour and credit of our country, but for the

spread of Christianity, is it more than desirable that our sailors, as a class, should be a sober, godly community, that they may become everywhere silent missionaries for temperance and righteousness.

In the Royal Navy we see how important this branch of temperance work is, when we remember that this department of our national defences includes about 60,000 men, constantly exposed to many perils and dangers, but to none greater than those arising from strong drink. Our fleet consists of about 250 ships, manned by over 30,000 sailors ; the other 30,000 is composed of marines, coastguard men, and 3,000 officers. This vast organisation is maintained at the cost of over £10,000,000.

To toil in this large field of labour, Miss Agnes E. Weston, of Devonport, has consecrated her energy and her influence. In speaking of her work for Christ with the sailors, both afloat and ashore, she says : "Twelve years ago the little seed was sown by a single letter of counsel and fellowship written to a godly seaman on board H.M.S. *Crocodile*. His delight at receiving a letter from a Christian friend was so great, that I felt here was a quiet work to do for God on board our ironclads. It was soon noised abroad that any Christian seaman would find a friend if he wrote to me. This personal correspondence rapidly grew, and now hundreds of letters come from seamen all over the world."

The result is, that a printed monthly letter is sent in packets to every one of H.M. ships, to the Royal Marines, Royal Naval Hospitals, coastguard stations, and 500 steamships of the mercantile marine, making a total of over 18,000 copies sent out from the "Sailor's Rest," and 3,600 letters are issued to the boys of the Queen's Training Service, and also the industrial and school ships. The printing, packing, and postage of all these letters costs £360 a year. The personal correspondence is not allowed to drop because these "Blue-back" monthly letters have so large a circulation. Over 4,000 letters are written every year by Miss Weston, Miss Wintz, and a secretary, and as many are received by them from men all over the seas.

The Gospel and Temperance Naval Brigade is a branch of the great temperance society, and the motto of all pledged in this fraternity is, "Christ and Temperance." Over 200 branches have already been established, and efforts are being made to form a society on every ship in the service. No less than 178 of these are associated with the National Temperance League, with 7,000 abstainers. A newspaper is published in connection with the brigade, called "The Naval Temperance News," and has a monthly circulation of 2,000. Ships' libraries are helped with temperance literature and parcels of periodicals ; and in small ships that are not supplied by the Admiralty with books, Miss Weston undertakes to supply a loan library, which is returned and exchanged when needed. Much good is accomplished by this indefatigable lady by means of visits paid to various ships, and addresses delivered to the whole of the company.

The first crew that received her was that of the *Vanguard*, the vessel that went down some time ago. Here she was welcomed, and on the "upper-deck battery" of that famous man-of-war she began this special effort against drink, and at the close of her earnest words, forty men signed the pledge. Once, on board the *Topaze*, when requiring a table of some kind for the men to sign the pledge after the address was over, she asked the officer to allow her the use of what she thought was a bread-tub, with its bright polished bands, standing rather near at hand.

"Certainly," replied the officer with a smile ; "you are welcome to everything on board. Now, men, a couple of hands roll out the grog-tub." Amidst cheers and laughter, the tub was rolled out and turned up-side down, and sixty men signed the pledge upon it. Some of us may think it had never been put to so good a use. One tar, as he laid down the pen, rapped the tub with his knuckles, and said, "There goes a nail in your coffin, old fellow !"

Such are some of the methods pursued for doing "Jack" good and keeping him steady when he is afloat. But much more is done for him when he is ashore. The most important feature of this work is the institution known as the "Sailor's Rest." This is entirely self-supporting. The return is over £2,000 a year : £1,500 spent in provisions, nearly £300 in working expenses, and nearly £200 in profit. The popularity of this home is borne witness to by the fact that 24,191 men have slept there in twelve months, against 14,888 the year before. The advantages of these safe and comfortable places of resort for our sailors have been greatly appreciated.

The commencement of this good work, Miss Weston says, was the result of a suggestion made by the sailors themselves. For she tells us that whilst carrying on such work as letter-writing, temperance-meetings, and Bible-classes at different ports, the question was constantly asked by one and another, "Can't we have a temperance-house to which we could come and consider it our temperance headquarters—in a word, a public-house without the drink ?"

Then, step by step, the way was made clear, and after a vigorous effort, £6,000 was collected, and a good house bought close to the Plymouth dockyard, the ground floor being fitted up as a

large refreshment-bar and clothing depôt. Sleeping accommodation was provided for eighty men, consisting of a block five stories high, divided off into separate small cabins, each man having a quiet corner to himself; a large coffee-room for boys of the training ship; and a hall holding 500, for night school, temperance and religious meetings. There are also recreation and smoking-rooms, baths (hot and cold), and a skittle-alley—in fact, every effort is made to suit the tastes and convenience of the sailors; the result is that it is thoroughly popular and self-supporting.

Many other departments of Christian work are organised in connection with this centre of benevolent organisation, which are supported by voluntary contributions at a cost of about £600 a year.

At Devonport and Portsmouth meetings for sailors' wives and mothers are held, and a Bible-woman at each port is actively engaged in visiting the homes, and reading and praying with the sick; and a Band of Hope for sailors' children, over 400 strong, flourishes most successfully at Plymouth. Also a flower-mission in connection with the Royal Naval Hospital is kept going during the year; nearly 5,000 bouquets have been annually sent to the sick, each with a little text attached.

A branch establishment of the "Sailor's Rest" has been started at Plymouth, called "Homeward Bound," that is paying its way and extending a good influence. Coffee and reading-rooms have been provided at Falmouth for the boys of H.M.S. *Ganges*. This house is a little home for the lads, which is thoroughly appreciated by the youthful tars. A similar institution is being started at Portland for the boys of the training ship *Boscawen*. The home set on foot at Portsmouth bids fair to be as successful as the one at Devonport, and is as greatly needed, about 40,000 seamen passing through the town annually, going out or returning home. It is much to be desired, that in time every foreign port shall have its Royal Naval station. There are already kind helpers in Kingstown and Queenstown, Gibraltar, Malta, Piræus, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, Aden, Bombay, Hong-Kong, Ningpo, Tientsin, Shanghai, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Honolulu, Valparaiso, Sydney, Cape of Good Hope, Port Royal, Bermuda, and Madeira. All these places are becoming centres of temperance influence, for in each of those far-distant seaports there is a little band or nucleus of Christian reformers exercising a check on the drinking traffic which curses our navy.

To enable Miss Weston to carry on her special mission for the sailors of our Royal Navy, £1,000 is needed to make the work progressive. Among all the band of willing working associates there is no paid staff beyond a clerk and two Bible-women. One of the most pleasing features is the fact that on forty-one ships subscription lists have been opened, showing plainly the spirit of gratitude for the good work already done.

In the wide field of temperance and benevolent labour, no toil demands more Christian sympathy and national thankfulness and patriotic support than this devoted endeavour to make every British sailor a sober, steady Englishman, and an earnest Christian missionary.

A WINDY DAY.

SOFTLY falling on the grasses,
See the changing shadows lie—
Here awhile, in heavy masses,
There again, how swift they fly!
Quickly following each its fellow,
Shadows after shadows run;
Now falls down a sunbeam mellow—
Thus 'tis ever 'neath the sun.

Light and shadow quick succeeding,
Shadow chasing shadow fast;
Now we weep, our sad hearts bleeding,
Soon again our grief is past.
Oft we think all gloom before us,
Not a ling'ring ray of light:
Lo, a sunbeam straight delights us,
Making all the landscape bright!

Life is full of shadows bending;
Many find the sunbeams few;
Some, whose eyes are downward tending,
See not light is breaking through.
Others see the silver lining
Underneath the heaviest cloud,
And receive the heavenly chast'ning
With thanksgiving deep and loud.

Thus may I sustain my burthen,
Hopeful, waiting for the sun
That shall pierce my cloud when, proven,
I my course have bravely run;
Waiting God's good time and blessing
On my erring, devious way,
Trusting that my needs most pressing
Will be met from day to day.

N. E. R.

WHEN a young man in Ohio went to a neighbour's dairy to see his sweetheart, who had charge of the institution, and asked timidly of the old man, "How is the milkmaid?" the old man angrily slammed the door in his face and muttered, "Our milk isn't made—it's got from cows!"

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"YOU complain of taking the pledge," said a reclaimed man to an acquaintance who believed in freedom in everything, and that a man should drink when he wants to. "Why, man, strong drink occasioned me to have more to do with pledging than ever teetotalism has. When I used strong drink I pledged my coat, I pledged my bed—I pledged, in short, everything that was pledgeable, and was losing every hope and blessing, when a temperance friend met me and convinced me of my folly. Then I pledged myself, and soon got my other things *out of pledge*, and got more than my former property about me."

IN making drink about 80,000 men are employed on useless and hurtful work.

IN selling drink about 500,000 more persons are kept from doing useful work. The work thus lost would be worth at least £40,000,000.

THOUSANDS of men lose time, and keep others from working through their drunken habits; this loss is at least equal to £50,000,000 a year.

A PHYSICIAN named Parsons lectured in a town the other night, and was introduced to the audience as one of the few parsons who preached little and practised much.

"I HAVEN'T work enough for another servant," said a lady to a girl seeking a situation. "Oh, yes, ma'am, you have, I am sure; it takes so very little to keep me busy," replied the applicant for place and wages.

POSTHUMOUS charities are the very essence of selfishness when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing.

SELF-RELIANCE and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labour truly to get his own living, and carefully to save and expend the things committed to him.

LADY JOHN MANNERS has made a most admirable suggestion with regard to gratuities to those persons to whom "beer-money" is given. She suggests that some stamps on one of the Post-Office Savings Bank forms be given instead, and so encourage thrift. Where there are no checks or scrips such as the Dublin T. A. Society furnish, the idea ought to be carried out. One of the comic journals says: "The present practice of giving money only tends to increase drunkenness, while this scheme would literally *stamp* it out. The drinking customs of the people are so bad, that it is high time they were improved in their *Manners*."

"ALWAYS pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose you haven't anything to pay with?" "Then don't go."

ADVICE should always be given in the smoothest and most polished medium—as you will see nurses administering medicine to children in a silver spoon.

SAID a parent to his little son who had committed some act of indiscretion, "Do you know that I am going to whip you?" "Yes," said the boy, "I suppose you are, because you are bigger than I am."

"HOW came you to fail in your examination?" asked a tutor of one of his pupils. "I thought I crammed you thoroughly." "Well, you see," replied the student, "the fact was you crammed me so tight I couldn't get it out."

A YOUNG man in conversation one evening chanced to remark, "I am no prophet." "True," said a lady present, "no profit to yourself or any one else."

BLINDMAN'S BUFF is supposed to come nearer to genuine human sympathy than any other amusement known to the children of men, because *it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.*

ANECDOTE OF VICTOR HUGO.—"I believe in a Providence," said Victor Hugo, to a company gathered around him in the Rue de Clichy, "because I am a Providence myself." Being asked for an explanation of this assertion, the poet replied, "We caught a mouse yesterday evening. Its death sentence was already pronounced, when my little granddaughter Jeanne, with eyes glistening with tears, begged for the life of the grey prisoner. Her mother hesitated whether to listen to the dear little advocate or not, and in her doubt said, 'Grandfather shall decide.' So they came to me. For a moment I held the power of life and death over the diminutive creature, and I thought the Heavenly Providence may find itself in my situation when the fate of a being of higher order is to be determined. Naturally I set the mouse free, for when a man undertakes the rôle of Providence on a small scale, he should at least imitate its generosity."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

We would urge upon Bands of Hope and Band of Hope Unions the benefits derived from issuing a journal of their own. This may be done with advantage and profit in the manner suggested in the advertisement of Longley's Illustrated Journals (see page 5 of cover).

"Light and Love." A magazine for the church and family. Temperance, we are glad to see, is to have a place among the subjects which this new periodical undertakes to consider.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

United Kingdom Band of Hope Chronicle—The Dietetic Reformer—The Good Templar Gem—The Social Reformer—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Western Temperance Herald—The Halifax Band of Hope Star.



MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," etc.

CHAPTER V.—A FRIEND FOR LIFE.

"Be ours a unity of mind,
A unity of sweetest love."
Kenny Meadows.

IT would be impossible to describe the crowd of emotions which agitated Bertie Winchester's brain when he was taken into the large schoolroom for the first time. As the door opened the boys rose, as was their custom whenever the head-master entered. Poor Bertie felt greatly abashed when his eyes met the scrutinising glances of those who were for some years to be his acquaintances—his dearest friends for life, perhaps—or maybe his bitterest foes.

Upon reaching a slightly-raised platform at the end of the apartment, Dr. Potts took his place behind a desk, and motioning with a wave of the hand to Bertie, who had kept close by his side, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I introduce Master Albert Winchester. You will treat him with the brotherly kindness which your hearts so generously prompt. He will be the companion of Master Henry Rogers."

This habit of formally selecting companions for new scholars was one of the customs of "The Poplars," of which the proprietor was specially proud. No doubt many parents were under the impression the arrangement implied great thought on the part of the worthy Dr. Potts, whereas the state of the dormitories as a general rule regulated the selection. In the present instance Mrs. Spiffkins had reported that the boy Rogers was the only boarder without a bedfellow, so to his room Winchester was appointed as a matter of course.

The moment Dr. Potts made his announcement, Rogers left his seat and walked up to the desk. He was about a year older than Winchester, and looked a picture of good health. His bright blue eyes, clear complexion, and winning smile quite attracted Bertie Winchester's interest, and as they shook hands the latter felt he had found one whom he would like to call his friend. The two boys went side by side to their seats, and the pleasant hum of voices told that the suspended lessons were again in full swing.

The morning studies over, Winchester and Rogers became the centre of a cluster of the boys, who diligently plied the new-comer with more questions than he cared to answer. Right glad was he when Rogers proposed they should go to see their bedroom. It was at the top of

the house, and was a cosy little room, from the window of which a fine view of the open country was obtainable.

"Come and take a peep at the fields, Winchester! Isn't it a jolly look-out?" said Rogers, planting himself at the window.

Winchester sat on the bed and made no answer. Turning round, Rogers was surprised to find his companion in tears.

Sitting down beside him, he said soothingly, "Come, cheer up, Winchester, you'll see we shall get along first-rate together."

But poor Bertie's tears only flowed the faster.

There was a sound of footsteps on the stairs, and presently old Peter entered the room, bearing on his shoulder a little black trunk.

"'Ere's th' box, young gen'l'man. Oh, don't 'e take on, sir! It'll be dinner-bell in a minnit, an' a nice thing for you to be seen in that way!"

"Leave us alone a bit, Peter," said Rogers. "We shall be all right presently, sha'n't we, Winchester?"

So old Peter toddled off, and Bertie managed with an effort to say—

"I want to go home! I don't like the place! I don't want any dinner! I don't want to stay!"

"Neither did I when I first came," answered Rogers; adding, "But I soon got to like it."

"I never, *never* shall," said Bertie, with emphasis.

"Oh, but you must, you know, or what will everybody say? Come, cheer up!"

By dint of a little coaxing and a little persuasion the troubled lad was prevailed upon to dry his tears and prepare for dinner. In a short while the boys had confided to one another brief particulars of their homes, their parents, their brothers and sisters. Rogers came from Southampton, his father was a retired naval officer, and he had two brothers at sea.

Before the dinner-bell sounded, Winchester had quite brightened up, and in a burst of enthusiasm had confessed, "Rogers, I am so glad I am to be with you. Will you please call me Bertie, as my brothers do? It'll make me feel more like at home."

"I will, gladly," was the ready response, "if you will call me Harry"—a request which of course was willingly agreed to.

Of the other incidents of Bertie's first day at "The Poplars" we need not stay to tell, save of one, namely, the unpacking of the little black trunk. What an entertaining book might be written about unpacking boxes! A schoolboy's box when it leaves home is wonderful, but a schoolboy's box when it returns home is, as "Alice in Wonderland" says, "wonderfuller and wonderfuller!"

When Bertie and Harry retired to their room at eight o'clock, the latter proposed that they should unpack the trunk. What a search there was for the key of that little black trunk! Bertie fumbled in all his pockets, and Harry scrambled like a crab in all directions, over the floor, under the bed, and over the bed, but nowhere could be found the bothering key. "You must have dropped it somewhere," was Harry's constant declaration, as he crawled away again under the bed. High and low, here, there, and everywhere, into every corner of the room the two lads tumbled about, and at last Harry had a bright notion. "Let me have a try at your pockets."

"All right, try away," said the other, planting himself in an erect posture near the candle, and putting his hands behind him, so as not to obstruct the thoroughness of the search. Jacket-pockets, waistcoat-pockets, trousers-pockets were searched and re-searched, and the little table was speedily strewn with a medley assortment of odds and ends such as most boys' pockets contain. A bit of string, a button, a paint-brush, a piece of pencil, a knife, three marbles, a peg-top, the two half-crowns his father had given him, three pennies, but no key! Where could it be?

"Let's try that pocket again," said Harry, thrusting his fist into the right-hand trousers-pocket. "Hurrah! why, here the little nuisance is;" and the lads laughed merrily at the thought of all the trouble so small an article had given them.

"How stupid I was!" said Bertie.

"How stupid *I* was!" jokingly echoed Harry, turning the key in the lock and opening the trunk. The work of unpacking went on with great briskness. "Here's a jacket," "Here's a Bible," "Here's some collars," "Here's handkerchiefs," "Here's a Prayer-book," "Here's trousers," said Harry, as he rapidly laid the articles on the floor; "Here's 'Robinson Crusoe,' I must have a read at that," "Here's a clothes-brush," "Here's a pair of stockings," "Glorious, here's a cake!" "Hurrah! here's a bottle of wine!"

"Where?" tremulously asked Bertie.

"Here, old fellow, here!" said Harry, lifting up the bottle above his head.

"Put it back," pleaded Bertie, with a trace of sadness in his tone.

"No, we must broach it to-night," eagerly responded his companion.

"*Do* put it back!" reiterated Bertie.

"Oh, I say that is too bad, and this your first night, too!"

"*Do*—oh! do put it back, Harry, I'll tell you why some other time."

"Of course I'll put it back, since you're so particular ; but I thought, you know——"

"Oh, don't let us talk about the horrid thing," said Bertie, unable to restrain his tears. Harry's sharp eye quickly noticed his friend's distress, although he purposely affected to be quite unconcerned. With touching delicacy he puffed out the candle, giving as a reason, "If we are not going to finish unpacking we may as well douse the glimmer before Gregory comes round."

To Bertie the darkness was a real comfort, and as he knelt by his bedside, one of his petitions was a fervent request that God would send down a special blessing on his new-found friend.

Before they fell asleep that night, Bertie had unburthened his troubled mind. Bit by bit he put together the sad story of the Christmas party and its tragical ending, and as Harry listened, his deepest sympathies were touched, until when Bertie said between his sobs, "Wine killed Wilmot and sent George to Australia, and I'll never, never touch it again"—Harry added, with great earnestness, "Nor will I, nor will I, nor will I."

"You'll keep what I have told you a secret, Harry, won't you ?"

"Trust me, that I will," said Harry.

Before long, Bertie was in a refreshing sleep, but Harry lay awake thinking for an hour or more. His brain was busily employed with thoughts of poor Bertie's sorrow, and now and again his mind turned to the farewell he had taken of his own brothers at Southampton the night before they sailed for India. He remembered how the assembled friends had filled the parting glasses "again and yet again," as they wished the young sailors a safe voyage. "A safe voyage," the words kept ringing in his ears. Would it be a *safe* voyage for his brothers if their home-drinking habits were continued at sea? Such were among the crowd of doubts and fears which hindered Harry Rogers' needed sleep.

Waking in the early hours of morning, just as the daylight was breaking through the clouds, Bertie's opening eyes met the steady affectionate gaze of Harry, whose arm was round his neck, and whose ruddy cheek nestled close to his own. They did not speak for a moment, then Harry broke the silence. "Shall we get up very early?" he said.

"What for?"

"To go round the garden and over the fields before breakfast."

"If you like."

"All right, here's for up, then !"

They were soon dressed, and Bertie was waiting, ready to go. Harry appeared disposed to linger. "We must tidy up a bit," said he. They soon put the things into order.

"We'll take the bottle of wine with us, Bertie."

"No, no, don't touch it! Leave it there in the trunk."

"We'll take it, I say."

"Oh, don't, please don't ! Leave it there !"

"Come on, I've got it," Harry replied, buttoning his coat over the bottle.

They went softly along the passages and down the stairs, and in a few seconds were in the open air. Round at the back of the house there was a long, rickety shanty, called the tool-room, where the schoolboys used to keep a collection of tools with which they amused themselves in recreation hours. Telling Bertie to wait a minute, Harry lifted the latch, opened the door, and returned carrying an old and almost worn-out spade.

"Whatever are you going to do?" asked Bertie.

"Bury the wine," replied Harry.

"Bury it !" said Bertie, with evident surprise.

"Ay, bury it. Bury it is better than drink it."

Out by the garden-gate, down the narrow lane, over a stile, and across two fields, the lads went forward with all the air of meaning business.

"Here, under this old bush will do," said Harry, putting the bottle on the ground. He then began to dig away with characteristic vigour, which soon brought the perspiration to his brow. He excavated a hole about a foot deep, and Bertie on his hands and knees waited quite eagerly to put the bottle into what he called its "grave." "In with it," said Harry, and in it went. The soil was quickly shovelled upon it, and the two lads trampled well over the spot, so that all signs of the place having been freshly disturbed should be avoided.

They did their work well, and it was a work well done. They had buried the tempting thing out of sight. A mother's mistaken kindness was rectified by the sagacity of Harry Rogers' bright way out of the difficulty.

The masters and lads noticed that day that the new boy Winchester appeared very cheerful and full of activity, and some of the boys said, "How chummy Rogers and the new fellow are already!" As for Harry, he felt quite proud of his young companion, and in the play-hour had his name put down in the football club and cricket club—a mark of esteem which Bertie was quite unable to thank him for sufficiently.

(*To be continued.*)

THE law can never make a man honest ; it can only make him uncomfortable when he is dishonest.

A TREAT IN THE COUNTRY.

A DIALOGUE BY D. M. H.

Scene: A CARPENTER'S SHOP.

Characters: THOMAS JONES, JIM WAINWRIGHT.

Tom (*gaily singing*).—

"Beautiful spring, beautiful spring,
Gaily we laugh, gladly we sing;
Merry we meet, joyful we greet,
Beautiful, bright, and happy spring."

Jim.—You seem merry this morning, Tom.

T.—I've something to be merry about, Jim. I feel as light-hearted as—as——

J.—As though 'twere Saturday night—work done, a glass of ale by your side, a pipe in your mouth, and a good talk on in the parlour at the "Mutton Chop."

T.—No, no, Jim; that's not my sort: no "Mutton Chop" for me, except of the genuine kind. I don't call that a merry time, to sit with a lot of fellows pouring their week's wages down their throats, that their poor wives are waiting for at home.

J.—Well, then, what's up? I don't see much to be gay about. It's a precious tough job we have in hand, and if it isn't as right as ninepence, won't master be down upon us, just about!

T.—Well, I will do my best on it, and I can't do more. But, you know, I shall be off this afternoon. I've got leave.

J.—Whew! (*whistles*). That's what we are so gay about! Off on the spree, eh! And, pray, where may you be going?

T.—Where do you think?

J.—Oh, well, for a row down the river, or for a good game of skittles, or——

T.—Stop, Jim, you must think me a selfish kind of a chap, to be going off by myself like that! No, I tell you; I'm going for a whole afternoon into the country, with Mary and the little ones.

J.—Well, I call that being merry about nothing. I'd rather be at work, than trudging along a dusty road with a lot of children.

T.—You're wrong there; no trudging for me. No, my man, we go by train eight miles into the country. There we are, right in the middle of the fields, all sweet with cowslips. Won't the little ones fill their hands and handkerchiefs, just about; and don't we have fine fun! When we have had enough of it, we go to a farm close by, and sit down to a jolly tea, as much as we can eat, and wife takes a big cake besides. Then a stroll round in the evening, and back again by train, bringing country breezes enough to last us all for many a hot summer's day.

J. (*making a mock bow*).—Oh, indeed! Mr. Jones. And, pray, when did you come into your fortune? Train eight miles into the country for Mary and four children, besides the babies, eight shillings; and tea, sixpence a head, three shillings—eleven shillings, and a cake besides! I call that pretty fair for a man only earning his pound a week.

T.—You may well stare, Jim; so should I a few years ago. But since you are so quick at calculating, tell me what half a pint of beer, morning and afternoon, comes to through a year—and many men go on to spend far more than that in time.

J.—Well, if it's the fourpenny, that's pretty easy to find out: 2d. a day makes 1s. 2d. a week, and fifty-two weeks will bring it to—let me see—fifty-two shillings, £2 12s.; and fifty-two 2d.'s is 8s. 8d.—why, it comes to £3 0s. 8d. Well, I shouldn't have thought it.

T.—I don't wonder that you are taken aback. Three pounds and eightpence spent, what for? For a few minutes' pleasure to one's self. I call it acting like a pig, not to give a thought to the wife and children. No, Jim, when I made that calculation some time ago, I said to myself, Tom, you're a brute if you go on like this any more: take your pleasure, if you can afford it, but share it with some one else. So, instead of having my glass, morning and afternoon, those pennies go regularly into a box at home, and out of that box comes a rare treat for us all when the cowslips are about, and again when the blackberries are ripe. When winter comes on, it takes us all to the panorama, or some such entertainment, and gives us many a little comfort besides. It came hard at first—a regular struggle it was for me; but I've taken the pledge, and stuck to it. If you saw the faces of my little ones, and my good wife's, you would say with me, 'twas worth while to have done it. Come, now, ask the master for a holiday, and join us. I'll stand treat this time, and we'll make such a man of you, that you'll be doing the same yourself next year, and then you'll treat me.

J.—Well, if I can get off, I don't care if I do come and see what sort of fun it is, and see if I can't make up my mind to follow your example.

T.—That's right, old fellow; and (*turning to those in the room*) will not some friends here do the same? If you think £3 is a great deal to spend on pleasure, is it not a great deal to spend on drink, which, in nine cases out of ten, brings pain instead of pleasure, disease instead of health, and want and care to many a happy home? Can't you begin at once, and change your pennies into pounds, that you may be able to take the wife and little ones for a treat in the country?

THE memory of good actions is the starlight of the soul.





MORNING RAMBLE.

I WALKED abroad at dawn of day—
I saw the sun arise,
And spread his beams of golden hue
Across the eastern skies.
The lark came from her grassy bed,
And as she upward flew
She seemed to sing right merrily,
"My bright course I'll pursue!"

O'er field and lane I careless strayed,
By mossy bank and bower;
The dewdrops like a thousand gems
Sparkled from bud and flower.
A little busy bee passed by—
From flower to flower she flew,
And seemed to whisper in my ear,
"Have you no work to do?"





I heard the milkmaid's tuneful voice,
The farmer's morning call,
When lo! a dark cloud veiled the sun,
And rain began to fall.
I stood beside a shady dell
Where pretty violets grew,
And a limpid streamlet seemed to say,
"Have you no work to do?"

The storm passed by, and forth I went
With wiser, gladder heart,
Resolved each day and hour to try
To act a nobler part.
From bird, and bee, and rippling brook
I learned this lesson true—
God gives to humblest creatures here
Some useful work to do.

W. HOYLE.

John C. Staples

BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

BY REV. JOSEPH JOHNSON.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM ARMY.



FIRST of all, we are *volunteers*, and they are always the happiest and readiest soldiers. One brave, willing recruit is worth ten pressed men. We do not wear any uniform, except the uniform desire to do good. Our Bands are not often of brass, but always of Hope. Our music is not particularly martial, but when we stand to sing in marshal order, the melodies are more heartily and earnestly rendered than those performed at military reviews and sham-fights. The oath of allegiance is our pledge. We have no regulations about height or age. Nothing disqualifies for service except desertion.

Our warfare is against no man, but for the benefit of all men. We fight the foes of disease and crime, of poverty and wretchedness. The only arms we use are the weapons of facts and truth, and arguments for sobriety, economy, health, and happiness. We neither kill nor wound any, we only seek to annihilate the foes that slay our countrymen by thousands, and fill our hospitals with the sick and maimed. We contend for peace. Our victory brings blessedness and prosperity as surely as the morning sunshine banishes the darkness of night.

The three best qualifications for those enlisting in our corps are earnestness, courage, and fidelity. No soldier is worth much who is not in *earnest*. He must desire to defend his country from the enemy's attack. He must feel it an honour to be called to this high duty, and should be ever willing and ready to make all sacrifice for the good of his nation. There can be no unswerving obedience, no noble devotion, no passionate patriotism, without earnest love to cause and country.

A soldier should be *brave*. And courage does not belong to those people who see no danger and fear no perils. Those people are reckless adventurers; but the true hero is the one who, realising difficulty, dreads defeat, and counts the cost before going into battle; then, in spite of loss or possible failure, and even death, and looking to his marching orders, can say—

> "Then bid me die, and I will dare
> E'en death to die for thee."

A soldier should be *faithful*. He is trusted with the guardianship of England's flag. The humble country lad, when he becomes a sentinel on outpost-duty in the time of war, is entrusted with the safety of the camp during the lonely watches of the night. This responsibility lifts his obscure service into greatest dignity. To be unfaithful then would be to play the traitor and bring disgrace on British honour. In our army we are always in action; there is no time for idleness and play; every boy and girl must be on watch and ward. It was a grand thing for Nelson to say, "England expects every man to do his duty." One knows not which is greater, the genius of the man who so read the expectation of his country, or the nation whose expectation concerning every man was so sublime. Surely in our greater conflict with sin and drunkenness our expectation should not be less.

Earnest, brave, and faithful service means that there should be "no surrender" until the victory is won. Grecian history tells us of a famous general who, when he landed his army on a foreign shore, had the ships all burnt that his soldiers might know there could be no retreat. In modern warfare there is an account of a commanding officer leading a cavalry charge, seeing his men hesitate, drew his sword, and pointing the naked steel toward the ranks of the foe, unbuckled his scabbard and flung it away, and dashed onward at the head of his regiment. It is something of that spirit that should inspire our ranks when once we unsheath our sword. It should not be returned until it is no longer needed. The weakness in our Bands of Hope is, there are so many that go back, and not only retire from our brigade, but actually go over to the enemy. They begin by making a compromise, and stand between the two armies; but we may say, and say truly, those that are not with us are against us.

Our local Unions are like battalions, our country Unions like army-divisions, and the United Kingdom Union is our national war-office or horse-guards.

As the Band of Hope movement is the most promising and most important of all our temperance organisations, there is no motto so appropriate for us as that which is inscribed on the colours of the Coldstream Guards, namely, "Nulli secundus" (second to none). This regiment made these famous words their own by deeds of daring.

The regiment was originally raised by General

Monk on the borderland of England and Scotland. After the death of Cromwell, on whose side that regiment had always fought during the Civil War, Charles II. returned to the crown chiefly through the instrumentality of General Monk. At the time of Charles obtaining possession of the throne he was anxious to secure the assured attachment of the army. For this purpose all the soldiers under arms were drawn up on Tower Hill, in order that they might take the oath of allegiance and fidelity to the king. To witness the spectacle, Charles and his Court assembled on the north side of the Thames, between London Bridge and the docks. The regiment first ordered to take the oath was the King's Guards, now known as the Foot Guards, the officers doing so separately, and the soldiers by acclamation together. When the King's Guards had gone through the ceremony, the Coldstreams were next called on; but when the summons was sounded, not an officer advanced, not a man moved. Charles, seeing the conduct of the troops, and fearing what the consequences might be, turned to General Monk, who was mounted close beside him, and said, in some dismay, "What is the meaning of this?" "Sire," replied Monk, "these men have never known defeat, and they can stand second to no regiment in England, and they will be second to none in the world." "And they never shall," returned the king. So to-day we have no second regiment in our army—the Foot Guards, then the Coldstreams, and after that the third or Scots Fusileers. Beneath that motto, which they have borne ever since, they have been the heroes of many fights, and have taken part in all greatest battles from that day down to the present time. Generation after generation have fought and died beneath that flag; the colours have been shot to tatters, but they have kept untarnished the honour of that fair fame. May it be ours to do the same for the grander cause we have at heart, and for the greater glory of our country!

MAY FLOWERS; OR, LUCY LLYN.

ONE evening I was strolling
Through a little country town;
The flowers were closing for the night,
And the sun was going down.
Musing, the old churchyard I sought,
Where the dead slept silently;
And I thought how sad a thing it was
For the young and gay to die!
When a merry voice fell on my ear,
And a bounding step brushed by.

I turned, and saw a little child
Beneath the hawthorn-tree
That shaded a green corner there,
Not many yards from me.
She was pulling from its loaded boughs
The beautiful May flowers,
And laughing as they covered her
With white and fragrant showers—
Ay! laughing as we only can
In childhood's earliest hours.

I said, "'Tis late, my little girl,
To make a wreath to-night;
You should have twined it in the morn
By the waking sunbeams' light."
"I did make one of cowslips then,
And it decks the green to-day,
And it is much the prettiest there!
So they, who've seen it, say;
But, then, it does not smell so sweet
As a garland of white May.

And if you here should be again
When the May-tree blooms next year,
And come into the churchyard then,
You're sure to find me here—
Beneath the same old white May-tree,
Where the grass is always green,
And the sweet violets at its root
Are the bluest ever seen.
Then don't forget to look for me!
My name is Lucy Llyn."

Ah! little knew that happy child,
As her heart with gladness leapt,
That her promise, made so gaily,
So sadly would be kept.
Another chequered year passed by,
And another May-day came:
Within the churchyard's bounds I stood
By the old white tree again;
But I heard no sound of laughter,
Nor young voice call my name.

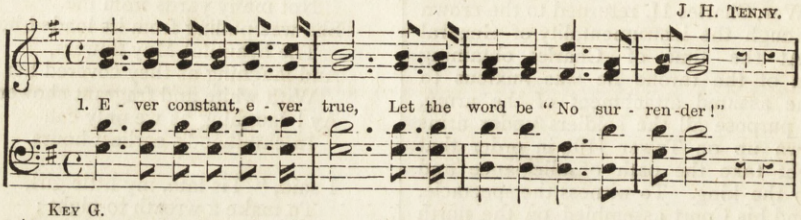
For close beneath the hawthorn
There was a little grave,
And on its sides already
The grass began to wave:
The simple words there written
Were, "Lucy Llyn, aged seven!"
And the falling hawthorn blossoms
Above her still were driven;
But she scented not their sweetness,
For her May-day was in heaven!

M.

A BOY, who was kept after school, for bad orthography, excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spellbound.

NO SURRENDER!

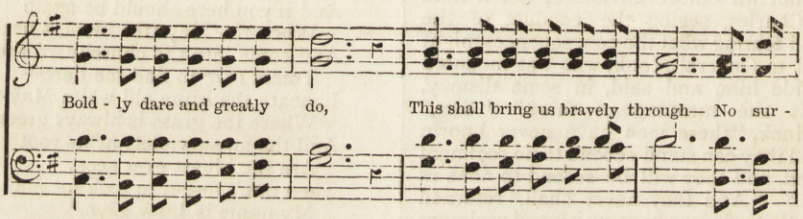
J. H. TENNY.



KEY G.

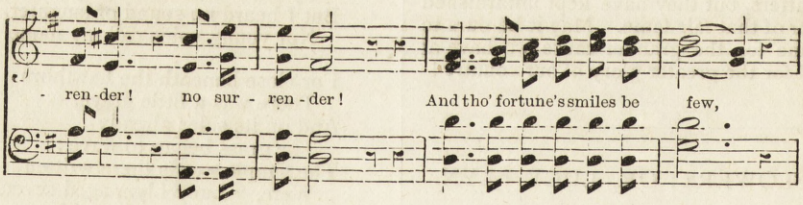
2. Nail the colours to the mast, Shouting glad-ly, "No sur-render!"

3. Con - stant and cour - ag - eous still, Mind the word is "No sur-render!"



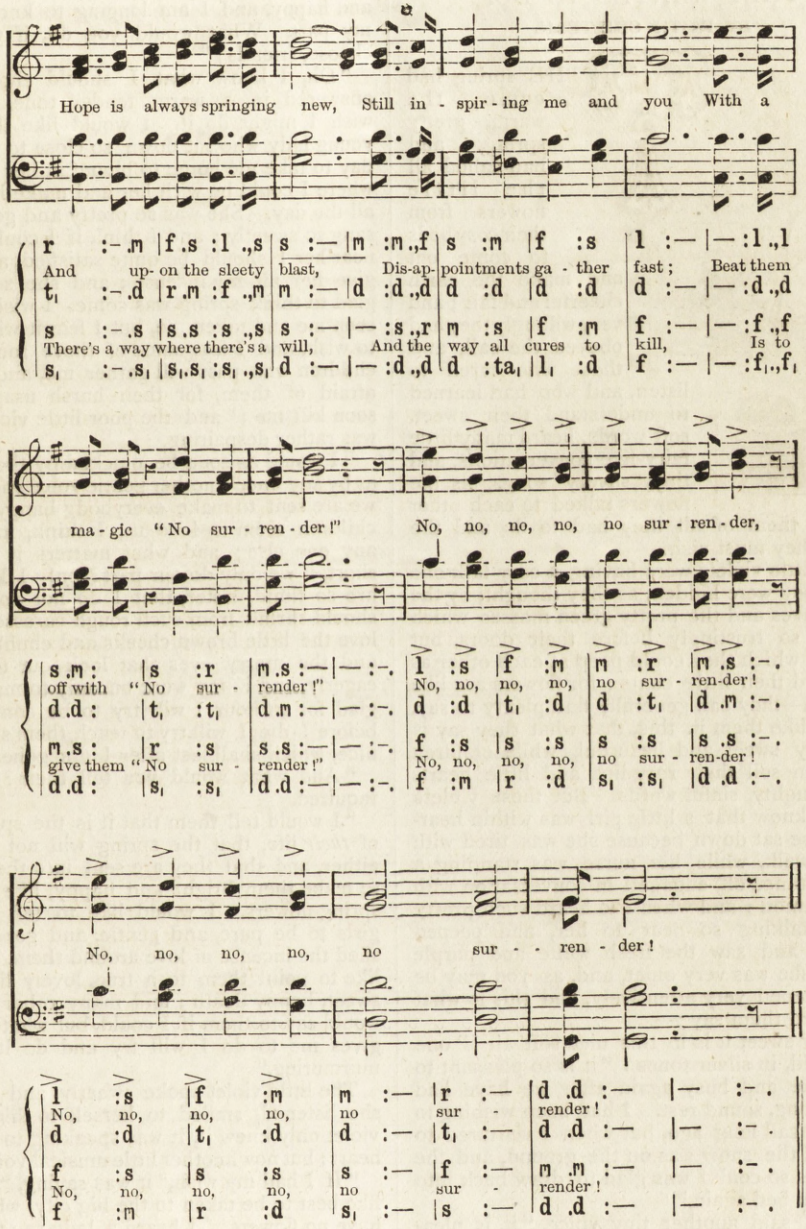
Trou - bles near are all but past, Serve them as you did the last;— No sur-

Bat - tle, tho' it be up hill; Stag - ger not at seeming ill;— No sur-



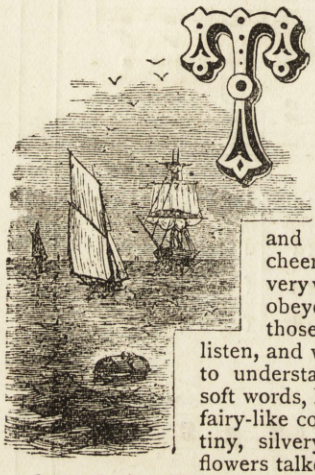
render, No sur- render! Though the skies be o- ver- cast,.....

render, No sur- render! Hope, and thus your hope ful- fil,


Hope is always springing new, Still in - spir - ing me and you With a
And up- on the sleety blast, Dis-ap- pointments ga - ther fast; Beat them
There's a way where there's a will, And the way all cures to kill, Is to
ma - gic "No sur - ren - der!" No, no, no, no, no sur - ren - der,
off with "No sur - render!" No, no, no, no, no sur - ren-der!
give them "No sur - render!" No, no, no, no, no sur - ren-der!
No, no, no, no, no sur - - ren - der!
No, no, no, no, no sur - render!
No, no, no, no, no sur - render!

THE LITTLE VIOLETS, AND WHAT THEY WANTED TO DO.

BY FAITH CHILTERN.



THE spring had come, the warm, pretty spring, and had called all the little flowers from their cosy beds to come out and make the earth cheerful and fair; and very willingly they had obeyed the call, and those who cared to listen, and who had learned to understand their sweet, soft words, heard many little fairy-like conversations, and tiny, silvery songs, as the flowers talked to each other and to them of all they had to do and the places they must visit.

The little violets were having a cosy talk one day. They were hidden, as they thought, by the wide leaves and the pretty green mosses which played so trustingly before their doors, but through which they could peep at each other as they held their little chats; for flowers are like children—they can generally find plenty to say, only unlike them in this, that what they say is generally sweet and beautiful, while children too often soil their rosy lips and little hearts with naughty, sinful words. But these violets did not know that a little girl was within hearing. She sat down because she was tired with a long walk, while her nurse was standing a little distance off, engaged in conversation with a companion; and when she heard such pretty voices talking so near to her, and peeped through and saw the fresh white and purple violets, she was very quiet, and, as you may be sure, listened very attentively, and this is what she heard them say:—

"How sweet it is in this nice soft air!" one voice said, in silver tones: "it is so pleasant to be awake and busy again after we have had such a long, sound rest. I had been wishing to hear the call long ago, but when I ventured to peep out the snow was on the ground, and the wind was so cold I was glad to draw back into my warm bed again."

"Yes," said another tiny voice, "it is pleasant; but I wonder what we shall have to do this year: I hope I shall soon be called to work. It is very nice here under this shady hedge, but I do not expect we shall many of us stay here long, and we are sent to make the world glad and happy, and I am longing to know what is my part. What would you do, if you could choose, friends?"

"Oh, I know what I should choose," one answered in a warm, tender tone. "I only wish I might do it. I would like that sweet young lady who sat down so close to us yesterday to take me home to bloom in her chamber, where I could be with her and make her happy all the day. She was so pretty and gentle, and sang so sweetly; and I think if I could only be near her I should be quite satisfied, and would give her all my incense; and she seemed so glad to think spring was come. I wish she had seen me and taken me, but I fear it will be vain to wish, and I fear some of those rough, noisy children who pass will gather me, and I am so afraid of them, for their harsh usage would soon kill me;" and the poor little violet's tone was rather despairing.

"I would as soon be plucked by the children as by any one," another gentle voice spoke; "for we are sent to make everybody happy, and the children seem to love us, I think, more than any one else; and what matters it if life be short, if we only do our part? only I know you are so timid, sister, that I do not wonder you should shrink from such rough caresses; but I love the little brown cheeks and chubby hands, and the merry eyes that look out for us so eagerly, and if my work be only to make them glad for an hour I will try to be content, and before I die I will try to teach them something nice, which shall last after I am gone."

"And what would you tell them?" a voice inquired.

"I would tell them that it is the spring-time of *their* life, that the spring will not last long either, and that they are sent into their homes to make them bright and happy, like the little spring-flowers. I would like to tell the little girls to be pure, and gentle, and good, and to shed the incense of love around them. I should like to point them to a true, lovely life, and a sweet, happy death; and many other things I would say to them if I could, but whatever God gives me to do I will try and do it without murmuring."

The little violet spoke sweetly, and Jessie, as she listened, smiled to herself to think, if the violet only knew it, it was speaking to one little heart; but now another little musical voice spoke.

"If I had my wish," it was saying, "I should like best to be taken to the big city, where they have no flowers. I heard a lady say the other day that it was sweet work to send flowers to the sick and poor, who were so very glad to have them. She said they often thought more of a

flower than of money, and would even, when faded, cherish them tenderly; and she said too, as she looked at our bank, that the violets would soon be in their beauty now; and, oh, I did so long to speak out and say, "Yes, I'll go, please, ma'am; take me now!" but I was only just awake, and hadn't much breath nor brightness then; but, oh, I do so hope she will come again and gather me! it must be such sweet work to cheer the sad and dying, and be loved so much; and then to tell them too of heaven, and how they will have only flowers there. Oh, yes, I do long to go!" and the beautiful violet ended with a gentle sigh.

"I should be happy," another said, "if only I might find a place in some humble home, where the children would gather, and the father and mother, and all be happy together, and where I might add my mite to the general enjoyment, and smile on the band, and see them smile on me, and show them how to be like little flowers and to be happy all the day."

"As for me," another spoke, "I think I should like to be sent as a token of love to some distant wanderer; for some gentle hand to pick me, and send me forth in a letter as a little messenger of hope and peace and to whisper sweet things of home; to have the eyes look at me tenderly, and the heart thrill to the memories of the dear home-land where the little violet has come from; to tell of childhood's hours and mossy banks, and to point too to that better home where friends will meet to part no more; to be kept as a cherished thing, a dear little keepsake in some secret spot, perhaps between the leaves of a Bible, and to tell that God's love is over them wherever they go."

And so the violets talked and planned with their sweet gentle voices; and Jessie lay and listened, and wondered much if they would any of them get their wishes; but whether they would or not, they had unconsciously done one work, and sent thoughts into her young heart which she would never forget; and she resolved henceforward to see if she could not be like the little violets and make those about her happy, and to be as good and as contented as they were.

SOME ONE WATCHING.

THERE'S some one watching now for me
At yonder garden-gate,
But I pretend I cannot see
Until it's getting late.

I often think it very wrong
To serve my true love so,
But ma says I am rather young,
And must not have a beau.

I gave my heart to Richard White,
But ma says I must wait,
And some day I may win a knight
And ride about in state.

But gallant knight or lordly earl
My heart can never move,
I'll tell dear ma her pretty girl
Must have her own true love.

Ma says that I must learn to dance,
Speak French and German too,
And spend a year or two in France,
To get my studies through.

I've heard ma say, when she got wed,
Girls never cared to roam;
They learned to cook and wash instead,
And found no place like home.

And ma was good enough for pa,
Though he had gold and lands:
Why cannot I begin like ma,
And learn to use my hands?

Young Richard has no wealthy sire
To leave him an estate,
But he has got what I admire—
The sense which makes men great.

In his true heart there lies the stuff
To fit a man for life,
And I believe he's good enough
To win a pretty wife.

I'll tell ma I don't want to dance,
I can't make up my mind
To study for a year in France,
And leave my love behind.

I'd rather learn to use my hands
From early morn till late,
And be the wife of him who stands
At yonder garden-gate. W. HOYLE.

TO MAY.

WE bid thee welcome, lovely month of flowers,
Thou fairest daughter of thy mother, Spring;
With blooming cheeks all wet with April's showers,
The bridal wreath of Nature thou dost bring,
And with it crowns her in her blushing pride,
The while she robes herself in rich array.
Thy magic power is seen on every side,
Thy presence bursting buds and leaves betray;
We hear thy voice ring through the verdant woods,
Thy footsteps we can trace on the glad earth,
And see thy smile reflected in the floods—
To what sweet things thou dost give happy birth!
And as thy perfumes scent the gentle gale,
Thy advent, lovely May, with joy we hail.

DAVID LAWTON.

JEFF.



OLD Adam, Jeff's grandfather, had been the sexton of St. Faith's long before Jeff was born. Ever since Jeff could remember it had been his greatest pleasure to play in the long summer evenings among the tall tombstones, and to tend the flowers upon his mother's grave in the old, almost deserted city churchyard. A dismal playground, you say? But Jeff thought differently; he never had a single sad moment there. When his mother was alive she used to teach the little fellow his letters from the grey worn stones, and by-and-by he amused himself learning by heart the quaint rhymes and verses graven below the names upon some of them. Jeff was only six years old when his mother died. While the boy stood at his grandfather's side by her open grave, the little face was only moved by a quiet, deep wonder. "Mother'll never come back?" he whispered. "No, Jeff," answered the old man, in a trembling voice, "but she was glad to go; she'll wait for us two where she is, and we shall go to her." Jeff wondered how grandfather could look sorry, to him it seemed the happiest thing in the world for them all.

Upon some of the mounds, in the early springtime, a few bright crocuses and snowdrops used to shoot up that had been planted long ago; very small frail things they were, but Jeff loved them, and looked after them very carefully while they lived.

It was a great trouble to Jeff when the time came for him to go to school. Adam used to say that the boy sitting on the old gravestones thinking of his mother, of the flowers and the sun, used to learn things that he never could have learned at school, and I dare say he was right. Still the old man was determined Jeff should go regularly to school and "get some learning." But the reading and writing was a wearisome trouble to poor Jeff. He was always longing when the sun shone to be in his garden, as he called his mother's grave, which for a week or two during the summer was bright with flowers. He tended his favourites very lovingly for his mother's sake, but they didn't last very long. They looked beautiful and smelt sweetly for a time, but somehow they couldn't live. The delicate blossoms dropped off first, and then the leaves withered and fell off too. Jeff was very patient with them, but it was always the same. "This is the flowers' grave as well as mother's," he used to say; "it seems as if they can't live here, grandfather, so far away from their home in the country. Mother couldn't, either; perhaps the flowers go where she is, and grow better there."

Every year the teacher of Jeff's class offered a prize to the boy who could show the finest plant from his own garden. There were not many gardens in St. Faith's, but for a short time in the year a great many windows were quite bright with flowers in pots. The air was too dingy and close for the tender blossoms to live in long, but they looked all the fairer from their dull surroundings, and worked in their short sweet lives all the good they were sent to do. This year Jeff was going to show a lovely pale pink-and-white geranium which he had carefully nursed for weeks in the house, and whose destination was the little churchyard garden. When the day for showing the plants arrived, there was not the least doubt but that Jeff's geranium had won the prize. It was admitted by all to be the loveliest flower that had ever grown in St. Faith's. Jeff was far prouder of its sweet pale blossoms and rich green leaves than of the prize, a bright shining half-sovereign, it had won. It was planted that evening in Jeff's garden—"Given to mother," he said. "If it hadn't been for mother and seeing after her flowers, I shouldn't have won the prize, grandfather, should I?"

"I dare say that's true, Jeff," answered the old man.

"It seems as if she's not so far off when we do things for her, and she helps me—often. I know she'll like this one; she can see it, I'm sure," and Jeff stooped and touched the pure blossoms wistfully, he knew they would not stay with him long. And the old man looked at his boy's sweet pale face and sighed; he knew that it was fading like the flowers. And the very next autumn Jeff went where his mother was, and the old man tended the flowers alone, for Jeff had found the flowers and fields of that sweet country where nothing ever dies.

NO language can express the power, the beauty, the heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where men cower, and grows stronger where men faint, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.



"Jeff's geranium had won the prize."—p. 76.

NATIONAL INTEMPERANCE AND BANDS OF HOPE.

BY HUGH MASON, M.P.

I CANNOT help thinking, my friends, that there rests upon this country awful obligations. What are we? We are the most religious country, the best educated country, on the face of the globe, and side by side with that we are the most drunken country on the face of the globe.

There are four great countries in this world—our own is one, France is another, the United States another, and Germany another; and you cannot point to any other countries where civilisation is at a higher level, where education has been more attended to, and yet these four enlightened, educated countries are spending in the aggregate between £500,000,000 and £600,000,000 sterling every year in intoxicating drink.

We are the smallest in population of any of these four countries. America has its fifty millions of population, France its forty-four millions, Germany its fifty or sixty millions, and this United Kingdom its thirty-four millions, and yet we, by far the smallest in population, spend the most money in the accursed drink. Can Almighty God look upon this country with His favour and His pleasure if such things are to go on?

We have the most Sunday-schools of any country on the face of the globe, and yet we are the most drunken; we have the most places of worship, and we are the most drunken; we subscribe more than any other country for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures and for sending missionaries to the heathen—what a piece of irony!—and yet we are the most drunken and dissolute and debased people on the face of God's earth. Are not crimes such as this enough to bring down upon us the vengeance of the Almighty? What, then, are the Christian churches doing to stem this torrent of iniquity?

What do I see within the past few days? I see men engaged in mercantile pursuits—men who have had a splendid business, men who have reckoned their income by many thousands every year, men of education, men of position, men of religious profession—I see these men to-day in a state of, I had almost said irredeemable vice, springing from this habit of drink. I see ministers of the Gospel dragged through the streets at the midnight hour in a state of absolute drunkenness, and then entering the pulpit on the Sunday and preaching to their flock to abstain from everything that is vicious and wicked. Look at our Christian churches, at the ranks of our Sunday-school teachers, at the young men that we know who have had brilliant careers chalked out for them if they would only abstain from this drink. One after another is being excluded from the Christian Church; one after another is being excluded from the honourable position of Sunday-school teacher, and yet we find people connected with schools and with Christian churches, who ought to be in the van of everything that is great and good and noble—we find them cold-shouldering an institution the object of which is to keep these dear children from the terrible vice of drunkenness—the object of which is to bring up sober, honest, and industrious men and women—those who in future should be heads of families, and who themselves should be training the young into the paths of virtue and morality and religion. We see all this, and yet we tamper with this great question, and we see the people will not have the self-denial—small and contemptible as it is in my judgment—to put away for ever this intoxicating cup, by the moderate use of which so many of our young fall. They will try to keep the two things going side by side, apparently dead to the effects of their evil example upon the young, and on those who are so ready to follow them.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, in a letter which has been published, informs a Church of England clergyman that there is no one wishes well to the temperance cause more sincerely than he does. All his experience as a soldier makes his conviction the stronger, that "the less liquor there is consumed in an army the more efficient is its condition," and he adds, "With the troops under my command recently in South Africa, we had very little spirits. Of my own personal escort the majority were total abstainers, and they were models of what soldiers on service should be. I find if you give men plenty of tea and sugar they don't miss their grog after a time. Having no grog with you in a campaign eases your transport very, very considerably, and removes a temptation to steal, which its presence with any army always creates."

Sir Anthony Horne, K.C.B., medical officer with the Red River Expedition, says:—"The experience of the Red River Expedition—that men could do hard work without drink—was quite conclusive so far as that and strictly similar expeditions are concerned."

With such facts and testimonies, which can be multiplied, before them, is it not strange that the authorities do not abolish the rum ration and canteen, and so make it easier for the soldier to keep sober, and more difficult for him to get drunk?

A RHYME OF THE WOODS.

UP and down the mossy pathway
Leading to the running spring,
Twice a-day goes little Mary,
Water from the stream to bring.
Many a heavy weight she carries,
But no weight her spirit knows ;
Many a tiring message runneth,
But with willing feet she goes.

She's a happy child as ever
Trod the summer earth with glee,
As she goes she singeth ever—
"Water is the drink for me !
Oh, I like to catch the water
That above the pebbles ran,
And I like to work for mother,
And to help her all I can.

And when she's not quite so busy,
Sometimes on a summer day
Father says, 'Come, little Mary,
Out into the woods away !'
Then his axe goes on his shoulder,
And I take his other hand,
And he leads me through the forest
Where the great old beeches stand.

There we see the squirrels springing
Overhead from tree to tree ;—
Oh, there's nothing half so joyous
As among the woods to be !
There's one tree where we have gathered
Many an empty acorn-cup :
Father told me how the squirrels
Store the little acorns up.

Then we listen to the ringdove,
And sometimes, the leaves between,
Looking up, its nest of beech-twigs
And the little eggs we've seen.
Till at last we reach the clearing
Where the fallen tree-trunks lie,
And I like to watch him felling,
And to see the splinters fly.

Then he gives me leave to ramble
All among the woods around,
But I may not wander further
Than within his axe's sound.
I can find the earliest primrose ;
All the violet-beds I know,
And one spot where, cool and shady,
Lilies of the valley grow.

And I hear the cuckoo calling,
And the wild bee humming by ;
And I lie and watch the waving
Of the branches on the sky,
Or I run and chase the rabbits
Through the tangled forest-tracks,
But I often stop to listen
For the ring of father's axe.

Till at last his work is ended,
Ended is the summer day,
And he calls me to be ready,
And he puts his work away.
We go gladly home together,
And, just coming out of doors,
We meet mother carrying Annie,
And I give her all my flowers."

E. C. PEARSON.

A SABBATH WALK IN SPRING.

ONE Sabbath morn I rambled forth,
The meadow paths along ;
The breath of spring blew o'er the earth,
The groves were full of song ;
The buttercups and daisies sweet
Upreared their tiny forms ;
The primrose blossomed at my feet,
Fair nursling of the storms.

As I inhaled the balmy breeze
Amid the calm around,
And paused beneath the new-leaved trees,
A holy bliss I found :
My soul, which had been tossed about
With anguish sharp and keen,
Now cast away its gloom and doubt,
And revelled in the scene.

Within my heart faith's smouldering flame
Her gladness seemed to fan :
Ah me ! how nature puts to shame
Unthankful, murmuring man !
I saw, as I'd ne'er seen before,
The sin of faithlessness—
Did we regard our mercies more,
Our trials would seem less.

Thus, while 'mid flowing vales I stood
In quietness alone,
I felt, their Maker must be good,
Were He but rightly known.
"My Father, God, in all things kind,"
With grateful heart I cried,
"Thee in Thy works I love to find,
And feel Thee near on every side.

Oh ! touch these poor weak eyes of mine,
And give them power to see
Thy love in every object shine—
Look through the meanest things to Thee ;
And as Thou dost the earth renew
From winter's wide decay,
So now my waiting soul imbue
With faith to trust Thee, Lord, alway."

DAVID LAWTON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A GOOD story was recently told at a temperance meeting in New Hampshire. A stranger came up to a Good Templar with the inquiry, "Can you tell me where I can get something to drink?" "Oh yes," said the other; "follow me." The man followed him through two or three streets, till he began to be discouraged. "How much farther must I go?" said he. "Only a few steps farther," said the Good Templar, "*there's the pump.*" The man turned about and "moved his boots."

NO man has a right to do as he pleases except when he pleases to do right.

THE following was posted on the door of the Ludlow Church in Hertfordshire, some time back: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard, but those living in the parish. Those that wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

PRAISE makes a wise man modest, a fool arrogant.

A LIGHT BUSINESS.—Making gas.

BE temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

HAPPINESS.—Most of the wrong-doing in the world comes from an uneasy craving for pleasure of some sort. The desire for revenge produces all kinds of malicious and hateful conduct; the yearning for gain suggests dishonesty, fraud, oppression, injustice; the appetite for sensual gratification leads to gluttony, intemperance, and vice. A state of true happiness would render these cravings impossible; the higher gratifications once thoroughly enjoyed, no room would be left for the lower. The great happiness of love annihilates revenge and malice; sympathetic pleasures extinguish selfish ones; pure and innocent recreations, cheerful society, and wholesome habits preclude the temptations to vicious courses. In a word, happiness, in its truest meaning and best forms, is the foe to wrong-doing, and in this sense it may be said that those who are happy are good.

GEN. ROSENCRANS on one occasion asked his staff officers for a pencil. Not one had any. The General remarked: "Had I asked for a corkscrew, every one of you would have had one."

THE surest way to lose your health is to keep drinking other people's.

OUTSIDE show may be purchased, but real happiness is of home manufacture.

NEVER wait for anything to turn up—go and turn it up yourself.

RESIGNATION only changes the character of our suffering, it does not remove it; it sanctifies sorrow, but it does not lessen our sense of loss.

"A GLASS of wine will not harm you!" This is the text that hurries thousands down to the drunkard's grave. A glass of wine. It is the first step downwards, the single crumbling stone that undermines the arch, the first poisoned shaft that strikes at the heart of love and hope, honour and life. Oh! men and women! how can you, how dare you, put the poisoned cup to your brother's lips and urge him on to destruction? Forbear! lest in the great day when souls shall testify against us some doomed one may lift an awful hand at you and proclaim, "You made me a drunkard."

PEOPLE THAT MUST DRIVE A TRADE.—Cabmen.

BASE COIN.—Specie put into a foundation stone.

EVERY man is bound to do what he can to elevate his social state and to secure his independence. For this purpose he must spare from his means in order to be independent in his condition. Industry enables men to earn their living; it should also enable them to learn to live. Independence can be established only by the exercise of forethought, prudence, frugality, and self-denial. To be just as well as generous, men must deny themselves. The essence of generosity is self-sacrifice.

A PRIVATE BOX—Sparring with a friend in the back yard.

SPEAKING of the different ages of this world, to what age do pedlars belong? The pack-age.

"MY work's dun," remarked the collector, as he started out in the morning.

DIFFICULT work for a domestic—Sweeping the horizon with the naked eye.

A SURE way to make an impression—Fall down in the mud.

PEOPLE who give tone to society, rarely give anything else.

AS land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Richard Booth and his Work." Published by Morgan and Scott. Price Sixpence. An autobiography of personal incidents and experience in Gospel temperance work, both in the United States and in Great Britain.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The British Temperance Advocate—The Irish League Journal—The Social Reformer—The Anti-Tobacco Journal—The National Temperance Mirror—The United Kingdom Band of Hope Chronicle—The Temperance Record—The Western Temperance Herald—Our Watchword—The Good Templar Gem.



MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—THE TWO FOLKS AT HOME.

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."
Payne.

EVIL habits, though so readily acquired, are terribly hard to shake off; and this, Robert Marshall soon discovered when he commenced to carry out his New Year's resolution —"Begin again afresh." The progress from moderation to intemperance is ever easy, and alas! too often very rapid. In all probability no man ever decided in calm deliberation to become a drunkard. The disgracefulness of the sin is almost universally admitted; indeed, the common language of the drinkers themselves is good evidence of this fact. Men who sneer at total abstinence, men who make songs upon the abstainers, and do their best and their worst to ridicule water-drinkers, men who pride themselves on their ability to appreciate sparkling wine or nut-brown ale—in short, men who are known to be regular frequenters of the gin-shop and tavern, hesitate to openly declare of any boon companion—"He was *drunk* last night!" No; the drinkers have manufactured a language of their own, and therefore it is that drunkenness has come to be the most many-named sin in existence. "He was 'half-seas over'"—"He was 'slightly elevated'"—"He was 'top-heavy'"—"He was 'tight'"—"He was 'on the loose'"—"He was 'on the spree'"—"He was 'fresh'"—"He was 'merry'"—such fanciful phrases may be used without let or hindrance, and no offence is taken; but popular feeling is grossly outraged if one ventures to state the simple truth in plain words, and is bold enough to say, "He was *drunk!*" Politeness demands that the hideous thing shall be covered up, and so in common talk, men exercise their ingenuity to discover words which shall convey their meaning in a manner which shall not disturb the pleasant feelings they would fain associate with conviviality. John Wyclif and the other noble-hearted early translators of the Bible were plain-spoken men, who, in giving us God's Word in the English tongue, made use of simple language easily understood of the people. So it is, that for more than 300 years the voice of the grand old Book has sounded in the ears of Englishmen the solemn and pathetic warning: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven!" No wonder that, although it is known the drunkards of the United Kingdom muster an army 600,000 strong, few of us ever meet with either a raw recruit or a veteran in the ranks, who openly confesses, "Yes, I am a drunkard!"

Robert Marshall "a drunkard"! The fall of such a steady, honest workman would have been a ten days' sensation in the little village of Christleton; in the great wilderness of London, with its whirl and bustle, the event was apparently of no account to anybody, save his wife and boy, but to them the trouble was overwhelming. Their sorrow was indeed turned to joy by Robert Marshall's good resolution to leave off the drink, but to the wife the anxiety of the first week of the new rule was almost more painful than even the sad days of her husband's intemperance had been. Everything that her womanly heart could suggest to make their apartments look more cosy and home-like was done, and as the days closed in, the moments were counted with fear and trembling, until the welcome sound of footsteps on the stairs told that the new abstainer had reached home up to time; and his entrance in a sober state proved that for another day he had been able to keep

clear of his old enemy. On the Friday night he was more than two hours late ; and as Mrs. Marshall sat in the gloom of the firelight with little Robert by her side, she hoped against hope that all was well.

"Something has happened, Robert, or father would never be so late," she said.

"Do you think, mother, he's——" but the brave boy left the word unsaid. The mother knew full well the lad was afraid his father had again fallen before the drink temptation.

"I don't know what to think," she replied.

"Let us go and look for him somewhere, mother."

"No, we'll wait awhile longer, for I should not like him to come and find no one here."

So they talked and wondered, and wondered and talked. The bells from neighbouring towers chimed ten, and the troubled woman threw a shawl over her shoulders and put on her bonnet, in preparation for a tramp round the public-houses of the district in search of her husband.

"Mother, he's coming! I hear him on the stairs." And the lad was right, for almost before Mrs. Marshall could take off her bonnet and shawl, the door opened, and the tired workman was seated at the fireside, telling how he had been obliged to make two hours' overtime in order to pull up Christmas arrears of work.

"I'm fairly tired out, Martha ; but never mind, it will bring us two shillings extra to-morrow, anyhow."

"We did so wonder where you were," said the boy.

"Did you? and where did you think I was?"

"Oh, I thought——" but what the little fellow thought was not told, for Mrs. Marshall said in her most cheerful way, "Oh, we thought plenty of things, but we knew all was right, didn't we, Robert?"

"Of course we did," was the lad's response.

"Of course all was right," the father said ; adding very positively, "Of course it's always right to take the chance of earning two hours' extra pay when you've got two folks at home worth spending it on."

"The two folks at home," too, were the secret of Marshall's fighting so successfully during these early days of his total abstinence, for his struggle against temptation had indeed been a real fight. From Monday until Friday he had faithfully acted upon his determination to leave off the drink, but it is no exaggeration to say that every day he had been called upon to exercise the highest heroism in order to resist the entreaties to drink, put before him by his fellow-workmen at meal-times, and put before him by the Government in his walks to and from his work, in the shape of the numerous open public-houses found in almost every street through which he had to pass. The "two folks at home," this was the charm which enabled him to give a sturdy, almost defiant "No!" to those who invited and would have almost forcibly constrained him to give way. And now, in the company of the "two folks at home," he sat on the Friday night a worthy conqueror, satisfied in his own conscience that for so far he had gained a great moral victory.

The next day, however, was to be the great testing-time. His work was over at half-past twelve, and in less than a quarter of an hour his week's wages—over two pounds and ten shillings—was in his pocket, and he was fast hurrying home—not, however, before he had said "No!" to more than half a dozen friendly repetitions of the familiar inquiry, "Ain't you going to have a drink, Bob?" As he turned by the corner of the "Cock Tavern," the barman, who happened to be standing at the door, saluted him with "Fine day, Marshall."

"Yes, very."

"You're in a big hurry."

"Ay, very big."

He was in a big hurry, too, and felt at that time that had there been another "Cock Tavern" to pass, he would have given up resistance and yielded. He rushed up the rickety stairs which led to his rooms, and was almost breathless with excitement.

"Oh, how early you are to-day, father!" was little Robert's surprised exclamation.

"Martha, turn the key in the door!" said Marshall. The wife hastened to do so. She saw by her husband's emotion that something unusual had happened, but did not venture to ask for an explanation. In a moment or two he told his story.

"I've had such a fight for it. I've fairly run all the way home. Half the fellows asked me to drink, and I'm sure I've maddened them all by refusing. Just as I was turning the corner by the 'Cock,' Smithers was waiting for me, and if I hadn't doubled up quick, I should have given in at the last. Take the money, and don't give me a sixpence back, or I'm done for," and the poor fellow emptied his pockets on the table, and buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, what a lot of money, mother! What lots of things you'll be able to buy this week!" said the boy.

Mrs. Marshall quickly collected the money, and put it in her pocket. She then sat down at her husband's side, and by her comfortable words soon rallied him from his dejection. She bustled about, and the table was prepared for what little Robert called "the only Saturday dinner they had ever had in London!"

After the meal was over, Mrs. Marshall got ready to do her marketing, and little Robert

waited at the door, basket in hand, eager to go with her.

"Ain't father coming?"

"No, I'll stop at home."

"Oh, you'd better come too," said the wife.

"No, I'd better stop at home."

"Father, do come! Here's your hat."

"No, I'll stop in till you come back."

"Well, then, let me stop too," said the lad.

"Yes, that will be the best," agreed Mrs. Marshall; and she was hurrying away, when her husband interposed.

"Martha, lock us in; lock us in for safety."

"Lock the door and take the key with you! Oh, go along," she replied.

"I mean what I say," was the answer. "Lock us in for safety, and then you'll find all right when you get back."

She locked the door and put the key in her pocket, and as she descended the stairs it dawned upon her that her husband was right, and that to be locked up for safety in his own room on that Saturday afternoon was indeed a wise choice. So father and son were left alone.

"What a queer thing for you and me to be by ourselves!" said little Robert.

"It is a queer thing, my lad."

"Why didn't you want to go with us to market?" asked the boy.

Marshall lifted the lad on his knees, and said quietly, "Well, Bobby, as we are alone and by ourselves I will tell you. I was *afraid!*"

"Afraid! What of?"

"I was afraid of the drink. I mustn't go out to-night at all; for if I do, nothing will keep me out of the public-houses."

"Oh, father! don't go," and the poor lad burst into tears.

"No, I don't mean to. I shall stay in all to-night, and we'll have no drink in the house either."

He kept the good resolution, and remained a voluntary prisoner in his room for the evening. Mrs. Marshall soon returned, bringing in a well-filled basket, and with womanly tact had not forgotten the weekly newspaper. That Saturday night was the happiest night the Marshalls had yet had in the great city. When tea was over, the father sat by the fireside and entertained the "two folks at home" with all the news of the week. The news of the week was of the kind to which English folk are well accustomed. Murders, suicides, accidents, quarrels, and a catalogue of woes with which strong drink had much to do. Before long, Marshall had more than enough of the news of the week, and tossing the paper aside, he said, "What a different place the world would be if the public-houses were done away with!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEACON'S LITTLE PARTY.

A Dialogue for Five Males and Four Females.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

Part First.

Characters.

Deacon Lovetruth, *an earnest teetotaler.*

Mrs. Lovetruth, *his wife, a true helpmeet.*

Rev. Goodman Goodproof, *their esteemed pastor.*

Mr. No Change, *deacon at the chapel, and moderate drinker of the old type.*

Mr. Easy, *oldest member at the chapel, a believer in things as they are.*

Mr. Genial, Miss Earnest, Miss Amiable, Miss Faithful—*church-members.*

Scene.—*Deacon's parlour.* Deacon Lovetruth *and his wife seated at breakfast.*

Mrs. Lovetruth.—Well, my dear, and how did you go on at the church-meeting last night?

Deacon Lovetruth.—Oh, very nicely, I thought. The devotional part of the meeting was more than usually good, and as a consequence the business part was gone through in a much better spirit. But what do you think? After the meeting was over, several of our friends remained, and somehow they began talking about the proposed temperance society in connection with the place, and some of them were very loud in their condemnation of the proposal.

Mrs. L.—Indeed, love! and who were they?

Deacon L.—A very natural question, my dear, and one which I have no hesitation in answering, for I shall want you to help me to bring these objectors to a better way of thinking.

Mrs. L.—I do not see how I am to help you in the matter. But, however, I am willing to do whatever I can.

Deacon L.—That's right, my dear, and now I will come to the point at once. Our senior deacon, Mr. No Change; Mr. Easy, the oldest church-member; and Mr. Genial, our excellent secretary, had all of them something to say against the innovation, as they called it. Mr. Goodproof, our esteemed pastor, seems to be most anxious to push the movement forward. He spoke with great earnestness of the necessity of the Church of Christ taking a leading part in all movements for the moral and social improvement of the people. But I can see that it will not do to be too hasty in this matter. A little care and tact will be required to ensure success. And I think it would be a good thing for us to give a little party and invite those friends who are most opposed to us, as we could then discuss the claims of the temperance cause far more freely than in a formal meeting. Of course we must have our minister with us, and you could easily contrive

to secure the presence and assistance of our friends Mr. Zealous, Miss Faithful, Miss Amiable, and Miss Earnest. I think a little kindly social intercourse between our friends will tend to remove some of the misconceptions which at present stand in the way, and hinder our progress. You will now see in what way I desire you to help on the good cause, and I hope you will enter heartily into my plan.

Mrs. L.—Of course, my dear, I shall be delighted to do all that I can to carry out your plan. When shall we have our party? Would next Thursday evening suit, do you think?

Deacon L.—Yes, I think it would do nicely. (*Looks at his watch.*) But I must be off to my business. Where's my great-coat?

Mrs. L. (*hands him his coat and helps him to put it on*).—Good morning, my dear, and mind you are punctual at dinner. (*Exit* DEACON.)

What a man the deacon is, to be sure! I don't think there's such another man in all the town for managing people, and bringing them round to his way of thinking without letting them even suspect what he's about. This idea of his about the party is just like him, and if I can make it succeed by doing all that a true helpmeet can, I shall only be doing what is my duty as a Christian and a wife. My husband has a good insight into human nature, and I think he is right in supposing that a little social intercourse between our friends who hold different opinions upon this question of having a temperance society at our place of worship, cannot fail to bring them to a better understanding of each other, and tend also to promote the future success of our society. I firmly believe myself that as Christian people we are not sufficiently social, we shut ourselves up in ourselves too much, and so we are too apt to form misconceptions of the work of others, through looking at it from too great a distance. A little more kindly brotherly and sisterly intercourse among the members of our churches would remove a great deal of that distrust which at present so hinders the progress of every great and good movement. But I must not stay here preaching while I have work to do that demands very immediate attention, and I must now begin my preparations in good earnest for our little party. (*Exit.*)

PART SECOND.

All the characters.

SCENE.—*Deacon's Sitting-room.*

(Enter Deacon L., *rubbing his hands in great glee.)*

Deacon L.—Well, I believe my little plan will work most admirably. All my guests have put in their appearance, and have just finished their repast. Everybody seems delighted with everybody else. Even our stolid friend Mr. No Change, the undertaker, appears to have forgotten all his usual melancholy, and is enjoying immensely the vivacity of Miss Earnest; but they are coming, I hear. (*Enter Mrs. L. with all the other characters.*) Pray be seated, ladies and gentlemen, make yourselves quite at home. (*They all seat themselves.*)

Rev. Goodman Goodproof.—I am sure that we are all of us very much obliged to you and Mrs. Lovetruth for your kind hospitality.

Mrs. Lovetruth.—I need not assure you that you are all most heartily welcome here.

Deacon Lovetruth.—Allow me to say that we are delighted that you have so kindly responded to our invitations, and hope that our little gathering will be both pleasant and profitable.

Miss Amiable.—I hope you will pardon a woman's curiosity, but I have heard that some of our people want to start a temperance organisation of some sort in connection with our church, and I am anxious to know if it is true.

Rev. G. G.—Yes, it is quite true, Miss Amiable, and I hope you will be ready to join the movement and render it all the help you can.

Miss A.—But do you think it desirable for the Church to undertake such work as this? Would it not be better to leave it to outside agencies?

Rev. G. G.—In my opinion it is not only desirable, but necessary for the Church of Christ to take action in this matter. Intemperance degrades and curses mankind, and greatly hinders the progress of Christ's kingdom, and therefore to leave this work undone would be for the Church to neglect a very important part of her duty.

Mr. Easy.—Then you think it is the duty of the Christian Church as such to identify herself with the temperance movement?

Rev. G. G.—Most certainly I do; and I am far from being alone in my views on this subject.

Mr. Zealous.—Well, friends, so far as I am concerned I have long been of opinion that as a church we were not doing our duty in standing aloof as we have hitherto done, and leaving all the work of the temperance reformation to be done by outsiders. I think it is a shame for us to let those who make no profession of religion to excel us in good works and self-denial for the general welfare of society.

Miss Faithful.—If I might be allowed to put a word in here, I should say that I have been forced to think very seriously about this matter of late. Owing to a conversation I had with a young friend in whose welfare I am greatly interested, I have been compelled to see the necessity of our taking prompt action at once, if

it be only to show on which side we are on. I was speaking to my young friend of the danger to which he was exposing himself by using intoxicating drinks, when he almost struck me dumb by telling me he was only doing as Mr. So-and-So did, naming one of our leading members, and that nobody seemed to think there was any danger in using these drinks, except one



"The thirsty cattle bend to kiss
The stream so deep and clear."—p. 87.

or two fanatics like myself. I confess that I was startled to find my admonitions were of no avail through the practice of a good Christian brother whose life is in many respects a most estimable one ; and I think it is quite time something was done to show to the world that the Christian Church is fully alive to the responsibility that rests upon her, and that she should set an example before the world which will be worthy of imitation.

Mr. No Change.—But just stop a bit, if you please. Don't go too fast ; and try to bear in mind that other people may have opinions as well as yourself.

Mr. E.—For my part I see no need for all the fuss that is being made about this matter. We have done very well in the good old way so far, and whatever else we do, we should be careful not to destroy the peace of the church.

Deacon L.—I hope that we shall all of us be able to approach this subject calmly and dispassionately. I am as anxious to preserve the present good understanding which so happily prevails amongst us, as I can be ; but if the present so-called peace of the church means nothing but a cold indifference to the evils by which we are surrounded through the lamentable drinking customs of society, then I say, away with such a peace at once and for ever, for the sooner it is destroyed the better. What do you think, Mr. Genial?

Mr. Genial.—I hardly know what I think, as I have begun to look at the subject somewhat differently. As I was going home from our last church-meeting, I was startled by a drunken neighbour of mine coming up to me and exclaiming, "You're on our side, aren't you? You're not one of them crazy teetotalers." I did not like to feel that I was on the side of drunkenness, with all its terrible train of evils. Instinctively I shrank from being classed among those who degrade themselves by their indulgence in drink.

Miss Earnest.—I am glad to hear that you are growing ashamed of your connections. You will be one of us directly.

Rev. G. G.—He is one of us already, I believe, if he would only state his present convictions.

Mr. G.—You are almost as eager to have me as my tippling neighbour was the other night.

Miss F.—Well, I should think you will not instinctively shrink from fellowship with us in such a noble cause.

Deacon L.—Our friend is in a most hopeful way, I am sure. His frank avowal that he does not like being classed among drinkers, seems to me to prove that he is fast coming round to our views on this question.

Miss A.—It seems to me that sooner or later we shall all of us have to decide what we ought to do in the matter. So far I have not taken the pledge ; but I am most anxious to do what is right in this respect, and if you can show me that it is my duty to become an abstainer, I hope I shall not hesitate to do so.

Mrs. L.—I am glad to hear you say so, my dear, and I am sure if you will weigh this subject over carefully, and observe the fruits which the present drinking customs of society yield, you cannot fail to come to the conclusion that it is your duty as a Christian so to act that others may safely follow your example. We cannot—nay, we must not hide our light under a bushel ; but we must strive to render all the aid we can by our life and example to those around us who are striving to break through the habits and customs which are so injurious to society in general.

Mr. No C.—I should just like to put in a word again, for I cannot help thinking that there is too much haste to introduce innovations, and too little reliance upon the grace of God and the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, His Son, being displayed by our friends here.

Rev. G. G.—Allow me to assure you, my dear sir, that we place no reliance whatever on total abstinence as a means of salvation. All that we claim for it is, that it will save the people from drunkenness, and help on the progress of the Gospel by making them sober and thoughtful, and thus bringing them into a state of mind in which they will be far more likely to receive the truths of the Gospel than they otherwise would be.

Mr. G.—Exactly so, Mr. Goodproof, that is just the view I have begun to take of the subject. Common sense would tell any one that it would be folly to talk to a drunken man about Christ and His salvation.

Mr. E.—Any one would admit that, I should think.

Miss E.—Well then, if sobriety is needful for the reception of Christianity into the mind and heart, it is also necessary for its growth and development. The man who daily muddles his brain, and deadens his moral faculties with doses of alcohol, is not likely to progress in the Divine life. "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" Or what fellowship can the Spirit of God have with the spirit of evil? If our bodies are the temples of the Holy One, then the door of our lips should be for ever closed against the unclean thing.

Miss A.—Well, I must confess that I feel impelled to join hands with you at once. I cannot bear to think that the eternal welfare of any one should be endangered through my example, and so I will be on the safe side.

Mr. G.—My sympathies have been going out in the same direction, and I must admit that

our friends are well able to advocate their cause. What say you, Mr. No Change?

Mr. No C.—Oh, I must have time to consider.

Mr. G. G.—By all means, my dear sir, I pray you take time to consider, and the more you consider, the more you will be likely to join our movement, heart and soul.

Mr. F.—It seems to me that we are all being made into teetotalers before we know what we are about. What persuasive tongues the ladies have, to be sure!

Mr. Z.—And no wonder that they wax eloquent on this subject, for I think it is pre-eminently a woman's question.

Miss E.—Most assuredly it is, or it affects us for good or evil at all points. Home is everything to a woman, and therefore aught that threatens to darken and destroy our homes we should look upon as our worst enemy. And what is there that has done more to destroy home-happiness than drink? How many wives and mothers to-night are weeping in lonely silence for husbands and sons, who are bringing ruin and disgrace upon their homes through drink! And alas! alas! how many of our unfortunate sisters have been betrayed and ruined by means of its seductive influence!

Mr. Z.—It sickens me when I think of all the mischief that is being done under our very eyes, and see the apathy of the Church on this question.

Mrs. Lovetruth.—But the Church is beginning to wake up, I think.

Mr. Z.—High time she did, and no praise is due to her, for she has had to be strained into doing her duty by outsiders.

Miss F.—I hope that something really practical will grow out of our conversation. Talking is all very well in its place, but action of some sort is also needed, if anything is to be done.

Deacon L.—May I suggest that our esteemed pastor should give us a special sermon on this subject, and that the matter be at once brought before the church and congregation? I think with Miss Faithful, that something really beneficial should result from our interchange of opinions on this matter.

Rev. G. G.—I am sure I shall be most happy to speak a work in season on this subject as soon as I can make preparation. And before we separate, allow me to exhort you one and all to work and pray for the success of the temperance cause. For the sake of yourselves, for the sake of your country, and above all for the sake of Him whose redeeming work is so sadly marred by drink, let it be your earnest resolve that you will do all that you can to uproot and destroy our national sin of intemperance. I wish you all a very good-night. *(Exit all).*

A SUMMER SKETCH.

'Tis June, 'tis merry, smiling June,
'Tis blushing summer now;
The rose is red, the bloom is dead,
The fruit is on the bough.

Flora, with Ceres, hand in hand
Bring all their smiling train;
The yellow corn is waving high
To gild the earth again.

The birdcage hangs upon the wall
Amid the clustering vine,
The rustic seat is in the porch
Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy, ragged urchins play
Beneath the glowing sky,
They scoop the sand, or gaily chase
The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length
Along the stone-paved hall,
The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
The bean-flowers' fragrant maze,
Or, basking, throws her dappled form
To court the warmest rays.

The opening casement, flinging wide,
Geraniums gives to view,
With choicest posies ranged between
Still wet with morning dew.

'Tis June, 'tis merry, laughing June,
There's not a cloud above;
The air is still o'er heath and hill,
The bulrush does not move.

The thirsty cattle bend to kiss
The stream so deep and clear,
While dabbling ripples, gliding on,
Bring music to my ear.

The mower whistles o'er his toil,
The emerald grass must yield.
The scythe is out, the swath is down,
There's incense in the field.

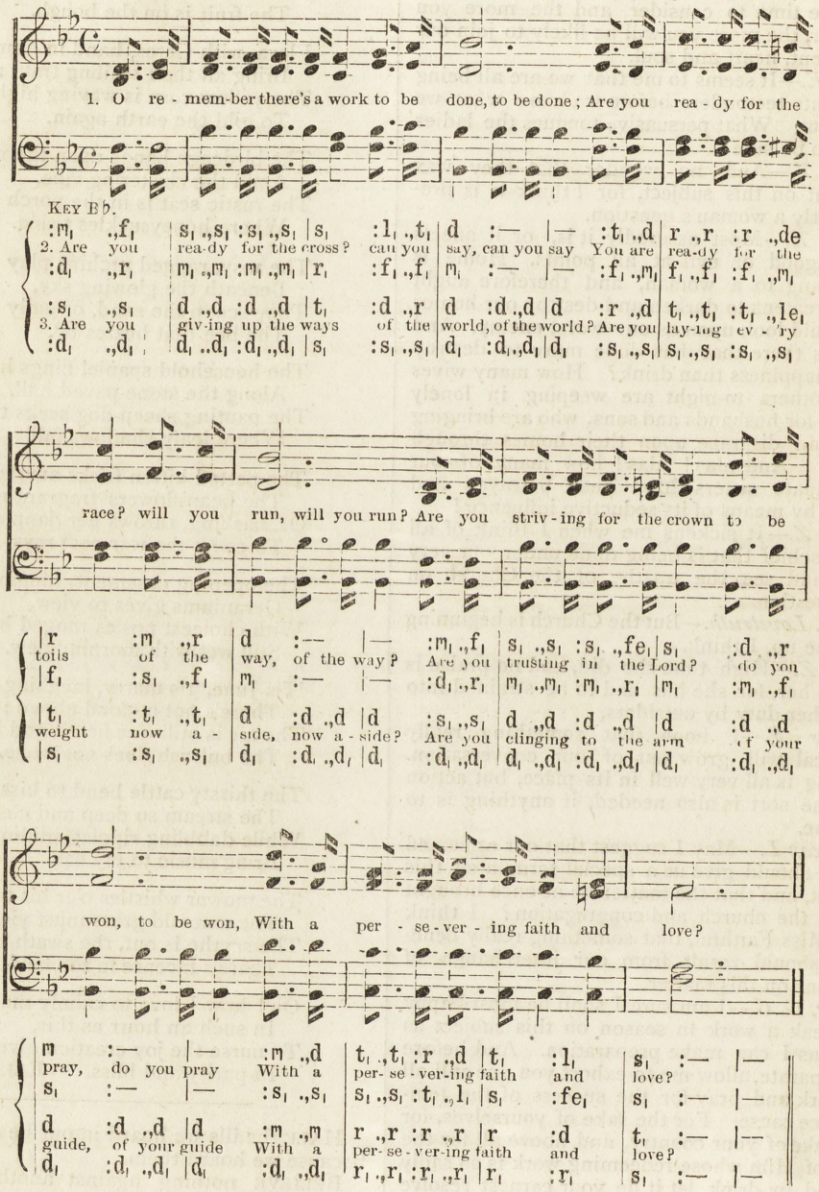
Oh! how I love to calmly muse
In such an hour as this,
To nurse the joy creation gives
In purity and bliss. ELIZA COOK.

HALF the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

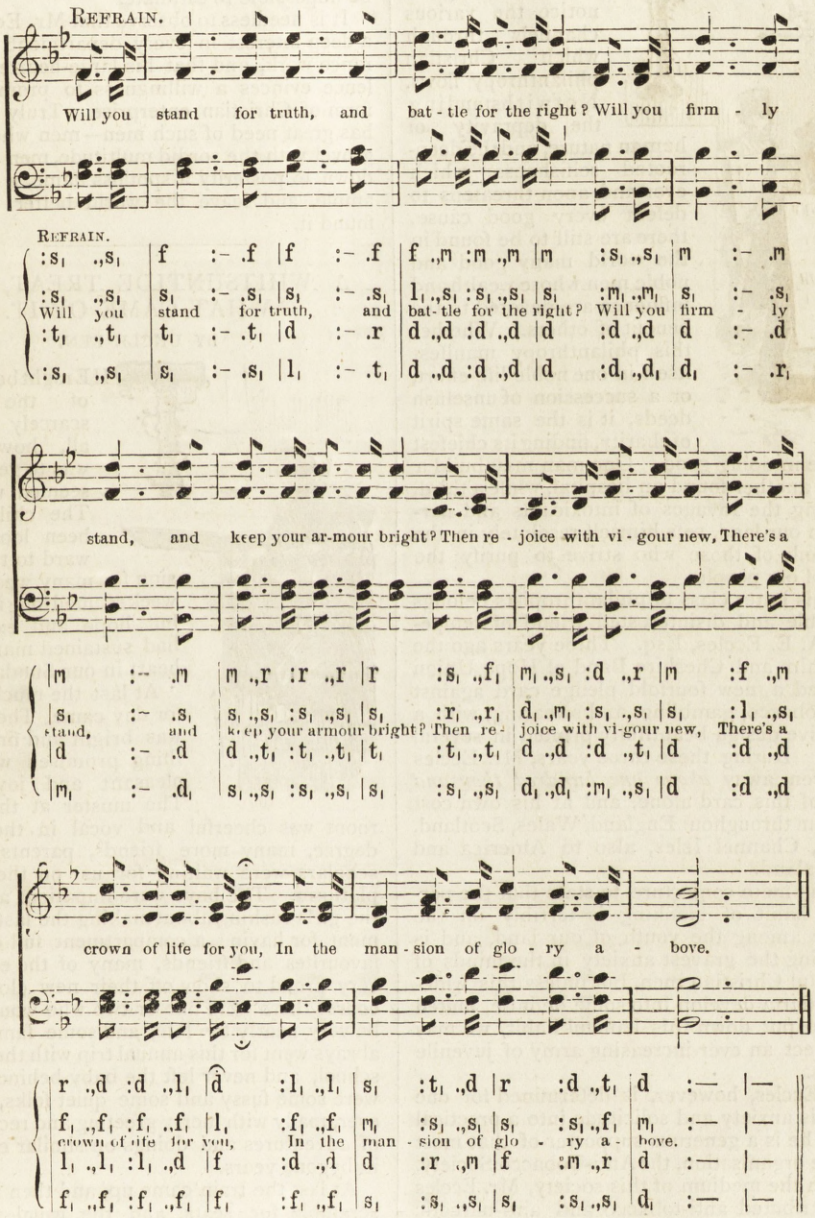
BELIEVE nothing against another but on good authority, nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it.

WILL YOU STAND?

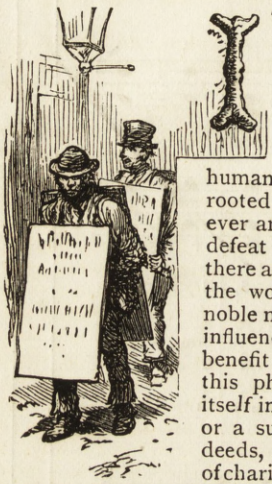
Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. *Music by* W. H. DOANE.



WILL YOU STAND?—(*continued*).



A NOBLE EXAMPLE.



IT is interesting to notice the various channels through which Christian philanthropy flows. Notwithstanding the depravity of human nature, and the deep-rooted selfishness which ever and anon threatens to defeat every good cause, there are still to be found in the world many good and noble men whose wealth and influence are devoted to the benefit of others. Whether this philanthropy manifest itself in one noble life-effort, or a succession of unselfish deeds, it is the same spirit of charity, finding its chiefest pleasure in doing good. One man may build a church, another found an hospital, while a third, beholding the ravages of intoxicants and narcotics in our land, sets himself resolutely in the front rank of those who strive to purify the habits of our people.

To this latter class of philanthropists belongs that noble and disinterested friend of temperance, A. E. Eccles, Esq. Three years ago the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union published a new fourfold pledge card against drink, tobacco, gambling, and swearing, with a suggestive design beautifully printed in several colours. During these three years, Mr. Eccles has given away *above one hundred thousand copies* of this card alone, and at his own cost sent them throughout England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Channel Isles, also to America and New Zealand.

It is no mere conjecture to state that the pernicious habit of smoking is terribly on the increase among the youth of our land, and is awakening the gravest anxiety in the minds of thoughtful Christian men, but unless this widespread alarm develop into some definite, united action to put down this baneful habit, we may still expect an ever-increasing army of juvenile smokers.

Mr. Eccles, however, is determined for one to put his anxiety and solicitude into a practical shape ; he is a generous supporter of that most valuable organisation, the Anti-Tobacco Society. Through the medium of this society, Mr. Eccles has distributed anti-tobacco and anti-narcotic tracts and pamphlets broadcast at his own expense—how many thousands have thus found their way into Bands of Hope, temperance societies, Sabbath-schools, public institutions, the homes of clergymen and ministers, it would be impossible to estimate.

It is needless to observe that Mr. Eccles takes a deep interest in every department of temperance work, and that his large-hearted benevolence evinces a willingness to promote every form of Christian enterprise. Truly the world has great need of such men—men who scorn to grovel with the sordid multitude, men who hand down to posterity a spotless name, a noble example, and leave the world better than they found it.

A WHITSUNTIDE TREAT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY UNCLE BEN.



THE night before many of the children scarcely slept at all, how easy it was to get up early seemed wonderful. The children had been looking forward to this excursion for many weeks. Whit week seemed long in coming, but hope and expectation had sustained many a little heart in our Sunday-school.

At last the much-wished-for day came. The morning was bright and fine, everything promised well for a pleasant and joyous day. The muster at the school-room was cheerful and vocal in the highest degree, many more friends, parents, and old scholars were waiting for us on the railway platform. The boys were impatient and noisy, the girls rushing about making the last arrangement for having a compartment full of special favourites and friends, many of the elder ones very proud to show off their new clothes. Of course there were one or two who would sure to be very nearly too late, and some families who always went for this annual trip with the Sunday-school, and never left the baby behind. There were some fussy and some quiet folks, all, however, ready with merry greeting and recollections of adventures and doings on similar excursions in bygone years.

At last the train came up, and then the usual scramble for seats, and the usual rush and struggle for first and second-class compartments.

The boys whistled and shouted, many energetic youths bawled out "all right" long before

half the people were in their places. In a little time, after some running about from one carriage to another, some waving of pocket-handkerchiefs, and much vociferous cheering, the train passed slowly out of the station. How delightful it was to the children to glide away from the familiar scene into a new district for this long-wished-for day is difficult to describe.

For two hours the journey afforded the greatest amusement to the happy travellers, every object became a cause of excitement, and the approach of the various stations were epochs in the pilgrimage. When their destination was reached, by the exertions of the superintendent and the teachers a procession of the scholars was formed, headed by the school banner, carried by two of the oldest boys of the school. The marching order was very irregularly kept, because discipline was almost lost in the excess of mirth and spirits. Every horse and cart, man, woman, or child that passed were cheered as if each had been a member of the royal family. The little village was soon cleared, but not before a small shop where sweets and buns were sold had been crowded by deserters from our ranks, and a teacher had to be despatched to urge the children on, lest some of them might lose themselves thus early in the day. After about a mile's walk we arrived at the field near a farm-house which was to be the place of festivity and amusement for the time.

It seemed situated in the very heart of the country, far away from factories, chimneys, paved roads, and noisy streets. All nature seemed dressed in her very best apparel in the clear glory of that early summer day, the bright green trees and grass forming a picture of perfect loveliness. No sooner was the destination of our journey discovered, than off the children scampered in every direction, rejoicing in the sunshine and liberty. Some returned in a little time to hope we were not going back soon, and to inquire, although it was barely ten o'clock, when tea would be ready. Buns and milk were given to all who wished for them, but as most of the children had provisions with them, these delicacies were not generally needed so early in the day.

Then some went off in small groups for rambles, others wandered with teachers, gathering flowers, some started playing the well-known and popular games. Cricket was commenced in good earnest, especially by the elder lads, the senior Bible-class young men playing eleven of the picked boys from all the other classes. Among this number of cricketers might be seen one promising youth, about the age of eighteen. His name was Fred Mason; he had been at the school for many years, though of late a source of anxiety to his teacher, because of his readiness to be led astray, his too frequent companionship with the least steady, and his growing irregularity on Sunday.

His mother was a widow, and growingly dependent on this elder son, to whose care she had especially committed the charge of her only other boy, James, a lad of eight years old.

The day wore on, but as the match was over sooner than was expected, and a new game was started which might probably end in "tip and run," or most of the players walking off when they had had their innings, Fred Mason feeling himself too important for such amusement, went off with two others about his own age, who were generally the leaders of much mischief. One was the son of a publican, and as there was nothing very lively to do, he proposed that they should stroll on until they came to a public-house, of which he knew the name was the "Hen and Chickens," where he would initiate Fred Mason and their other companion into the art and mystery of skittles—a game which, he said, must always be accompanied by beer, and the loser, of course, should pay for the games and the drink. Mason protested a little at first, and having felt quite pleased with himself for having had so much moral courage as to hesitate and suggest that, as their kind teacher and good superintendent had earnestly urged all who went with the school that day to avoid the public-houses, if only for the sake of example, he was ready to comply with temptation when it looked easy and pleasant; and particularly when to this was added the persuasive argument, that as it was some distance off, "no one would know," and besides, it was "only once in a way." Inclination and opportunity made it seem almost absurd to comply with the expressed wish of the officials of the school, and by the time they had reached the roadside inn, some mile or two away from the field, the afternoon was advancing, and they felt there was nothing else to do but to go in for beer and skittles.

In the field, swings and games had been going on incessantly, and now busy preparations were being made for tea. About five o'clock the children began to muster, the stragglers came in from rambles and scrambles all round the village. In half an hour the big bell was rung and the children were seated on the grass in groups and classes, with teachers and friends to wait on them. When grace had been said, or rather sung, and Miss Clara Jenkins was handing round some currant bread, and just going to pass a mug of tea to little Polly Shaw, a bright, rosy child, in a straw hat and blue ribbon, James Mason, who sat next her, looked up eagerly into Miss Jenkins' face and asked where his brother was. As the boy, with red eyes, said he had lost him, the lady, who knew his brother

laughed and replied that she didn't think little Jim (as he was mostly called) had been sent to look after his big brother. He had better make a good tea, and not cry any more, as he would find his brother again before it was time to go.

So when tea was over, while the friends and the teachers were all busily occupied in merrily despatching that important event of the day, James thought he would relieve his anxious mind by a determined search for his brother. Away he went, feeling very miserable and unhappy, to commence what proved to be a very trying adventure. He wandered off without any definite directions except that some of the children had said they had seen Fred go off down that road with two others.

It was a long and slow journey until the two companions hurried by endeavouring to reach the station in time to catch the excursion train. James stopped them for a minute to inquire about his brother; they said that he might find him further on the road, and then they hastened on. He walked on again, but as the shades of evening were beginning to come, his fear of being left deepened into certainty, and the dread of not finding his brother, and being unable to return, almost paraylsed him with fright.

He was still moving on, crying with fear and weariness, when in the gathering dusk of the twilight he saw something lying by the roadside. He shrank from going on, but yet dared not turn back. He approached a little nearer, and there, to his horror, saw it was his own brother. He went up to him, and found to his relief that he was not murdered, as his first wild fancy pictured, but half-asleep, very sick and silly—in fact, his brother lay DRUNK. The little boy stooped down and kissed him, and threw his arms around him, and begged him to get up and come home. But it was long before he could get him to stir, and then it was dreadful to see how he reeled and stumbled about all the way to the station. It was far into the night when they reached the platform, where after some time a night porter, waiting to see to a luggage train, came out and ordered them away. But on James explaining the situation of affairs, and saying that his brother was very ill, the porter took them into his room, and when the night luggage train came up, asked the guard to take them on with him to the station from which they had started.

And just as the grey light of morning was once more breaking, the two brothers were knocking at the door of home. The mother came at once to let them in; all pain was by her forgotten in the joy of seeing them again. A full and free confession followed, and with confession came repentance, and with repentance amendment. Both the lost brothers learnt a lesson by that Whitsuntide excursion which can never be forgotten by them all through manhood.

END OF THE JOURNEY.

WE'RE most to the end of our journey,
My darling, and isn't it true
That mid all our losses and crosses,
There's always been plenty for two?
And though of the dower of fortune,
We've had but a niggardly share,
Our cupboard was never so empty
We hadn't a loaf we could spare.

It seems like a dream, that I ever
Had courage to seek, and to woo
For my wife, such a beautiful blossom,
So fair an exotic as you.
'Twas part of the dream, that you chose me
From others—you bade them depart—
Preferring to riches and station,
The wealth of a true loving heart.

How little we thought of the future,
Or guess of the trials we'd meet,
As out on life's journey we started
That morning so tenderly sweet.
And some of our comrades, my darling,
Whose prospects were brighter than ours,
Have broken their vows, and Love's altar
Is hung with funeral flowers.

But we have been true to each other,
My darling, and never a word
That might sever the bond of affection
From your lips or mine has been heard.
That love that we've cherished so fondly
Has kept our hearts faithful and warm,
Has strengthened, sustained, and encouraged,
And sheltered from many a storm.

And now that our journey's most over,
We've nothing to mourn or regret,
For love—our dear, constant companion—
My darling, abides with us yet.
E'en death has no power to part us,
So long as our friendship endures;
Your heart would be seeking for mine, love,
And mine enters heaven with yours.

J. P.

GRAND NATIONAL TEMPERANCE FETE.—We are pleased to learn that a Grand Temperance Fête will be held on Tuesday, 12th July, at the Crystal Palace, under the joint auspices of the National Temperance League, United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and the Independent Order of Good Templars, and we hope it will receive the hearty support of all temperance friends throughout the country. For particulars, see our advertisement columns.



"Miss Jenkins was handing some currant bread and tea to little Polly Shaw."—p. 91.

CANON FARRAR ON TEMPERANCE.

ADDRESSED TO WORKING-MEN.

AN attempt has been made to estimate the amount spent by the working classes alone upon intoxicants, and that attempt has been challenged by Professor Leone Levi in the interests of the liquor traffic, and the conclusion he arrives at, in that interest is, *that the working classes spend nearly £36,000,000 a-year on the various intoxicants.* That is exactly the sum which the working-classes *spend in rent;* and therefore, better houses being, as I hold, one of the very strongest and most imperative demands for the working classes, those classes are spending on the very lowest estimate a sum equal to what they are spending on their rent. I say you ought to spend that on better things; and you are the class of all others that can least afford that drain on your resources.

I do not at all know what is the average daily expenditure of a working man on drink, not supposing him to be a drunkard, but a very moderate man; but I do know that 2d. a-day—a single pint of ale—is equal to £3 a-year; and three pints of ale a-day is equal to 6d. per day, and I know that in twenty years 6d. a-day put by at interest means £257. This, again, is as much as would purchase a freehold house and garden; and I know some parishes in which working men have actually *built their own houses and secured their own little pieces of garden simply because they have been total abstainers, and have laid by this sum, which they otherwise would have spent on beer and spirits.*

I was exceedingly struck with an anecdote told me two years ago by a London physician. He went into the park and sat down upon a bench, and there sat down by him an old pauper of eighty years of age. And this physician entered into conversation with him, and asked him what his trade was. The man said, "A carpenter." "A very good trade indeed," said the physician; "well, how is it that you come, at this time of life, to be a pauper? Have you been addicted to drink?" "Not at all; I have only taken my three pints a-day—never spent more than 6d. a-day." The physician took out his pencil and a piece of paper, and said to the man, "How long have you continued this practice of drinking your three pints of ale a-day?" The man said, "I am now eighty, and I have continued that practice, more or less, for sixty years." "Very well," said the physician, "I will just do the sum;" and he found by doing the sum that if this man had laid by that sixpence a-day for those sixty years it would have come, with compound interest, to £3,226; and he said to the pauper, "My good man, instead of being a pauper, at this moment you might have been quite as well in health, in every respect quite as happy, and you might have been the possessor of £3,226 at this moment. In other words, you might have had £150 a-year, or some £3 a-week, not by working an hour longer, or doing anything differently, except by being a total abstainer, and by putting by this money that you have been spending day by day these sixty years on your beer."

That proves most decisively that the working classes are those which can least afford to stand this drain upon their resources.

And now, perhaps, you will answer me—"Very well, this man spent sixpence a-day on something that was good for him—*beer.*" In answer to that I will simply say that whether it is good or not, this is certain—*it is not necessary.* Dr. Richardson has done more than any living man to bring home to the minds of Englishmen the truth that alcohol is not a food. Baron Liebig came to the conclusion that nine quarts of beer contain exactly as much nourishment as you might put in a little sprinkling of meal, or on the end of a table-knife. In other words, if you were to spend £36 in buying so many gallons of beer, you would have bought as much nourishment only as you could get out of a 5-lb. loaf.

That it is not *necessary for health*, again, I think is capable of the most easy proof. I believe there are a great many people who say that after middle age they do find it useful to them. I think that is only because they have not discovered something which, without any danger to themselves, would produce the same result. But that alcohol is not a necessity for health can be proved in one moment by the fact that there are hundreds of thousands—it is said 5,000 000, but I do not know—of total abstainers in England who are notoriously as healthy a body as all England contains. It is proved decisively and irresistibly by the fact that there is, strange to say, less mortality among the 20,000 people now in prison in England than among any other body, and there is no way of accounting for that so decisively as the fact that from the moment that they enter the prison, no matter how large their previous consumption of beer, they are not allowed a single drop, and the fact of their being deprived of alcohol is one of the causes which tend to their extraordinary longevity.

Then the actuary of one of our temperance insurance offices told me that when he went through the figures of the two sections—the temperance section and the total abstinence section—he found that the rate of mortality was far lower in the latter, the consequence being that the bonus paid to the total abstainers was invariably much larger.

All these are facts which cannot be got rid of.

Hence I am entitled to say alcohol is not necessary as a food or for health, and I will only add that *it is not necessary for strength.*

The first man who ever accomplished the heroic feat of reaching the summit of Mont Blanc was Jacques Bulmer, a total abstainer. The one living man who went nearer the North Pole than anybody else was Adam Ayles, and he is a total abstainer. Again, the one living man who has swum the Channel, Captain Webb, is either a total abstainer, or, at any rate, performed that great feat without touching any stimulants ; and whenever there is any heavy work to be done in a foundry in the North of England all the intoxicants are at once struck off, and the work is done upon barley-water or something of that sort. Then Dr. Parkes found that soldiers on the march invariably march better, and with less fatigue, if they take various other things instead of the usual rations of rum. All these things prove most decidedly that alcohol is not necessary for health and that it is not necessary for strength.

We ask you by your manliness, by your care for England, by your care for yourselves, by your honour to God, and your love for your families, to try and avoid perhaps the only sin in the whole world which, even apart from religion, is absolutely curable and absolutely preventable ; and we ask you, instead of beer and gin and such things, to obtain something which will give you a longer life, a more useful life, a healthier life, a happier life, better rooms to live in, better education for your children, better amusements to enjoy, better books to read, more beautiful objects to look upon, every single gift, in fact, which would tend to ennoble and elevate your position. We ask you to give up the one for the sake of the other. We ask you to give up these beers and spirits, not because we are enemies to them apart from their results, but because if they were ever so innocent and harmless we believe that the money spent by working men upon them might be spent in ways which would be infinitely better for their moral, intellectual, and spiritual life.

I HAVE been obliged to practise temperance in order to be able to fulfil properly the duties of life. Having borne the burden and heat of the day, and something more than the heat—not only the burning glare of tropical regions, but also the snows of the Himalayas and the chills of the winter of Afghanistan—I have returned, I hope with vigour unimpaired, to my native country, and I attribute it, under Providence, to the fact that I have been obliged invariably to practise temperance in India. I should have left my bones there, as too many of my countrymen have done before me, but for temperance. Many of the evils in India which are set down to climatic causes—such diseases as liver complaint, fever, ague, and the like—are really attributable to the brandy and soda, to the sparkling champagne, and most of all to what is called beer, but what is in reality pale ale brewed strong and bottled so as to stand the climate. It is encouraging to find that the condition of the army is greatly improved. The efforts to promote temperance in India have resulted in 25,000 Europeans in India taking the pledge or becoming total abstainers.—*Sir R. Temple, Bart., late Governor of Bombay.*

THE WINE-CUP.

TOUCH not the fatal cup,
Youth, take thy hand away !
For madness fills it up
With ruin and decay.
Youth, heed the warning voice
Ere thou hast quaffed a drop ;
The seeds of death are there,
Whose work thou canst not stop.

That wine-cup, spurn it hence
Though it may sparkle well,
Though it be old and red,
And suit thy palate well ;
Oft 'tis the fatal goal
Whence leads the drunkard's path,
Then from it turn aside,
Shun woes the drunkard hath.

When in the festive hall
Beside a jovial band,
When merry goes the hour
With friendships sweet and bland,
Should there the wine-cup come
To promise greater joy,
Oh, spurn the wine-cup then,
'Tis *dangerous*, my boy !

When in the wide, wide world,
Along life's devious way,
If from the paths of truth
Temptations lead astray ;
If urged to drain the glass
With vain and thoughtless men,
Oh, as thou lov'st thyself,
Touch not the wine-cup then.

Should hours of darkness come,
And thy heart's purpose fail ;
Should life to thee seem vain,
And earth a dreary vale ;
Oh, to the voice of truth
Take heed beneath the rod—
Shun, shun the wine-cup then,
And look unto thy God.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

IT is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten.

SELF-HELP.—So long as we lean upon some one else's wisdom or strength, so long as we depend upon fortunate surroundings, or advantageous openings, or good influences to procure for us what our own undaunted energy and industry ought to win, so long shall we remain feeble, wavering, and useless members of society. But when we begin in earnest to help ourselves, waiting for no breath of fortune to waft us upward, and for no strong arm to bear us onward, then we come to realise how full and rich is life, and how large are our capabilities for filling worthily the part in it assigned to us.

DROWNED IN WINE.—History has repeated the Duke of Clarence's tragical fate in the person of a humble *vendangeur*. A vineyard proprietor of the Haute Garonne was recently engaged in tasting his wine, and, coming to a large vat of the last vintage, was shocked at what he described as its "fantastic flavour." He accordingly allowed it to run off into other vessels, and proceeded to examine the bottom of the receptacle, when, to his horror, he discovered the body of one of his own workmen, who had mysteriously disappeared last October. The comforting piece of intelligence is added that the authorities have forbidden the sale of the wine, but the sequel is less satisfactory to brandy-drinkers, who learn that the fluid which has been undergoing such unusual treatment since October last will be handed over to the distillers.

DRINK, DRESS, AND DEBT.—A professional gentleman not long since wrote to me—"I much wish the clergy of all denominations would preach plainly and strongly against Drink, Dress, and Debt, and in favour of the precept 'Owe no man anything.'" They form a trinity of evils. Drink is an evil, and Dress carried to excess is an evil, and they both lead to Debt, which is expressly forbidden in the Bible—"Owe no man any thing." There is an affinity in the reality, as well as in the alliteration of these three D's.

INSANITY AND INTEMPERANCE.—In his address for 1880, as president of the Border Branch of the British Medical Association, Dr. J. A. Campbell, F.R.S.E., medical superintendent of the Garlands Asylum, Carlisle, alluding to the reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy, says that 13,309 were admitted into English lunatic asylums in 1878, and that 6,418, or 48 per cent. of the whole, were attributable to direct physical causes. "No doubt," he says, "some of the physical causes are distinctly non-preventable, such as old age; but many of them are, and it is satisfactory to have something tangible, recognisable, curable, and preventable to go on. Taking intemperance in drink, it is put down as the exciting cause of insanity in 1,351 of the admissions, the predisposing in 415—altogether it is credited with causing 14.6 per cent. of the whole admissions. Education, elevation of the mental faculties, a diffusion of knowledge as to the requirements of the bodily health, an acquirement of desires for rational amusements and intellectual relaxations among the mass, have for long been pointed out as the preventive for insanity caused by giving rein to the baser passions and appetites. As this is long in coming, we must look for, hope for, urge as far as we can, and point out, as we, as a profession, have done, and are constantly doing, stringent and easily enforced legislation which will deal with habitual drunkenness, prevent the adulteration of malt and spirituous liquors, and the sale of newly-made spirits which contain constituents especially deleterious to brain-tissue. Such legislation must be enforced to be of value; permissive legislation on such a subject is valueless."

"TAKE THE SAFE PATH, FATHER."—A gentleman said to his pastor, "How can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," wisely replied the minister. This reminds us of a story told by Dr. Thompson, author of "The Land and the Book." He had climbed nearly to the top of a steep mountain, lifting his feet carefully along over the projecting rocks, when faintly from below he heard a silvery voice call out, "Take the safe path, father: I am coming after you." His heart stood still as he realized the danger of his precious boy. If fathers only remembered that the boys are indeed coming after them, how differently they would walk. If they smoke or drink, they must expect it in the boys. If they get angry, they will see the same thing in their children. God gives lives into our keeping, to be returned at last, fitted for an endless future. Knowing well our fearful responsibility, we yet carelessly set poor examples for our dearest ones to copy, and thus not only endanger our own souls but theirs.—*Congregationalist.*

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The British Temperance Advocate—The Irish League Journal—The Social Reformer—The Anti-Tobacco Journal—The National Temperance Mirror—The United Kingdom Band of Hope Chronicle—The Temperance Record—The Western Temperance Herald—Our Watchword—The Good Templar Gem.



FEAR AND LOVE.

BY UNCLE BEN.

"There is no fear in love."

THERE is no truer word in the wonderful Book than that which says, "Fear hath torment." And from this we all suffer, and none more acutely than little children. The only cure for fear is love; a little love will cast out a little ear, more love will cast out more fear, perfect love will cast out all fear. The pet animals, rabbits and kittens, puppies and lambs, we are not afraid of because we love them. Some children are very shy and frightened of strangers, but when they begin to know and love them, the fear all vanishes. There was once a little boy who was dreadfully afraid of the dark, but if he called out, and heard his mother's voice answer, although the dark night was still round about him, her presence and her love robbed the darkness of its terror, so that he could go to sleep in happy rest and confidence.

Once that little boy, with his brother Jack, went to see some dissolving views, and being much disturbed when the light was turned down, wished his father to take him home before the performance began, whereupon Jack, anxious lest he too might lose the entire exhibition, said, "I bean't afeard of nothing with father." And that is the best courage we can have in life, that which comes from living trust in our Heavenly Father. Then can we sing—

"The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see,"

and say with the sweet words of David of old, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

There was a sister of Jack, whose name was Tottie, and though, like him, she was not afraid of the dark, she had a very great aversion to cows; from very infancy she seemed to think her special foes were those animals which in the language of our babyhood are called "moo-cows." Many pleasant associations were related to the cow in her youthful mind, for in a favourite picture-book, a very brown specimen of that order of quadrupeds stood prominently forth in a very green field, against a very blue sky, and underneath this domestic work of art was written, "C stands for cow, which gives us nice milk." But whatever the seductive nature of the giver of cream and butter might be in print, to meet the same in genuine reality was almost as bad as an interview with Giant Despair. So it happened that once upon a day in the gladness of early summer, Tottie went forth with her elder sister Mary, to blow the dandelion puffs and pick white snowy daisies, and yellow shining buttercups, also to see a black baa-lamb, in a meadow where a flock of white woolly sheep were feeding. The expedition had been crowned with success, and the typical sinner had been seen without any painful moral reflections. Tottie was on her way back, she, with her sister, had nearly reached the end of the field where was the gate

which led them out into the main road, not far from home; but ere the end of the excursion, and before the goal of safety was reached, fear fell on the heart of Tottie even mid the sweet fields and bright sunshine, for suddenly they were confronted by an old cow which had quietly come down to have a drink at the brook. The little maid flew to her sister and said, "Tottie want to go and see the black baa-lamb again." To this Mary paid no heed, but pushed on her way.

Then Tottie clung more closely, and beginning to cry, said, "Me so afraid of the cow."

"The kind cow won't hurt," replied Mary, encouragingly, although she had much rather that the animal alluded to as kind had been kinder by keeping away. A moment afterwards and that kind cow turned toward both the children and gave a long loud low, and Mary's heart beat with fear and dismay. Nothing would pacify Tottie; go by that kind cow she would not, and began to scream with terror. Poor Mary! she knew not what to do, or where to run to, when the well-known tones of her father's voice broke on her ears from the other side of the hedge, as he was walking on the road home. "Mary, Mary, you are all right; bring Tottie to me."

Then all terror was gone, and Mary lugged the sobbing Tottie straight to her father's arms. And going along he told them of an unseen Father who was always with them, nearer than being the other side of the hedge, to whom David had said, "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee." And just according to our love to Him will life have no fear, and death no sting.

But in spite of this sound teaching a very paradise of joy would not have tempted Tottie to go again to see the black lamb.

A TRULY HAPPY HOME.—Some homes are full of love and sunshine for strangers, and all ugliness and gloom for the ones for whom they exist. To constitute a truly happy home, there should be pretty little personal adornments on the part of the wife, who hereby shows a desire to please her husband and to add to the general attractions of her home. A pleasant word on her part, when the overworked man comes home, often eats away the raw edge of some trouble on his mind, and draws out a corresponding desire to be both agreeable and respectful, which characteristics are always accompanied by affection. If cheerfulness and amiability are not cultivated, rudeness, roughness, and impatience will soon be followed by insolence; and when sweet temper gives way to anger and discord the home-circle is no longer attractive and is almost certain to be shunned.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—"GLADDER THAN 'EM ALL."

"Dark and ever darker,
Was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast."—*Thring.*

WHEN of old time, the Best of Friends asked two of His companions what seemed to be a simple question—"Why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" they could only make reply by recalling a number of striking events in which they had recently taken an interested, if not an active part. And so it ever is; the pressure of various daily circumstances sets the poor brain thinking, and almost imperceptibly, and by ways which can hardly be described, one is led to decide upon taking a certain course of action.

When, therefore, after a fortnight's total abstinence, Robert Marshall quietly said one evening across the tea-table, "Martha, we shall have to shift from this place," the idea seemed the most natural in the world, and the wife's rejoinder, "Yes, we must take a turn round on Saturday afternoon, and look for new lodgings," implied that the same conviction had already forced itself upon her mind also.

Hitherto the man's "eyes had been holden by the drink, but now he was able to see that his London home compared very unfavourably with the pretty Christleton cottage and its trim garden. From the first, Mrs. Marshall had been thoroughly dissatisfied with the place, but while the greater part of her husband's wages disappeared before any portion came to her share, it had been hopeless to think of a removal to new quarters.

Now, however, all was changed; and when the couple set out "house-hunting" on the bright Saturday afternoon, with their little boy with them, it was easily to be seen that they meant business.

They rambled along street after street in the direction of North London, and the farther they got the more pleasant everything appeared.

"Oh, what a lot of trees!" said the lad.

"Yes, it's just like the country," the mother said.

"It's a park, that's what it is." was the father's remark. And he was right. They had reached Finsbury Park, with its refreshing show of greenery, and troops and troops of merry children playing about its grassy slopes.

"We'll go in a bit, and rest awhile," said Marshall.

In they went, and they were soon comfortably seated under the cool shelter of a grandly leafy

tree. With what delight they watched the cricketers, and how interested they were in the little tots of children tumbling about on the grass to their heart's content!

Bang! bang! bang! followed by a piercing shriek, startled the Marshalls and all within hearing too.

"What *ever* was that?" was the question on a hundred tongues at once.

Away the folk hurried across the park in the direction of the spot from whence the sound of firearms came.

What the commotion meant is best told in the words of the newspaper paragraphs published on the following Monday.

"On Saturday evening a shocking murder took place in Finsbury Park. It appears that about a quarter to six a man named Moore entered the park by the upper entrance, in the company of his wife, and before they had proceeded many yards, he pulled a revolver from his pocket, and levelling it at her, discharged it three times with fatal effect, for the poor woman expired almost instantaneously. Moore, who was in liquor at the time, was at once placed under arrest. No cause has been assigned for the rash act."

It need scarcely be said the terrible tragedy made a deep impression upon the bystanders, and upon none more than the Marshalls. "The drink again!" was Robert Marshall's sad comment as he turned away with his wife and boy from the sickening scene.

As for poor Mrs. Marshall, it was some time before she could trust herself to speak; when, however, the shock of the fright subsided, she could only say, "Oh, that poor, poor thing! Her own husband too! Oh, that poor, poor thing! I do hope there are no children left."

"House-hunting," for that day was at an end. "I am so tired," said Mrs. Marshall, "I think we had best go home, and come back again next week," an arrangement with which neither Marshall nor little Robert were loth to comply.

In a week's time they did go back again, and fixed upon a little house, "all to themselves," in a quiet street within ten minutes' walk of the park.

"It will be rather far from work, won't it?"

"Oh, never mind that, lass! I shall be all the more inclined to stop indoors when I get home at night-time," was the man's cheery answer.

Upon removing to their new home, they soon discovered that the small house was a great deal too large for their furniture. However, Mrs. Marshall made the front windows right first thing, and quite settled in her own mind, that if her husband did keep sober (what a trouble these doubts were to her in these early days of his teetotalism!), she would add some little article to their stock of furniture every week.

Little Robert, too, was sent to school. At the end of their street stood the National Schools of the parish. "So nice and handy," said his father; "we couldn't have picked a better spot." This step, as we shall see, proved of great advantage, not only to the boy, but to his father and mother also.

The parish was happily blessed with a vicar who took an intense interest in his people. The schools especially were his great delight. His systematic attendance three times a-week was something more than a mere matter of routine, and every new scholar came under the vicar's personal attention upon the day of entrance. Robert's first day in a London school supplied him with a world of talk when his father came home.

"Yes, father, Mr. Turner, the clergyman, asked mother what you worked at, and asked me what I'm going to be, and I said I didn't know yet, but I thought I was going to be a sailor."

"That you're not," interrupted the father.

"Well, what am I?" continued the lad. "Anyhow, that's what I said, and he said he's coming to see you, and there's a place in church just to hold three, and we're to have it on Sunday; and I'm put in the fourth class!"

Then it was the wife's turn to tell her version of the interview, which she did as follows:—

"Yes indeed, Mr. Turner is a nice man—so pleasant and so agreeable all at once! And what do you think, he asked if you were a teetotaler, so of course I said 'Yes, and me too.' 'That's right,' he says; 'it means a happy home when husband and wife go together.' Oh, I'm sure you'll like him. I can't tell you how pleased I was with him. He knows Chester quite well, and—only fancy—he thinks he's been to Christleton once: I felt just at home talking to him. He says he's sure Robert'll get on!"

Before many nights were over, the vicar kept his word, and surprised the Marshalls with a call on his way home from church. He remembered the boy's name, and the father felt very proud as he saw the parson pat the lad on the head, and heard him say, "Now, Robert, if you mind your books we shall put you up into another class before long. We're going to make a man of you at our school!"

Ten minutes of bright, cheerful conversation had settled the business, and when Mr. Turner departed it was with the promise, heartily given by Mr. Marshall, "Yes, sir, you'll see us all in church on Sunday, please God, and very proud we are you've called."

Yes, the Marshalls had made a move in the right direction. In his new surroundings, with

the feeling that he was in a respectable neighbourhood, and that the parson was a good man, not too high and mighty to be bothered with the troubles of his poorer brethren, Marshall had met with just that encouragement and strength so necessary to him in his new start.

From attending the church he was induced to go to a missionary meeting in the schoolroom. This was followed up by an attendance at the monthly temperance meeting, at which he surprised no one more than himself by developing into a speaker. The matter came about in this way. The deputation who had been announced to address the meeting failed to keep his engagement from some reason or other. The vicar (who made it a rule to be always present, an example which, no doubt, did much towards securing the large attendance of the parishioners for which the society was famous) suggested that it would probably be useful if some present would give their experiences of the temperance question and state their views either for or against total abstinence. When two or three short speeches had been made, one by the churchwarden, an elderly gentleman, who spoke very strongly about the injury which, he said, had been done to the temperance reform by the intemperate language of its advocates, and loudly insisted that moderation was the true remedy for drunkenness, Marshall rose from his seat, and stammered out, "Mr. Chairman, sir, I'm only a plain man, and no speaker, but I should like to say a word."

"Go on, Mr. Marshall," said the vicar encouragingly; "go on, Mr. Marshall, we shall be very pleased indeed to hear you, I am sure," a remark which the audience applauded quite heartily.

"Come up to the platform, Mr. Marshall," said the vicar.

"No, sir, thank you, I shall not take up a minute." But like most men whose hearts are on fire, Marshall found that he had a message to deliver which occupied more time than he imagined.

"I only want to say," he began—"I only want to say, sir, that if, as the gentleman says, moderation is to stop drunkenness, I think it'll never be stopped. Moderation's botheration! that's my opinion. Why, sir, look at me! When I came to London I was for moderation, I was as much on for moderation as anybody could be, but I soon got landed very far from moderation, and the first time as I was ever in Finsbury Park, over yonder, I saw that wife murder all through drink. The thought came into my mind, it might have been me and my wife! And so it might. Why, just before Christmas, sir, I was worse on the drink than even that poor Moore was, and how I was kept from doing murder many a time, God only knows! But on New Year's Day I turned over a new leaf, and I've been teetotal since, and it's the best day's work I ever did in my life."

Much cheering greeted this confession as Marshall dropped into his seat, but before the applause had ceased, he was on his feet again.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, "but I hope I am not doing wrong to say to the gentleman, though he likes the moderation plan himself, as a humble working man, I hope he won't go for to recommend it in public, for, in my opinion, ninety-nine in a hundred will find it a hard road to travel."

The churchwarden stood up to reply, but the vicar interposed just at the right moment, and said very pleasantly, "I think, Mr. Churchwarden, we won't discuss the question to-night as it is so late." Then turning to the audience, he continued, "I am sure we must all have been delighted with the outspoken words of Mr. Marshall. He has only recently come to live in the parish, and I think we may congratulate the Temperance Society upon having secured so worthy an addition to its ranks. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing you very often in the future, Mr. Marshall." Once more there was a round of applause, and it would be impossible to tell who of the Marshalls was the happiest that night.

The man himself was rejoiced at the hearty manner in which his first public address had been received; the wife was full of joy at her husband's open and public declaration of total abstinence; the boy was almost beside himself with the bare thought of the many speeches which he expected his father would be called upon to give in the future.

"Why, they clapped father best of all, didn't they, mother?"

"Yes, and you clapped most of all," said she

"Did he clap?" asked the father.

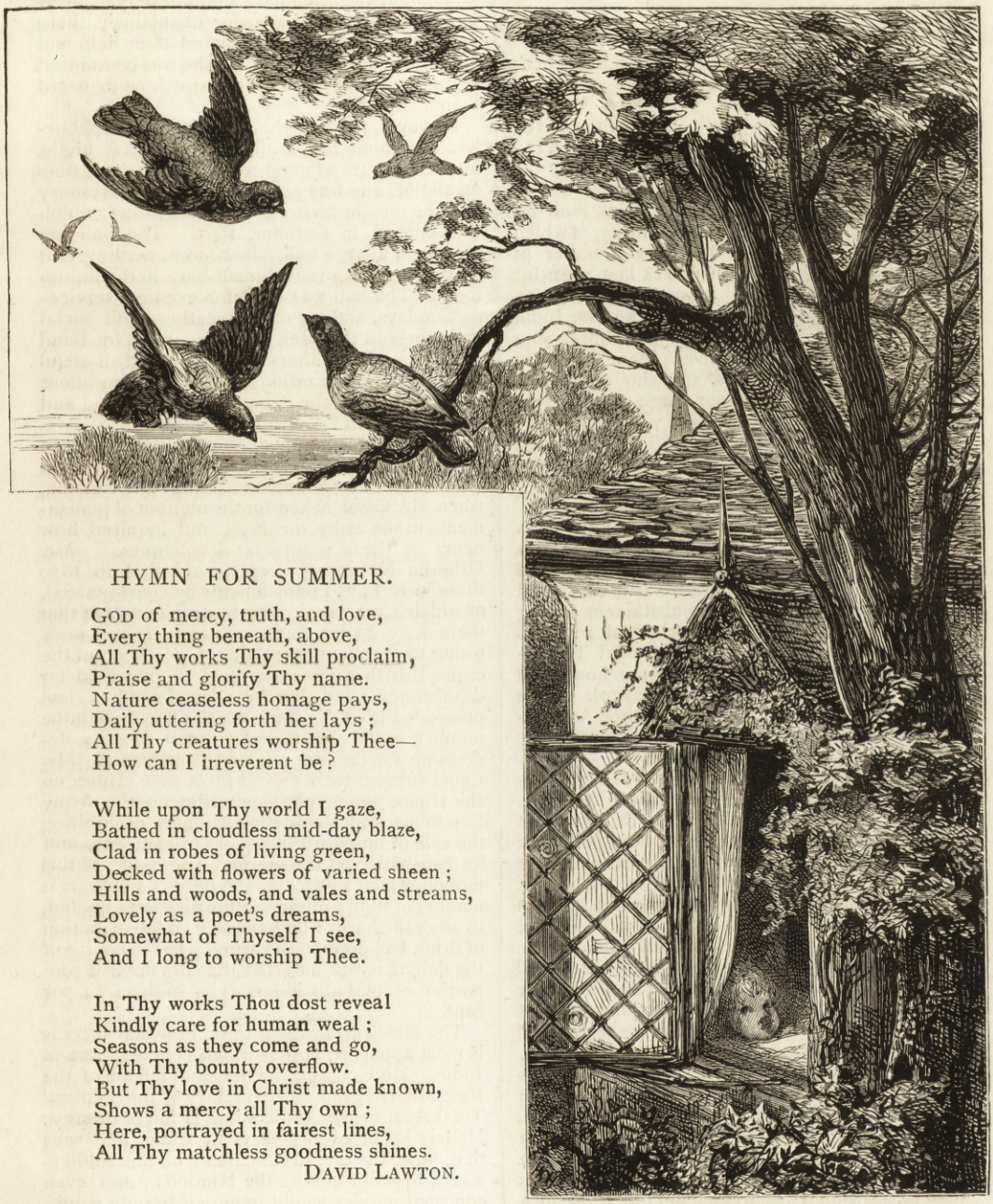
"Clap, I should think he did!"

"Well, why not?" said little Robert; "I was gladder than any of 'em."

Gladder than any of them! Ay, and he had the best reason. Many a hundred poor boys and girls would be "gladder than any of them," if their fathers could be brought, like Robert Marshall was, to make a public testimony of their love for total abstinence. In our temperance meetings, the testimony of personal experience deserves a more prominent place than it at present receives in many quarters. In not a few cases the simple open confession of doctrine has proved a greater source of strength to the new convert than all other means beside.

(*To be continued.*)

WOMEN'S RITES—Marriage ceremonies.



HYMN FOR SUMMER.

GOD of mercy, truth, and love,
Every thing beneath, above,
All Thy works Thy skill proclaim,
Praise and glorify Thy name.
Nature ceaseless homage pays,
Daily uttering forth her lays ;
All Thy creatures worship Thee—
How can I irreverent be ?

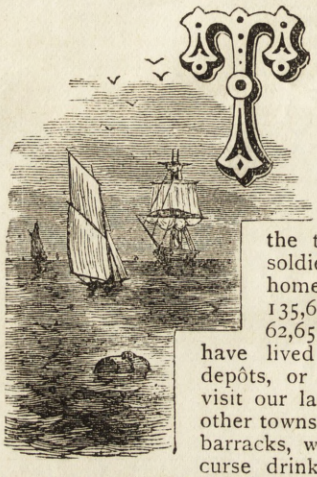
While upon Thy world I gaze,
Bathed in cloudless mid-day blaze,
Clad in robes of living green,
Decked with flowers of varied sheen ;
Hills and woods, and vales and streams,
Lovely as a poet's dreams,
Somewhat of Thyself I see,
And I long to worship Thee.

In Thy works Thou dost reveal
Kindly care for human weal ;
Seasons as they come and go,
With Thy bounty overflow.
But Thy love in Christ made known,
Shows a mercy all Thy own ;
Here, portrayed in fairest lines,
All Thy matchless goodness shines.

DAVID LAWTON.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.

BY REV. JOSEPH JOHNSON.



THERE has been no section of the British community more disgraced by the use of strong drink than our army, of which the total number of soldiers last year for home service was 135,625, and for India 62,653. Those who have lived near military depôts, or who frequently visit our large sea-ports or other towns where there are barracks, will know what a curse drink can be to our young men, and how much need there is for temperance reform in this special direction.

For some years past great efforts have been made to bring a sober influence to bear on this immense number of men, and very large and practical results have followed. It is estimated that there are at least 20,000 abstainers among the forces at home. The principal societies working in the army are the National Temperance League, to whom belongs the honour of being the pioneer of temperance work in the service, the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association, and the Church of England Temperance Society.

Perhaps the two most honoured and distinguished workers in this good cause are Mrs. Daniell, at Aldershot, and Miss Robinson, at Portsmouth. The former began her good work more than twenty years ago, in the hamlets near her home in the Midland counties, when that military capital of England now known as "the Camp" was little more than a village, and "Tumble-down Dick" was the only public house from Farnborough to Aldershot. It was not until the year 1862 that Mrs. Daniell commenced her mission there. In the meantime the camp had grown, and houses for drink, beside the regimental canteens, had sprung up in all directions. Mrs. Daniell complied with the wish of some friends and paid a promised visit to this city of wooden huts and barracks. She was met by friends, who introduced her to this strange field of labour. Her first acquaintance with the town and neighbourhood, where there are seldom less than 12,000 soldiers, depressed her much, because she saw at once how great the need was for Christian temperance service. However, the same night she attended a soldiers' prayer-meeting with one of the army chaplains; there numbers of the men volunteered their help and sympathy, and from that time she was committed to the work, but "knew no more how to begin than a child."

However, the first thing needed was a public-house without the drink—a place that might form the centre of good work. In a short time an eligible site was given, and Lord Shaftesbury laid the memorial-stone of the Institute, which was opened in October, 1865. The building contained a large hall, class-room, reading and smoking-rooms, refreshment-bar, and dining-room. The hall was used for evening services on Sundays, and for other meetings and social gatherings in the week; the class-room for Band of Hope work, mothers' meetings, and all useful temperance organizations. And now, after about seventeen years, the harvest has been good and the result great from this one effort.

A remarkable proof of the steady growth of temperance in the army was made manifest in the House of Commons during this session, when Mr. Caine asked for the number of punishments in the army for 1879, and inquired how many of these were for drunkenness. Mr. Osborne Morgan, in reply, said that in 1879 there were 14,750 punishments by court-martial, of which 4,421 were owing to drunkenness; that there were 43,372 fines, of which 23,000 were owing to drunkenness; that 236 per 1,000 of the entire British army were fined or punished for drunkenness; and that three-fourths of its crime proceeded from the same cause; but though the number sounds large, it has been steadily decreasing for the last ten or twelve years. Mr. Caine subsequently moved for a new clause, on the House going into Committee on the Army Discipline and Regulation Bill, for prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in canteens, and its distribution on the march. In support of this motion, which was lost,—the opinions of a great number of high military authorities were quoted, to show the harm which the sale and distribution of drink has done in the army. In the course of the debate it was asserted that the present proportion of total abstainers is as high as 24 per cent.

The most encouraging work, in which success is most apparent, is that which is being done in India. Here, again, the personal labour of the Rev. Mr. Gregson, the Secretary of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association, is full of interest. He has spent twenty years in India, and says that formerly the drunkenness of the soldiers was a by-word among the Hindoos; and even educated natives would inquire if brandy-drinking was a necessary qualification for those who

were Christians. Now, in this one association there are 10,000 pledged abstainers. The society was formed in Agra in 1862, and reorganised in 1872, and since then, under the direction of its devoted secretary, it has been working with a zeal and judgment beyond all praise.

The report for 1880 states, on the ground of health, economy, good conduct, and the general effectiveness of the men, temperance is advocated, and one point especially criticized is the spiriting-drinking in the regimental canteens. But it is most gratifying to observe that in the course of five years there has been a reduction in consumption of rum to the extent of 56,088 gallons. Throughout the Afghan campaign rum-drinking was the cause of much insubordination. At Jellalabad the guard over the stores broke into the barrels and got incapably drunk, which led to a native Sepoy guard being placed over the stores, as the British soldier could not be trusted with rum.

On the other hand, we are glad to notice that 422 bars of honour have been given to men who kept their pledges faithfully throughout the Afghan campaign. The following statistics form a striking evidence, and speak for themselves. Only one abstainer died from disease in the 72nd Highlanders, against 29 non-abstainers; 21 admissions to hospital, against 938 non-abstainers; 3 punishments for abstainers, against 93 for non-abstainers.

In the past year 17 fresh societies have been added to our cause; the increase of membership has been 1,365. The honours that are given for fidelity to the pledge are thought much of; and once, when one of the gallant members died, his sister wrote out to his regiment to ask them to be sure and "send home her brother's temperance honours." The total returns for Indian army are as follows: 128 societies, 9,002 members, and those who had won honours out of this number are 4,207.

The "Drunkards' Home" in Calcutta, under the direction of Miss Leslie, has been the means of rescuing many an unfortunate drunkard from ruin. The magazine of this association, called *On Guard*, has greatly increased in circulation; it has now a monthly issue of over 1,000, and is instrumental in spreading throughout India a great deal of temperance information. From this cheering report the whole work may be said to be making a permanent and progressive way among all uniforms of our army in our Eastern Empire.

Personal service, both at home and abroad, has been the instrument for bringing about all the reforms gained and all the victories won in this special field of action. A larger band of heroic men and women, even more united by wise organization, might in very few years bring about so great a change among our brave defenders that again it might be said "all the world wonder," not at the fearless ride of the immortal six hundred, but at a sober army, made so by the highest principles of heroic self-restraint, and by an implicit obedience to the dictates of conscience as to the trumpet's call to death or victory.

MOTHER'S WORK.

THREE busy darlings! How can mother's hand
Their countless needs fulfil?
Some new expedient must be hourly planned
To keep the babies still.

Three little chubby forms to bathe and dress
With each returning day;
So many dear, hurt fingers to caress,
And tears to kiss away.

So many precious ringlets to be curled,
And petted one by one!
(Ah, mother's work is sweetest in the world
Though it is never done.)

So many busy feet to guard and tend,
Lest they may go astray;
So many little frocks to make and mend
With every closing day.

So many dear immortal souls to guide
With patient, tender love,
Till they shall walk, with the glad purified,
The golden streets above.

So many hours of unbreathed agony,
With throbbing heart and brain,
While patient love keeps watch with wakeful eye
Beside the bed of pain.

So many wild and agonizing prayers
For the dear life at stake,
Till God in boundless love our idol spares
For tender pity's sake.

These dimpled hands that daily clasp in prayer
Beside "dear mother's" knee:
The dearest objects of my love and care
Bring Heaven's best gifts to me.

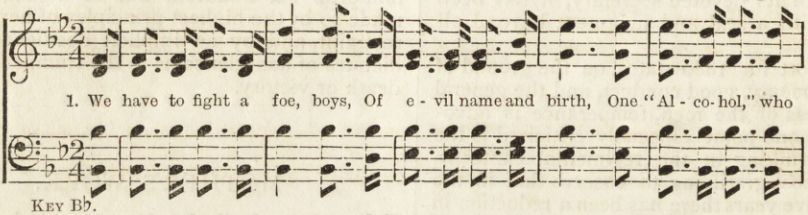
I hourly learn through them the lesson sweet
Of perfect filial trust, [feet—
To leave—through love—life's sorrows at God's
And not because I must.

And so, unconsciously, my babes repay
All trouble they have given,
By showing me more perfectly each day
The nearest path to heaven.

L. A. P.

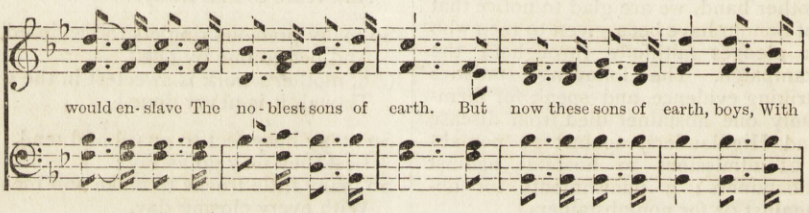
WE'LL MAKE THE FOE RETREAT, BOYS.

Words by JOSEPH MALINS, G.W.C.T. *From "The Good Templar's Watchword," by per.*

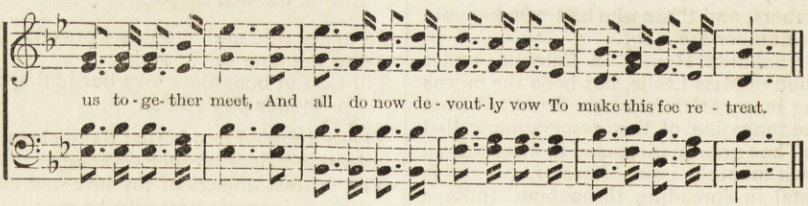


KEY B♭.

.s₁	s₁ .,s₁ :l₁ .,s₁	m :m .,d	l₁ .,l₁ :l₁ .,d	f :-.f	f .,m :m .,m
2. The	horn - y hand-ed	work-men, The	ploughmen from the	farms, And	dig-gers from the
.m₁	m₁ .,m₁ :f₁ .,m₁	s₁ :s₁ .,s₁	f₁ .,f₁ :f₁ .,f₁	l₁ :-.l₁	l₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .,s₁
3. We	know not sect or	na - tion, Our	field is all the	world! On	land and on the
.d	d .,d :d .,d	d :d .,d	d .,d :d .,l₁	d :-.d	d .,d :d .,d
4. We	know in ev - 'ry	bat - tle Some	use - ful lives are	lost; But	tho' our task is
.d₁	d₁ .,d₁ :d₁ .,d₁	d₁ :d₁ .,m₁	f₁ .,f₁ :f₁ .,f₁	f₁ :-.f₁	d₁ .,d₁ :d₁ .,d₁
5. For	life we have en - list -	ed, And, free from doubt and fear,		We	sight the hos - tile



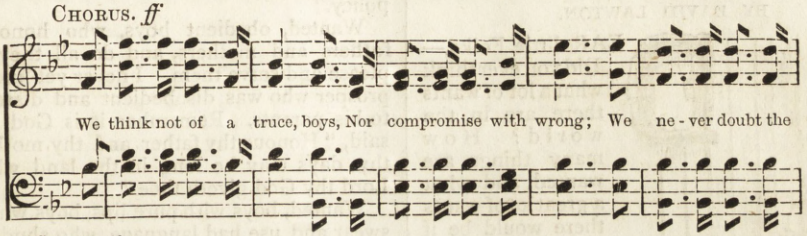
m .,r :r .,r	d .,t₁ :d .,m	r :-.s₁	s₁ .,s₁	l₁ .,s₁	m :m .,d
gold - mines Have	come to shoul-der	arms. With	us they shoul-der	arms, boys, While
s₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .,s₁	m₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .,s₁	s₁ :-.f₁	m₁ .,m₁	f₁ .,m₁	s₁ :s₁ .,s₁
o - - cean Our	flag is now un-	furled. And	now it is un-	furled, boys, Be -
d .,t₁ :t₁ .,t₁	d .,r :d .,d	t₁ :-.t₁	d .,d	d .,d	d :d .,d
migh - ty, We've	count-ed up the	cost. Yes,	count-ed all the	cost, boys, And
s₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .,s₁	d .,s₁ :m₁ .,d₁	s₁ :-.s₁	d₁ .,d₁	d₁ .,d₁	d₁ :d₁ .,m₁
for - ces, And	give a hear - ty	cheer! We	give a	ring-ing	cheer, boys! And



l₁ .,l₁ :l₁ .,d	f :-.f	f .,m :m .,m	m .,r :r .,r	d .,t₁ :m .,r	d :-.
drums—by quakers	beat—Shall	cheer us on, till,	vic - t'ry won, We	make the foe re-	treat.
f₁ .,f₁ :f₁ .,f₁	l₁ :-.l₁	l₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .,s₁	s₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .,f₁	m₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .,f₁	m₁ :-.
neath its folds we	greet Both	In-dian red and	"Wooley-head," To	make the foe re-	treat.
d .,d :d .,l₁	d :-.d	d .,d :d .,d	d .,t₁ :t₁ .,t₁	d .,r :d .,t₁	d :-.
though it will be	great, We'll	pay the bill with	right good will, To	make the foe re-	treat.
f₁ .,f₁ :f₁ .,f₁	f₁ :-.f₁	d₁ .,d₁ :d₁ .,d₁	s₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .,s₁	d₁ .,s₁ :m₁ .,s₁	d₁ :-.
rush with foot-steps fleet	Up - on the foe, with blow on blow, To force him to				re - treat.

WE'LL MAKE THE FOE RETREAT, BOYS—(*continued*).

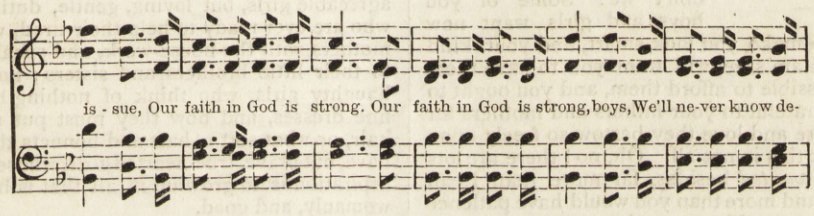
CHORUS. *ff*



We think not of a truce, boys, Nor compromise with wrong; We ne - ver doubt the

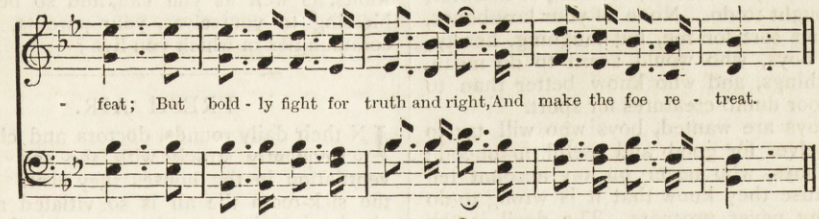
CHORUS. *ff*

.m	s .,s :s .,m	d :d .,s$_1$	l$_1$.,l$_1$:l$_1$.,d	f :- .f	m .,m :m .,m		
.s$_1$	d .,d :d .,s$_1$	s$_1$:s$_1$.,m$_1$	f$_1$.,f$_1$:f$_1$.,f$_1$	l$_1$:- .l$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$.,s$_1$		
We	think not of a	truce, boys, Nor	compromise with	wrong; We	ne - ver doubt the		
.d	m .,m :m .,d	m :m .,d	d .,d :d .,l$_1$	d :- .d	d .,d :d .,d		
.d	d .,d :d .,d	d :d$_1$.,d$_1$	f$_1$.,f$_1$:f$_1$.,f$_1$	f$_1$:- .f$_1$	d$_1$.,d$_1$:d$_1$.,d$_1$		



is - sue, Our faith in God is strong. Our faith in God is strong, boys, We'll ne-ver know de-

s :s .,m	r .,d :r .,m	r :- .s$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:l$_1$.,s$_1$	m :m .,d	l$_1$.,l$_1$:l$_1$.,d		
d :d .,s$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$.,s$_1$	s$_1$:- .f$_1$	m$_1$.,m$_1$:f$_1$.,m$_1$	s$_1$:s$_1$.,s$_1$	f$_1$.,f$_1$:f$_1$.,f$_1$		
is - sue, Our	faith in God is	strong. Our	faith in God is	strong, boys, We'll	ne-ver know de-		
m :d .,d	t$_1$.,l$_1$:t$_1$.,d	t$_1$:- .t$_1$	d .,d :d .,d	d :d .,d	d .,d :d .,l$_1$		
d$_1$:m$_1$.,d$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$.,s$_1$	s$_1$:- .s$_1$	d$_1$.,d$_1$:d$_1$.,d$_1$	d$_1$:d$_1$.,m$_1$	f$_1$.,f$_1$:f$_1$.,f$_1$		



- feat; But bold - ly fight for truth and right, And make the foe re - treat.

f :- .f	f .,m :m .,r	r .,d :s .,f	m .,r :d .,t$_1$	d :- .			
l$_1$:- .l$_1$	l$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$.,f$_1$	f$_1$.,m$_1$:d .,l$_1$	s$_1$.,f$_1$:m$_1$.,r$_1$	m$_1$:- .			
feat; But	bold - ly fight for	truth and right, And	make the foe re -	treat.			
d :- .d	d .,d :d .,t$_1$	d .,d :m .,d	d .,t$_1$:d .,s$_1$	s$_1$:- .			
f$_1$:- .f$_1$	d$_1$.,d$_1$:s$_1$.,s$_1$	d .,d :d .,f$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$.,s$_1$	d$_1$:- .			

WANTED.

Band of Hope Address.

BY DAVID LAWTON.



DEAR little Folks,—Did you ever think what a lot of wants there are in the world? How many things are wanted, and what a great lot of wants there would be if everybody's wants could be put together! We are all of us wanting something or other every day of our lives. We teetotalers want to make all the people sober and good, don't we? Some of you boys and girls want new clothes to make you look smart, and your kind parents, I am sure, will want you to have them if it is possible to afford them, and you ought to be very grateful to your fathers and mothers for all the care and love they bestow so freely upon you. But this is not all. Oh, no! there are lots of things *wanted* besides, far more than I can think of, and more than you would have patience to read about. However, there are some *wants* which concern you, and I will just mention one or two.

BOYS ARE WANTED. What! when there are so many already? Yes, *boys* are wanted—not lazy, heedless muffs, who are good for nothing, but real live boys, who can shout, and stamp, and sing, and run, and jump, and caper, and play at cricket, football, or marbles, as boys ought to do. None of your lazy-bones, creep-along sort for me, but laughing, hearty, mirthful boys, who would scorn to do mean, shabby things, and who know better than to torture poor dumb creatures for sport.

Yes, boys are wanted, boys who will try to fit themselves for good and useful manhood; truthful boys, who never on any account tell lies, because they know that it is wrong to do so. Lying never prospers. The devil is the greatest liar, and he is also the greatest loser, in the universe.

Honest boys are wanted, boys who do not rob orchards, or steal things that lie in their way, or shirk their work when their master's eye is not upon them. Remember that it is just as bad to rob your employer of his time as it would be to steal his money; therefore you should be as attentive to your work when your master is absent as you are when he is close at your side, and you may be sure that even in this matter, as in all others, "honesty will be the best policy."

Wanted, obedient boys, who honour their fathers and mothers, and do all they can to please and serve them. I never yet knew a boy prosper who was disobedient and disrespectful to his parents. Remember it is God who has said, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Wanted, boys with pure lips, boys who do not swear and use bad language, who shudder with horror at an oath, and are careful not to cultivate slang. Wanted, boys who do not disgrace their boyhood with tobacco.

Wanted, temperance boys, who will dare to stick to their pledges in spite of the jeers and laughter of those who may try to drag them down to the low level of themselves.

Girls, too, are wanted—not cross, sulky, disagreeable girls, but loving, gentle, dutiful girls, who are ever ready to help their tired, worn-out mothers with the house-work, and speak kindly to their little brothers and sisters; not proud, haughty girls, who think of nothing but their fine dresses, and how they must put up their hair, or what sort of hats and bonnets they must have, but brave, true-hearted girls, whose dearest aspiration is to grow up in all that is beautiful, womanly, and good.

And above all, God wants an ever-increasing number of earnest, holy young people, who shall devote themselves to the great work of raising and blessing our fallen humanity by all the means in their power, and whose life shall be a powerful influence for good wherever they may be placed.

Dear children, will you all try to supply these wants, as well as you can, and so become a blessing to yourselves, your parents, and the communities in which you live?

FRESH AIR.

IN their daily rounds, doctors and clergy are frequently struck with the sad want of ventilation in the houses they visit. Even in the sick-room the air is so vitiated as to be absolutely noisome to those entering from without. Windows seem scarcely ever to be opened, fireplaces are frequently stopped up with bags of chaff and straw, and every possibility of the pure air of heaven coming into the apartment is cut off. A well-known physician thus writes on this subject, and we trust all our readers will carefully weigh his wise words:—

"Very few people know the full value of pure air. They know that unless they got some

kind of air to breathe every few seconds they would die ; but of the quality of that air, unless it is perceptibly disagreeable to the senses, they think and care very little indeed. And yet pure air is of more real importance than pure water or food. In the course of twenty-four hours we take into our bodies usually under two pounds of solid food, and three or four pints of water, or fluids which, fortunately for us, are chiefly water ; but in the same period we breathe into our lungs from 300 to 500 cubic feet, or from 1,000 to 2,000 gallons of air. Moreover, solid and fluid foods are comparatively slow in reaching the blood, and they are subjected to many different chemical processes before they are allowed to enter it, most of their impurities being first removed, but nearly all the blood in the body passes through the lungs in the course of a few seconds. Much of the air which the blood meets with in the air-cells of the lungs is absorbed by the myriads of little red boats that float along the blood-vessels, and is by them carried to the innermost recesses of the body. Hence the extreme importance of very minute quantities of impurity in the air to which the blood is exposed.

"There are many fearful instances on record of poisoning by bad air. Most people have heard of the black hole of Calcutta, in which so many British soldiers lost their lives, out of 146 prisoners only twenty-three having survived the single night of imprisonment. Another more recent instance is that of the steamer *Londonderry*, in one of its voyages between Liverpool and Sligo. The story told is, that 'On Friday, 2nd December, 1848, she left for Liverpool, with 200 passengers on board, mostly emigrants. Stormy weather came on, and the captain ordered every one to go below. The cabin for the steerage passengers was only eighteen feet long, eleven feet wide, and seven feet high. Into this small space the passengers were crowded ; they would only have suffered inconvenience if the hatches had been left open, but the captain ordered these to be closed, and, for some reason not explained, he ordered a tarpaulin to be thrown over the entrance to the cabin and fastened down. The wretched passengers were now condemned to breathe over and over again the same air. This soon became intolerable. Then occurred a horrible scene of frenzy and violence, amid the groans of the expiring and the curses of the more robust. This was stopped only by one of the men contriving to force his way on deck, and to alarm the mate, who was called to a fearful spectacle. Seventy-two were already dead, and many were dying.'

"The cause of this tragedy was simply the air vitiated by having been breathed into the lungs.

"These are, of course, extreme examples, but every day, throughout the whole of England, a similar form of poisoning by bad air is being carried on by day or night—though it is more slowly and insidiously brought about.

"It is owing to this cause that a large number of persons die of consumption every year. It is the most powerful ally of infectious disease, and is a common cause of convulsions and other fearful diseases amongst young children. It cannot be too well known that the air that we take in with each breath is immediately spoiled for further breathing, and that after once passing into the lungs it contains so much impurity as to vitiate 100 times its own bulk of air.

"To keep air at the proper standard of purity it needs to be constantly renewed at the enormous rate of 3,000 cubic feet, or more than 10,000 gallons of air per head, per hour—240,000 gallons a day, for every inhabitant of a house. No wonder that so many schemes for efficient ventilation have been brought forward—open windows, open doors, air-shafts, chimneys, and all the rest of the means that have been recommended. If the air we breathe is to be kept pure, night and day, some of these means must be effectually employed ; and if on going into any chamber fresh from the open air any close smell is perceptible, this at once shows that the process of poisoning has begun, and that you are in danger of sowing the seeds o lingering disease."

WHAT GOOD CAN IT DO?

"What good can it do,
To smoke and to chew,
To swear and to drink,
And never to think
What the end will be?"

"WHERE did you get hold of that nonsense?" asked a gruff voice.

The little girl who had repeated this long question looked up with a start, and said, "I didn't know you were here, father."

Poor Bessie caught her breath quickly, afraid to tell, and yet more afraid to keep silence. "I read it in my teacher's book," she replied at length.

"What book?"

"I don't know what book. It was full of writing. She said it was a good question to ask ; so I learned it."

"Well, don't you go near that woman again. She can mind her own business for time to come."

"Oh, father! don't say I can't go to see her again," cried Bessie, forgetting all other fear in that of not seeing that dear teacher who had

been almost her only friend since her mother died. "I won't ever look into the book again."

"Stop your noise, and go into the house," growled the brutal father. "A pretty pass things have come to, if children can't do what they're told, without making a fuss about it!"

Bessie obeyed, went into the poor, old house she called home, and mounted the rickety stairs. There was her retreat. A low chamber, with bare rafters, inviting only because she was secure from intrusion. What few gifts she had received during her short life were carefully hoarded in a trunk, which had been her mother's, and upon this the child rested her head, while hot, scalding tears coursed down her cheeks. So desolate! If she could only die and go to her mother!

Presently she was roused by the sound of a familiar voice; and looking from the window, she saw her teacher Miss Shipman. "Mr. Wines, I have come over to talk to you about your little girl," Bessie heard her say.

Now Mr. Wines had a great respect for Miss Shipman, and never thought of answering her roughly. On the contrary, he made an effort to be very polite, and invited her into the house. But she preferred standing in the pleasant sunshine, and he took off his hat while talking with her. After some conversation he promised that Bessie should go to her three times a week, and even thanked her for being willing to teach the child.

Bessie heard it all, but was wise enough to remain quiet until called. She walked a short distance with Miss Shipman on her way home, and then went back to get her father's supper.

The preparations were simple; for a drunkard has ways of spending money which seem to him better than buying food. There was a loaf of bread, a bit of butter, a pot of tea, and a dish of blackberries. These Bessie had found in a pasture not far from the house, and she thought them a great treat, but her father did not taste them.

After eating, he tipped back his chair and began to smoke. "I suppose Miss Shipman told you what she came for?" he said, when his pipe was exhausted.

"Yes," replied the child.

"Well, you'll have to go now, since I gave my word; but don't let me hear any more of your lingo."

You see Tom Wines couldn't forget what his little daughter had said. Something kept whispering in his ear, "What good can it do?" and he had nothing to answer.

The next week one of his boon companions in drunkenness dropped dead at his side. Rum was the murderer, and for once Tom Wines went home thoroughly sobered.

"Bess, what was that I heard you say last week? It began, 'What good can it do?'"

Never was a child more astonished than little Bessie Wines when thus addressed by her father. "You told me not to say it again."

"Well, Jim Bradley has just dropped down dead, and I want to hear it."

"That wicked man dead?" exclaimed Bessie.

"Yes, he is dead. The end has come to him. What was it you read in Miss Shipman's book?"

In a clear, distinct voice, Bessie repeated the words which had once made her father so angry.

"It can't do any good," he muttered to himself. And he ought to know, for he had tried it ever since he was a very young man.

LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE.

I AM a very little boy,
As you may plainly see;
But I suppose with little blows
Men fell each giant tree.

I cannot work like brother Tom
At Farmer Dawson's farm,
But I can bear my little share
And keep away from harm.

Just send me to the draper's shop
For needles, cloth, or tie;
I'm there and back quite in a crack,
No sleepy-head am I!

Just send me to the butcher's shop
To buy a pound of beef;
I turn about, I'm in and out
As fast as any thief.

Just send me to the baker's shop
To bring a loaf of bread;
Away I run, the task is done
Before the table's spread.

Just send me to the grocer's shop
For butter, cheese, or eggs,
And you will be surprised to see
How fast I stir my legs.

They call me Little Wide-awake—
I'm proud of my good name,
For little deeds, like tiny seeds,
May lead to larger fame.

So I have quite made up my mind
To try the wiser plan,
For willing feet and manners sweet
Will make a better man.—W. HOYLE.



"They call me Little Wide-awake."—p. 108.

THE LESSON LEARNED TOO LATE.



ON a cold, miserably wet evening of November, some years ago, I was hurrying homewards along one of the thoroughfares of a large city, when sounds of a child sobbing bitterly reached me, and, turning, I found the sounds came from a little girl crouched upon the pavement of a kind of passage or covered entry, which led from the main street.

She could not be more than nine or ten years old; and the pinched and care-worn expression upon her delicately pale features, and the loose, thin raiment in which she was clad, told a tale of constant suffering and ill-usage.

Prompted by sympathy or curiosity, I could not forbear questioning the child as to the cause of her being there, and learned that her mother had been dead about three years, and that her father, a man given to excessive drinking, treated her in a manner more befitting a brute than a man, when under its influence, but that when sober, which was seldom, was as kind as such natures can be.

But it was not the ill-treatment of her surviving parent which she was lamenting, but the fact that his end was drawing near, brought on by a drinking bout more terrible and lengthy than any she had ever experienced.

Drawn by an irresistible impulse to help the child if possible, I told her I would accompany her home, and see if I could do anything to appease the suffering of her father; and, guided by the little stranger, I hastened along down one street and then another until I arrived at a place which, for destitution and desolation, I had never seen its like.

Proceeding down a dark alley, we emerged into a little square or court. Pausing at the foot of some half-dozen of stone steps, which led up to a door that stood open, my guide informed me that we had arrived at our destination. Preceded by the child, I gained the door and entered in. Everything was shrouded in darkness; and stumbling along up three flights of broken and rickety stairs, I gained a landing at the top of the house, and felt the cold wind and rain upon me as it entered by the broken skylight in the roof. Reaching a door, which the child opened, and then retreated, I found myself in an apartment more squalid and revolting than I could have conceived. The room was but dimly lighted by a candle, which flared away in its socket upon the floor, close to a heap of old rags which covered the form of a man, emaciated and sunken. No fire was in the grate to shed warmth and comfort around, and the room could boast of no furniture save a stool and a broken table, which would not stand unless propped firmly against the wall.

Seating myself upon the former, I entered into conversation with the man, who I at once could see, with my unpractised eye, was destined not long to remain in this world.

At first my visit was rudely resented; but upon assuring him I had come with a desire to help him, he became more tractable. I left, promising to call upon the following day to see how he fared.

I did not fail to keep my appointment, and found him more affable than he was when I entered his room upon the previous evening; and after some conversation as to his state, he gave me a short outline of his history.

In early life he had been a respectable and well-to-do working man, respected by his employers, and looked up to by his fellow workmen; but in an evil hour he yielded to the temptations of some of his companions, and consented to spend an hour with them in a public-house which they frequented. Having once gone, he went again, and then again, until it became a habit with him to spend his evenings in that manner. Not all at once did he lose his self-respect, but gradually, until it became no rare thing to see him staggering homewards at midnight, there to abuse the wife whom he had promised to cherish. Time went on, and spending his leisure in so unprofitable a manner, he became careless, and neglected his daily duties, until, losing the respect of his employers, he had been obliged to leave his situation owing to his intemperate habits. And now things went hard with him. He found it difficult to get work elsewhere, and his former companions refused to assist him. He was reduced to penury and want, in the midst of which, borne down by grief and trouble, his wife, a woman who had always striven to help him, sickened and, after a short illness, died.

Since then he and his child had lived as best they could. He had found but little work to do, and the money he earned had been spent in the usual way as soon as got. His furniture was gone save a few broken articles, and his child had been left to roam the streets and pick up a livelihood in any way which presented itself. "And now, sir," he concluded, "after having lived

a wasted life, and made miserable the lives of my wife and child, as well as my own existence, I am about to die without a friend to look after the child when I am gone ; for though I have acted towards her in a base and brutish manner, I now see the folly of my ways, and wonder what will become of her."

Promising to do something to assist the child, and comforting him in the best way I could, I left him to the care and counsel of a worthy clergyman of the district.

Some few days later, I heard of his death, and remembering my promise, I sought out the little girl, and obtained for her admission into an institution where I knew she would be well trained and cared for.

Some years have passed since that time, and the child, who is fast developing into womanhood, for some time now has been in service, and has proved herself to be, despite her early training, both faithful and affectionate. How many men there are in our cities who, in a weak moment, have yielded to temptation, and, by a continual neglect of all noble aspirations and feelings, have fallen from the high pedestal of manhood to become little better than the brute creation ! And how many neglected and half-starved children there are who only require a helping hand to enable them to develop and exercise the good and noble qualities befitting the children of those who are formed in the likeness of their God !

"EMINENT MEN ON TOBACCO."

THE late Sir BENJAMIN BRODIE, Bart., F.R.S., Physician to the Queen.—"The effects of this habit (of smoking) are, indeed, various, the difference depending on difference of constitution, and difference in the mode of life otherwise. But, from the best observations which I have been able to make on the subject, I am led to believe that THERE ARE VERY FEW WHO DO NOT SUFFER HARM FROM IT, TO A GREATER OR LESS EXTENT. Boys, even at the best schools, get the habit of smoking, because they think it manly and fashionable to do so, NOT UNFREQUENTLY BECAUSE THEY HAVE THE EXAMPLE SET THEM BY THEIR TUTORS, and partly because there is no friendly voice to warn them as to the special ill consequences to which it may give rise where the process of growth is not yet completed, and the organs are not yet fully developed."

EDWARD HANLAN, the champion sculler of the world.—"In my opinion, the best physical performances can only be secured through the absolute abstinence from the use of alcohol and tobacco. This is my rule, and I find, after three years' constant work at the oar, during which time I have rowed many notable match races, that I am better able to contend in a great race than when I first commenced. In fact, I believe that the use of liquor and tobacco has a most injurious effect upon the system of an athlete by irritating the vitals, and consequently weakening the system."

A BAND OF HOPE MELODY.

As by the village school I strayed
One lovely autumn day,
The children of the Band of Hope
Sang sweet a temperance lay ;
They sang their little song of love,
So simple, yet so grand,
And prayed, "God speed the temperance cause
Throughout our native land ! "

My ear was charmed, my heart was touched'
As sweetly rose the song,
And light flashed in upon my soul,
Convincing, clear, and strong.
I learned the wine-cup was the source
Of many grievous wrongs,
And blessed my God who taught me this
By little infant tongues.

Oh, why has custom blinded men
Against the temperance truth ?
Why do we touch the cursed thing
That saps the springs of youth ?
That blights the hope, that blasts the fame,
That withers every joy ?
That mocks the victim of its power,
And lures but to destroy ?

Banish the drink that brings such woe,
The traffic, and the laws
That stand, as giants, to oppose
The blessed temperance cause ;
Then from a nation's heart will rise
All praise to Him above,
Who ushers in through feeblest means
The reign of peace and love.

May God in mercy speed the day
When o'er our lovely isle
The blessings of the temperance cause
In every home shall smile ;
And may the children's Band of Hope
In power and might expand,
And may their simple prayer be heard,
"God bless our native land ! "

E. ALLWORTHY.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it.

NO one can have failed to observe the power of a true life upon all with whom it comes in contact.

A BLEMISH may be taken out of a diamond by careful polishing; but if your words have the least blemish, there is no way to efface it.

WE can easily manage if we will only take each day the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

LOVE never tires; and the more we love the more we have of solid satisfaction. Every new soul we come in contact with and learn to esteem fills us with new life. Those who love others are themselves full of sunshine, and the day marches triumphantly on with them from rosy morn to dewy eve and silent night.

WHEN you wish to delight yourself, think of the virtues of those who live near you; for instance, the activity of one, the modesty of another, the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. For nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues when they are exhibited in the morals of those who live with us and present themselves in abundance. Wherefore we must keep them before us.

DOES IT PAY?—The average duration of life, after forming habits of intemperance, is said to be eighteen years among mechanics, working and labouring men, seventeen years among traders, dealers, and merchants, fifteen years among professional men and gentlemen, and fourteen years among females.

A YOUNG mother, in despair at ever teaching her idle little girl, aged four, her letters, and thinking that perhaps the child knew more than she would admit, said, "Now, Katie, I won't try to teach you to-day; you shall be mother, and teach me my letters." "May I really and truly be mother?" said Kate. "Yes, my darling." "Let's begin then," was the response. "You have been a very good child to-day, and you may have a whole holiday." And Katie shut up the book and ran off laughing.

"YOU see," said Dr. Franklin, "the trouble with a man who never 'made a mistake in his life' is that he never makes anything."

CIRCUS men are models of application—always intent on their business.

TIME is woman's rival, for no tight-lacing can compare with the *waste* of time.

A MAN in a passion resembles coal. The redder he gets the more heat he gives out.

THE FARMER'S FAVOURITE VEST.—The harvest.

A HALLO MOCKERY.—The echo.

RIFLE CLUBS.—Gangs of pickpockets.

THE chap who fell into error was lifted out by the lever of public opinion.

"VERY good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

WHEN does a farmer act with great rudeness towards his corn?—When he pulls its ears.

HIGH TIME.—That kept by a town clock.

A HOMESPUN DRESS.—The skin.

"DO make yourselves at home, ladies," said a lady one day to her visitors. "I'm at home myself, and I wish you all were."

A LETTER writer from Naples says: "Standing on Castle Elmo I drank in the whole sweep of the bay." What a swallow he must have!

WHY is a selfish friend like the letter P?—Because, though the first in pity, he's the last in help.

A MAN never realises how plentiful mustard is, and how scarce are bread and meat, until he tackles a railway refreshment-room sandwich.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

From the National Temperance Publication Depôt we have received the following:—

"The Eclipse Temperance Elocutionist." Containing a selection from the poetry and speeches of the leading temperance reformers, who, by their pen and brain, have served the cause. A useful book for selecting Band of Hope recitations.

"Plucked from the Burning." A True Temperance Story. By Laura L. Pratt. A readable book, containing the sad history of drink in a doctor's life.

"Harold Hastings;" or, the Vicar's Son. By James Yeames. Revealing the evils of intemperance in respectable family life, and setting forth with graphic touches the virtues of abstinence in the life and work of a good curate.

"Juvenile Temperance Stories." Two little volumes with twelve short tales in each by various writers, but all are adapted to fulfil their mission and spread temperance principles among the young.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—Hand and Heart—The Temperance Record—The British Temperance Advocate—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Rechabite Magazine—The Dietetic Reformer—The Good Templar Gem—Rainbow Readings—Winsome Word—The Children's Sunbeam—The Beacon Series of Temperance Tracts—Our Watchword, a temperance magazine for the people, by F. E. Longley, and a very useful little book called "Good Cookery," price one penny, by the same editor.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but Heaven."—TAPPEAN.



BOYS have a wonderful knack of accommodating themselves to their surroundings, and before many days had elapsed Bertie Winchester was as much at home at "The Poplars" as he ever expected to be. The companionship of Harry Rogers proved more agreeable day by day, and was a mutual help which they both soon learnt to highly value.

"It is so jolly to have some one to tell your secrets to," was Bertie's confidential confession one morning, and oddly enough these private affairs were always turning up. Sometimes it would be a purely school topic, such as a master's friendly opinion of Winchester's exercise book; upon other occasions, "news from home" would furnish enough for five or ten minutes' gossip, although Bertie's home letters were, as a rule, of the briefest, and only came at long intervals.

One morning, however, within a few days of the "break-up" for the Midsummer holidays, he had a welcome surprise, in the shape of a letter bearing the Melbourne postmark. The arrival of a "foreigner," as the boys called the letter, was a rare event, and within five minutes of its delivery the whole establishment was aware of the fact.

As for Bertie, he was almost beside himself for joy. He scampered off to his bedroom, and was promptly followed by his "chum," who was naturally anxious to get hold of a "secret that was something like a secret," as he said.

"It's a letter from our George, and I'm so glad to get it."

Sitting down together, they read the following:—

"Westbury Street, Melbourne.
"24*th March*, 18—

"MY DEAR OLD BERTIE,—

"I don't know why I am writing to you first of all, but being out here by myself, and remembering you have gone down to the old school by yourself, I have been thinking our feelings will be pretty much the same. The *Star of the West* only arrived out yesterday, and I am to wait here until Uncle John comes over from Launceston, which I expect he will do as soon as he knows I have landed.

"We had a fairish voyage, but somehow or other I didn't enjoy it very much. There was too much drinking on board to suit me. Only think, to be surrounded on all sides by the sea, to be unable to get beyond the boundaries of the deck of the vessel, and to see all day long men and women sitting about card-playing and drinking between meal-times.

"One night there was an awful fight among three or four of the crew, the end being that two of them were afterwards put into irons for several days. You may well believe all this drinking was far from making me like the journey. Indeed I was wretched most of the time; but there is one thing out of it anyhow—I am more than ever determined never to touch the liquor again. I shall tell Uncle John straight off that I am a teetotaler, so that I may commence with him as I mean to go on.

"I do hope you mean to be firm too. What would I give to get poor Wilmot back! Write as soon as you can, and tell me all about yourself, and any home news you have heard. I intend to write to them by this mail, and I shall tell them too that I have been an abstainer all the journey out.

"What a time it will be before you receive this, and what a time before I can have an answer back! Good-bye; write soon.

"Your affectionate brother,
"GEORGE."

"Poor fellow," was Rogers' comment.

"Isn't it a pity they sent him so far," said Bertie. "He'll never, never come back," and the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Oh, yes, he will! Besides, even if he doesn't, what's to hinder you from going out to him some day?"

The conversation was cut short by the ringing of the breakfast bell, and a few moments later the two lads were once more in the society of their companions.

Now one of Dr. Potts' eccentricities was to give what he called a "surprise treat" to his pupils immediately before the holidays.

The place and date were never divulged until the actual day arrived. The boys knew that the event was certain to come off, and as the end of the term approached became more and more expectant.

Immediately after breakfast on this particular day, the Dr. made the cheering announcement—"Gentlemen, studies are suspended for the day. In half-an-hour conveyances will be

waiting to take us to the 'Beeches.' See that you are all ready in time."

Ready in time! as if there could be any doubt about that!

"I felt sure it was to be to-day"; "I knew all along this was the day"—such were the repeated affirmations of one after another of the boys as they hurried to their rooms.

As may be well imagined, it was an inspiriting sight to witness the three well-filled waggonettes start on the day's excursion through the Berkshire lanes. Every one appeared to be in the best of tempers, the very horses apparently understood they were on a pleasure trip. To the far-famed "Burnham Beeches" they went on at a right merry pace, kicking up a great dust by the way, attracting the attention of the cottagers by the roadside, and bringing together almost a crowd as they halted for a rest of a few minutes at the principal hotel in Reading.

No need to tell of the wonderful descriptions with which the boys who *had* seen the Beeches entertained those who *hadn't;* no need to tell of the bantering salutations exchanged with pedestrians; no need to say how loudly unfortunate waggoners were bawled at "to get out of the way"—"to keep their own side"—and otherwise instructed as to what they should, and should not do, all because "'The Poplar' boys" were having a day's outing.

But, be the journey long or short, pleasant or disagreeable, it must come to an end some time—and soon, almost too soon, some of the lads thought, the Beeches were in sight—soon, almost too soon, they were there! "Keep well together until we've pic-nicked," was the word; and they did keep well together—and they did pic-nic, too, with a hearty earnestness which soon told a tale upon the hampers. Plenty of eatables of the kind boys like! Pasty and pie, pie and pasty! Sandwiches of a thickness to tempt the use of the pocket-knife! Hunks of bread and cheese! Squash almost without stint!

What is squash? Why, squash *is* squash! Squash in "Poplar" language stood for beer. Not XXX. beer, or Burton beer, but beer for all that. Table beer—school beer—beer of which a good deal might be taken without producing intoxication. Beer of the kind of which folk are so fond of saying, "It won't *hurt* any one!"—a questionable recommendation at the best, for ought not our test of things to be, "What *good* will it do?" rather than "How little *harm* can it do?"

Squash was, however, to an extent, harmless—and it was to an extent exceedingly harmful. Its use accustomed the lads to look for beer as a beverage—it trained them to the habit of taking beer, and we can well understand boys so brought up would not be slow to seek the stronger and strongest beers whenever the opportunity offered. This, however, by the way.

"Feeding-time" over, the party dispersed in companies, to explore to their heart's content the glorious leafy delights of grand old Burnham Wood. The joyous shouts were answered by merry peals of laughter, and the echoes repeated again and again the cheery sounds. How quickly the hours flew by! How soon the time came for the return home! Tree-climbing, racing, and even a tremendous hunt in the last ten minutes for Arnold, the youngest boy of the party, who was found comfortably coiled up in the long ferns and as fast asleep as if he had been laid in a cosy bed—failed to weary the lads; as a body they refused to be tired, and on the return journey seemed, if anything, to be more fresh and frolicsome than ever.

Snatches of song, enlivened by cheers for the masters, cheers for themselves, cheers for the villagers, cheers for celebrities, shortened the distance, and before ten o'clock home was reached, with no accident, no hitch, no disappointment to mar what had indeed been a happy day. A hot supper was in readiness too, to crown the festival; and afterwards Dr. Potts made his annual speech, expressing a hope that all had enjoyed themselves, and that in another year many of them would participate in a similar pleasure. The good wish was acknowledged by a storm of applause.

"Good-night" followed, and the lads hurried upstairs, but not to bed!

No, not to bed. The custom had been handed on of "making," as the lads said, "a night of it." They crowded into one another's rooms, and when one apartment was pretty well packed, blocked the door with boxes, leaving the outsiders to crowd together in other bedrooms—so that three rooms for the time served the purpose of twenty.

As it happened, the bedroom occupied by Rogers and Winchester was one of the three used upon this particular occasion, and their company consisted mainly of elder lads. They sat on the bed, on the boxes, on the floor—anywhere! At the onset conversation was carried on pretty much in whispers.

"Pity we hadn't more candle," said one, as he looked regretfully at the small allowance of candle in the socket.

"Pity we hadn't something to eat," said another.

"Eat! why you've eaten enough for a month," was the rejoinder.

"Well, to drink then," retorted Smith. "Perky," he was called, a lad who was ready for eating, drinking, smoking—everything but study, at any hour of the day or night.

"Now, Rogers, now, Winchester, can't you turn out something?"

"Not we," said the former. "How could we? We never knew this was the day; and what's more, didn't think ours was to be a room!"

"Can't somebody go to Old Buckles'?" suggested one.

"Rogers *ought* to," said "Perky," who was ever ready to appoint work for others, although he never cared to do any himself.

"Of course he ought; and he would if he had any pluck," added another.

Now "Old Buckles" was the keeper of a small shop in the lane which led up to "The Poplars," and his business to some extent depended upon the custom of "Dr. Potts' gen'l'men." He sold everything, and what he dared not sell, he always managed to give—that is, if the "young gen'l'men particklerly wanted it."

"I've pluck enough to go," protested Rogers, 'but what's the good?—and besides, how can I get out?"

"The good?" said "Perky," who now saw his opportunity—"Don't you hear we're all starving? and as for getting out, up with the window and lower you down, and the game's done."

"Don't go, Harry," entreated Winchester.

"Shut up, sneak! Of course he'll go."

"I'll go if you think I've no pluck! But what's the good?"

"The good? Don't you hear we're all starving? But you haven't the pluck," added the tormentor.

"I tell you I have," angrily replied Rogers; "and what's more, I'll go."

"Don't, Harry—don't," begged Bertie.

"Shut up," said two or three voices. "What have you to say to it? You should have been asleep long ago."

"Up with the window. Whip us the sheets," ordered "Perky," who was now in his element as a director of mischief.

Up went the window, the sheets were quickly twisted together, and Rogers clambered out to the window-sill, and in a couple of seconds had been lowered down, and was making his way with all possible haste to "Old Buckles'."

Five minutes of suspense and stillness.

"I hear him coming back! Get ready to haul up! Splendid! He is a plucky brick after all!"

"Here I am. It's all right; are you ready?"

"Yes!"

"Pull up then!"

Three or four of the lads tugged away at the sheets, and their united efforts quickly brought Rogers' head on a level with the window-sill, and he as quickly disappeared. He had missed his hold, and, to their consternation, fell with a loud thud to the ground.

(*To be continued.*)

SUNSET.

SUNSET, beautiful and golden,
Weary hearts and eyes are holden
With the mystery of thy beauty,
Working out thy God-given duty!

O'er the western sky slow stealing,
Coloured tints, day's close revealing:
Ne'er could artist catch its glory,
Ne'er could poet sing its story!

Changing ever, brighter, fairer,
Throwing radiance mellower, rarer,
Over mountain, field, and vale,
And the sea where white ships sail.

Slowly changing, slowly dying,
Now the light, fresh breeze seems sighing
For the beauty passed away,
For the brightness gone for aye.

ARTHURESTINE.

AT EVENTIDE.

I LOVE to ramble forth at eventide,
And watch the sun and nature kiss good-night,
While in the west the clouds, all crimson dyed,
Float in a boundless sea of golden light.
The flow'rets, in the waning sunset-glow,
Close their sweet eyes and bend their heads in sleep;
E'en ducklings on yon river seem to know
And watch the evening shadows round them creep.
The quietude which nature seems to feel
While waiting thus till day draws to a close,
Doth o'er my world-worn wearied spirit steal,
And soothes and calms me for the night's repose;
And makes me think how sweet our life would be
Were man and nature from sin's curse set free.

DAVID LAWTON.

FAILURE.—One fruitful source of failure is found in a lack of concentration of purpose. There will be adverse winds in every voyage, but the able seaman firmly resists their influence, while he takes advantage of every favourable breeze to speed him on his course. So in our aims and pursuits we shall find much to counteract them, much to draw away our attention from them, and, unless we are armed with a steadfast purpose that can subordinate the lesser to the greater, that can repel hindrances, resist attractions, and bend circumstances to our will, our efforts will not be crowned with success.



KEEP THE PATH OF SAFETY.

Oh, Kitty dear, now do come here,
I'm sure you'll have a fall ;
Why, only think, you're on the brink
Of that nasty red-brick wall.

Yes, if you me-ow there'll be a row !
What will your mother say ?
And if I tell she'll beat you well
Before the close of day.

I do declare it is not fair
In a little mite like you,
To think that I must be always by
To hear you if you mew.

Ah ! now you fear and look so queer,
And shall I have to call
For mother dear to come quite near
And fetch you from that wall ?

But oh ! my eye, she'll make you cry,
You naughty little Kit,
For standing there, where I can't dare
To walk, or stand, or sit.

* * * * * *

Dear children, think when people drink
They get upon the edge
Of danger's wall, and soon may fall
Unless they take the pledge.

So if you would be very good,
The safe path walk along ;
In love and light be doing right,
And grow in virtue strong.

Uncle Ben.

SWEET LITTLE NAN.

O'er flower-strewn track the mind runs back,
Recalled from these accustomed ways
To roam again with joy or pain
Through hallowed scenes of early days ;
The hills and trees that childhood sees,
The background of uncultured thought,
By memory's skilful touches will
Into life's foreground soon be brought.

But dull to me would landscape be,
However rich with beauty stored,
If love could not recall the spot
Where dwelt the one my heart adored.
And when again the verdant plain
In meditative mood I scan,
Naught in the place takes on such grace
As she—my own sweet little Nan.

I mind me how I left the plough
To help her o'er the rustic fence,
And when I plead for kiss, she fled,
Or kept me in a sweet suspense.
So slight and small was she, while tall
And strong was I as any man,
It seemed but right that I should fight
The battles of sweet little Nan.

But she grew shy, and so did I,
Were awkward in our words and ways,
And could not meet or fondly greet
Each other as in former days.
I could not sleep, or eat, or keep
My mind intent on any plan,
So lost was I in wondering why
Such change came o'er sweet little Nan.

The truth once learned, each heart discerned
The ripening of a holier flame,
And all the joy of girl and boy
Dull in comparison became.
The years have sped since we were wed,
And I, an old, grey-headed man,
Can ne'er forget where first I met,
And learned to love sweet little Nan.

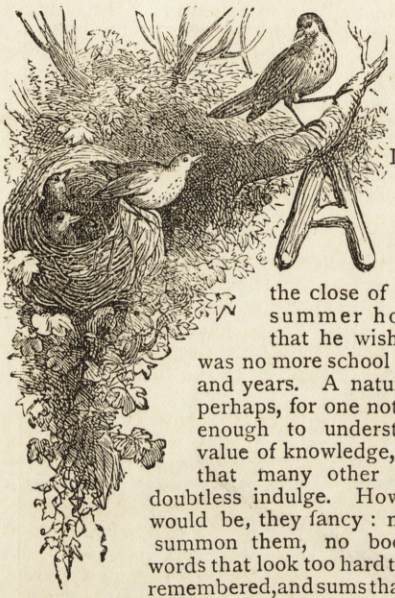
J. S.

Papa : "Johnnie, give Willie the soldiers. You know the big should always give way to the little ones." Johnnie : "You're always telling me that, papa, but I don't remember your ever giving way to me !"



"To roam again with joy or pain
Through hallowed scenes of early days."—p. 116.

HOLIDAYS.



A LITTLE boy was heard to say, towards the close of his midsummer holidays, that he wished there was no more school for years and years. A natural wish, perhaps, for one not yet old enough to understand the value of knowledge, and one that many other children doubtless indulge. How nice it would be, they fancy: no bell to summon them, no books with words that look too hard to be ever remembered, and sums that will not seem to come right, to trouble them—nothing to do but to run about and play, and enjoy themselves as they please. But though the little people may think this now, they would soon discover that if this wish could be gratified, if there were no lessons and no school, yet that it would not be quite so nice a thing as they picture it. For however pleasant holidays may be, and however good in their season, it would not do for them to last always; while little hands and feet that are long unemployed, and little minds that lie fallow and have nothing useful to think about, soon become weary and unhappy—much more so, indeed, than those of the diligent worker. The Bible, too, the best guide of all, gives us much good advice on this subject, and bids us to be not slothful in spirit, but to be "diligent in business, serving the Lord" with many other precepts to the same effect, which include not only those who are "grown up"—the minister and doctor, the merchant, builder, artisan, and husbandman, and all the other toilers of the world—but which mean the boy and girl also, busy with book, and map, and rule, and getting ready for this work of after-life, and the duties which they will soon be called upon to perform; but for which, without this necessary training, when the "years and years" had passed over, carrying away the sweet, fresh time of childhood, they would find themselves, to their great sorrow and regret, how unfit and useless! While, looking at it from another point of view, as many of us have learned in an old and familiar hymn—

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do;"

and surely no little reader would wish, if he knew it, to place himself in the power of such an enemy.

No; work is good, and holidays are good; but years and years of holidays would never do—indeed, they would soon cease to be holidays if they lasted too long. Though how many of even the older and wiser among us have not, if we have not expressed it in the same way, yet felt something of the wish of this child! For children are not the only scholars. We are all at school, though our tasks and studies may be very different; and do we not also often tire of the routine and discipline and heavy difficulties we meet with, and think how pleasant it would be if we could live without the lessons of sorrow and fear and care? There is many a difficult word we stumble at; many a problem our minds find it hard to solve; many a thing that brings the tears to our eyes and makes our hearts weary; but yet we know they are needed—needed to teach us patience and perseverance; needed to curb our wild passions, to train our mind and spirit, and more than all, to fit us for the service of Christ, the Master, who will give to all those who have tried faithfully to serve Him here a new sweet life in heaven, where tasks, and tears, and troubles will never come.

OUR VILLAGE.

BY LOUIE SLADE.

"OH, you have got tea ready, Myra! I am so glad, for I am very thirsty, and tired too."

So said my brother Pryce as he came in from a long walk one warm spring day, and he looked tired and dispirited as he seated himself opposite me. Pryce and I were orphans; and I had come to live with him upon his accepting the pastorate of a small village church.

The locality was charming, we were both delighted with the picturesque scenery; and my brother thought here was a sphere of usefulness open to us both.

With what sanguine hearts and high hopes we had come there! How many plans we had formed for the benefit of Pryce's people! But we were disappointed. The attendance at church on Sundays was small, and very few came to the weekly prayer-meeting. Scarcely any children attended the Sabbath-school, and those who did, their shabby clothes told of poverty and want at home.

We soon found out the reason. The money

that should have gone to feed and clothe these families went into the landlord's till.

Many a home there had been made wretched by the drink; and the children were being trained to follow in their parents' steps. It was disheartening to see the drinking, smoking, and profanity among the youth of the place.

Now Pryce and I were not teetotalers—indeed, the necessity for giving it up had never occurred to us.

"Myra," said Pryce, when he had drunk one cup of tea in silence—"Myra, we must turn teetotalers."

I looked at him with a smile.

"Do you suppose that would do any good?" I asked.

"We can but try it," he replied. "We cannot hope to lessen the drunkenness in any degree while we refuse to give up the little we take."

"I don't see any use in binding myself by a pledge," I answered.

"'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak,'" quoted Pryce.

I don't like to enter into an argument with him, for I am sure to get worsted, so I said, "I will abstain if you do."

So we took the temperance pledge, Pryce and I, in the hope that many others would do the same.

We thought that the best way would be to commence with the children; so we gathered them together and tried to instil into their young minds temperance truths. Several of them attached their names to the pledge we had drawn up, and have now the happiness of knowing that they were among the first to begin the good work there.

We succeeded in making these little gatherings interesting; other children came in, and after awhile their parents would sometimes come also, for they liked to hear their little ones sing and recite. We were anxious to get the fathers and mothers to give up the drink also, for we could not bear to see the misery and poverty which abounded, but they were not so easily reached. At length a few of the mothers were induced to join us, but these, I noticed with a little astonishment, were not the poor women who felt most bitterly the effects of drinking, but the wives of moderate drinkers.

One evening our weekly meeting had been brought to a close, and the children and their friends were dispersing. There was a poor woman present, the wife of a notorious drunkard, whose home was made wretched.

"Well, Mrs. Bates," said Pryce, "I hope you liked the meeting. Your little girl got on well with her reciting. Cannot we persuade you to do as your children have done, come over on the temperance side?"

"No, no, sir," was the answer; "the little as I takes don't do me no harm."

"But your children are as well without it, are they not?"

"Well, yes—p'raps so," she admitted, reluctantly; "but they han't got no work to do, and I 'ave, there's the difference, sir. If my man 'ud jine I should be glad, for he spends such a lot o' money at the public."

"Suppose you sign and set him the example suggested Pryce.

"That wouldn't be a mossel o' good, sir; and he wouldn't like it if I was to sign that pledge. Now when anybody comes to see us, why, of course, he asks 'em to have a glass, and if I wasn't to have jest a little drop, why he'd think I was sulky. I knows as the little I 'ave don't do any harm."

Pryce tried in vain to convince Mrs. Bates that the temperance pledge was suited to her needs, though she willingly owned that it was to her husband's.

We, however, occasionally received encouragement in our undertaking, for two or three men who had drank to excess were induced to join us, and the change which soon became apparent in their homes bore good testimony to the advantages of total abstinence, and perhaps did more towards advocating it than all our appeals and arguments had done.

These men no longer absented themselves from church on Sunday; they were seen at the weekly prayer-meeting, and at last we had the happiness of seeing them, not only sober, respectable men, but useful, consistent Christians, labourers in the temperance cause and in every branch of church work.

The Sabbath-school is well attended, not by barefooted, ragged children, but by rosy-cheeked, chubby boys and girls, who are taught by an efficient staff of teachers.

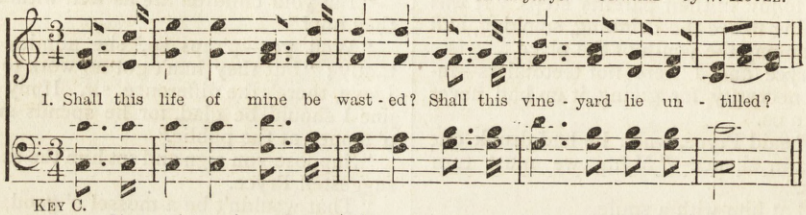
And Pryce has no longer to preach to empty seats, for every Sunday the little church is filled.

And many who laughed at our work in its early struggle are now members of our society; and every one in the village admits that teetotalism has been a great blessing to the neighbourhood.

A GLASGOW citizen sojourning at a London hotel meditated an early walk one morning. He called to a tidy abigail who was tripping downstairs, "Fesh ma shoon, lassie." The girl, hesitating how to make herself understood, at length replied, "I don't talk French; but I'll send Louis."

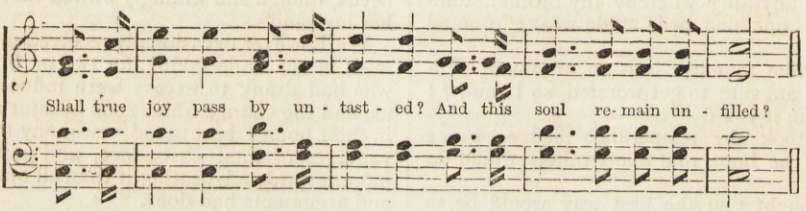
SHALL THIS LIFE?

Music by HARRISON.
Arranged for "ONWARD" by W. HOYLE.

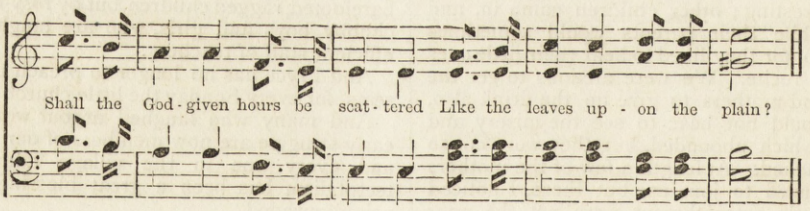


KEY C.

:s	.,d'	m'	:m'	:l	.,r'	r'	:r'	:s	.,s	t	:-	.l	:s	.f	m.l :s
2. Shall these		lips	of	mine be		i	- dle?	Shall I		o	-	pen them in			vain?
:m	.,m	s	:s	:f	.,f	f	:f	:f	.,f	f	:-	.f	:r	.r	d.f :m
3. Shall these		feet	of	mine, de		lay	- ing,	Still in		ways		of sin be			found?
:d'	.,d'	d'	:d'	:r'	.,l	l	:l	:t	.,t	r'	:-	.t	:t	.t	d' :—
4. Swift- ly		mov	- ing	upward,		on	- ward,	Let my		soul		in faith be			borne;
:d	.,d	d	:d	:f	.,f	f	:f	:s	.,s	s	:-	.s	:s	.s	d :—

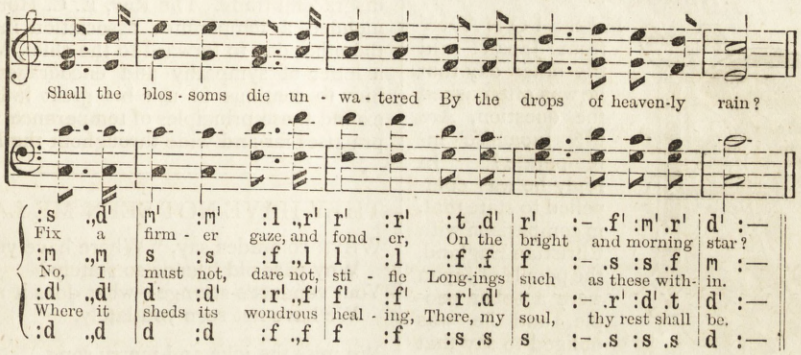


:s	.,d'	m'	:m'	:l	.,r'	r'	:r'	:s	.,s	t	:-	.t	:t	.t	d' :—
Shall I		not,	with	God's own		bri	- dle,	Their fri		vo	-	li - ties re -			strain?
:m	.,m	s	:s	:f	.,f	f	:f	:f	.,f	f	:-	.f	:f	.f	m :—
Brav - ing		snares,	and	mad- ly		stray	- ing	On the		world's		be-witching			ground?
:d'	.,d'	d'	:d'	:r'	.,l	l	:l	:t	.,t	r'	:-	.r'	:r'	.r'	d' :—
Calm - ly		gaz	- ing,	skyward,		sun	- ward,	Let my		eye		unshrinking			turn.
:d	.,d	d	:d	:f	.,f	f	:f	:s	.,s	s	:-	.s	:s	.s	d :—



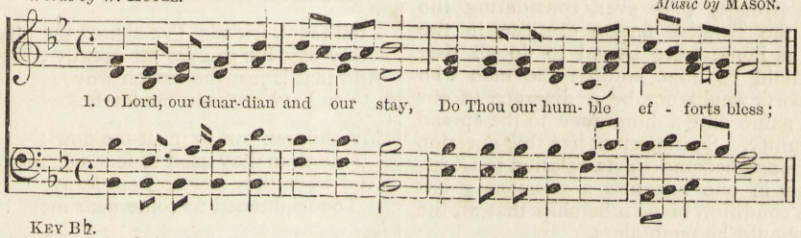
:d'	.,t	l	:l	:f	.,m	m	:m	:l	.,t	d'	:d'	:r'	.r'	m' :—	
Shall these		eyes	of	mine still		wan	- der?	Or, no		long	- er	turned a -		far,	
:d'	.,t	l	:l	:f	.,m	m	:m	:m	.,m	m	:m	:l	.l	se :—	
No,	I	was	not	born to		tri	- fle	Life a -		way	in	dreams of		sin;	
:d'	.,t	l	:l	:f	.,m	m	:m	:d'	.,d'	d'	:d'	:l	.l	t :—	
Where the		cross,	God's	love re -		veal	- ing,	Sets the		fet	- tered	spi- rit		free;	
:d'	.,t	l	:l	:f	.,m	m	:m	:l	.,l	l	:l	:f	.f	m :—	

SHALL THIS LIFE?—*continued.*



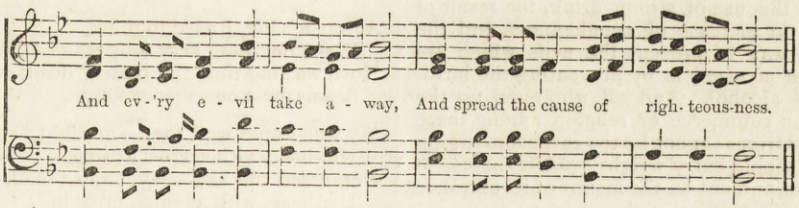
O LORD, OUR GUARDIAN.

Words by W. HOYLE. *Music by* MASON.



KEY B♭.

2. From day to day Thy power make known, Thy wisdom and Thy truth di - vine;
3. O Lord, what-e - ver good is done, Is thro' Thine arm—Thy watch - ful care;
4. The drunkard, Lord, in pi - ty see— A slave to Sa - tan and to sin;



And may we still Thy good- ness own, While round our path Thy mer - cies shine.
And brightest tro - phies shall be won, If Thou art on - ly with us there.
Oh, teach him from his sin to flee, Re-store and make him clean with - in.

TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE ABROAD.



A MISSIONARY from Japan said the other day that he was often asked the question, Are the Japanese intemperate? In reply he was compelled to state that, in comparison with Christian England, the people of Japan were a sober people, and he was obliged to say that this land of Bibles was the most drunken country in the world. And coming back again to his native shores, he felt more strongly than ever, considering the influence the English nation exercise in the East, we at home were bound to do all that possibly could be done, so that the men who left our ports would not be a disgrace to our honoured name and a hindrance to the spread of Christianity. So important has this question of temperance become in its relation to Christianity, that in one instance a missionary has made it a condition of membership that all the converts should be teetotalers.

Another missionary writes from his experience from living in Ujiji, in Central Africa, and he says that the alcoholic liquors used by the natives are, perhaps, the least harmful of those in any part of the world, and among decent people drunkenness is looked upon as a shameful thing, but the increase of wealth among them is almost invariably followed by an increase in the use of strong drink, the result of which is an increase of drunkenness, and the only sure way to prevent the evils which are sure to be incurred is by preventing the introduction of alcohol. And all who open up the country for commerce or religion among these uncivilised tribes cannot be too earnest in urging that they should carry weight *against* the use of intoxicants, and not be the means of its entrance to native villages.

In regard to this special mission at Ujiji, one of our first customs is now well known to the people—that we will drink no intoxicants at all. And the missionary further states that the great chief, Mirambo, is a total abstainer. He is not so from having been persuaded by others, but from his own careful observation of the effect of these beverages. He has said that he hates them, and the less his chiefs drink the higher they stand in his favour. He will grant no licences, and so, though there are illicit breweries, they have to be kept out of sight as a shameful and disgraceful trade. The Rev. E. C. Hore recommended a temperance association in London the other day to forward to the chief, Mirambo, a letter of sympathy and encouragement for him to continue to use his great influence to extend those principles of temperance which he practises far and wide throughout the land.

THEY HAVE NOT SEEN ME LATELY

WHEN comrades say, " Where have you been ?
Why pass old friends so stately?
Your conduct's strange—what does it mean?
We have not seen you lately.

We miss the joke and merry song
With which you used to cheer us ;
Why have you stayed away so long,
And never once come near us ?"

I tell them, friends, I've signed the pledge,
My past life grieves me greatly ;
And that is just the reason why
You have not seen me lately.

My children run to meet me now :
One time they used to fear me,
And when they saw me, ran away,
Too frightened to come near me.

My family, too, well clothed and fed,
Are all improving greatly ;
As for an aching heart or head,
I have not had one lately.

For now I pass the alehouse by,
My health's improving greatly ;
And that is just the reason why
They have not seen me lately.

A tippler's life, I used to think,
Was something very jolly ;
Now, wasting time and cash in drink
Seems most outrageous folly.

My wife would wait for me at night,
Her head with sorrow aching,
Depressed and sad—nay, almost mad,
Her heart with anguish breaking.

But now I pass the alehouse by,
Her health's improving greatly ;
And that is just the reason why
They have not seen me lately.

Now hearts are glad that once were sad,
Our home's improving greatly ;
And that is just the reason why
They have not seen me lately.

T. H. EVANS.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

BY UNCLE BEN.

AT the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union in May last, the following striking incident was related.

Canon Stowell used to say that there was a great old tower in the Isle of Man—a mere ruin—that used to call up very pathetic feelings in him as often as he looked upon it. It had been the residence of one of the best governors that island ever had. But in a time of civil war he had been suspected of treason, had been tried, and sentenced to death for it. A very powerful intercession was made in his behalf to the king, who was induced to pardon him. In the transmission of the pardon, however, it fell into the hands of the governor's bitterest enemy, who locked it up until after the fatal day, and so the good governor was hanged. The memory of the man was cherished in the island for generations.

Think of the enormity of the guilt of the man who concealed the pardon and allowed the condemned man to die.

Imagine a city struck with some terrible plague in which hundreds were dying from the disease, and some few within the limits of that district who knew of a cure that must stay the scourge of suffering, and yet refused to make known the use of the remedy. Should we not say that they were guilty of the deaths of their fellow-citizens?

The man who locks up the pardon, the people who hold back the remedy for the pestilence, are equally guilty before God and man.

To stay the curse of drunkenness, to cure the disease and crime that comes from this poisoned stream, we at least have one simple receipt which our pledge contains. Some of us are most anxious to make it known. Others there are who are indifferent, many who have heard of this release from the bondage and power of strong drink, but they make no use of it, they hide it because of cowardice or selfishness, and they ask the question of the first murderer, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

"No!" thunders Christianity; but "I am my brother's brother."

That is the highest claim upon our service and our sacrifice. The criminal in the gaol, the diseased in the hospital, they are my brothers. Therefore, serve them we must, and to care for them all, and save those who have not yet gone the downward way, is the highest duty of the Christian life. But there is no saving power without sacrifice and love, and that is the Gospel part of our temperance work.

Pagan history reminds us of this noble call for unselfish duty, even to death itself, in order that we may save our fellow-citizens and our countrymen from the inroad of this foe. When Codrus, the last king of Athens, was reigning, the Dorians invaded his land. The Athenians appealed to the oracle at Delphi to learn the issue of the warfare. The oracle declared that victory should remain with that army whose king should be slain in the battle. The Dorians alike inquired of the oracle, and received the same answer; therefore orders were issued that on no account whatever should Codrus be slain. But when the day of battle came, nowhere could the king be found, for he had cast away his crown, and stripped himself of his royal robes, and had gone forth as a common slave, and as the sound of war approached he stood among the bondsmen of his realm with only a naked sword for a weapon, and without any armour When the fight drew on, he cut his way to the forefront of the conflict, and forced himself right into the midst of the enemy, who were surprised to see a common slave showing so much courage and skill. At last they closed upon him, and being alone and unsupported, with much difficulty and loss they slew him. The Athenians missing their brave king from his accustomed place in their midst, waxed valiant in fight, and hurled back the enemy, and finally swept the Dorians from the field. And when the day was done, and the battle had been fought and won, and the setting sun was shining on the victors as they were returning to the camp at evening—there where the trampled sod told the story of fiercest strife, where the ground was still wet with blood, on a heap of slain, they found their crownless king, and remembering the words of the oracle they knew why he wore the garb of a slave. They bore him back to their city, and buried him with the honour and devotion of a nation's love, and they paid him this highest tribute of praise—because they could find no one worthy to succeed so patriotic a king, the regal dignity was abolished; thus Codrus was the last of Athenian kings, because greatest of them all.

He was the saviour of his country by the sacrifice of his life. He threw away his crown to save his people. He answered the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" by his death. What is our responsibility, our privilege, and our reply to this appeal in the great warfare against intemperance?

WHY is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud?—Because it is continually light'ning.

AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.—The breath of scandal.

MY GARDENS.

I HAVE a little garden,
Of which I take great care,
Lest worm or hurtful insect
Should ever enter there;
And in the early spring-time
I sow my tiny seeds,
And watch my garden closely,
To keep it from the weeds.

And when the summer cometh,
I love to see the flowers
Look bright in happy sunshine
Or wet with gentle showers.
The fuchsias and geraniums,
The wall-flowers so tall,
My lilies and my roses,
Which I like best of all.

I have another garden
To cultivate with care,
And I must sow in spring-time
The seeds of knowledge there;
I must not be a sluggard,
And waste life's early hours,
Lest in my *mental* garden
Should grow no pleasant flowers.

I've yet another garden
That needs my daily care,
And not my keeping only,
But many an earnest prayer;
For there weeds quickly flourish,
It is their native soil,
To kill or to uproot them
Will need much care and toil.

But then, within my garden
I need not work alone,
God's eye is always on it,
He claims it for His own;
He comes and looks for blossoms,
For pleasant fruit and flowers,
And that my heart may yield them
He promises sweet showers.

He will give showers of blessing—
His Spirit from on high,
If for this rain from heaven
To Him I daily cry;
For Jesus' sake I'll ask Him
To pour this gift on me,
That like a watered garden,
My heart may ever be.

O. D.

WHY are the glories of Greece like iron?—Because they are o'er.

THOUGHTS BY THE SEA.

HURRAH for the glorious sea!
Reposing in beauty and pride,
How joyous and happy are we,
Enjoying the life-giving tide!

The blue sky is over our head,
The gentle waves dance at our feet;
The rocks, like a canopy spread,
Will serve for a quiet retreat.

Our spirits mount upward in song;
We gather fresh vigour and life;
Away from the smoke and the throng,
Away from the worry and strife.

We muse on these wonders around:
The ocean so mighty and vast,
The air with a murmuring sound,
The stars that like jewels are cast;

The earth so refreshing and green,
The daisies that spangle the sod,
The rocks that for ages have been
All pointing from nature to God.

To know the same wisdom and power
That measures the course of each star,
And paints every blossom and flower,
Will make our condition His care!

Oh, infinite goodness and grace!
That stoops to rebellious man,
To give him a glorified place,
With angels new wonders to scan!

How little His goodness we know;
How little His love we retain;
In faith and obedience how slow,
How oft are His pleadings in vain!

Like children we sport on life's sands
While nearer advances the tide,
Intent upon houses and lands,
Or blinded with passion and pride.

No place or position may claim
Exemption from folly and sin;
The monarch may boast of his name,
Yet death may be lurking within.

The mariner tossed on yon wave
May sing with a merrier heart,
Be less of a coward or slave
By bravely enduring his part.

No matter how lowly our birth,
The power is within us to rise,
And he is the noblest on earth
Who in spite of adversity tries.

W. HOYLE.



"Like children we sport on life's sands."—p. 124.

CARDINAL MANNING ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

FOR many men total abstinence is necessary, for all men it is a good thing. It will be found necessary, if we are to form a compact, vigorous, coherent, and persistent body of workers who will continue to labour to redeem the thousands and tens of thousands of men, women, and, I grieve to say, of children from the dominion and deadly bondage of drink.

Drunkenness—that is, excess of intemperance, which leads to the utter wreck of name and usefulness and character, and that in man and in woman, as I have said—constitutes at this time, not only a sin, not only a shame, not only a scandal upon a Christian people, but constitutes a great public national danger.

First of all, I believe it is a truth that no man can deny, that the welfare of every commonwealth must rest ultimately and primarily upon the domestic life of the people. If the homes of the people are peaceful, honest, orderly, upright, pure, and Christian, then that people in all its social order will be what it is in its domestic life, and what it is in its social order it will also be in its public and political order likewise; and that a well-ordered commonwealth, with all its prosperity, with laws that reign with justice over man and man, and peace and amity that bind man and man together, will be found such a commonwealth to rest upon the domestic life and the well-ordered homes of the people. For is there one thing that wrecks and ruins the domestic life of the people more directly and more irremediably than the habits of drunkenness? We know there are cities that are built upon piles, and that the action of the water is always undermining the frail foundation, and I may say that the most solid commonwealth built upon homes that are being perpetually rotted and undermined by the immoral habits of intemperance is like those cities—fair to look at, but in a moment fall into ruins, when the foundations upon which they rest are rotten. Look at the great centres of our country. London has three or four millions, Manchester has five or six hundred thousand, Birminghan has half-a-million, and Glasgow has seven hundred thousand.

It is precisely in these great centres drunkenness reigns with the most tyrannous control, and these great centres, together with the other large towns of Great Britain, contain not less than eleven millions of our population. There must be, I will not say half, but very nearly a half, of the population of England and Scotland at this moment living in the great cities and centres of commercial industry, and it is precisely in those centres that the habits of drinking are the most vehement and the most destructive, and it is in those centres that the domestic life of the people is being wrecked with the greatest rapidity.

What is the effect when the husband or the father of a family takes to drink? Misery, poverty, hunger, thirst, nakedness, dirt, without fire in the winter, without fuel, a board scanty or not full. This is the direct result of the drinking of the husband and the father. But there is another result. It is a very great blessing of God if the example of the father and the husband does not drive the poor wife and mother to do the same.

And the poor mother—how does she fall into it? She has suffered in every possible way by the drunkenness of the husband; and finding at night he has not come home, she goes in the hope of bringing him from the public-house. She stands at the door, she goes in, lays her hand on his arm to bring him out. Once or twice, it may be, she succeeds. The third time she cannot succeed. She sits down by his side, she is then invited to drink with the rest; she begins; she tastes it; it becomes a temptation, and the habit is formed. What becomes of the poor children? They grow up in the streets and in the gutters bare-footed and bare-headed; they begin to get dirty in their habits; they fall into the hands of the beadle of the School Board, or into the hands of the police, and are taken to the reformatory or the industrial school.

If the domestic life of our working classes, as they are called, be assailed by this temptation, and if their homes be wrecked by it, what may we look for hereafter when their sons and daughters have grown up without the first instinct which is formed in an orderly and happy home? They will grow up to be the fathers and mothers of another generation, and every generation will have less and less of a domestic life in it. I do not wish to make it appear for one moment, in speaking of drunkenness, as if it were the sin, the shame, and the scandal of the working classes only.

I will bear my testimony that in every class there is an excess—intemperance, shame, and sin arising from the same cause—and though the world does not see it, as it is not so patent and so public, there it is, and in the sight of God it is more guilty, because of the greater advantages and the greater responsibilities of those so affected by it. Well, let me go farther. I believe that this danger is increasing, and I will tell you why. The amount of capital invested in what I must for brevity call the drink trade is increasing every year, and that by millions of money. I believe that I am within

the limits of truth in stating that the capital that is engaged in the drink trade in all its forms and all the affiliations of the trade reaches to one hundred and fifty millions every year. I state this upon the confident, the careful, and the repeated declaration of men who have given their whole mind to ascertain with the greatest accuracy the amount of capital engaged in this trade.

The staple of England, in its iron and cotton, which constitute the great staple of English commerce, does not employ a capital equal to the capital that is every year engaged in the production of intoxicating drink—I believe I am right in saying the capital employed in three of our chief staples, in iron, in cotton, and in cloth, would not be found to exceed the amount that is engaged in the production of intoxicating drink. If that be so, and if that capital is increasing every year, is it possible to believe that the consumption is not increasing? And if it be certain that the consumption is increasing, is it credible that intemperance is not increasing? If that be so, is it not perfectly manifest that we are going on upon a stream which is leading us farther and farther from temperance, and extending itself over the face of our population? The facilities to intoxication and the temptations to intoxication become every year more wide and more dangerous.

The experience I have in London of the attempts to combine total abstinence with temperance—that is, with partial abstinence or taking a certain quantity—is that those persons make gaps in the line. They do not stand. Therefore, our rule is total abstinence. I will give my reasons. It is not only what I have said, but I believe total abstinence to be far easier than partial abstinence, or what is called temperance. I am quite sure that so long as a man has the habit of tasting that which is pleasant to him, the taste on his lips will be always a temptation. I am not also sure that so long as he takes these things he will not go to places where they are sold.

Now, one benefit of total abstinence is, that a man who has taken the pledge never puts his foot in a public-house. More than that, he never sends his little child to a public-house. More ruin comes to the men and women who have learned when they were boys and girls to go and fetch their father's beer from the public-house, and more wreck and ruin, more bad language has been learned, and more terrible knowledge of that of which they might have been ignorant than we are aware of. It is there the first temptation has been given to them from the folly and wickedness of those they have met in the public-house. Therefore total abstinence has these benefits—it is easier in itself, it keeps a man from the temptation, it keeps his children always out of it, and he does not go into company that tempts him. He is free from a multitude of dangers when once he has made the resolution totally to abstain. Lastly, for those who have even fallen under the dominion of drink, total abstinence I believe to be the only safety.

For us to give up such things is of no account. But for the working man, who labours from the rising to the setting of the sun, whose strength is wasted by his daily toil, and whose lips are parched when the drink is within his reach, and when he is tempted by his companions—if he does not take it, but stands out and says, "I will not," I account that conduct to be heroic. I believe if men were to have in them the heart of manhood to make that resolution, and the manly courage to keep it, they would be kept out of danger, and their whole character would be elevated.

We have been created in the image and likeness of God, we have given us an intelligence which reflects the Divine reason, we have a heart given to us that is capable of love to God and man, we have a will given to us whereby to originate our own actions. Satan will tempt a man to commit all manner of sins, but so long as the reason is clear and the conscience is tender, and the will is firm, he will not prevail—the grace of God will prevent him. He will not tempt at first to any great or gross sin; he is too crafty to frighten the soul; he is often successful because he is stealthy and cunning. But never of all the temptations which were ever devised was there ever any found so potent or universal, so irremediable as that which man has manufactured for him in a poison which will darken the understanding, deaden the conscience, inflame the passions, weaken the will, and reduce a man into a state in which he is capable of breaking any law of God, and committing any imaginable sin.

Happy, then, are they who, when they come to lay their head upon their dying pillow, are able to look back and remember that their reason was never darkened, their conscience was never deadened, and their will was never weakened by their voluntary fault. Happy will they be who have trained their little ones—their boys and girls—from childhood to walk in the same footsteps, for when their last hour is come they will be able to commend their offspring to the loving care of our Heavenly Father, with the consciousness that they, on their part at least, have done all that in them lay to preserve them from this danger.

GROWING EVILS.—Weeds.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"I DON'T like a cottage-built man," said young Sweeps to his rich old uncle, who was telling the story of his early trials for the hundredth time. "What do you mean by a cottage-built man?" asked his uncle. "A man with only one story," answered young Sweeps.

WHEN is a ship like a pair of shears?—When she is a clipper.

"COURT" CIRCULARS.—Love-letters.

"A RUM 'GO.'"—Depriving Jack of his grog.

THE ONLY MAN YOU WILL TAKE SAUCE FROM.—The cook.

QUERY.—When a house is built to be sold by auction, is it a sign that it is merely "run up" to be "knocked down"?

JOSH BILLINGS says that "a good doctor is a gentleman to whom we give three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more."

GOOD WOMEN.—The highest words of praise that can be spoken of a woman is to say of her that she is "a good woman." The women who win the admiration, respect, and love of all are the good women of the world. We are ready to praise women of talent, women whose accomplishments are many, who are brilliant and gifted above other women; an hour passed in their company may be delightful, but unless they are good women we would not choose to spend a lifetime with them. We admire women to whom nature has given the great gift of beauty; the bright eyes, glowing cheeks, perfect features, and graceful movements of a beautiful woman charm us, but the charm is not lasting unless the beautiful woman is also a good woman. Only good women win our perfect faith, our lasting respect; they only receive the highest praise our lips can utter, the best love our hearts can give.

IT was remarked the other day, *à propos* of an old lady who was born on February 29th, years ago, "Ah, she is lucky! She is only one year older every four years."

VIRTUE.—There is nothing which shows more clearly the truth and goodness of virtue than the universal homage that is paid to it. Those who walk in its paths and those who stray far from them unite in pronouncing them to be the right roads to take. The drunkard never upholds drinking, the sensualist never recommends impurity, the swindler never justifies dishonesty, the oppressor never vindicates cruelty. They never desire their children to follow in their footsteps and copy their vices; on the contrary, they endeavour to counteract the influence of their own example, and to remove far from them the temptations under which they themselves have sunk.

AT the assize some little time ago, a witness under cross-examination, after being treated to five threepenny-worths, said, "No, I was not drunk, I was as sober as a——"

On which the judge said, "I suppose you were going to say as sober as a judge."

Witness: "Well, my lord, I was, and I beg your pardon, but I stopped my sentence in time."

RESIST THE BEGINNING.—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 then let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained in a room certainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, take your leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

Moral.—Yield not to the humblest entreaties of temptation. The wedge once entered, the obstacle is overcome. Let the "nose" in, and the whole body will soon follow. Resist the beginnings!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Joseph Livesey: a Life-story and its Lessons." By Frederick Sherlock, author of "Illustrious Abstainers," "Heroes in the Strife" (and now the editor of the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*). Published by *Home Words* Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, London. A very attractive little volume of sixty-five pages, giving the history of this temperance reformer. The self-reliance and self-denial of so honourable a career, told by the able author who is now writing our own serial, deserves to be widely read and universally known.

From the National Temperance Publication Depôt we have received an interesting series of books, price eighteenpence each. We notice the two first: "The Voice of the Pulpit on Temperance." By various authors, including five sermons of Canon Farrar, and also from Canon Wilberforce, Rev. Drs. Paterson, Clifford, A. Macleod, and other men of note.

"The History of Toasting;" or, Drinking of Healths in England. By the Rev. R. Valpy French, in which much useful information is combined with sound temperance teaching.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Temperance Record—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Western Temperance Herald—The British Temperance Advocate—Hand and Heart—Church Herald and Review—The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—The Band of Hope Chronicle.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—AT CROMER.

"Subtle foes are lurking
Deep your hearts within,
There first wage the battle
With the power of sin.

O'er the sight and hearing,
Touch, and taste, and smell,
Set a watch, good Christians,
Guard those portals well."

IT need scarcely be said that Rogers' misadventure cast quite a gloom over the "breaking-up" at "The Poplars." A broken leg and a severe shock to the system, this was the penalty the poor lad paid for "Perky's" swaggering compliment, "He is a plucky fellow after all!"

When his companions packed up their boxes and dispersed to their homes, he remained bedfast, a prisoner, with little hope of being allowed to take his departure for some days. Bertie Winchester begged hard for permission to remain with him for company's sake, and entreated Dr. Potts to obtain his parents' consent to the proposal. This the head-master bluntly refused to do, and said, somewhat harshly, "Surely nothing satisfies you! You were with him in the mischief, sir! Pray, is not that enough?"

A few hours later Winchester's little box was at the hall door, and he was ready to go. Old Peter brought the message that "Master Winchester was wanted in the study." Thither he went with fear and trembling. What could it mean? Another scolding at the very least. The mystery was quickly solved.

"Winchester," said Dr. Potts, "I have sent for you to say, that if you will promise to remain only five minutes, and say nothing to distress Rogers, I will take you to his room."

"Oh, sir, I *will*—I *will indeed*. I'll promise, I'll——"

"There—that's enough. We'll go at once."

Bertie little thought as they went up the stairs that the interview had been brought about by the sufferer's express wish. Dr. Potts regularly went to his bedside night and morning, and that morning Harry had mustered sufficient courage to say, "I should so like to see Winchester before he goes, sir. Do let him come up, sir."

When they got to the door, the doctor tapped gently, and the nurse immediately answered.

"Nurse, come out for five minutes. I wish the lads to be together—but not for more than five minutes, remember."

This was an instance of the tender-heartedness of the old schoolmaster. Rough as he was, ever and anon gentle courtesy gained the victory, and he would display almost a mother's sympathy.

What a precious five minutes those were. If ever the value of time was fully appreciated by the two boys, it was in those five minutes. Little was said. Harry put out his hand, which Winchester tenderly grasped, as bending over the pillow he gently kissed his companion.

"I am so glad you've come."

"Are you very, very bad?"

"No; it's only my leg that pains me; and I wouldn't mind that much but for the bothering headache."

"Oh, I wish I could stop with you, but he——"

"Never mind that. What did he do to the other fellows?"

Before Bertie could answer, the nurse was back. "Come now, say 'good-bye' like a good lad. He'll soon be all right."

"*Will he?* How long, nurse? How long before——"

"Oh, you shall hear. Now 'good-bye.'"

"Good-bye, Harry! I'll send a letter."

"Good-bye, Bertie. *Do* write, for I shall be so lonely."

At the foot of the stairs the doctor was waiting. "You've had *six* minutes, Winchester!"

"Sir, I'm very sorry, but——"

"Good-bye, boy, keep out of mischief. Do you hear now?—keep out of mischief."

"I'll try, sir."

"*Try*, man? Why, you *must!*" Perhaps this was the best lesson the young lad had yet received at "The Poplars."

On the homeward journey, "Try, man? Why, you must!" kept ringing in his ears. It set him thinking. At first he saw nothing but difficulty in the lesson. "*Must!*" what had a lad to do with "*must*"? But before long he began to believe in the word, and as the train rattled along, he half imagined that the music of the engine, which he had so often previously listened to as "Puff, puff, puff, puff," was, after all, "Must, must, must, must"—any how, he was quite sure it was not "Try, try, try, try."

Home again! Yes, home again! He found little change there. His mother and young brothers were glad to see him, and the servants welcomed him with a cheerfulness which he was quite pleased to notice. His father and eldest brother did not come in until late, and, as usual, the former was full of business. The answers to a few questions satisfied all that he wanted to know about Bertie's school-life, and he then opened a packet of papers, and so far as he was concerned Bertie's welcome home was over.

What of his eldest brother? Well, he was in a petulant mood, and soon made a convenient discovery, which he disclosed in the words—

"Bertie looks awfully tired. It's bed *he* wants. At least, that's what *I* think."

The hint was taken, and Bertie was soon in his own little room. His mother followed him there, and sat down by the bedside.

The boy felt he must unburthen his mind, and so had soon told the story of the unhappy ending of the excursion day.

"It was '*drink*' again, mother!"

"Bertie! Bertie! Don't say that. You must not blame drink for everything."

"But, mother, it *was!* For if the lads——"

"Oh! my boy, think how annoyed papa would be if he heard you speak in that way."

"Well, mother, I *must* speak the truth."

"Must" came to the rescue; thank God, the lesson had been learnt.

* * * * * *

Bertie had been home about four weeks, when one morning his father received a letter from Dr. Potts, saying that he was then at Cromer, and would be glad if Bertie could be sent there for a few days, as his friend Rogers was there, and Bertie's company would be very agreeable.

The matter was dealt with there and then.

"Yes, Bertie may go. But don't bother me about it. Or, stay—you will find a railway guide upstairs on my table. Get it at once, Bertie, and I'll fix the train."

At once! why, the words were scarcely spoken before the lad was tumbling the papers on his father's table upstairs in search of the railway guide. No, he couldn't find it. "Most haste, least speed." Couldn't!—but he *must*, and he did.

The midday train from Liverpool Street to Cromer did not contain a happier passenger than Bertie Winchester. "How kind of Dr. Potts to send that letter," he said to himself, and with all the generosity of a boy's heart he longed for some means of repaying the deed.

Yes, he had it. He had really hit upon a plan of repaying the head-master's kindness. He would never, no, NEVER call him "OLD POTTS" again!

Before the five hours' journey was over, however, his ardour cooled, and he began, first to hope, and then to greatly wish that the "awful head-master" wouldn't come to meet the train. But he was counting without his host, for when the train steamed into the station, almost the first person whom the little traveller from London saw was Dr. Potts.

"Just like your papa! Why, you're here almost as soon as his telegram! Come along, this way. Here, porter! get this young gentleman's luggage—its labelled 'Winchester.'"

What! could it be? Yes it was! There, in one of the real Cromer, weatherbeaten, ramshackle, open hack carriages, sat Rogers, muffled up and very pale, but himself for all that.

"Hurrah!" shouted Bertie, as he sprang to scramble into the "one-horse shay."

"Hurrah!" cried the doctor.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" and the cry was taken up by the half-dozen Cromer idlers who always meet all the trains from town.

"I knew you would come," was Harry's greeting.

"Why, I never thought to see you out of doors."

"Oh, he's been out of doors a week, and will have a dip in the sea on Saturday, if all goes well."

Down the dusty hillside they rumbled. The wide expanse of sea, stretching out as far as the eye could see, seemed to Winchester to be the grandest sight he had ever witnessed. In the long, long distance the white sails almost glistened in the glow of the westering sun, and every few yards the murmur of the waves became more and more distinct. Every blow of the wind was invigorating; every aspect of the scene had the charm of endless variety for the new-comer.

"What a jolly place!" was all that he could say.

"Yes, and our room faces right across to the sea."

"*Our* room? Why, shall we be together again?"

"Yes; the doctor has arranged all that."

"Oh, Dr. Potts, how kind of you!"

"It's all right, boys. Now here we are."

They stopped at a house on a terrace directly facing the sea. Rogers had to be carried in, for he was not yet permitted to venture to walk again alone.

Bed-time didn't come a moment too soon for the lads that night.

They longed to be together again. The two beds were ranged side by side, and Bertie admitted that "it was nearly as good as if they were in the same bed."

Bit by bit they went over the events of what Bertie called "the accident night."

"It was all that 'Perky,'" said Bertie.

"No, don't blame him. I was the fool. I didn't like to hear them say I had 'no pluck.'"

"What did Dr. Potts say about the bottles of 'Buckles' beer'?"

"Why, that had you fallen on them you would certainly have been killed."

"Who was the first to tell him?"

"I was. I rushed to his room, but I don't know what I said."

"Oh, tell me what you said."

"I can't."

"Oh, come on. Tell!"

"I can't tell, Harry."

"Can't! Why?"

"Well, you see, I was so frightened, I rushed to his room, and—and—why, when he came out I was so frightened—why, I fainted."

"Fainted! Did you? Why, what a scare you'd give him."

"Yes, and the next morning I was thrashed with them, too."

"Thrashed! Thrashed with them! With whom?"

"All of 'em. Why, didn't you know?"

"No."

"Yes, we were every one thrashed."

"Thrashed for *me!* Oh, what a shame!"

"No, not for *you*. Don't say that."

"Well, if it hadn't been for *me*——"

"No, Harry, it was not for you. As I told mother, it was for the *drink*."

"Why, that's just what I've been thinking days and days together. 'Buckles' beer' did the mischief."

And so they gossiped on, until Bertie, who was excited and tired out by the journey, fell asleep.

Soon afterwards Dr. Potts came gently in.

"I'm not asleep, sir, but Winchester is."

"And so *should* you be."

"I'm not tired yet."

"Well, have you had your talk out?"

"Yes, sir—and—and—I never knew they were all thrashed."

"The rascals! Yes, all were served alike."

"But it was *my* fault, sir."

"Of course, of course. You were all to blame. But there—we'll talk no more about it. It was a bad, bad business, that's all, but might have been worse."

A few moments of silence followed, so impressive and still save for the breathing of the sleeping boy. Then Rogers again interposed—

"Sir, do you know what Winchester says?"

"Says? What about?"

"Why, sir, he says it was 'Buckles' beer' that did the mischief."

"'Buckles' beer'?"

"Yes, sir. Some of the fellows wanted the beer, and dared me to go, and I wouldn't be dared——"

"So broke your leg, and nearly broke your neck for 'Buckles' beer,' eh?"

"Well, sir, I couldn't let them say I had no pluck."

"Have 'the pluck' to do *right*, my boy. There is no 'pluck' in doing wrong."

Before they separated, Dr. Potts knelt by the bedside and said a few prayers, closing with the collect, "Grant to us, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful; that we, who cannot do anything that is good without Thee, may by Thee be enabled to living according to Thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Three voices reverently joined in the "Amen," for the good doctor's prayers had wakened Bertie in the midst of a dream of the Better Land.

(*To be continued.*)

ARM FOR THE BATTLE!

YE sons of our nation, of every vocation,
Arm now for the battle of freedom and right;
When true men are wanted, no heart should be daunted,
For liberty's cause let all Britons unite.
Speed on for adoption the Bill "Local Option,"
And save sixty thousand from falling each year,
And all future ages, in history's pages,
Shall tell the proud story to nations afar.

Shall pure Gospel preachers, and Sabbath-school teachers,
Still barter their faith for the bowl and the glass?
And men of all colour, blind pagan and scholar,
Say, "Britons are drunkards wherever they pass"?
Shall mothers go weeping for fair daughters sleeping,
Removed from earth's scenes in the morning of life,
By drinks so beguiling, alluring, defiling,
That fill homes with sorrow, contention, and strife?

Shall earth's richest treasure yield to sinful pleasure,
And golden grain wave over valley and plain,
That maltsters may gather to curse son and father,
And send them in fetters across the deep main?
Shall landlords still offer, to fill their own coffer,
Their soul-cursing whisky, rum, brandy, and beer?
Oh, speed for adoption the Bill "Local Option,"
And save sixty thousand from falling each year!

Let maltster and brewer, landlord and wrong-doer,
Find callings consistent with God's holy plan;
And Satan's host tremble, while true men assemble
To pass the good law that shall elevate man!
Arm now for the battle! Let truth's cannon flee;
Let truth's cannon rattle!
And soon from his strongholds the tyrant shall flee;
And thousands now living, in strains of thanksgiving
Shall swell the glad chorus, "Old England is free!"

W. HOYLE.

A KINDNESS WHICH KILLED A MAN.

SOME time ago the glad message of the love of God to sinners was received by one who for many years had been enslaved by the dreadful habit of drinking to excess. But the grace of God had prevailed, and he had given it up as part of the sins of his past life, thus proving to those around that he was on the Lord's side. What a change it was! Now his comrades heard from his lips the grand old story of redeeming love; and as God's precious Word never returns to Him void, it may have been used of Him to the salvation of some souls.

For some time he did run well as a Christian. He was intelligent, earnest, consistent, never so much as touching that which had been such a curse to him in his unconverted days. Some time after he went to visit Christian friends. He was asked during his stay to take some intoxicating drink, which he decidedly refused, on the ground that as it had been his besetting sin it would be unwise to touch it. His friends urged him to take it again and again, but he stood firm in rejecting it.

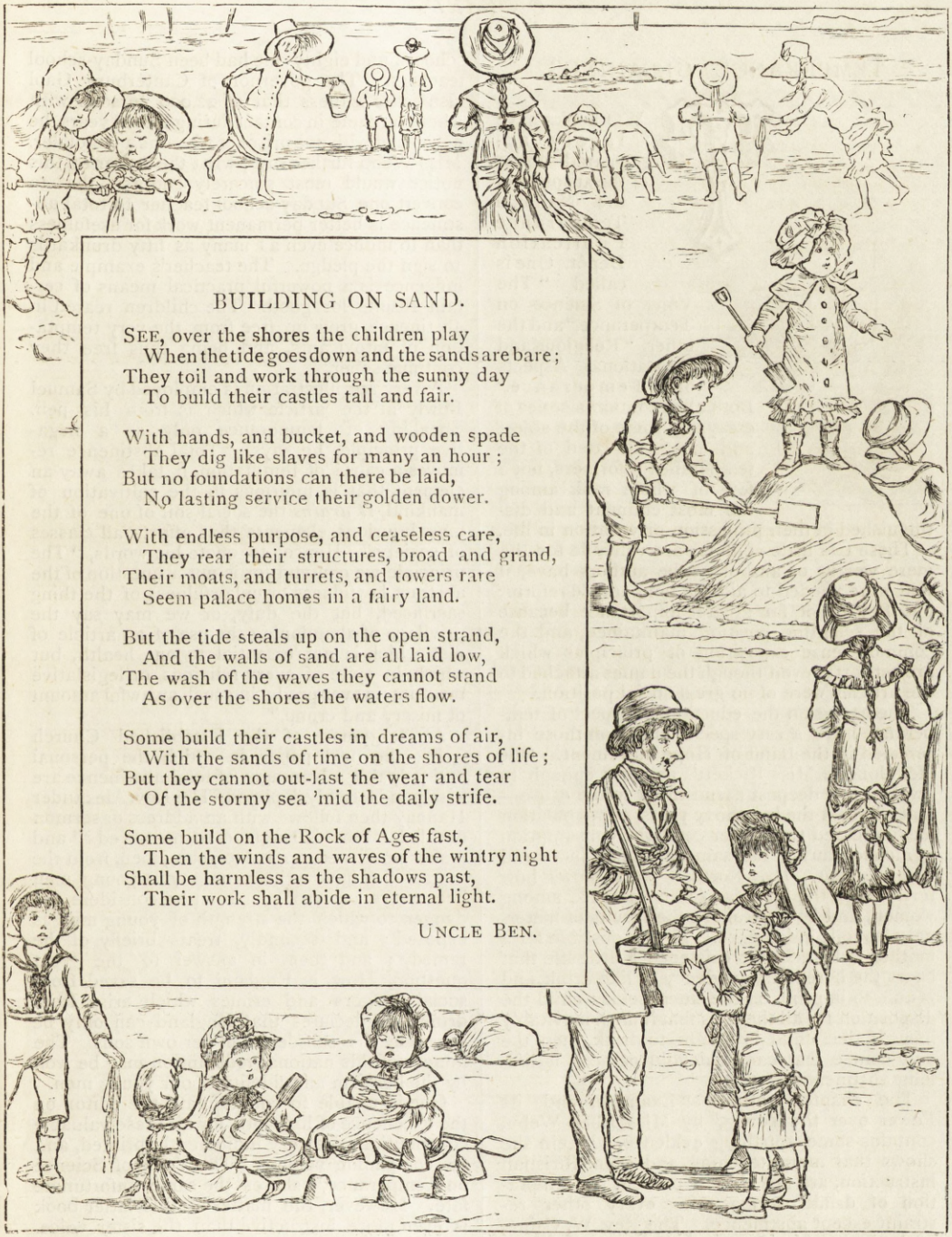
"But," said one, "you are a Christian now, and you are at liberty to take it in moderation, if you withstand the temptation of drinking to excess." He yielded to the tempter, and at once the old appetite returned, and the craving came on with renewed power. A sleepless night followed, and he longed for morning to dawn that he might get out and seek to satisfy the awful thirst.

Morning came at length, and as soon as the door of the house was open he got out, and at the first public-house he came to he began eagerly to drink. Now down the steep incline he went with rapid strides, until, after lying out one night in the rain, consumption began to do its deadly work, and soon he was found on a bed of sickness, weak and helpless, diseased and dying. Conscience lashed him now for giving way to this terrible passion. The tempter mocked him, and there, in all his suffering, was a spectacle over which angels might weep—a Christian dying, and dying from the effects of drink.

His friend through whom he had received the message of mercy was sent for. She came, read with him, and prayed; but what could be done? Excuses were made: he had been asked to take it, a Christian had given it to him. He said to the friend who had been the means of blessing to him, "I know that I am saved. I know that Jesus died for me, and I am His for eternity. But I have sinned, grievously sinned, and dishonoured His holy name. But I would not have done it for my comrades, I would not have taken it from any ungodly man; but *a Christian gave it to me.*"

From day to day his strength became less, and it was seen that the end had come. Shortly before he passed away he wrote a dying letter to the friend who had visited him, closing with these solemn words, "A Christian gave it to me."

THE RAVAGES OF DRINK.—Dr. Norman Kerr, F.L.S., London, made a remarkable confession before the Harveian Society of London. He said:—When, a few years ago, I instituted an inquiry into the causes contributing to the mortality in the practice of several medical friends, it was with the avowed object of demonstrating and exposing the utter falsity of the perpetual teetotal assertion that 60,000 drunkards died every year in the United Kingdom. I had not long pursued this line of inquiry before it was made clear to me that there was little, if any, exaggeration in these temperance statistics; and when asked to present the final results of my investigation to the last Social Science Congress, I was compelled to admit that at least 120,000 of our population annually lost their lives through alcoholic excess—40,500 dying from their own intemperance, and 79,500 from accident, violence, poverty, or disease arising from the intemperance of others. This confession he supplemented by asking consideration of the following facts, which may safely be left to speak for themselves:—1. The Government returns of the sickness and mortality of the European troops forming the Madras army in 1849 show that the percentage of mortality was, amongst total abstainers, 11.1 per thousand; amongst the careful drinkers, 23.1; and amongst the intemperate, 44 5. 2. If all drinking, limited and unlimited, be taken into account, and if all our 19,000 practitioners had a similar experience to myself, the records of my own practice point to a minimum annual mortality from alcohol of 200,000. 3. If the opinion expressed by Dr. Richardson—than whom we have no higher authority—that our national vitality would be increased one-third were we a temperate nation, be well founded, we lost in 1876, through alcohol, 227,000 lives. 4. The death-rate in the general section of the United Kingdom Assurance Company, from which drunkards are excluded altogether, being fully seventeen per cent. higher than in the abstaining section, this ratio, applied to our whole number of deaths in Great Britain and Ireland, supposing we had no drunkards amongst us, gives a probable annual mortality from what Sir Henry Thompson calls "drinking far short of drunkenness" of more than 117,000.



BUILDING ON SAND.

SEE, over the shores the children play
When the tide goes down and the sands are bare;
They toil and work through the sunny day
To build their castles tall and fair.

With hands, and bucket, and wooden spade
They dig like slaves for many an hour;
But no foundations can there be laid,
No lasting service their golden dower.

With endless purpose, and ceaseless care,
They rear their structures, broad and grand,
Their moats, and turrets, and towers rare
Seem palace homes in a fairy land.

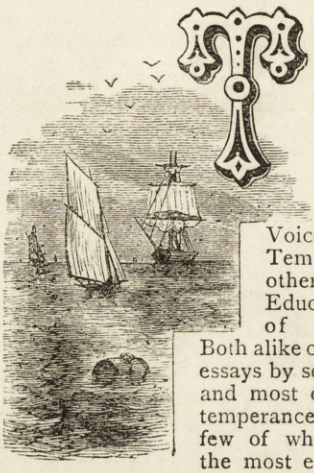
But the tide steals up on the open strand,
And the walls of sand are all laid low,
The wash of the waves they cannot stand
As over the shores the waters flow.

Some build their castles in dreams of air,
With the sands of time on the shores of life;
But they cannot out-last the wear and tear
Of the stormy sea 'mid the daily strife.

Some build on the Rock of Ages fast,
Then the winds and waves of the wintry night
Shall be harmless as the shadows past,
Their work shall abide in eternal light.

UNCLE BEN.

TEMPERANCE GLEANINGS.



TWO books have lately appeared under the auspices of the National Temperance Publication Depôt. One is called "The Voice of Science on Temperance," and the other, "Religious and Educational Aspects of Temperance." Both alike contain a series of essays by some of the ablest and most cultivated of the temperance reformers, not a few of whom rank among the most eminent and distinguished in their profession or vocation in life.

These two little volumes are valuable for the mere weight of authority the authors have, if that were needed to aid the temperance reform; but they are of far greater importance because of the scientific position maintained, and the common-sense exposition of principles which are set forth, even though the names attached to the articles were of no great social position.

The essays on the educational aspect of temperance have a very special claim on those interested in the Band of Hope movement. One fact alone in Miss Rickett's paper is enough to awaken the deepest earnestness in the cause—that while, in the last thirty years, our population has increased twenty per cent., the consumption of alcohol during the same time has increased 247 per cent. Dr. Norman Kerr shows how terrible are the inroads of intemperance among women, and how awful are the results of maternal alcoholic indulgence. If it is possible for a mother to launch into existence a little life that bears the hereditary tendency to like drink, and is able to imprint on the unconscious child the disposition for all the evils that it must inevitably incur if that child is taught to drink, then the only course that can be devoid of peril is life-long abstinence.

The chapter entitled "Example, and its Power over the Young," by Miss Ellen Webb, contains some appalling evidence, wherein she shows that moral teaching, and even Christian instruction, are not able to prevent the temptation of drink overmastering every other restraint except abstinence. The Rev. W. Caine, of the Lancashire County Gaol, states, out of 724 prisoners, 644 had been connected with Sunday-schools, and eighty-one had been Sunday-school teachers. The governor of Canterbury Gaol also bears witness that of 22,000 persons with whom he came in contact during fifteen years, he never met with one prisoner who was a teetotaler. Miss Webb further says, what the writer of this notice would most sincerely endorse, that to convert one Sunday-school teacher to total abstinence is better permanent work for usefulness than to induce even as many as fifty drunkards to sign the pledge. The teacher's example and influence is a powerful practical means of certain results for good. The children reared in abstinence grow up free from the very temptation of intoxicants, and being thus free they continue sober.

A very apt illustration is employed by Samuel Bowly in the article which is from his pen. Speaking of temperance only as a negative principle, he says, "Total abstinence removes a cause of temptation, it takes away an element that is injurious to the cultivation of mankind, *it drains* the social soil of one of the most injurious elements that affects all classes of society." Hence, to quote his words, "The principle we contend for is not a question of the abstract lawfulness or unlawfulness of the thing sacrificed, but the duty, or we may say the privilege of abandoning the use of an article of diet which is not essential to our health, but which, in spite of every religious or legislative restraint, is ever producing such an awful amount of misery and crime."

A clergyman of the Established Church writes the next paper, in which the personal and palpable advantages of total abstinence are wisely and forcibly depicted. The Rev. Alexander Hannay then follows with an address or sermon entitled, "How is England to be Saved?" and makes an earnest appeal to young men, from the motto—"I have written unto you young men because ye are strong." First he considers the danger to which the strength of young men is exposed; and secondly, treats briefly of the remedy; and then, in answer to the great question, How is England to be saved from social dangers and crimes which arise from drink? he declares that England can only be saved by the self-denial of her own sons. The honour of this national redemption may be won by the heroism and fidelity of our young men.

One is unable to congratulate the editor on the excellence of his work, for all these valuable contributions are very indifferently printed, and the companion volume, "The Voice of Science on Temperance," shares the same unfortunate fate. However, the matter of this latter book is even more instructive than the sister voice. We have the *crême de la crême* of the medical side of the question advocating the cause.

We commend the books with great confidence, and end with making one extract from Dr. Richardson's closing paper. In conclusion he says, "The grand offer for us all to make is a firm stand in precept and example by what is right, and to proclaim the right without fear or dismay.

"Once, while the thunder of a great conqueror was playing on a doomed city, there, in the market-place, in calm repose, a poor scholar addressed a few earnest students in language which, far mightier than the cannon of the conqueror, penetrated his nation, lifted it up, and helped to make it the conqueror of the conqueror. Let every son of temperance plant these words in his mind and heart, and he too shall conquer the conqueror.

"To this I am called, to bear witness of the truth. My life, my fortunes, are of little moment. The results of my life are of infinite moment. I am a priest of truth. I am in her pay. I have vowed to do all things, to venture all things, to suffer all things for her. If I am persecuted for her sake, if I should even meet death in her service, what great thing shall I have done? what but that which I clearly ought to do?"

Let us take the parable and live it out.

THE GREAT GOD GIN.

HIGH on his throne sat the great god Gin,
And he looked on his blazing hall;
There was light without, there was light within,
There was music over all.

Yet far above him the sweet stars shone,
And the moon sailed out of the cloud;
Do they know of the ghastly work that is done
In the palace that looks so proud?

Quoth the great god Gin, "There is none like me,
For I rule over rich and poor;
And streams of men, like the rising sea,
Flow in at my open door.

"The fair frank lad and the rosy maid
Come tripping in with the rest;
I care not who if my tithe be paid,
And I take of the people's best.

"A shower of gold, when the week is done,
I get from the teeming mill!
And sweet is the music as one by one
Their shillings roll in the till.

"Look under my throne as I count my dues,
No royal robes have I gathered there;
Strange things in a palace—what king would choose
To take such tribute or ask such share?

"The maid that danced with the flowing gold,
And the man that stooped with the silver thread,
Have fallen together—their days are told,
And both lie now in my ghostly bed!

"The soldier that went from the peasant's cot
And stood to the foe as a tower of strength,—
He too is here—nor sword, nor shot,
Has sent him back to the dust at length.

"The sailor that braved the rolling seas,
And mocked as the swooping storm went past,
Is wrecked in port—he is one of these,
Shattered and sodden, and sinking fast!

"Wherever I look is my triumph spread,
In city or village, on land or sea,
No moor so desolate, wild, and dread,
But payeth first its toll to me!

"Some say in scorn, that a time shall come
When all my palace shall melt in gloom,
My store be scattered, my gorgeous home
Shunned in the dark as a leper's tomb.

"They speak of knowledge, they hint of law,
'We will bind this great god Gin,' say they;
As the wind that harries the flying straw,
I laugh from the heights of my boundless sway!

"I count my forts—they are far and wide,
And blaze through the night like a beacon-chain;
Do the pigmies know of the power defied?
Do they count the list of my royal train?

"Come Law, come Knowledge, I care not when,
I break them both as a shivering glass;
My throne is set in the lusts of men,
I reign for ever—they wane and pass!"

So spake in his glory the great god Gin,
And the lights flared up as his words went forth;
There came no answer without and within,
They bowed their homage, they told his worth.

* * * * * *

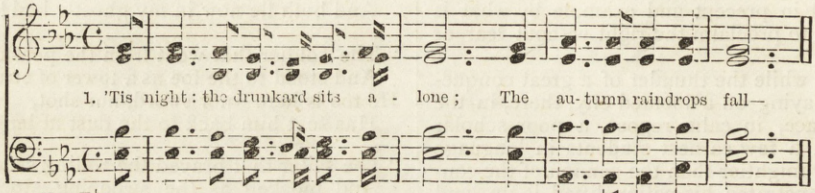
Thus hath this great god dared and done,
And the lands are dark in his ghastly sway;
Oh, Law! oh, Knowledge! oh, both in one,
Come down and bring us the better day!

[From "A Household Queen, and other Poems," by A. HAY HILL.]

SHE TOLD HIM 'TWOULD BE SO.

Quartett.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. *Music by* T. F. SEWARD.



KEY E♭.

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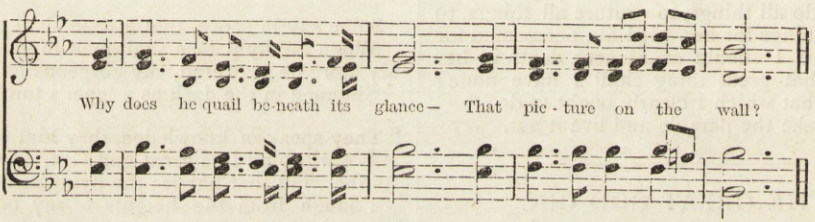
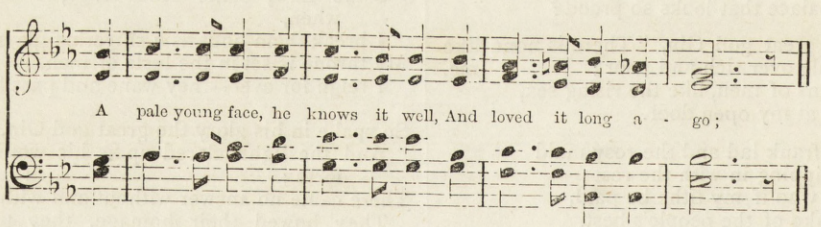
2. There	was a time he would have	spurned The	cold and reck-less	throng,
d	d :- .s_1 | s_1 .,s_1 :s_1 .,d	d :—|— :d	d :-.d | d :d	d :—|—
3. He	did not plunge at once in	crime, But	step by step he	trod;
s	s :- .f | m .,r :m .,f	s :—|— :s	l :-.l | l :l	s :—|—
4. He	closed his eyes, as if to	hide The	pre - sent from his	sight;
d	d :- .d | d .,d :d .,d	d :—|— :d	f_1 :-.f_1 | f_1 :l_1	d :—|—

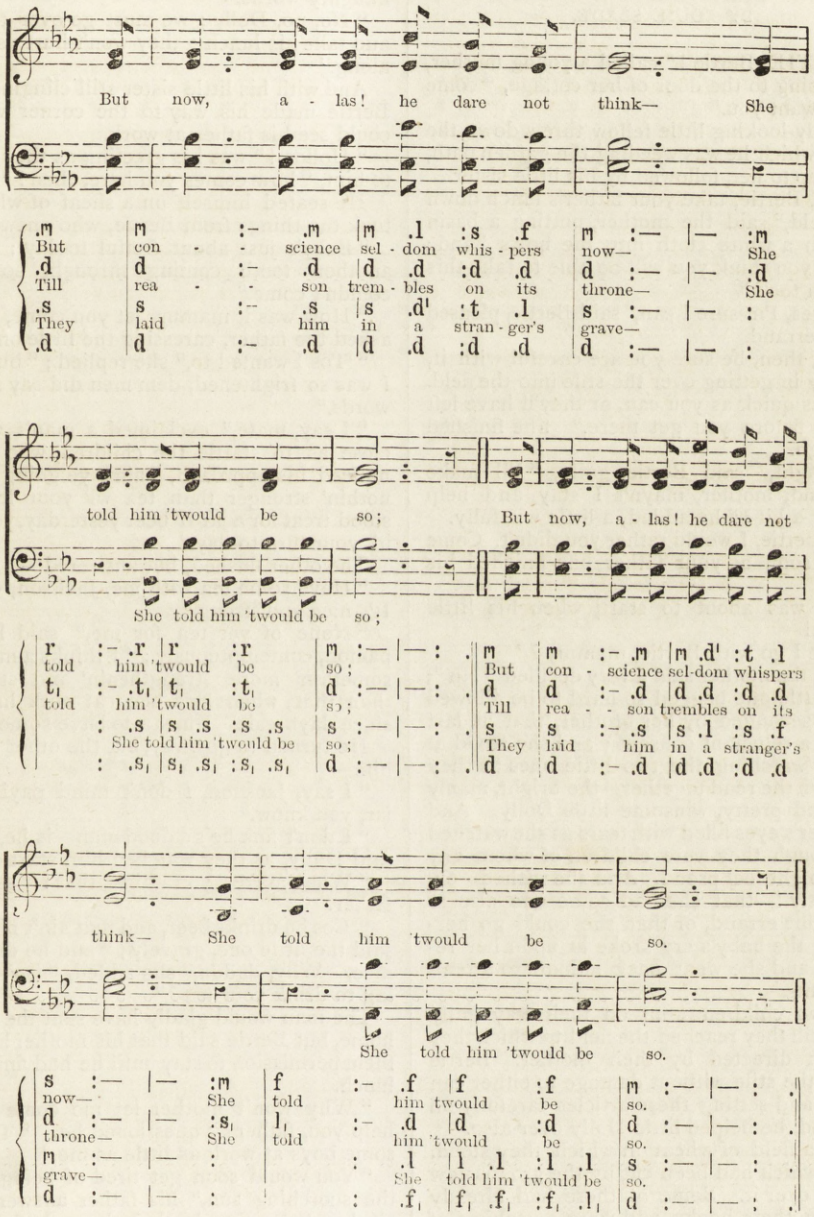


:m	m :- .r | d .,t_1 :d .,r	m :—|— :m	r :-.r | r.t :t.l	s :—|—
Whose	mid - night re-vels now he	seeks, And	where he tar - ries	long.
:d	d :- .s_1 | s_1.,s_1 :s_1 .,d	d :—|— :d	t_1 :-.t_1 | t_1.r :r.d	t_1:—|—
One	glass, an - o-ther; then his	lips Pro -	faned the name of	God.
:s	s :- .f | m .,r :m .,f	s :—|— :s	s :-.s | s :s.fe	s :—|—
The	hours sped on, the storm had	passed, The	morn- ing sun was	bright;
:d	d :- .d | d .,d :d .,d	d :—|— :d	r :-.r | r :r	s_1:—|—



:s	l :-.l | l :l	l :-.s | s :s	f :-.fe | s :f	m :—|— :
A	mo - ment, when he	felt the tear Of	deep con-tri - tion	flow;
:d	d :-.d | d :r	d :-.d | d :d	r :-.d | t_1 :t_1	d :—|— :
A	wreck of all he	might have been—A	slave to guilt and	woe,
:m	f :-.f | l :t	d' :-.d' | d' :s	l :-.l | s :s	s :—|— :
They	came to rouse him,	but the tide Of	life had ceased to	flow;
:d	f :-.f | f :f	m :-.m | m :m	r :-.r | s_1 :s_1	d :—|— :

SHE TOLD HIM 'TWOULD BE SO—*continued.*



DOLLY: A HARVEST STORY.

BY LOUIE SLADE.

"BERTIE, Bertie!" called a young mother, going to the door of her cottage, "come here; I want you."

A sturdy-looking little fellow threw down the hoe with which he was weeding the garden path, and ran up to her, followed by his little sister.

"Here, Bertie, take your father's lunch down to the field," said the mother, putting a basin tied up in a white cloth into the boy's hand; "and do you think you will be able to take this can of tea too?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure I can," said Bertie, pleased with the errand.

"Well, then, be sure you are careful with it, especially in getting over the stile into the field. And go as quick as you can, or they'll have left off work before you get there." She finished with a sigh.

"All right," said Bertie, gaily, "I'll make haste; and, mother, mayn't I stay and help father for a bit?" he added, a little wistfully.

"No, Bertie, I would rather you didn't. Come back as soon as your father has finished his lunch."

Bertie was about to start, when his little sister said—

"Tan't I go with Bertie, mammy?"

At first the mother said a very decided "No"; but the little one begged so hard to be allowed to do so, seconded by her brother, that at last she gave a reluctant consent; and she stood at the door watching the two little ones as they went down the road together—the bright, manly Bertie, and pretty, winsome little Dolly. And the mother's eyes filled with tears as she watched them, though they were children of whom any mother might feel proud. And she wished—oh, so fervently!—that she had some one else to send on this errand, or that she could go herself; but the baby's cry broke in upon her reflections, and she went back indoors to attend to his wants.

The two children went on their way gaily chatting till they reached the field to which they had been directed by their mother. Bertie climbed the stile without damage to either can or basin, and setting these articles carefully on the ground, he helped little Dolly over also.

It was a field of wheat in which they stood, much of which had been cut by the groups now scattered over it. Some of these had already laid down their hooks, and were partaking of their lunch. There was a great deal of laughing and talking going on, and the loud voices and frequent oaths frightened little Dolly.

"Let's go back, Bertie," she whispered, as she clung to his jacket; "they's saying such naughty words."

"No, no, Dolly; we must go over to father, and take his lunch: they won't hurt us. Come along."

And with his little sister still clinging to him, Bertie made his way to the corner where he could see his father at work.

"Holloa!" was his greeting as they came up to him, "how comes you here, then?"

He seated himself on a sheaf of wheat, and took the things from Bertie, who answered—

"Baby's just about fretful to-day; he's got another tooth coming through, so mother couldn't come."

"How was it mammy let you come, Dolly?" asked the father, caressing the little one.

"'Tos I wanted to," she replied; "but, dadda, I was so frightened, dem men did say such bad words."

"I say, mate," exclaimed a man's voice, so close as to startle the children, who had not noticed his approach, "ain't ye going to have nothin' stronger than tea wi' your lunch? I stood treat for a jar o' beer yesterday, you know; it's your turn to-day."

The other flushed, but answered—

"Have some tea with me, Jackson, will you? It's nice and strong."

"None of yer tea for me," said his companion, contemptuously; "I thinks a man wants somethin' more strengthenin' and stimulatin' than that, when he's been at work hard ever since daybreak. I mean to have some beer."

He turned to go away, but the other called to him—

"I say, Jackson, I don't mind paying for a jar, you know."

"I don't fink he's a dood man—is he, dadda?" said Dolly, as they watched him start off.

"What makes you think that?" asked the father.

"'Cos he drinks beer, and that ain't nice stuff," said the little one, gravely; "and he didn't talk nice. Why, dadda," she added, "isn't you going to drink your tea?"

The man would gladly have sent the children home, but Bertie said that his mother had given them permission to stay until he had finished his lunch.

"Why won't mother let me come out and help you, father?" questioned he. "There are some boys at work as little as me."

"You would soon get tired of being here in the scorching sun," his father answered, evasively; "drawing loads isn't such fun as you think for."

"I know I could help you, though," said Bertie. "Oh, here's that man coming back. I

wish he hadn't fetched that beer—don't you, father?"

No, his father could not truthfully say that he did; the love for intoxicating drink was growing upon him, though he tried to shut his eyes to the fact, and he certainly wished to keep his children in ignorance of it.

"You had better be going home, I think," he said.

But Dolly, who had grown accustomed to the loud laughter and coarse conversation, and felt quite safe under her father's care, was not at all willing for this, and declared almost tearfully: "Mammy said they might stay a bit, she did."

The man Jackson seated himself with them, to the slight dismay of the little ones.

When he had poured some beer from the jar, he offered Bertie the glass, saying—

"Here, my little man, you have a drop."

"No, thank you," he said, firmly; "I'm a teetotaler."

"A teetotaler, eh? And who learnt ye to be a teetotaler—yer father?" And the man laughed unpleasantly.

"And be you a teetotaler, little 'un?" he asked, turning to Dolly.

"No," she lisped in a timid voice.

"She means she ain't signed the pledge yet," explained Bertie, "'cos she's so little; but she don't have beer."

While they drank the intoxicating liquor little Dolly left her father's side to inspect a wild flower she observed some little distance off, and called to Bertie to join her.

"See here, what a pitty fower I'se dot!" she exclaimed, holding up a little pink convolvulus for his inspection; "and I wants some more, Botie, so let's dather some to take home."

So they set to work to fill their hands with the delicate pink and white blossoms, and gradually wandered further from their father.

"I say, Dol," said Bertie presently, "don't it take dad a long time to have his lunch?"

"P'a'ps he's vewy hungwy," suggested Dolly.

"Thirsty, more like," said Bertie, "I wonder, now, if that jar was full o' beer."

"Oh, Botie, look!" exclaimed the little girl, pointing with her finger to a group some distance from them, "dere' a 'ittle boy not so big as you, an' he's at work. Why won't mammy let you tum?"

"Why, Dol, I don't know 'zackly," and Bertie shook his head sagely, and lowered his voice; "but I 'spects 'tis 'cause o' the bad words, you know, and the drinkin', and all that."

"But dadda tums," said the little one, opening her blue eyes in amazement.

"Of course," and Bertie smiled a little contemptuously at his sister's ignorance; "if he didn't we shouldn't have nothin' to eat, nor wear, nor nothin', but then I ain't but a little boy, and shouldn't get no money, you know."

So the little ones chatted on as they seated themselves among the stubble to inspect their floral treasures.

They had been seated for some time, too absorbed in their conversation and their flowers to know how time was passing, when the sound of loud angry voices made them start to their feet.

Looking towards their father, they saw that he had risen, as had also his companion, and by their attitude, their vehement gesticulations and loud tones they knew that they were quarrelling.

Taking his sister by the hand, Bertie made his way to them as quickly as he could.

"Oh, don't, father!" he said, beseechingly, when they had reached them, as he saw his father, his face flushed with passion, and with the drink he had taken, raise his hand as if to strike the other; and little Dolly clung round his knees echoing Bertie's cry.

"Oh, don't, dadda, don't!"

But the infuriated man took no notice of their pleading, the clenched fist fell with terrible force, but not, as he had intended, on his antagonist; *he* had stepped back, and the blow had descended on the fragile little Dolly.

There was a piercing cry from Bertie as he saw his little sister fall to the ground, a cry which the father echoed when he realized what he had done.

All was confusion in a moment. The other harvesters hastened up when they heard that terrified scream, and all were asking questions which no one answered. And the now sobered man knelt on the ground, holding the little figure in his arms, and gazing with anxious eyes into the sweet upturned face, his own countenance almost as white as hers.

Bertie was crouched beside her too, holding one of her hands in his own, and sobbing bitterly.

"Do she breathe?" asked a voice, and at the question a thrill shot through the father's form.

Yes, thank God! life was not extinct, but what would he not have given to see those eyelids raised, and the blue eyes looking into his own.

"Go for a doctor, somebody," he gasped—"quick!"

The man Jackson moved away to do his bidding, glad, perhaps, to escape from the unconscious little one, and from witnessing the grief of the father and brother. A woman slipped forward and would have relieved the father of his burden, but he would not let her.

"Will one of you be good enough to go on and break it to the wife?" he asked, huskily.

Then he sent up a silent, earnest prayer to God to spare the life of his child ; and registered a vow in his heart that if his prayer were answered he would lead a better life, and give up entirely the use of the beverage which had cost him so dear.

Words would fail to describe the sorrow that wrung the mother's heart when the terrible tidings reached her, but she was very undemonstrative—so much so, indeed, that the neighbour who told her the sad news afterward declared that she was "unfeeling." She could not guess what conflicting emotions were surging through the mother's heart when she set about preparing for her little one with such seeming calmness.

Her little Dolly injured, unconscious—perhaps, it may be, *dying!* And struck down by her own father's hand ! Her informant, who had learned the facts of the case from Jackson, spared no details in repeating it.

* * * * *

The weeks of harvest went on, and still the cloud hung heavily over the cottage where little Dolly lay weak and helpless, hovering between life and death.

And the father went to the field and worked, scarcely knowing how, leaving it many times through the day to see how Dolly was ; and what a shudder would pass through his frame as he heard the same answer, "No better."

And the poor mother hovered around the sick one, with what a warfare raging within her ! Naturally, for a time her heart was bitter against her husband, but when she heard his heart-rending sobs at his child's bedside ; when she learnt that it was in defending his wife and children from insult that the quarrel arose ; when she saw how utterly broken down he had become—her heart softened and she forgave him all, and made excuses for his conduct.

But what cut the poor father to the heart was that his boy avoided him. From the time that he saw that crushing blow descend upon his darling little sister, Bertie had been cherishing bitter thoughts of him. But fortunately for herself and her children the young mother was a Christian, and she gently explained all to her boy, and led him to think more kindly of his poor father ; but to the man Jackson he still maintained an obdurate dislike. Indeed, they all found it difficult to forgive the instigator of this quarrel, but they were not brought much into contact with him, for shortly after he left the neighbourhood in quest of work. Perhaps the pale little face of the unconscious child haunted him still.

* * * * *

Dolly did not die—no, the mother's earnest petitions, the father's broken prayers and vows, were not made in vain, and little Dolly recovered.

A happy home that cottage was after, when they were freed from that curse which threatened to blight it and mar its peace. When the next harvest came, the mother did not fear to let her little ones run to their father with his meals, and in the cool evening to stay with him for a little time.

One night in winter-time—when more than twelve months had rolled away since that memorable day in the harvest-field—one bitterly cold night, a man crept past the garden gate ; a poor, ragged, bloated figure, bearing the traces of drink, sin, and poverty.

The cottage door was suddenly opened, and a flood of light streamed out. The man stood gazing spellbound into the cottage, when a voice beside him said, "Good evening," and then as the man stepped back, and the light fell on his face, he cried—

"What ! you, Jackson ?"

Yes, it was Jackson, and thus the comrades met again.

When he was seated in the bright, warm cottage, little Dolly nestled contentedly in his arms, and tears of penitence stood in his eyes—even Bertie joined in the general forgiveness, and their happiness seemed complete.

BIRDS.

OH, who does not love both to see and to hear the beautiful, merry birds ! How solemn the world would appear if there were no birds to charm us with their gladsome songs ! The glorious sun might shine in all his wonted brilliancy ; the beautiful flowers might shed forth their rich fragrance upon the air, and the trees form pleasant, shady bowers ; but still, if there were no birds to charm us with their delightful songs, a dreadful stillness would seem to settle upon our hearts and minds, and we should grow languid and weary, and feel as if Nature had something yet to bring forth, to complete her wonderful work. Oh, in the spring-time of the year, when "the lark, with vigorous pinions, soars skyward," and pours forth his "sweet songs of love and gladness" ; when the throstle and the blackbird call from the "wood-topp'd hill," how the heart of the "lover of nature" beats with ecstasy at the gladsome sounds ! J. W. CLAY.

OBSERVATION and experience combine to teach us how small a part of the incidents which chequer life can be foretold. Therefore it becomes the wise to enjoy with equanimity or to suffer with fortitude whatever happens.



"Bertie made his way to his father."—p. 138.

FATHER IS COMING.



"FATHER is coming home." What joy those words bring in your household, when some little watcher announces the fact to the happy fireside group! But it brought no joy to the hearts of little Belle and Rosie Hunter.

Poor things! They were so glad when the sunshine stole down their dark alley, warming up their old doorway. Then they could creep out from their dreary home, with its dusky walls, and amuse themselves as best they could with their few playthings. Mother was always sick now, and she could give them but little attention. There was no money to replace their scant, tattered garments with new ones. Poor Belle's shoes were worn out long ago, and little Rosie's bare toes peeped out from hers all through the cold winter. Once they had a sweet, fresh home in the country. Once papa loved to take his little girl on his knee, and call her his "little Bluebell," because of her blue eyes. He thought no rosebud so sweet as his red-lipped baby pet.

I think you have guessed the cause of the change. It was all drink's doing. The little ones never bounded out to meet their father when he came home at nightfall. No; they cowered in some dark corner, if they could, so they might be out of the way of his drunken blows and curses.

Why was he coming home so much earlier than usual to-night? His step, too, was very different. He did not reel to and fro, as he often did.

"He's got a basket on his arm, Belle. Oh, I hope there's some bread in it! I'se so hungry."

"Well, there isn't, Rosie. We'll have to go hungry to bed again, you may be sure."

"Come in, children," said the father, in an entirely new tone; "I've got some supper for you."

The broken-hearted mother looked up wonderingly, half fearing she was still asleep.

No. There was the old table set out, and two big white loaves upon it, a plate of butter, a paper of chipped beef, some cheese and cakes, and—oh! how the children's eyes danced—a quart of great strawberries.

A good temperance brother had met John Hunter, and reached out a friendly hand to him. He urged him to shake off his hard master, who was fast binding him down with cable ropes, and be a man again. At last John yielded, and put his hand to the blessed pledge. Now his earnings came home to feed his hungry children, and to buy comforts for his poor fading wife. The roses came back to her cheeks again. The ragged home was mended, and little Belle and Rosie used to bound down the path with happy, joyous faces when either one cried out, "Father is coming!"

THE THREE BROTHERS.

THREE little brothers lived near a wood where the trees grew thick and large. The names of these boys were John, William, and Reuben. Their parents were poor, and in the winter the brothers would go into the wood to gather sticks.

These sticks they would tie in bundles or fagots, and sell them in the nearest town.

Early each winter morning the boys would cross the little bridge that lay in front of their house, and go to the woods.

One cold day, when their father was ill, they went alone into the woods; and John, the eldest boy, said, "Now, Willie, you and Reuben go and get the biggest sticks you can find, and bring them here to me, and I will bind them up into fagots."

So the little boys went to work, though it was cold, and Jack Frost nipped their hands and feet until they were numb. They worked till it was dark, and then it began to snow.

Little Reuben was so tired and sleepy that he could hardly see, so John took him on his back, and the three boys started for home, leaving their fagots piled up where they could get them the next day.

But the snow fell faster and faster, and soon covered up the track which led to their home; so they wandered out of their way.

The mother sat watching for them, and hoping every moment to hear their voices at the door. The snow drifted up under the window of the little cottage, and covered the bridge that lay in sight.

As hour after hour went by and the boys did not come, she became alarmed, and at last went to Farmer Dawson, who lived near by, and told him her fears.

"There, there, stop crying, my good woman," said Farmer Dawson; "if the boys have lost their way, the 'Captain' and I will find them, never fear. Here, Susan, bring me my greatcoat, and my lantern and my staff, and tell Jonas and Tom to come with me."

The Captain was a dog, and as he was called' he came barking out of the wood-shed, glad to be of some use in the world. Jonas and Tom were men who helped the farmer.

They had got half a mile in the woods, when the Captain darted off towards a great tree, and began to bark.

"There they are! The Captain has found them. I knew he would," said Farmer Dawson.

And so it was. The poor boys, tired and chilled through, had sat down under a tree; and they could hardly speak when the men came up.

Each man took a boy on his back, and in this way they all went home; and there the boys were rubbed with snow till they were warm and well.

How glad were their mother and father to have them safe once more in their arms, by the cheerful cottage fire! They laughed and they cried.

The Captain had a big bowl of milk that night, as a reward for his good conduct.

REV. CHARLES GARRETT.—"I see with great regret the habit of smoking formed amongst the lads and young men. It is to many of them the first step on the wrong road."

THE MEDICAL JOURNAL CALLED *The Lancet*.—"Amongst ourselves, juvenile smoking is getting more and more common, with the result of impaired eyesight, thinning of the hair, and other symptoms of excessive draughts on the tropic nerve-centres. And how is the practice to be stopped when it is directly encouraged—even Sunday-school prizes taking the form of meerschaum pipes? Not till education instructs the youth of the country in the fabric and functions of health, and inspires them with a manlier ideal than that of merely aping the manners of their elders, will premature indulgence of every kind cease to act on them for evil."

HONEST BOB AND THE LANDLORD.

A LANDLORD in Sloper
Quite famous became,
He lived at "The Roper,"
John Cotton his name.

Now Cotton pretended
His house folks should see
A model intended
Of what inns should be.

And once an old toper
Who felt rather dry
Called in at "The Roper,"
His credit to try.

He asked for a shilling,
Or some little job—
To work he was willing,
For honest was Bob.

Mine host eyed him over,
He knew him quite well—
Though Bob was a rover,
His face he could tell.

For often he'd seen him
Call in at his tap,
But cared not to screen him
From poverty's hap.

So gruffly he told him
He'd nothing to lend,
Although he had sold him
Of whisky no end.

Just then poor old Bobby,
So hungry and dry,
Espied in the lobby
A tub set awry,

And down he sat on it:
The bottom came out,
The landlady's bonnet
Fell down in the rout;

And then, in her passion,
She fumed and she raved—
No lady of fashion
Would so have behaved.

"The bottom was rotten,"
Said Bob with a sigh;
"Be off," roared old Cotton,
"I tell you, you lie!

"And if you're not going,
I'll strike with this shelf;
Just mind what your doing—
Go, work for yourself!"

Bob left them, reflecting
How foolish he'd been
For ever expecting
They'd help him, I ween.

He saw how misguided
His life heretofore,
And firmly decided
To drink never more.

So Bob has grown wiser,
He saves up his pelf—
Thanks to his adviser,
He works for himself.

DAVID LAWTON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

AN Englishman who went to see an Irish friend, knocked at the street door, and asked, "Does Mr. M'Guire live here?" "He does, sorr; but he's dead." "When did he die?" "If he'd lived till to-morrow," was the response, "he'd have been dead a fortnight."

SELF-DISCIPLINE.—Although no human vision can penetrate the darkness of the future, yet there is such a thing as so disciplining oneself as not to be extravagantly elated by unexpected good fortune, or utterly prostrated by unlooked-for misfortunes. Such discipline constitutes one of the principal and most essential elements of human character. It enables us in all circumstances to persevere in the performance of the great duties of life. It becomes a source of almost boundless strength in carrying resolutely to completion the difficult undertakings upon which we see fit to enter. It enables us to bear with comparative stoicism the trials and disappointments of life when they come upon us suddenly and seem almost beyond endurance.

PEDESTRIAN, who has dropped a penny in front of a "poor blind man": "Why, you humbug, you're not blind!" Beggar: "Not I, sir. If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."

AN American paper thus describes a talkative female: "I know a lady who talks so incessantly that she won't give an echo fair play. She has such an everlasting rotation of tongue that an echo must wait until she dies before it can catch her last words."

CHEATS.—A man who cheats in small measure is a measureless rogue. If he gives short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain. If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed.

EVERY just man is among the treasures of the community in which he lives. He constitutes one of the columns on which society reposes. He imparts a feeling of strength and security. Those around him feel that property and reputation are both safe in his keeping. In every way he contributes to the comfort, the brightness, the happiness of human life.

AN UNEXPECTED RESPONSE.—A man named Billy Ross, who is a great temperance lecturer on the other side of the Atlantic, said in the course of an address to young people—"Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?" "Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices. "Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?" "Dead," shouted the boys. "That's right; and who will own all this property then?" "Us boys!" shouted the urchins. "Right! Now tell me, did you ever, in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the public-house doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?" "Yes, sir; lots of them." "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?" "Dead," exclaimed the boys. "And who will be the drunkards then?" "Us boys!" Billy was thunderstruck for a moment, but, recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

NEVER cry over spilt milk. There is enough water in it already.

YOU cannot cultivate a man's acquaintance by continually harrowing his feelings.

YOUNG clergyman at a clerical meeting—"I merely throw out the idea." Old clergyman—"Well, I think that is the best thing you can do with it."

"YOU are not fond of money for itself?" "Oh, dear no," said John, "I am fond of it for *my*self."

"WHO are you?" said a magistrate to a tipsy Hibernian. "Lord Bayconsfield, plaze yer honour." The magistrate thought a moment and said, "Oh, I see! the whisky made you Dizzy."

A REAL Western American said of a neighbour, "Mister, I don't know much about him, but my impression is that he'd make a first-class stranger."

AN old toper, claiming to be a moderate drinker, was asked what his idea of moderate drinking was. "Why," said he, "when a man takes only one drink at a time."

"SAY, John, is your sweetheart a factory girl?" "Yes, Bill, she's satis-factory."

A REAL TEMPERANCE ORATOR.—"I sall tell you how it vas," said the sensible German lecturer. "I drank mine lager, den I put my hand on mine head and dere vosch vone pain. Den I put mine hand on mine body and dere vosch anoder pain. Den I put mine hand in mine pocket and dere vosch noding. So I jine de temperance. Now dere is no pain in mine head, and de pain in mine body vosch all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket and dere vosch twenty moneys. So I stay wid de temperance."

IT was the man who was arrested for stealing a mirror who discovered that he had a glass too much.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Band of Hope Chronicle—British Temperance Advocate—Good Templar's Gem—Hand and Heart—Irish Temperance League Journal—Rechabite Magazine—Social Reformer—Temperance Record—Western Temperance Herald.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," etc.

CHAPTER X.—A PLEASANT JOURNEY.

"Ever persevere, boys,
Though your task is hard:
Toil and happy trust, boys,
Bring their own reward.

Never give it up, boys—
Always say, 'I'll try';
You will gain the crown, boys,
Surely by-and-bye."

"HOW long have you been waiting?"

"Oh! only a few minutes—not five."

"Well, I thought I should miss you; and, besides, I was not sure whether you said you would be outside the station, or outside the post-office."

"Charing Cross Post-Office I said."

"Of course you did; now I remember quite well. Bother it! that's just like me; and I am positive a whole batch of my answers were wrong."

"Don't make so sure of that. I wish I was as safe to pass as yourself."

"*You!* Why, if you don't top the list, I'll——"

"Now, *what* will you do? Say you're 'sorry,' like a host of other fellows, and think no more about it."

"No, believe me—if you haven't 'passed,' it will be a case of favouritism, I'll——"

"'Swear,' you were going to say."

"I was."

"Of course. All the fellows who don't pass think they have been especially favoured with the examiners' spite. But I do hope we are through, and shall be dreadfully disappointed if that friend of mine misses."

"You mean that dark-haired, good-looking chap?"

"Yes; and he's thoroughly good-hearted too. He's the best fellow living, and that's only poor praise."

"Have you long known him?"

"Ay; we were at school together."

The speakers were young men who had met by appointment at five in the afternoon on a certain day, in order that they might go together to London University, to ascertain the, to them, most important news in the world—namely, whether they had successfully passed the matriculation examination.

As they hurried through the crowded Haymarket into Piccadilly, the passers-by, had they been so minded, might have guessed from the anxious looks of the young men that their thoughts were occupied with some concern of gravity. London wayfarers have, however, too much to do without studying character in the streets—at any rate, it will be safe to say the strollers in Piccadilly between five and six that afternoon didn't trouble themselves in the slightest as to the business of the two young men who turned so sharply round the corner of Burlington Arcade.

Yes, they turned the corner sharply, but soon slackened speed. The nearer they got to the goal, the less disposed they were apparently to reach it.

"Why, that's my father on the steps!"

"Is it?"

"Yes. Oh! I can tell I've missed it."

"The man on the steps" made no sign, but kept his post, waiting for the two companions to come up.

"Well, Bob, you've done it."

"I knew I had. I could tell by your looks I had missed it."

"You haven't missed it. You've passed. You're third."

"No!"

"But I say 'Yes.' You're placed third on the first list."

"I congratulate you heartily, Marshall," interposed his companion. "Didn't I say you'd be all right?"

"Well, what about yourself? Come, let us see the lists."

The three hurried to the board to which the official list was attached. It was surrounded by a little knot of young men; and in a moment or two success or failure could be gathered from the countenances of each as they turned away.

"Yes, there you are—that's your number. Don't you see?—you're fifth."

"Well, now let us look for him."

They looked once or twice very carefully through the lists.

"No, he's not there."

"Well, I am sorry."

"So am I. Let me introduce you to my father. This is Mr. Winchester, father, of whom I have told you."

"I congratulate you, sir. I congratulate you very heartily. My son has told me about you."

"Thank you very much—why, here's Rogers."

Up the steps he came, at a brisk pace, and smiling too.

"Well?" was the only word he spoke; but at that time it meant a great deal.

"Rogers, old fellow, I'm awfully sorry you're not in it."

"What a nuisance! Oh, well, 'try again,' anyhow. You're 'in it,' as you call it—I'm downright glad of that."

"Yes; and what do you think of Marshall being third in the list?"

"No! That's splendid: I am glad. Where is he?"

"Oh, he was here a minute ago, with his father. But come along, and look at the list for yourself."

The two friends examined the list together, and left the building arm in arm.

In the street, the Marshalls, father and son, were waiting.

"So very glad you have done so capitally, Marshall," said Rogers. "It's really splendid."

"Thank you; but I am quite sorry about you. I was sure——"

"Oh, never mind me. I'm vexed, of course. But I think I'll try again."

"That's right: I'm glad to hear you pluck up like that," said Mr. Marshall. "What do you say if we go down to Richmond together? It's a fine evening, and there's plenty of time to get there and back before dark."

"Well, thank you, I think I must say no."

"Oh, come along; Mr. Winchester is coming. You *are* now," said he, turning to Winchester, who replied—

"Well, I'll go if Rogers will, and I think he ought."

"But——" interposed Rogers.

"Oh, there's no 'buts' about it; we'll all go," was Mr. Marshall's rejoinder, and that settled it.

As they took their seats on the steamer, Rogers said, "Well, if any one had told me an hour ago that I was on the way to Richmond, I shouldn't have stood upon much ceremony about contradicting the person."

"Stranger things than this have happened, and will happen again," said Mr. Marshall.

* * * * *

The speaker's life-story was indeed a strong confirmation of his statement. Who could have thought that a few years would bring so many changes to him and his! God had abundantly blessed him in his resolve to turn over a new leaf on that eventful New Year's morning in the humble lodging off Drury Lane. He had prospered in his work, and instead of being employed by others, now kept half a dozen hands himself, and was surely laying the foundations of what promised to be a great business.

His son's progress in the national school had attracted the notice of the clergyman, who had influenced the father to allow the youth to attend evening classes, and so it came about that young Robert Marshall, at nineteen, was in the proud position of scoring a success at the London University. His acquaintance with Winchester and Rogers had only arisen through their meeting at the examinations, so up to the present he had known comparatively little of them. But we have something to tell respecting the latter.

Upon recovering from his accident, Rogers had not returned to his old school. An uncle at Northampton had received him into his home as a companion to an only son, who had since died. This uncle was a retired barrister, and he it was who had encouraged Rogers to go up to the University.

Winchester did return to "The Poplars," term after term, but in accordance with his father's cut-and-dried plan, was removed when he was sixteen, and sent to the office, as his brothers had been before him.

Bertie, or "Mr. Albert," as he was then styled, did not at all like the arrangement. He objected, and pressed his disinclination as far as he could.

He wanted to be a doctor. "Nonsense," was his father's comment. "There's plenty of work to be done in the office and at the distillery—work good enough for me and your brothers, and quite good enough for you too, so we needn't talk about it."

Mrs. Winchester was appealed to, but, as usual, could do nothing—and, indeed, saw no reason why the lad should be discontented; but we must, however, give her credit for making a suggestion which reconciled him to the work.

"You must go to the office for a time, and perhaps before long some way may open up for you to make a change."

Everything about the office was repugnant to him, and his life was becoming unbearable, when one day one of his father's clerks came in with the prospectuses of the evening classes at King's College. They read the papers over together, with the result that he obtained permission to attend the classes.

He had thus an object before him. His determination was to try if possible to work up for a London University degree, and then go out to Australia to join his brother.

"If I land in Melbourne with a good education, surely I shall be able to make my way into something," was his reflection.

Night after night then he plodded away at his studies, and as he did his work in the daytime, his father was quite content. Mr. Winchester occasionally remonstrated with Bertie for boring away at his books; but beyond this the lad had his own way, and in the end the reward of making a decided step towards the attainment of the object which he had in view.

* * * * *

"To Richmond and back," for Marshall and his son, was the most pleasant trip they had ever enjoyed. Winchester and Rogers too were well pleased with the jaunt, and when they landed at Westminster Pier they were

profuse in their thanks to Mr. Marshall for the agreeable evening they had spent together.

At Charing Cross they parted company, but to meet again.

(*To be continued.*)

JESSIE'S LAST REQUEST.

"FATHER," said a child in whisper,
"I am glad you've come again ;
Bring a stool, and sit beside me,
I'm so full of grief and pain.
It was kind of you, dear father,
Just to cheer me up a bit ;
And I wanted so to see you
Now before the lamp is lit,

Before poor mother comes from washing,
Or Johnny from the loom,
For I shall not live till the morning :
They're waiting in the room,
So beautiful and white, dear father,
With long and radiant wings ;
They've beckon'd twice, and pointed up
To bright and lovely things.

Now put your hand in mine, dear father,
It feels quite stiff and cold,
And though you have been drinking now,
I do not mean to scold.
Can you remember, father dear,
Three years last month ago,
When the trees were dark and naked,
The grass was white with snow,

A lady kind who came to see us,
A *pledge-book* in her hand ?
She press'd us all to sign, dear father,
And join the *Temp'rance band ;*
She said that *none were safe* while taking
The '*drink*' *in little drops,*
It led to more and more sad drinking,
Then to the liquor-shops ;

She said that tens of thousands perish
Through strong drink every year,
Who *boasted* once they drank but little—
Only one glass of beer.
You angry got with her, dear father,
You said your *moderate plan*
Was sanctioned by the blessed Book,
And drink was good for man :

You could not help men drinking
Until they got the *worse ;*
What Heaven had made a blessing,
They turned into a curse.

She went, but left a card behind—
It is lying in my box ;
I've kept it nice, and clean, and new,
Between my little frocks.

You'll find it wrapped in paper ;—
Things now are not the same,
Our mother never went to work
Before the lady came ;
When you came home from work, father,
You romped, and talked, and read,
And heard us say our evening prayers,
Then kissed us off to bed.

Oh ! they were happy, happy times,
Now mother cries, to think
The home she made so neat and clean
Has gone to pay for drink.
I have prayed the gentle Saviour,
In the shadow where I lie,
To look in loving pity,
And make you fit to die :

For you can never, never come
Where I am going to-night,
Unless you give the drinking up,
And strive to do the right.
The Bible says of *drunkards*, father,
They cannot enter there ;
I've prayed to Jesus o'er and o'er
To answer Jessie's prayer.

Father, promise ere I leave you
For the mansions of the blest,
You will heed my solemn warning,
And obey my last request.
Do not falter—tell me, father—
Speak the word before I go ! '
"I will, I will, my Jessie, darling,"
And his tears began to flow.

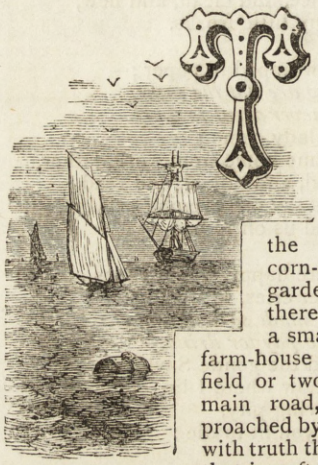
Silent long he stood beside her,
Looking on her own sweet face ;
Thinking of her sinless nature,
Thinking of his own disgrace.
While the deeds of shameless manhood
Crowded o'er his fevered brain,
Down he sank upon her pillow,
Groaning with his load of pain ;

Then he started—gazed upon her,
Press'd her little marble brow,
Clasp'd her hand again, and staggered,—
It was all too lifeless now.
She had heard his faithful promise,
Heard her wretched father say
He would *sign the pledge and keep it,*
And her spirit passed away.

J. J. LANE.

LIVING FOR OTHERS.

BY UNCLE BEN.



THE heroine of our little story is named Lena Crossbrook. In a bright country sunny village, where yellow roads of sand and gravel traversed the green hedges, corn-fields, cottage gardens, and copses, there she was born, in a small, old-fashioned farm-house which stood in a field or two back from the main road, and was approached by a narrow road, if with truth the track with ruts that in soft, muddy weather almost came up to the axle of the market cart could be so dignified. The garden in summer-time was a treat to see ; it was always sweet and gay ; stocks and balsams, sweet-peas, asters, sweet-williams, cabbage-roses, and sweet-briers flourished in luxury, and though few saw the flowers, they bloomed with fuller grace than town flowers that are seen by hundreds of eyes.

Lena's father was a fairly well-to-do farmer, who had married the pretty daughter of the publican who kept the Bell Inn, but, like many publicans, the temptations to drink were irresistible, and to his only daughter he transmitted the taste and tendency to drink. In the days of her childhood it was the cause of many a joke and laugh how fond she was of a little drop of beer, and liked a sup of spirit. "Ah !" would say her father, "she knows what's good, she does, bless her 'art—a regular chip off the old block."

As she grew, the taste was growing, too, but it was not until she had married Mr. Crossbrook that she gratified it to any great excess. Every now and then it had been whispered that she had more than was good for her, and did not know what she was always about. But the more kindly disposed friends and neighbours said that folks only said so because she was come from a public-house, but a nicer and more respectable young woman was not to be found in the parish, and above all, "There were not many Sundays in the year as one didn't see her at church, most times twice a day, and always dressed so nicely."

But before Lena was born, the fatal habit had become a confirmed vice. The home was made wretched, debts were incurred, disputes often arose between husband and wife ; secrecy could no longer conceal the fact that Mrs. Crossbrook was a confirmed drunkard.

After the entrance of little Lena into the home, the mother made great efforts to reform herself ; but instead of giving up the use of all strong drink, she maintained that a little was absolutely necessary for her strength and health. It was not long, therefore, before she relapsed again ; the appetite growing stronger, she became worse than ever. The father was out much by day, spent his evenings frequently from home, and on market days often returned from the neighbouring town very late at night.

One evening, when the father was away at market, and she had been imbibing, Lena, being about twelve months old and cutting her teeth, was cross and fretful. The mother took the child upstairs, undressed her, and put the little thing to bed ; and after refreshing herself from a black bottle, sat down beside the crib, intending to rock the baby to sleep, but soon fell into a heavy, drunken sleep, from which, some hours after, she was suddenly aroused by a great noise, and the cry of "Fire ! fire !" which voices were shouting outside. In wild alarm she caught up the child and rushed to the door, to find the stairs were in a blaze, and the flames were already making their way into the room. The smoke was almost choking. There was no escape but from the window ; she broke open the casement and called for help. She could discern figures below in the darkness through the smoke by the lurid light from the flames that burst out on all sides. A voice replied to her screams, "Wait for the ladder." In the agony of despair she remained there only for a few seconds, which seemed an æon of fearful anguish. The people were beginning to gather from far and near, and were calling to her to keep still, but in her delirium of fright she began to scramble through the open window with the child in her arms. Then rose the cry, "Make haste ! make haste !" for the men were coming with the ladder ; but before they could reach the spot the drunken mother had fallen to the earth with the unconscious infant.

The father, while driving back from the market town, met a horseman galloping in for the fire engine, and from him he learnt the dreadful tidings that his home was burning. He reached the scene almost immediately after his wife jumped from the window, as she and their only child were being carried to a neighbour's.

It was a night never to be forgotten. No one ever knew how the fire first broke out. One of the carters, who slept over the stable, was the first



"She was allowed to invite her two friends to tea in the garden."—p. 150.

to notice it and give the alarm to the nearest neighbour; but this was not until the fire had got a thorough hold of the ground floor, and in the course of a few hours, nothing remained of the once happy home but a charred heap of smouldering ruins; one of the outhouses and barns was also destroyed before the engines came.

The injuries Mrs. Crossbrook received were too severe for there to be any hope of her recovery; she scarcely regained her senses, and after a few days died from the effects of the fall. Lena, to the surprise of all, lived, as though by a miracle. Few thought the poor little thing would ever become strong and well; none thought she would grow up to womanhood, so mangled and crippled was the little frame.

When the unhappy father found himself utterly ruined, his home gone in one night, his wife dead, his little child a helpless cripple, his trouble seemed greater than he could bear. He determined to leave the country and begin life again in New Zealand; so he placed the motherless infant under the kind care of his only sister, who was happily married in the same village. Before many weeks had passed the father was far away upon the sea, and little Lena was being tenderly nursed and soothed by her aunt, who, from the day that the little maid first found shelter in her home, for ever banished from her lips and household all use of strong drink.

Lena's aunt Jane was a kind-hearted, quiet soul, who was thought to be curious in her views and eccentric in her ways, because she had opinions of her own and ways that were unconventional. But, best of all, she had a beautiful spirit, full of charity and compassion, and throughout her life she kept sacredly and faithfully what she held to be the secret of Christianity, the great principle or law of Paul's teaching: "You are not your own."

She knew little about doctrine and dogma, orthodoxy or heterodoxy; she simply felt that Jesus Christ lived and died for others; and if Christianity means anything, it means being like Him in life and conduct. It was under this influence that little Lena was trained and educated; here she drank in the very essence of the New Testament. As she grew into girlhood she heard the history of her mother's death and why her father lived so far away. Her health improved every year, and when she began to go to school, she took eagerly to all her lessons.

Her lameness and being an orphan drew out from many rough children of the village-school,

who had coarse manners and used bad words, many acts of rough kindness, to which she was ever ready to respond. At school and play at home she, too, was trying to learn the one great lesson her aunt was always saying Jesus wished her to learn—that we must live for others, not for self, and the child's heart went forth in longing love to her absent father, and in ready sympathy to all around her. Her two chief friends were the daughters of a drunken father ; it was this knowledge that attached her first and more especially to these two schoolfellows. She never forgot that she was a drunkard's child, and if she ever could forget it, she had only to look at her crutches ; then she would say to herself, " God meant me to remember that I ought always to think and care for others."

Her aunt told Lena it was a life-long lesson to learn that those who love the Saviour cease to be their own. This is the reason of all true sacrifice ; it was carrying out this one fact that made her a teetotaler, that made people never tired of doing good, that helped many to be glad in the hardest service, and made people patient in all adversity. And Lena saw this exemplified in her aunt's life, and grew to love this spirit and conduct above all else in the world. Occasionally she heard from her father, and lived daily in hope of seeing him at some future time.

Time passed rapidly on. Lena grew to be twelve years old, and on her birthday, as a treat, she was allowed to invite her two friends, and make tea for themselves in the garden, or rather in the old orchard at the end of her aunt's kitchen-garden. Tea was over, and the children sat talking in the glow of still summer light. She had been reading a birthday letter from her father, which ended by saying he hoped soon to be able to see his little Lena again. Lena was discussing what this " soon " might mean, whether it meant months or years, when, turning round and looking up, she saw some one walking arm-in-arm with her aunt. A moment's pang of strange wild feeling rushed into her heart, but seeing that neither took any notice of her, she was beginning to feel herself again when they passed closer ; the gentleman stooped, looked from Lena to her aunt, and then to the crutches. But there is no need to describe the scene that followed on that happy birthday evening. Father and daughter were re-united, never more to be divided. He had made a competence and had returned to live the remainder of his life in the old village with Lena, who was, indeed, the joy of his heart. In years after, when they talked over that birthday evening, Lena used to say, " Why, father, I shall love my crutches, because they told who I was."

CHILDREN AND BEER-DRINKING.



ONE of Smith's boys at a railway station alarmed a lady the other day by saying he had been in the habit of bringing the daily paper to her house, and was going to leave, but he would like to drink her health before his departure. There is something ludicrous in the impertinence of this precocious lad, but there is something terribly sad in a mere child imitating the ways of foolish men. But if the custom of drinking healths is considered excellent for the men, the occasional practice of the same rule might well be thought an advisable thing for those who are some day to become men.

Mr. E. King Fordham, J.P., Chairman of the Cambridgeshire Chamber of Agriculture, writes to the *Times* as follows :—" During the harvest-time it is usual to supply the boys employed, whose ages vary from nine to thirteen, with ale, as supplied to the men. It is lamentable to reflect that these children are given, as part of their payment, at short intervals during the day, these strong drinks, in many cases the harvest lasting for several consecutive weeks, thus fostering in them a most pernicious habit. I occupy 600 acres, and it occurred to me that these boys should be offered, as an alternative, 1s. and 6d. per week each as an inducement to relinquish the claim for beer. I had forgotten the offer till last night, when I was agreeably reminded of it by the appearance of all the boys to claim their money, much pleased and apparently very proud of their self-denial and the acquisition of the cash. Would it not be most desirable that farmers generally should adopt such a course ? "

We strongly endorse this advice ; the custom of giving harvest beer is bad altogether. But that young children, growing lads, and young men should be encouraged to drink is more than very undesirable, because, to perpetuate a wrong custom to the physical detriment and moral ruin of the young, is simply wicked and shameful.

This one fact shows the need of more enlightened teaching among parents, whether farmers or labourers, in agricultural districts,

and the absolute necessity for redoubling our Band of Hope efforts in every country village. The introduction of total abstinence is the only perfect remedy for all these baneful customs and injurious examples. Any advocacy of temperance principles, no matter however feeble or however extreme, is better than the ignorant training of children to become drunkards by the consent of parents and the sanction of employers. Any efforts by the opening of village coffee-houses, and the gift of money instead of beer, that will provide an alternative place of resort to the public-houses, and will in some measure arrest the temptation to drink, are good and practical measures. But the only way to save the children everywhere from intemperance and to train them in the way of safety and sobriety is to make them young abstainers, and to teach them that strong drink, instead of being useful, is harmful ; it can give no strength and do no good, that *any* intoxicating drink is bad, the constant use of it in moderation is worse, and is too frequently the high road to excess.

The surest way to correct these evils is to set the example of abstinence, that the customs that enslave so many, and have been the cause of so much peril and disaster, may be entirely broken down. And neither in the harvest field nor on the railway platform will boys be taught to see kindness and industry, honourable labour and honest work, rewarded by beer, and be trained to expect that a boy's share in useful service means a boy's reward in beer. The system of tipping, or of Christmas boxes, has, at best, not a high moral tone, and often means underhanded pay, corruption, and bribery in small ways. But when this is associated with drink, and is to the young only a path toward greater snares and ruin, it is an unmitigated evil, and brings a solemn responsibility, not only on those who supply the beer, or share in such gifts, but also rests on those who negatively acquiesce in the custom, and on those who do nothing to prevent the evils or remove these dangers.

GOD IS LOVE.

I CANNOT see my Father's face,
Who sits enthroned above,
Yet I behold in every place
His wisdom, power, and love.

His voice I hear as forth I stray
By river, rock, and glen ;
The ocean tells His mighty sway,
The earth His love to men.

O'er fruitful vales and smiling hills
Fair waves the golden grain ;
The farmer's heart with gladness fills,
As he looks o'er the plain.

He labours on in hope and fear,
'Neath sunny skies and dull,
For God alone can crown the year
With harvest rich and full.

His Providence betimes will frown,
To mark man's guilt and shame ;
He brings our pride and folly down,
For holy is His name.

Oh, could we, as a people, hear
His voice amid the storm,
And, low in penitence and fear,
Our nation's life reform :

The earth her treasures fair would yield—
Enough for all and more ;
Each woodland grove and smiling field
Would bless the farmer's store.

But men are slow to mark God's will ;
They think His laws are stern ;
Their hearts and homes with idols fill,
Nor will they wisdom learn.

Can these brief pleasures satisfy
When fitful life shall cease,
And mortals frail lie down to die ?
Where shall the soul find peace ?

Thy book of nature, mighty Lord,
No answer here can give ;
Yet blessed be Thy written Word,
We learn there how to live !

Not to ourselves, but Christ who died,
Who died that we may live ;
Nor earth, nor sky, nor worlds beside,
Such sacrifice could give.

Oh, love ineffable, Divine !
Thy gracious Spirit send ;
Teach selfish man that he is Thine,
And Thou his Guide and Friend.

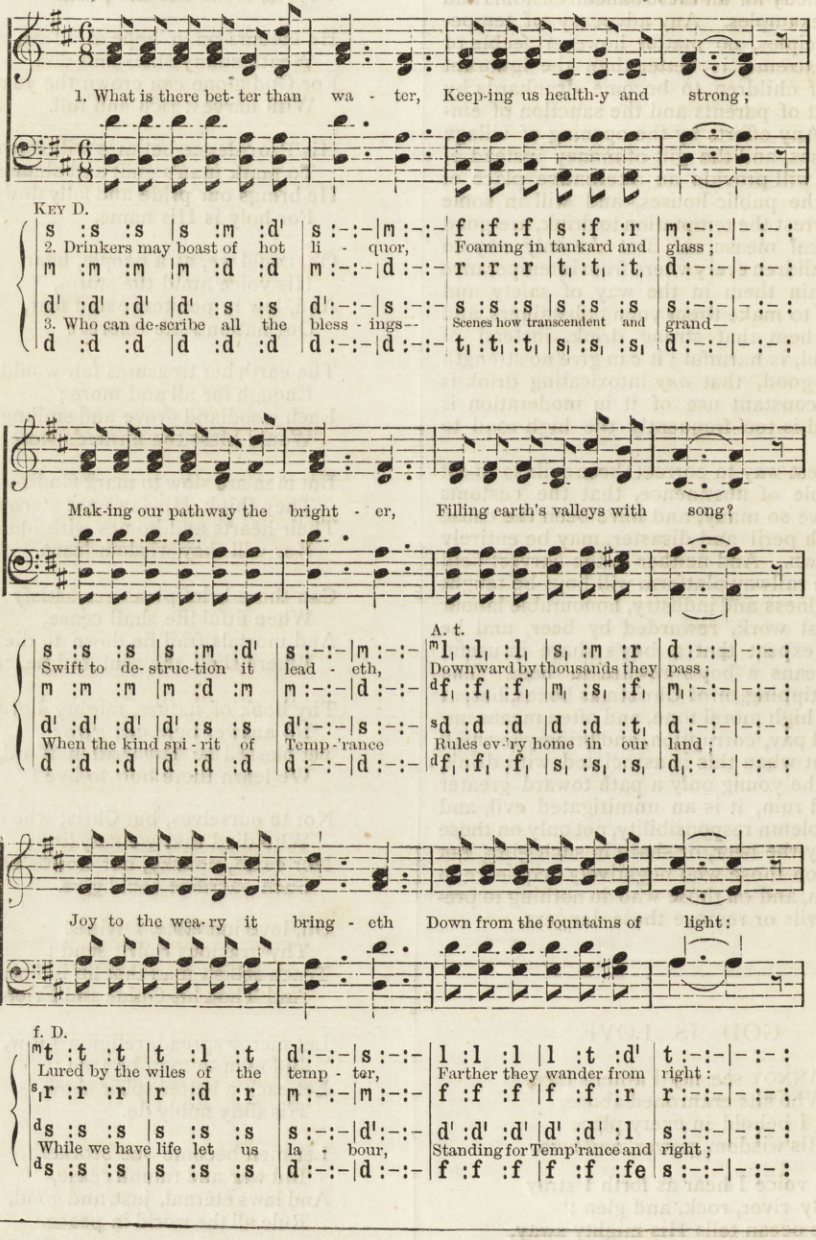
Let mercy spread, religion grow,
Bid man to man be true ;
Let each a better spirit show,
His duty nobly do.

Let men become one brotherhood ;
Bid war and tumult cease,
And laws eternal, just, and good,
Rule all the world in peace.

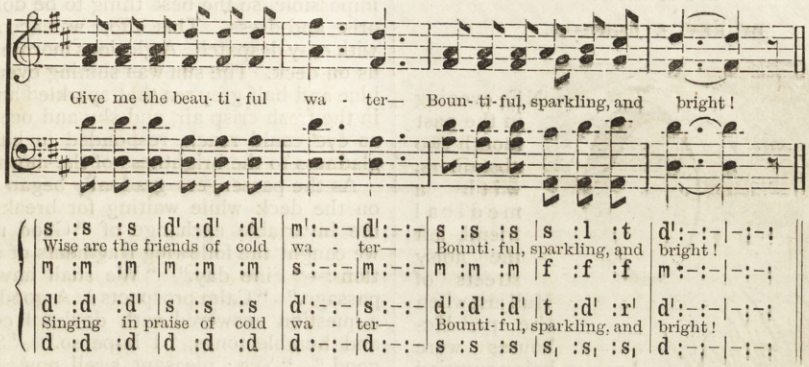
W. HOYLE.

WHAT IS THERE BETTER?

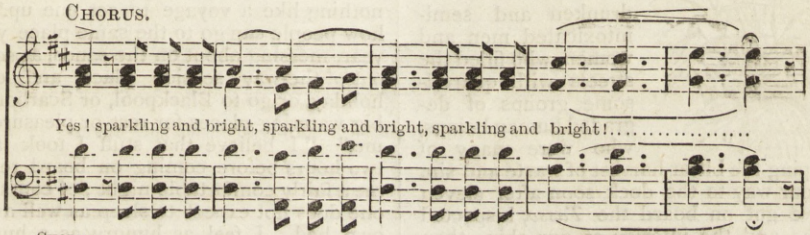
Words by W. HOYLE. *Music by* FRANK M. DAVIS.

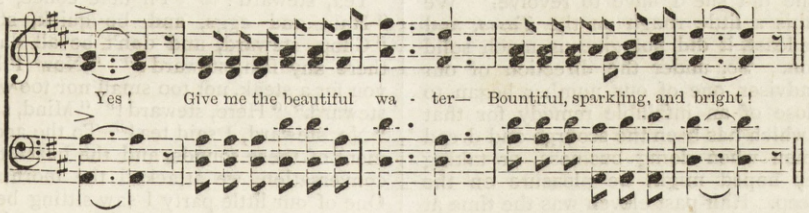


WHAT IS THERE BETTER?—*continued.*



CHORUS.





A TEETOTALER'S RUN TO NORWAY.

BY REV. J. JOHNSON.



ONE evening in the past month two abstainers, with a medical friend, left the noisy streets of Hull just when the public-houses were being emptied of their drunken and semi-intoxicated men and women, who filled the streets with quarrelsome groups of degraded human beings, who were many of them reaping the bitter harvest of waste and sin. Making our way to the dock soon after eleven o'clock we got on board the *Tasso*, inspected our berths and the interior of our ship, then came on deck and inquired about the prospects of a calm voyage. These were fairly encouraging, but we were discomforted to learn that one of the passengers, having heard that the *Tasso* rolled much, said to a sailor, "The *Domino* rolls a good deal, doesn't she?" "She do," rejoined the tar. "Then," replied the passenger, cheerfully, "does the *Domino* roll more than the *Tasso?*" "No," said Jack, "for if she did she'd have to revolve." We thought this a little rough on the *Tasso*, and to say the least, it did not give us much solid consolation. So, under the direction of our medical adviser, one of our number began to take a dose of an infallible remedy for that affliction which has been the scourge and dread of landsmen when doing business, or taking what they hoped might be pleasure on the mighty deep. Half-past eleven was the time at which we were to have sailed, but owing to delay, it was long after midnight, in fact about one in the morning, when we commenced the slow process of getting out of dock. Nearly another hour was occupied in getting down into the river, and when the lights of Hull had faded away in the darkness we went below and turned in to our berths.

It was not easy to go to sleep, and it proved more difficult to remain for long in any unconscious state of repose. The noise on deck and strange sounds made any sleep after six quite impossible, so the best thing to be done was to arise and dress. This effort was accomplished with easy despatch. A glorious morning awaited us on deck. The sun was shining over the half-blue and half-grey sea that sparkled and danced in the fresh crisp air, and sky and ocean, as far as eye could reach, responded in harmonious gladness to the brightness of the morning.

As the passengers gradually began to collect on the deck while waiting for breakfast, after the invariable exchange of "Good morning," we caught the following fragments of conversation :—"Fine day." "We shall have a good passage." "Calm prospects? A good sailor?" a question answered with doubtful confidence and humble tones, "I hope so." "So far so good." "Yes; pleasant swell now. This will do." "I am really enjoying this; in fact, there's nothing like a voyage to set one up." "Ah! how people can go to the same place year after year, messing about on the sands, at some little out-of-the-way seaside place, and call it a holiday, or go to Blackpool, or Scarboro', or the big watering-places for rest or pleasure, puzzles me." "I believe that stuff I took last night two hours before coming on board really gave me a fairly comfortable night; of course, at first one does not expect to sleep as well as in one's own bed. I feel as hungry as a hunter. In future I shall recommend that stuff."

Then soon after nine the joyful sound of the breakfast bell is heard, and all is hurry-scurry to reach the saloon, which is soon crowded, every place seems occupied; nearly forty passengers, each with four times his usual appetite, are calling on the steward and his two waiters, familiarly termed Jack and Bill by the captain. This staff of servants are shouted at on all sides. "Tea, steward!" "I'll take coffee, steward." "Ham and eggs, and be quick, steward!" "Chop, steward, and don't be all day." "Is there any fish, steward?" "Now I'll trouble you for a steak, not too small nor too well done, steward." "Here, steward!" "Mind, steward!" "No, steward, I said tea!" To the accompaniment of these sounds, and the buzz of general conversation, we attacked the morning meal. One of our little party I saw sitting beside one of the most distinguished bishops on the bench, *vis-à-vis* with a learned head-master of one of the great public schools. A live baronet and his lady, a few army men, and several Oxford and Cambridge men out for "the long vac." Most of the men were bent on fishing and shooting excursions. These, with some who had come for a sea blow and to behold the Norway scenery, formed the kind of people that were our fellow-passengers.

When breakfast was over, our trio made for the prow of the boat, engaged with books and pleasant talk, and brilliant sea views, constantly changing under passing clouds, and moving shadows with varying lights. One of the passengers remained in conversation with us for some little time, when suddenly he was reminded it was eleven o'clock. "Then," said he, "it's time for a drink: what'll you have?" When informed, with thanks, that we never drank intoxicating liquors at all, "Ah," he said, "capital thing; am sure we don't want so much to drink; wish I was a teetotaler. Was so once for nearly two whole years; not a drop of anything did I have, and never was better." He spoke of this proud achievement with the glory some of us allude to being an abstainer for a quarter of a century, and walked off before we had time to reply.

When lunch-time came, and in robust health, with strong, large appetites, the whole company of passengers trooped in to the mid-day meal, we remarked with satisfaction how many, in fact most of the passengers, took water only. At dinner the majority was reduced by a few more taking wine, but the bishop and nearly half the people took neither wine nor beer "for their stomach's sake." A splendid sunset summoned us on deck even before dinner was quite done. Seldom, indeed, has the sun gone down before our eyes with greater glory, and in more splendid beauty of sky-colour, and ruddy, almost lurid, flush over the billowy sea.

We were glad to note little drinking was done after dinner, and we saw no late spirit-boozing among a class of men many of whom were sporting characters, and with whom hard drinking a few years ago was a boast.

The breeze freshened much in the night, and before morning we were rolling about in fine style. The washing and dressing business required the greatest dexterity; shaving being simply suicide, was universally abandoned. The deck before breakfast was deserted. When the bell rang, the attendance was very thin, and far from joyful. Very pale and unhappy looked many, and one or two left the meal with the greatest possible haste. One said, "Excuse me!" and was seen no more until we were in smooth water. As the day wore on the wind rose higher, and the sea responded, and at times rose very high, and sank at times, one is sorry to say, very low indeed, and the ship followed. We disliked anything low, but we were compelled to go with the vessel. Lunch-time returned. Many were laid low, and the diminished number that gathered round the board was visibly lessened by the flight of one or two pale and anxious faces.

On deck it was cold. It rained a little, and the spray came over. Shelter to leeward was much sought for. Stools were placed near the engine, and the hammocks swung on the lower deck under an awning were very popular.

When seven o'clock came for dinner the survivors were few indeed, and some of this last gallant band were put to flight while the soup was being served. One learned and brave man, who said it was his firm determination to stand to his knife and fork as long as he could, was not long before he followed, with white and rueful countenance—then a young man, who rushed out, with handkerchief to his face, of the heaving saloon as if the foe were close upon him. Great amusement was created, not only by the soup upsetting, and everything shifting, and rattling, and tumbling about, although the boards and straps were on the table in order to keep things in their place, but by the entrance of Jack with a dish of peas, which he was about to place upon the table, when suddenly a great roller came and pitched him forward, and out shot the peas all over the place. Then some witty, but somewhat irreverent youth, cried out, "Peas, be still!"

Disorder and discomfort prevailed during the meal; but slight mention was made of the infallible cures and preventatives, except by way of joke, as one by one the remaining victims escaped from the dinner-table to the side of the boat, or to their various cabins. At length the captain, one lady, and three gentlemen were left the sole masters of the situation, and these alone were enabled to tell the tale that they did not succumb to the persuasion of the great long swell that rolls across the North Sea, to return him the meals for which the unfortunate passenger has contracted.

One of our party having, like others, left dinner hurriedly, went to lie down afterwards in one of the hammocks, a good deal emptier than he had been before breakfast. He didn't care much about getting up in a hurry again, said he. Didn't think leaving the table rudely agreed with him; he was sorry he had done it. So he remained in that hammock all night.

The next morning was Sunday. Land was visible, and the sea, though running high, was calmer. After breakfast we came a little more in shelter of the land; the bishop read the morning prayers, and in the simple service and united supplication we heartily joined; with wind and wave for choral praise, and the dome of sky, cloud-fretted, for the cathedral, we lifted up our hearts unto the Most High. Dissenter and Churchman—Broad, High, and Low—worshipped the Lord in the beauty of holiness that Sunday morning, as part of the great family of the Heavenly Father, whose love reaches to all the ends of the earth.

THE INTERNATIONAL TEMPERANCE EXHIBITION.

AMONG the many things of interest to call public attention to the temperance question, none can be more suggestive of the progress of the movement than the fact that an International Temperance Exhibition is possible.

All those who share in the work of the temperance cause are at first inclined to ask, What can be exhibited at a temperance show—only splendid specimens of total abstinence. What is to be seen? Who will be there?

On entering the spacious building of the Agricultural Hall, one's curiosity was soon allayed on discovering that with the usual gay show of bunting, the whole of the ground-floor not covered by the galleries is taken up with fine avenues of stalls, in which stalls, with considerable skill and great variety of taste, 271 exhibitors have displayed articles more or less intended to lessen the excess of strong drink, and to supply such means as shall help to make people sober and temperate.

The chief feature of the Exhibition is the number of temperance beverages, and the machinery and appliances used in their preparation. Some of the unintoxicating wine-stalls are brilliant in their show of glass and colour. The claim to novelty must be at once conceded, and from a trade point of view the response of so many exhibitors reveals that such a collection is not only interesting to the teetotaler and outsider, but will be useful in a commercial sense. We quite concur with the opinion of the Board of Trade that the Exhibition is calculated to promote British industry, and to prove beneficial to the industrious classes of Her Majesty's subjects.

The general interest and ready support of those inside and outside the ranks of abstainers have been remarkable, and, though the attendance may be insufficient to make a large or profitable return, on the whole, both the direct and indirect influence will be of practical utility to the public at large.

The visitor passes on from "a pure coffee" stall, to one where only *un*adulterated cocoa and chocolates are shown. At other stalls pleasant and gaily-dressed young ladies invite you to try a new farinaceous food, which aims at being a substitute for corn-flower and similar preparations. Here you are asked to taste pure Indian tea, and there to learn for the first time in your life how to make light and wholesome pastry, and understand the philosophy of bread that will not crumble.

All the large variety of mineral waters are shown, and their virtues descanted on to any willing listener. Prominence is given to the leading temperance organizations—the Good Templar Trading Department, the Publication Department of the United Kingdom Alliance, the National Temperance Publication Depôt, and the Church of England Temperance Society. Stands of aerated waters of all kinds attract attention, and vie with handsomely decorated counters of the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company. But among the unintoxicating drinks, evidently the most popular are those effervescing wines which imitate champagne without the alcohol — Zoedone, and the new specialite Noedont, pleasant Vin-Santé, Montserrat lime-fruit cordials, and the sparkling pure-fruit beverage of the Ben Trovato Company, Yorkshire. But we have not time or space to describe the virtues and discuss the comparative merits of so many substitutes for the dangerous and unhealthy strong drinks. For ourselves, we return with gratitude to our old friend cold water, while feeling glad that for those who prefer it there are now so many healthy alternatives to the custom of always taking alcohol whenever a drink is deemed either necessary or expedient. And, at the same time, one is still more thankful for that advancement of a true sentiment in favour of temperance which this Exhibition does most surely indicate, and for the way in which it will increase the importance of considering total abstinence as the best and surest way to make England a sober and virtuous nation.

AT the meeting of the British Medical Association in August, 120 members were entertained at breakfast in the Victoria Rooms, Ryde, by the National Temperance League. The Rev. Canon Connor presided. Mr. Benjamin Barrow, president of the Association, expressed his conviction that only by temperance on the part of advocates and reformers can the great end be gained; though not a total abstainer himself, he sympathised with those who were, and maintained that the medical profession set their faces against intemperance. Dr. A. Carpenter advocated habitual abstinence as conducive to strength, energy, and ability to withstand fatigue. Dr. C. R. Drysdale called attention to the fact that the Medical Temperance Association was composed of 250 members.

THE Gospel temperance meetings at Hoxton Hall, in connection with the Blue Ribbon Army, have been carried on for over twelve hundred consecutive nights, and continue with unabated interest. At Liverpool, Portsmouth, Birmingham, Leicester, and other provincial towns extensive arrangements are being made for aggressive work.



"God is love."—p, 151.

DR. CARPENTER ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.



I NEVER heard yet a medical man get up and advocate the daily administration of doses of alcoholic liquor to children. Then comes the question: Where are we to draw the line? Where are we to say that children have reached that time of life at which the administration of daily doses of alcoholic liquors becomes a right and natural thing? I do not believe there is that line, and I am quite of the opinion that provided children are brought up as total abstainers there is no necessity whatever for them ever to become addicted to the daily use of intoxicating liquors. I think upon that point there will be no difference of opinion amongst all medical men. I think now we can say most assuredly that, provided men have never touched intoxicating liquors, they never become addicted to their use, and there is no reason why they should take them at all. I have come to that opinion from personal experience. I have on many occasions experimented upon myself, and the result has been that I have come to the conclusion that I am far healthier, far more comfortable, far happier in my own existence, while abjuring intoxicating liquors than when I have taken them, though I am not a pledged total abstainer. I do not take them habitually, and I feel and know that I am far better as the result of such abstinence.

I will give you an illustration of that. In connection with our last Cambridge meeting I had been doing a large amount of sedentary work, and one's waistcoat was getting tighter than one liked it to be. After that meeting was over I went to Cumberland, amongst the hills, and determined that I would set myself a task. I went to the top of every one of the Cumberland hills that is more than 2,500 feet high. Every other day I did one of those hills, and took two of my sons with me. There was no beer to be had on the tops or those mountains, and I determined that I would try whether I could not achieve my task without touching intoxicating liquor at all. I did it, but at the expense of flesh, because when the month was up I was my natural girth. I had got rid of a large quantity of fatty matter, and after going to the top of Helvellyn, and Scawfell, and Skiddaw, etc., I was not one bit tired, and I did not take one single drop of any kind of intoxicating liquor. I had two sons with me. One, like myself, never touched any kind of alcoholic liquor. The other, who had had a little experience at Cambridge, liked his beer, and I was not going to tell him to give it up—I never draw the chain so tight as that; but I found the elder one, who was accustomed to take his beer every day, was unable to get to the top of either Helvellyn or Skiddaw. There was the experience of two of the same family, the one never touching alcoholic liquors at all, and the other accustomed to take one or one and a half pints of beer a day, yet not having the vigour, the go, or the ability to withstand the fatigue in the same way the water-drinker did.

I am certain from observation that it is far more conducive to strength, to energy, to ability, to overcome fatigue if you habitually let intoxicating liquors alone, and accustom yourselves to do without them. Then, why should we take them? Why should you get up in the morning with headache, with indigestion, and those changes of constitution which we know do arise from the habitual use of alcoholic liquors, and subject yourselves to them, when undoubtedly, if you will only go on for a little while, and get over the stile, you will overcome those evils that you think arise from not taking them, and find yourselves happier and better men?

With regard to the treatment of disease in its acute stage, I will not say anything except this, that liquors of a certain kind are undoubtedly valuable medicines, but they are dangerous things to be used by unskilled hands. If a child has placed in his hands certain sharp instruments known to us, we know for certain that he will cut himself. I am sure alcoholic liquor is a sharp instrument, and if it be played with by individuals without medical advice, they will cut themselves undoubtedly, and if it be habitually ordered by the doctor, it will be supposed that it is of great service, and that it is necessary, and they will cut themselves in that way. I therefore urge my medical friends not to let that be in their prescriptions as a daily dose of something that is to be gone on with, but that they should when they do advise the use of alcoholic liquors limit their application, and take care to say to their patients that this is given as a medicine, and that it must be left off when the necessity has passed away. This is the more necessary, seeing that medical men are very frequently

abused for ordering these drugs. If we order doses of castor oil or rhubarb, it is not to be supposed that the patients are to go on taking them every day of their lives, and why should another powerful medicine—which is powerful in its proper use—alcohol, be treated differently? If our younger practitioners will be careful to follow the advice I now give them, they will save many and many a person from going in a wrong direction.

I am satisfied, from observation extending over thirty years, that we do occasionally (I won't say how often) lay the foundation for those habits which develop themselves later on in life, and lead persons, if not to drunkenness, at any rate to the formation of disease in different organs of the body. It is an established fact, which cannot be gainsaid, that the tendency of alcohol when taken into the body is to prevent the removal of matters which should be oxidised and got rid of—to harden them, and so to prevent them being moved by the different channels which act as purifiers of the body, and should render their removal easy. That material becomes deposited in different organs, remains in them, and lays the foundations of those diseases which carry people off who never have been guilty of excess. That is a reason why in ordering stimulants they should be ordered only as medicines, and why we should set ourselves steadily against the habitual daily use of intoxicating liquors under the idea of their being necessaries of life.

I am always pleased whenever I can to have an opportunity of giving my own experience in connection with this matter before my medical brethren, because I know it is a difficult subject, and it is also a dangerous ground sometimes for young men to take who are determined that they will be total abstainers ; but I hope that the day is coming (and we are upon its threshold) when a medical man may take that course and not risk his position in life. In past years, as I have felt, it has been a serious injury to a medical man to take the course I have done with regard to the administration of intoxicating liquors, because there is no doubt those who like them won't go and consult the doctor who never orders them. On the other hand, a very large number of persons who know that they are too fond of liquor will rather go to the doctor who doesn't order it than to one who does. There is an innate principle in our constitution, that it is dangerous in such a case to go to the doctor who is fond of his glass. I ask my medical brethren to consider that point and bear it in mind, and as the result they will find they have continued in health many persons who, but for their advice, would certainly have gone to an early grave. I have seen two men suffering from the same kind of brain disease, which most people thought had originated from overwork. They both had used alcohol freely, and the one continued it, but the other let it alone. The man who used alcohol broke down, it is supposed, through overwork, but in reality from over-stimulation. The one who gave it up has got rid of the cerebral condition which was his bane, and has found his health restored. The one has gone to the grave suffering from what is called softening of the brain, or some form of paralysis ; the other has recovered, and can go on with his work ; for I am satisfied that regular work, properly conducted, never caused a man to break down. I make these observations, not desiring to force upon others the views I hold, and being careful not to condemn men who do not agree with me.

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

AT the twenty-second annual meeting of the Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, held at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, the following interesting particulars were given in the report.

"The Society had now 459 troughs for animals and 462 fountains for human beings erected and at work in the 800 square miles of the Metropolitan district. More than 2,400 horses drank frequently at one trough in one day, and at all the troughs more than 200,000 horses, besides oxen, sheep, and dogs, drank daily throughout the year, and more than 500,000 men, women, and children at the fountains. The number of drinkers at both fountains and troughs exceeded 250,000,000 annually. During the past year, 31 new fountains and 44 new troughs had been erected, and six fountains and 23 troughs removed from various causes. Besides its London work, the Society had aided work of a similar character at many provincial towns, and in India, Australia, Canada, and Switzerland. The general manager had inspected more than 150 fountains, and the Association's cup had been presented to all towns where the fountain was in a workable condition."

The DEAN of CARLISLE.—"Evidences arise every day which convince me more and more that the prevalent use of tobacco, especially by the younger portion of the community, is destroying the physical stamina of our country ; stripping youth of its bloom and beauty, and manhood of its virility, with a reflex influence on morals which is truly deplorable."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.—"Smoking tobacco, and the use of tobacco in every form, is a habit better NOT acquired, and when acquired is better ABANDONED. The young should specially avoid the habit. It gives a DOUBTFUL pleasure with a CERTAIN penalty."

SEEK to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat.
LORD LYTTELTON.

FAILURE.—One fruitful source of failure is found in a lack of concentration of purpose. There will be adverse winds in every voyage, but the able seaman firmly resists their influence, while he takes advantage of every favourable breeze to speed him on his course. So in our aims and pursuits we shall find much to counteract them, much to draw away our attention from them, and, unless we are armed with a steadfast purpose that can subordinate the lesser to the greater, that can repel hindrances, resist attractions, and bend circumstances to our will, our efforts will not be crowned with success.

WOMAN IN THE WITNESS-BOX.—"Why are you so precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?" asked an attorney of a female witness in a police-court. "No, sir," was the prompt reply.

THERE is no short cut to excellence. In every department of human achievement superiority is based upon toil, and success is reached only by effort. Drudgery in some form underlies every performance that is of any worth, and he who plumes himself upon his ingenuity in escaping from it is like the man who congratulates himself on his shrewdness in building a house without the trouble of laying a foundation.

GROWING EVILS.—Weeds.

THEATRICAL EVOLUTION.—The transformation scene.

ORIGIN OF BIBLE SOCIETIES.—A young Welsh girl in 1802 was wont to walk a distance of seven miles weekly for an opportunity of reading the Bible. In one of these weekly journeys she was met by Mr. Carlz, of Bala, who, on learning the fact, went up to London to ask for Welsh Bibles for distribution. When in conversation with some friends on the subject, one John Hughes exclaimed—"Why not establish a society for sending Bibles to Wales? But if to Wales, why not to England? If to England, why not to Europe? If to Europe, why not to the whole world?" This small mustard-seed has spread into the British and Foreign Bible Society as it now is; and the simple fact of that little girl's going seven miles a-week for a Bible has led to the wonderful distribution of 74,000,000 copies of the Word of God.

VANITY can exist only on a narrow basis; broaden the foundation, and it will fall to the ground. The greater a man is the smaller he feels himself to be, for he has in his mind a standard of excellence far above that which he actually reaches, ever progressing and reminding him of his own shortcomings.

WHEN is iron like a bank-note? When it is forged. When is iron like a stone thrown into the air? When it's cast. When is it like a public-house? When it's a bar. When would it do to make sausages of? When it's pig-iron.

A SETTLEMENT.—"When are you going to settle this bill?" "We've had a settlement already." "When?" "The last time you called." "How so?" "Didn't I then tell you that I *meant* to settle the bill?" "Yes." "Very well, then; wasn't that a *settle meant?*"

A RAILWAY engineer saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, some one remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that. "Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would if it didn't smoke so much."

DR. JOHNSON, when asked to give his opinion on the production of a lady, who told him that when he had finished that, "she had other irons in the fire," "Madame," was the reply, "put this with the other irons."

SOME men are too proud to beg, a little ashamed to steal, and too afraid of work, so they go on tick.

THREE DEGREES OF MINING SPECULATION—Positive—mine; comparative—miner; superlative—minus.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

We have received from the National Temperance Depôt three striking tracts from the three following eminent men:—Dr. Andrew Clark writes "An Enemy of the Race"; Rev. Joseph Cook, "The New House and its Battlements"; and Dr. Theodore Cuyler, "Death in the Pot."

A Pamphlet by Rev. Forbes E. Winslow, entitled "Come out from Among Them," is a useful appeal and expostulation with lovers of alcoholic drinks.

A Medical Lecture by Dr. James Murray M'Culloch, on the "Temperance Reformation from a Medical Point of View," is a valuable contribution to the abstinence cause.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Social Reformer—The Rechabites' Magazine—The Western Temperance Herald—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Temperance Record.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—"A GRAND IDEA!"

"Twine then the myrtle, the holly, the laurel,
Raise high the shout on the festival day;
The tempest is over, the storm, and the battle,
And far o'er the mountain behold the glad ray;
Onwards again on the glad path of duty,
Onwards a joy and a blessing to be;
And blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapt all our fetters and bade us be free."
E. P. HOOD.



"HALLO! what's up here?"

"Oh, come on! It's nothing that concerns us!"

The speakers were two working men; the time, midday in December; the place, Drury Lane.

They crossed the street, and were soon in the outer fringe of a crowd which was trying to force its way through the open doors of "The Cock Tavern." Not "The Cock" as it used to be, but "The Cock" swept and garnished; not "The Cock" reeking of "Winchester" London gin, but "The Cock" with its grateful aroma of cocoa and coffee.

Yes, the hoary old tavern had at last fallen into the hands of the temperance reformers, who had bought up the proprietary rights, and thoroughly transformed the character of the establishment.

This was the opening day, and the promoters of the old house, under its new conditions, had thrown wide the doors to admit all comers to a participation in the interesting ceremony.

Who were the promoters? They were two or three friends who had been brought together by the good offices of the Rev. Albert Winchester, one of the curates of the parish in which "The Cock" was situate. Mr. Winchester had been at work in the district nearly three years, and he was certainly the best known man in the neighbourhood. Early and late he was out and about among the people, and even those who never crossed the threshold of the church willingly admitted that the new curate was a "goodish" sort.

The steps by which he had been led to become a clergyman, he could hardly explain. His success at London University seemed to give a new zest to his life, and by slow degrees but sure his thoughts were so guided until, as we have said, he was able to commence clerical work close by the home of his boyhood.

His old friends, Rogers and Marshall—what of them? Well, the former had taken to the law, and in one of the immense blocks of offices off Fleet Street were the chambers of "Henry Rogers, Barrister-at-Law." Marshall was in practice as an M.D., Regent's Park way, and already his neighbours spoke of the young doctor as "a rising man."

The three young men had not lost sight of each other, and once a week used to meet, turn about in each other's rooms to chat about everybody in general and themselves in particular.

It was at one of these meetings Winchester divulged his "grand idea"—for so Rogers enthusiastically dubbed it—and grand it was in every sense of the word.

The meeting on a certain night was at Rogers' lodgings. Winchester had not arrived, and Rogers and Marshall wondered and wondered what could have detained him. Just as they were about to separate, in he came, his face betraying considerable excitement.

"Whatever has kept you?" said Rogers.

"We had quite given you up," added Marshall.

"Oh, I've had such a busy day. There's a grand opportunity——"

This was enough. His two friends gave full play to laughter, and in vain did he beg them to listen to his story.

"What is it this time?" said Rogers.

"Another old dame to be set up with a mangle, of course," was Marshall's conjecture.

"No, no; only listen!" replied Winchester, very earnestly. And listen they did, while he explained that he had heard that day "The Old Cock Tavern," in Drury Lane, was in the market. Since ten in the morning he had been "pottering about" so as to ascertain all particulars, and whether they could or would help him or not, he was at any rate determined to try to buy up the place and transform the house into a coffee tavern.

"A grand idea," said Rogers.

"'The Cock'! I know it well," remarked Marshall, very gravely.

"Know it!" ejaculated Winchester, "why everybody knows it."

"Well, how is the affair to be gone about?" interposed Rogers.

"I think I know some one who will help," said Marshall.

"Who?"

"My father."

"Well, if that can be managed, it will be a good beginning."

"It won't take much management," was Marshall's confident answer.

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, my boy," retorted Rogers.

"Very good advice, no doubt, but it doesn't apply in this case." And then Marshall, dropping his voice, continued, "Yes, 'The Cock' is well known by my people—well known. When my father first came to London, it was there where he spent his evenings. I remember as well as if it were but yesterday, going night after night with my mother hunting him up there. I have not told you before, but those were hard times for my poor mother. Why, Winchester, the first Christmas Eve I spent in London—I was a little slip of a lad then—I tramped up and down Drury Lane with my mother for hours in the snow, waiting for him. We knew where he was—with his drunken companions in 'The Cock.'"

"Dear, dear," said Rogers. "Only to think of it."

"Well, you see," continued Marshall, "I remember it so well, for it was my first Christmas in London. And, I remember, my mother and I rambled up some quiet street—it must have been Bloomsbury way—and sat down on a door-step to rest. Yes, and we had quite a scare, for something strange happened in that house that night. I have often wondered what, and have, of course, never found out."

"Something strange? What do you mean?" asked Winchester.

"Well, there was a commotion of some kind or other, for the door suddenly opened, and some of the servants rushed out in great alarm. But what is the matter, Winchester?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, something strange——"

"A Christmas Eve did you say?"

"Aye."

"A Christmas Eve! How long ago?"

"Oh, years and years."

"It was our house!"

"Yours? Yours?"

"Yes, ours! And something *had* happened, but don't ask me what."

"Oh, I am sorry if I have touched——"

"Not a word, Marshall; you have said just enough to make me exert every effort to buy out 'The Cock.'"

Before the three friends separated, they discussed the ways and means of carrying out the "grand idea," and the result of their deliberations was the opening ceremony of which mention has already been made.

* * * * * *

Yes, that December day was one of the happiest days in "Bertie" Winchester's life. It was for him the crowning triumph over a long series of difficulties. Yes, and it was a happy day, too, for some one else also—some one whose thoughts were far far away, while the opening speech was being delivered.

"I have attended here to-day with very great pleasure," said Mr. George Marsden, Q.C., "to express the sincere satisfaction which I feel at the great transformation in this old 'Cock Tavern.' I have known this house for years, and I have known its work. This place is closely linked with the Old Bailey and Newgate. This place has given me a little work to do in the past, and the sad stories of many poor fellows have come before me professionally—stories intimately connected with the business done in this very place. Right glad I am that to-day its work is to be recommenced on an entirely new footing. There is a bright prospect before us, and although we cannot hope to wipe out the past—for that has gone from us beyond recall—we can, with God's blessing, prevent the future from leaving in its train such miserable way-marks as those which rise up before me to-day."

In a telling speech Mr. Marsden complimented his "excellent friend the Rev. Mr. Winchester" for his zealous labours in bringing about the conversion of "The Cock Gin Palace," into "The Cock Coffee Tavern."

Mr. Winchester added a few words, in which he said it was only right to acknowledge that "all the builders' work which the alterations necessitated had been heartily done free of cost by one generous friend, Mr. Robert Marshall, senior, who, with his good wife, was present with them that day."

There were loud calls for Mr. Marshall. He did not respond, and after a moment's delay Mr. Marsden, Q.C., pronounced the magical words, "I declare 'The Cock Coffee Tavern' open for business." There was a ringing cheer. Cups of coffee were passed about in all directions, and so far as the opening ceremony was concerned all was over.

* * * * * *

That night Winchester, Rogers, and Marshall met again. Full of animation they talked over the events of the day. Marsden's capital speech was warmly eulogised.

"We must thank Rogers for that," said Marshall.

"It was little I could do," was the reply;

"but I knew Marsden would come for me, and it was a good speech, too."

So they chatted on, until Rogers and Marshall said they must go.

"It has been an exciting day for you, Winchester, so get to bed. You'll sleep well to-night."

"Yes, I shall. But I shall sleep better if I tell you something, Marshall."

"Tell away then. What is it?"

"I'll tell you what happened when you sat on our doorstep that Christmas night."

He did so. The two friends listened, with what feelings can be well imagined, as Winchester told them of that Christmas party and its sad ending, and as he finished, he said with emotion, "That's why I am a total abstainer. That's why I determined to try to secure 'The Cock Tavern' for temperance purposes."

When his friends retired, Winchester still had something to do. He sat down and wrote a letter, rapidly telling the story of the day's work, and explained, too, that his friend Marshall, the young doctor, was a much older associate than he had ever thought. "He sat on our doorstep as a poor lad that Christmas Eve when *it* happened. Isn't truth stranger than fiction?" The letter was posted, and while the Rev. Albert Winchester peacefully slept, the post-office officials sorted the letter into a bag, which, before the clock struck, was started on its long journey to the exiled brother in Australia.

(*To be continued.*)

"TAKE THE SAFE PATH, FATHER."—A gentleman said to his pastor, "How can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," wisely replied the minister. This reminds us of a story told by Dr. Thompson, author of "The Land and the Book." He had climbed nearly to the top of a steep mountain, lifting his feet carefully along over the projecting rocks, when faintly from below he heard a silvery voice call out, "Take the safe path, father: I am coming after you." His heart stood still as he realised the danger of his precious boy. If fathers only remembered that the boys are indeed coming after them, how differently they would walk! If they smoke or drink, they must expect it in the boys. If they get angry, they will see the same thing in their children. God gives lives into our keeping, to be returned at last, fitted for an endless future. Knowing well our fearful responsibility, we yet carelessly set poor examples for our dearest ones to copy, and thus not only endanger our own souls but theirs.—*Congregationalist.*

CHEER THEE, BROTHER!

CHEER thee, brother! why despairing?
Courage take and try again.
Earnest souls thy frailties sharing
Make at last earth's mighty men.

Sings the sailor on the ocean,
Cheers the soldier in the fight;
Bravest souls in life's commotion,
Trust in heaven and do the right.

Boldly meeting storms of sorrow,
Wakeful while the careless dream,
Hoping for a brighter morrow,
Pulling hard against the stream.

Heed not thy obscure condition,
Tell me not thy lowly birth;
Is there in thy soul's ambition
Moral strength and honest worth?

Hast thou health—blest gift of heaven?
Wisdom with thy strength combine;
All the wealth to princes given
Cannot purchase what is thine.

Envy not the rich man's table,
Covet learning more than gold;
Pomp and pleasure, things unstable,
Never made a hero bold.

Know thyself, thy strength, thy weakness;
Conquer each besetting sin;
Tell it all to God in meekness,
He will give thee grace to win.

At the loom, the forge, the quarry,
Dost thou labour day by day?
Canst thou greater burden carry,
Let thy mind have larger sway.

Trust no passing commendation,
Custom false or passion blind,
Mark each noble aspiration,
Thine own place of duty find.

Thou must answer, not another,
For each talent God has given;
Bravely face the world, my brother,
Trust thyself and look to heaven.

Hold the reins on sloth and pleasure,
To thyself be just and true;
Thy success and progress measure
By the good which thou canst do.

Strength will fail, thy locks grow hoary,
Longest lives are but a span;
Wouldst thou reach eternal glory,
Brother, bravely play the man.

W. HOYLE.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

BY UNCLE BEN.

TO lead the blind is a heavenly mission ; only those that see can safely lead them, for if the blind lead the blind both fall into the ditch, and only those who are pure in heart have the vision of light and truth. Meet work it is for children to lead the blind—stainless hands and feet may well guide those who walk in darkness and some time bring them into "marvellous light."

Old Mrs. Rawson kept the gates of the park of Esquire Lawton Hawberry, of Hawberry Hall. She lived at the lodge, and, though stone-blind, her hearing was very acute, and she gave no cause to complain by ever keeping the carriage waiting.

She had seen what people call "better circumstances" ; she had not been always blind, but a disease of the eyes was neglected, and the result was total blindness. The doctor told her, when it was too late, that if she had taken measures earlier they might have saved her sight. She bore this heavy trial with great resignation But it was not the worst of her life. The husband she had married was a farmer, and was at the time of her wedding looked on as one of the most promising tenants on Lawton Hawberry Estate. But he was not satisfied with looking well after his farm and making his home and wife happy and comfortable. He took to horse-racing, gambling, and one need hardly say to drink, for people who do not drink seldom find much pleasure in bad company ; that is the snare that entices them into the other follies and vices.

Mr. Rawson was one of those young men who are said to be "so easily led," but one always finds the leading is in the wrong direction. It is just these easy-going young men who need to be made teetotalers of, or else they so soon slip off into bad habits and evil influences, and they make shipwreck of life before the voyage is fairly started. It was so with Mr. Rawson. From one step at first he slowly passed to another on the downward road, until he began to lose his self-respect and moral control ; then his ruin seemed rapid ; until one morning his wife woke to find he had fled from the country with a lost character, and had left her utterly and hopelessly ruined. Everything was sold, and she was homeless and friendless, for those relatives who might and ought to have helped her had been let in for heavy losses through her husband, and would have nothing to say to her. And friends who did offer her shelter were those whom she felt she had no claim on, and would not therefore be a burden on their charity. The day that she was turned out of her once happy home the Esquire sent a note saying he was sorry for her sad condition, and if there was nothing for her but the workhouse, he would offer her the lodge to live at if she would find some one who would attend to the gate. It was not a very gracious offer, nor couched in very generous words. But feeling keenly the bitterness of the blow, she was resolved to earn her living, and knowing how difficult it was to obtain any situations for those afflicted as she was without the interest of the rich and appeal to many friends, from which she shrank, to the surprise of every one she accepted the offer, and said she would undertake the duties of the gate, as she had no means of living and could not afford to pay any one.

The courage and firmness of this resolve pleased the old Esquire, so that he offered her a small weekly payment beside the house rent free. Here immediately she went to live. It was a pretty little cottage with windows surrounded by ivy, and over the little wooden porch grew sweet roses and honeysuckles in abundance. At first it was a sad relief to escape from all the shame and disgrace of the past weeks, and to feel she could honestly get her living however humble the work, and that she could pay her way ; but as the days passed on the life she had to live became more desolate and lonely, and the memories of the past crowded more in upon her day by day. She had little or nothing to do, except watch for the sound of wheels. To one outside, her life was the object of supreme pity ; everybody said how foolish of her not to go and live upon her friends ; many said kindly things about her, but no one came to help and cheer her.

She loved the park and the wind in trees, and the quiet life was peace to her troubled heart. Beyond the nature that she could not see but could only feel, she had another source of strength in the One who is always near us, and who is a refuge in time of storm, and a *very present* help in trouble. To Him she turned in the greatness of her need to find in Him the greatness of a love that never fails.

One day after she had been keeper of the gate for some few weeks, the parson of the parish on his way up to the hall called in to see her. She had taught herself to read by touch, and before she left the farm she had procured some portion of the Bible—the Psalms and the Gospel by John. As the minister knocked at the cottage door she had just been reading the end of the last chapter of John, and the words "feed my lambs" were ringing in her heart. A few common-places passed between them, when the vicar remarked that he feared she must find it very lonely.

"Not so bad as most people would think," she



"She was as guide to the blind."—p. 165.

said. "I know all the regular passers-by. The children who pass this way into the village and on to school they fetch all I want, and Betty Rogers, the woodman's wife, comes in most mornings to see to things I cannot manage for want of sight. But at the best I do feel lonely, though I think if I could do some good for others I should not mind so much."

The divine formally assented, but said he could not see how she could in her present circumstances be particularly useful.

"Well, sir," replied Mrs. Rawson, "a thought did strike me just before you came in, that if I could manage to take some little orphan girl out of the workhouse and have her to live with me, I think I could keep her; she would not cost so much, and it would be taking one off the parish. Besides, it's hard for girls to go out into the world with the brand of a pauper to begin life."

The vicar was a practical man and a guardian; the idea struck him as being good; he soon rose to go, and said, "I am going up to the hall; I will mention the matter to Mr. Hawberry, who is chairman of the board, and will hear what he says and let you know."

The result was that the parson interested himself a good deal in the business, because as he said Mrs. Rawson was a very well-meaning, superior person for her present station in life, and it might do any child good to be under her care. Hence it was not long before a poor little waif and stray that had neither father nor mother came to dwell with Mrs. Rawson at the park-gates lodge.

Her coming was as the entrance of a ray of warm sunshine into the chill shadows of a sorrowful life. The little girl was named Lucy, and was between four and five years. The event was as light in darkness for both: to Mrs. Rawson Lucy soon became a daughter, who was as a guide and vision to the blind, and to Lucy Mrs. Rawson was a mother, shedding love and tenderness on the small child who had known nothing of beautiful affection and human sympathy. It was a mutual ministry of love; each was a light on the other's path. A little kitten indoors was the only plaything Lucy had or needed; outside, the flowers were her chief delight. And her greatest joy was to ask Betty Rogers "to stay a bit while me and mother goes for a walk."

And so they grew together for years, blessing and blest. A union that might well be called a band of hope was theirs, and only the angels can tell whether she who fed the little lamb for the Master and Good Shepherd, or she who led the blind by a way they knew not, had most of sunshine fall upon the shadows of their lives.

A TEETOTALER'S RUN TO NORWAY.

BY REV. J. JOHNSON.

(*Continued from page* 155.)



THE scenery in Norway is of course the great attraction to the tourist. And the whole line of coast is strikingly grand and beautiful, the most remarkable feature being the wonderful sea-lakes, which are called fiords, and run up into the country for many miles. In some cases these fiords are forty and sixty miles long, and even one extends to the length of 200 miles, with mountains rising abruptly out of the water to the height, in some instances, of 2,000 or 3 000 feet.

The country is larger than Italy, which has a population of over 26,000 000, while that of Norway is not 2,000,000. The whole nation adhere to the Lutheran Church, and though the people are superstitious, yet they are thoroughly Protestant. All other creeds and orders are tolerated except the Jesuits, but notwithstanding this religious liberty there are only about 5,000 who dissent from the established form of faith. The education is very good, all parents being compelled to let their children receive public instruction between the ages of seven and fourteen. Schoolmasters are settled in each parish, or move at stated intervals from one place to another. They are paid by a tax levied on every parish in addition to State grants. Almost every town supports a superior school, and in sixteen of the principal towns there is a college partly maintained by support from the Government. Christiania has a university, which is attended by about 900 students.

So rocky is the whole country, that not one-hundredth part of it is under cultivation; rye, barley, and oats, with potatoes form the chief agricultural produce; not many vegetables will grow, and no fruit, except a few currants that do not get ripe until September or October. There is scarcely three months' summer, and no spring or autumn worth speaking of. Fish and timber form the chief trade of the country, with some exports in minerals and granite. The herring fisheries are very large. Cod fish and cod liver oil form the great market of the coast in the spring.

Wild berries grow in great abundance, motleberries and whortleberries with cream are a constant and delicious dish at dinner. The wild flowers are abundant and like our English ones. The government of the country is a constitutional monarchy, comprising a king and two Houses of Assembly. Both Assemblies are chosen by the people. To every fifty voters in towns, and to every 100 in rural districts, there is one deputy elected. These deputies meet and elect the representatives, who in their turn elect one-fourth of their number to form the Upper House. All young men past twenty-five are liable to serve for two years in the army, which numbers about 12,000, while the navy consists of about 2,500 men and officers.

With regard to the drink traffic, the people are in advance of England. The system of local option having been adopted, drunkenness has decreased as the power to get drunk has been limited. No spirits can be obtained at any of the hotels, though spirits to be drunk off the premises may be bought at certain licensed shops, but some of these are old licenses which are gradually being diminished. In spite of these restrictions a good deal of beer is drunk, but this is of very mild description, and much less intoxicating than our English ale. In some places the Gothenberg plan has been adopted—that is, a portion of the profits go to the public funds, which in Bergen has been put to the purpose of education. The public-houses are closed on Saturday afternoon as well as nearly for the whole of Sunday. Notwithstanding all these efforts to reduce the sale of drink, we saw some drunkenness in the country, but no where is it the public disgrace it is in England.

Our tour was chiefly confined to the coast scenery and the fiords. We visited Molde as our most northerly place, and then went on to the famous Romsdale Horn, one of the most magnificent mountain peaks in Europe. After staying at the "Aak Hotel," we crossed the Langdale Pass and took coasting steamers to Bergen; a day or two spent in that picturesque town completed the time we had to spare. Most of the travelling in the country is done by driving in little pony carts called carrioles; this mode of locomotion gave us great cause for amusement. So sorry were we to leave all the Norse beauty and pleasures behind, that on landing again at Hull, our first determination was to return again to Norway at some future time.

WATER.

BRIGHT water, let us sing thy praise,
Thou art welcome everywhere;
In sparkling dew, or hoary rime,
In rivers broad and fair.

We love thee in thy gentle form,
As sweet refreshing shower:
Or as the dew upon the grass,
In summer's early hour.
But when the wind blows on the sea,
And mighty tempests rise,
We love to watch the dashing waves,
That seem to meet the skies.

When winter's giant hand has locked
The running stream in death;
How much we love the falling snow—
Thy frozen, spotless breath!
The glacier and the avalanche
Come down the mountain-side,
And they must own thee as their sire,
Though great may be their pride.

The lake, the river, ocean deep,
All own their birth to thee;
And fertile fields and fruitful trees
To thee must bend the knee.
In ancient days, our fathers brave
Drank from the sparkling rill;
With hardy fare and little care,
Their duties to fulfil.

Their strength was great, long they endured
The battle and the strife;
And thou, bright water, kept them well,
Throughout an aged life.
Yes, many great and many good
Have found in thee a friend;
The mighty Samson, strong in fight,
Who did the lion rend.

And Daniel, who refused the wine,
Though sent by royal hands,
Was fair and strong. Through trial long
He kept his Lord's commands.
And John, who in the wilderness
Proclaimed the coming Lord,
Drank water from the babbling spring,
And bravely preached the Word.

Ah! sparkling water, little we
Can tell thy mighty worth;
'Till we have sunk exhausted, down
Upon the parched earth.
Ungrateful men of modern days
Have left thy limpid springs
To drink the poison Alcohol,
Which death and ruin brings.

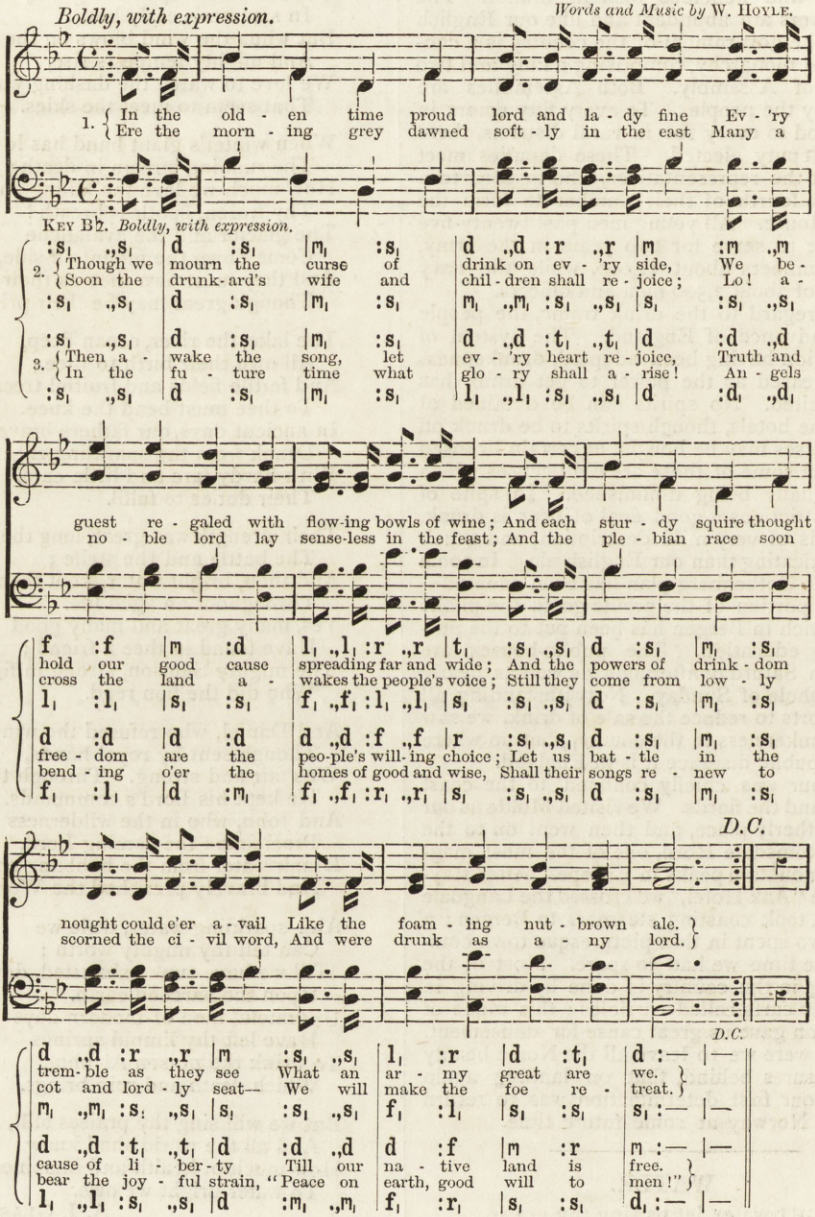
But we will sing thy praises still,
And all the world shall know
How much of health and happiness
To water bright we owe.

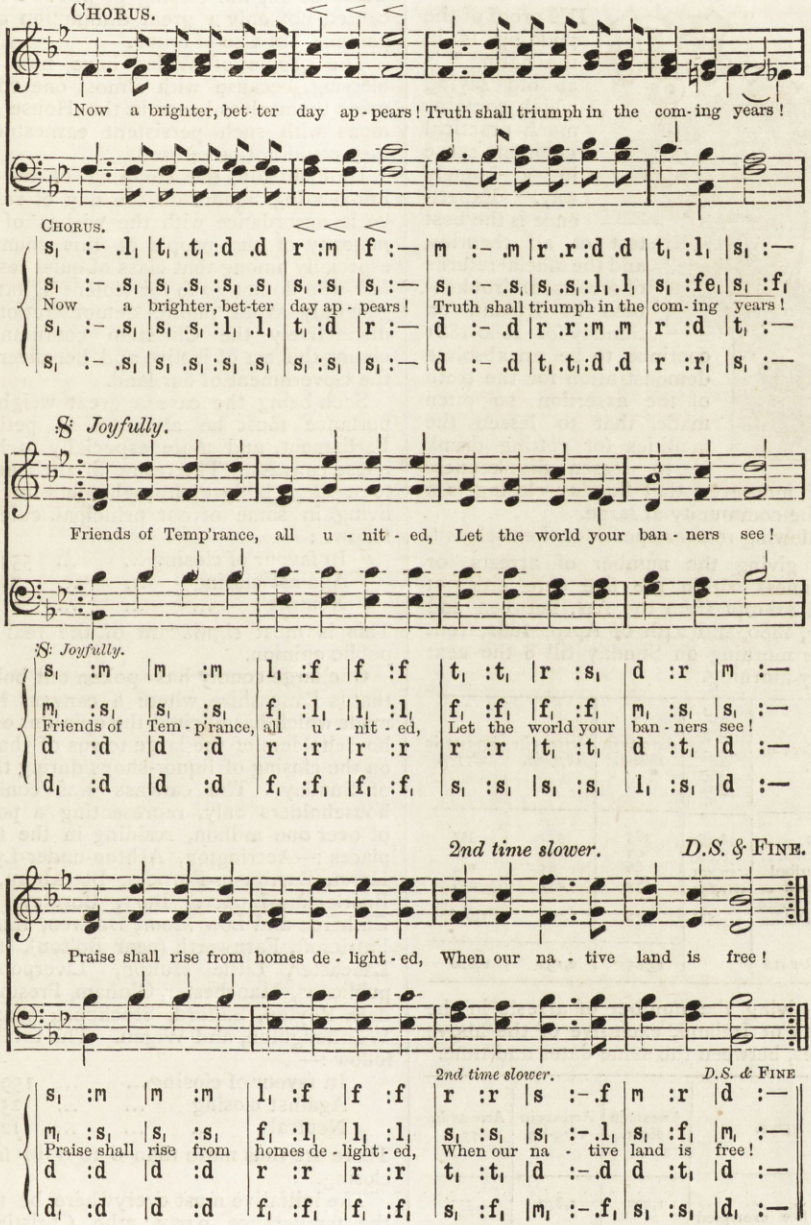
A. J. GLASSPOOL.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

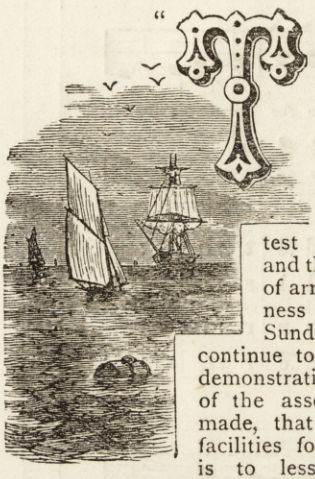
Boldly, with expression.

Words and Music by W. Hoyle.




CHORUS.
Now a brighter, bet-ter day ap-pears! Truth shall triumph in the com-ing years!
CHORUS.
Now a brighter, bet-ter day ap-pears! Truth shall triumph in the com-ing years!
𝄋 *Joyfully.*
Friends of Temp'rance, all u-nit-ed, Let the world your ban-ners see!
𝄋 *Joyfully.*
Friends of Tem-p'rance, all u-nit-ed, Let the world your ban-ners see!
2nd time slower.
D.S. & FINE.
Praise shall rise from homes de-light-ed, When our na-tive land is free!
2nd time slower.
D.S. & FINE
Praise shall rise from homes de-light-ed, When our na-tive land is free!

CLOSING PUBLIC-HOUSES ON SUNDAY.



"THE proof of the pudding is in the eating," is an old saying which contains much practical common sense in a homely way. Experience is the best test of all theories, and the official returns of arrests for drunkenness in Ireland on Sunday for 1880-1881 continue to be an absolute demonstration for the truth of the assertion so often made, that to lessen the facilities for getting drunk is to lessen drunkenness itself, and, moreover, that Sunday closing is a boon to the community at large.

The following returns speak for themselves :

RETURN giving the number of arrests for drunkenness within the five chief cities of Ireland exempt from the Act, between 2nd of May, 1880, and 24th of April, 1881, from 8 in the morning on Sunday till 8 the next Monday morning.

NAME OF CITY OR TOWN.	Population April 3, 1881.	Arrests in 1880-1.	Arrests in 1879-80.	Arrests in 1877-8.
City of Cork ..	78,361	385	382	357
City of Limerick ..	38,600	93	134	158
City of Waterford	22,401	86	84	114
Town of Belfast ..	207,671	272	258	255
Metropolitan Police District of Dublin	349,688	929	1,274	1,936
TOTALS		1,765	2,132	2,820

RETURN giving the number of arrests in the Counties of Ireland, exclusive of the above for cities, between the same dates and time.

COUNTIES.	Arrests in 1880-1.	Arrests in 1879-80.	Arrests in 1877-8.
Totals	1,922	1,840	4,555
Totals in five exempted cities and towns	1,765	2,132	2,820
GRAND TOTALS	3,687	3,972	7,395

The testimony is just as conclusive in Scotland, for according to the report of the Royal Commission, the closing of public-houses has caused not only a great diminution of intemperance, but also of crime.

The people of Wales have now got the blessing, because with almost one voice they made themselves heard in the House of Commons with such persistent earnestness, that they could not be refused.

Undoubtedly, the stopping of the sale of intoxicating liquors on the day of rest would be in accordance with the wishes of a great majority of the people of this country, and especially among that class of quiet respectable folk who do not go in for violent agitation, and generally avoid public demonstration. It is distinctively the Christian community that claims this act of justice and beneficence from the Government of our land.

Such being the case a great weight of importance must be attached to petitions to Parliament, and more especially to house-to-house canvass. The result of such an appeal to a large body of householders in England living in some of our principal cities, is as follows :

In favour of closing	553,653
Against closing	75,728
Neutral	45,943

This is most significant of the real state of public opinion.

One large county has spoken out boldly, and that is Lancashire, where a canvass has been made which has elicited the opinions of 197,043 householders of the large towns of that county on the closing of liquor-shops during the whole of Sunday. The canvass was confined to householders only, representing a population of over one million, residing in the following places :—Accrington, Ashton-under-Lyne and Hurst, Barrow-in-Furness, Blackburn, Bolton, Bootle-cum-Linacre, Bury, Burnley, Chorley, Clitheroe and Low Moor, Darwen, Eccles and Patricroft, Farnworth (near Bolton), Heywood, Lancaster, Little Hulton, Liverpool, ditto publicans, Manchester, Oldham, Preston, Rochdale, Royton, Salford, Stockport, Warrington, Westhoughton, and Wigan. The totals are as follow :—

In favour of closing... ...	159,506
Against closing	25,320
Neutral	12,217

There are thus more than 6 to 1 in favour of closing.

The initiative must everywhere be taken by the temperance party; the Christian community by them must be fully awakened to a sense of their responsibility. It is our duty as Band of Hope workers to stimulate this effort,

and it will be our glory as pledged abstainers to know some day that we helped to lead the van in the great victory that rescued for the English nation the sacred day of rest from the curse and stain of drunkenness.

THE "SARACEN'S HEAD."

OF old, when the might of crusaders went forth,
And Peter the Hermit aroused them to war,
From the slopes of the south, from the crags of the north, [afar.
Men stirred them to battle, and hastened

They woke from their dreaming, they buckled the sword; [cry—
In the first flush of glory they heard but the
"The Cross is in peril, the shrine of the Lord
Is wasted by Moslem—go, save them or die!"

They went to their warring, they conquered or fell,
And Acre and Joppa were steeped in their blood;
While still to our children the story we tell
Of Godfrey the gallant, and Louis the good.

There's rust on their harness that hangs in our hall, [save;
And the tomb of the Templars is all that we
But the light of their deeds shall not perish or pall [their grave.
While we gather the daisies that grow by

But we have fresh battles for Knights of the Cross,
And a greater than Godfrey now calls to the fight.
Hark! the wail of the widow that mourns o'er her loss, [night.
The sob of the orphan that starves in the

No leaguered Damascus, no towers by the sea,
Heaped high with the slaughtered, now promise renown;
'Tis the shrine of the Spirit, the hope of the free,
And worse than the Moslem that tramples them down.

There's a Saladin stalking each street that we pass;
See the insolent banner that flaunts as we go;
Then come to the conquest, drop flagon and glass, [the foe!
And charge, in God's name, on the ranks of

See the "Saracen's Head" in each village and town,
And blight and despair are the shadows it throws;
Then woe to the witless that sleeps in its frown, [rose.
For he's sowing the thistles in place of the

How the crowd rushes in, how the crowd staggers out! [way.
Look yonder! the thousands that fall by the
Oh! where is the Richard will put him to rout?
Oh! where is the Tancred will cripple his sway?

"But there's light and there's warmth 'neath the 'Saracen's Head,'
And dark are our dwellings," the wretched ones cry;
"There's life in the ale cup, 'tis better than bread, [die!"
And a voice in our bosom says 'Drink it or

Oh, fools! there is death in that life which ye take, [slay;
For this Saracen knoweth the weapons which
The warmth in his cups is as breath from the snake,
And the doom of to-morrow is hidden to-day!

"But there's gold on his banner, and beauty appears, [call."
Aye smiles on the vassals that come at his
May be, but the banner is soaken with tears,
And sirens will sing though they're weaving the pall.

This "Saracen's Head" hath upreared it too long,
And daring and foul are the deeds it hath done;
Then shame on the craven, and woe to the throng
That leave the fell giant to triumph alone.

The sword of the Templar clave buckler and shield,
The bow sank the caitiff that dared him to fight;
But stronger than steel is the truth that we wield, [is right.
And better than breastplate the cause that

Then up, ere the host be too mighty to quell
(Ah me! how we march o'er the dying and dead!);
In the strength of our fathers, for all we love well, [Head!"
Strike home now, and down with the "Saracen's

[*From "A Household Queen, and other Poems," by Alsager Hay Hill.*]

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY THE REV. J. HASLOCH POTTER, M.A.

TOTAL abstinence is often expedient. We must approach this question from the side of experience, and the ultimate appeal will be no longer to Scripture, or the Church, but to private judgment; the third of those three guides which alone, or in various combinations, regulate the actions of mankind. Fortunately we have the almost unanimous negative witness of medical men that total abstinence does no harm to persons in a normal state of health. This may be supplemented by the testimony of tens of thousands—we are not exaggerating—who believe themselves to be physically improved by its adoption, or who, never having tasted stimulants, are yet in a robust condition; by the appeal to the rate of prison mortality—the lowest in the kingdom; the statistics of Foresters' lodges, benefit societies, and, above all, of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, where a comparison is made between abstainers and those who are necessarily strictly moderate drinkers; for drunkards cannot insure their lives. The last returns of this insurance company showed that, in the matter of longevity, the lives of abstainers compared most favourably with those of the moderate drinkers.

This is not, however, our present meaning of "expedient," we refer to moral and spiritual results. These, of course, are difficult, though not impossible, to measure. The evidence of "experts," to use a technical term, must be accepted here as much as in the domain of physical science. The testimony of individual clergy who have attempted definite temperance work, both as moderate drinkers and abstainers, almost universally coincides with that given by Canon Basil Wilberforce some years ago at Lambeth Palace. "I can say, with the very deepest thankfulness to Almighty God, that last week there was in my church a scene which would bring tears to the eyes of any clergyman—tears of gratitude. I presented for confirmation some seven or eight men, who had been, perhaps, the greatest drunkards in my parish. But for the parochial branch of the Church Temperance Society, I do not think I should have brought a single one of these men to God; and, further, that if I had not been a total abstainer myself not one of them would have thus come forward."

So, too, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., has said: "He found out many years ago that it was utterly useless to speak to any gathering of working men, or to those who were mastered by drink, urging them to become total abstainers, unless he could say that he was personally doing that which he advised them to do."

The writer of this article asked a churchwarden the reason of the wonderful success of his vicar, lately appointed to a most unpromising parish; the reply was—"He owes it all, under God, to his personal example of total abstinence, which has brought him into contact with men who before would never have anything to do with the church."

These isolated cases could, of course, prove nothing were it not for the marvellous unanimity with which those who have made the experiment bear witness to the results.

On the other hand, it is contended that the example of moderation is more powerful for moral good than that of total abstinence. We readily grant that among certain people who are predisposed against teetotalism this may be so; for one cause, if no other, that the so-called "fanatics" might not obtain a hearing at all. But, thanks be to the march of public opinion, those who despise abstainers are growing daily fewer. When bishops, statesmen, philanthropists, men and women of culture, science, and experience, adopt the practice, it is evident that teetotalers are not exclusively those who—as it has been coarsely put—"either have been habitual drunkards or are on the verge of becoming so."

For such as are engaged in rescue work among the masses of the population experience teaches that total abstinence is highly expedient—nay, we may say, absolutely essential.

For the young it is truly beneficial by way of a preventive measure; conductors of bands of hope often find it easier to gain the consent of drunken and dissipated parents than of the steady "respectables," who, not knowing what temptation is, cannot see the need of caution for their children. The band of hope movement is old enough to show that a large proportion of its early adherents, especially among domestic servants, remain faithful to their promise in after life.

Teetotalers are rarely, we cannot say never, found in prison, and since there are now about 500,000 members of bands of hope the movement is bound ere long to affect criminal statistics; if, indeed, already the diminution in convictions for drunkenness noticed of late in various parts be not, to a certain extent, caused by it. For the intemperate the doctors say, and the clergy thank them for the unanimity of their voice, while they echo their words, total abstinence is the only hope. Here then are three classes—workers, children, and drunkards—for whom abstinence is "expedient" in the strongest sense of the word.

It remains only for us to say a few words on



"Pul ing hard against the stream."—p 163.

the general subject of example, for here the doctrine of Christian expediency reaches its full development. St. Paul, in a chapter on meats offered to idols, says, "If any man see thee which hast knowledge sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not the conscience of him which is weak be emboldened to eat those things which are offered to idols?" (1 Cor. viii. 10). Is not the example set by joining in social drinking customs a parallel case? You "have knowledge," you know how far to go, or perchance possess a strong head; your right hand neighbour at the social dinner, the cricket supper, the railway refreshment bar, is a "weak brother"; he needs your example one way or the other to make him take that first glass which will lead to a dozen more, or to brace him up to refrain entirely. "Walk charitably!" If you are a clergyman, and, therefore, "have knowledge" of the frightful curse of intemperance, and are looked up to for guidance and counsel, ask yourself how you can set the most "expedient" example, the safest pattern for *all* to copy? Surely there can be but one answer to this question.

Let each for himself, or herself, face this matter boldly and honestly, and regulate their conduct in their family, among their friends, in business or in pleasure, upon the glorious truth that "we are very members one of another, and that if one member suffer all the members suffer with it."

All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient. The moral and spiritual natures of man are inextricably interwoven, and though we look upon temperance work as merely the handmaid of our higher and deeper functions, yet this we know, that true religion cannot exist in that heart which is consciously harbouring so deadly a form of self-indulgence as habitual intemperance.

The BISHOP of LIVERPOOL.—"Let them think foremost upon the waste of money for drinking, the waste of money upon smoking. With the great amount of money spent upon both habits it was astonishing to think what good might be done in the world. He hoped that all his smoking friends who heard him would bear that in mind. He did not mean to say they put smoking on the same level with drinking, but there was a sort of relationship between them, and they might say they were cousins." (Applause). *Vide Speech at conference of Church of England Temperance Society, at Liverpool*, 19th Oct., 1880.

A MOTHER'S REWARD.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

MRS. LAWSON was the wife of a prosperous, God-fearing tradesman in one of our large provincial towns, and the proud and happy mother of two fine little boys, whose training she felt to be a serious responsibility; the more so that her husband's time was all taken up with his business, and the work of forming and directing their young minds fell upon her in consequence. Believing that she could not commence too early, so soon as they could lisp the words, their infant lips were taught to pray. And as their minds expanded she talked to them constantly of their Father in heaven, and His great love for little children; going on as their minds developed, to tell them of Jesus, of His lowly birth, His wonderful life, His miracles of healing, His kindness to the little ones, His awful death and triumphant resurrection, and ascension to glory, where He ever listens to the prayers of those who put their trust in Him.

Little did she think when doing all this how soon her labours would bear blessed fruit. But, when Harry was six, and Fred was four years old, an event happened which proved how wisely she had acted, and more than rewarded her for all the pains she had taken to train them aright.

One evening her husband returned home dangerously ill, and alarmed by the nature of his illness, she at once sent for Dr. Redburn, an old family friend and physician, in whose skill she had every confidence; in the meantime, doing all that she could to relieve the sufferer. It was a sudden blow to her, thus to have to assume her husband's place in the household, and see him, who had always been so strong and active, laid prostrate on a bed of sickness. For a moment she felt overwhelmed, but it was only for a moment. Looking earnestly upward, she silently prayed for strength to do her part, and then calmly and firmly she faced the task that lay before her. Directly Dr. Redburn arrived, and with a grave face examined his patient's condition with evident apprehension.

"It is a very bad form of typhus fever, and the children should be taken away somewhere, for a time at least," said good old Dr. Redburn, in his kindest manner, to Mrs. Lawson, as they descended from the sick-room, where her husband was tossing to and fro, unconscious of what was passing around him.

"Is there any hope of recovery?" anxiously inquired the loving wife, whose fears on her husband's account for the moment overcame all consideration for the welfare of her children.

"I think there is reason to hope, for my patient has a good constitution, and he has not abused it, as you know, by any of those excesses which sadly too many young men indulge in nowadays. See that he is kept perfectly quiet and undisturbed, and give him the medicine as prescribed. We must do our part, and then, my dear Mrs. Lawson, we must leave the rest with God. Keep up your spirits for the sake of your husband and children. With such care and attention as I know my patient will receive I have great hopes of his recovery."

In spite of the good doctor's hopeful words, Mrs. Lawson felt, with a woman's quick perception, that he was by no means as hopeful as he wished to appear, and with a heavy heart she began to explain to her two little boys, Harry and Fred, who were very dear to her, that it would be necessary for them to go away for a time to the house of their grandparents as their papa was very poorly and would need all her care and attention.

"You must be good boys, remember, and pray to God every night before you go to sleep, to make your papa better again," said Mrs. Lawson, as she kissed them tenderly, and sent them in charge of a trusty servant away to the home of her childhood, where she knew her darlings would be carefully and lovingly sheltered till she could again receive them back, without fear of their being infected with the deadly malady which threatened their father's life.

Charmed with the change of scene and made happy by the kindly welcome which the good old folks gave them on their arrival, the little fellows ran about and enjoyed themselves, forgetful of everything but the present, as children are; but at night, after their grandmother had tucked them up warmly in a little cot and retired, they remembered their mother's parting words, and stole silently out of their warm bed, and kneeling at a chair with bowed heads and subdued tones, Harry prayed in simple childish fashion: "Our Father, papa is very ill, and mamma told us we must ask you to make him better. We love our papa; and mamma told us that gentle Jesus when He was on earth used to cure all the sick people who came to Him. Oh! gentle Jesus, make our papa well again, and bless little Harry and Freddy, and make them good boys, and bless our papa, and mamma, and grandfather, and grandmother, and everybody else. Amen."

Noiselessly they crept back into bed again, and lay quiet. After a little while little Freddy asked in a whisper, "Can gentle Jesus make papa better do you think?"

"Oh! yes," said Harry; "it would be of no use to pray to Him if He couldn't do what we asked Him."

"But how can He hear us up in heaven so far away?" demanded Freddy, stoutly.

"If He could not hear us He would never have told us to pray to Him, and besides, don't you remember that mamma told us last Sunday that He is everywhere, quite close to us, and not far away as you think?" replied Harry, solemnly.

Every night, in the quiet of their little room, the simple prayer was repeated, the little suppliants waiting, and wondering, yet never doubting but that the answer would come; and so it did, for the terrible disease was stayed, the crisis passed, and the life so dear to them was spared.

"Did my darlings pray for papa to get better, as I told them?" said Mrs. Lawson to Harry and Fred while kneeling at her knee, as was their custom, on the night of their return.

"Yes, mamma," said Harry, "we had nearly forgotten the first night, but we got out of bed and prayed as you told us, and every night we did the same till you sent for us to come back home."

"And gentle Jesus did make papa better, didn't He, mamma?" said little Fred.

"Yes, my darlings, He did; and now we must thank Him for being so good to us, must we not?"

"Yes, mamma; tell us what to say," said Harry.

With a full heart and quivering lip Mrs. Lawson dictated a simple prayer of thanksgiving to her little ones, thus endeavouring to impress on their minds not only the efficacy of prayer, but also the duty of acknowledging the goodness and mercy of the great Giver of all good.

That night, as she lay awake, thinking over what her children had told her, the thought that they had remembered her injunctions when out of her sight, and shown such faith in the efficacy of prayer, thus demonstrating, in the most unmistakable manner, how well they had learned what she had laboured so long to impress upon them, more than rewarded her for all the weary hours she had spent in trying to train them aright.

What follows can soon be told. The training so well begun, was faithfully continued, with the result which must ever follow such a labour of faith and patience. Harry and Fred are now occupying high positions in society, and wielding a mighty influence for good in their respective spheres of life, and their mother rejoices in the blessed fulfilment of the promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." She is now reaping the fruit of her labours, and possesses two noble God-fearing sons for her reward.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

ANSWERING A MILLIONAIRE.—One of these devotees to Mammon once received a lesson from a humble follower, who did not seem to pay to him, the possessor of the purse, sufficient homage. "Do you know, sir," blustered the rich man, "that I am worth twelve hundred thousand pounds?" "Yes," said the irritated but not broken-spirited respondent, "I do; and I know it is all you are worth."

THE POWER OF THE EYE.—It is told of Van Amburgh, the great lion-tamer, that on one occasion, while in a bar-room, he was asked how he gained his wonderful power over animals. He said, "It is by showing them that I'm not in the least afraid of them and by keeping my eye steadily on theirs. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye." Pointing to a loutish fellow who was sitting near by, he said, "You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me, and I won't say a word to him." Sitting down, he fixed his keen steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself, got up, and came slowly across to the lion-tamer. When he was close enough, he drew back his arm and struck Van Amburgh a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clean over the chair, with the remark, "You'll stare at me like that again, won't you?"

AN old man who had been badly hurt in a railroad collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said: "Wal, no, not for damages—I've had enough of them; but I'll just sue 'em for repairs."

THE Chinese call a blustering, harmless fellow "a paper tiger." A man who places too high a valuation upon himself they compare to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." A hunchback making a bow is what they call overdoing a thing. The spendthrift they compare to a "rocket," which goes off all at once, and a man who expends his charity on remote objects, neglecting his own family, is said to "hang up a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar but gives no light below."—*Gold Hill News.*

LITTLE Johnny was visiting at a neighbour's house. He was given a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted. "What do you say, Johnny?" said the lady, expecting him to say "Thank you." "I say, it ain't cake," was the impolite response.

A COUNTRY girl, coming from a morning walk, was told she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew. To which she innocently replied: "You've got *my* name right—Daisy; but his isn't Dew!"

THE nett duty on spirits for the year ending March last, amounted to £14,393,572. The consumption of spirits throughout the United Kingdom during this period showed an increase of 1,512,106 gallons as compared with the previous year. According to the report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners, this increase is attributed to a moderately good harvest, to a partial revival of trade, and to the use of a less quantity of foreign plain spirits.

REASONED OUT.—A schoolmaster had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were late and were called up to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, sir," said the favourite, "I was dreamin' that I was goin' to Margate, and I thought the school-bell was the steam-boat bell, as I was goin' on board." "Very well," answered the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favourite. "And now, sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was a-waiting to see Tom off!"

THE difference between sailors and soldiers is, that sailors tar their ropes, while soldiers pitch their tents.

FOR THE BITES OF INSECTS an application of an alkali to the bitten part allays the irritation, and at once gives relief. Soda and ammonia will answer the purpose.—*Lancet.*

CROUCH'S daily quantity was four bottles, and on convivial occasions he would exceed this. His acquaintances used to call him "the wine cellar." He died prematurely, killed by his potations, and for a long time his grave was designated "the vineyard."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

From the National Temperance Depôt we have received a small book by George Wilson M'Cree, entitled, "Poets, Painters, and Players," price sixpence, containing several interesting sketches of the lives and work of men of genius, in their relation both to temperance and intemperance.

From Elliot Stock we have to note two very cheap editions of the New Testament, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in French.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Social Reformer—The Dietetic Reformer—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The National Temperance Reader—The National Temperance Mirror—The Rechabite Magazine—The Western Temperance Herald—The Church Standard—The Church of England Temperance Chronicle.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

"Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Onward, then, to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!"

H. KIRKE WHITE.

HAS the reader ever thought what a difference there is between rain on Sunday and rain on Monday? If it rain on Sunday what a number of persons discover that it is quite impossible for them to venture out of doors. "We cannot go to church in a shower like that," is a proposal promptly agreed to in most cases.

Take a peep at the same individuals on a Monday morning, and we shall find them cheerfully facing the weather, gaily putting up their umbrellas, and briskly tripping along the streets as if the wet only made it the more important that they should get to their several businesses in good time.

A wet Sunday in London or out of London is however, unpleasant enough. It does greatly diminish the attendance at the various places of worship, it does cast a shade over the lives of many hard-working clergymen and teachers; for they know quite well the rain will keep some at home, who would otherwise be in church or school.

It was a wet Sunday in March. The rain rattled against the windows, leaped up from the pavements, and kept pouring, pouring, pouring all day long. Notwithstanding this, the church of St. Mary-le-Strand was crowded to the doors at evening service. The congregation knew—and many outside the regular congregation also—that a funeral sermon was to be preached. They knew, too, that a friend and benefactor of the poor had "fallen on sleep." Who was it? It was Robert Marshall, a rich man, who had suddenly passed away, regretted and beloved by his neighbours at Highgate, and much missed by the poor folk about Drury Lane, amongst whom he had long visited and laboured.

The Rev. Albert Winchester preached the sermon, selecting as his text, "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Towards the end of his remarks the preacher read a paper which had been placed in his keeping some time before. The paper was a short statement announcing that a certain sum of money was bequeathed to the poor of that parish, inasmuch as it was in it that the giver had been mercifully rescued by a New Year's prayer from the degradation of a drunkard's life. That night, as the congregation made their way homewards through the storm, not a few of them were filled with new thoughts of holiness not a few of them had resolved to try to conquer doubts, disappointments and difficulties, by the all prevailing power of prayer.

* * * * * * *

On the next day the newspapers recorded many casualties on the sea coasts of old England. The sad tales were, however, relieved here and there by particulars of cheering rescues effected by the gallant Life-boat Brigade. Off the Cornish coast the *Wilmot Winchester* had been the means of saving from the sea thirteen precious souls.

"Rather an odd name for a life-boat," said some of the newspaper readers as they scanned the report.

"Must be some family memorial."

"Wonder if it's any connection of 'Winchester's Gin'!"

"Sure to be some of that set; they are very rich."

The surmise was correct, although the cost of the boat had not been defrayed by any of the "Winchester set."

If those who were so curious about the matter had only taken the trouble to inquire into the history of the *Wilmot Winchester* boat, they would have discovered the following facts.

One Dr. Potts, an old and retired schoolmaster, had voluntarily defrayed the entire cost of the boat as a memorial of a favourite pupil. Nothing was known of the noble action by the outside world, for the gift was conditional upon its acceptance without any public ceremonial.

Two persons were, however, officially informed of the gift of the new boat.

A letter was addressed to the Rev. Albert Winchester, containing an enclosure to be forwarded to George Winchester, Esq. The former could scarcely believe the news as he read that the secretary of the Royal National Life Boat Institution had the honour to inform him that a friend had presented the Institution with a sufficient sum to defray the cost of a Life Boat to be named the *Wilmot Winchester*, and that the boat had been fully equipped and stationed at Black Head on the Cornish coast. The secretary added that he desired the enclosure to be forwarded to Mr. George Winchester, whose Australian address was not known to the donor.

It was several weeks before "Bertie" Winchester discovered the name of the donor, and it would be impossible to describe his feelings

when he first learnt that his old schoolmaster was the author of the generous deed.

* * * * * * *

Winchester, Rogers, and Marshall are still active temperance workers.

They have been joined by another zealous labourer, the Rev. Edgar Winchester, a mission curate in St. Giles.

"Winchester's Gin" continues in the market. The distillery has been enlarged again and again. Mr. Webster Winchester no longer takes an active part in the concern, and Mr. Harold and his brothers rarely meet.

Of the latter it is often asked, "Are they any connections of 'Winchester's the distillers?'" and as often the answer is given, "Oh no, they cannot be. They would never carry on their temperance work at so high a pressure if their own relatives were in 'the trade.'"

* * * * * * *

"More than Conquerors"—how can that be? There have been conquerors who have risen to greatness, in so far as the world esteems greatness, over the bleeding wounds of their fellow countrymen. In the great American Civil War many conquerors came to the front, but the price paid was six hundred and thirty thousand men killed or maimed!

The man or boy who bravely overcomes the miserable fashions which surround him; who, heedless of the sneers and criticisms of so-called friends, resolutely frees himself from the drinking customs of society, is indeed in the highest and noblest sense "more than a conqueror."

CONCLUSION.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING, AND HOW I CAME TO MAKE IT.

WELL, I should never have thought of doing such a thing; a simple boiled rice or a plain suet was my highest venture all alone in the pudding department. I should never have dreamed of making the family Christmas pudding, had I not been compelled; but necessity knows no laws, and either I had to try my hand, or else all the family must go without.

And now I think I'll tell you how it all happened. You ought to know my father keeps a shop, and not a very large one. I shall not say what shop it is, or else you may be finding me out some day, and coming to ask me to make a pudding for you. And I will not tell the name of the street, or else some of you will think I am merely advertising father's goods. But don't think I am ashamed because we all live above a small shop. I wish no one had a worse home than we have, and that every one was as happy on Christmas Day as I was when they all ate my pudding.

And we only keep one servant, and that's not a little maid-of-no-strength-and-all-work, but a servant that had been with us a long time—a sensible, trustworthy woman we loved and we always kissed when we went to bed. She had been part of the house and home influence for years. Everything was left to her care. Ever since I can remember I can recall her kindness to all us children. Mother and father valued her because she was so respectable and reliable. She had her faults, I have heard father say, but they were no where against her virtues. She always did the cooking; mother made the beds, and did all the dusting and other household work; and once a week we had a woman in to do the cleaning. All of us always helped to lay the things for meals, and any one of us boys and girls could clear away and wash up. And we were all proud of being useful and helping where we could.

I must tell you that I am the oldest, although my brother is taller than I am; then I have two younger and shorter brothers, and three sisters, Jane and Mary, and "little B——," (her name's Bertha,) but as she is too young to do anything but get in the way, she isn't much help. Above all, I must not forget we have a baby, and it's all through the baby, or nearly so, that I made the pudding. And it so happens that when the doctor brings a new baby to our home, it always makes mother poorly; and this time baby came just a week or so before Christmas, and so mother was ill in bed, and could not attend to any household duties. We were all very glad of the new baby, but sorry at this time mother would not be well and strong. Father said we should not want any Santa Claus, or presents, or dolls, now we had a real live one to nurse and play with.

We children had often noticed that Fanny the servant had been very queer at times, and sometimes did not know what she was about, and then complained of a bad headache, and once or twice lately had had to go to bed in the day. Well, this was just the week before Christmas; and Christmas fell on Monday; when one evening Fanny asked to go out, and father allowed her. He had to go out for some business, or to some meeting, and on his coming back he was vexed to find the servant was not in. It was late at night when she did return. To be out beyond ten, or half-past at the utmost, was an unpardonable sin in my father's eyes. He went down to let Fanny in, and spoke sharply to her. She turned upon him in a most abusive way, and stumbled and staggered about the passage as though she was out

of her mind, and trying to go upstairs she fell. Father tried to get her up, but she made so much noise, that father left her and said she had better stay there all night, as under no circumstances would he have her a day longer; she should go in the morning.

Fanny did not get up to make the breakfast: I had to light the fire and do everything. But when she came down father took her into a room alone and talked to her: when she came out she was crying. He simply told us that she had done what was wrong, and for mother's sake he was obliged to send her away at once; that he had lost all trust in her, and it was better for her to leave now. He said I was old enough to look after things as it was the holidays, and I must do the best I could until another servant came. This was Thursday: it all seemed so strange and dreadful that Fanny had to go that day; we cried, but father would not allow any of us to see her; and before dinner she had packed up and was off. All the rest of the day I seemed too busy to realize it. But on Friday it felt as if she were gone; then the children asked what we should do without Fanny for the Christmas dinner and pudding?

So I went to tell mother and the nurse. Then mother said, "Why, you make it." I went out that very Friday and did all the shopping myself. Mother gave me all the quantities, and on Saturday morning I turned up my sleeves, got the flour and chopped suet, stoned the raisins with the other children. Then I got all the other things mother told me of, and put on a big apron, and felt as grand as the Queen, and set to work, and I did it all myself. I was very anxious all Sunday, and laid awake on Sunday night thinking over this pudding, but I went to sleep, and when I awoke I found Santa Claus, or some one, had been and brought us treasures from unknown hands. Mother got up for the first time to come and have a meal with us. We have our dinner like sensible people at one o'clock on Christmas and every other day. When the pudding came in—and you should have seen it, for it *did* look splendid—all said it was the best plum-pudding they had tasted. And father praised me for having done it all by myself, and said he was sorry for the reason that Fanny had left so suddenly, "but," continued he, "she has left behind one great lesson for us all to learn, and that is this, we cannot keep too far away from all intoxicating drink, and from this day it shall be banished for ever from my house."

THE greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought of far too little importance to be attended to.

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR'S CHARITY.

KING Frost had come in his own right time,
But not his hoary crown of rime,
Nor his robe of spotless hue;
He was dressed in black for the dying year,
And the broad earth lay all still and sear,
And the sky forgot its blue.

The rich cared nought for the icy breath,
That had given the land its shroud of death,
For their Christmas fire burned bright.
But alas for the poor, for fuel was dear,
And the nipping wind was a thing of fear,
And touched their hearts like a blight.

In the pitiless air of the dull, cold morn,
A little maiden in garb forlorn,
Came wandering down the street;
She did not beg, but her wistful gaze
Was fixed on the homes where a ruddy blaze
Shone out to her very feet.

"No fuel, no food, this Christmas day!"
She sighed to herself as she went her way;
"God help us! mother and me."
And she drooped her head in her bitter grief,
Yet the scalding tears brought no relief
To that deep despondency.

But sudden, a window opened wide,
And a golden head appeared outside,
And a little beckoning hand;
While a child's voice murmured, "See how she cries!"
And a child's face shadowed with sad surprise,
Like a cloud o'er a sunny land.

"Don't cry! Take this—God sends it to you;
It isn't much, but it's bright and new,
For I had it only to-day.
Yes, take it, with God's kind love and mine;
Now, lift your eyes—let me see them shine,
While I wipe the tears away."

And the tears were wiped, and the thanks were said,
And with lightened heart the maiden sped
To her home of poverty;
While the gentle child with the golden hair
Mingled these words in morning prayer,
"Dear Lord, I did it for Thee!"

Ah, child! thou hast struck the true key-note
Of a melody which shall ever float,
On the breath of charity.
Thrice blest art thou, if thou strive to make
The whole world kin, for the dear, sweet sake
Of Him who hath died for thee!

[*From Miss Weston's "Monthly Letter to Sailor Boys."*]

REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

TEMPERANCE WORK IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



PROGRESS has been made in the cause of temperance during this session of Parliament, even when legislation of any kind, except what has been done for Ireland, was almost entirely out of public consideration. But in spite of grave difficulties, one signal victory has been gained, and that is the Sunday Closing of Public-houses in Wales. The Bill introduced by Mr. Roberts was read a second time on May 5th, and after every effort had proved ineffectual to block the Bill, it was read a third time, to the entire defeat of Mr. Warton's opposition. It was immediately sent up to the Lords, where the first reading was moved by Lord Aberdare, and on the following day received the approval of the Upper House on the second reading. The Royal assent has since been given, and now the Bill has become the law of the land.

In the month of June, Sir Wilfrid moved his resolution affirming "That in the opinion of this House it is desirable to give legislative effect to the resolution passed on June 18, 1880, which affirms the justice of local communities being entrusted with the power to protect themselves from the operations of the liquor traffic."

When the House divided on this question, a majority of forty-two was given for the motion, out of 420 members. The value of this decision was increased by the fact that several members of the Government recorded their vote in favour of the resolution.

Thus the Administration are practically committed to deal with the matter in some form or another during their reign of office, and we trust that the force of public opinion will be strong enough to bring forward such a measure as shall deal with the whole question, if not to the satisfaction of all parties, at least to the benefit of the people, and to the advance of true temperance. But were the Local Option Bill to become law to-morrow, there are few places where the love of temperance is two-thirds stronger than the love of beer. Hence our Bands of Hope have much work to prepare the people, especially the rising generation, to do their duty when the time does come, by the thorough inculcation both of temperance principles and temperance sentiments or feeling.

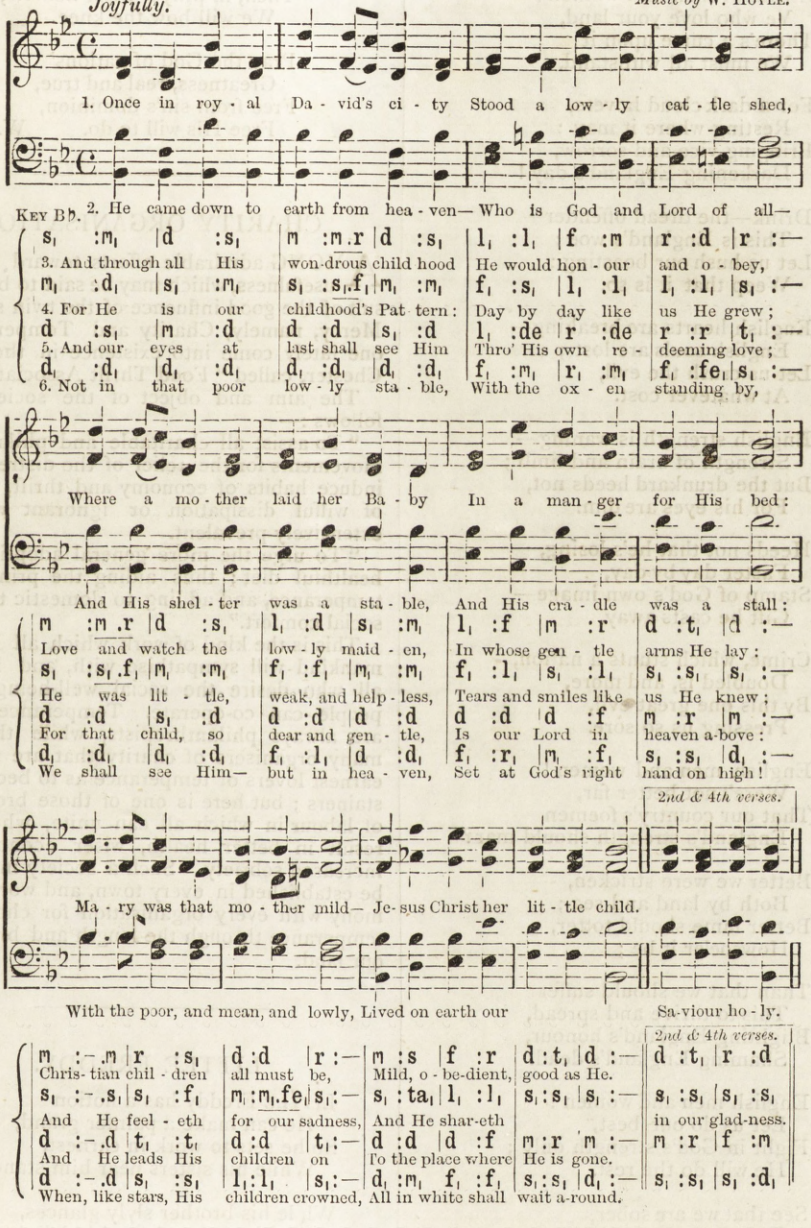
During the last session, a judicious effort was made in a right direction, when in August Mr. Caine moved "That in the opinion of the House it will promote good conduct and sobriety among men and boys of the Royal Navy, if the spirit rations were henceforth discontinued, and some equivalent given equal to the value of the spirit ration, in the form of improved dietary or increased wages." Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, Secretary to the Admiralty, fully recognised the importance of the subject, and on behalf of the Lords of the Admiralty, made considerable advances in the right path. Under the circumstances it was deemed advisable not to press the motion to a division, and in pursuance of an arrangement with the Government, Mr. Caine allowed the motion to be negatived.

Thus the temperance question has not been dead in the British Parliament, and good seed has been sown, which will bring forth good fruit. But legislation will always be far behind public opinion. The temperance cause must be a national cause—a social cause—a religious cause among the people, and then it will be a successful political cause in both Houses of Parliament.

THE PLUCKED FLOWER.—A gentleman's gardener had a child in whom his affection seemed to be centred. The Lord laid His hand upon the child: it sickened and died. The father was disconsolate, and murmured at the dealings of Providence. The gardener had in one of his flower-beds a favourite rose. It was the fairest flower he had ever seen on the tree, and he daily marked its growing beauty, intending when full-blown to send it to his master's mansion. One morning it was gone—some one had plucked it. Mortified, he tried to find out the culprit. He was, however, much surprised to find that *his master* had been attracted by the beauty of the rose, and plucking it, had carried it to one of the beautiful rooms in the hall. The gardener's anger was changed into pleasure. He felt reconciled when he heard that *his master* had thought the flower worthy of such special notice. "Ah, Richard," said the gentleman, "you can gladly give up the rose because I thought it worthy of a place in my house. And will you repine because your Heavenly Father has thought wise to remove your child from a world of sin, to be with Himself in heaven?"

ONCE IN ROYAL.

Joyfully. *Music by* W. Hoyle.



AN APPEAL.

ENGLISH men and women!
Ye who love your land,
There's a curse upon it
We must all withstand.

For a dark cloud hovers,
Resting where it may;
Bringing vice and sorrow,
Darkening England's day!

Drink—the dread offender—
This is England's woe;
Let us hush our boasting:
Weep that it is so.

English hearts are breaking—
English souls are lost;
Let us crush the evil,
At whatever cost.

English strength is waning—
Strength of brain and limb;
But the drunkard heeds not,
For his eyes are dim.

Heeds not that he's losing,
Faster day by day,
Stamp of God's own image—
Gift he casts away.

Crime, which stunts a nation,
Doubled is, and more,
By this one great evil,
Pressing us so sore.

English men and women!
Were't not better far,
That our country's foemen
England's strength should mar?

Better we were stricken,
Both by land and sea;
Better fame should totter,
Howsoe'er it be;

Than that we should suffer
This to thrive and spread,
Blighting England's honour,
Shaming England's dead.

English men and women!
Let us do our best,
Fight in God's strength only;
He will do the rest.

See that we are sober,
Temperate, and kind.
Helping by example
Those who fall behind.

When we hear men boasting
England's great and free,
Then, in prayer most humble,
We will bow the knee.

Pray the God of nations'
Greatness, real and true,
Free from sin's dominion,
Free His will to do. W. E. H.

CHARITY ORGANISATION.

AMONG admirable efforts toward practical usefulness, which may be said to be the result of the good influence of the twin sisters of Mercy, namely, Charity and Temperance, is one lately come into existence in the city of Chester, called "Food Thrift Association."

The aim and object of the society is as follows:—

"To assist all charitable and philanthropic movements for the relief of the distressed; to induce habits of economy and thrift, in place of wilful dissipation or ignorant waste, so extensively prevalent.

"To urge the more general adoption of a healthful diet; thus aiding the principles of temperance, and adding to domestic thrift and social comfort."

This is the kind of work which all lovers of mankind will sympathise with, and in which all who desire the social well-being of the people can co-operate. Temperance friends are always philanthropists, while there are many organisers of charity that are not such earnest lovers of temperance as to become abstainers; but here is one of those broad fields of labour in which all can unite, which must result in better health, wiser economy, and increased sobriety. Such a society might well be established in every town, and work in harmony with every organisation for charity and temperance through the length and breadth of our land.

LITTLE FREDDY.

LITTLE Freddy has a notion
He can make a painter grand,
So he sets to work in earnest,
While his sisters near him stand.

While his brother slyly glances,
Freddy, brimming with delight,
Thinks there never was such pastime
On a happy winter's night.



"Little Freddy has a notion
He can make a painter grand."—p. 182.

JUDGE WARREN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY MARY CHELLIS.

IT was useless to remonstrate with Judge Warren. He *would* drink wine and brandy, and would insist that he was benefited thereby. A classical scholar, he talked enthusiastically of the wines of Cyprus and Lesbos and "old Falernian." Quaffing favourite vintage, he waxed eloquent upon the inspiring influences of wine. "Wine maketh glad the heart." How often he quoted this phrase! forgetting always to add—"Wine is a mocker."

He boasted of his self-control and "moderation." Only the weak ones of earth were in danger of yielding to excessive indulgence; yet there were many who had listened to his "after-dinner speeches" when they knew him to be under the spell of the cup; and the members of his family had often seen him when a racking headache and over-sensitive nerves betrayed the fact that he had "tarried long at the wine."

Yet he was an honourable man; surrounded by hosts of friends, and the autumn of his life was crowned with the fruition of his most ambitious hopes. His home was one of elegance and luxury, over which the wife of his youth still presided. His sons, four in number, were all he could desire; while his daughters occupied enviable positions.

His *seventieth* birthday was to be the occasion of a family reunion, and extensive preparations were made for the entertainment of guests. Judge Warren had for years anticipated this day, and with his own hands set aside the wine which was to do honour to this reunion. As the old home mansion received one and another, the master congratulated himself that nothing was wanting which could add to the festivity of the occasion.

Late in the evening preceding his birthday his eldest son joined him in the library.

"Father, is there to be wine at dinner to-morrow?" was asked abruptly.

"Of course, John; some of the very best. I bought it twenty years ago, expressly for to-morrow. I calculated on a long life, and now I expect my children and grandchildren to pledge me in a drink fit for the gods."

"But, father——"

"Well, my son?"

"I wish you would dispense with wine to-morrow."

"Dispense with wine!" echoed Judge Warren. "What! a dinner without zest and piquancy, the crowning day of my life? Why, John, you astonish me. I should expect rebellion at once among the juveniles, to say nothing of the fathers and mothers." The speaker passed his hand across his forehead, and, after a moment's thought, said:

"Tell me why you expressed this wish?"

"Because, father, I cannot drink wine, and *my boys* must not drink it. I would rather they never heard your name than that they should drink wine at your table to-morrow." An expression of surprise was uttered.

"I tell you the truth," continued John Warren, "every member of my family are pledged to abstinence; and yet——"

"Have you joined the army of fanatics who are endeavouring to turn the customs of society upside down, and substitute their new-fangled theories for religion?"

"I *have* a story to tell you. Will you hear it now?" was the reply.

"Yes," answered the father, somewhat impatiently.

"I have heard you say that wine is a necessary stimulant, and that, if you wished to speak eloquently, you would drink of the fruit of the vine."

"Yes, yes, John, that's all true. I've tried it for fifty years, and I ought to know."

"And I have tried it for half that time, and, to my sorrow and shame, I know that wine is a mocker. Three months ago I lost an important case in court because I was intoxicated. It made a difference to my client of four thousand pounds; and justice was on his side. Wine was on mine, and I disgraced myself. I wished to do my best; and I have thus learned to distrust that siren of the cup."

"I won't believe it, John!" exclaimed the old man. "I won't believe that a son of mine has been intoxicated!"

"But it is *true*, father. If I had been a poor man, just commencing the practice of law, people would have said that I was drunk. But that is not all. My oldest boys have been lovers of quoting your example and my own, as *proof* that this appetite could be safely indulged. One midnight they were brought home to me in a state of such intoxication that I turned from them in utter disgust. Anger, mortification, grief, all struggled for the mastery, in my breast. I did not sleep that night; it seemed to me that myself and my entire family were fast sinking into the pit. The next morning I summoned my boys to an interview, which lasted several hours; and when that interview closed, we had pledged ourselves never again to taste of wine. But it has been a hard fight for us, and we are not so strong as to be above temptation. I believe I can trust myself to resist even here; but for my boys, father, I beg and pray that you will not offer them wine. If they drink, they will be ruined, soul and body; and the sin will lie at your door. I could indemnify my client for his

loss ; but you could never give back my boys as strong in noble purpose as now."

There was a long silence after this appeal. The hands of the clock seemed to move slowly as they measured the passing moments. Judge Warren was proud of his name. He had received it untarnished, and he looked forward to a line of descendants who should bear it not unworthily. John's *boys* were, if possible, dearer to him than John himself. He thought of all this as he rested his head upon his hand, meditating a reply. Facts were stubborn arguments, and his son must have spoken the truth. What should he do? Yield to the entreaty, and acknowledge that he had been wrong in the past? Or should he take from his head its crown, and trample this crown in the dust?

"John, call your brothers and sisters," he said, without looking up. They were summoned. "Call your mother, too." She came. "Now tell them what request you have made. Tell them *all* you have told me, if you wish them to know."

Glances of surprise were exchanged as the brothers and sisters waited silently for what might be said. The mother, clasping the hand of her firstborn, asked, "What is it, my son? I am sure your father can deny you no reasonable request at this time. Let us hear it."

John Warren looked around, and, realizing how much was at stake, repeated the story he had intended that his father only should hear. He was a noble man, a Christian man. Never had he given stronger proof of this than when he acknowledged his sin in yielding to the fascinations of the wine-cup. "God knows how bitterly I deplored my guilt," he said, with touching earnestness. And his boys ; it was hard to expose *their* weakness and shame, but the good of all demanded it. Waxing eloquent with this theme, he uttered such a plea for abstinence as is seldom heard. No one of his audience would accuse him of weakness, or want of ordinary self-control. Was he fanatic? He spoke the words of truth and soberness—words wrung from him by bitter experience.

His mother looked at him lovingly, while her eyes suffused with tears and her lips quivered. "God bless you, my boy!" she exclaimed, as he paused. "God bless you, and give grace to you and yours to keep your pledge inviolate."

"Nellie!" It was the old-time name Judge Warren had learned when he was a schoolboy, and Nellie Barnard was the merriest girl that ever woke the mountain echoes with her laugh. "Nellie, should I have been a better husband had I never tasted wine?" There was no response. "Should I have been a better man, a more consistent Christian, living more as God would have me live? Would my influence have told more for the good of humanity, had I never tasted wine?" He waited for a reply.

"John, you have been a good husband ; but I do believe you would have been *better*, in every relation of life, had you——" A pale face confronted her. She did not need to complete the sentence.

"Should I have been a better father to you, my children?"

"Your example and influence would have been on the *safe* side," answered John.

The same question was repeated ; and from each son and daughter came a reply of like import. It was an "honest hour" when, with bated breath and wildly throbbing hearts, father, mother, brother, sister, took counsel together.

"One more question : Have you ever seen me so much under the influence of wine that my brain had lost its balance?" After much hesitation, this, too, was answered in the affirmative.

"I have told my experience ; I wish others would relate theirs," now said the oldest son, hoping thus to cover his father's confession.

It was strange ; yet those men, who, an hour before, would have scorned to acknowledge any weakness, now confessed that wine and kindred drink had often mastered their nerves, and beclouded their brains. The daughters, too, lovely and accomplished though they were, were not wholly guiltless, as they admitted with depreciating humility.

"And your boys?"

Not one of all but would have counted it a priceless blessing to be assured, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that their boys would be total abstainers from all intoxicating liquors ; not one but shrank from the thought of trusting the happiness of their girls in the hands of men who quaffed the maddening drink.

"Nellie, shall we have wine at dinner tomorrow?"

"How can we, after what we have just heard!" responded Mrs. Warren.

There was not a dissenting voice.

"Then, as God hears me, there will be none henceforth at my table. I will make what reparation I may."

One by one they went out, leaving Nellie and her John—her lover still. The Judge forgot his honours—forgot the years which lay between him and the brightest day of all his life, when he had promised to love, honour and cherish the woman at his side. He was young again, with life and its possibilities ; so hopeful and so strong, that never a thought of failure intruded to mar his dream.

"Our children, John," at length murmured his wife.

"Yes, Nellie, *our children*. Thank God for them, every one, and may He bless them with the choicest of His blessings!"

People wondered that Judge Warren should become a teetotaller; but not one who heard him speak upon the great question of temperance, doubted that his whole heart was enlisted in the cause for which he laboured so earnestly, and talked so eloquently.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

WHEN recently addressing the members of the Theological Student's Abstainers Union, at the Presbyterian College, Queen Square, the Rev. Edward Price, of Limehouse, related the following touching incident, which occurred in his own family more than thirty years ago. He was arguing that the temperance movement is, under God, the means of bringing people into the Church, and he said, "I had a brother—as fine and generous-hearted a fellow as ever lived—who, through dissipated habits, became a leader in wickedness. So outrageous had his conduct become that a sort of family council was held, when it was determined under certain conditions, to shut the door of the home against him. I stood up against this proposition, and said, 'Never! I cannot shut the door upon my brother.' I happened to be at home on the night of which I am speaking, when there was heard a tremendous noise at the door; for you know how drunken men are in the habit of making their presence known. There was a death-like stillness in the house. I got up and let my poor unhappy brother in. He had been on the Thames on that day (Sunday), and, like many drunken men before him, had been soaked to the skin by the upsetting of the boat. He let me put him to bed. Forgetting for the minute, the grand characteristic of the Christian —meekness—I said, 'Oh! Harry, if there be a God in heaven, you will repent this.' (I don't think I went to sleep that night with less pleasure because I had helped him to bed.) To my great surprise he came to me the following morning, and said, 'Edward! you thought that I was so drunk last night that I could not hear what you said; but I did. Where is the pledge-book? If you will sign it, I will!' Just imagine with what alacrity my pen moved. From that time my brother became an altered man. The force of his character, which had formerly led him to become a leader in sin, now, by the grace of God, led him to become a leader in goodness. He entered the Church of Christ, became an eloquent minister, and has been the means of leading thousands of souls to the feet of the Redeemer."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WESLEYAN METHODIST BANDS OF HOPE.—The returns presented by the Temperance Committee, at the recent Wesleyan Methodist Conference, reveal the encouraging fact there are now in Great Britain 2,033 Wesleyan Methodist Bands of Hope, with 202,516 members—an increase during the last year of 202 Bands of Hope and 24,309 members.

THE INLAND REVENUE AND NON-INTOXICANTS.—The numerous substitutes for beer which have of late come into fashion under such names as "non"-pale ale, hopetta, non-intoxicating stout, etc., are beginning to be regarded by the Board of Inland Revenue with a jealous and a watchful eye. They disclaim any desire to interfere with ginger beer, treacle beer, and such harmless drinks, although these notoriously contain a small quantity of alcohol, but they have determined that in every case in which liquor is flavoured with hops, or containing more than three per cent. of spirit generated by fermentation, and put forward under any of the names usually applied to beer, such liquor is liable to be taxed as beer according to its gravity when brewed. The beer commonly used by reapers in harvest time is stated to contain no more than three per cent. of spirit, while some of the so-called harmless drinks which escaped taxation are said to contain six per cent. Horehound beer and nettle beer, which are specially threatened, because it has become a custom to flavour them with hops and ginger, seem more doubtful cases; and it is to be hoped that the Board are not about to discourage by taxation any drinks that are really sober drinks, whatever may be the name which the vendors choose to give to them.—*Daily News.*

FEMALE DRUNKENNESS.—In London last year there were 29,868 persons apprehended for drunkenness; of these 13,870 were women.

THE BRAIN POISON.—The first three wranglers at Cambridge this year are practical abstainers from alcohol and tobacco.

BOTTLING PEAS.—Pick the peas when thoroughly dry, put them in a large-necked bottle within one inch of the top. Cork down tightly, and sealing wax the top of cork, and bury the bottle cork downwards at least eighteen inches deep in the garden. This will preserve the peas until early spring.—*G. S. R., in Gardening Illustrated.*

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Add one teaspoonful of baking powder to a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, and the yolk of one egg; mix with sufficient milk to make into a stiff dough. Roll it out, and make up the rolls into any shape you may prefer, and bake in a rather quick oven.—*Girl's Own Paper.*

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11 Anniversary hymn; The social glass; Learn to say no; Merrily o'er the waves; Here in the dawn.

12 No; Your Mission; Ye noble hearts of England; Dare to be true; Onward, onward; John Alcohol.

13 Leoni, P.M.; Pray for the peace of Jerusalem (anthem); The temperance ship is sailing on; Mabel (solo and chorus); Stand to your arms; They say there is an echo here.

14 Vote it out; Work and Pray; King Alcohol (tune, "Dame Durden"); Drink not thy dear life away (solo and chorus); Water pure for me; Wilton, L.M.

15 Welcome, brothers, 7's The reveller's chorus; A glorious day is breaking; Rock me to sleep, mother; Go, child, and beg a bit of bread (solo and chorus); We, the undersigned.

16 March of the temperance army; Farmer's song; Battle cry of temperance; I want to do right; Simeon

17 Exercise bone and muscle; O hasten from; Fill the ranks; The Three millions; Hold the fort.

18 Steal away to Jesus; Call John; The bells.

19 Water give to me; Men for the times; I have been rambling; Merrily allour voices; Clap, clap, hurrah; Because He loved me so.

20 Shall e'er cold water be forgot; O praise the Lord (anthem); Melcombe, L.M.; Follow your leader.

21 Light-hearted are we; The contest; Escape from the city; Whistling Farmer Boy.

22 The flowing spring; Good night; autumn winds; Old Hundredth, L.M.; The sea.

23 We mourn the ruin; O praise the Lord all ye nations (anthem) The temperance lifeboat; Swell high the joyful chorus; Men of Britain.

24 Merry mill wheel; March and sing; I have wandered through the meadows (solo with vocal accompaniment); Stand by the flag.

25 To the tap of the drum; Long, long ago; Renounce the cup (solo and chorus); Excelsior

26 Brave Sir Wilfrid; We'll rally round our standard; Guard the Bible; Where have you gleaned; The fire brigade.

27 Hail! to the Lord's anointed; Hark the temperance trumpet; Round the spring; Dear fatherland; Rescue the perishing.

28 Temperance is our theme; The deadly Upas tree; The brooklet; Meet me at the fountain; Hear the call; Lift him up.

29 Look not upon the wine; Dash it down; Beautiful spring; Safe and strong; The gushing rill.

30 The temperance banner; Merry farmer's boy; Cry out and shout (anthem).

31 The winning side may laugh; Silently the shades of evening; May morning; Praise ye the Lord (anthem).

32 Before the brewers; I have seen the gilded palace (solo and chorus); Star of Peace; Down where the bluebells grow.

33 Hallelujah, marching on; Father, won't you try? (solo and chorus); No Surrender; Drink from Crystal Fountain.

34 Don't fret; Day is dying; The world is moving on (solo and cho.); Stand, firmly stand; The open air.

35 Hold fast; The children; Victory! victory; God made all nature free; Winter Glee.

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