ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE

1888

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

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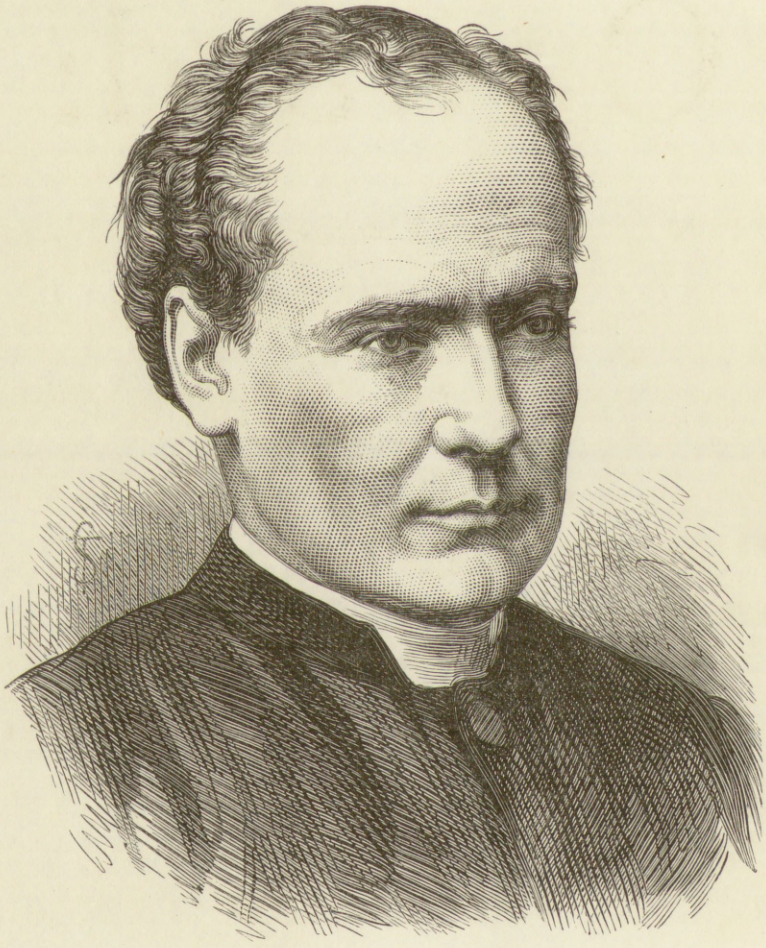

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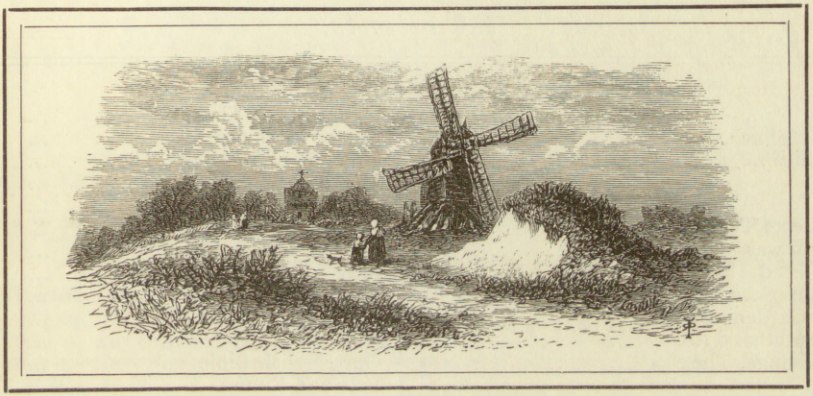

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NEW SERIAL TALE.

Snatched from Death.

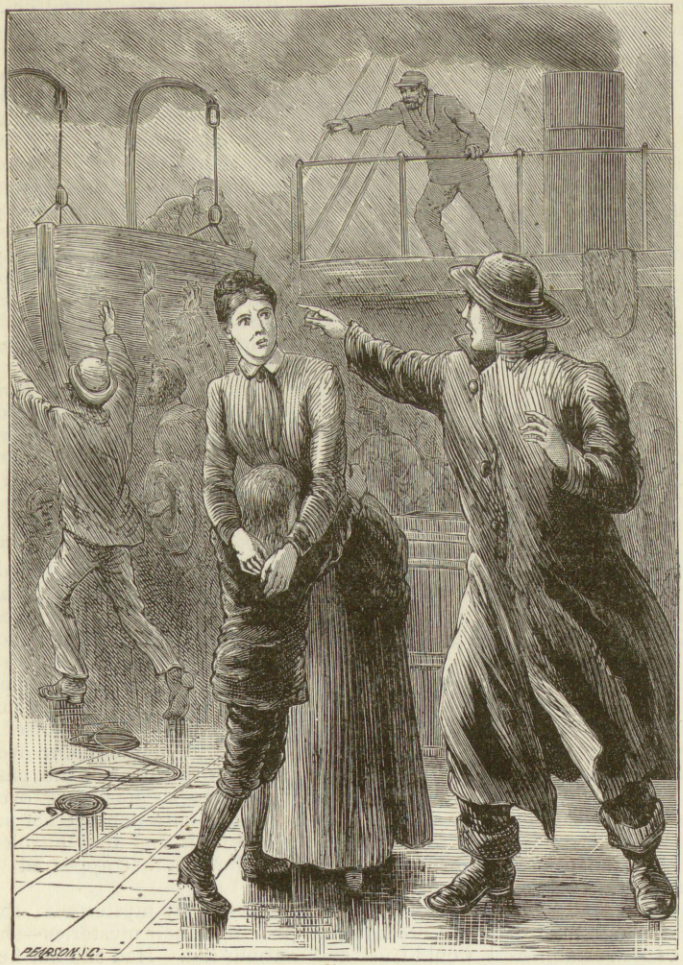
By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER I.—SHIPWRECK.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"
—WHITTIER.

OUR story opens in a fog. It was none of your land fogs that quickly come and as quickly go; neither was it the mist of the early morning only waiting for the sun to rise to take itself off as if ashamed of its conduct; it was a regular sea fog, hanging about the ship like gigantic cobwebs, clinging to the rigging, standing erect on the deck, and, like Egyptian darkness, making itself felt. It seemed to be as thick as a wall, and yet as damp as the sea itself.

In the midst of this fog the good ship *Helena* could hardly be seen as it ploughed its way over the English Channel, that silvery streak separating us from our neighbours in France.



Only a few of the passengers ventured on deck, and these could hardly see a foot in front of them; if they attempted to walk they very soon stumbled against a coil of rope, or ran full butt against a fellow passenger, or, what was worse, against one of the masts of the vessel.

The captain was on the bridge looking out most earnestly, though his strained eyes could see but little; the other officers were at their posts, some being especially told off to ascertain the depth of the water by the aid of the lead; the fog whistle was sounding loudly, and on the faces of all there was anxiety and trouble.

Captain Watson endeavoured to pierce the gloom for a sight of the light that ought to welcome him as he neared Calais harbour. Could he only catch a glimpse of the light he would then be convinced that the *Helena* was on the right track; but it was all in vain, no light or object could be distinguished through the intense fog.

Among the many passengers on board the *Helena* were Mrs. Fitzgerald and her son Henry. She had recently become a widow, and was now

travelling from London on a visit to some relatives in Paris. Her boy was only seven years of age, and, this being his first sea-trip, he was alarmed as much as anyone at the excitement on board in consequence of the fog.

"Are we safe, mother; do you think we shall be drowned?" asked Henry in an alarmed voice.

"Yes, my darling," replied the loving mother, "we are quite safe if we trust in God; he can see through the fog, and if we should be drowned, we shall both go down into the water, and then, I hope, we shall enter Heaven hand-in-hand."

"I shouldn't mind, mother, if we could both die together, but I do feel afraid of the cold, black water to-night; and, mother, if we are drowned I shall never read the letter father wrote me on his death-bed. I wish I was twelve years old, and then I could read it. Have you got it safely, mother?"

"Yes, my boy, here it is;" and the mother brought from her pocket a small sealed packet which she showed to her son.

"This packet contains the secret which you shall know at the right time; don't trouble me any more just now about it, you have only a few years to wait and then you shall know all."

"Perhaps before that time you will be robbed of the letter, and then I shall never know what father wrote to me;" and little Henry began to cry, more because of the fear of losing his father's last counsel, than of any alarm he felt at the danger in which the *Helena* was placed.

What a picture of anxiety and sorrow this mother and child presented. Mrs. Fitzgerald was only twenty-eight years of age; her dark mourning robes contrasted with her pale, fair face, and her deep blue eyes; handsome and intelligent in features, she sat watching her son with a world of anxiety pictured on her sad countenance.

The depth of her love for that boy no mortal being could fathom; he was the only pledge of an eternal affection; he reminded her of one for whom she could have sacrificed everything, but alas! he lay at rest in the pretty cemetery at Norwood.

When the marriage took place, Mr. Fitzgerald, then about ten years his wife's senior, was in a flourishing business. Everyone knew that the house of Fitzgerald, of Clerkenwell, supplied the best English-made watches and clocks; every customer was convinced that any article purchased there would be found genuine according to description, and would be worth the money paid for it. There seemed a fair prospect of Mr. Fitzgerald becoming a prosperous tradesman, and, perhaps, a wealthy man; and—who could tell?—he might become an alderman of the city of London, for he had a branch establishment within the city boundaries, and then in the distant future he might ride in the grand old coach, and be drawn by six horses with banners and music through the city on Lord Mayor's day. More than this, he might be called upon to entertain kings and princes in the grand old historic Guildhall, and there the Queen might honour him with knighthood, and his dear Lizzie would be no more plain "Mrs." but Lady Fitzgerald, and they would live in grand style and mix with people much higher than themselves.

It might have been as we have described, but all these grand visions had passed away like a pleasant dream. Only a few years husband and wife had journeyed together when death, who pays no attention to our schemes, took the father away, and then it was discovered that the business was undermined with debt, so that wife and child were left almost penniless.

On his death-bed Mr. Fitzgerald had written a letter to his son, and this was carefully sealed and given to the mother, with the injunction that she should hand it to the boy on his twelfth birthday. None but the mother knew its contents, and, faithful to the dying wishes of her husband, she preserved the letter and hid its revelations in the deep recesses of her memory.

Henry lay stretched on one of the cushioned seats of the cabin, his face, as fair as a lily, contrasting with his black velvet suit. He had his mother's blue eyes, and flaxen curls of the most exquisite beauty rested on his shoulders. He was a picture worthy of the study of a Millais.

Some of the passengers used to the sea and fearing nothing had gone to sleep, (for Mrs. Fitzgerald had chosen the night passage for cheapness); some were talking anxiously of the dangers of the sea in a fog; while others were ill of the horrible *mal de mer*, though the sea was as calm as a mill-pond.

Above there was the hurrying to and fro of the crew; loud voices giving orders, and loud responses saying that the orders had been heard; while the deep thud of the slow engines, and the shrill scream of the whistle, all added horror upon horror; but the mother sat calmly watching her sleeping child, and thinking, yes, thinking so deeply of what might have been, if all the happy visions of her early married life had been fulfilled. What a noble heart she possessed! The past was gone, it was in vain to mourn over it, she would live alone for the future; the past could not be undone, and to sit mourning over what she had lost would only unnerve her for future action. She had faith, and that enabled her to see through all the fogs that appeared to cloud her future.

The ways of Providence are mysterious; she had no desire to peer into their mysteries—she would trust and murmur not. Had she not her

boy to live and labour for? he should be the object of her life, and He who is a Father to the fatherless would not desert her.

These noble resolutions and thoughts of the past and future were mingling together in her mind when suddenly, without a word of warning, there was a fearful crash, and the boat trembled in every timber.

"The great ship seems splitting! it cracks as a tree,
While an earthquake is splintering its root; ere the blast
Of the whirwind that stript it of branches has past.'

The alarmed passengers rose hastily, the mother was thrown from her seat, and the boy, hurled on the floor, awoke from his slumber.

What was the matter? Why was everyone hurrying on deck? Why were the women screaming? What was that rush of water? The frightened mother seizing the hand of her son hurried on deck with the excited throng.

"Stand back, you cowards," shouted the loud voice of Captain Watson, for some of the frightened passengers had actually seized one of the boats and were taking possession of it for themselves.

"Stand back, and let the women and children get in first," he shouted again.

It was here that a strange event occurred. One of the passengers, apparently a young man, wearing a long macintosh, but whose face was obscured by a slouched hat, rushed forward, and placing himself by the side of the trembling mother, said in an excited manner:

"Don't be alarmed, madam, I will see you into the boat."

Then, joining some of the crew, he fought like a madman to rescue the boat from the cowards who thought only of saving their own lives.

It was a desperate struggle, and not accomplished without some hard blows.

"Keep quiet, all of you," shouted the Captain again, "the *Helena* will not go down yet; now back, all of you, and let the women and children get in first."

Before Mrs. Fitzgerald could comprehend what was going on, the strong arms of the stranger seized hold of her, she was lifted over the side of the vessel, and dropped safely into the boat.

"My boy! my boy!" she shouted loudly.

"All right," said the kind voice of one of the crew, "here's the youngster," and in a moment Henry came down into his mother's lap.

Away they rowed towards the shore; only a minute or two had passed, but the fog was so dense that they were quite out of sight. Suddenly those on board the sinking ship were horrified by hearing fearful shrieks.

"The boat has capsized," said the Captain, wildly; and he spoke the truth.

(To be continued.)

"Our Girls."

By OLD CORNISH.

CHAPTER I.

SUNSHINE IN THE HOME.

NO, I was never a girl; but my sisters were, and so was my mother. Perhaps it is from her—my mother—I have inherited such an inestimable gift, a love for her sex. If so, I am thankful; and for her sake, if for no other, I will endeavour to prove myself worthy of such a blessed inheritance.

Still, I am thinking why I should be requested to write for "Our Girls." For the life of me I can find no satisfactory reply, unless it be, as suggested in the words of a waggish old friend: "Oh! it is because you are so very fond of the girls."

Fond of the girls! I should think I am. From the very first time I rocked my little sister in the cradle—now more than forty years ago—(aye, how old she must be getting!) up to the morning when I first took my own sweet little baby-girl in my arms, and buried my lips in her chubby cheeks, down to the very moment in which I write, I have had a sincere and sacred regard for our girls.

Why, was she not a girl, that anxious little watcher on the banks of the Nile, who saved her baby-brother Moses from the hands of the destroyer? Was she not a girl, that little captive maid, whose kindly consideration and most earnest entreaty resulted in the healing of Naaman her master of his leprosy? Was she not a girl, that brave Joan of Arc, who led the proud warriors of France to victory? Was she not a girl, that lighthouse keeper's little Grace, who pulled through surf and sea to save a shipwrecked crew? Was she not a girl, that Methodist little maiden, of whom good Leigh Richmond has said so many excellent things,

and said them so well, in his beautiful little book, "The Dairyman's Daughter?"

Why, if I were to enumerate all those girls whose names are as ointment poured forth, I should have to call them from cottage and castle, from hearth and home, and from the market and the mill. Yes, if I were to compile anything like a completed list, I should have to select from scullery and studio, from the shop and the sanctuary, and I know not where besides. But no, I will not even attempt such a thing as the impossible, lest, after having added name to name, I should be constrained to exclaim: "And there are also many others . . . . the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

Now it is because of this fact that the number is already so large, that the record of the past is so spotlessly fine, that I am intensely anxious that the high standard set by so many of your sex should be maintained; in fact that you should preserve a character so pure that not a stain shall sully your life from its commencement to its close; and that our girls of to-day should add to the nobility of that galaxy of women that shine so conspicuously upon the bead-roll of our nation.

First of all, then, let me exhort you to

Be Girls.

Yes, be girls, just as long, and no longer, as God intended you should be. Nothing pleases me more than to see a merry-making little lass, a girl as buoyant as the breeze, and as bright and as beautiful as the very sunshine itself; a girl who can romp and run, who can sing and who can shout; aye, I love such a girl. See her in the kitchen, as bright as polished steel; hear her in the racket-court, as merry as a cricket on the hearth; look at her in the park, as fresh and beautiful as the loveliest flower in the *parterre;* watch her in the sanctuary, as she flings her whole soul into the service, and rings out her gladness into sweetest song. I tell you what, I would rather a thousand times see such a girl than I would the sedate, morose, incommunicable, premature little old maid, who has buried her precious little self in the convent of her thoughts, and who has sworn never to allow herself to indulge in a laugh.

Girls! hearken unto me. If there should be anyone so foolish, or so wicked, I know not by which name to call it, as to attempt to impress you with the idea that you are something other than a girl while you are but in the early part of your teens, then say to such an one at once, whether he be a sire or a son, and say it in such a way as shall silence him in a second: "Avaunt, thou hypocrite! and let me have the *morning* of my little day."

Morning! Yes, for God and humanity put in your claim, and let no power upon earth interfere with your unalterable and inalienable right. Morning! Oh how I love that expression. Suggestive as it is of the purest and best, it thrills the very soul into ecstasies with light and life. Look at it in nature, how beautiful it is! When the stars hide their shining, and the twilight melts into day; when the air is full of fragrance, and the dew is on the grass; when the thrushes sing, and the lark soars, melting into melody its little life; when the great orb of day, climbing the steep ascent of heaven, bathes the wide world in a blaze of beauty, and, breaking the monotony of silence into service and a song, sends the trampling millions of humanity forth to the labours of the day—oh, how beautiful is morning then!

So should it be with your life, with the life of every girl in the land. Created by God for a purpose, you should deem it no higher honour upon earth than to consecrate the first fruits of your days to Him. If, as Pope has remarked,

> "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;"

then it becomes your imperative duty to see that the first few years of your life are such as you would have the closing ones to be.

> "The culture of the early Spring
> Secures the Summer's joy, the Autumn's pride,
> And makes the rugged brow of Winter smile."

Now of all the characters you may be called upon to sustain, there is not one more deserving your attention than that of being

Affectionate Girls.

When dear old Dr. Doddridge once asked his little child why it was that everybody loved her, she exclaimed, with such a look of surprise: "*Why, papa! it is because I love everybody, to be sure.*"

Sound little philosopher. Yes, her words were true; love begets love; and I know of no better spot upon earth where it may be tried to perfection than in the home.

Few things have saddened me more than the absence of love—to watch the effects of a cold, calculating mind upon domestic life. I will say nothing of the brutal boorishness of those who trample upon law, both sacred and profane. I am thinking only of those who from mere selfishness refuse to render unto others the rights of relationship. It is said there are girls who are right enough in the tennis court, but who are wrong to a fault in the home; who are all sunshine and song when surrounded with strangers, but who are miserably morose in the presence

of fathers and mothers. Yes, they may be clever, but alas, they are also cruel; and as one grain of iodine is sufficient to discolour a hundred gallons of water, so one of those thoughtless, foolish girls can spoil the charms of a household, and rob it of the very sweets of home.

Away back at the end of last summer, I was out upon the mountains of Wales. It was a glorious day. Away up in the heavens the sun shone in a sky of cloudless blue, whilst far away down at my feet the silvery sea rippled its waves upon golden sands. The solitude was sublime; and awed into silence by the very magnificence of the scene, I was at length aroused from my reverie by a rush of water down the mountain side. Yes, there it was, laughing, leaping, like a thing of life; and glad enough as I was to welcome its winsome voice after the summer's drought, I followed that mountain stream, until, at length, I lost it amid the sedge-weed of the mountain, and the big black boulders that had been hurled by the waves of the great Atlantic at its foot. But imagine my joy, when, as I sauntered along the sands, I found my lost little friend, the stream, oozing out from beneath the gravel, and gurgling over the big black boulders, hurrying away for very gladness to lodge itself in the sea.

Such, thought I, should be the lives of our girls. Like the mountain stream, they shouid put joy and gladness into every wayfarer's heart. Overcoming every obstacle, overleaping every barrier, they should let the stream of their affection go singing on, until all shall acknowledge the purity and power of their lives.

Oh! aim, I beseech you, at being hearty and affectionate girls. You may never be clever, but you can always be kind. You may never be sought for by the crowd, but those big bouncing brothers of yours, who left you in the morning for labour, shall return at eventide for rest, asking in their own frolicsome way for "that big bundle of sunshine, the girl I left behind me!" You may never become the topmost girl in the highest class in the school, but you may, nevertheless be enthroned a queen in your parents' hearts. Aye, and better than everything else, you may become—

"Sweet in temper, grace and word,
To please an ever-present Lord."

Oh! my dear girls, be resolved that you will be this—that you will shed as much sunshine around life as you can; that you will put as much joy and gladness into as many hearts as you dare; and that you will so enhance the happiness of home as to render the poet's expression a beautiful and blessed reality.

"There is beauty all around
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound
When there's love at home;
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home."

Then in addition to affection, and as an inevitable result of the same, you should always aim at being

Obedient Girls.

Some one has said, and said truly too, that "Order is heaven's first law." And no one who has familiarised herself with facts, can fail to observe that the acceptance of the principle has almost invariably been attended with the practice of the same. Look at those girls who, to the warmth of affection, have added obedience; what beautiful specimens of womanhood they make.

Students of the Bible as you are, doubtless you have been struck with the emphatic—the peremptory command—the "thou shalt"s of that blessed and best of all books. And, if you give yourselves to examine, you will find that those who have kept most closely to those instructions have proved themselves to be the purest and noblest of girls. Now, God has laid it down as a law, that the younger must serve the elder, that the child is to honour father and mother; and any interference with that well-known law must jeopardise the happiness of those who transgress.

Mozart once said of a girl whom he heard playing on an instrument: "She will never master what is the most difficult and necessary, and in fact the principal thing in music, viz., time, *because from her infancy she has never been in the habit of playing in correct time.*" And if such is true in music, how much more is it in manners, in the little acts of daily life. Hence you will see at a glance, that if you are to grow up to command, you must learn first to obey.

Away out upon the hills there stands a tall and sturdy oak. Two hundred years ago an acorn, so small that it might have been held in an infant's palm, fell from a forest tree; and, whisked by a passing breeze, was lodged in a hollow on the sunny slope. Pressed by a traveller's foot, it sent its thread-like shoots into the earth, and watered by the rain, and warmed by the sunshine, it grew; until now, wrapping its rib-like roots around the soil, it has become a mighty and magnificent tree, against which the hurricane but impotently beats.

Oh! my dear young girls, let the strength and stability of your lives be an illustration of that. Like that little acorn clasping the sodden soil you may root yourselves in the affections of your friends. A life commenced in the spirit of

obedience shall become so strong that no temptation shall shake. A life whose first fruits are presented to Jesus shall secure the admiration of earth and the benediction of heaven. Aye, girls, see to it that you honour father and mother; let those fine, frolicsome brothers of yours delight themselves in the sunshine of your presence; fill home with happiness, as God fills it with light, and you shall become the favourites of the family and the eulogised of the world.

Oh! my dear young friends, feeling as I do how much depends upon a good start in life; how much the whole of your future will take its complexion from the present; how much the whole of your conduct depends upon the commencement of your career; be resolved that you will begin at once. Shed as much sunshine as you can wherever you go; fling the radiance of your presence around the most rugged lot in life; put as much joy and gladness into the hearts of your companions as you can pack—aye, thrill this old world with gladness and with song—and of you it shall be said: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

"God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls;
God wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His holy face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity;
God wants the girls."

WHAT WILFRED HOLLAND OWED TO THE BAND OF HOPE.

BY UNCLE BEN.

WILFRED HOLLAND joined the Band of Hope when he was ten years old. He remained in the same society for many years, in fact, he grew up to be a man and kept his connection and membership with the society; and rose from being a full private at ten to be the president before he was thirty. It was an office no one held continuously, because it was considered the greatest honour the society could pay any of its members; therefore, the post was given to those who most deserved reward for service, and not because of position or the accident of wealth.

When Wilfred Holland had been an abstainer for twenty years, he told his fellow-members that to all who joined the society and kept the pledge that year of ten years of age and under, and above five, he would give a party inviting them to tea and a Christmas tree; and to all who had been members of the society when he oined, having since that time kept their pledge, he would ask them to his house for an evening. The reason he did this was because he felt he owed so much to the Band of Hope that nothing he could do for the movement was too much trouble. "Besides," he said, "if I owed no personal debt of gratitude to the temperance work, so many did, that all who could should give every help and encouragement to the cause." Hence, when he reached his majority, he would commemorate it so that all the boys and girls might remember the occasion and grow up to follow his example in this respect.

It was about Christmas time that Wilfred Holland had first signed the pledge; so, as near as possible to that period, he would keep his twenty-first birthday. When he joined the society it was very small, and much despised. It had gone through many struggles for existence, and had known many ups and downs. It had sometimes lost nearly all its officers, had suffered at the hands of bad secretaries and careless treasurers; but it had been kept going by one or two souls that never lost faith, hope, and charity. Now the society was prosperous and popular. A large accession of little ones had joined this year because of the promised treat in store at Christmas time; therefore, because the society was successful, everybody had a good word to say for it, and help was not hard to get.

At last the happy evening arrived. A good tea was safely stored away for digestion within eighty little members of the Band of Hope. When the meal was dispatched, the boys and girls removed to the largest class-room, where their kind friend had prepared a pleasant surprise, namely, a present for every one, off the Christmas tree.

The delight of the children was boundless. Wilfred Holland distributed all the gifts himself. On the platform sat the minister and a few friends who had consented to entertain and speak to the little folk, with the one or two who were members of the society when he signed

the pledge. These were all the adults invited; only enough to superintend the tea and the amusements. The children behaved so well they did not require much supervision.

Just as Mr. Holland had concluded the presentations off the tree and nothing was left on except the candles, some of which were beginning to droop and sputter, and all the little ones were busy inspecting their treasures, the minister rose to express on behalf of the Band of Hope, and especially for all the happy children, a vote of thanks for this pleasant evening and the many services Wilfred Holland had rendered the cause.

THE DELIGHT OF THE CHILDREN WAS BOUNDLESS.

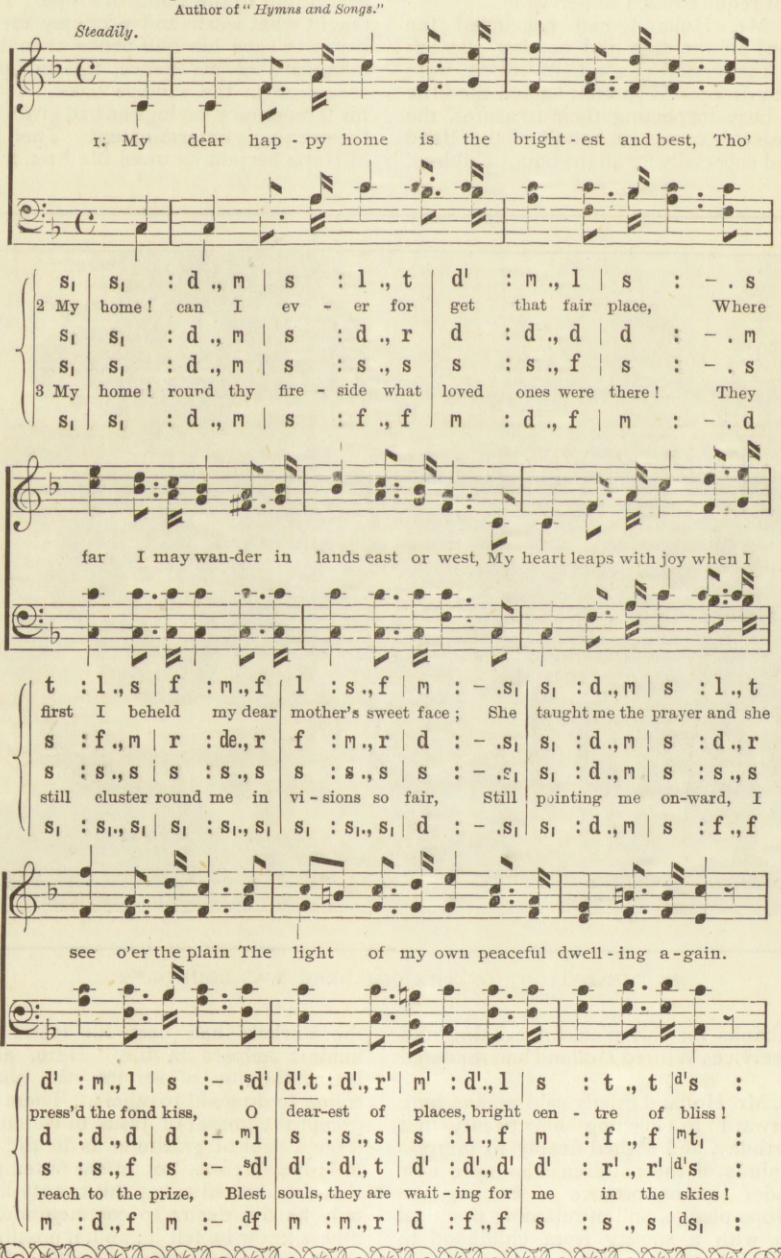
In reply, Mr. Holland briefly said he had long looked forward to keeping his twenty-first teetotal birthday, and wished deeply to impress upon the minds of the children who were now ten or under the importance of keeping the Band of Hope pledge, and of retaining practical connection with a society from childhood to manhood. He referred to his early days of poverty and struggle, to his imperfect education and turning out to earn a few pence a day when quite a child. He told how he owed almost everything to the Band of Hope. Here he was taught what waste and economy meant, and so began to save his half-pence, then he learnt to take care of his pence, till he got a golden sovereign in the savings bank. It was out of his temperance savings he had given the children the evening's entertainment. Then to the Band of Hope he said he owed his best friendships—the workers had been his truest friends and kindest helpers in life. Here, also, he had learnt the joy of service—the blessedness of trying to do good to others. There was nothing except the gospel of Jesus to which he owed so large a debt of gratitude as he did to the Band of Hope. It was not in the attempt to pay off that debt he had so kept his twenty-first birthday, only he did desire to commemorate it to make others know he felt it; and, if possible, to inspire those young people to go forth to do likewise.

MY DEAR HAPPY HOME!

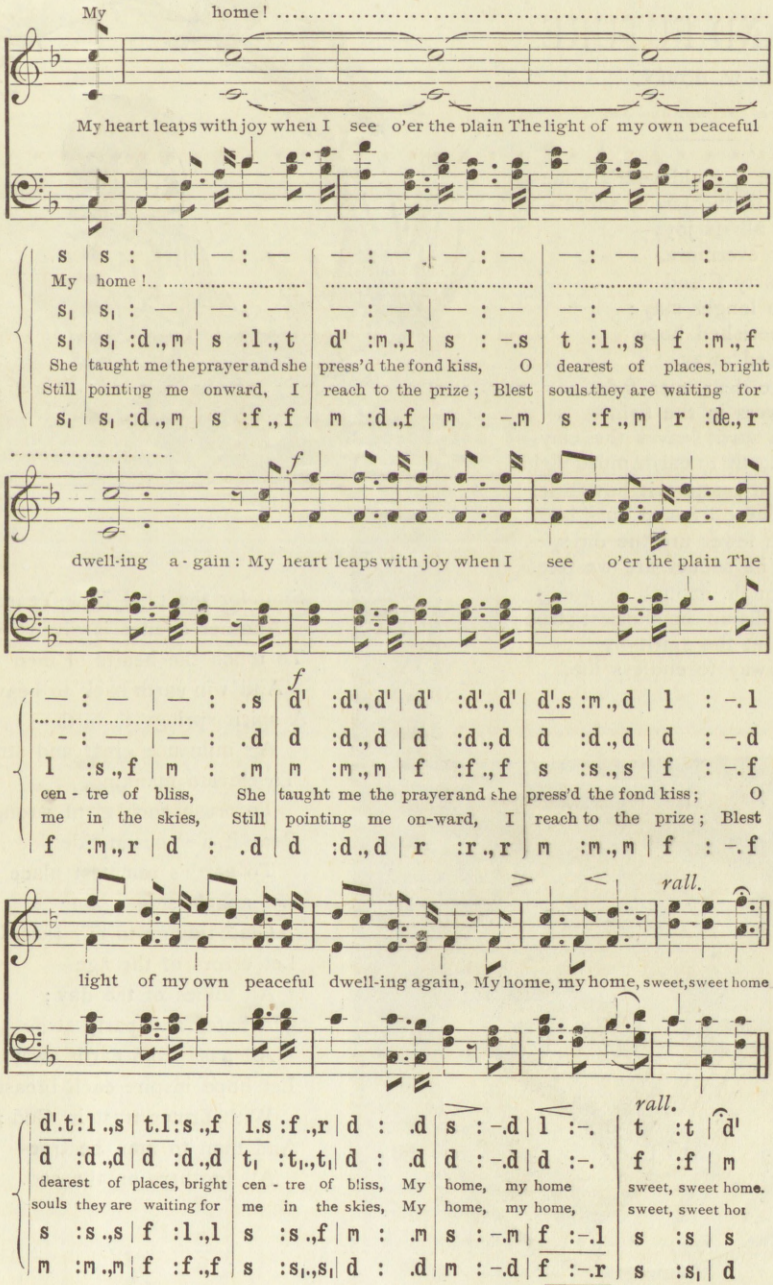
(From Service of Sacred Song, "Our Joe." compiled by T. E. Hallsworth, from story by Rev. Silas K. Hocking. Price, 4d., post free, "Onward" Office.)

Words and adaptation of Music by W. HOYLE, Author of "*Hymns and Songs.*" G. F. ROOT.

Steadily.



MY DEAR HAPPY HOME !

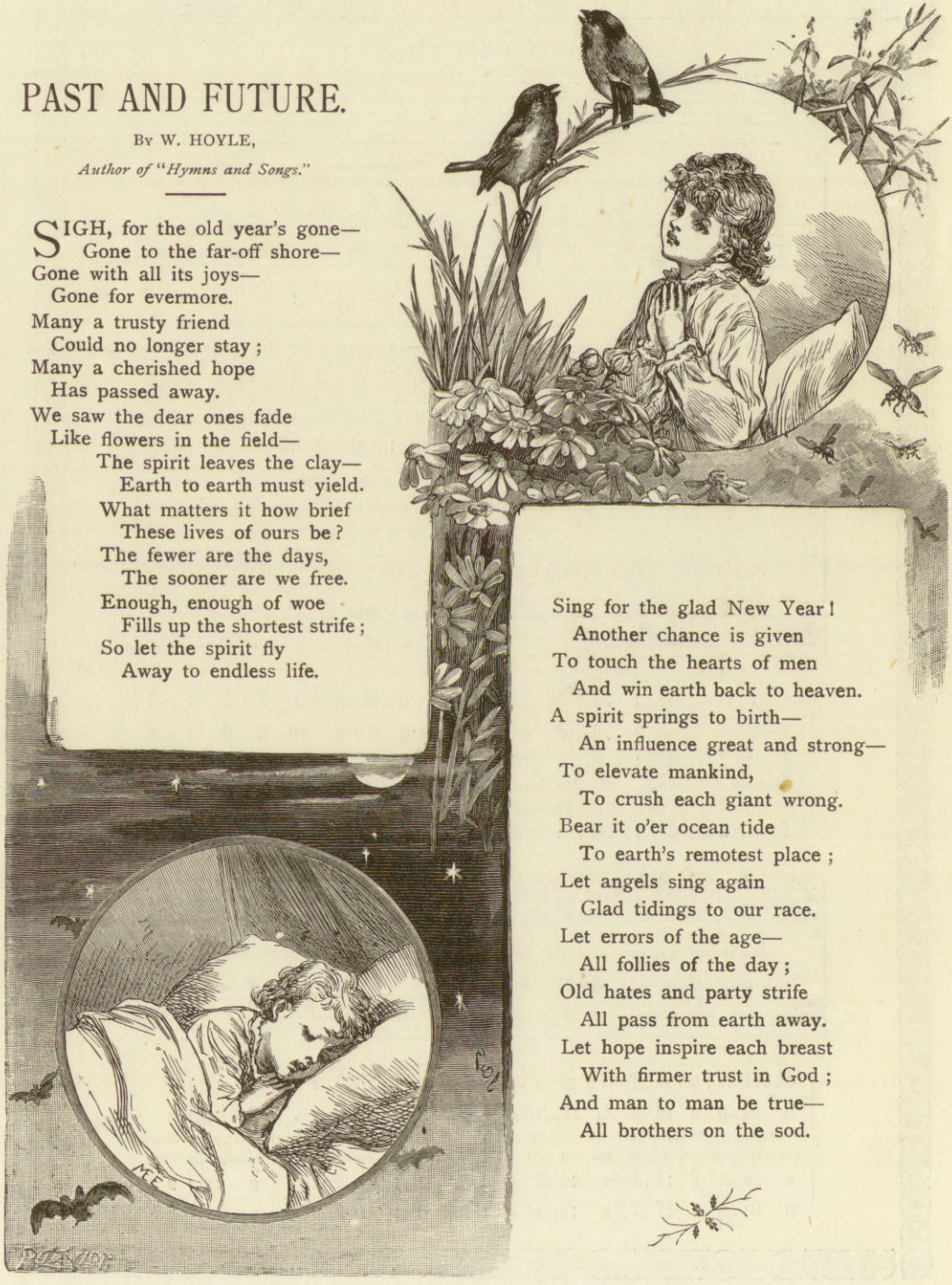


PAST AND FUTURE.

By W. HOYLE,

Author of "Hymns and Songs."

SIGH, for the old year's gone—
Gone to the far-off shore—
Gone with all its joys—
Gone for evermore.
Many a trusty friend
Could no longer stay;
Many a cherished hope
Has passed away.
We saw the dear ones fade
Like flowers in the field—
The spirit leaves the clay—
Earth to earth must yield.
What matters it how brief
These lives of ours be?
The fewer are the days,
The sooner are we free.
Enough, enough of woe
Fills up the shortest strife;
So let the spirit fly
Away to endless life.



Sing for the glad New Year!
Another chance is given
To touch the hearts of men
And win earth back to heaven.
A spirit springs to birth—
An influence great and strong—
To elevate mankind,
To crush each giant wrong.
Bear it o'er ocean tide
To earth's remotest place;
Let angels sing again
Glad tidings to our race.
Let errors of the age—
All follies of the day;
Old hates and party strife
All pass from earth away.
Let hope inspire each breast
With firmer trust in God;
And man to man be true—
All brothers on the sod.

THE YOUNG ABSTAINER'S LABORATORY.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARING FOR WORK.

ALL young abstainers have it in their power to possess at least such a knowledge of chemistry as shall help them to understand some of the most important reasons why he should remain faithful to his engagement to abstain from all intoxicating drinks.

The study of chemistry is always calculated to interest, to instruct, and, consequently, to enlarge the mind. To know the component parts of the water we drink, the air we breathe, the gas that illuminates our streets, and the candle that lights us to bed, is a kind of knowledge that we should all seek to enjoy. Once our minds are enlightened in this manner, the commonest objects will have for us an interest beyond our conception, and we shall never look upon the many ordinary things that we are constantly handling without wonder and admiration.

I shall, therefore, ask my young readers to endeavour to establish a laboratory of their own, and thus by careful study and the expenditure of a little money, they will be able to spend many pleasant evenings, and prepare themselves for useful work for the advancement of the temperance cause.

A *laboratory* is the place where the chemist *labours*, the connection between the two words is evident at the first glance. If we cannot have a room entirely for our own use, we must certainly find a cupboard, where we may keep our apparatus and chemicals under lock and key, and then perhaps once or twice a week we may unlock the cupboard, and have the exclusive use of the table for our particular study.

A very plain statement of what chemistry will teach us, is the definition that it is the science that treats of the nature and properties of bodies; this does not refer simply to solid bodies, but also to liquids and gases, indeed to everything that occupies space and carries weight.

The earth itself and all the things on the face of it can be reduced to one or more of the sixty-four elements which in their marvellous combination go to make up all things that we eat, drink, wear, or are conscious of in any way whatever.

Substances are either simple or compound. Those that cannot by any known means be separated into other forms and matter are called elements, of these forty are well known; the remaining twenty-four are rarities, and only generally known by the chemist.

Indeed we might say that six of these elements compose all the things that we eat and drink. Of these, three are solid, and three are gaseous. The solid are named Carbon, Phosphorous, and Sulphur; the gaseous, Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Nitrogen. The number of the combinations of these sixty-four elements is infinite, for more are being added to the number day by day.

By the aid of chemistry we shall discover that Oxygen, Nitrogen, and Carbon, combined in certain proportions, form the air we breathe; that Oxygen and Hydrogen form water; that the tallow candle contains Carbon and Hydrogen, and that as the candle burns, the released Hydrogen unites with the Oxygen of the air, and forms water; and that the Carbon, uniting with a certain proportion of the Oxygen of the air, forms carbonic acid gas.

We shall study that we may be able to learn all about the Carbon, Hydrogen, and Oxygen, of which the poison Alcohol is composed.

I will suppose, then, that the young student has secured his cupboard, in which are several shelves. It will be as well to screw a few brass hooks on the edges of the shelves, and on the inside of the door.

There are certain things that we must have before we can set to work. The following will be sufficient for our present necessities:—

A piece of oilskin table-covering, to place on the table at which we are working, for a drop of some of the acids we shall be called upon to use, may cause serious damage to the table.

A teak-wood test tube stand, with space for twelve tubes, and pegs on which to dry the tubes after they have been in use, costing two shillings. If we do not want to go to this expense, we can make a substitute, by driving a few large nails into a flat piece of wood; this will serve our purpose if the nails are driven in far enough to give them sufficient strength to hold our tubes. Half-pound of glass tubing of various sizes, and a little glass rod included—sixpence; retort stand with two rings—one shilling and sixpence; spirit lamp—ninepence; cork borer, containing a set of two—tenpence; three hard glass German flasks, two 4-oz., one 8-oz.—one shilling; half-a-dozen test tubes, 5 × ½—fourpence; test tube brush—twopence; pint of methylated alcohol in

bottle—one shilling and sixpence ; four tin dishes, like those in which mince pies are baked—fourpence ; half yard or so of cotton wick, for spirit lamp ; triangular file for cutting glass tubing—eightpence ; three corks or bungs to fit flasks—threepence ; one oz. of chloride of copper—threepence; one oz. of chloride of strontium—threepence.

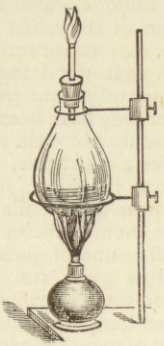
When we have purchased the above, and have arranged them in our cupboard, it will begin to assume quite an attractive appearance, we can arrange the glass tubing on the brass hooks, we can hang up the test tube brush, and the file, the test tubes we can place on the test tube holder, the other apparatus and the chemicals we can arrange in order.

We must provide a space in our cupboard, or find an old box for saving odds and ends, here we can store away jam and pickle bottles, pieces of string, all kinds of wire, pieces of tubing, whether of lead, glass, or india-rubber, pieces of metal, either copper or zinc, corks, cardboard, broken apparatus, in fact, anything that we imagine will turn out useful in the future.

Like all young enthusiastic students, we are anxious to start work at once. Well, let us try a simple experiment. Suppose, therefore, we show the presence of Alcohol in stout ; for this purpose we must purchase half a pint of the best stout.

First, let us find a cork that will *perfectly* fit our 8 oz. flask ; now with your cork borer, make a hole in the centre of the cork, then cut a piece of glass tubing about six inches in length, this you can easily do by filing it with the triangular file, it will readily snap in the spot where you have filed it ; wet the glass a little and it will go quickly through the hole in the cork.

Now carefully mount the flask on the retort ; the bottom of the flask resting on the bottom ring, the top ring being round the neck of the flask, leaving room for the spirit lamp to go underneath. When the flask is safely mounted you can pour in the stout.



The spirit lamp must now be fitted up with the methylated spirit and wick. This methylated spirit is a mixture of ordinary Alcohol with ten per cent. of pyroxylic or wood spirit, obtained by the distillation of wood.

We want to drive out the Alcohol from the stout. We must heat the liquid, the Alcohol boiling at a lower temperature than the water will pass off first. Be careful to well heat the bottom of the flask by moving the lamp about a little, otherwise the flask may crack. When the flask is well heated, the lamp can be left stationary.

In a few minutes, if you apply a light to the top of the flask, you will get a blue flame—this is the Alcohol. You must not allow the liquid to boil, or the steam will put out the flame, before all the Alcohol has burned out.

While the Alcohol is burning, you may pour a little of your methylated spirit into one of your tin dishes, and on lighting it you will find that your two flames are identical. Now light a candle: take a piece of white paper, hold it over both the Alcoholic flames, and then over the candle flame, you will find no black mark from the flame of the spirit, but plenty from the candle, this shows that Alcohol gives off but a very trifling amount of smoke, it is, therefore, very useful for burning in the spirit lamp ; you will notice also that it gives out a good heat, you may learn here that Alcohol never freezes, it is, therefore, used for the thermometers of explorers in the Arctic Regions. We may remember while we are watching the flame that Alcohol fulfils many useful purposes; by its help, varnishes, perfumes, Eau de Cologne, chloroform, &c., are made. Gums, resins, and substances used in making varnishes and perfumes, readily dissolve in Alcohol. Besides this, we may thank Alcohol for the preservation of many specimens of animals, &c., which we find in our museums. Alcohol, therefore, has its place, but it is entirely out of place when we put it into our mouths. We shall find that when all our Alcohol has burned out of the stout, the greatest lovers of malt liquors would not care to drink it; they would call it "stale, flat, and unprofitable." This proves that men drink beer, not for the exceedingly small amount of flesh and bone forming matter it contains, but solely for the Alcohol. Now use Alcohol in another way; let it contribute to our amusement.

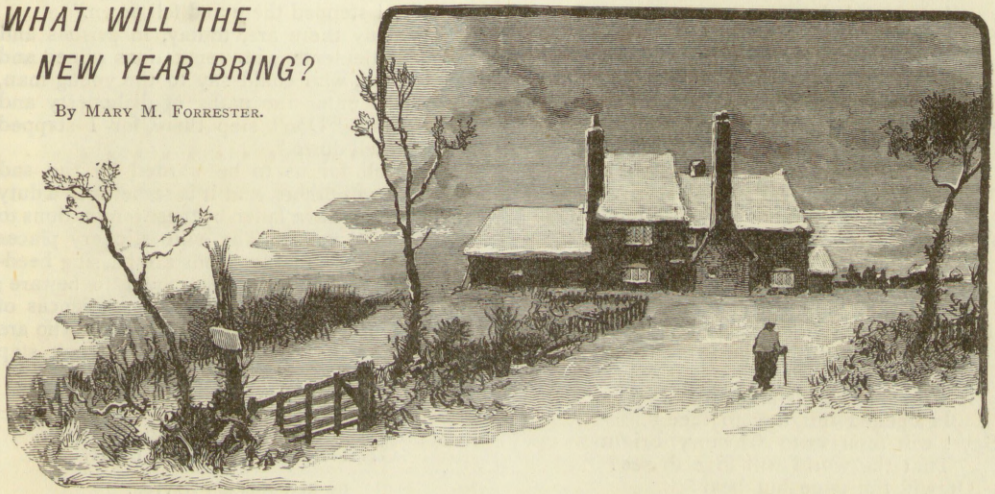
Let us take three of our little tin dishes, and into each let us place a small pile of cotton wool, pulled out loosely; on one pile we will place some common salt, known to the chemist as *chloride of sodium*; on another a little of our chlorine of copper—this is chlorine, a non-metallic element, so named by Sir Humphrey Davy, from the Greek word, *chlōros (pale green)*, united with copper; into our third dish we will place a small quantity of chloride of strontium, a soft metal so-called from its being first found at Strontian, in Argyleshire. Over each little pile of wool let us pour some methylated spirit, and then putting a light to each, we shall have a very beautiful effect. The salt will burn with a pale colour, the copper a blue colour, and the strontium a pretty crimson.

In our future lessons, we shall try to find out how the Alcohol gets into the beer, and the various characteristics of the elements of which it is composed.

G.

WHAT WILL THE NEW YEAR BRING?

By Mary M. Forrester.



WHAT hast thou got, "New Year?"
Tell us what store dost thou bring?
Moments of gladness, hours of sadness,
Are hidden beneath thy wing—
Bright is thy baby face!
Is there a shadow behind?
And thine eyes are clear, O new-born Year!
Surely thou wilt be kind.

Hark to the pealing bells!
How loudly they hail thy birth!
Gladly ringing, and gaily swinging,
Over the beautiful earth—
Bright eyes and happy song
Welcome thee everywhere—
Thus we meet thee, and thus we greet thee!
Whatever thy hand may bear.

What hast thou got, "New Year,"
For the waif in the city street?
A soft warm bed for his aching head,
A rest for his weary feet?
Or wilt thou bid thy winds
To beat on his trembling form,
Till, sinking low in a bed of snow,
He dies in thy angry storm?

Oh! tender infant year!
Be good to the sad and poor,
Be kind and mild to the beggar child,
Who wanders from door to door;
To those who starve, give bread;
Give rest to the limbs that ache;
And softly dawn, like a sweet spring morn,
On the hearts that mourn and break.

Fly to the sufferer's bed,
And lighten the load of pain,
Till the eyes grow bright with patient light,
And the sad lips smile again;
Fly to the tossing ship,
Away on the angry foam!
To the sailors ear, O gentle year!
Whisper some message from home.

Haste, with thy sunny smile,
To yon snowy, flower-strewn bed,
Where a mother weeps for her babe that sleeps
The sleep of the quiet dead;
Tell her that angel hands
Have lifted her flower above,
That it bloometh sweet at the Saviour's feet,
In the radiance of His love.

Fly to the prison cell
And speak to the sad hearts there!
Whisper a hope to the minds that grope
Midst the clouds of black despair;
Point to the "Easter Cross,"
That shineth upon thy breast;
Whisper, "No fear can assail thee here,
For this is the sinner's rest."

Bear to the stormy world
Sweet messages born of peace!
Lift up thy hand o'er the Christian land!
Bidding all discord cease;
Stifle the breath of war,
And still every throb of strife;
Let thy joyous birth awaken the earth
To a purer and better life.

What hast thou got, "New Year?"
Innocent baby eyes
Shall ope on thee, and thy glory see,
With a smile of glad surprise;
How many weary eyes—
Sad eyes that are dim with pain—
Shall close in rest on thy half-grown breast,
Never to open again!

How many tiny feet
Shall dance through thy fleeting hours!
And little care what thy hand doth bear,
Whether 'tis thorns or flowers!
How many weary feet—
Feet that have learned to creep,
Their long race run, and their long march done—
Shall stretch in thine arms to sleep.

A page in the book of time
Is opened this day to thee!
Say! wilt thou write a history bright
That the world will love to see?
Or will the page but bear
A story of woe and shame,
Till the future years shall view with tears
The records that bear thy name?

What hast thou got, "New Year?"
Vainly we seek to know
What thou dost bring, thou infant king—
Tidings of joy or woe.
Oh! sweet New Year, be pure!
And stain not thy wings with crime;
That the hours of thine may brightly shine,
Like gems in the chain of time.

"DON'T STEP THERE."

A MAN started out for church one icy Sunday morning, and presently came to a place where a little boy was standing, who, with a choking voice, said—

"Please don't step there."

"Why not?"

"Because I stepped there and fell down," sobbed the little fellow, who had thus taken upon himself to warn the unwary passers-by of the danger into which he had fallen.

There are many men in the world who have good reasons for giving such a warning as this. The man who has trod the dark and slippery paths of intemperance, as he sees the young learning to take the first glass of spirits or wine or beer, has good reason to say to them, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down." The man who has indulged in gambling till he is despised by others, and abhorred by himself, has good reason to say to the young when they are entering on the same course, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

How many there are, to-day, in prisons and convict settlements, with reputations ruined and lives blasted, who could say to the young man, tempted to enter the paths of dishonesty and wrong-doing, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

It is well for us to be warned by the sad experiences of others, and it is sometimes a duty for those who have fallen by these temptations to lift a warning voice. There are slippery places all around us, and thousands are passing heedlessly along. Let us entreat them to beware; and, as we remember the bitter experiences of our own sinful lives, let us say to those who are just yielding to such temptations, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

CHRIST OUR HELPER.

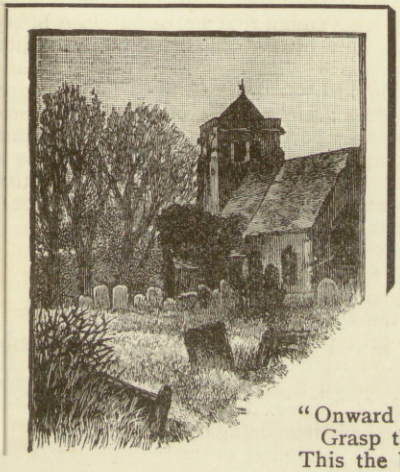
By Rev. Edward Hayton.

THE sorrow and the sighing
Of them that trust in Thee,
Thou knowest it all, O Saviour!
And wilt their helper be.
Thy promise shall not fail them—
Art Thou not truly God,
By whom their life and being
Was at the first bestow'd?

And giving this the greater,
Thou wilt bestow the less;
The light of Thine own presence
To cheer them in distress.
Thy strength shall be within them,
Because they bear Thy name;
They are Thy chosen people,
And shall not suffer shame.

How great the cause for gladness—
Where is the cause for grief?
The night may witness suffering—
The morning brings relief.
And suffering makes us perfect,
By purging out the dross
Of inmost thought and feeling—
'Tis love that sends each cross.

The courage that would falter
Needs exercise and drill,
Ere it be fit for service
In answering Thy will.
O Christ! as Thou didst triumph,
Make us to triumph too;
By Thine own strength sustain us,
That we Thy will may do.



THE GREETING OF THE BELLS.

HARK! oh, hark! what strains are stealing
O'er our winter-shrouded earth!
'Tis the bells—the old bells—pealing
New Year themes of hallowed mirth.

"Come!" they say; "oh, come and borrow
Bliss from Time's unsullied store!
Do not muse o'er long-past sorrow,
Do not dream of clouds before."

"Say 'farewell' to all that lingers
Of our Old Year's cant and strife,
And look on where angel-fingers
Raise the veil of purer life!"

"Onward! upward! Time is fleeting!
Grasp the new, unloose the old!"
This the bells' unchanging greeting
As the new-born years unfold.

O Wild bells! ye rang as loudly
When our fathers trod this way;
Their warm hearts were buoyed as proudly
With your theme as ours to-day.

And your glad notes will be flying
O'er the green sward dank and cold,
When *our* forms, *our* hopes are lying
Blended in the common mould.

T. J. GALLEY.

THE OUTLOOK.

IT is always well to look ahead—to keep, in fact, watch all round. See clearly where we are going to, what dangers we can avoid, and what blessing we can receive. "Ready for anything," is an old motto on somebody's coat-of-arms; and one every Band of Hope might write above its crest or inscribe upon its banner.

This year of Jubilee has been one of national thanksgiving for the widespread advance the country has made in social and commercial improvement. Much of the moral and material greatness of England, with its decrease of crime and increase of education, has been helped directly and indirectly by the growth of temperance. No factor has played a more silent and potent force in reform than our Band of Hope movement.

With our Bands of Hope and Sunday schools a regard has been paid to the foundation influences, which has been unequalled in history. The whole superstructure of national life has been elevated; a regeneration has begun from the source and basis of society which has raised the whole tone and character of English life. It is only in the general result that we can see how great a work has been accomplished by these means.

But amid all our jubilation there is cause for sober thought and deep humiliation when we think of the waste of money and national resources that are spent to promote pauperism and crime in all their ghastliest horror. The waste expenditure on drink and war are the two greatest blots on our Christian civilization.

In London, fifty years ago, there were no music halls; now there are 408 opened nightly, capable of seating 170,000 people, where, with one exception, alcoholic drinks are dispensed; and many of these places we are told are sinks of iniquity.

While looking back over the past jubilee year one loss saddens all Band of Hope workers, and that is in "the going forth" of G. M. Murphy from a life of noble service here, to what we trust is only a nobler one beyond. No truer friend has the temperance cause ever had; his life's work was brave and hopeful—he was one of God's noblemen—his character had the ring of pure gold, his influence was wholly for good, and his memory will be an inspiration to all who knew him.

Pebbles and Pearls.

A Curiosity.—The man who is not "as much in favour of temperance as anybody."

The old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment, is not yet dead.

It is stated that more than 90 per cent. of the whole native population of Fiji attend Divine worship. When will England be as Christian as Fiji?

That man is most apt to stray in life's paths, and to go out of the way, who is entirely ignorant of his faults, and who knows not his dangers. How can he repair his errors, and withdraw his foot from the snares which he sees not, from the dangers which he knows not?

The truest sympathy is that which, while tenderly compassionating the sorrowing one, will yet arouse him to the necessity and obligation of fulfilling at once without delay his nearest duty.

Canon Wilberforce says: "There are in this nation 160,000 public-houses. At the very least, one widow is made for every ten of these houses. At this rate, during the last year something like 16,000 widows were the result of this great licensed liquor traffic."

Mr. Joshua Rowntree, M.P., speaking at a jubilee meeting in Scarborough, quotes a clergyman who had spent a large part of his life in India, with its 250,000,000 of people, and who says that for every Christian made there we produce 100 drunkards.

A Diner-out who had had more than his share of the wine was carefully feeling his way home at night, when he unfortunately stumbled against the circular railing which surrounded a statue. After having gone round it about seven times, the hopelessness of his situation flashed upon him, and he sank down upon the pavement outside with a despairing shriek: "The scoundrels. They've shut me in here!"

A Publican's Conundrum.—Last winter a circus visited a Scotch town, and in connection with a prize conundrum scheme of its proprietor, a local liquor dealer, with the view of advertising the excellent quality of his favourite blend, gave a prize which was to be bestowed for the best answer to the query, "Why the whiskey in question resembled a certain bridge across the water?" The answer was handed in by a poor boy, and ran thus: "Because it leads to the poorhouse, the lunatic asylum, and the cemetery."

A stout red-nosed man in an hotel offered to wager a sovereign that he could close his eyes and, simply by taste, name any kind of liquor in the place. The bet was taken. "This is genuine port," said the fat man, tasting from a wine-glass; "and this is whiskey;" and so on. A wag then poured a few drops of water into a glass, and handed it to the taster. "This is—ah—ah—this is——"—tasting it several times. "By Jupiter, gentlemen, I have lost the bet! I never tasted this liquor before."

Boil it Down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let it be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again and then—
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your words in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you'd write, my friend—
Boil it down.

Reviews.

"The Cost of a Mistake." By Sarah Pitt. Published by Cassell & Company, with eight original illustrations. The story is told in 288 pages. It is full of interest, and the incidents are graphic and telling. A fine vein of humour runs through the book, and some of the touches in this excellent tale are among the best things Mrs. Pitt has done.

"Our Joe," a Service of Sacred Song. Compiled by Mr. T. E. Hallsworth, from a story by Rev. Silas K. Hocking. The musical part is well adapted for Band of Hope Choirs, hymns and music being appropriately arranged, and the story by Mr. Hocking so well known needs nothing to recommend it.

Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER II.—A NEW FRIEND.

"Friend after friend departs.
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest."

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"FEARFUL SHIPWRECK IN THE CHANNEL." —This was the announcement on the newspaper placards the morning after the wreck of the *Helena;* the newspaper boys bawled out the intelligence in loudest notes, so that those who hadn't time to read the big print on the placards might yet have an opportunity of knowing the news. The telegraphic message detailed with fulness the facts of the catastrophe—the Channel was enveloped in fog; the *Helena* was finding its way into Calais harbour, when the *Bourbon*, a French trading vessel, ran into her. The *Bourbon* rendered all the assistance possible, and before the *Helena* went down every soul on board had been transferred either to her own boats, to the boats of the *Bourbon*, or to some other boats that came to the rescue.

Unhappily one of the boats had capsized, and among the list of those lost were the names of Mrs. Fitzgerald and her son Henry, both of London.

There was a great deal of discussion in the newspapers about the accident, but all agreed in praising the bravery of Captain Watson, for it was only by his determination and coolness that many lives were saved.

The accident ought never to have happened; but accidents will happen no matter what precautions we take, and no one is so sanguine as to expect that the world, with all its turmoil and business, can go on without them.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Fitzgerald and her son gave a passing pang to the few friends they had in London; then their memories slipped away into the land of shadows. Their neighbours uttered a sigh as they said: "Poor things!" and then they were forgotten; they were gathered to the land of their fathers; they left no legacies for friends to quarrel over; they had gone down in the Channel, and had been carried out to the great ocean of oblivion.

Happily the telegraphic dispatch contained an error of the most vital importance to the chief characters of our story. It was true that the boat in which Mrs. Fitzgerald and her son found themselves—by the folly of some of its occupants—was capsized; it was true that grim Death seemed to have his icy hands upon them; but their time had not yet come—they had many a weary mile to travel before they laid themselves down to rest.

Their cries of distress had brought to their assistance the help of some neighbouring boats and Henry was picked up by the yacht *Sweetheart*, his mother by a small rowing boat, which had immediately put off from Calais harbour. Henry was attended to with all possible care and speed; placed in a warm bath, and rubbed with coarse towels and flannels till he was quite warm. He soon fell into a refreshing sleep, and little dreamt of what was going on around him.

"He'll not go aloft this time," said Tom Billows, the mate of the *Sweetheart*, a sunburnt toiler on the sea, who was sitting by the berth in which Henry lay sleeping, "he is breathing freely, and in a very short time he will be as lively as a porpoise!"

"Thank God!" replied a kindly voice. "What a picture! He is the very image of my boy who died last year at Malta; I wonder who he can be. I am convinced a noble spirit resides in such a frame."

The last speaker was Mr. Weatherley, a fine, tall, well-built Englishman, such a man as we might well describe by the adjective *jolly*. For his own pleasure he kept the steam-yacht *Sweetheart*, and for several months in the year he was

cruising about the coast enjoying the scenery and the sea breezes of the places he visited. Sometimes he was at Southampton; then he would take his place among the yachts at Cowes; soon after he was on the east coast, at Lowestoft; always respected wherever he went—his kindly voice and generous purse finding him a ready entrance to the hearts of others.

Money does not always bring happiness; indeed, could you have read Mr. Weatherley's heart, you would have found an emptiness there which all the pleasures of his free-and-easy life could not fill up; and though his acquaintances were numbered by the hundred, there was not one he could call his friend.

His wife and his beautiful boy both lay sleeping at Malta, where they had died of fever about a year ago. He was without a companion; he felt wretched; his laugh, though apparently hearty, did not come from his heart, and when alone in his cabin, like many others, he obtained false and delusive comfort from the wine decanter and the whisky bottle.

It is not surprising that Mr. Weatherley felt an interest in the boy he had saved; for the sight of him had revived all the fatherly feelings he felt towards his own child. He watched the calm face of the boy as he lay sleeping; he played with his golden curls; and even kissed his forehead. Henry's breathing was now more regular; there was no sign of fever, and it was certain he would now recover.

At this moment Henry opened his eyes, and looking round the cabin with astonishment pictured on his face, or as if, in a half-waking dream, he said: "Where's mother?"

"Don't bother about her now," said Mr. Weatherley kindly, "or else you'll never get well."

"Tell her I want to speak to her; I want to see that she is quite safe from the dreadful water; I must kiss my dear mother before I go to sleep again."

"Keep quiet a little, and to-morrow I will tell you all about her; here, drink this," said Henry's new friend, as he handed the half-sleeping child a little weak brandy-and-water.

"No, thank you, sir; mother says I must not touch brandy, do please give me something else. I am sure you don't know my mother, or you would never offer me that to drink."

"The youngster's got pluck," said Tom, "he's made of the right stuff."

"You are right, Tom. There are many strong men who haven't the pluck to say 'No' to brandy;" then putting down the brandy, he called his steward to bring some beef tea. This, Henry took with pleasure, and seemed much revived by it.

When Henry had fallen off to sleep again, Mr. Weatherley watched him carefully. The boy, he thought, was evidently well brought up; he liked him all the more for refusing the brandy, and he wished he had always done the same himself.

"Now," he said to himself, "if the child's mother is dead; if he is friendless; or his friends are willing to part with him, I will adopt him, and make him my son and heir, and in him I shall constantly see the image of my dear little Horace."

Mr. Weatherley was nearly fifty years of age. He had struggled hard to gain the first hundred pounds; this accomplished, he was able quickly to mount the ladder of fortune.

A rich man at forty, he had married; a little son, whom he named Horace, came to bless that married life, and Mr. Weatherley fixed his hopes upon him, and looked forward to a peaceful retirement when he should settle down to enjoy the fruits of his labours.

The loss of wife and child had well-nigh robbed him of intelligence; at times, he thought that all his trouble had come upon him as a punishment. Had he not thought too much of getting gold, and too little of doing good? Business had occupied his thoughts day and night; but now he would willingly give up his gold to have his wife and child back again. "Godly sorrow worketh repentance." In this case, the promise had proved true—the sorrowing man had repented. He no longer made gold his god, but old habits clung to him, and although some of the dross had been removed from his heart, there was yet plenty waiting to be taken away.

As he watched Henry, he felt that there was now another chance of making some amends for his past life; he could befriend this little soul who had come knocking at his door, asking to be relieved and protected. It was a silent prayer he offered, that the kind Father of all would open his heart and make him what he ought to have been years ago—a lover of humanity, more than a lover of gold.

"Where's mother?" said the sleeper again.

"Don't trouble about her, my boy," said Mr. Weatherley, "wait a little time till you are better."

"I know all about it. I know she is drowned; for I saw her in the sea, and heard her cries for help. Oh, my dear mother! what shall I do without her?" and the poor child wept, as only a child can.

"There, there," said Tom, kindly, "don't cry. You are with friends who will see that you are well taken care of, so come now, don't go piping your eye like that, there's a good chap."

"God will send someone to help you," said Mr. Weatherley, almost choking with emotion, "don't cry any more, or else you will never get strong."

"Yes," replied Henry, "God will help me, mother always said so. I wonder who will be my friend; for what can a poor boy like me do to earn his living? I can hardly write yet, and am only doing short-division sums."

"Don't talk like that, I have plenty of money, and I'll help you," said the broken-hearted man, and he actually felt the tears on his cheeks; for Henry did so remind him of his little Horace. He could stand it no longer, and was obliged to go out of the cabin on to the deck.

Tom Billows was one of your rough, good-natured, Christian seamen, of whom, happily, there are many afloat. He had seen good service in Her Majesty's Navy, and, having retired on a good pension, he had undertaken the charge of the *Sweetheart*.

He loved Mr. Weatherley, and had many a night looked up to the stars and prayed that God would give to the good Captain the best of all blessings—a love of doing good; and he thought if only Mr. Weatherley would turn his yacht into a mission ship among the fishermen in the North Sea, what glorious times they would have, and now he believed he had seen the beginning of the answer to his prayers.

When Tom was getting ready for his "turn in" that night, his messmates were astonished to see him throw up his cap and shout: "Hurrah! Hurrah! It's coming on, it's coming on, the skipper has got into the right wind at last."

The next day, Henry was quite well. His clothes had been dried; he was warm and comfortable; and he was almost himself again—all he wanted was his mother.

Mr. Weatherley, by many questions, ascertained the history of the boy's life. He learned the facts of Mrs. Fitzgerald's intended visit to Paris, and he promised Henry, that if he could not positively find out that his mother was drowned, he would go on to Paris, and do all in his power to find the lost mother.

"If you find her," said Henry earnestly, "ask her to come at once, and bring my father's letter. I want to be quite sure it is safe."

"Your father's letter?" said Mr. Weatherley. "What do you mean, my boy?"

"The letter father wrote me on his death-bed."

"There is some mystery here," said the kind Captain to himself, and shortly after he got into the boat to row to the shore, that he might start at once on his mission of mercy.

(To be continued.)

HERBERT FREEMAN, THE CRIPPLE BOY.

By UNCLE BEN.

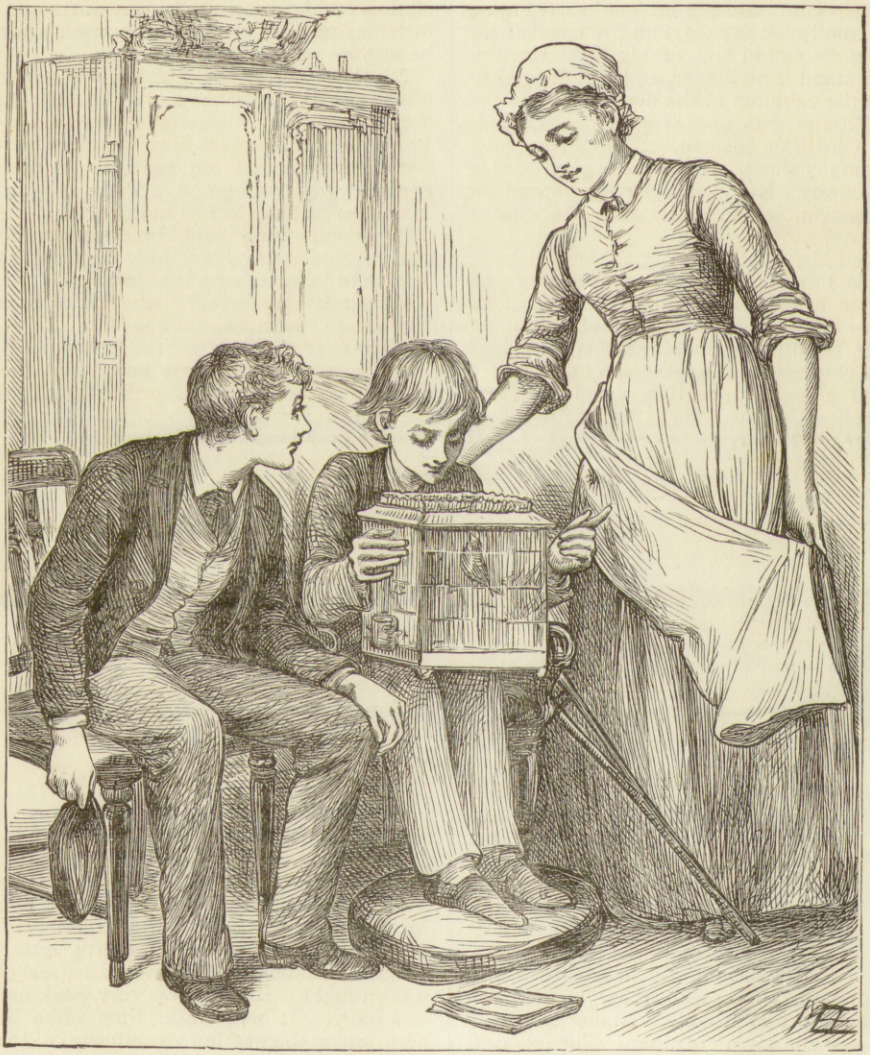
IT is not true that all the apples and cakes come to good boys, and that accidents and suffering only befall the wicked ones. All the boys who slide on Sunday do not break their legs, nor do the lads who rob the orchards always get caught and punished.

The wicked still flourish at times like the green bay tree; while the righteous often suffer hardship and trouble. Many evil-doers bring misery and sorrow to others. The innocent often seem to be bearing the woes and retributions of the guilty. This is not a mistake in life, because God knows best, and those who endure undeserved pains in meekness and patience are doing what Jesus Christ did, and none can tell what a redeeming influence they may have in the world.

Herbert Freeman was a lad who was greatly afflicted, and he had been lame from birth or extreme infancy. No one seemed quite to know how the boy had become a cripple as there was a mystery about this family sorrow. At one time, Mr. Freeman was a hard drinker, but seldom or ever drunk. Soon after Herbert's birth, from which his mother never recovered, a great change was wrought. Herbert was very weak and frail as a baby. It was winter time when he was born, and as the weather was bitterly cold neither mother nor child had been out. The nurse stayed on, until one day she was suddenly dismissed, and the doctor was noticed to come and go. The girl of all work left, and in her place came Jane Thumwood, who proved to be one of those domestic treasures that make a home happy and comfortable.

Two remarkable things were observed—Mr. Freeman had turned a total abstainer and all drink was put away; and when Mrs. Freeman was able to come down and go about, it was soon known that the little baby was a cripple for life. It seemed impossible for Mrs. Freeman to regain her strength. In time the doctor advised the removal from that house, so they all went to live in a house that faced the south-west in Lower Norwood; but Mrs. Freeman did not mend in health, and after lingering till baby could crawl about and say, "Mum, mum," and "Dad-da," the spent strength faded out, and she passed away.

The neighbours were all very kind, and said how sad it was for the poor little cripple baby to be left without a mother. Dark and desolate indeed was that home, but that little helpless babe was its light and love.



Once when Jane was taking him out in his carriage, a neighbour met her and asked her if this were Mr. Freeman's boy, and said, as she looked hard at the child: "He has a sweet face

just like his poor mother, except that she always had a startled look as if she had met with a great shock. I have a lad a little older; he's my only child, and what should I do if he were a cripple?"

She stooped down to kiss the motherless one, and let two or three tears fall and soak into the wool shawl that wrapt him up, before she looked up again, and said to Jane: "If you think Mr. Freeman wouldn't mind, I should like my Harry to come and play with this little lad; and I should be pleased to do anything I could for this poor child; for though the Lord does take 'em up, I know He does it mostly by human hands and hearts. I lost my mother early, and the Lord was good to me, and I have always wished to help and care for any orphans ever since."

From that time Harry often came in to play with Herbert, and a friendship grew up that was almost more than brotherhood. The going to school did not make any break in this tie, although Herbert was very delicate and his attendance irregular. Harry became his guardian angel and defender, so that the affection and gratitude only deepened and increased.

Harry was the elder of the two, and being in strong health, and in the seventh standard, he left school at fourteen, and went to an office in the City. With the first money that he earned, he meant to buy a birthday present for Herbert, and though being winter it was not seasonable weather for birds, he determined to get a cage and a sweet canary.

The day came. It was one of Herbert's bad days—when he was unable to get out—but before dark, Harry came round to present his gift himself. Jane came in to see the new singer; and Herbert was delighted. Nothing could hardly have pleased him better.

"Oh, Harry!" was all he could say, "I don't know how to thank you."

"I am sure you need not thank me at all. It's a pleasure to give you something you like, and I'm sure there isn't anything I would not do for you, if I could."

Herbert said: "I believe it. Well, do you know, to-day father said I ought to know how it was I am a cripple for life. He duly told me strong drink was the reason, and it was this that had really been the cause of my mother's death. So to-day he asked me to make a promise I never would touch any intoxicating drink, and that I would do all in my power to save others from its influence. So I am going to ask if you really will do anything for me that would give me the pleasure of being a teetotaler with me for life, and, on my birthday, to become my first recruit in the Temperance Army"

The promise was made and kept, and the friends henceforth became workers together in the good cause, and long may they live to remember that day and keep their pledge.

The Progress of Sunday Closing.

LAST month the Memorial to the Queen from the women of England in favour of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drink throughout the entire country for the whole day was presented. Her Majesty did not receive the address herself, much to the disappointment of many who felt interested in the movement. So the petition was presented to the Home Secretary, who assured the ladies that the Queen would receive the memorial with favour. The number of signatures is given as 1,132,608.

Directly we cannot expect much in the way of political results from this. The influence of the Queen cannot greatly affect Parliament. But indirectly it has been a most remarkable expression of public opinion. It has helped to sustain and stimulate a healthy zeal on the question throughout the nation.

This memorial by the women of England ought to have a permanent effect on the present and future legislation. The destiny of the common weal lies in the hands of the mothers, wives, and sisters of England.

When we get the Day of Rest freed from the curse of the sale of drink we shall owe a larger debt of gratitude than we can express to the women who have worked in the cause.

An analysis of the number of signatures in each county showed that Lancashire led the way with 270,390. Then came Yorkshire with 134,760, while Middlesex occupied the third place with 108,145.

In Wales several people have been proceeded against at Cardiff Police Court for keeping illicit drinking clubs, and were in each case convicted in penalties ranging from £10 to £50 and costs. Up to the present time over twenty club keepers have been convicted, as a result of recent raids by the Cardiff police.

With the decrease of opportunity for illegal drinking there will be a rapid decline of drunkenness. Only two things are needed in Wales to make the Sunday Closing Act a success: the first is more vigilance in carrying out the acts which will suppress the drinking Clubs; and the second is the extension of the act over the border into England.

STRIVE, endeavour, it profits more
To fight and fail, than on Time's dull shore
To sit an idler ever;
For to him that bares his arm to the strife
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth—never.

—*Anon.*

THE YOUNG ABSTAINER'S LABORATORY.

CHAPTER II.

MALTING AND BREWING.

WE have now convinced ourselves by experiment that malt liquors contain Alcohol. We can, if we like, produce a much larger alcoholic flame by burning, in the same manner as before, the large amount of spirit to be found in brandy; and, in order to show the danger of drinking the so-called British wines, we may test a little of Stone's British Port, or any of the home-made wines, such as elderberry, cowslip, etc. In all of these we shall find a larger or smaller amount of Alcohol, so that no abstainer can take these drinks without violating his pledge.

It may be as well to consider the origin of the term, ALCOHOL. Like many other terms this name is associated with a curious custom. The women of the East place upon the margin of their eyelids a very fine powder, which has been pounded over and over again till it becomes extremely fine. The name of this powder is ALCOHOL. The powder is brought into a state of great thinness; just so, Alcohol by distillation is separated from foreign substances, and in this respect may be said to have the same characteristic as the powder used by the women of the East. The chemical name, or formula, for Alcohol is C_2, H_6, O. Let us try to understand this.

We know that the world is composed of about sixty-four elements, and that these elements combine with each other in a certain fixed proportion—that is, a certain quantity (by weight) of one element combines with a certain fixed quantity of another; thus, sixteen parts (by weight) of Oxygen combine with two parts (by weight) of Hydrogen to form water. These quantities have been decided by the chemist, and are called the *combining weights*.

When these elements combine to form a compound, the weight of the compound is always the weight of the sum of the various elements combined—no more, and no less; thus, one of the earliest lessons that chemistry teaches us is, that man can neither create or destroy any of the elements of which the earth is composed. We can make a table from wood, but we cannot create the wood; and if we attempt to destroy the table by burning, we only change its form. It passes away in the shape of Carbonic Acid Gas, leaving behind it a quantity of ash, containing various elements; and could we gather the gas and other matters together, their total weight would be the same as that of the table we have been attempting to destroy.

If we look at any book, which treats of chemistry,* you will find that the six elements of which our food is chiefly composed, are written thus—

Hydrogen	...	H_1	Oxygen	...	O_{16}
Carbon	...	C_{12}	Phosphorus	...	P_{31}
Nitrogen	...	N_{14}	Sulphur	...	S_{32}

The letters, H, C, N, O, P, S, are called the symbols of the elements indicated, and are thus written instead of writing the complete word; and in some cases, to avoid confusion with some other element, the Latin word is used—thus, for example, if we are writing about lead we write Pb_{207} (Pb. is a short way of writing *Plumbum*, which is the Latin word for lead). The figures represent the fixed proportions by weight, in which the elements combine with each other—thus, whenever Oxygen and Nitrogen combine there are always 14 atoms of Nitrogen to 16 atoms of Oxygen, and so on with all the others.

In the Alcoholic formula (C_2, H_6, O) we have two parts of Carbon, six parts of Hydrogen, and one part of Oxygen—for whenever no figure is mentioned we have only one part. Each part of Carbon contains 14 atoms, and the one part of Oxygen contains 16 atoms.

Perhaps we can express this in a clearer manner in the following way :—

Carbon
Carbon
Hydrogen
Hydrogen
Hydrogen
Hydrogen
Hydrogen
Hydrogen
Oxygen

} Ordinary Alcohol, C_2, H_6, O

Or, if we wanted to explain very clearly the formula of water we should write it—

Hydrogen
Hydrogen
Oxygen

} Water, H_2, O

Now, before we consider these elements separately, let us see how it is that Alcohol gets into the beer, for it is certainly not to be found in the barley, the hops, or the water—the three things of which all good beer is said to be made.

* *The young student cannot do better than study carefully Professor Roscoe's "Chemistry Primer," published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.—Price One Shilling.*

To make malt liquors or spirits, the grain to be used must undergo a certain process, by which it becomes greatly changed—the chief change being the increase in the quantity of starch and sugar.

In malting, there are four distinct processes—steeping, couching, flooring, and kiln-drying.

The barley is soaked in cold water for about forty hours—here, of course, the grain absorbs a large quantity of the water and swells considerably; the water is then drained off, and the grain is piled up in a heap. It soon gets very hot, and begins to sprout—a little rootlet growing out of each end of the barley; after this the grain is spread out over the malting floor, and men are employed every day turning over the grain with large wooden shovels, for about twelve or fourteen days. The grain is then dried, browned or burned over a furnace, and is no longer called barley—it is now malt. The chemical changes that take place are well shown in the following table :—

	Barley.	Malt.
Hordein	55	12
Starch	32	56
Sugar	5	15
Gluten	3	1
Gum	4	15
Resin	1	1
	100	100

The chief change, therefore, is the transformation of much Hordein—which is a kind of starch—into starch, gum, and grape-sugar. While the grain is growing, a material or ferment, called diastase, is formed, this has the power of converting the starch in the barley into sugar, just as the saliva in our mouths has the power of changing starchy matters into sugar.

There are several ways of showing that there is starch in grain.

Take a little flour, tie it up loosely in a piece of muslin, then place it in a glass of water, and press it with your fingers for a time. The water will soon become milky; after the water has remained for a time, a sediment will be found at the bottom of the glass—this is starch. Open the muslin, when inside you will find a sticky substance—this is gluten.

Why does the maltster take all this trouble? Certainly not to increase the nourishing qualities of the grain ; because by the process of malting a fifth part of the grain is destroyed, his object being simply to increase the quantity of sugar ; because out of the sugar the brewer will create the spirit—Alcohol.

In brewing there are six processes :—crushing, mashing, boiling, cooling, fermenting, cleansing. The grain is crushed between rollers, it is then steeped in hot water for a short time. The brewer is very careful that the water shall not be at a boiling temperature, otherwise the grains of malt will get locked up in the water, and a nutritious porridge would be the result. The liquor now called sweet wort is drained off into copper boilers, and boiled with the hops. In an hour or two the hops have settled down, and the liquor is run off into large tuns to cool; after it has sufficiently cooled, some barm or yeast is thrown in, and the liquor begins to bubble up, that is, to boil, or ferment. When the fermentation has done its work, the liquor is placed into casks with the bunghole uppermost, and out of it the surplus yeast floats.

The Alcohol is formed in the beer by the action of the ferment upon the sugar ; this ferment consists of millions of little round bodies floating in warm sugar and water ; they multiply very rapidly, and, by their presence, the sugar is changed into Alcohol and Carbonic Acid gas.

This is a purely chemical process, and, if it were not stayed at the proper moment, then the sweet wort would change into vinegar.

We can easily show that chemical action will change one thing into something that is quite different. Let us purchase—

Half-a-pound of flour of sulphur—twopence; two ounces of copper turnings—threepence.

Place a little of the flour of sulphur into a small flask, and above the flour a few copper turnings; fasten the flask on the retort stand, and place the stand on an old tea-tray, in case the flask should break. Now heat the flask with your spirit lamp; the sulphur soon melts; it grows darker in colour, and then boils. When the boiling sulphur touches the copper turnings, remove the lamp. The turnings become red-hot, and glow with a pretty red light; they will then melt and drop to the bottom of the flask. By the action of heat a chemical change has taken place.

When the flask is cold we break it open. There are no copper turnings, or any flour of sulphur; only a black substance known as Black Oxide of Copper.

In this case, two elements have united chemically and formed a compound; in the case of Alcohol, grape-sugar, which contains Carbon, Hydrogen, and Oxygen, is changed by the diastase or ferment into Alcohol and Carbonic Acid.

The study of the elements of which Alcohol is composed is full of interest; and the enquiry as to the action of Alcohol on the human system will lead us into matters of the utmost importance to all who desire to have a sound body, and an intelligent mind.

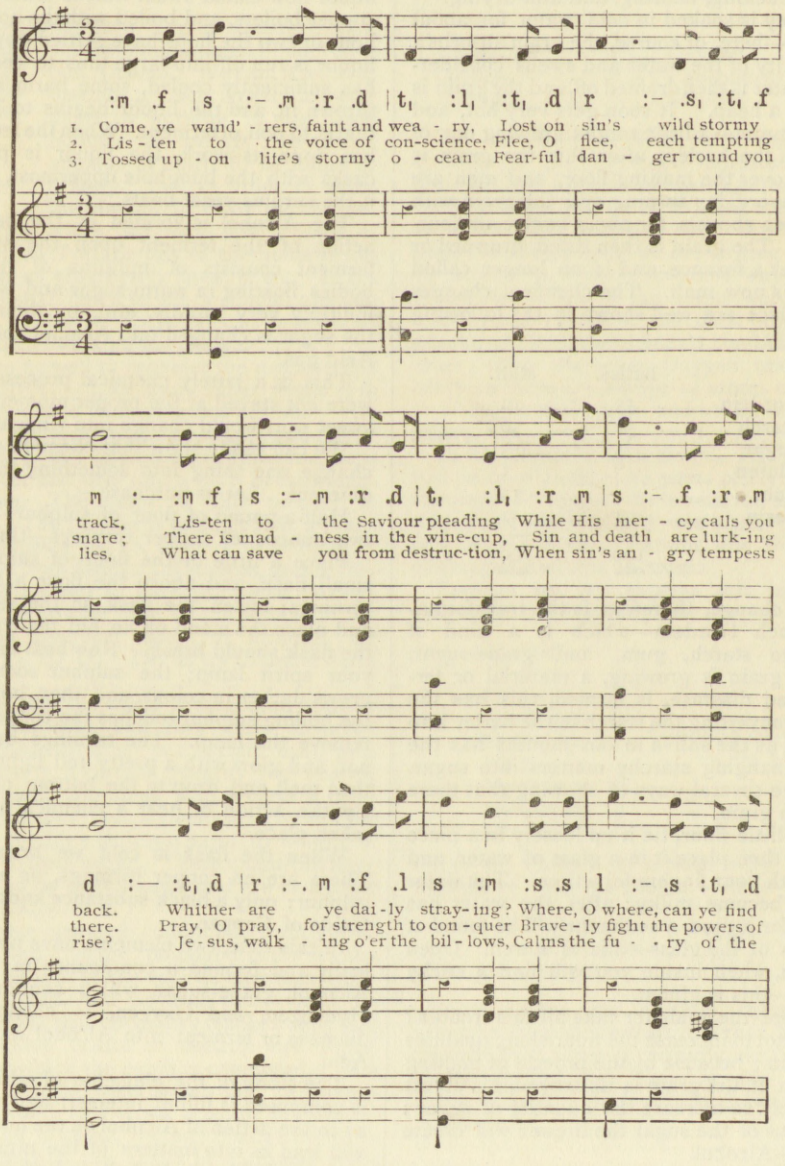
G.

COME, YE WANDERERS.

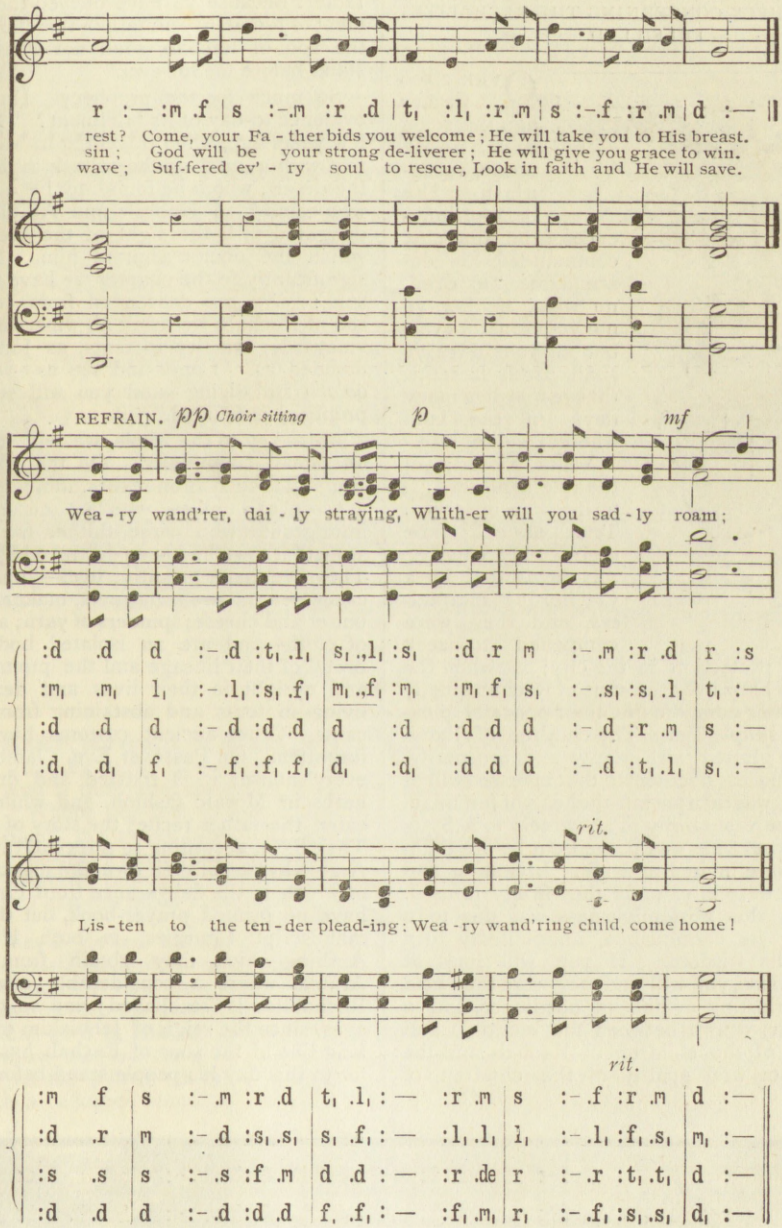
(From Service of Sacred Song, "Our Joe," compiled by T. E. Hallsworth, from story by Rev. Silas K. Hocking. Price, 4d., post free, "Onward" Office).

Words and accompaniment by WM. HOYLE, Author of "*Hymns and Songs*." *Air by* L. S. EDWARDS.

SOLO.

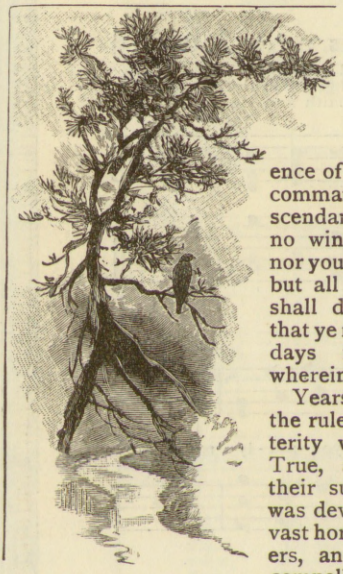


COME, YE WANDERERS.



AN ANCIENT TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

THE PROPHECY CONCERNING THE RECHABITES FULFILLED.

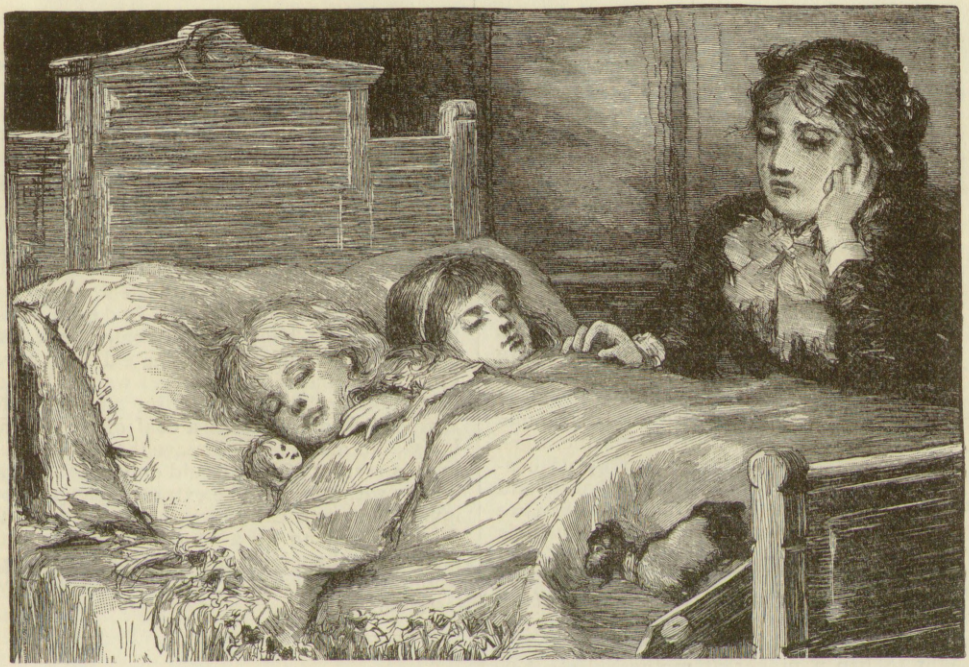


OVER 2,500 years ago the scion of a noble house, recognising the baneful influence of the wine cup, commanded his descendants "to drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever; but all your days ye shall dwell in tents, that ye may live many days in the land wherein ye sojourn."

Years passed; yet the rule in all its austerity was observed. True, at one time their sunny country was devastated by a vast horde of marauders, and they were compelled to seek temporary protection in the city; but when the war clouds blew over the sons of Rechab quietly resumed their nomadic life, their peaceful pleasures, and simple diet. The children of Judah meanwhile glutted with plenty and prosperity, grew less and less obedient to the expressed will of Jehovah. It was then put into the heart of Jeremiah, to invite the vast family of abstainers to a State banquet—the wine was poured out before them and they were invited to drink. Invitation and persuasion were in vain, for they firmly refused. Originally, this abstemiousness was due to a command; its continuance, undoubtedly to a belief in its wisdom. If you will look at Jeremiah xxxv., you will find they were then held up as everlasting models of obedience, and a parallel was drawn between the rectitude and manliness of the children of Rechab, and the disobedience and apathy of the children of Judah. Said the prophet, by way of peroration: "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab, your father, therefore, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever."

So much for the prophecy. Have we any evidence to-day of its fulfilment? Dr. Woolf, a few years ago, when travelling in Mesopotamia, met with a man on horseback riding through the desert, whom he found to be a Rechabite, who could read Hebrew and Arabic, and was delighted with the sight of the Hebrew Bible which the doctor showed him. He hurried significantly to the chapter we have named, and said: "We are descended from Jonadab, the son of Rechab; we drink no wine, and plant no vineyards; we live in tents, as Jonadab commanded us. Come and see us—you will find *60,000* still living—and you will see that the prophecy is fulfilled."

As a key to the whole, we will just refer to one small community. On the banks of the Euphrates such an one exists, numbering less than a score of families, who are descended from immigrants who came thither from Khaiber, after that town had been destroyed by Mahomet. They live quiet, primitive lives—some as handicraftsmen; others as farmers, makers of famous butter and cheese; spinners of yarn; and weavers of cloth—and are an isolated body of men; proud of their lineage and the promise, correct and upright in their lives and dealings, still living in tents and abstaining from all intoxicants. Other ancient customs have not been forgotten. On Passover Eve, a lamb is killed in every house; it is roasted and dressed with herbs in Mosaic fashion, and while it is being eaten the father recites the story of the exodus. They have, according to a recent traveller, some Arabic hymns of their own, the principal subject of which is the deliverance from Egypt. They have no printed prayer-book, but they possess manuscript Liturgies, in both Hebrew and Arabic, which they obtain from Northern Arabia, where a considerable community of Rechabites is established; and so, through the ages, since the reign of Jehoiakim of Judah, the long line of the sons of Rechab has continued, for to this day his people stand before the Lord.



Mother's Treasures.

By MARY M. FORRESTER.

SLEEP, my darlings, softly sleep!
Dusky night is over all;
And a thousand shadows creep
Where her feet in silence fall.
Sleep, my sweet ones! for ye are
Mother's treasures, mother's world;
Brighter, purer, richer far
Than the miser's cherished gold.

Miser never viewed his store,
With such anxious, loving care,
As the mother, who doth pour
Kisses on her treasures rare.
For what gold is half so bright
As those tangled curls of hair,
Lying on the pillow white
With a radiance wondrous fair?

Sapphires never were so blue,
As those sleeping baby eyes;
Who have caught the heavenly hue
From the azure in the skies.
Where's the rubies could compare
With the mouths I fondly press?
Lying like two blossoms fair,
In their pouting loveliness.

Sleep, my treasures! safe from harm,
On your downy pillow rest;
I will wrap you close and warm,
Birdlings in a snowy nest.
Cold the winds that sob around,
Dark the clouds that hang above;
But your sleep is sweet and sound,
In the warmth of mother's love.

On your little cosy bed,
Playthings now neglected lie;
For each pretty, weary head
Drooped to rest, as night drew nigh.
Softly sleep! and I will pray,
Bending o'er each baby brow,
That, as time doth fly away,
He may leave you pure as now.

Angels take my sleeping flowers
'Neath the shelter of your wings;
Guard them through the future hours,
From the stain of earthly things.
In your breasts, my birdlings keep
Safe and holy, pure and white;
Sleep, my treasures! softly sleep!
One more kiss, and then—"Good-night!

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

By Dr. ISRAEL RENSHAW, F.R.C.S.

THE joys of a mother none but a mother can ever know. From the first happy moment the mother beholds her darling until mature years are reached, it is her delight to watch the unfolding charms and capacities of the loved one. How fondly in after life, when worn by its constant battle and strife, do we look back upon the time when we were sheltered by the mother's love, which is one of the very best and most precious gifts to the human race.

Many are the important responsibilities of the mother to her little one. The child regards the mother as the model for it in all things. Being taught to lisp a prayer at mother's knee has been the first step in the life of many a man and woman who have lived holy lives, and lived those lives to bless thousands of their fellows by their high example. Being trained in matters of high principle and strictest rectitude has laid the foundation of many a fortune in after life. The inculcation of orderly performance of duty in early life has formed the character of many a hero. Many indeed are the blessings of a really good mother.

But on the other hand, what a contrast is afforded by the careless and indifferent mother, or the one given to the use of that drink which intoxicates, and which blunts the finest moral perceptions and attributes of our nature! Only too many men and women date the commencement of ruin from the mother's home influence. Perhaps almost from its very earliest hours the unhappy infant has been accustomed to the odour of alcoholic liquors; nay, it may almost be said to have imbibed the poison with its mother's milk. What was good for mother was good for baby too, and so the little drops found their way to the little mouth, implanting a desire for the strong drink which only too often has developed itself as the curse it always is.

Now there is no reason why a suckling woman should not be a rigid abstainer then as at other times. The common idea that it is requisite to drink some form of malt liquor during this time is like a great many other common ideas, a very erroneous one. It is not necessary at all to drink the drunkard's drink. If there is not a proper supply for baby, then let the reason be sought; sometimes it is owing to debility, and then measures should be taken in accordance with that condition.

Why fly to drink? Alterations in diet are often very useful. Vary the food more; regulate the hours for rest and out-door exercise with more method. Do any and all the things that common sense and medical science suggest, but do not imperil the future of the dear one by having recourse to strong drink. And even if these means fail let baby be fed some other way. Thousands of infants enjoy good health and grow up to maturity who never were fed on the best food for them—their own mothers' milk. Artificial feeding causes a deal of trouble in a house, but mothers might save themselves much in this respect if they would only avoid feeding bottles with tubes. The extra trouble is a good investment, as a child brought up free from the drink is likely to be a source of greater satisfaction and happiness to its mother than one in whom the fatal taste has been created and fostered.

Our English Bible.

By Rev. EDWARD HAYTON.

HOLY BOOK! designed to be
Man's complete directory;
Fruit of God's unfailing love,
Sent to us from heaven above;
Mystery of Christ unfurl'd,
Voice of mercy to the world.

On thy sacred leaves we trace,
Man—his glory, his disgrace;
Now because of sin abhorred,
Now by love again restored.
More than this, we learn from thee
Man's immortal destiny.
How beyond this mortal life,
Where no suffering is, nor strife,
He that fuller life may prove
Which is known in heaven above.

God in this to man comes near—
God himself has written here
What is fit for us to know,
Both of mercy and of law.
Written what our duties are
In the time of peace—of war.
Days of sorrow—hours of joy—
While we live—and when we die.
Wondrous book of song and story—
Our delight and England's glory.

THE OUTLOOK.

OUR WORKHOUSE CHILDREN.

HERE is one important feature of the Band of Hope that demands special consideration, and that is the children of our workhouses.

There is a great need for more attention in this direction. These children who most require temperance teaching are often neglected, because it is no one's special duty to look after them. Few individual Bands of Hope can undertake this work, and it is equally difficult for personal and isolated efforts to discharge the duty.

But this enterprise for usefulness may be accomplished by united effort, especially where localities have seen to the representation of teetotalers on the Board of Guardians. The matter might well be taken up by the county and district Band of Hope Unions. Some definite and systematic plan might well be adopted, so that at intervals every workhouse might be visited, and the children instructed in the principles and practice of temperance.

No children in the whole of this vast community have to realize more fully the curse of drink; they are victims of its power. During their stay in the house they are abstainers by constraint, the appetite, too often being hereditary, is only lying dormant, and when the days of freedom come they fall swiftly into drinking habits.

We are told, on good authority, that not one girl in five of those who are under the control of the Poor-law Board in industrial and other schools turn out well, yet their education costs the country £100 each. A much better result is obtained by the "boarding-out" system. It is asserted that out of the 3,040 children that are so brought up, only five in every hundred turn out badly.

The evils of strong drink have made these pauper children, and the best service we can render them and the State, is to save them as far as possible from perpetuating the misery for others. One element of safety would be the voluntary association of the children themselves in Bands of Hope, that they might co-operate with the great army of abstainers to fight and conquer our greatest national enemy.

The Old Town Carter.

By Rev. EDWARD HAYTON.

"KEEP the sand off the axle of your cart, Tom Haggles, if you want to get on with your work," said Dr. Birks, as he came up to the old town carter, whose pursy horse stood panting for breath at the foot of the hill leading into Bond Street. "I have observed," he continued, "that those 'dirt-plates' have been off now for a month at least. Get them on, Tom; get them on."

"I know, sir," replied Tom lifting his hand to his hat, "they have been off a sight too long; but times are bad, and I can't afford to have all things done at once. But I promise you, sir, they shall be on as soon as I can afford it."

"It cannot be the matter of cost, Tom, I fear, for sixpence would do it all. And you have wasted that already, I suppose, by your two pints of ale this morning—have you not?" said the doctor.

"It is true, sir," admitted Tom, "I have had two pints this morning, but it is a rare thing for me to drink two pints so early. And, as to waste, I guess that is hardly correct, sir, for Joe Benson's ale is well-known to be the best you can buy within ten miles round from where we stand."

"I believe," said the doctor, "that Joe Benson sells it as he buys it, and will not adulterate, but that is no proof at all that your sixpence, the cost of your two pints this morning, has not been wasted."

"It is a very hot morning, sir," said Tom, "and I wish to be through with this work as fast as I can, and a drink of ale I fancy will help me on."

"Hear me, Tom Haggles; every pint of ale you drink is just so much sand dropped on to the axles, and will be sure to hinder you more than help you. And my advice, therefore, to you is—Keep the sand off the axles if you wish to get on in life. Try it, Tom—take my advice and try it."

So saying, Dr. Birks went on his way leaving Tom Haggles to reflect upon the useful advice he had given. Tom was a good deal disturbed by what the doctor had said about the "dirt-plates." He could not bear the idea of the doctor having a bad opinion of him. Tom knew that when the doctor had any carting to do he employed him to do it, as his father had always done before him; and that the doctor should see anything in his conduct to be dissatisfied with made him very uncomfortable indeed. He was unhappy about it all day, and every time poor old Charlie stopped for a rest Tom could not help

thinking that he might have made things a little more pleasant for the old pursy creature, if he had been less selfish, and had spent less money in the purchase of beer. That night, as Tom Haggles slept, he had a dream. And in his dream, he met the doctor, who smiled and said:

"Tom Haggles! Is it possible? How changed you are. New shoes, new tweed suit, new seal-skin cap, watch, new silk necktie, and white collar! I could not have believed it. Tell me how this wonderful transformation was all brought about. You are a new man."

"I suppose so," said Tom in his dream; "your words stuck to me like pitch. I tried to forget them but could not. And all that day I fancied my cart kept saying: 'Yes, Tom Haggles, you, and only you, are to blame about this sand on the axles. You know right well that never a day passes over your head but you spend as much money as would set that matter all right somewhere about twice over. I am ashamed, and have been times out of number, both for myself and you; for you have never kept me as other carts in the town are kept, and as I was always kept, let me tell you, before I came into your possession. My old master took me once a year, at least, to the pond and gave me a thorough wash down, not missing so much as a spoke in my wheels. And he never, I know, grudged the bit of paint which fell to my lot once a year, for the old wheelwright had special orders to mix an honest paint and put plenty on. It was not a mere pretence such as you gave me just five years ago, that would pass muster with him, I assure you. He was a man, now, to keep the sand off the axles if there ever was one. But evil times have come upon me, and if you don't make up your mind to stop this sort of thing I shall try to find some means to bring you to your senses.'"

"So ran on that old cart of mine, till I could stand it no longer, and, in a furious passion, I drove off to Calvert's shop and had the dirt-plates put on, for I was sick and tired of these reproaches. This done, I said, triumphantly, in my dream: 'Now, Tom Haggles, you have honestly settled that business and shall certainly have peace.' But it did not turn out to be so, for in my dream next morning, brisk as ever as soon as I had yoked, Charlie, the poor old faithful horse, began by saying: 'Listen to me, Tom Haggles, for a moment, will you? I have served you, as you well know, for the last ten years better than could in reason be expected from a horse in my condition and circumstances. But I am going to stand this kind of thing no longer. I am growing old, and lately I have lost a good deal of flesh, and I am convinced that Joe Benson's handsome pony gets the principal part of my corn and hay. I am a horse of some experience, you must remember, and can see these things more clearly than I could when I was a wild and careless colt. And, let me say, I have watched with some concern the gradual decline of our whole establishment, for we are growing worse, rapidly. Look at my condition, for you can count every rib I have, and what is worse than that even, I have not a shoe on my feet fit for going either up hill or down hill with a load. Badly fed, and badly shod, I step in fear for my life. When I was young I had some grip of the ground. Now it is quite another thing; I am old, and my limbs are growing stiff. And then look at this set of harness with which I am decorated, it is the sorriest set of 'gear' in the kingdom. And then there is yourself, Tom Haggles; I look at your battered hat, at your old brown coat, and at your dog-skin vest, your corduroys, and, last of all, your feet—we are, indeed, a sorry lot. And this is only half the story; you have a wife and children, and what you call a home—such a home!

"This was more than I could stand. So mad with rage, I cracked my whip, in my dream, and sorry lot as we were, we went off to meet the duties of the day. The rattle of my cart awoke me. And the church clock was striking five. It was time to rise and feed old Charlie."

The first clear thought of Tom Haggles was that he would never touch the drink again. He found it stiff work to get through the first day.

And Joe Benson did not wonder more at his conduct than did the old town pump in the corner. It was not usual for Tom Haggles to visit the town-pump at all. It and he were strangers, or nearly so. But, dirty and dilapidated as he was, it did not make the slightest objection to his having an abundance of water to drink. Again and again during the day he touched the handle and it sent forth its supplies freely. He marked the contrast there was between it and Joe Benson, the landlord.

When he went home that night he gave his wife every penny he had earned—a nice round sum, for he had had a good day. And when he threw the money in her lap she gave him such a look as will hold his heart until her last look makes him forget it.

Tom Haggles has now been for years a staunch teetotaler, and his improved condition in his dream has been substantially realised.

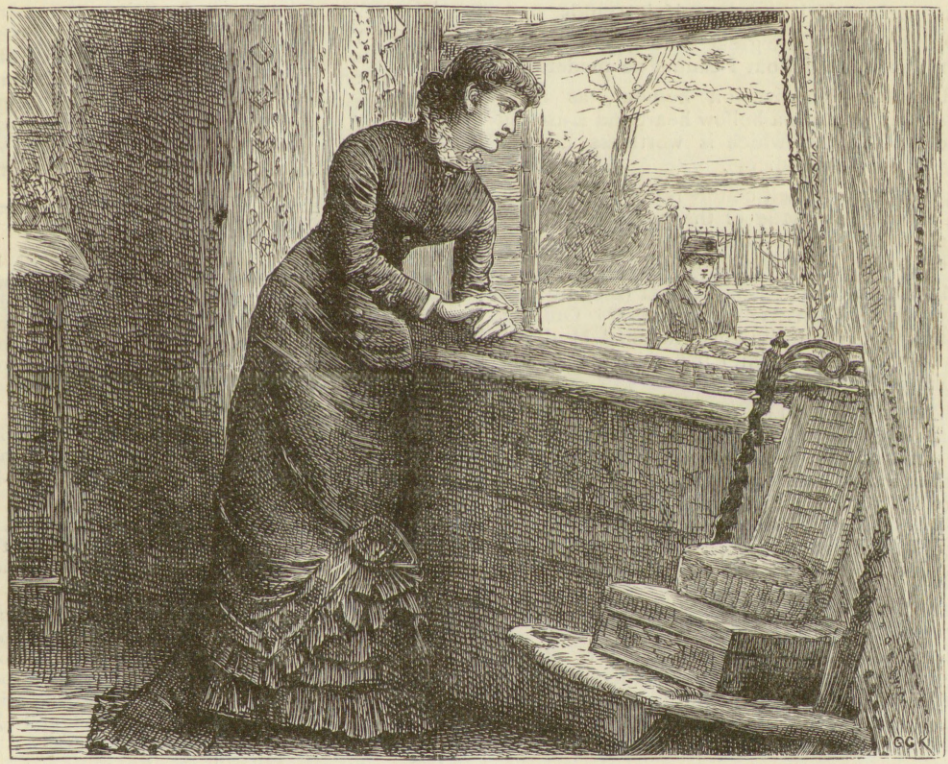
TO maintain a pure and virtuous condition of society, man as well as woman must be virtuous; both alike shunning all acts impugning on the heart, character and conscience—shunning them as poison, which once imbibed can never be entirely thrown out again, but mentally embitters, to a greater or less extent, the happiness of after life.—*Smiles.*

DISAPPOINTED.

By W. HOYLE, *Author of "Hymns and Songs."*

THE postman comes to my window;
Oh, has he a letter for me!
My heart it is all in a flutter—
Why, really, he's given me three!

Three letters! now isn't that charming;
And all on Saint Valentine's day,
Of course, they will all be from Charlie,
He always has so much to say.



Let me see, it is three years to-morrow
Since Charlie and I said: "Good-bye!"
Oh, I never can think of these partings,
But I'm ready to sit down and cry.
He was a bit foolish—what matter!
I love him as dear as my life;
And I know he'll behave like a husband
When he finds me a true-hearted wife.

Why couldn't they keep him in England?
What a shame to make so much ado!
As if a few years in Australia
Could make a man honest and true.
And there's his poor mother heart-broken,
Because Charlie's not by her side;
And me, poor me was not thought of
They wouldn't fret; no! if I died.

Ah! well, I am living for Charlie—
Yes, Charlie, the joy of my life;
He's coming back soon I feel certain,
And then he will make me his wife.
But stay! I'm forgetting his letters;
What's this?—why it looks like a joke;
Old Smithson has sent me the invoice
For my gloves, Sunday bonnet, and cloak!

What's this?—ump! a note from Miss Jenkins
She wants me to give her a call;
What rubbish!—and this is a programme—
"The Oddfellows' supper and ball!"
Here postman! come back with your letters,
I'm sure you have made a mistake;
You must have a letter from Charlie,
Or else soon my poor heart will break!

Pebbles and Pearls.

Children always turn to the light. Oh, that grown-up men would do likewise.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands—
As useless if it goes as if it stands.

Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer, said, "Sir, I can abstain, but I cannot be moderate."

Humour.—To live on humour, as daily bread, will produce a hollow heart and a useless history. But that which is worthless as food may be good as medicine.

A large part of self-culture is dependent upon the use that is made of the busiest and most closely filled hours. This is the same in every honest calling, whatever its nature.

Muddled Gent: "Say officer (hic), do you know where John Williams lives?" Officer: "Why, you're John Williams yourself." Muddled Gent.: "Yes, I know (hic), but where does John Williams live?"

Temperance Pledges are taken in the casual ward of the Marylebone Workhouse, and only 10 per cent. of those who sign ever return, though the percentage of ordinary visitors is very much larger.

The 'Osses Opinion.—A stout old lady got out of a crowded omnibus the other day, exclaiming, "Well, that's a relief, anyhow." To which the driver, eyeing her ample proportions, replied, "So the 'osses thinks, mum."

Of 2,680 ministers in the Congregational body, at least 1,600 are total abstainers; in the colleges of the connexion in England 88 per cent. of the students are total abstainers. Five years ago less than half of the Congregational ministers were abstainers.

The Right Men in their Right Places.—"Yes," said a Wesleyan the other day, "if modern Methodism wants a man for an advance post, she generally has to take a teetotaler. There are several enterprises in Methodism just now, which fix the attention of the Connexion—the Liverpool Mission, Rev. Charles Garrett; Village Methodism, Rev. T. Champness; London Mission, Clerkenwell, Rev. E. Smith; St. George's, Rev. P. Thompson; West Central, Revs. H. P. Hughes and M. G. Pearse; Central Hall, Manchester, Rev. S. F. Collier; Central Hall, Birmingham, Rev. F. L. Wiseman, B.A. —and every man of them is a teetotaler." "What does that prove?" "I don't care to argue it out," said he; "I leave you to draw the inferences."—*Methodist Temperance Magazine.*

It never occurs to a fashionable woman that there is enough goods in the train of her dress to make a poor child a pretty Sunday frock.

It seems to me that the real reason why reformers and some philanthropists are unpopular is, that they disturb our serenity and make us conscious of our own shortcomings.

What Will Wake Him.—"You are an early riser, are you?" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones. "No; the reason is I cannot wake up John before noon. I have tried the clock alarm, blank cartridges and bell-ringing, but he sleeps like a dead man." "You ought to try the plan I use on my husband," said Mrs. Brown. "How is that?" "Pull a cork out of a beer bottle and he will spring right out on the floor."

REVIEWS.

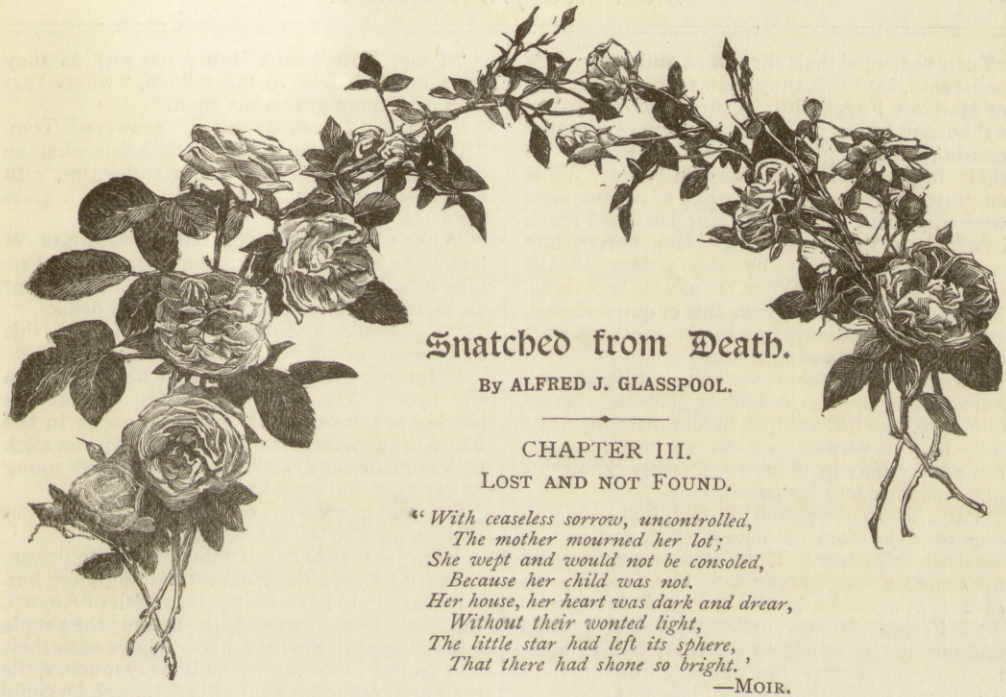
"Our Mothers' Meeting." By Mrs. R. D. Bolton. Published by the National Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand, London. Contains twelve admirable chapters, or friendly talks on health, home, and happiness. There is a very superior tone about the little volume, the usual influence is beautiful and the style delightful. Mrs. Bolton's "Mothers' Meeting" must be a pattern one.

"Evans' Temperance Annual," for 1888, price sixpence, has a pleasing variety of the grave and gay. The first story, "Quite by Accident," gives the book its title, and is interestingly written.

"The National Temperance League's Annual," for 1888, is the abstainer's handbook for the year. It is well edited, and is replete with information on every aspect of the temperance question.

"The Temperance Speakers' Companion," Volume III. Price sixpence and one shilling. Published by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, 4, Ludgate Hill, London. Very good for all friends of the cause, but especially for those who give addresses. Anyone may get a good talk out of it by a few minutes study. It is full of suggestions.

"Tied to the Mast." By W. E. A. Eaton, London. Price sixpence. This volume of poems contains some noble ballads well sung. It is a stock-in-trade for any Band of Hope society for a whole winter, all of the pieces being adapted for recitation.



Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER III.

LOST AND NOT FOUND.

"With ceaseless sorrow, uncontrolled,
The mother mourned her lot;
She wept and would not be consoled,
Because her child was not.
Her house, her heart was dark and drear,
Without their wonted light,
The little star had left its sphere,
That there had shone so bright.'

—MOIR.

"MY boy! my boy! my darling, where is he?" Thus cried a poor delirious patient in the hospital St. Joseph, kept by the good sisters of that order. One of the sisters was sitting by the bedside watching the sufferer. Poor creature! her brain had temporarily lost its balance, her body was burning like a furnace, her tongue as dry as the desert sands. Constantly in her delirium she asked for her boy, night and day she demanded his presence, this was the one genuine idea that occupied her mind in the midst of much of her utterings that were fabulous and fearful.

"Hush! hush!" said the kind sister, "rest awhile, and the boy no doubt will be found; be sure of this, if you have faith all will come right at last."

"Give me drink, I am parched with thirst; oh, my boy, my blue-eyed boy, where shall I find him?"

The sister handed a little barley water to the patient, and then, placing her kind hand upon the forehead of the sick one, soothed her to sleep.

You have already guessed that the patient was Mrs. Fitzgerald, Henry's lost mother.

Rescued from a watery grave, she had been kindly treated on her arrival at Calais; sympathising friends had provided her with fresh clothing and a little money. She made enquiries on every hand, but all to no purpose, her boy was certainly dead, though one of the boatmen believed the boy had been picked up, yet in the confusion of the wreck and the darkness of the fog it was impossible to say by whom.

Overcome with grief, and having a presentiment of coming evil, she hurried on to Paris. In the great city of pleasure lived some distant relatives of her husband; she had no one else to fly to; all her own relatives were dead except one elder brother who had been missing many years.

These friends were poor working people, and it was with difficulty that they could make room for her in their small suite of apartments, but they did their best.

A few days after her arrival, Mrs. Fitzgerald began to show signs of coming sickness, her appetite failed her, her head ached, her body burned; the doctor pronounced her to be suffering from fever, and ordered her immediate removal to the hospital St. Joseph.

When Mr. Weatherley landed in Calais, he learned that a lady answering to Henry's description of his mother had certainly been saved from the wreck, and had gone on to her friends in Paris. On arriving at Paris he found his efforts baffled, for Mrs. Fitzgerald left Calais wearing different attire to that described by Henry. Mr. Weatherley could not even ascertain that such a person as Mrs. Fitzgerald had arrived at the French Capital. The Paris police

officers shrugged their shoulders, and, with much politeness, said that they knew nothing whatever of Madame Fitzgerald. A promised reward of a thousand francs for intelligence concerning the missing mother gave a marvellous impetus to their inquiries, but all was in vain. While enquiries were being made, while advertisements were appearing both in the English and French newspapers, the lost one was being nursed into reason and strength by the sisters at the hospital St. Joseph. When the patient recovered, Mr. Weatherley was gone, the enquiry closed, and no information came to the mother's ears that she had been sought after.

All this may seem strange, but it is well known that the safest hiding place is a great city ; we take little notice of our neighbour, he may be the very one we are seeking ; but we are so indifferent, that we scarcely know his name or look into his face.

Paris is no exception to this fact ; though here there is more of open-air life, and less of what we call home. The French have no word for *home ;* to be at home is to be at one's house *chez soi*, or to be at the house *à la maison.* The French do not understand the fireside and family circle such as we enjoy in England ; the café, the theatre, the public garden, is their usual resort after the hours of business.

In Paris, a large number of families live in flats; the artizans and model dwellings of London are carried out to a great perfection in that city. A gigantic building, having many stories, is occupied by persons of very different conditions of life ; those occupying the ground or first floors are rich ; at the top are the poor, between the two there is a great chasm.

These neighbours seldom visit ; the fashionable lady on the first floor, who for the most part spends her time in the cultivation of her voice, will not condescend to notice her poor sister upstairs, though they both live under the same roof, and must sometimes meet on the same staircase. It was from one of these top flats that Mrs. Fitzgerald was carried to the hospital St. Joseph ; no wonder no one knew or cared who she was. The hospital was only a small private institution, and was overlooked in the enquiry.

While Mr. Weatherley was making his enquiries, the *Sweetheart* had made its way to Boulogne, and in the harbour it waited the return of its owner. Little Henry had been to a French tailor, and now presented a more beautiful appearance than ever. Dressed in a nautical costume, a reefing jacket with brass buttons, knickerbockers and cap to match, his golden curls floating in the breeze, he was a perfect picture of health and happiness.

Tom Billows was his constant companion, and many were the happy talks they had together.

" I say, Tom," said Henry one day as they were on their way to the tailor's, " what's that man over there got on his back?"

" That's a lemonade-seller," answered Tom. " That large tin can on his back holds what he calls lemonade ; it's only sugar and water, with a little sliced lemon in it ; he'll give us a glass for a *sou.*"

While Henry was drinking his glass of lemonade, several working men, dressed in their blue blouses, came up, spent their *sou*, and went on their way refreshed by this simple drink.

" You wouldn't see working men drinking this in London, would you, Tom?" asked Henry.

" Not many I'm afraid, but it's better than all the beer. You must know Henry, that the alcohol in the beer drinks up the water in the blood, and makes you more thirsty ; you stick to lemonade and cocoa and you'll get along better than you would with beer."

" Never you fear Tom, I don't forget what mother used to tell me about beer."

Henry enjoyed himself immensely at Boulogne; the lovely sands, the pleasant bathing gave him intense delight ; this being the month of August, the sands were crowded with visitors ; the people were so lively ; the little French boys with their hair cropped short, amused him very much, while their merry tongues went so fast, though he could not understand a word they said.

It was a lovely morning, the sun was sparkling on the water, the air was just warm enough to be pleasant, when little Henry came up on deck, dressed in his new suit, and holding a small telescope in his hand. Putting it to his eye, he looked round to enjoy the sight of the passing boats. For a few moments he forgot his lost mother. Everything was so bright and beautiful to his young, innocent soul, how could he be otherwise than happy?

" Tom ! Tom ! " shouted Henry, " here comes Mr. Weatherley."

Tom looked in the direction indicated by Henry, and sure enough there was the Captain coming towards them in a little boat.

" Hurrah ! hurrah ! I am so glad you have come back, it does seem a long time since you went away."

This was Henry's welcome to Mr. Weatherley, who affectionately kissed his young friend again and again.

" Have you found my mother? Is she dead or is she living?" asked Henry quietly.

" I'll tell you all presently when we are alone in the cabin ; don't ask me now," responded Mr. Weatherley.

" I know she is dead," sobbed Henry, " I saw her in the water on the night of the wreck ; oh, my poor, dear mother, I shall never see her any more."

When they were seated in the cabin, and silently eating dinner, both thinking so much, and yet afraid to express their thoughts, for Henry felt that Mr. Weatherley had bad news, and Mr. Weatherley was afraid to tell what he knew to the orphan boy.

At length, Henry breaking silence, speaking in an imploring tone, said: "Do tell me about mother, please."

"Well, then, Henry, I must tell you. My information is not complete; I have learned that a lady answering to your description of your mother was rescued, at the time I picked you up. She was taken to Calais, and after resting awhile, went on to Paris. There my information ends, I could gain no more tidings."

Henry could not restrain his tears this time. "My poor mother, my poor mother, what shall I do without her?" he cried.

Mr. Weatherley felt very uncomfortable; he was a man of the world, and able to bear losses without much emotion, but the tears of a little broken-hearted child were too much for him; he felt his heart beating very quickly, a thick lump rose in his throat that almost choked him, and to his own surprise, he felt tears running down his face. What a change was coming over his life! Once he could have looked at tears without a sigh; now he felt he would give all that he possessed to dry the tears of his little friend. There was no more greediness in his heart; no more living for gold, and the uncertain pleasures that gold brings. Now that his heart was really going out in sympathy with a little sufferer, he was becoming a new creature, the scales were dropping from his eyes, he was looking into a new world.

"Don't cry my boy," said Mr. Weatherley, kindly, "come and sit on my lap and look at some of the pretty things I have brought from Paris." At the same moment he took a small silver watch, and a pretty silver albert from his pocket, and placed them in Henry's hands.

"And here's a pretty box of paints and brushes, and a picture book, full of pictures to paint. Now you'll have plenty to do, for I'll buy you lots more."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said Henry, his tears suddenly drying up, "thank you, I'll give you twelve kisses for the watch and chain, and six for the paints and book, only your whiskers do tickle me so when I kiss you."

After dinner, when they were talking, and Mr. Weatherley learned that Henry did not know of any relatives with whom he could live, he said to him:

"Now, Henry, will you stay with me, and be my son, and I will be your father?"

"Yes, I should like to stay with you very much, but I cannot call you father, if you like I'll call you uncle; I ought to have an uncle only mother said he was a naughty boy, and ran away from home; every night she used to pray for him, and she taught me to ask God to take care of my uncle, for she said I might some day see him, and I should know he had a good heart."

This was a long speech for Henry, but it was the result of many a conversation with his mother.

Mr. Weatherley had listened with great attention, and could hardly believe his ears. He became intensely excited, his heart was thumping as if it would burst, his eyes became misty, his head dizzy, and for a time he hardly knew where he was. When he had recovered himself a little, he said earnestly:

"Do you know what your mother's name was before she married?"

"Yes, Elizabeth Johnson."

"Elizabeth Johnson!" shouted Mr. Weatherley, starting from his seat with his hands holding his heart, and a look of intense astonishment on his face.

(To be continued.)

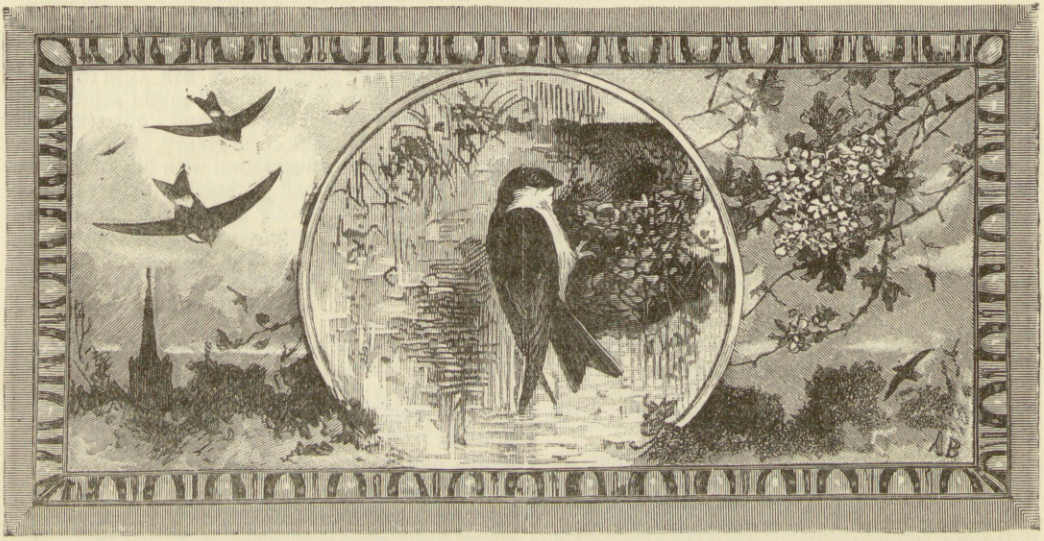
In Memoriam.

WE deeply regret to announce that last month the Rev. Edward Hayton passed away. For a long time he had been an earnest and faithful worker in the Temperance cause, and for some years an able and regular contributor to the pages of the *Onward*. His labours in this respect were freely given. He never sought fee or reward, and this fact will always remain one of the best tributes of honour to his memory.

Although he did not live to reach the age of 60 years, he had passed through a remarkable career. When only eight years old, he went to work at a blacksmith's forge at Flimby; while blowing the bellows, he studied steadily with his book on the hearth before him. By the time he had finished his apprenticeship, he was one of the best educated men in the district.

He went to Australia, and worked a while in the Bendigo gold diggings. After this, he spent some time in New Zealand

When he finally returned to England, in 1875, he was invited to become the minister of the Congregational Church at Blennerhasset. He had taught himself Greek, so that he could read the New Testament in the original. As an author, he was well able to express his thoughts in good and accurate English, both in prose and verse. His life has been wonderfully useful as well as remarkably industrious, and he leaves behind him a record that should be a stimulus and an example to many.



SPRING.

BY MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

SEE, on the hill-tops, that fair-haired maiden,
  Azure-eyed, and with breath of flowers—
With the violet and primrose laden
  She has stolen from sweet, warm bowers.
Sweet little birds from her bosom are peeping;
  To her green garments the dewdrops cling;
Round her forehead the hawthorn creeping,
  Doth weave a garland for beauteous Spring.

She lifts the clouds with her fairy fingers,
  Till heaven shines clear o'er the gladdened world;
Beneath the hedge-rows she softly lingers
  To watch the primrose unfold its gold;
Bright grows the brow of the lofty mountain
  Under the light of her outspread wing;
Diamonds break from the silver fountain
  To deck the pathway of beauteous Spring.

In the branches the sparrows twitter;
  "'Tis Spring-time, Spring-time" they seem to say:
In the meadows the streamlets glitter,
  Singing a welcome upon their way;
Golden-tipped cloudlets sailing above her,
  Bright little beams on her pathway fling;
Breezes whisper, "How well they love her,"
  "How well they love her"—the beauteous Spring.

Violets hang from her golden tresses—
  Violets blue as her own bright skies;
On the land where her light foot presses
  Smiling daisies unclose their eyes.
Soft is the wind that sings out before her,
  Fanning the maid with its perfumed wing;
Green are the branches that, waving o'er her
  Hang out like banners to welcome Spring.

See the children with tresses flowing,
  Their welcome shining through sunny eyes;
With crimson lips, and with warm cheeks glowing,
  They laugh and sing 'neath her sweet blue skies.
In the waters they see her glancing;
  Deep in the valley they hear her sing;
Their gay young feet to her music dancing;
  Their glad hearts welcoming beauteous Spring.

Welcome! thrice welcome! thou bright newcomer;
  Oh, hill and meadow, rejoice! rejoice!
She on the hill-top is child of summer;
  Then bid her welcome with glad, loud voice.
Wave all ye branches! oh, wave to greet her;
  Let all the world with her praises ring;
Sing, O ye streams, as ye rush to meet her—
  A thousand welcomes to beauteous Spring.

"Our Girls."

By OLD CORNISH.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL LESSONS AND LIFE.

THERE was a lesson I could never learn at school. Taught it as I often was, impressed both physically and mentally with the fact again and again, I could never get it to remain for any appreciable length of time on my mind—that study was a necessity, or as my poor old master, with a whack of his cane, would sometimes emphasize the remark, "a most valuable thing." But alas! I have had to learn it since. And now, with a conviction that in one respect, at least, girls are very much like boys, I mean in the matter of books and brains, and from veriest sympathy with you and your work, I want to say a few words on the subject of school lessons and life. Yes, let them stand in that order—*lessons and life!*

It is said of the celebrated Charles Darwin, that in writing on a given subject, he would hurry on with remarkable rapidity, and in little bits of sentences, and in a few rough and ragged words, he would jot down his thoughts, leaving the *amplius* and the polishing to be done at an after stage of his work. But as I have not the leisure of a Darwin, to say nothing of the skill, I must be content to fling out my sentences just as they come, and ask you kindly to accept them for what they are worth.

Yes, I was about to say, just before I began this Darwinian parenthesis, that school lessons and life are two of the most important things that can engage your attention, and that upon their use or abuse will depend the whole of your career. Hence, you will see at a glance, that common-place as these subjects may seem, they are, nevertheless, attended with such results that no right-minded girl can regard them with indifference, or treat them with scorn.

Lord Granville, in a very sensible speech, has remarked, that the Victorian era is proud, and not without reason, of the improvement it has seen in the education of women. "In the seventh and eight centuries," said he, "women were as carefully educated as men," and that since the Tudor days, "we have had in Europe, among women, learned professors, great painters, great tragedians, great musicians, and the writers of some of the most admirable letters and pleasantest memoirs in the world."

There, girls, what a splendid statement is that! No, I do not wonder that you should blush with a pardonable pride at the success of your sex. And, believing as I do, that every word of the noble lord's remarks is true, I would have you gird up the garments of your mind, and, starting upon what may prove itself to be a magnificent career, resolve that in plod and push, in patience and perseverance, you will be not a whit behind the noblest lady in the land.

In order to this, however, you will have to take time by the forelock, as the old adage says, and resolutely set yourselves upon accomplishing the work by beginning now. Yes, begin with your

School Lessons.

Make that your starting point, and work up from that to the goal of your highest ambition. Some of you are destined to rise high in the world, and all of you, thank God, may take honourable positions; and you should, therefore, leave no stone unturned by way of qualifying yourselves to occupy your proper place in society. And besides, I have noticed that habits formed in childhood become settled and fixed in age, and that, speaking generally, you might as well attempt to bend an old and ivy grown oak as to change the current of your life when the pleasant years of youth are passed.

"I dunno 'ow 'tis," said an old woman once, "but I allus think o' that bit o' reading I 'eard at church, for 'tis just like that wi' me: 'As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be.' Ay, I wer' a thoughtless little wench, and I ain't much better now, that's the truth."

Now girls, think for a moment how much you are indebted to your parents, and whether it does not behove you to repay their kindness and concern by making the very best use of the means for your mental and moral improvement.

Some of you, I know, are the daughters of well-to-do people, but perhaps by far the larger

portion are from the artizan class, whilst not a few are from the ranks of the respectable poor. Now, whatever may be your position, I want you to think of your indebtedness to your parents for your maintenance at school, who, out of their little, are contributing much, and who, when occasion requires, are actually stinting themselves of the necessities of life that they may supply you with the needed luxury of books, and are resolved at all hazards to give you the best possible educational advantages in their power; and as you think of these things, I beseech you, for the sake of the noblest bit in your nature, ask yourselves the question, whether it would not be a sin of the basest ingratitude to be negligent and indifferent to the claims of school life.

O, my dear young people, I cannot tell you how pained I have felt when I have seen thoughtless and inconsiderate girls, upon whose education the money that has been spent, might as well have been flung into the very depths of the sea. For the sake of all that is pure and good and becoming, I do most earnestly beseech you to put conscience into your work, and leave not a lesson unlearnt for the sake of father and mother.

Conscience, did I say? Yes, and conscience I must repeat. For she who follows the instructions of an enlightened conscience, and gives herself to the faithful discharge of duty, is destined to become the approved of man and the beloved of God.

"I have made it a habit," said Lord Erskine, "to do what my conscience tells me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences with God." And among the many excellencies of Shakspere is this, that he has shown himself to be the profoundest philosopher in putting the wisdom of the teacher into the mouth of the tragedian, as when he says:

> "Conscience does make cowards of us all;
> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
> And enterprises of great pith and moment.
> With this regard, their currents turn away,
> And lose the name of action."

Now to keep this faculty in force is, perhaps, the chief, or at least among the chief of the many duties devolving upon you to-day; and there is not a girl in the nation, or in the world, but who might, with immense advantage to herself, add this to the burden of her daily prayer:

> "O that my tender soul might fly
> The first abhorred approach of ill,
> Quick as the apple of an eye
> The slightest touch of sin to feel."

And thus equipped, with a spirit so sensitive that you cannot sin; with a conscience so tender that you cannot truckle to a dirty deed; your duties shall become your delight; your lessons shall become a work of love; punctuality shall be a virtue of which you may justly boast; and constancy, and fidelity, and whatsoever things are lovely, and of good report, shall enrich your character and adorn your name.

Now, next to school lessons, is—

School Life.

And I am not quite sure as to whether the latter is not the more important of the two. At any rate, you may lay it down as a fact, that the moral influence of a school is of far greater utility than its mental efficiency. Hence the importance of every girl giving a good moral tone to the school, and assisting in the maintenance of a healthy discipline among her companions.

And in order to this, *every girl should begin with herself.*

If the photographer's plate be dirty, however beautiful the landscape, the picture will be a blurred and blotted thing. When our army won "in that world's earthquake, Waterloo!" it was not so much through the splendid tactics of its commander as through the determined stand of its rank and file. And the hero of Trafalgar, realizing the importance of individual action, on the eve of one of the most memorable battles he ever fought, signalled to his fleet: "England expects *every* man to do his duty!"

And so must it be in school life, and every girl should endeavour to maintain in her own person, and to exhibit in her own conduct, a purity, a nobility, a consistency of character, that shall ennoble the whole of her surroundings.

That was a splendid testimony of the principal of one of our largest educational establishments, to one of her pupils' worth: "She is not clever, but she *is good.* I would rather be without the most accomplished scholar I have than I would be without the influence of that girl's godly example!"

Yes, that is the highest attainment, after all; and there is not one of you, thank God, but may reach that distinction. Lynch was right when he said: "The wisest habit of all is the habit of care in the formation of good habits"; and there are few places in which it may be cultivated to greater advantage than in life at school.

Hence, girls, it becomes your imperative duty to have a lofty ideal, and to set before you the most perfect example. Hate meanness in every shape and form. Rise above the paltry pettiness of little minds, and show yourselves possessed of a spirit of the noblest kind. Never indulge in a thought that has the least approach to impurity; and scorn the utterance of a word that savours of selfishness or sin. In school, and out; at work, and at play; in the presence of your superiors, and among your daily companions; maintain a character that shall be as pure as the

sunshine, and as perfect as the rounded orbs of heaven—and you shall win for yourselves a position and a power that the cleverest girl in the land might envy you the having.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Next to the care you should exercise about yourselves *is the care you should show in the choice of your companions.*

For, as somebody has remarked—and the rule is as applicable to girls as to men—that men are known by the company they keep.

Now among the girls you should *avoid* are the immodest, the sloven, the indolent, the unpunctual, the prevaricating, and the liar. A girl who is not chaste is no fit companion for you, though her attainments may have placed her in the highest position. A girl, whose influence is of a questionable character, should be avoided as you would the plague. A girl, about whose integrity and uprightness you have reasonable grounds of suspicion, should be conscientiously and constantly shunned. A girl who can trample upon law, and have no respect for superiors, and is indifferent to the voice of authority, and can violate truth with impunity—a girl who can do these things is no fit associate for you. As well might you think of taking coals of fire to your bosom, as of making one of such girls your companion.

Yes, so strongly do I feel on this subject, that I entreat, I beseech you, be wise in your selection. Better, aye, a thousand times, better be without a companion altogether, than have one who will poison the very well-spring of your being. No, I would not have you isolate yourselves, or indulge in a spirit of censoriousness, or act in an imperious, and with a haughty kind of behaviour; no, not for a moment would I have you do any of these things. By all means be social. Cultivate a friendliness of spirit that shall grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength, and let all see in you "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," and one, whose whole soul longs for companionship. But be careful you select them from the chaste, the pure, the respectful, the industrious, the punctual, the truth-telling, and truth-loving girls. And, thank God, there are multitudes of such. They are to be found in every school in the land. Girls with high and holy principles, with whom duty is a delight, and whom no power upon earth can swerve from paths of honesty, integrity, and uprightness. Of such make your companions, and of none other whatsoever.

Now then, girls, life is before you; and it is for you to decide of what character it shall be. Therefore I entreat you be resolved that it shall be as good as God and grace can make it. Remember that mind and morals, intellect and heart, all have their claims, and that if in you there be realised an answer to the prayer :—

"Unite the pair, so long disjoined,
Knowledge and vital piety,"

there shall be seen, in the rounded fulness of your beautiful example, a chasteness of conduct and a consistency of character that shall command the admiration of earth and the benediction of Heaven. So, in the inspiriting words of Charles Kingsley's song, I close—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever,
One grand, sweet song."

THE OUTLOOK.

THE Report of the Commission on the New South Wales Liquor Traffic is full of important information. The sum spent in 1886 is estimated at £4,634,000, or £4 14s. 6d. per head of the population, which is less than that of Victoria, Queensland, and the United Kingdom.

With regard to the percentage of crime caused by drink, the estimates vary—some putting it as low as 75 per cent., others as high as 90.

In regard to lunacy directly traceable to intemperance, the cases were 12 or 14 per cent.

The Commission advised that several months' residence in some retreat or asylum for inebriates should be substituted for the usual drunkard's sentence of seven or fourteen days' imprisonment.

Sunday closing is compulsory throughout the colony; but owing to the laxity in the way the law is administered, this is not such a boon as it might be.

Sunday closing, local option, and, in fact, all temperance legislation, needs to be supported by a strong force of public opinion. And it is to our Bands of Hope we must look for the real education of the nation on all temperance questions.

Laws are not of much avail in any country, unless they are not only the expression of a people's will, but are loved in a nation's heart. When the great majority are in harmony with the law, it will seldom be broken, unless by a very small minority. And then the infringement of the law will be a great moral disgrace.

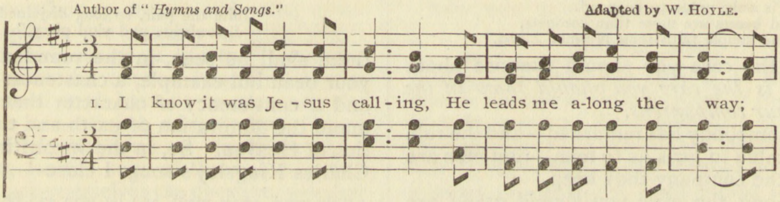
Hence it is to our Bands of Hope we must look first, to create, to foster, and to sustain a strong temperance sentiment. Then, with the principle taking root in a prepared and congenial soil, some permanent results may be expected in years to come that will add to the greatness and glory of the country.

I KNOW IT WAS JESUS CALLING.

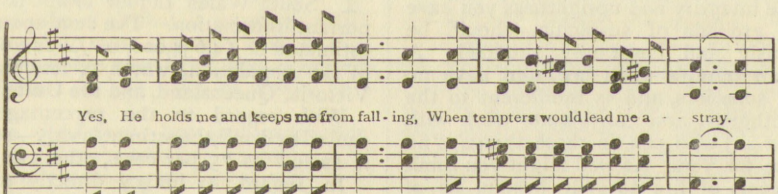
(*From Service of Sacred Song, " Our Joe," compiled by T. E. Hallsworth, from story by Rev. Silas K. Hocking. Price, 4d., post free, " Onward" Office*).

Words by W. HOYLE.
Author of " *Hymns and Songs*."

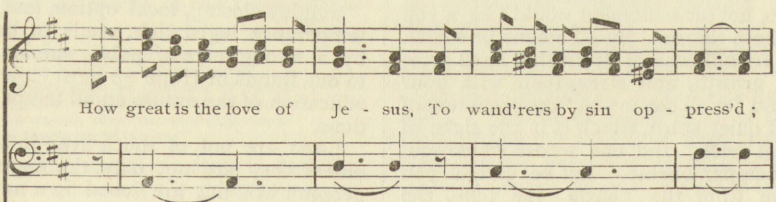
Music by A. GAIBEL.
Adapted by W. HOYLE.



:s | s :l :t | d' : -:t | t : -:- | l : -:s | f :s :l | t : -:l | l :-:- | s
2. I | know it was Je - sus | call - ing, When | sin would my soul de - | ceive;
:m | m :m :m | m : -:m | f : -:- | f : -:r | r :m :f | f : -:f | m :-:- | -
:s | s :s :s | s : -:s | s : -:- | s : -:s | s :s :s | s : -:s | s :-:- | -
3. I | know it was Je - sus | call - ing, How | loving and sweet His | voice;
:d | d :d :d | d : -:d | r : -:- | r : -:t, | s, :s, :s, | s, : -:s, | d :-:- | -



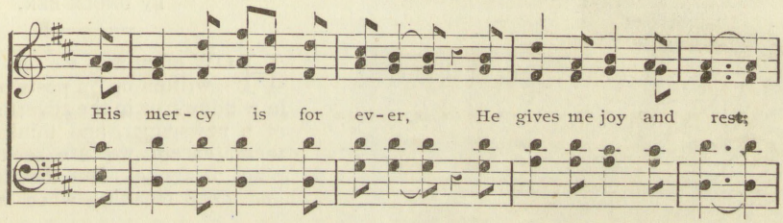
m :f | s :l :t | r' :d' :r' | d' : -:- | t : -:t | t :l :se | l :m :fe | s :-:- | -:-
When I | struggled with e - vil ap- | pall - ing, How | of - ten my spirit would | grieve.
d :r | m :m :m | m :m :m | r : -:- | r : -:r | d :d :d | d :d :d | t, :-:- | -:-
s :s | s :s :s | s :s :s | s : -:- | s : -:s | fe :fe :fe | fe :s :l | s :-:- | -:-
Whenas- | sailed with sin's pleasure en | thrall - ing, In | Je - sus my soul will re - | joice.
d :d | d :d :d | d :d :d | r : -:- | r : -:r | r :r :r | r :r :r | s, :-:- | -:-



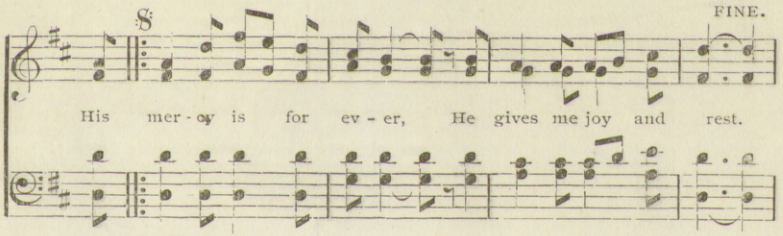
DUETT. (TREBLE AND ALTO).

:s | r' :d' :t | l :t :l | l : -:- | s : -:^s d | m :r :d | r :d :t, | ^d s : -:- | -:-
He | saw me so faint and | wea - ry, So | helpless and ready to | fall:
:s | t :l :s | f :s :f | f : -:- m | : -:^m l, | d :t, :l, | t, :l, :se, | ^l m : -:- | -:-
I'm | safe from the world's temp- | ta - tion, While | He is my shield and | guide;

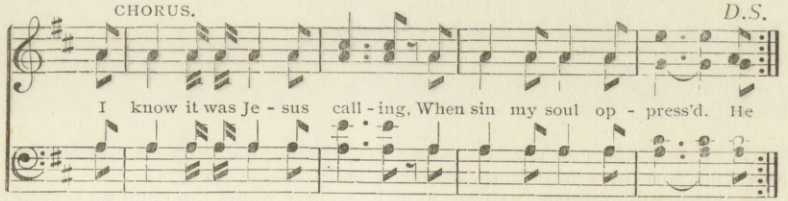
I KNOW IT WAS JESUS CALLING.



:s | s :-:d' | m' :r' :d' | t :l :-|-:-:l | d' :-:s | l :-:s | s :-:-|-:-
O | bless - ed time of | mercy, | I | heard my Sa - viour | call;
:f | m :-:m | s :f :m | s :f :-|-:-:f | m :-:m | f :-:f | m :-:-|-:-
:t | d' :-:d' | d' :-:d' | d' :d' :-|-:-:d' | d' :-:d' | t :-:t | d' :-:-|-:-
O | bless - ed Sa - viour | keep me | For | ev er by Thy | side;
:r | d :-:d | d :-:d | f :f :-|-:-:f | s :-:s | s :-:s | d :-:-|-:-



:s | s :-:d' | m' :r' :d' | t :l :-|-:-:l | s :-:s | s :l :t | d' :-:-|-:-
O | bless - ed time of | mercy, | I | heard my Sa - viour | call.
:m | m :-:m | s :f :m | s :f :-|-:-:f | f :-:f | f :-:f | m :-:-|-:-
:d' | d' :-:d' | d' :-:d' | d' :d' :-|-:-:d' | t :-:t | t :d' :r' | d' :-:-|-:-
O | bless - ed Sa - viour | keep me | For | ev - er by Thy | side
:d | d :-:d | d :-:d | f :f :-|-:-:f | s :-:s | s :-:s | d :-:-|-:-
D.S.—keeps my feet from falling; | | | He gives me joy | and rest.



:s | s :-:s,s | s :-:s | t :-:-|-:t | s :-:s | s :-:s | r' :-:-|-:-:s
:s | s :-:s,s | s :-:s | s :-:-|-:s | s :-:s | s :-:s | f :-:-|-:-:f
:s | s :-:s,s | s :-:s | r' :-:-|-:r' | s :-:s | s :-:s | t :-:-|-:-:t
:s | s :-:s,s | s :-:s | s :-:-|-:s | s :-:s | s :-:s | s :-:-|-:-:s

TO LET.

By UNCLE BEN.

HOW often may we see these words written up on posts or on papers in windows, or in the advertising column of a newspaper, and think little about them, except we are seeking a new place of abode. But they have strange and deep meaning when we see them on our home, the dear old house where came our first joys and sorrow, where unspeakable memories of love will always gather and abide.

The words imply change and often sorrow. Could the reason be always given when the notice was put up, what strange stories would be revealed, what strange tales of failure and ruin, of sickness and disappointment, of love and anguish, of life and death would be made public. Every removal has its touch of sadness, but there is something most pathetic in the sight of an old house empty that has been the sheltering roof-tree for one family from generation to generation.

There where the children played and grew up until the serene sanctity of another childhood fell on them, where friendships gathered and lovers met, where merry reunions drew round the blazing hearth, and where the beloved dead were carried out, ineffable memories would linger for ever.

The story that lay behind the words "To Let," which told to the outside world that the old farm house of the Ralphs was vacant in the hamlet of Shelfield, had, in common with many others,

a family history of comedy and tragedy, and is far too long to be told in full, but it had its lessons for Polly Ralph as she left the place that had been the joy and shelter of the family of which she was now almost the last survivor.

It was with a strange rush of feeling that Polly had bidden good-bye to the once dear old home, now bare, empty, and desolate. It was a pain to go, but it was a more bitter pain to stay and see the things so altered. She had wept her tears of parting, now it was almost a relief to know the time had come for new scenes. She had locked the door for the last time; the few remaining treasures saved from the sale by auction had been packed; a little bunch of roses gathered from the favourite tree; the boxes stood ready waiting for the carrier's cart on the now over-grown grass-plot. As she walked down the steps, resolving not to look back lest the full tide of feeling might break forth, sadly and seriously she moved on to carry the key to a neighbour's, where it would remain for the next tenant, and where her aunt was waiting until the luggage was gone, and then they would walk to the nearest station on the Great-Western broad-gauge line, and take the slow train up to Plymouth.

Once the Ralph family had been well-to-do and prosperous. Tenants of that name had occupied the house for nearly two hundred years, as the records of the churchyard and parish books could testify. The last generation had found farming hard work, without profit. It was no wonder it grew distasteful to the two sons, Polly's brothers, because, as they said "bad luck had come to them;" but they made bad worse by drinking, gambling and quarrelling. Then they went off—one to be an agent for a brewery, and the other to America, to better themselves, and leave to their old father and mother the hopeless work of the farm. But no good thing came to them, and the burden grew heavier on the three that were left. The agent for the beer and wine and spirit interest, suddenly disappeared. Then the mother's health failed, and she was carried to her long home. This trouble, with the prospect of certain ruin, in a few years' time brought on the last illness for the father, but before the inevitable bankruptcy came to pass, he died, and Polly, who had been the light and comfort of the home, was left lonely and penniless to the care of an aunt at Plymouth. Everything was sold, but the sale did not realise for the creditors twenty shillings in the pound. Polly went from the old home feeling the honour of their name was gone, that her father died in disgrace, and her brothers were a shame to his memory.

"I wonder," said Polly to her aunt, after they had journeyed on in the train for some time in silence, "who will take to the old place now we are gone; those dreadful words 'To Let,' seem burnt in me."

"Yes, 'To Let' indeed, I never expected to see that while a Ralph remained alive, and what's more, in spite of hard times, it never need have been, if all had done what's right. Misfortune isn't ruin, for many people have become poor, but kept the good name. It's not that's the place is *to let*, but that the good name is gone, that I most mind for: the one's bad enough, but the other is worse. The house ought to have been 'To Let' long before it was. When people let in drink and debt, it's like asking the bailiff's in, or inviting thieves and robbers to come and clear out the home."

These were hard words to hear from her father's sister, but poor Polly knew how keenly she felt, and how deeply she loved all her belongings, and this stern utterance seemed more than she could bear.

"Don't talk like that, aunt; you'll break my heart. It may be all true, but I can't bear it yet. Tell me what I am to do for the future? What can I do for my brothers?"

"That is the right thing we ought to think about; as far as I can see at present there is nothing to be done. We are almost sure to hear of them in time; one of them will be sure to write for money, then we can arrange what to do; till then we can only wait and pray."

In her heart Polly resolved she would go to reclaim her brothers, that one of them some day might come back to the old place, and win again the honour of a good name.

Time passed on. News did come of the brother in America asking for help. Polly made up her mind to go; her aunt consented and enabled her to undertake the journey. The sister wrote, saying the old folks had died—the place was let to another tenant—but on a certain day and hour, at the post office of the town from which he wrote, substantial help would be waiting for him which their aunt would send. Every calculation had been rightly made; Polly herself arrived at the appointed place the day before the time fixed. She kept the engagement and to the wonder and rejoicing of her brother, he found, as she said, substantial help. Her mission was a hard one; but she stood between the drink and her brother until he conquered the enemy that had dragged him down. After many days of sacrifice and service, Polly found a new home and a happy one. She hopes her brother may some day go back to the old home, if it's ever "to let" again; but, henceforth, she is content with the new one, and believes it will never be "*to let*" until she has gone to a better home on high; and "not then, mother," says a little boy called Ralfie.

THE YOUNG ABSTAINER'S LABORATORY.

CHAPTER III.

CARBON (C_{12})

THE young student has already learned that Alcohol—the intoxicating property of beer, wines, and spirits, is composed of three elements — Carbon, Hydrogen, and Oxygen, and that its chemical sign or formula is C_2, H_6, O. Now we will proceed to consider each of these elements, and then to show how all we have learned may be made useful in addressing an audience of Band of Hope children. But first we must make a few purchases. Let us make our way to the chemical warehouse, and there purchase a half-a-pound of chlorate of potash—sixpence; a 3½ inch mortar and pestle—tenpence; half-a-pound of wood charcoal—twopence; a six inch beaker glass—ninepence; and then, from the oil shop, a small quantity of turpentine, and as we are out buying we will call at a builder's and ask him to sell us a small quantity of lime to make lime water; we can get a little lump sugar at home.

All these chemicals, with the others you have in hand, must be carefully labelled and placed in your cupboard in alphabetical order, so that you can instantly lay your hand upon them.

Carbon is written "C_{12}" that is, its combining weight compared with Hydrogen is 12. The term carbon really means coal, it is derived from the Latin word *Carbo*, coal; the French word for coal being *Charbon*.

A piece of pure blacklead, or plumbago as it is called, is Carbon; the charcoal you have purchased is Carbon; the smoke going up the chimney condenses on the walls and forms soot, this is Carbon; and the diamond is only a piece of crystallised Carbon, for, when the chemist burns these things, the Carbon unites with the Oxygen of the air, and each produces the same weight of Carbonic Acid Gas, and nothing more.

Carbon is a very useful substance for destroying the putrescent matter in the air which renders it injurious; thus, if powdered wood charcoal be placed in a room where dead bodies are being dissected, the injurious matter which is floating about in the air will be burned up.

The putrescent matter is converted into Carbonic Acid Gas, which is absorbed by the air, and becomes harmless. When water is passed through charcoal, it is deprived of many harmful substances; and some persons eat what are called charcoal biscuits for the purpose of purifying the blood.

Finely powdered charcoal made from burnt rice, bread, or sugar, and mixed with an equal weight of prepared chalk, makes an excellent tooth powder, for, by its chemical action, the mouth is thoroughly cleansed.

Carbon is found in large quantities in substances where we should hardly expect to find it. Look at your black charcoal and your white lump sugar, and yet sugar is simply Carbon and water; the formula for cane sugar is C_{12}, H_{22}, O_{11}, you see there is exactly half as much Oxygen as Hydrogen, that is, the Hydrogen and Oxygen are in the proportions to form water. Now pound a little of your lump sugar in your mortar, and then place it in one of your tin dishes, place on the top of the sugar a small quantity of *Chlorate of Potash*, this is potash and chlorine, mix both substances carefully with your glass rod. After having cleansed the rod carefully, dip it into your Sulphuric Acid, and place the rod on the top of the mixture; a fierce violet flame will be the result, and in the place of your white mixture you will have a black mass of Carbon. Sulphuric Acid is very greedy for water, it devours the water in the sugar; the heat of the acid is assisted by the chlorate of potash, the mixture catches on fire, and the black mass of Carbon is the result.

You may show the Carbon in sugar in another way. Place half-a-dozen lumps of white sugar in your beaker glass, add a little water to form a strong syrup; stand the beaker glass on a soup plate or old tea tray, add gradually some Sulphuric Acid, and then stir with your glass rod. In a few minutes the clear syrup will blacken, effervesce, rise up in the glass, and flow over, filling the soup plate or tray. The syrup has become so solid that your rod will stand upright in it. The Sulphuric Acid not only absorbs the water used in making the syrup, but also the Hydrogen and Oxygen in the sugar, which you know is in the same proportion as in water.

The reason of the effervescence of the Carbon consists in the fact that the Carbon is in a very minute state of sub-division; it becomes exceedingly porous, and is full of the steam produced by the Sulphuric Acid and water.

This mass of Carbon is often called "a sugar pudding"; but it is very dangerous to touch it, even with the fingers, much less the tongue, and care should be taken not to let it fall about on the floor.

Place a little wool or a small piece of sponge in one of your tin dishes; now pour on the wool or sponge a little turpentine, which you know is the resinous juice of the terebinth and other

trees ; light the turpentine, hold a piece of white paper over the flame, an intense black is the result. This is Carbon, or soot, coming from the turpentine.

Carbonic Acid gas is produced when anything containing Carbon is burned in Oxygen, this gas is a mixture of one part of Carbon and two parts of Oxygen, and is written C O_2.

To perform the next experiment you must either purchase or make some lime water ; you can easily make it yourself.

Place a small quantity of lime in a good sized bottle of water, shake it up several times, and then let it stand ; most of the lime will sink to the bottom, and you can pour off the lime water into another bottle.

Now take about an inch of candle ; bend a piece of stiff wire so as to make a small hook at the bottom ; fasten the candle on the hook, then place the other end of the wire through a piece of cardboard large enough to cover the top of a jam bottle ; plunge the lighted candle into the bottle, allowing the cardboard to cover the top. In a few minutes the candle will go out ; the bottle is now full of Carbonic Acid gas, produced from the Carbon in the candle. You can easily prove this by pouring in some lime water, and then shaking the water, keeping the bottle covered. The clear lime water will become milky, and a sediment of chalk will sink to the bottom of the bottle.

This chalk is formed by the addition of Carbonic Acid gas to the lime in the water—for lime is chalk deprived of its Carbonic Acid Gas ; when the Carbonic Acid is added it becomes chalk again.

Carbonic Acid gas is coming out of our mouths when we breathe. We can show this by blowing through a glass tube into some lime water ; the water will become milky, just as it did in the case of the Carbonic Acid gas in the bottle, and for the same reason.

If you look at a bottle of Carbonic Acid gas, you will see that it is colourless ; it has a slight scent, and a sharp, acid taste, and if breathed in a pure state, that is without the mixture of Oxygen, is poisonous, and produces death. For this reason it is foolish to block up the chimney in a bed-room, because the air coming down the chimney brings Oxygen, which is necessary to replace the Oxygen used up in the blood.

You know that in 1707, 146 British soldiers were imprisoned in a dungeon at Calcutta, which was only 18 feet square ; the next morning only twenty-three came forth alive, all the rest had been poisoned by breathing Carbonic Acid gas.

In the day-time plants absorb the Carbonic Acid in the air ; they feed and flourish upon it. At the same time they give out Oxygen. In the night, however, they give out Carbon ; for this reason they ought never to be kept in a bed-room at night.

In the brewery, when the great vats are emptied, there is always a large quantity of Carbonic Acid gas at the bottom of the vat. It sometimes happens that a careless workman has descended into the vat and lost his life. The proper way to test the purity of the air is by lowering a candle ; if the candle is not extinguished, then it is safe to descend.

It might be considered that since Carbon is so good an agent for the destruction of impure matter, that Alcohol, containing as it does two parts of Carbon, would be useful in the very same manner ; the fact is, however, quite the contrary—Alcohol actually obstructs the burning of the waste matter in the blood.

You know that our bodies are being constantly destroyed ; every muscular movement, even every thought, causes the destruction of some tissues of the body ; these worn-out tissues find their way into the blood, and there they wait to be destroyed. They must be burned up, or the blood will get so impure that the body will die.

The blood is composed of a liquid called serum, in which are floating a large number of little bodies called corpuscles ; these are like little pieces of jelly—some are white, but the greater number are red ; it is the red corpuscles that carry the Oxygen of the air into the blood, and it is the Oxygen that burns up the worn-out tissues. We shall learn presently that Alcohol really hinders the supply of Oxygen to the blood, and so assists to keep the blood in an impure state. It is the burning of the worn-out tissues, and the combustion of sugar and fatty matters that keeps the body warm. Now, there is not a particle of fat in any kind of intoxicating drink, and in some only a very small quantity of sugar.

You must learn, then, that however good Carbon may be in some shapes, it is no good to the body in the form of Alcohol. G.

A BAND OF HOPE SONG.

COME, and rally round the standard ;
There's abundant work to do.
Life is fleeting, time is precious,
And the message is for you.

Work while yet the daylight shineth,
For the night time cometh soon ;
Work, ere yet the day declineth,
Work in the bright hours of noon.

Strive to save thy sinking brother,
Let each one do all he can,
Raise the fallen ; cheer the fainting ;
Help to save our fellow men.

JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON.

PROVERBS.

By FRANK FAIRHALL.

I WONDER what the people did with all their wise thoughts in the days when there were no books or magazines to preserve them in! In those old times folks did not know a good many things that we know now; but their brains must have been much the same as ours. And those brains of theirs must have been exercised, and must have grown, and borne brain-flowers and brain-fruit—sense, wisdom, and mother-wit—or they would have died out. What became of it all? How did they take care of it without fixing it upon paper with ink and types, so that it should not be lost? And how did they spread it abroad without printing a lot of copies to circulate among their friends and admirers?

Why, they did as we do here in the country, where the Fairhall estate is, and where, I am sorry to say, reading is not much in fashion; they talked in proverbs.

Someone told me once that the word "proverb" came from two Latin words—*pro*, for, or instead of; and *verbis*, words—*pro verbis*, instead of (many) words. That does not seem very good grammar; but, anyhow, a good proverb is always short and pithy. Words that are not written down must be brief and striking. Wisdom that is to be carried in the head must be packed small, and it must also be polished until it glitters brightly. If not, it will not be remembered after it is said, or easily found when wanted.

But a proverb should be something more than brief and striking: it should be *true*. Though small it should not be imperfect or one-sided. It is to contain in a few words the sense of what could be more fully expressed in many. It is a parable in miniature—not a chip off a limb of the statue, but the same statue complete, though on a smaller scale. It should be so true that when people hear it they should be able to say: "Yes, that's it; that's just what we all think, but we never heard it put so neatly before." It is—

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest"

or, as Lord John Russell said, "The wisdom of many and the wit of one."

Now I am rather fond of getting hold of good proverbs of all sorts. I don't always stow them away in my head, though. I put the pearls on a string and collect them in books. And when, boys and girls, you are tired of collecting birds' eggs (which is sometimes a very cruel thing to do), and postage stamps (which is expensive), and butterflies (which can only be done in the butterfly season), you may do worse than follow the example of the wise Preacher, who "gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order, many proverbs." That is not a cruel or an expensive hobby, and it can be followed all the year round; in winter evenings, as well as on sunshiny days.

Here, then, is one of the pearls from the string:—

"MAKE NOT YOUR SAIL TOO LARGE FOR YOUR SHIP."

That is a bit of wisdom discovered by different people in different places, and at different times, and put in different words. Somebody once said much the same thing when he invented the proverb about "not climbing too high lest the fall be the greater." In a far-off country I have heard them say: "The tall tree will be carried away by the wind." And the people of Madagascar speak of a loud and empty talker as "Like the cicada, whose voice reaches over the valley, but whose body is not enough for one mouthful." That rather reminds one of the man of similar character, who liked to shout other people down, and his description of Niagara as "an abominable place, where you couldn't hear yourself speak."

The captain has a little ship, but he wants it to be thought he commands a big one; so he crowds her with canvas. There are too many sails, and they are all three sizes too large. In the distance people may think she is a liner; but, as she comes nearer, she turns out to be only a coaster. So the captain is found out, and not only his ship, but he himself also, looks smaller than ever. For *shame* is what *sham* always comes to—if you continue it a little. At a certain grammar-school there was once a boy who bragged very big about his rich "governor," and "our carriage," and his grand "people." One day a testimonial was being got up for one of the masters who was leaving, and the head-boy came to Master Brag and said: "Look here, you know, the other fellows are going to dub up half-a-crown for this; but we couldn't insult such a blue-blooded swell as you by asking for anything but gold, so we've put you down for ten bob." And ten "bob" he had to pay, and to go without pocket-money for the rest of the term. People who make a great display and pretend to be rich will be expected to pay accordingly. They will have to pay a rich man's price when they buy; to go without help that humble folk receive gratis; to give, where others sell; and to spend where others save. There is much truth in the remark that "a miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich."

It is the same with everything, whether you carry a lot of sail to pretend that you are richer, or that you are cleverer, or wiser, or better,

or nobler than you are. Those who show off will be shown up, and those who are lifted up will be taken down. "He that exalteth himself shall be abased." Don't put more in your shop window than you can balance by the stock in the warehouse. Always profess a little less than you practise, and promise a little less than you can perform, and undertake a little less than you have proved yourself able to do. Never imagine that your ship will look any larger because her sails are too big for her. Misfits are no adornment. Boasting and parading will make you look like a little man in a long coat—shorter, not taller; meaner, not finer; more ridiculous, not less so, for displaying yourself in what does not properly belong to you. If you want to be bigger and better little dodges of that kind will not help you. You cannot *by taking thought* add one cubit unto your stature. You must do as even Jesus Christ did—grow to it. Be better, and you will seem so.

Besides, it is a very *dangerous* thing to make the sail too large for the ship. Before the Suez Canal was opened, the first cargo of tea at the beginning of the new season used to be brought from China in sailing vessels. And as there was a reward given to the first arrival the ships used to race. Coming down the China Sea with only perhaps light winds to help them along, the captains would spread every stitch of canvas, and carry much more sail than was safe. Then all of a moment a typhoon would be seen coming upon them, and before the sails could be taken in, perhaps the yards would be carried away, or the masts snapped off, or even the beautiful clipper herself capsized. The risk was so great that often the captains of these "New Tea Ships" never left the deck night or day for weeks together, and some of them were nearly killed with anxiety and sleeplessness.

Do you remember what the wise man says about this kind of thing in the Bible? He uses another figure with the same meaning when he tells us that "he that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction" (Prov. xvii. 19). A man would build his house, and lay out his garden, and put up a wall all round it, with a gate in the wall. But one day he would take it into his silly head, without making the house any bigger, or having more retainers and servants inside to defend it, to "exalt the gate," *i.e.*, to make it higher and larger, so that it was easier to get in and out. It was only a grand frontispiece and nothing more. The neighbours, as they looked at what was done, laughed; for they saw through it. The tax-gatherer, as he passed by, said: "That house is not rated high enough. I must squeeze a little more out of his lordship now." The beggars when they came to the gate never passed by; for they thought there must be plenty of good things going there. And the robbers—the wild arabs of the desert—when they saw it, saw their chance. Instead of having to creep in one by one to take the castle, now that there was such a fine opening made for them, they could rush in helter-skelter on horseback, and get possession before the people inside knew quite where they were. So, wisely said the wise man: "He that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction."

Ah! how many there are who forget that an exalted gate is a weakening of the defences, and that sails too large for the ship are seeking destruction. When Percy Lushington lived at home here with his father he was a decent young fellow enough, and so he was after he went away to London to a situation in a warehouse there. But, after a bit, he was sent round the country to travel for the firm. I remember it well, and how he came home for a day or two before he began his first journey. "Percy, my boy," said his father, "there are lots of temptations to travellers that will be quite new to you. How will you guard against them?" "Oh! I shall be right, father," said Percy. "Yes, but," continued the old man, "you will be in hotels a good deal, and some of your fellow-commercials will live freely and talk badly. They will drink more than is wise, and play cards for money, and say things that a young man brought up as you have been wouldn't even think. I should feel more comfortable if you were to have some settled principles about these things." "Oh, don't be afraid, father," was the reply, "I know a thing or two already, and I can take care of myself. I shall never go too far." But it did not turn out so. Percy Lushington began by "doing as others did." He thought he must taste the delights they enjoyed—"just to see what it was like, you know"—and so having exposed himself to temptation he fell under it. He made the sail of opportunity to sin so large that it capsized the ship of character. He "exalted his gate," and made a way open for a vast inroad of enemies—wicked thoughts, gross desires, evil intentions, bad habits—and thinking that he stood he took no heed lest he should fall. Nobody knows where he is now, for he was so ashamed when he did fall, that he took himself right off out of the country.

Trifling with sin, dallying with the tempter, fancying one's self strong, and so going to the very verge of danger, these are the things which open the way for the heart's citadel to be taken by the enemy; these are the things that make the voyage of life end in disaster. Remember the proverbs:—"He that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction." "Climb not too high lest the fall be the greater." "Make not your sail too large for your ship."

Pebbles and Pearls.

To make a long story short—Send it to an Editor.

Such stuff as dreams are made of—heavy suppers, bottled stout.

If you do what you should not, you must bear what you would not.—*Franklin.*

They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.—*Prior.*

Red used on a railway signifies danger, and says "Stop!" It is the same thing displayed on a man's nose.

A little child having heard that whisky was good for a sprained ankle, asked: "Has papa sprained his throat?"

Until men have learned industry, economy, and self-control, they cannot be safely entrusted with wealth.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labour, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.—*Cobden.*

A little girl was sitting at a table opposite a gentleman with a waxed moustache. After gazing at him for several moments, she exclaimed: "My Kitty has got smellers, too."

At a wedding the other day a broom was sent as a present to the happy bride with the following:

This trifling gift accept from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the bushy part,
In storms the other end.

The *Echo* says the official figures of the Society of Friends show that the average duration of life among them is fifty-nine years, eight months. There is not a sect in the country that can show such figures. But Quakers, as a rule, are teetotalers.

The commission which the Government of New South Wales recently appointed to inquire into the evils of the drink traffic, strongly recommend, in their elaborate report, that habitual drunkards should be treated, not as criminals, but as lunatics.

An Essay on the Cow, *By a National School Boy.*—A kow is an animal with four legs on the under side, one in each korner. It also has two years which wiggle on hinges, as also does the tail. Black kows give white milk, so do white ones. Some kows are black, and some hook. Our kow hooked a dog yesterday. This is all about kows.

Keep not ill company lest you increase the number.

Correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.—*Landor.*

It is a folly to expect men to do all that they may reasonably be expected to do.—*Whately.*

There are more people who can forget themselves than govern themselves.—*Ruskin.*

The first duty of a wise advocate is to convince his opponents that he understands their arguments and sympathises with their feelings.—*Coleridge.*

"Why," said a husband to his wife, "are you always looking in the glass?" "Because, my dear," was the answer, "it enables me to improve my personal appearance, whereas the glass you look into spoils yours."

A patient said to Dr. John Epps, when he told her she must give up beer, "Don't you think that I shall miss it?" "Yes," he replied; "but now you are missing health; is not that worse? You have the choice before you."

There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration. They bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us, and our sins become that worse kind of sacrilege which tears down the visible altar of trust.—*George Eliot.*

Canon Wilberforce testifies that during his serious illness, when he was down to the verge of the eternal shore, he had not one single qualm of remorse, but the smile and approval of the Captain of Salvation, when he remembered the share He had allowed him to take during the last thirteen years in the great temperance movement in the land. What about those who not only stand aloof from our ranks, but endeavour to chill the courage of our soldiers and unnerve their arm for warfare by thinly-disguised contempt?

Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J, GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER IV.—BREAKING THE FETTERS.

"O I thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—Devil."
SHAKESPEARE.

MR. WEATHERLEY sat in the cabin of the *Sweetheart* silent and sad, and on his face were the indications of intense anxiety and emotion. What little Henry had told him had uncovered the past, and brought to his mind the doings of long ago—his early life stood up to accuse him, and recollections of the most painful character filled his brain.

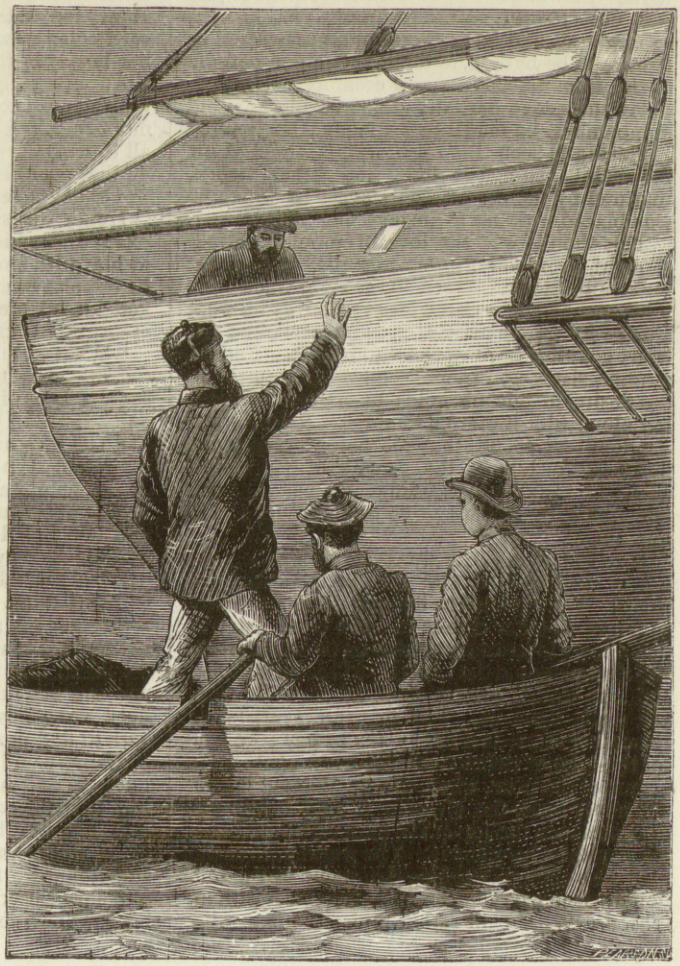
How often we should hesitate before committing sin if we could only know how much the memory of our guilt would torment us in the future. The deeds of to-day are not written in the sand, they are written on the solid marble; we may try to forget them, we may endeavour to bury them in oblivion; but some unexpected event will bring them to light, and exhibit them before our troubled eyes.

Nothing brings the past more vividly before us than the reading of old letters, especially if they are from those whom we have loved, and who have passed away from us. Should the letters scold us or warn us, should they tell us of future sorrows, and if these sorrows have come upon us in spite of all our efforts to prevent them; if we have spurned the good advice of friends, and in consequence are now beyond relief, what a weight has every word! How like a millstone hanging about our necks, ready to drag us to the lowest depths of the sea of regret and pain.

As if in a dream Mr. Weatherley unlocked a small cabinet, and taking out a pile of faded letters he commenced to read. There was hardly one but made his heart tremble and his face blush. The letters were chiefly from father, mother, and sister; some were full of harsh words, of threatenings, complaints, and warnings—the parents could endure his conduct no longer—they were ashamed to own him as their own son. Those from his dear, young, gentle sister, Lizzie, were full of tenderness and love, always giving him hope, and pointing him to the only real source of reform and happiness.

"What a fool I have been," he said to himself. "I haven't the courage of that sleeping boy; he could carry out his principles even before a stranger. I could not endure to be singular, and so went on with the giddy crowd to sin, and thus tarnished my soul with stains that seem impossible to remove."

Could we have read those letters we should have ascertained several important facts concerning the early life of Mr. Weatherley. He had sown his "wild oats" broad-cast—late hours,



bad company, a too great love of pleasure and excitement—all this had been kept alive by a love of intoxicating drinks, till at last he was obliged to recognise the fact that his habits were his master—he had no longer a will of his own. Resolutions were made, but, surrounded by influences he had no power to counteract, these determinations to reform soon gave way. There was only one door of escape open—he must break away entirely from his wild companions ; and then, surrounded by new faces and fresh scenes, he might be able to free himself from the habits that enslaved him. Desperate in this last resolution, maddened with despair at the prospect before him, without consideration, without advice from any, he hurried away from England to Australia. In order that no one should trace his footsteps or recognise him, he changed his name—he was no longer HENRY JOHNSON, he was now JOSEPH WEATHERLEY. He wanted to forget all, and all to forget him ; he wished as it were to be burned, and like the fabled phœnix to rise from his ashes a new creature.

He succeeded partially. He got rid of his old companions, he made new friends ; but having neglected to seek true regeneration, some of his old habits clung to him, and other habits, matured by the new circumstances in which he was placed, rose up to enslave him afresh.

This time it was the love of money. Every thought, every energy was absorbed in the race for wealth; he had struck on the right track—the road opened wider and wider to him as he went along—he found himself growing rich, and his heart growing hard at the same time. Father, mother, sister, and friends—all were forgotten in the desire to pile up gold; he gained his end, but along with it eternal remorse. Returning to England, he found that his parents had gone down sorrowing to the grave; of his sister, Lizzie, he could gain no tidings; she had changed her name in marriage—he sought and found her not.

How soon a man can amass riches if he scruple not to neglect God and man in the getting of them! We need not be dishonest; we have only to forget all other claims, to allow every thought and energy to be concentrated on this one object, and the balance at the banker's will soon increase, and the world, always fond of its rich men, will smile upon us. For this, however, let us remember there is a heavy tax to pay ; he who for the sake of riches steels his heart against the claims of the poor, when the excitement is over will never know the blessing of real happiness, or experience the joy of the man who distributes his wealth as he gains it. The world praises the man who obtains wealth—the name of the millionaire is in everyone's mouth; but this is without reason. We should rather praise the man who, having the opportunity to amass riches, is content to devote some of his energies to good works; and is satisfied with a humble position in life, so long as he can dry the sufferer's tear, and cheer the heart of the orphan.

Mr. Weatherley was rich in worldly goods, but poor in that peace and consolation which goodness and a quiet conscience alone brings. True, he was a little more liberal than in the days past—he was "a jolly good fellow," so people said—but there was a gnawing at his heart that gave him little rest.

No wonder Mr. Weatherley's mind was disturbed by the information he had received from Henry.

Here was a remarkable coincidence. Henry's mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Johnson, his own name was rightly Johnson, his lost sister was named Elizabeth ; his own name was Henry, and Elizabeth Johnson's child was Henry; surely this was the lost sister, who had named her boy after the lost brother.

All this might or might not be true; there were many people named Johnson, and no doubt more than one who had a disobedient brother ; all this mystery might be cleared up if the lost mother could be found ; and for this object he would devote every energy in his power.

Henry was sleeping peacefully, his watch and chain under his pillow ; Mr. Weatherley looked at him with emotion in his heart, and then, with an impulse he could not resist, he stepped forward and kissed the boy, his hot tears falling upon Henry's rosy cheeks.

"What is the matter, uncle?" asked Henry, looking up with his big blue eyes ; "I was in such a beautiful dream—how I wish I could finish it."

"Tell it to me, Henry," said the agitated man.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. I thought I had grown up quite a young man, and that you and I went about among the poor trying to do good, and that one day we found a poor, sick woman; now whom do you think it was?"

"Tell me, tell me, Henry!" said Mr. Weatherley, very much agitated.

"It was my mother ; and to prove it she gave me my father's letter ; and then, what surprised me most, she said you were her lost brother ; and she was just throwing her arms around your neck when I awoke. It's all right, uncle, we are sure to find mother, now."

Henry could not understand why his adopted uncle kissed him so many times, and hugged him to his breast so warmly. The heart of the rich man was becoming softened, the influence of a child was teaching him that there was something worth living for besides riches.

Henry closed his eyes again, and Mr. Weatherley sat down to think.

"Went about among the poor trying to do good," he muttered to himself. How could he do that? He knew that he must first take the beam out of his own eye—he must purify his own soul before he could seek to lead others to the cleansing fountain.

The repentant man did not observe Henry slip quietly out of his berth, till he stood by his side like a white-robed angel, pointing the wanderer to the narrow road that leadeth to eternal life.

"Don't cry, uncle," he said, tenderly; "tell me what is the matter."

"I want to know how to go about among the poor trying to do good, so that we may find your lost mother."

"Then, uncle, I tell you what mother always said: 'If you want to make other people good, you must be good yourself.' I know you are good, for you have been very kind to me."

"Yes, Henry; but I have a deal that's bad in my heart, and I want to get rid of it."

"Then you must pray to God to help you."

"But I have almost forgotten how to pray. Will you pray for me, Henry?"

What a heavenly sight was here witnessed! The bright moon was lighting the waters of the harbour with a silvery radiance; the air was still; everything was quiet and peaceful; there was hardly a sound to be heard, save the splashing of the waters against the sides of the yacht, and the regular tread of the man on the watch.

In the quietude of the cabin knelt the rich man, overcome with repentance and emotion, and by his side the little angel-boy pointing to the Better Land.

Henry knelt down by the side of Mr. Weatherley, then, taking hold of the big hands of the sorrowing man, he said, in simple words, "Our Father who art in Heaven, help us to find my dear lost mother; teach us how to go about among the poor doing good, take away our naughty hearts, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"Thank you, Henry," said Mr. Weatherley, warmly. "God bless you and answer your prayer, now get into bed, and go fast asleep."

This was the turning point in Mr. Weatherley's life. He repented, and he would show that he was in earnest by getting rid of that which was his greatest temptation. He rose up from his knees with a look of determination on his face. Going out of the cabin, he called loudly for Tom.

"Aye, sir," was the quick reply, and Tom very soon made his appearance.

"Tom, open the spirit cupboards: bring out every bottle of wine, spirits, and beer, and over with them into the sea." There was firmness in the command, as if it was meant to be obeyed to the letter.

Tom did as he was bid, his face beaming with pleasure all the time. Tom came struggling up on to the deck, carrying a large basket laden with bottles of all descriptions, Bass's stout, Alsopp's pale ale, fine old Tom, rum, and wine, over they all went into the water of the harbour, making such a clatter, and frightening the fish out of their five senses, if they have as many. Again and again the basket was laden, Mr. Weatherley assisting with his own hands in the work of destruction.

"They're all gone, sir," said Tom, joyfully.

"Thank God, Tom; I'll see who is master now. Not a drop more drink, Tom, will we have on board this yacht; we'll be a teetotal family, captain and crew. I chose a teetotal crew because I thought I was safe in their hands, and now I hope I'm safe myself. Not a word more on the subject, Tom. I begin a new life to-morrow, and for evermore, I hope."

"Yes, captain," responded Tom, "you remind me of the words: 'Old things have passed away—all things have become new.'"

Tom went to his duty; Mr. Weatherley remained alone. He was so excited that he did not observe a small rowing-boat gliding silently over the still waters of the harbour in the direction of the *Sweetheart;* the oars were muffled, and the boatmen did not utter a sound. Like a spectre it glided along. Mr. Weatherley observed it as it came close to the yacht; but overcome with excitement, he stood transfixed with wonder, doubtful whether he was not in a dream, and without the power to utter a word.

The boat stopped as if by a magic hand; the man at the rudder stood up and threw something on to the deck of the *Sweetheart*, and then, quickly and silently the boat glided away.

Mr. Weatherley awoke from his stupor, and hurrying to see what had been thrown on the deck he found a letter addressed to MASTER HENRY FITZGERALD. Opening it with trembling hands, he read: "*Your mother is not dead; she is in pain, and calls for you!*"

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG ABSTAINER'S LABORATORY.

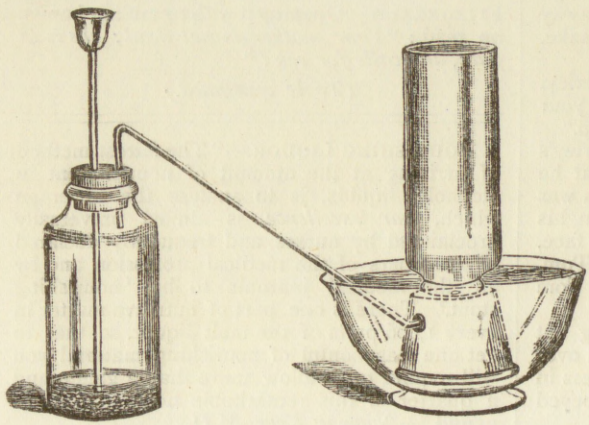
CHAPTER IV.

HYDROGEN (H_1).

HYDROGEN holds an important position in the composition of Alcohol; the term is derived from two Greek words—*hydor*, water; *gennaō*, to produce. You know that when Hydrogen unites with Oxygen water is produced, as you will be able to show presently. Our object is now to show how Hydrogen may be prepared, and for this we shall require some little apparatus, and both trouble and patience. We must again make our way to the chemical warehouse, and purchase a few necessary chemicals, &c. I hope you will not be tired of these monthly visits. You may be sure it is always best to buy just what you want, and no more; this will be a saving of both time and money in the end.

Now you will buy this time—half a pound of Granulated Zinc, three pence; half an ounce Sodium, sixpence; half a grain Metal Potassium, ninepence; half a pound Iron Filings, threepence; a fifteen-inch thistle tube, fourpence; a one gallon japanned tin pneumatic trough, half-a-crown; but you can do without the last article if you wish.

Bring out one of your jam or pickle bottles, and fit a bung carefully to its mouth; it must make the bottle perfectly air-tight, or it is worse than useless. Now make two holes in the bung a little distance from each other. Put a little water in the bottle, and a small quantity of your granulated zinc; into one of the holes of the bung put your thistle tube, and then place the bung in the bottle. See that the end of the thistle tube is in the water, but not touching the bottom of the bottle.



You must now get a length of glass tube, and by the help of your spirit lamp you will be able to bend the tube to the shape required. You must bend about three inches of the tube at each end, only in opposite directions. Place the tube in the flame of the spirit lamp, at the spot at which you wish it to bend, turn it round and round in the flame, presently it will become quite soft and yield *without pressure*. Don't place the heated glass on a cold table, or it may break; it is best to let it rest on something for a few minutes, so that the heated ends are not in contact with any other matter.

Now you can fill your pneumatic trough with water, be sure that the water covers the hole in the shelf. To those who do not wish to purchase the trough, a flower-pot will answer all necessary purposes. You must break a piece from the side of the pot large enough to allow one of the hooks of your tube to pass under. Place the pot upside down in a wash-hand basin of water, seeing that the water covers the hole in the bottom of the pot. Now place one end of the bent tube in the remaining hole in your bung, placing the other end under the flower-pot so that it comes directly under the hole. Now pour very carefully down the thistle tube some Sulphuric Acid, in a moment you will see the water boiling, and bubbles of gas will pass along the tube, let it run for a minute, then fill a test tube with water, and holding your finger over the mouth, place the mouth of the tube in the water, over the hole of the flower-pot. If you use the trough you will place the end of the bent tube under the hole in the shelf, and the test tube on the top of the hole.

Bubbles of gas will rise up in the tube and drive out the water. Hold the test tube downwards and apply a lighted taper, if the gas burns quietly at the mouth of the tube, the gas is pure, the air that was in the bottle has passed off and the gas is fit for use. If the gas burns with an explosion, you must go on testing till it burns quietly. Should you find that the gas does not pass down the tube, the reason may be that the bung does not fit tightly, and the gas is passing out at the top of the bottle, or, if the thistle tube is not *in* the water, then the gas is passing away up the thistle tube. Now fill a bottle with water, and covering the top with a piece of glass, place it mouth downwards over the hole in your flower-pot, of course withdrawing the glass, you will see a rapid succession of gas bubbles as the water passes out, and I think you will say it is a very pretty sight.

When the bottle is full of gas, place it mouth downwards in a saucer of

water, and proceed to fill several more bottles; if the gas comes off slowly, a little more Sulphuric Acid will set it going again.

Be sure to keep all lights away from the apparatus, and go steadily and carefully to work.

If you examine your bottle of hydrogen you will find that it is an invisible inodorous gas; it is the lightest body known, and therefore it is always written H_1, the chemist comparing other elements by this, according to weight; it is 14½ times as light as air, and so is used for filling balloons.

Light a taper and plunge it into one of the bottles of hydrogen, of course holding it downwards; the Hydrogen takes fire and burns at the mouth of the bottle, while the taper is inside the bottle it will go out, but will light again at the mouth.

Hydrogen itself will not burn—like Carbonic Acid gas it will not support combustion—but when mixed with Oxygen it burns with a pale, blue flame.

Now turn a bottle of Hydrogen upwards, and place quickly a lighted taper to its mouth, you see that it burns with a much larger flame than before, because the gas, being so much lighter than air, is forcing its way upwards.

Hold in your left hand a bottle filled with air, the mouth being downwards; now bring the mouth of a bottle of Hydrogen to the mouth of the bottle of air, the Hydrogen will pass up into the bottle of air, and on applying a light it will burn with a slight explosion, in consequence of the mixture of air.

You know that when a candle burns, water and Carbonic Acid gas are formed; but when Hydrogen burns, water alone is formed.

Get a glass tube and soften the end of it in the flame of the spirit lamp; when it is a little soft by rolling it on cold plate the end will become pointed. Now find a bottle, and make two holes in a bung—one to fit your glass tube, the other for the thistle tube. You can cut off enough of the tube to leave about three inches over the top of the jar; place water and granulated zinc in the jar, and then fix your bung. You had better fasten tightly a damp duster round the jar, for fear it should break, and place the jar on an old tea-tray. Now pour in the Sulphuric Acid, and let the gas pass off for a short time, finding out with a dry test tube, as you did before, whether the gas is pure; then on applying a light the gas will burn like an ordinary gas jet.

Place a tumbler over the jet, you will soon see moisture collect on the sides of the tumbler, now if you put some lime-water in the tumbler you will find no milkiness; this is because the Hydrogen has united with the Oxygen of the air and formed water, and there being no Carbonic Acid the lime is not changed into chalk.

You can easily collect the Hydrogen of water, cut off a piece of your metal Sodium, which is made from Soda, fasten round it some wire, sufficient to make it sink to the bottom of a basin of water (be sure that it does sink), fill a large tube with water and place it in the basin over the Sodium.

The Hydrogen will soon drive out the water; you can burn the Hydrogen at the mouth of the tube. If you throw a small piece of Sodium on the surface of the water, it will hurry round the basin, making a hissing sound; it sets free the Hydrogen, but there is not enough heat to set the Hydrogen alight. If, however, you place a piece of blotting paper on the water, and then your Sodium on it, the Sodium will burn with a yellow flame.

Take a small piece of metal Potassium, throw it on the water, you will see at once that a pretty violet flame will be the result, as the metal goes spinning round on the water. Be sure that your fingers are dry before you take hold of the Potassium. The Potassium has the power of setting free the Hydrogen of the water, and of developing sufficient heat to set the Hydrogen alight.

A slight explosion will happen as the flame goes out, so it is well either to stand at a little distance or to cover up the basin with a plate before the explosion happens.

The chemist will give you the Sodium and metal Potassium in a bottle containing rock oil, they must always be kept in this kind of oil, and the bottles should be well corked.

There is yet another way in which you can easily produce Hydrogen, only in this way it is accompanied with a most fearful stench; place some iron filings in a large test tube, with a little water, then add some diluted Sulphuric Acid: you can hold the tube with a band of stiff paper.

Apply a light and the Hydrogen will burn at the mouth of the tube. You must learn that neither Carbonic Acid gas nor Hydrogen will support combustion.

A word here as to the necessity of all young abstainers possessing a temperance library, especially if they are studying with the idea of imparting instruction to others. You should make a start by purchasing "*Dr. Ridge's Temperance Primer*," one shilling. Read page by page very carefully, write out all you can remember, and then write the answers to the questions to be found at the conclusion of each chapter. Don't be afraid of reading the book half-a-dozen times, and of talking about its contents to your companions.

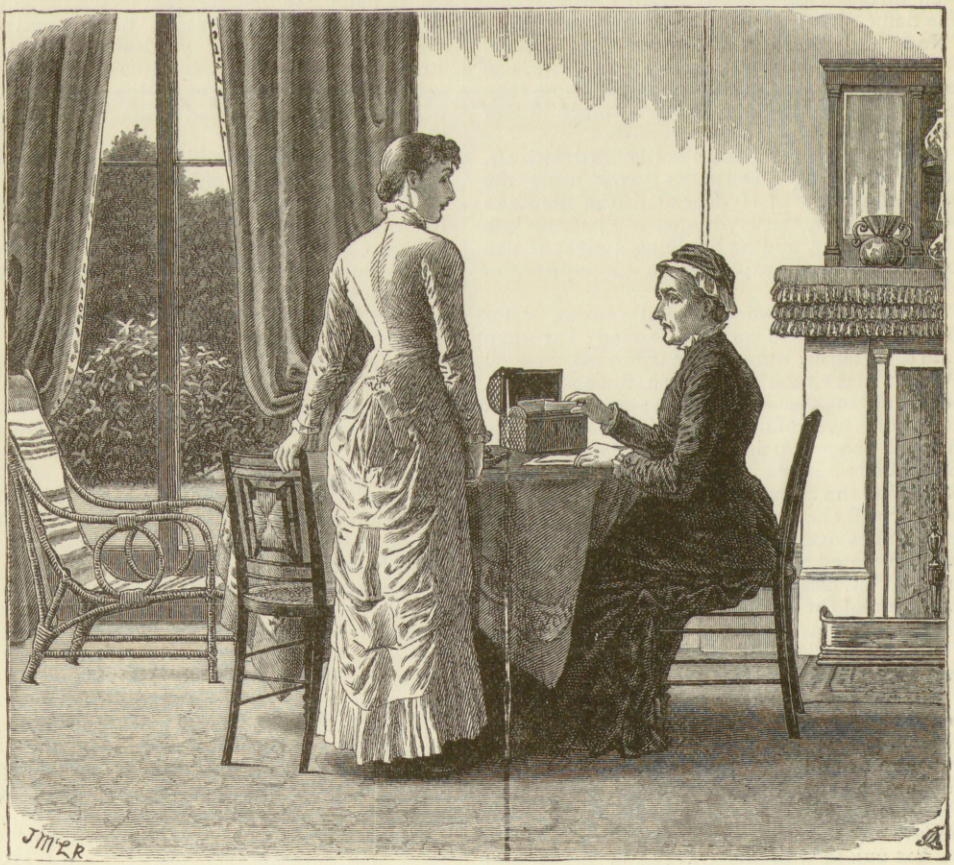
G.

A TRIAL.

By UNCLE BEN.

ONE morning, as Mrs. Dibbin sat in the pleasant little breakfast-room of Lington House, that overlooked the fine, smooth lawn, with its soft, bright green grass and dark evergreens, and rhododendrons, and bed full of gay colour, her daughter Eleanor, came in just as she was going to settle down to clear off some arrears of correspondence. But the anxiety of both was too great to give their minds to any definite work, although Mrs. Dibbin thought it best to make the attempt. Their hearts were being sorely tried that day, for Eleanor, her only daughter, and a young lady of great gentleness, was in almost an agony of suspense, as the man she was engaged to be married to was being tried at the county town, some miles distant, at the midsummer assizes, for dangerously wounding a beater while out shooting.

The facts were these :—Back in the winter, rather late in the season, Lord Malton had given a large shooting party, to which Dalworth Grey son of one of the gentlemen farmers of the neighbourhood, and a good sportsman, had been invited. There were ten guns, and the party were accompanied by the gamekeepers and beaters. Among the latter was a young man, named George Payne, who had never been at the job before. The usual instructions had been given by the chief gamekeeper and every injunction to take due care of themselves. George was interested in the whole proceedings and was anxious to do his duty, and show that he had no cause to be thought a coward, and perhaps had become a little venturesome.



Moreover, as an accident never had been known on the estate, there was little cause to fear, and as the head gamekeeper said, "There were no Cockney greenhorns among the gen'el'm that day—all real county knobs who could handle a gun or sit on horse with one here or there."

All went well till lunch time, which was a brilliant affair, for the ladies drove down from the Hall to share in the feast, and hear how the sport for the day went. Wine flowed rather freely—all were well accustomed to drink champagne, so no notice at the time was taken that Dalworth Grey, a young man of unimpeachable reputation in the county, friendly with all the clergy, and popular with all the ladies, took more than he was accustomed to. After lunch the sport was resumed with more activity, the firing was kept up briskly, and large bags were made. Grey had killed much less than the others owing to his aim being unsteady. The time of giving over was getting near, and he was anxious to bring up his number as the dusk was coming on. When a bird rose it was an easy shot; as he covered it, it dropped a little in its flight, he followed with his aim, fired—missed the bird. In the excitement of the moment he had not noticed how low the shot was. In an instant there was a loud call—everyone rushed to the spot to find George Payne lying on the ground the other side a high hedge in the next field. He was bleeding from a wound in the shoulder.

The accident made a sad end to that day's sport. A doctor was sent for; everything was done that could be done to help and give relief, and the wounded man was taken to his home with all care. Dalworth Grey was left to feel the indescribable horror of his position.

For a long time the poor fellow hovered between life and death. Popular feeling took a strong turn; local indignation rose very high. The story got much exaggerated, and great sympathy was felt for the sufferer. In fact, the neighbourhood became unbearable for Dalworth Grey, and by the advice of his family he went abroad. This step only increased the sentiment against him, although all that money could do or obtain was offered to the wounded man, but the friends would accept nothing—they rejected every proffered kindness as blood-money from the hands of the murderer. They were approached in every reasonable way—arbitration was offered. Miss Dibbin went herself again and again to the house, but all to no purpose.

It was a terrible grief to her; she felt for both as no one else could. She even felt glad to bear the insult heaped on her lover's name when the school children would shout out, "Who shot George Payne?" And when she saw on the walls and barns in chalk the village doggrel,

"Coward, Dalworth Grey,
He's run away,"

she had the generosity to say, "Suppose the case was reversed, how should I feel? I do not wonder some ignorant people, prejudiced against the aristocracy are rude and resentful."

The whole affair became quite a local feud—people were divided between those who sympathised with the sufferer and the one who caused the accident. This bitter spirit helped to make reconciliation impossible. Nothing would pacify the injured party but taking their case to law, and giving people who held their heads up high a public humiliation, and so, after many delays, the case was to come on at the summer assizes.

The trial created the greatest excitement. The case was a strong one against Dalworth Grey; either because of gross carelessness or being drunk and incapable the accident was accounted for, although every step was taken to secure the best legal aid that money could give, and all that influence could do was done to get him off. When the time came, to the astonishment of all the court, the prisoner pleaded guilty, and told simply how the affair had transpired, and said he was ready, as an honourable man, to make any compensation that was possible, or to suffer any penalty, for no punishment could exceed the pain and regret he had endured. He frankly admitted that though he had never been drunk in his life he had, on that day, taken more wine than he ought, and this was the sole cause of the accident.

The jury, of course, returned a verdict of "Guilty," with such strong recommendations for mercy that the judge passed on him the lightest sentence he could, imposing the smallest fine for "the doing of grievous bodily injury" to George Payne, assessing the damages at a nominal figure, with all costs.

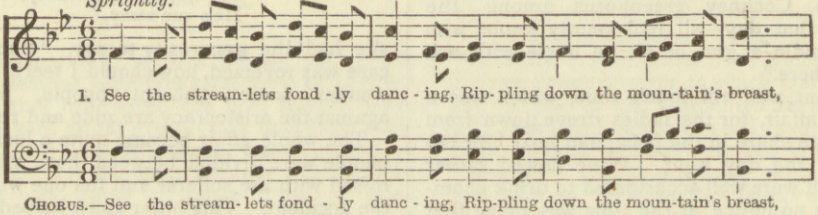
It was a moral victory and acquittal for Dalworth Grey. A messenger was sent with all speed to Miss Dibbin, to tell the result of the trial, and when the prisoner of the morning arrived at Lington House in the evening to meet his betrothed, it was as a hero who had followed her advice when he made his statement in court, and now came back to her to be an abstainer for life.

GRAIN WASTED.—Each year about 80,000,000 bushels of grain are wasted in the production of intoxicating liquors, a quantity sufficient to provide four 4lb. loaves, weekly, to every family in the country.

SINGING SWEETLY.

Words by W. P. W. BUXTON. (*Copyright.*) *Music by* T. PALMER.

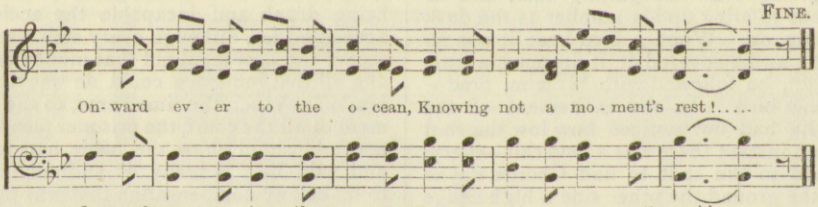
Sprightly.



KEY B♭. *Sprightly.*

|s₁ :- :s₁	m :r :d	m :r :d	r :- :s₁ | l₁ :- :l₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁	d :- :-		
2. Up-ward	soars the lark at	morn-ing, Up to-	wards the a-zure	sky,			
|s₁ :- :s₁	s₁ :f₁ :m₁ | s₁ :f₁ :m₁	f₁ :- :f₁ | f₁ :- :f₁	s₁ :- :m₁ | f₁ :- :f₁	m₁ :- :-			
3. Hear the	mer-ry-heart-ed	chil-dren, How their	laugh-ter greets the	ear;			
|s₁ :- :s₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :s₁	t₁ :- :t₁ | d :- :d	d :- :d | t₁ :d :r	d :- :-			
4. Like the	stream-let, may we	ev-er Light-ly	tread life's thorn-y	way;			
|s₁ :- :s₁	d₁ :- :d₁ | d₁ :- :d₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | f₁ :- :f₁	m₁ :- :d₁ | s₁ :- :s₁	d₁ :- :-			

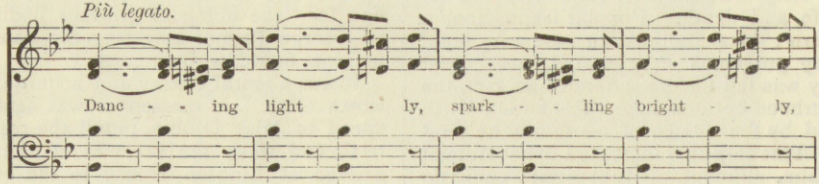
FINE.



FINE.

|s₁ :- :s₁	m :r :d	m :r :d	r :- :s₁ | l₁ :- :l₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | f :m :r	d :-:-|-:-:		
Pour-ing	forth a flood of	sweetness Down up-	on us from on	high!			
|s₁ :- :s₁	s₁ :f₁ :m₁ | s₁ :f₁ :m₁	f₁ :- :f₁ | f₁ :- :f₁	s₁ :- :m₁ | s₁ :- :f₁	m₁ :-:-|-:-:			
Hap-py	in their spring's sweet	sunshine, Smiles up-	on each face ap-	pear!			
|s₁ :- :s₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :s₁	t₁ :- :t₁ | d :- :d	d :- :d | t₁ :- :t₁	d :-:-|-:-:			
Like the	lark, look up for	wis-dom, Lest our	feet should go a-	stray.			
|s₁ :- :s₁	d₁ :- :d₁ | d₁ :- :d₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | f₁ :- :f₁	m₁ :- :d₁ | s₁ :- :s₁	d₁ :-:-|-:-:			

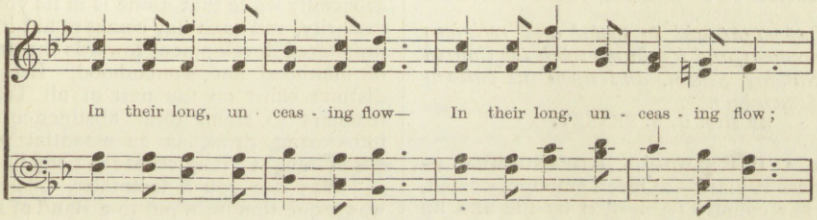
Più legato.



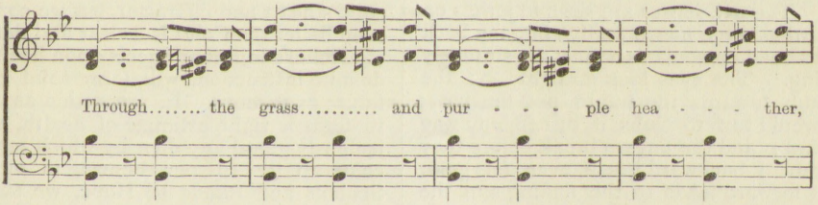
Più legato.

s₁ :- :-|- :fe₁ :s₁	m :- :-|- :re :m	s₁ :- :-|- :fe₁ :s₁	m :- :-|- :re :m	
Light-ly	wing-ing,	up-ward	spring-ing,	
m₁ :- :-|- :re₁ :m₁	s₁ :- :-|- :fe₁ :s₁	m₁ :- :-|- :re₁ :m₁	s₁ :- :-|- :fe₁ :s₁	
Fond-ly	trip-ping,	light-ly	skip-ping,	
d :- : |d :- :	d :- : |d :- :	d :- : |d :- :	d :- : |d :- :	
Work-ing	ev-er,	sloth-ful	nev-er,	
d₁ :- : |d₁ :- :	d₁ :- : |d₁ :- :	d₁ :- : |d₁ :- :	d₁ :- : |d₁ :- :	

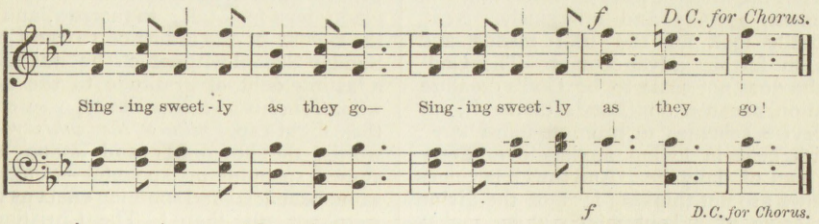
SINGING SWEETLY.



r :- :r | s :- :s	d :- :r | m :- :-	r :- :r | s :- :d	t$_1$:- :l$_1$ | s$_1$:- :-
Mak - ing glad our	hearts be-low—	Mak - ing glad our	hearts be - low;
s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | s$_1$:- :s$_1$	s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | s$_1$:- :-	s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | s$_1$:- :l$_1$	s$_1$:- :fe$_1$ | s$_1$:- :-
Where the fra - grant	blos-soms grow—	Where the fra - grant	blos - soms grow;
t$_1$:- :t$_1$ | t$_1$:- :t$_1$	d :- :t$_1$ | d :- :-	t$_1$:- :t$_1$ | r :- :m	r :- :d | t$_1$:- :-
May we spend our	days be-low—	May we spend our	days be - low:
s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | f$_1$:- :f$_1$	m$_1$:- :r$_1$ | d$_1$:- :-	s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | t$_1$:- :d	r :- :r$_1$ | s$_1$:- :-



s$_1$:- :- |- :fe$_1$:s$_1$	m :- :- |- :re :m	s$_1$:- :- |- :fe$_1$:s$_1$	m :- :- |- :re :m
War - - - bling	forth their	joy - - - ful	prais - - - es,
m$_1$:- :- |- :re$_1$:m$_1$	s$_1$:- :- |- :fe$_1$:s$_1$	m$_1$:- :- |- :re$_1$:m$_1$	s$_1$:- :- |- :fe$_1$:s$_1$
Through the	sha - - - dy	woods they	wan - - - der,
d :- : |d :- :	d :- : |d :- :	d :- : |d :- :	d :- : |d : :
Let us	live and	light - en	du - - ty,
d$_1$:- : |d$_1$:- :	d$_1$:- : |d$_1$:- :	d$_1$:- : |d$_1$:- :	d$_1$:- : |d$_1$: :



f D.C. for Chorus.

r :- :r | s :- :s	d :- :r | m :- :-	r :- :r | s :- :s	s :-:- | fe:-:-	s :-:-
Sing - ing sweet - ly	as they go—	Sing - ing sweet - ly	as they	go!
s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | s$_1$:- :s$_1$	s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | s$_1$:- :-	s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | s$_1$:- :s$_1$	t$_1$:-:- | l$_1$:-:-	t$_1$:-:-
Sing - ing sweet - ly	as they go—	Sing - ing sweet - ly	as they	go!
t$_1$:- :t$_1$ | t$_1$:- :t$_1$	d :- :t$_1$ | d :- :-	t$_1$:- :t$_1$ | r :- :m	r :-:- | r :-:-	r :-:-
Sing - ing sweet - ly	as we go—	Sing - ing sweet - ly	as we	go!
s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | f$_1$:- :f$_1$	m$_1$:- :r$_1$ | d$_1$:- :-	s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | t$_1$:- :d	r :-:- | r$_1$:-:-	s$_1$:-:-

The Band of Hope Movement

As an important aid to social and religious advancement, and its claims upon the Church and Sunday School, and upon all philanthropic workers.

By Mrs. G. S. REANEY.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS ADVANCEMENT.—Frances Willard—a Queen amongst women, blessing her country (America) by life and lip and pen, and giving to England and other lands many a noble impulse, many a God-inspired thought—Frances Willard has said:

"Man's physical make-up, no less than his limitless capacity for growth, proves that we must evermore 'move on.' Watch the pattering footsteps of a little child, his whole bent and inspiration are to step onward, and evermore right on. Nobody can step backwards gracefully, save a society belle, or a well-drilled Acrobat. The five senses are set like jewels on the forward side the house we live in; the back of a man's head or woman's bonnet are strangely uninspiring. The eyes look straight on; the brow bends towards the future, not the past; the feet would turn to clubs if turned any way but forward; and the fingers break before they would grant a backward grasp, even for gold. All going forward leads to the finding and the firm possession of self."

May I venture to add to her words "to the finding and firm possession of self," *that self* which Christ has redeemed, cleansed, sanctified and inspired. His work for us is finished; ours—to work out our own salvation by daily hungering, thirsting, following after righteousness, *growing* in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We admit the must-be; hence *importance* of advancement, socially and religiously. Next, we naturally look for the best means and methods to further advancement. The God-given babe does not cease to be God's creature and creation, because our hands clothe it, our brains devise schemes to promote its welfare; our hearts beat in loving anxiety over every detailed plan of daily life. And thus it becomes true that we are not thinking less of the divine life, the *being* of a soul which alone makes possible all real growth and advancement, when we seek to do our best, as God gives us wisdom and grace, to place that spiritual part of childhood amid healthful and helpful surroundings.

We claim for our Bands of Hope this position. They are healthful and helpful to the children of our Churches. Healthful—because, from a physical point of view, they keep our children free from that which, by its very nature, is so injurious to the human frame, and more especially while that frame is in its youthful immaturity, and each day comes to aid its free and unfettered development towards the full stature of manhood and womanhood. Let it be the distinct effort on the part of all Temperance teachers to claim total abstinence from all intoxicating drink as an essential point in a wisely-taught "religion of the body."

"Why are you a teetotaler, Little Annie?" was a question once put to a Band of Hope girl.

"Because my mother wished me to be" was the answer.

"And you, Jane—what reason have you to give for being a teetotaler?" asked the same gentleman of an older girl, who sat near. Jane—a motherless child—replied simply:

"Because alcohol is injurious to the growth and health of my body!"

Now, we do not dispute the right and power of "mother's wish" in its influence upon a child's heart and character, but we contend that even better than *that* is a clear and definite idea of alcohol's injurious effects upon health. These definite instructions will form solid ground for future experience. In proportion as we are led to form a right estimate of health, so will we jealously guard any door by which injury might come to it. In our homes, in our Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope, we surely need more definite and emphatic teaching to-day upon the religion of the body!

Health in relation to alcohol is still a vexed question with some; to such let us say, in the words of George MacDonald:

"The way to know is to do the known."

The Christian deacon who pleaded that but for the need of his whisky-toddy night-cap, without which sleep forsook his pillow, he would gladly be a teetotaler to-morrow, and thus give the weight of his influence to the Church and Sunday School with which he was allied, owes a lasting debt of gratitude to the aged friend who, from his own experience, assured him that the night-cap, *minus the whisky*—in other words, the hot water and lemon and sugar, sipped spoonful by spoonful—would have the same beneficial and soothing effect as if the spirit were actually there! The Christian deacon, gathering hope from his friend's experience, did "the known," and to-day he knows for himself that "truth is stranger than fiction!" and *facts* are more to be desired than *theories*.

The lady who feared to limit the much-prized privileges of her motherhood did she forego the nursing stout (one of the wolves which, in sheep's clothing, has made such cruel ravages in England's cherished homes of late years), owes a lasting debt of gratitude to the

mother of twelve sturdy boys and girls who, in homely language, says: "Bless you, my dear! A pack of falsehoods! Stuff and rubbish! Try for yourself the blessings of total abstinence, and see with your own eyes how baby thrives, and rejoice to know you never gave the little innocent dear a taste for drink, which might have led to its destruction in after life!" The young mother "does the known," and thereby knows that motherly experience is sometimes more to the point than medical advice.

The young medical student who fears some of the by-ways as he walks the hospital will be injurious unless he claims the friendly aid of alcohol (particularly in the valley of dissection), owes much to the brave doctor, whose years of splendid and successful practice make him an undoubted authority, as he says, with fatherly tenderness: "My dear young friends, well as it is for *me*, in my matured life, to be a teetotaler, it is even better for *you*, while still a student, to have nothing to do with stimulants *for your health's sake*, but to stick to your temperance!"

The student does the "known," and to-day knows for himself that his total abstinence principles have brought him strength, not weakness, in his hospital career.

So much for the mountains of difficulty which sometimes shadow by their height even the plain paths of true-hearted teetotalers when health is in question.

Our Bands of Hope make such teaching and training to the young possible. Nay, we would go further and say that but for the teaching given to our Bands of Hope many of our adult population as well as the children would have remained in ignorance even to this day. It is a noteworthy fact that our National Drink Bill first showed signs of diminution about 1880—*before* the wonderful work known as "the Gospel Temperance Movement"—just at the time when people's minds had been very specially directed to what may be called the physical aspects of the temperance question by Dr. Richardson. The Band of Hope Movement has always, where healthily existing, instructed and enlightened its members; hence, its claim for support and sympathy from all who are anxious for social and religious advancement.

The Band of Hope movement is not only healthful, but *helpful* to the children of our churches. While on the one hand it opens their eyes and instructs their minds, on the other it enlarges their hearts and intensifies their sympathy. How seldom a Band of Hope boy, unfettered in choice, allies himself in after life with the *trade*, which, while gathering to itself riches, makes many poor. Unconsciously he lives out the principle inculcated by teaching and training—largely due to Band of Hope effort—

"Never to mix my pleasure nor my gain
With sorrow to the meanest thing that lives."

The Band of Hope boy or girl learns many lessons of thrift. It is impossible freely to discuss drink and its sorrows without remembering that while the use of stimulants means wasting many pennies, which tell up to pounds; total abstinence means *saving*.

The Band of Hope teaches—or should teach—punctual and prompt habits. It does its part to strengthen home-training on the lines of self-control and self-reliance. The Band of Hope affords many opportunities of displaying little courtesies one to the other. Admitted these may all be secondary to the one vital point—the implanting of temperance principles—but all that is in any degree helpful to the formation of character must be recognised as an agent for good.

We have admitted that social and religious advancement are possible, and to be desired. We allow that the Band of Hope is, in a sense, *an atmosphere* suggestive of this advancement. Now, by the natural sequence of thought, we come to the question—Who are they who, in their very desire for the well-being of children, are those to whom we look to support and enforce the noble work of the Band of Hope?"

Firstly, we look to Christian parents; next, to clergy and ministers, the fathers of the Church; next, to Sunday School superintendents and teachers; and lastly, to all workers for Christ, who, in seeking to labour amongst an adult population, do not forget that the Master included the children in His invitation for all to come to Him.

Now, what are the facts of the case? Do Christian parents all recognise the importance of Band of Hope work? How many find ready excuse to keep back their children from joining; while others, allowing the little people to attend the meetings, try their best to *undo* any direct temperance teaching they may have had as soon as they get home, by themselves taking—"for health's sake" or enjoyment—the alcoholic beverage which their boys and girls have been taught to regard *as injurious to health*, and incompatible with pleasures of the highest kind.

"Alas! alas! my poor Harry!" said a weeping mother one day, "what *is* to become of him. He is only eighteen and unsteady, and *yet* he was a Band of Hope boy!"

"Yes," was the reply of the one to whom the remark was made, "a Band of Hope boy devoted to his loving mother; and that which the Band of Hope taught him, she, by her example at home, helped him to unlearn!"

At last it dawned upon that mother that there had been strange inconsistency. She lost no time in allying herself with a branch of the

British Women's Temperance Union, and to-day, at some ten years' distance of time, we have a sober, God-fearing Harry, and a mother rejoicing that she came to his help not quite too late for his early manhood to be wrecked.

Oh! when will parents see that they only acknowledge the claims of the Band of Hope when they not only allow their children to be members, but when *at home* the life supports, not *contradicts*, the teaching received.

In addition to home support, we look to our clergy and ministers to recognise the aid the Band of Hope movement gives to the social and religious advancement of the children of the Church. But, as a matter of fact, how many Churches in our land to-day have no Band of Hope connected with them? or if they have, they are but poor and feeble offsprings of a vigorous and buoyantly bright parent society. Why is this? Because the most influential members of church or chapel, following the example of clergyman or minister, have practically held aloof from Temperance work.

Oh, the lost privileges of such!

It is on record that a man of fame—a minister of God withal—said again and again in defence of his own standing aloof from temperance, "I hold with the self-control which belongs to moderation. No temperance pledge will save the drink-loving from his drink; while, on the other hand, the sober man could live in a wine cellar and never be drunken." That man of fame walked steadily through life a moderate drinker, and he has passed from human sight through the portal of Death! To-day, three of his sons—all, for the most part, men of mind and culture,—grovel in the mire of drunkenness. The father did not *mean* to lead them astray, but was he not in some measure responsible for training which *could* end thus disastrously? So surely, too, those who guard the family of the Church—the fathers—call them clergy or ministers—are they not a little to be compassioned for not placing around the children of their flocks the tender arms of loving restraint suggested by definite and absolute *total abstinence?*

The same might be said of all Sunday School teachers—fathers and mothers in their classes. Are they not neglecting privileges while they stand aside and leave to some indirect or outside influence the joyful task of leading youthful feet into the safe paths of total abstinence.

I would suggest, let special addresses be given from time to time to Sunday School teachers on their own immediate ground of labour, to enforce temperance principles, and on themselves *personally* and for the benefit of working their class with larger hope of success. Let there be distinctly the aim to interest Sunday School teachers in temperance work as *a part of their* work for Christ (none will question the need when they realise that statistics prove that out of every ten prisoners nine pass through Sunday schools, and, directly or indirectly, *drink* has led seven out of the nine to become prisoners). Once in earnest, and the teacher will feel a Band of Hope Association with the Sunday School to which he belongs is indispensable. He will do *his* part on Sunday to urge temperance upon his class; but the Band of Hope will, with its happy privilege of enlightening and *building up*, cherish and help to mature the good work *begun in the Sunday School.* Some years ago, a temperance address was asked for by an earnest-minded superintendent of a Sunday School, and given up on the condition that after the children had been spoken to they should be dismissed, and the teachers remain. "Alas! they have no sympathy with this," was the timid response.

"It is to create this sympathy that I ask their presence—alone, apart from their children."

The teachers responded to the invitation more from courtesy than inclination, and listeners asked questions, and were interested! "A new light to them." "Certainly, if prejudiced they were open to conviction!" These were their comments; and a pledge book well filled with twenty names of men and women teachers, the result of the conference.

These teachers now work a vigorous Band of Hope, and "The Church" finds itself aroused.

No less important to all mission and philanthrophic workers is the Band of Hope movement. Such workers have but to prove for themselves how they may have their hands strengthened by placing the lambs (so often found wandering in the valleys of low life and surroundings) within the safe fold of the Band of Hope; they have but to prove this to accord to the work the praise and gratitude due to it.

Finally, we urge the claims of the Band of Hope upon all who would gently and carefully train the young to take their place in the world, *to-day—now*, to be a gospel to the sinful, the sad, the suffering. Not only to plant youthful feet upon safe paths, but to inspire hearts and lives to win the wandering from unsafe ways is the work, the aim, object and privilege of the Band of Hope. It says to its noble army of boys and girls, and through them to our English homes, and yet still further to its Churches—

> "Thou art not weak; thou canst refrain;
> Then help to loose the captive's chain.
> Be strong to bear another's load,
> And lead the sinner up to God;
> Stoop down to set the captive free
> As Jesus stooped to conquer thee."

A GOOD WORK.

By Rev. J. JOHNSON, Author of "Dibs," &c.

AMONG the many useful and benevolent works for helping all sorts and conditions of people, perhaps there is none that demands the interest and sympathy of Christian reformers more than that which is manifested in the effort to befriend lads and lasses in their "teens."

The period between school and manhood is of supreme importance in the making of character. There are Young Men's Christian Associations that do much to meet this need, but these institutions only touch a comparatively small part of this community.

Especially is attention called to the requirements of the poorest districts in large towns. When the workshop is closed there is no recreation or amusement of a cheap kind, except the lowest of the music-halls, and places where vice and sin abound. The lads will not, and in many cases cannot remain at home; they have, with few exceptions, no taste for reading, and if they have, the difficulty to gratify it is often very great. There is, in fact, no alternative but to seek the streets and pick up what chance amusement or diversion may come in their way. This constant resort to the streets, only to meet idle friends, is in itself a demoralising influence, and would in time tend to ruin the best characters among the flower of our young men.

To supply this real and vital need, a very successful effort has been made in Manchester, under the name of "The Lads' Club," situated in Mulberry Street, Hulme, a large and popular district of Manchester, where no people of wealth and fashion reside.

The intention of the promoter of this Institution was, and is, to establish a place of resort for boys and youths under their influence, where the members may find a pure place for pure enjoyment; where health and strength shall be developed, and all games of innocent sport shall be allowed. In fact, to make on a small scale for young men what Mr. Walter Besant would call "a temple of joy," where pleasant intercourse and manly recreation can be indulged in without gambling and drink, free from all temptation to tempt and degrade; and where a true spirit of chivalry and a Christian *esprit de corps* should surround and inspire all the members.

One of the stipendiary magistrates of a large city said some time ago: "I know a good deal about the boys of this town, and certainly one great trouble is to know how they are to spend their evenings, and how to keep them from the hands of the police; the subject seems almost too great for individual effort." In response to this, Mr. Alex. Devine and some friends proposed to provide a bright and cheerful place in which the working lads between the ages of 13 and 18 may spend their spare time, and be provided with wise recreation and pleasant occupation of mind.

The way opened; the work grew in their hands; admirable premises were secured; promoters and members shared together much of the labour expended in preparation; all who could lending a helping hand. And now the institution offers the following advantages to its associates:—A capital gymnasium, where instruction is given in all the varied kind of manly exercise now in vogue in the best schools. There are harriers, football, cricket, and swimming clubs; these, of course, are most popular. But other tastes are provided for by recreation classes for instruction in amateur work, such as wood-carving, fretwork, carpentry, drawing, singing, recitation, chemistry, modelling in clay, and mosaic work. Besides this, there is a library selected for lads, of few books, but just adapted for the readers; a chess club which is well patronised; and an ambulance corps is being trained, instruction given to all on what to do in case of drowning and accident.

There are fortnightly entertainments, lectures, recitals, and a service on Sunday evening. Saturday afternoon excursions and picnics are promoted in the summer time. We must add also a penny savings' bank, brass band, and debating society; also, a situation agency for the purpose of obtaining places for decent lads having good characters who are out of work.

But perhaps the chief glory and attraction offered—to the imagination of the lads—is a camp, held during Whit-week "under canvas," in military fashion, in the country, for six or seven days, under the command of officers and gentlemen.

The wants of the boys seem to be provided for in every way. The lads feel the club is their own; they do all they can to preserve its credit

and honour; the air of liberty and proprietorship they exhibit could not be equalled in a London West-end club. The gymnasium on the ground floor occupies the most room of course, but there are work-rooms for carpentry and other pleasant industries; large play-room, where bagatelle and many other games are indulged in; and library or reading room for quiet; with class-rooms, secretary's office, and refreshment bar. The whole institution is as complete as the members desire.

In fact, there is nothing wanting except a temperance organisation in connection with the club; though many of the members are members of the Band of Hope, it has been thought desirable to have a society attached to the Institution; and this will soon be commenced.

The aim to do all this under Christian influence has been steadily preserved. The object is not attained by merely providing amusements free from vice; this is only a means to an end. But the goal of service has been described in the promoter's own words:

"We aim at bringing a number of lads together, assisting them in their various games and occupation; talking with them about their life, their work, their prospects, and thus making friends with them individually, showing sympathy with their troubles and difficulties as well as their joys and pleasures, helping them in a manly and unostentatious manner to become loyal followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and pure and honourable men."

EASTER MORNING.

By MARY M. FORRESTER.

"HE has risen!" "He has risen!"
Earth put on thy verdure sweet!
Wave ye budding boughs to greet Him!
Spring ye flowers to kiss His feet!
Land wake land—let every nation,
In his glory loudly sing—
Let the world its brightest treasure,
To the rising Saviour bring!

"He has risen!" "He has risen!"
With the God-light in His eyes—
Morning with thy rosy fingers,
Paint the portals of the skies!
Let a thousand golden sunbeams,
On His path in beauty fall,
For He rises in His glory,
"Prince of Nature"—King of all.

"He has risen!" He has risen!"
Oh, ye lands, behold Him now!
Not upon the 'red cross' hanging,
With the thorn-crown on His brow;
But in all His power and glory—
In His splendour, in His might—
With a flood of heavenly radiance
In a blaze of dazzling light.

"He has risen!" "He has risen!"
He has burst death's icy chain—
And the wondering heavens open,
To receive their King again!
He has triumphed over Satan,
Death lies conquered in this hour—
Angel voices loudly greet Him,
Heaven and earth proclaim His power.

"He has risen!" "He has risen!"
Pure and white as spotless dove,
While a thousand heavenly voices,
Tell the story of His love;
He's the fond and loving Shepherd,
Who amidst us humbly trod,
He's the Lamb they led to slaughter.
He's our Saviour and our God!

'He has risen!" "He has risen!"
Oh my soul, His praises sing!
Rise thou, too, from earth-bound slumber,
To His sacred garments cling;
He will guide thee through the shadows,
He will light thee through the gloom,
To a life that is eternal,
Through the blackness of the tomb.

AN EARLY PIONEER.

LONG before the wave of temperance burst over the land half a century ago, which now happily exerts such great influence, individual effort—some in high places, some in low—had been made, protesting against the heavy drinking customs that characterised our forefathers.

The family of the De Cliffords were rich and powerful, descended from Richard of Normandy, the uncle of William the Conqueror. The first Lord De Clifford was the father of the beautiful lady—"the fair Rosamond"—whose history the readers of *Onward* are undoubtedly acquainted with; their broad acres were situate in Herefordshire, Yorkshire, and Westmoreland, and in those districts their influence was almost unbounded. But it is of a lady—a descendant of this noble family—that this paper speaks; she, Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, lived at her castle at Appleby through the reigns of James the first, Charles the first, the Cromwellian Protectorate, and Charles the Second; she, loyal to the crown, fortifying her castles, and fighting the soldiers of the Commonwealth; strong and resolute in character, conservative in most things, *yet she plainly saw the evil wrought by drink, and all her life abstained from intoxicants.* To do so in those days was a marked thing. Opinions from reign to reign diverged as the poles. The rough sport, the folly, the mirth, the fun, the bull-baiting, the village revels of the time of Charles the First, gave way for a time to the Puritan ideal, when such occupations were deemed to be great sins; when everything was conducted with prim decorum; when it was thought superstitious to keep Christmas, to deck the house with holly, and to dance round the village maypole.

The restoration of the second Charles altered all these things again, and life and morals became more corrupt than at the time of the defeated king, when hard drinking and swearing; when a perfection in wickedness became the marks of a fine gentleman; when men, women, and children drank beer at every meal. Yet, through all this the Countess unchangingly lived an upright life, engaged in the management of her estates, in making the interests of her tenants and neighbours her own, and doubtless in endeavouring to extend her sound views of temperance on all sides. She lived to a good old age, beloved and respected, and at her death, one who knew her well, said: "She had a clear soul shining through a vivid body, her body was durable and healthful, her soul upright, of great understanding and judgment, faithful memory, and ready wit."

Cruel Fun and Happy Sorrow.

ONCE it fell upon a day,
In a cold December,
A farmer's boy had shot a bird,
In sport, if I remember.

That same day a little girl
Found a wounded bird in pain;
She nursed it long in sorrow's care,
Until it flew again.

Ah! boy in sport, and girl in grief,
Say what is fun and sorrow?
For what is pain to-day may be
A joy, perhaps, to-morrow.
And what just now is fun to thee,
May bring regret to-morrow.

J. JOHNSON.

Pebbles and Pearls.

THE A B C OF DRINK.

By EDWARD E. KIDDER.

A is the Alcohol—deathlike its grip,
B the Beginner who "just takes a sip."
C the Companion who urges him on,
D for the Demon of drink which is born.
E the Endeavour he makes to resist,
F for the Friends (?) who so loudly insist.
G for the Guilt which he afterwards feels,
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels.
I his Intention to drink not at all,
J for Jeering that follows his fall.
K is his Knowledge that he is a slave,
L for the Liquors his appetites crave.
M the convivial Meetings gay,
N is the "No" which he tries hard to say.
O for the Orgies which then come to pass,
P for the Pride which he crowns in his glass.
Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound,
R for the Ruin that hovers around.
S for the sights which his vision bedims.
T for the Trembling that seizes his limbs.
U for his Usefulness, killed in the slums,
V is the Vagrant he swiftly becomes.
W the Waning of life nearly done,
X his Extinction, regretted by none.
Youth of the nation, such weakness is crime;
Zealously turn from the tempter in time.

(This can be used as an exercise for twenty-six little boys or girls, each reciting a line.)

TEMPERANCE LONGEVITY.—A comparison has been made between the returns for eight years of the Rechabite Order, whose members are all abstainers, and the Oddfellows (M.U.), some of whose members are abstainers and the remainder non-abstainers. The area of comparison was their respective Bradford districts, with the following results :—

ODDFELLOWS.

(Term, eight years).
Average Sickness, 13 days 10 hours.
Payments for Sickness, 13s. 1d.
Death Rate, 1 in 44.

RECHABITES.

(Term, the same eight years).
Average Sickness, 4 days 2 hours.
Payments for Sickness, 5s. 9½d.
Death Rate, 1 in 141.

If there were no abstainers among the Oddfellows, the difference would be still greater in favour of teetotalism.

OUR HEARTS.

OUR hearts are watches, and every beat
Is a tick that registers Time's retreat;
In the Father's mansion, with marvels rife,
Is the key that has wound them up for life.

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

POMEROY'S *Advance Thought* says:—"Sending whisky and Bibles by us for the heathen is like rubbing arnica on a sword and claiming it will thus heal the wound it makes."

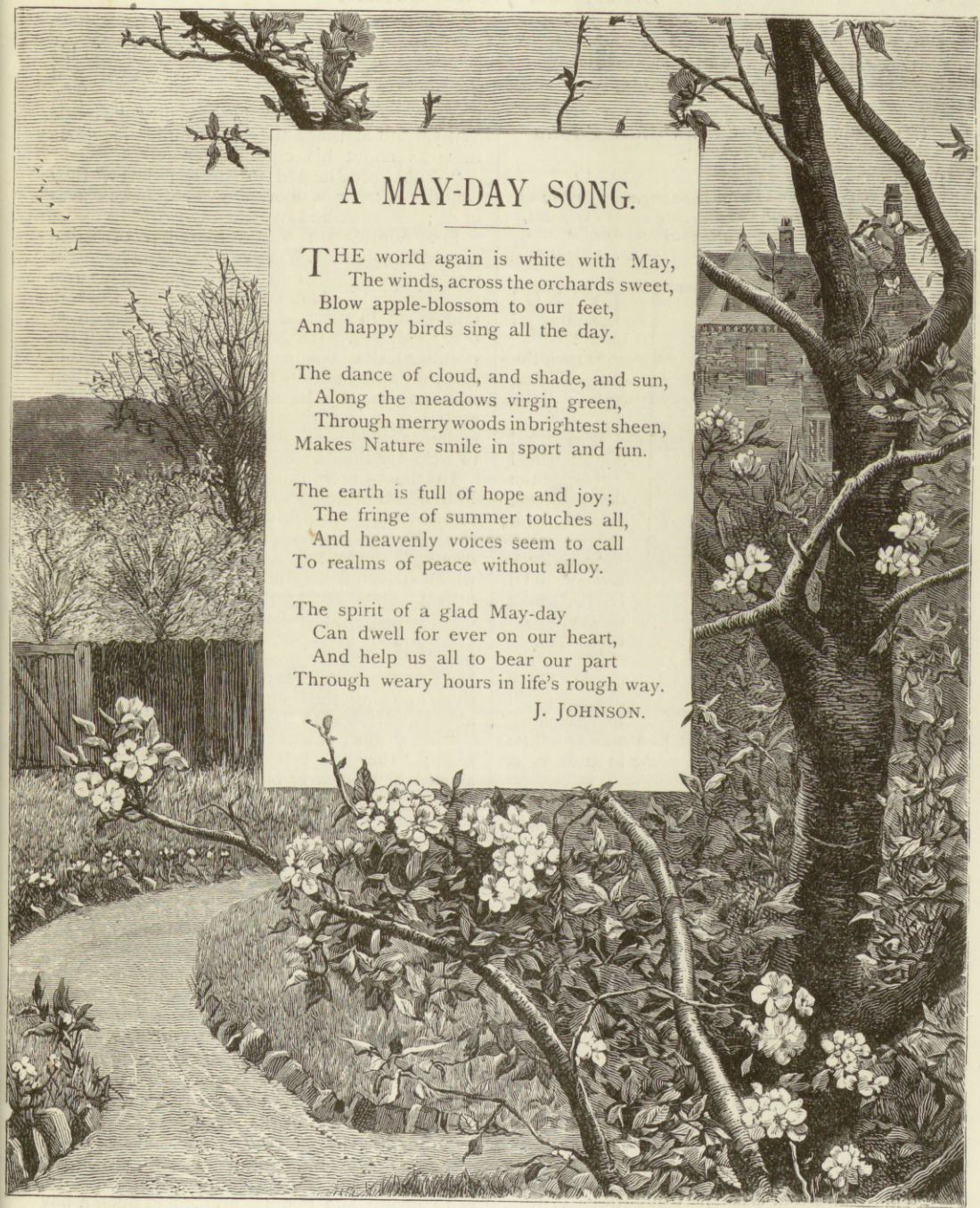
"THE QUIVER" ON "THE ALLIANCE."

IN the March number of *The Quiver* there is a brief but admirable article on "The United Kingdom Alliance," and it is illustrated with excellent portraits of the leaders of the movement. We have the likenesses of Sir Wilfred Lawson, M.P., the Rev. Dawson Burns, D.D., Samuel Pope, Q.C., and four medallions, giving us the well-known faces of James H. Raper, Dr. F. R. Lees, Benjamin Whitworth, and T. H. Barker.

With these portraits there is an interesting sketch from the founding of the Society on June 1st, 1853, under Nathaniel Samuel Bowley and Silk Buckingham, to the present position which this great Association holds in the National life.

For thirty-five years the aim of the Alliance has been steadily pursued, namely, the suppression of the liquor traffic. The growth of the movement has been most remarkable, and is illustrated by the increase in its money support. The first subscription list brought in an income of £900; the income of the last financial year was over £11,800. The first stage of its history was under the "Permissive Bill"; the second and more popular stage has been that of Local Option.

We recommend to our readers this valuable epitome of what is now a National Institution, which, by the catholicity of its spirit and the skill of its promoters, is destined to leave its indelible impress on the history of England.



A MAY-DAY SONG.

THE world again is white with May,
The winds, across the orchards sweet,
Blow apple-blossom to our feet,
And happy birds sing all the day.

The dance of cloud, and shade, and sun,
Along the meadows virgin green,
Through merry woods in brightest sheen,
Makes Nature smile in sport and fun.

The earth is full of hope and joy;
The fringe of summer touches all,
And heavenly voices seem to call
To realms of peace without alloy.

The spirit of a glad May-day
Can dwell for ever on our heart,
And help us all to bear our part
Through weary hours in life's rough way.

J. JOHNSON.

Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER V.—TRIED AND NOT FOUND WANTING.

"Do right though pain and anguish be thy lot,
Thy heart will cheer thee when the pain's forgot;
Do wrong for pleasure's sake, then count thy gains,
The pleasure soon departs, the sin remains."
—ANONYMOUS.

BANG! bang! bang!

"Open the door, will you, or I'll call the Doctor."

Bang! bang! bang!

"Open the door, will you, or I'll burst it open."

"Kick away, old fellow," said a quiet voice on the other side of the door; "kick away, you'll never succeed by such means; if you had shown a little politeness, you should have come in at once, as it is you must wait."

When the door was at last opened, the enraged speaker expected to find its occupants engaged in some forbidden amusement, but he was doomed to disappointment. There was a stillness as of death, and everybody was in bed and apparently fast asleep.

"Somebody has been letting off fireworks; I am sure I heard banging, and I saw flashes of light; I can smell the sulphur now. I'll punish every one of you, from the youngest to the eldest."

Not a voice responded to the threat; not a sound was heard but the deep breathing of the sleepers, occasionally interspersed with a most natural snore.

"I'll bring your conduct before the Doctor. You know the time for sleep is from nine in the evening to six in the morning; how dare you remain out of your beds till eleven o'clock at night?"

It was no good; no one replied, and the speaker in despair turned and went out of the room.

This gentleman was Dr. Wilberforce Wilson, the third master at Marsden College, of which Dr. Whittemore was the principal. Dr. Wilson was a stout, irritable man, a good teacher in his way, a strict disciplinarian, with an iron will, and a determination to be obeyed at all costs. The boys spoke of him as "Sweet Willy," "Gentle Willy," and at times they made other facetious remarks about his christian name.

"Wilberforce helped to free the slaves," they would say, "our Wilberforce would make slaves of us; we won't be slaves to any man."

Dr. Whittemore was a thorough Christian gentleman, and Mr. Weatherley thought he might safely trust Henry in his hands. He had his own peculiar ideas about education, which were in opposition to most of the systems adopted at other colleges. He believed in finding out the peculiar traits of a boy's character, and within certain limits to allow his scholars to select their own course of education. He abolished the system of giving prizes for every little attainment, as he wanted his scholars to love their work, and to work for the love of it.

In the winter time the common room at Marsden College presented a very curious sight; one boy busy at work with a box of tools, trying to make a doll's house for his sister; another driving a model locomotive along a line of rails which stretch from one end of the room to the other; some trying their hands at painting; others reading; others again even making experiments in elementary chemistry. It was here, in their play hours, that Dr. Whittemore learned the true character of his boys, and by thus knowing the bent of their minds he was able to advise as to their future positions in life.

"They must learn Latin," said the good old man; "they must try to talk French. Why should they not carry out their own ideas in play?"

Among those who had commenced the study of chemistry on his own account was our young friend Henry Fitzgerald, or Fitz, as the boys called him.

Henry was now ten years of age. Three years had made a vast difference in his size and appearance; the barber had ruthlessly cut off his golden locks; he was much taller; and the many happy months he had spent on board the *Sweetheart* had given him such limbs and such a face that his own mother would hardly have recognised him. A private tutor had done much to cultivate Henry's mind, and when he arrived at his tenth birthday Mr. Weatherley thought it was time he should commence life's battles in earnest, and that a well-conducted college was not a bad place to begin.

Among the boys Henry soon became a general favourite. Frank in his manner, liberal in his gifts, full of fun, and a great lover of hard work, with health and talents, how could such a boy help being happy? Now and then a shadow came over his enjoyment as he thought of his

lost mother, and the mysterious letter his father had written him. Mr. Weatherley had kept secret the anonymous communication that had been thrown on the yacht ; at the same time he had made enquiries, but without success.

Mr. Weatherley had instructed Henry's tutor to give the boy an insight into the nature of intoxicating drinks ; for he was convinced that many, like himself, became slaves to the drink as much from ignorance as any other cause.

Henry had learned that the chemical sign for alcohol is H_6 C_2 O ; he had learned a little concerning the properties of hydrogen, carbon and oxygen, and he had been charmed with the brilliant experiments that his tutor performed with phosphorus and charcoal burned in oxygen. He was not old enough to enter the chemistry class at the college, but there was no reason against his learning a little before doing so. On the previous day to Dr. Wilberforce Wilson's unexpected visit to dormitory No. 1, in which Henry slept, he had received from Mr. Weatherley a box containing a quantity of chemicals and chemical apparatus ; these he had conveyed to his dormitory, and like a child with a new toy, full of anxiety to have a trial at his new study, he was tempted to have a private rehearsal in making some hydrogen gas.

The pneumatic trough was filled with water ; the flask and bent tube arranged ; the zinc chippings, water, and sulphuric acid added. Henry then proceeded to fill several gas bottles with the gas ; when he applied a lighted paper to the bottles, loud explosions were the result. It was these explosions that had chiefly roused Dr. Wilberforce Wilson's temper, and caused him to bang at the dormitory door for admission.

Henry, in the course of his experiment, had made an important error ; he had forgotten to fill the tube with water, before allowing the hydrogen to enter ; consequently, atmospheric air and hydrogen mingled, and when a light was applied there was a loud report. In addition to this Henry had performed an experiment to show carbon in sugar. Some powdered lump sugar mixed with chlorate of potash was placed in a tin dish, and upon this a drop of sulphuric acid was placed. The result was a brilliant light, a mass of carbon, and a very unpleasant odour. The explosion, the brilliant light, the disturbance in Dr. Wilson's olfactory nerves, and the fact that the Fifth of November was near at hand, convinced him that the boys had been letting off fireworks.

Dr. Whittemore received Dr. Wilson's report in his private room. He was very much annoyed at the folly of the boys.

"And whom do you suspect as the guilty party, Dr. Wilson?"

"I suspect Alexander Mountain. I know he had fireworks in his possession, and he is a most mischievous boy."

"Thank you, Dr. Wilson, I will attend to it," said Dr. Whittemore, as Dr. Wilson bowed himself out.

Alexander Mountain was Henry's chum ; they knew each other's boyish secrets ; they roamed the woods together ; they went rowing and bathing together ; they were the Siamese Twins of the college ; in a word, they respected and loved each other.

"We shall have a jolly row to-day," said Alec to Henry the next morning after the visit of Dr. Wilson. "Won't Sweet Willy give it us for disturbing him ; I expect we shall have a warm time of it."

"Yes, you are right ; I am very sorry I broke the rule about going to bed," answered Henry, "but the fault is not half so bad as he suspects."

When the scholars were assembled for prayers, Henry and Alec could not help noticing the Doctor's serious looks ; evidently a storm was brewing. Prayers over, the boys were just on the point of separating to their various classes, when Dr. Whittemore said, in a solemn voice: "I have a serious charge to make against some one or more of the boys who sleep in No. 1 dormitory. Dr. Wilson reports to me that last night fireworks were let off in that room. This is a most serious offence ; we might all have been burned in our beds ; the culprit must be discovered and punished. Alexander Mountain, you are suspected of being guilty of this offence, come forward and clear yourself, if you can."

The announcement caused quite a sensation in the room, and every eye was fixed on Alec, as he moved from his seat, walked straight to the desk, and stood with head erect, as if to defy the coming storm.

"Alexander Mountain, are you guilty of this offence?" said Dr. Whittemore, solemnly.

"I am not guilty, sir," was the firm reply.

"Did you have any fireworks in your possession yesterday?"

"Yes, sir, I did ; and I have them in my possession now."

"Did you let off any fireworks yesterday?"

"No sir, I did not."

Dr. Whittemore looked troubled ; he did not believe Alexander would tell a lie ; he had watched him both in class and in play, and believed him to be a truthful lad.

"Go to your place, Alexander," said the Doctor; "the guilty boy is in this room, and until he confesses his fault, every boy who slept in No. 1 dormitory last evening is under suspicion."

"That shall not be the case, sir," cried a tremulous voice; and the scholars started as Henry, getting up from his seat, walked up to the desk with a firm step, and a determined look on his face.

"I am the guilty one, sir," he said; "but neither myself or any one else is guilty of the offence charged against us."

"Explain yourself," said the Doctor.

"Last night I was trying my hand at some chemical experiments, but there was not the slightest danger of setting the college buildings on fire; the explosions Dr. Wilson heard, and the flashing lights he saw, were caused by me; I alone am guilty, and I humbly crave your pardon for the offence."

"Come to my room, Fitzgerald," said the Doctor; "boys go to your classes."

When Henry was *on the carpet*, as the boys called it when they were taken before the Doctor, he felt a little nervous; at the same time he was conscious that he had done right in confessing his fault, and in shielding others from blame.

"Henry, I am proud of you," said Dr. Whittemore, grasping the boy by his hand, "you had no right to stay up late, but you have done right in boldly confessing your fault, and in trying to shield others from blame. I am proud of you; you will make a noble man if you are able to speak the truth, and to carry about with you a clear conscience."

"Thank you, sir. I was a little hasty in trying to perform a few experiments."

"No harm can come if you are careful; but why are you so anxious to learn chemistry? you are not sufficiently advanced in other studies to join the science class."

"Excuse me, sir, I will tell you the truth. My dear mother and my noble adopted uncle, Mr. Weatherley, have both taught me that all intoxicating drinks are bad, and that ignorance of their true nature is the cause of much intemperance. I am studying that in the future I may be able to tell to others what I have learned on these subjects."

Dr. Whittemore looked astonished; he little thought that such a spirit resided in so mild a boy; he did not know that this was the fruit of a mother's teaching years ago.

"I am glad to hear you talk so, Henry; continue in this good way. Remember, however, that there is a time to sleep as well as a time to perform experiments; don't frighten Dr. Wilson any more. Now go to your class."

When Henry had gone out the good Doctor bent his head on the table and began to sob like a child. Henry's words had opened a fountain of grief in his heart. In the dim past he had a son who was, like Henry, a noble high-spirited boy, but now he was a ruin and a disgrace. "And I," said the Doctor, in great agony, "I am not free from guilt, for I taught him to drink at my own table."

(To be continued.)

"Our Girls."

By OLD CORNISH.

CHAPTER III.

"LABOUR PHYSICS PAIN."

A WAY back at the far end of last summer I was in Paris—that park-like City of fair and fertile France. Among the many things of interest that came in for a peep was the Louvre, with its magnificent collection of paintings. Standing one day in the gallery, there arrested my attention a rosy-cheeked English girl—a little more than half-way through her teens. She was just fresh from school, and, in company with her mamma, was making a tour of the Continent before settling down to the real business of life. She too was admiring the pictures, and as her eyes rested upon one—a little bit of English landscape, which the artist had thought fit to transfer to canvas, wherewith to adorn a Parisian wall—she excitedly exclaimed: "*Oh, mamma, how lovely! I wish I could paint like that!*"

It was a noble wish; and as I wrenched my eyes from the girl, and flung them on the canvas on which she gazed, and called to remembrance that all that colouring and skill were the results of long laborious toil, and that the artist had begun as a child to mix his colours and to use his pallet, I found myself mentally moralising thus:—

Yes, noble pictures come of noble deeds; and the sooner tastes are corrected and habits formed, the lovelier life itself will be. Therefore, my girl, use time well, and upon you, as upon a picture, a thousand times ten thousand eyes shall gaze, and of you a thousand times ten thousand lips shall say: "*Oh, how lovely! I wish I could live a life like that!*"

Nor was that English girl in the gay capital of France the only one whom I had in my mind at the time. She was, so to speak, the representative of many more; and there is not a

maiden in the land, whether she be in hall or hut—in palace or in peasant's cot—for whom I would not breathe the same ardent wish, and for whom I would not offer the same earnest, heart-felt prayer.

Yes, account for it as you may, I am quickly moved. A bird on the wing—a ship on the sea—a lamb in the meadow—aye, even a violet amid the tangled brush-wood of a country lane, will send the blood pulsating through my veins; whilst the sight of a maiden with the bloom upon her cheek, and the fire-flash in her eye, and elasticity in her step, and the rich rippling music from her laughter-loving soul, will set my spirits all aglow, and send the warm "God bless you!" as on wings of fire to heaven.

But stop! I must not allow these exciting things to run away with my pen, for I have just a few sober words to say to you girls, who, having done with school, are settling down to the plain matter of fact of every day life.

Now some of you, I know, have wealth at your command, and with you the temptation to indolence may possibly arise; but by far the majority of you, I guess,—as cousin Jonathan would say—will have to work for your living. But whether rich or poor, whether high or low, you should

Form the Highest Estimate you can of Work.

Don't bemean it by a thought. Don't defile it by an expression. Don't go about with a proud and pompous air as if you were the solitary but splendid exception to the old Adamic rule. Don't be afraid to soil your soft lily-white hands as if there were no water in the world to wash them white again. Don't carry yourself so high as if you could never stoop to put a lace into a shoe, or a stitch into a skirt. Why, bless you my girls, God made you to be happy—and you may lay it down as an indisputable fact, that He has centred a large proportion of your happiness in homely household work.

Good, common-sense John Ruskin once said—and I am sure he is right—"The law of nature is that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it—if food, you must toil for it—and if pleasure, you must toil for it."

Now, I am far from giving utterance to the absurdly foolish expression that the only sphere in which a girl can work is in the home—and I would not be guilty of such ungallant behaviour as to assert that the highest intellectual employment in which she can engage is in making of beds and in brushing of boots—in polishing the grate and in cooking the dinner—in setting the kettle on the hob, and in sitting in solitude and silence awaiting her lord and master's return. But this I do assert, and I assert it with all the earnestness and intensity of my nature—That as you girls are one day to have households of your own, it is of the very highest importance that you should know the whereabouts of the kitchen, and how to darn a stocking that is in danger of running down at the heel.

Yes, you may smile at the remark, but there is sound philosophy in the expression.

Why, some of the saddest sights I have seen have been at the doorstep of a dwelling, and within the precints of a house that has forfeited every right to be called a home; and I do not wonder, though I greatly regret, that under such circumstances men should resort to the "pub," or the "gaff," the theatre, or the singing saloon. Oh, if for the nonce I could act the part of a tyrant, wouldn't I insist that girls should be as familiar with household arrangements as they are with their multiplication table, that they should be as neat with their needle as they are with their pen, that they should know how to knead the dough, and bake the cake, and mind the baby, and brush the floor, and brighten the hearth, and, in fact, from the doorstep to the attic, should make home, though it be the humblest cot in creation, the cheeriest and most charming spot under the sun.

Ah, some of the brightest and most blessed memories of to-day are of the home—the cleanliness of the doorstep—the grate as bright as polished steel—the beaming look—and the welcome voice that was as warm as a mother's love; and, say what you will, it is nevertheless an indisputable fact, that society is far more indebted to the homes of England to-day than to any other institution you can name. Therefore, my girls, upon whom so much responsibility rests—upon whom devolves the sacred and most imperative duty of perpetuating the happy English home—it behoves you to keep abreast of the times, and to resolve that in matters pertaining to the household you will earn for yourselves the words of Solomon the wise:—

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

Now whilst insisting upon home and household work as having special and primary claims upon every girl in the land, am I not insensible of the fact that many, if not most of you, must, at least for the first few years of your life, find employment in a variety of ways—in the market and at the mill—in the factory and at the farm—in the counting-house and at the counter—in the shop and at the store; in fact at every conceivable post, and in every imaginary position, and what I want you to remember is this—That you may make the commonest and every-day

routine bright with the inspiration of a righteous life.

O ye merry maids of England, ye who with beaming looks and brightened eyes, and voices as sweet as the song of the woodland bird go forth to the duties of your daily life, see that ye shed the saintliness of your womanhood upon the great trampled-upon world ; and where the hard hand of finance, with its iron grip, would crush out of existence the sentiment and sympathy that God has put into the soul, let the gentleness of your behaviour, and the brightness of your example, and the tenderness of your spirit, and the sanctity of your speech, exert a high and hallowing influence, until, at length, from the callousness of a cold and cowardly world, you shall soften, and subdue, and save.

"Girls of brain and girls of heart,
Who are ready to do their part ;
Willing to lend a hand on the way,
These are the girls that are wanted to-day.

Girls of strength and girls of will,
Ready any place to fill ;
Willing to work with all their power,
These are the girls that are wanted this hour."

But suffer me to remind you as a matter of the very highest importance—

That you should put Soul into your Work,

and don't, I entreat you, be going about as if you begrudged your daily strength, as if by some unaccountable accident you had been pitched out of your proper position, as if like the man who was

"Born for something great,
But died a grocer"—

you had somehow or other got out of the way of promotion, and that the world would never be right until you had got redress for your imagined wrongs.

Really, I have no patience with those girls who are everlastingly thinking that they are too good for their position—like the scullery-maid who insisted upon being called a "mother's help," or the nurse-girl who must be "governess," forsooth! Why, it were a thousand times better if, with sleeves tucked up to the elbow, they were to make themselves indispensable to the happiness of the household.

That was a splendid bit of advice given by a motherly old matron to a maiden who was about to leave her village home for city life.

"Now, my dear," said she, "don't 'ee be afeard o' a bit o' work. And don't 'ee think that yer can ever do too much. Make yer missis feel that she can't do without 'ee, my dear."

And homely as were the old matron's remarks, they are worthy of a place amongst the best proverbial expressions. The fact is that the great need of to-day—a need which is felt in the home, in the shop, in the mill, and in the market-place—is girls with both soul and sense. Not fragile figures, encased in steel; not padded humdrums, all smiles and bows; not worthless waxworks, with rouged faces and crimped hair. No, no! the world has enough of these, and the earnest cry of society is for honest, healthy, happy, whole-hearted girls—girls who shall one day become women of the noblest type, mothers with the warmest hearts and the wisest heads, who shall rule their households with discretion, and from whose dwellings there shall go forth sons and daughters to adorn society and to enrich the world.

That was a splendid testimony to the value of true religion borne by a servant girl—that ever since her conversion to God *she had dusted under the chairs.* And—

"A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

Yes, you may lay it down as a fact, that a broom-handle in the hands of a conscientious girl can be made to do work as acceptable to the Master as that accomplished by her upon whose queenly head there sits a coronet or a crown.

Hence, I would say to you girls—whatever may be your position in society—whether you are daughters of a peasant or a prince—be true to your surroundings and fill life with labour of the noblest kind. When women of culture and refinement, of high educational and social position, are coming forward to carry on the noblest work in their power—when *fifteen thousand* of them in this country alone are actually engaged in soothing the suffering and tending the sick—to say nothing of other ways and means—and when royalty itself is cultivating the art of doing God-like deeds in a Christ-like way—surely there is not a lassie in the land but may copy their beautiful and praiseworthy example. O, my girls, don't, I beseech you, think meanly of your position, or lightly of life. Every one of you may exert an influence of the most hallowed kind. A smile, a look, and even a word, may live when you are dead. Therefore, I entreat you, be resolved that you will golden everything you touch, and gladden every heart you meet. Throw as much sunshine into life as you can. Sing to the flying wheels of time as they go their merry round. Put soul and song into everything you do. So shall you hallow life's lowliest labour ; and, from afar, the toil-worn pilgrims shall be heartened by your example on their heavenward way.

"Wanted, girls of mind and might ;
Wanted, girls of truth and right;
Wanted, girls to help the rest ;
Wanted, girls the highest, best.

Not the careless, selfish crowd,
Shallow-hearted, cold and proud,
But the honest, brave and true,
Doing grandly what they do."

PROVERBS.

By FRANK FAIRHALL.

"Too far East is West."

THE logical lady who said that she always liked to begin her monthly wash on Friday, "so as not to have it about at the end of the week," only meant that she liked to put the things in soak on the Friday before, and then start fair on Monday morning. But in running away from one trouble she fell into another. For to avoid lengthening the wash at this end she lengthened it at that. It came to the same thing at last—or rather at first—you see, and is an illustration of the proverb at the head of this paper, "Too far east is west."

If a pilgrim were to start from London to go eastward, and were to keep on going eastward, he would prove this saying to be literally true. For after he had crossed England and Europe and Asia, still keeping east all the time, he would at last find himself in Plymouth or Southampton, and then on the western side of London.

"Too far east is west" is a useful proverb to remember. It means that if you carry a thing too far you are likely to come to its exact opposite. Extremes meet.

True Modesty is always charming. But false modesty—modesty run to seed—so that you discover something bad when nothing bad was intended, and are not quite sure whether you ought not to blush at the thought of a bare idea or the mention of a naked fact, is simply disgusting. It only shows that you have a nasty mind and an inflammable imagination. "There is nothing unclean of itself: but to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean."

Praise is grateful when it is well bestowed; but excessive praise, and praise undeserved, is only flattery. And flattery is not grateful, but hateful, for it is an insult. "Of all wild beasts," said Dr. Johnson, "preserve me from a tyrant; and of all tame, a flatterer."

To bear *Testimony* to what we believe and feel to be true is a noble habit. But to be always talking about our feelings and beliefs, is like having too much without and not enough within. It leads to self-deception, hypocrisy, and cant.

> "'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
> But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true."

Yet even *Reticence* may be carried "too far east," and so get to be "west." We love those quiet people who can keep a secret and who are more fond of listening than of talking. But there is a time to speak as well as a time to be silent. When our testimony is due it ought to be paid; and though words may sometimes wound, they may also sometimes heal. Perhaps, on the whole, estrangements are quite as often caused by silence when there should have been speech, as by speech when there should have been silence. Indeed there are times when silence is not golden, but *guilt*.

To pay attention to one's *Personal Appearance*, so as to be neat and clean and pleasing to look at, is a duty we owe to society. But "there's a medium between painting the face and not washing it." And to think of nothing else but dress and how we look is not only silly but offensive. "A coxcomb is ugly all over with the affectation of a fine gentleman."

And *Pleasure* is good and healthy in moderation; but too much pleasure is itself a pain. "The full soul loatheth an honeycomb." Dear old Judge Payne used to say that champagne at night meant real pain in the morning. "To contract our wants and economise our pleasures is the great secret of happiness."

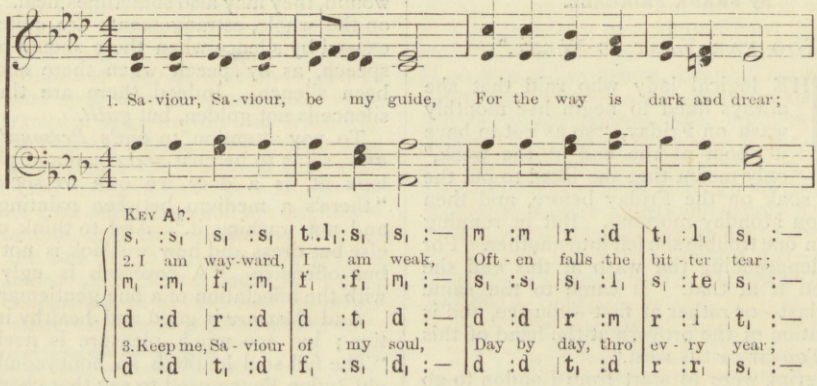
But there are some things that can never be safely done even in moderation. If you go east on the toboganning slide you may find yourself west before you know where you are. And if you want something to drink, and take to alcohol, you may be landed in the West-end of drunkenness before you can stop yourself. There was once a man down here in Cherryland who used to be very thirsty. He went east to quench his thirst, and went in the wrong conveyance. That is he took to drinking beer, and from beer he slid on to brandy, and from brandy he went on with a rush to all sorts of fiery liquids. The end of it was that he found himself right out west—he created a new thirst. The more he drank the more he wanted to drink, until, as he put it, there was a little spark lighted in him which he was always trying to put out, and could not.

The way to drive straight is to keep the reins in your own hands, not put them into the hands of chance, or let passion get the bit between its teeth and bolt away with you. Be master of your life. For if in the end you are found "too far east" you will have to bear the blame. You cannot shirk the responsibility, seeing that "every one of us shall give account of *himself* to God." And the way to master your life is to let Christ master you. You must hold the reins yourself; but for guidance and strength to "drive straight" look to Him who is the Light and the Life of men.

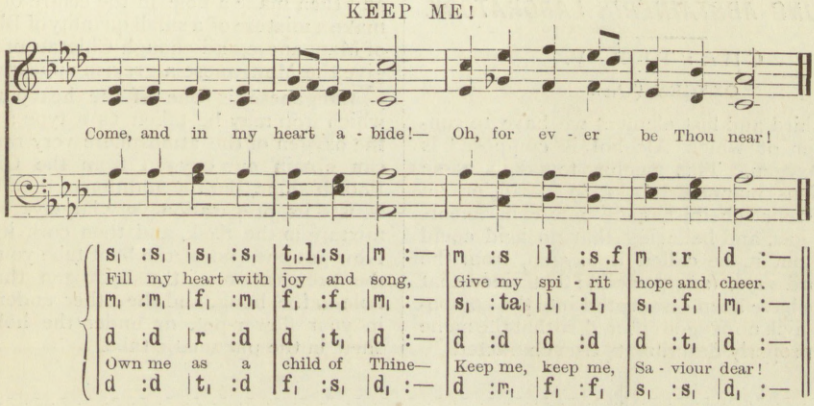
"Every moderate drinker *could* abandon the intoxicating cup if he *would*; and every inebriate *would* if he *could*.—*J. B. Gough.*

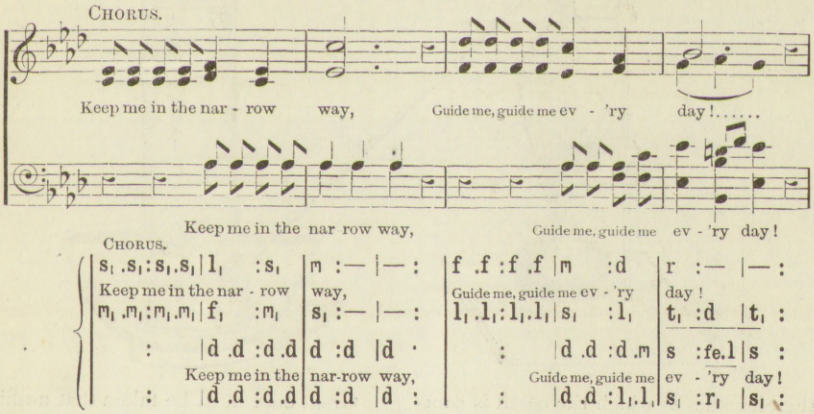
KEEP ME!

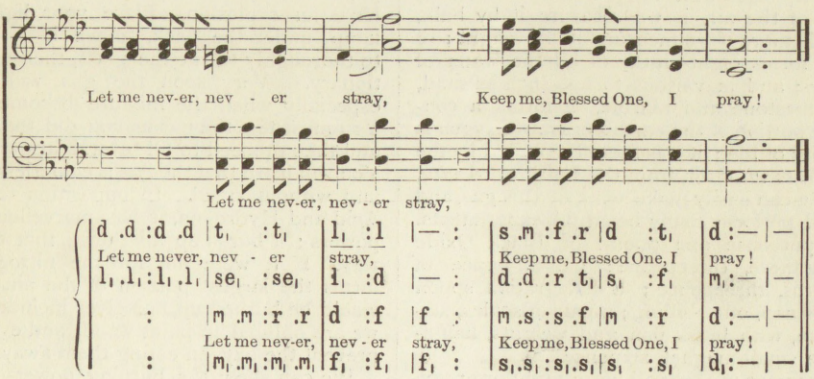
Words by F. E. BELDEN. *Music by* D. S. HAKES.



KEEP ME!


Come, and in my heart a - bide!— Oh, for ev - er be Thou near!
Fill my heart with joy and song, Give my spi - rit hope and cheer.
Own me as a child of Thine— Keep me, keep me, Sa - viour dear!


CHORUS.
Keep me in the nar - row way, Guide me, guide me ev - 'ry day!.....
Keep me in the nar row way, Guide me, guide me ev - 'ry day!
CHORUS.
Keep me in the nar - row way,
Guide me, guide me ev - 'ry day!
Keep me in the nar-row way,
Guide me, guide me ev - 'ry day!

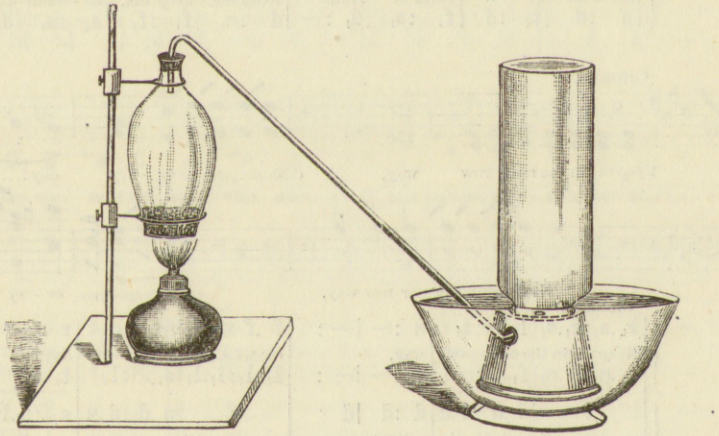

Let me nev-er, nev - er stray, Keep me, Blessed One, I pray!
Let me nev-er, nev - er stray,
Let me never, nev - er stray,
Keep me, Blessed One, I pray!
Let me nev-er, nev - er stray,
Keep me, Blessed One, I pray!

THE YOUNG ABSTAINER'S LABORATORY.

CHAPTER V.

OXYGEN (O_{16}).

THE third and last element we have to consider of which Alcohol is composed is named Oxygen. This gas has found its name in a curious manner. In 1789 Lavoisier, an eminent French chemist, made many experiments with this gas, and believing that no acid could exist without it, he called it oxygen, from the Greek word *oxys*, (sharp, acid); but since that time acids have been discovered into the composition of which no oxygen entered, so that the name does not properly describe its true character.



Of all the elements of which the earth is composed Oxygen is the most abundant and the most freely distributed. We find it forming one-fifth of the air, if we measure it by bulk, and much more if we measure it by weight; of water it forms eight-ninths of all the water of the globe; and in various forms, such as sand, chalk, limestone and marble, it forms a considerable portion of the earth's crust. Oxygen is a necessity of life; it was therefore called by the old chemists *vital* air, from the Latin word *vita*, (life). We can easily make some of this gas, and by its aid perform many beautiful experiments. Let us purchase one pound of Black Oxide of Manganese, threepence; half-an-ounce of Phosphorus, threepence; a deflagration spoon and brass cap, one shilling; a pair of scales, six-inch beam, with brass pan and weights, half-a-crown; a small magnet, sixpence.

Prepare your wash-hand basin and flower pot, or pneumatic trough, just as you did for the preparation of hydrogen; get your retort stand and a small flask, fit a bung carefully to the flask, and then make a hole in the centre of it. Now make a mixture of a small quantity of Black Oxide of Manganese, and enough Chlorate of Potash to give the Manganese a greyish appearance.

Manganese is one of the heavy metals, of which iron may be taken as a type; it absorbs the oxygen of the atmosphere very rapidly; we can obtain our oxygen from the Chloride of Potash alone, but the addition of the Manganese assists its preparation very largely. Place the mixture in the flask, and then cork it carefully. Now put one end of the bent tube you made for the preparation of the hydrogen through the hole in the bung, and the other under the hole in your flower-pot, or under the hole in your shelf in the pneumatic tube.

Great care must be taken that nothing but the mixture goes into the flask; not a scrap of paper or a morsel of straw, otherwise you may have an explosion. Place your lighted spirit lamp under the flask, move it about a bit to thoroughly warm the glass, then leave it stationary. Very soon the gas will pass off, especially when the mixture becomes red-hot. You must test the gas as you did the hydrogen, and then proceed to fill several jars with the gas. You will learn that the gas is colourless, tasteless, and without smell. In opposition to Carbonic Acid and Hydrogen, it has marvellous burning powers; it burns up all things that come in its way. If it were not for the nitrogen, which forms the largest portion of the air, all things would be burned up, ourselves included; as it is we are obliged to paint wood, and even iron, to prevent the oxygen eating them away.

We can show the burning powers of oxygen in several ways. First prepare a bottle of carbonic acid gas, and place by its side a bottle of oxygen; light a taper, plunge it into the

carbonic acid, it goes out immediately; then plunge it into the oxygen, when, if only the minutest spark has remained on it, the taper will burn with great brilliancy. By covering both bottles with a card, or a piece of glass, you will be able to continue this experiment a short time till the gases are entirely exhausted.

Now open your bottle of Phosphorus carefully. You see the chemist has placed it in water. It must always be kept and cut in water. Under no circumstances must you touch with your fingers, or you will have a very unpleasant burn. Phosphorus is prepared from the bones of animals; it shines in the dark, and for this reason obtained its name from the Greek word *Phos*, meaning *light*.

You can take the roll of phosphorus from the bottle by a penknife or a stiletto; place it in a saucer of water, and then cut a small piece off about the size of a pea; dry this on a piece of blotting paper, and then place it in your deflagration spoon. Be sure you have the cap on the wire attached to the spoon, and that the mouth of your oxygen jar will be quite covered by the cap. Light the phosphorus, and then plunge it into your jar of oxygen, the cap resting on the mouth of the jar to keep in the fumes, which are very unpleasant. You will see that the phosphorus burns with great brilliancy.

Now take a piece of charcoal, and let it hang by a piece of copper wire at the bottom of your deflagration spoon; hold this in the flame of the spirit lamp for a few minutes, until it begins to glow, then plunge it in another bottle of oxygen. A shower of very beautiful sparks will be the result.

You may place a little Flower of Sulphur in your spoon, and burn this in your oxygen. This will give a very pretty light; and all these experiments will show sufficiently the burning powers of oxygen.

When metals are burned in oxygen, they become heavier.

Fix up the scales, taking off one of the pans, and in its place fasten the magnet by a piece of wire. Now plunge the magnet into your iron filings, and then properly balance the scales. Now light your spirit lamp, and place it under the iron filings; some of them will fall off, some will be burned, but the balance will not turn in favour of the weights, but rather in favour of the filings. The fact is the oxygen of the air has become absorbed by the iron filings, and so, notwithstanding that some of the filings have fallen off, they are heavier than before.

In order that you may properly use all this information concerning the three elements of which Alcohol is composed, it is important that you should study a little Physiology, and if you are unable to attend any classes on this subject, you may derive a large amount of information by the study of those excellent little books, entitled *Blackie's Animal Physiology*, published by Blackie & Son; *Book 1*, fourpence, *Books 2 and 3*, fivepence each.

You will learn from these works how necessary it is that for the preservation of health you should keep the blood pure, and that Oxygen has a most important duty to perform in this matter. What a river is to a city, so is the blood to the body; up the river come sailing many ships, bringing various kinds of food to support the inhabitants; at the same time you will find barges going along the river, carrying away that which is impure, and which, if left to remain in the city, would be sure to promote disease and death. The blood, then, acts as a purveyor of nourishment; and it acts also as a scavenger, taking away impurities and cleansing wherever it goes. We possess a marvellous apparatus called the lungs, where a wonderful change happens to the blood; here it gives up the foul poisonous Carbonic Acid, and takes in the life-giving Oxygen. When we are kept for many hours in a close room, we get pale, and we feel fatigued and worn out; but when we get out among the country lanes and on the hills, the roses come back to our cheeks, and we feel as if we could walk any distance, and do any amount of work. This is very easily explained. In the close room we are slowly dying of oxygen starvation; in the open air we obtain a good supply of this gas, and consequently the impurities in our blood are destroyed, and the body is properly nourished. Persons who drink intoxicating liquors suffer more when they remain in close rooms than those who are walking out in the country; and this becomes quite simple when we remember what was said in a former chapter, that Alcohol makes the red corpuscles shrink, so that they cannot carry as much oxygen as they should. The drinker in the close room suffers two disadvantages: he is breathing too much carbonic acid, and his blood is unable to receive the full advantage of the small amount of oxygen that is in the room. The drinker in the open air has this advantage, that he has an abundant supply of oxygen, but at the same time he is not able to enjoy it like an abstainer.

When the blood passes from the heart into the great artery of the body—the Aorta—it is of a bright red colour, and is called arterial blood; when it has passed through the capillaries, it loses this bright colour, and becomes of a dark purple. This is in consequence of the blood giving up part of the oxygen and taking up carbonic acid; the blood passes on then to the veins, and is called venous blood. If you notice the face of a drinker, you will see that it is of a dark purple colour; this is in consequence of the impurities in the drinker's blood; the carbonic acid gas is not removed, as it should be. The drinker's face betrays his guilt. G.

ON THE SOLENT.

By UNCLE BEN.

THE sea that flows between the coast of Hampshire and the shore of the Isle of Wight is called the Solent, and it affords one of the pleasantest spots for yachting and sailing in the South of England.

Once when a family, consisting of two boys and two girls, were staying at Cowes, with their mother and father during the summer holidays, their Uncle Cecil came to see them—being on a yachting expedition with his little schooner, the "Belladora." The children begged and implored him not to leave until he had given them all a day's sail in his beautiful ship; and as the weather was calm and fine he promised that their wish should be fulfilled, and he would give them a cruise to the "Needles" and back.

The day came and was all that could be desired—in the early morning, a cool, fresh breeze, a peaceful sea, and glorious sunshine. The children directly they were on board ran about until they had inspected the whole vessel, and made bosom friends of the sailors. There was plenty to see and do, and the idea of having all their meals on board was like living in a real fairy story. When breakfast was over and they had come up from the "dear little cubic-hole," as they called the small saloon, watching the passing ships and the coast occupied all their attention.

During the morning while the "skipper," as they called one of the sailors, was pointing out to Fred, the eldest of the children, a famous landmark for steering the vessels up the right channel, a beautiful "clouded-yellow" butterfly settled down on Marguerite's tippet, unnoticed by her, but keenly observed by Arthur and Molly. Arthur instantly stretched forth his hand and made an easy and swift capture.

The next thing was to decide what should be done with the peaceful prisoner, which the children thought had evidently wandered too far from home. Doubtless, it had lost its way, and been blown by the wind, and met the yacht in its flight, so it had gladly come for a little rest. It was not difficult for the imagination of the children, to weave a small romance about the stray insect. They concluded that though he might be a wild and wayward butterfly, he was brave and gallant on the wing, and might possibly have had troubles at home that made him fly away like this, therefore he ought not to be condemned to die, especially as they had more than one specimen of a "clouded-yellow" in their collection at home. So Molly proposed that he should

be tied up in her pocket-handkerchief, and that they should take what care of him they could, until they landed, which they hoped to do, at Alum Bay, where they would release him before the return voyage.

However, they never reached Alum Bay, for toward noon the wind fell and they were almost becalmed; the sea was smooth as a mill pond. Excepting for the light breeze that darkened the surface in little patches, and the shadows here and there of a few clouds, they seemed to float on a sea of glass.

As there was nothing to do, Uncle Cecil and the two boys got into the dingy and rowed about a little, but it was too hot for much exercise. Fred, who could swim pretty well, wished to employ the time by having a bathe. He was not long getting ready, and took a good deep "header" into the water. He made a long dive, and, coming to the top, turned over on his back to get his breath again; but when he looked round to see the ship he was surprised to find how small it seemed. At first he did not take much notice of this, until he thought it was time to return to the boat, and then to his great consternation he found with every effort, he was making little or no advance. He called and shouted, but could hear no reply. Being low in the water he had lost sight of the dingy, and had the presence of mind to feel that he must keep all his strength. So he determined just to keep floating about until the dingy should come to him.

In the meantime, after Fred had taken his dive, which his uncle remarked was a long one, and said he must be a first-rate duck in the water, they pulled up along side of the "Belladora," to give a few orders to the crew. A little puff of wind had caught the craft, and, while talking, she made some way, The skipper said the tide was running in like a race horse, and that Master Fred was already more than a mile away from the boat, and no swimmer could resist it. When they looked there the uncle saw to his surprise that Fred was far away indeed, and drifting slowly towards Yarmouth. The skipper jumped into the little boat, and both rowed hard. It was more than twenty minutes' hard pulling before they came up to the floating lad, who had vainly spent his strength in trying to make for the dingy when he saw it approaching.

He was very much exhausted when relief came, and it was a very difficult task to get him into the boat. Several times she was nearly capsized in the attempt; at length they got him round to the stern and dragged him in. He was very weak, and, although it was so hot, he was trembling and shivering in all his limbs. They rubbed and dried him, after which he got his things on and lay down in the bottom of the boat, while his uncle and the skipper rowed back to the craft which had dropped her main-sheet and was slowly drifting towards them.

Directly they were on board again safely, the uncle said: "Now the first thing for Fred is just a drop of brandy, to put his circulation right, and to stop the chattering of his teeth."

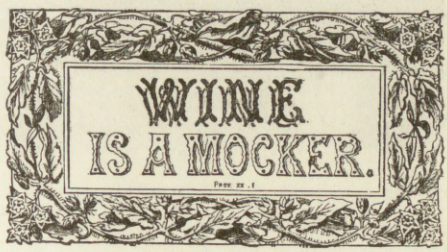
Fred protested, and all the children joined in earnestly asking that no brandy might be given. By their entreaty a cup of hot coffee and an egg beaten up was substituted, and, as dinner was ready, and had been kept waiting a long time because of this accident, Fred assured them all he was none the worse for his long swim, only he felt "very trembling and very hungry.'

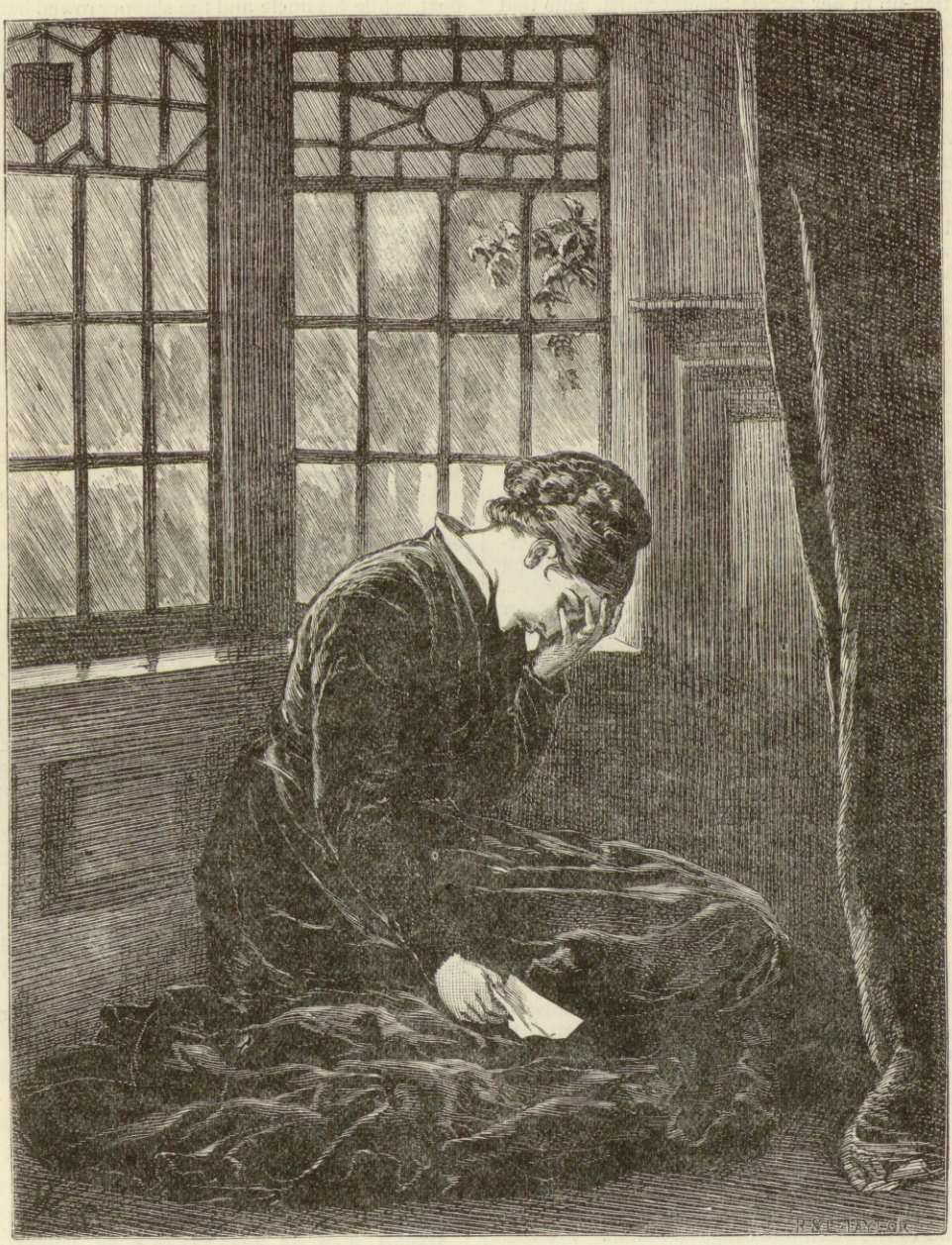
After dinner they wrapped Fred up in rugs, and made him comfortable in one of the berths in the "Cubic Hole," where he slept for some time. During the afternoon the wind did not rise at all, and the ship lay motionless in the still water that sucked and flapped against the side.

At length, later on a breeze sprung up. It could be seen coming over the water spreading like a dark undulation over the light level plain, and soon the craft was bending, and the sails swelling beneath the wind. The motion of the boat soon woke up Fred, who was able to thoroughly enjoy the sail back with the others. And when they returned in the early evening, just as the cool of the summer day was coming on, they had plenty to tell about the adventure of the bath, and how they all would not let uncle give Fred any brandy, and how the skipper said that Fred had pluck enough to become an admiral, *because* he was like his boy, who belonged to a Band of Hope, and never touched anything.

Molly did not forget the butterfly; but, poor thing, when at last it was released it seemed hardly to care for its liberty, and when Molly put it down on some grass, it fell between the blades as if it had lost its power to fly. Like some souls so long slaves to custom and early habit, they cannot make any use of freedom when they might have it.

The day remained with them all as a very happy memory.





"She crouches, where the tender whispering leaves
Playfully tap against the window pane."

Dead!

By Mary M. Forrester.

SHE crouches, where the tender whispering leaves
Playfully tap against the window pane ;
The summer birds are singing in the eaves,
And happy children laughing through the lane :
Without, the world is beautiful and bright,
But in her soul there reigns a deep, dark night.

Clasping a letter in her trembling hand,
With dim, unseeing eyes, she bows her head ;
Only a letter from a distant land,
And yet from out her life the light has fled ;
For her there is no brightness in the day,
No music in the wild birds' warbling lay.

The children's happy voices seem to mock
The awful anguish tearing at her heart ;
A thousand tender memories seem to flock
Into her brain—the buried moments start
From out their graves, and, crowding round her now,
Laugh at the sorrow on her aching brow.

Only a letter; yet, ah me ! ah me !
How eagerly she waited day by day,
To hail that message from across the sea,—
The news of one she loved so far away :
And now the news has come—and she has read
"That he"—God ! is it true?—"that he is—dead!"

" That he is dead !—died in the workhouse too ;"
"A drunkard" did they say ? ah ! surely no !
She sees the boyish eyes—so deeply blue—
The truthful eyes, she trusted long ago ;
The noble brow, from every shadow free,
" A drunkard !" no ! ah no ! that could not be.

" But he was weak and fell"—so she has read ;
"Was weak and fell"—he who was once so brave ;
Nay, she would save him—ah, but he is dead !
The drink-fiend laughs above his silent grave ;
And she can only weep, for sorrow's dart
Is buried deep within her breaking heart.

THE OUTLOOK.

LIBRARIES IN BANDS OF HOPE.

ONE of the most important fields of service, that are open to us in advancing the cause of temperance, is through the Press. A great deal has been done by the mere reports of meetings and speeches in the daily papers and local journals, and, doubtless, by this means, a much larger audience is reached than ever attends public meetings. But the notices are at best more or less fragmentary.

There is a definite temperance literature that in its influence is very far-reaching. All religious books that touch on the subject are becoming more or less sympathetic. There is growing up a scientific defence of the question that is becoming daily a clear demonstration in favour of our principles. The moral and economic aspects have been self-evident arguments on our side from the first. Among periodicals the temperance newspapers and magazines take a prominent place. There are now over forty weekly and monthly journals commanding a large number of readers. The most popular department of the temperance book-world is that of the story. Since the day when "Danesbury House," by Mrs. Henry Wood, first startled people with its powerful revelation, the army of writers have become legion. Perhaps no set of workers have been so widely useful as the writers of good stories for young people, because tales will be read by the young. Hence, useful stories not only supplant a primitive evil with positive blessing, but at the same time, while meeting a large demand, they educate and elevate the taste, and instruct a vast audience who would never be trained in temperance unless they first received the principles unconsciously. Now it should be the aim of the leaders of the great movement to turn this valuable agency to the utmost purpose and use. Hence, every Band of Hope should have first its publication department; which, if well managed, may be a very profitable adjunct of the organisation. The localisation of a magazine is a valuable thing, where it is possible, and with advertisements, can be made to pay well.

Then in connection with each society a library should be formed. Even where there are no funds for a large account, a small and select collection of the best temperance books might be got together for the members of a speakers' plan. A little loan library could, with great advantage, be established by each local union simply for the benefit of the workers.

Where the Band of Hope is connected with the Sunday School which possesses a library that is fairly abreast of the times, part of the work of a publication committee might be to keep a good look-out for all the new and best temperance tales and other serviceable matter, and present a list occasionally to the authorities of the school library.

In this way, a great amount of good might be very quietly done, the result of which would be incalculable ; and the seeds of the principles will be scattered far and wide, so that in the days to come a great harvest will follow, the blessing of which will only be revealed in eternity.

Pebbles and Pearls.

Our greatest evils come from ourselves.

VIRTUE will catch, as well as vice, by contact.

Returning a slight is the quickest means of putting yourself in the way of a fresh one.

MRS. JONES : "Don't trouble to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith." Mrs. Smith: "No trouble—quite a pleasure, I assure you."

GIRLS we love for what they are ; young men for what they promise to be.

DENIS came into Pat's cabin the other day. "What do you want?" asked Pat. "Nothing," said Denis. "Then ye'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was," was Pat's reply.

OUR little lives are kept equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires,
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.
—*Longfellow.*

"LOOKEE here, mister, I ain't complainin', but this ere moosic stool you sold to my wife, we've twisted it roun' till we've twisted off un's 'ead, an' not a ha'porth a toon can we get out on un."

THE insurance companies of Great Britain declare that total abstainers fall short 30 per cent. of the ordinary expectancy of death, while the 99 per cent. of moderate drinkers have attained the expectancy.

HE who never changes any of his opinions never corrects any of his mistakes ; and he who is never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

"JAMES," said a grocer to the new boy, "what have you been doing in the back room so long?" "I was a-picking the dead flies out of the dried currants," replied James. "You were," said the grocer with much disgust, "an' your father told me he thought you were born for the grocery business. You had better study for the ministry, James."

AN IMPARTIAL WITNESS.—"We are convinced that if a statesman who desired to do the utmost for his country were thoughtfully to inquire which of the topics of the day deserved the most intense force of his attention, the true reply—the reply which would be exacted by due deliberation—would be that he should study the means by which intemperance—this worst of plagues—should be stayed."—*Mr. Charles Buxton's "How to stop drunkenness."*

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

A DROP of honey catches more flies than a hogshead of vinegar.

ALLOW not nature more than nature needs.—*King Lear.*

THE tea kettle is said to be the only singer that never gets a cold.

AS we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.

THE Primate of Australasia says that if they could but keep strong drink away for ten years there would be no poverty there.

THE governor of Newcastle-on-Tyne gaol, who has held that post for seventeen years, says he has never had a total abstainer under his charge.

NO GOOD AT ALL.—"So far as its physical action is concerned, I do not know that we can say anything good of alcohol at all."—*Dr. E. Lankester, F.R.S.*

A LITTLE girl, who had been very observant of her parents' mode of exhibiting their charity, being asked what generosity was, answered : "It's giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself."

A FRIEND was asked to reply to this riddle—

I'm sometimes the voice of an animal,
And sometimes I'm found on a tree.
And when I'm not known to be either,
I may be discovered at sea.

To which he said "bow-wow, the *bark* is better than the bite."

"I SHALL teach you to speak properly, and then to write as you speak," said a teacher in the public schools. "Poor Billy Wilcox!" said a little voice, apparently involuntarily. "What about Billy?" asked the teacher. "Please, ma'am, he speaks through his nose—he will have to write through his nose."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—Scottish Temperance League Journal—Temperance Record—Rechabite Magazine—Reformer—Western Temperance Herald—Bond of Union—Irish Temperance League Journal—Church of England Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Graham's Temperance Worker—Methodist Temperance Magazine, The True Templar, &c.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed—Editor of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. Business communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: A. J. Glasspool, Mary M. Forrester, W. Hoyle. J. J. Lane, Dr I. Renshaw, F.R.C.S., Rev. W. E. Chadwick, M.A., George Chappell.

Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER VI.—HOPE AND DESPAIR.

"Hopes, what are they? Beads of morning,
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning,
In a straight and dangerous pass."

—WORDSWORTH.

AS our readers will undoubtedly be anxious to know how Mrs. Fitzgerald has been faring during the three years her son has been improving his education, under the private instruction of the tutor provided by Mr. Weatherley, we will now return to where we left her in the Hospital St. Joseph.

It will be remembered that in her wandering expressions she often betrayed her anxiety about her son. With returning strength came reason and hope. She had no positive information that her son was dead—indeed, she had some vague but uncertain recollection that he had been picked up. She would not believe him dead, but would live on in hope, and work in faith, that in the future she might see him again.

Mrs. Fitzgerald's hopeless condition had won for her many friends. Her gentle spirit, the humble manner in which she bore all her troubles, the faith she expressed in the ultimate goodness of God—all these characteristics made her a general favourite.

One of the constant visitors to the hospital was Mademoiselle Sauve; and she soon felt almost a sisterly affection towards the unhappy mother.

One day, when Mrs. Fitzgerald was thinking of making arrangements to leave the hospital, Sister Margaret—as Mademoiselle Sauve was always called at the hospital—said to her:

"You are better now, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and in a few weeks you will be quite strong. Your friends are not able to give you the comfort you need. Will you stay with me for a time?"

"Thank you, sister; but my first duty is to look for my lost boy."

"And where will you go? And who will go with you? The dreary winter is coming on; how can you fight against the cold, for you have little strength?"

"I must work, and wait, and watch; God will surely reward me."

"Yes, He will—either now or in the future; reward is certain; only be patient, and do not risk your life in a useless search; wait till the warm spring comes round, and then, if you like, we will cross the sea together, and be sisters in our search for the lost one."

Sister Margaret was a French protestant. Brought up at Paris by an aunt, she had early devoted her life to doing good, and only recently the aunt had died, leaving her niece an ample income. She was younger than Mrs. Fitzgerald, and could speak English fluently.

When the patient was strong enough she used to go out driving with Sister Margaret along the magnificent boulevards of the French capital, and especially in the charming grounds of the Bois de Boulogne.

As the events we are now recording happened in the autumn of the year 1867, the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, and other buildings destroyed soon after by the Commune, were in their glory. These, with the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Louvre, and other public buildings were duly visited, and each and all excited the wonder and admiration of Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Many things in Paris charmed the sorrowing mother, while not a few shocked her. The free, open, polite manner of the Parisians contrasted strangely with the cold and reserved manner of the English. The open-air life and the sight of the many people in the cafés of the boulevards were calculated to raise the spirits much more than the sombre walls of Clerkenwell, where Mrs. Fitzgerald had spent many years of her life. The levity of the people was beyond all Mrs. Fitzgerald had ever seen. Life seemed a bauble, a toy, a plaything—there was nothing to live for but eating, drinking, and pleasure.

Sunday was the great day of enjoyment. The theatres, the opera house, the music halls, and all kinds of amusements were largely patronised; and, although some of the shops displayed the welcome notice—"Fermé les Dimanches"—*closed on Sundays*—many were open, and, to a casual observer, Sunday seemed the busiest day of the seven.

Though there was not so much open drunkenness as in London, there was plenty of drinking in the low *cabarets* and *estaminets*, and the vile spirit *absinthe* was imbibed in large quantities.

Mademoiselle Sauve made an excellent guide; she explained all things in a manner so simple and graceful that the smallest building and the most common curiosity possessed a charm when associated with her description.

Mrs. Fitzgerald and her kind friend soon became very fond of each other; their hearts were united, for both had known trouble, and both found comfort from the same Divine source.

The unhappy mother was becoming very useful at the hospital, and had decided to remain during the winter, when an unexpected event changed the whole course of her life.

Looking out of one of the windows of the hospital one morning, she suddenly drew back, alarmed.

"What is the matter, Elizabeth?" said Sister Margaret. "You start as if surprised, or frightened."

"Look! look! there he is," was the alarmed reply.

"Whom do you mean? Who is there?"

"The man that put me in the boat on the night of the wreck."

"What! the mysterious stranger?"

'Yes; it is he; he is waiting outside the hospital."

Sister Margaret looked; but the man had vanished.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was right; it was the stranger, wearing the same slouched hat that nearly hid his features; his body wrapped in a long Inverness cape—there was no doubt on the matter—it was the same.

"But why do you feel alarmed?" asked Sister Margaret. "Surely you do not fear the one who helped to save your life?"

"Yes, I do; I fear him; I know he has ill feelings towards me. I feel instinctively that he means me no good. True, he helped to get me into the boat, but the manner in which he did it proves it was out of no kindness to me. I dread him; he brings me trouble, I am sure."

Could Mrs. Fitzgerald have watched the mysterious stranger, she would have noticed him creep slyly up to the letter box of the hospital, take a letter from his pocket, and drop it silently into the box; and then, without his footsteps being heard, glide away.

Half-an-hour afterwards the hall porter noticed the letter, and brought it to Madame, as Mrs. Fitzgerald was called at the hospital, for it was addressed to her.

With trembling hands she tore open the envelope, and read its contents.

"*Your boy lives in London; he is in great distress. If you want to find him, search for him in the east.*"

The excited mother shook in every limb. She sat down holding her hand to her heart, for she felt as if it were bursting.

Hurrying to sister Margaret she handed her the letter.

"I must go, Margaret. I must search at once for my child; he may be ill or hungry, and I am waiting here and enjoying life. Oh! let me go. Let me not delay a moment; for who can tell what will come to my boy?"

In her agony the mother had actually commenced to dress, in order to leave the hospital instantly. Sister Margaret placed her hand kindly on her shoulder, and said:

"Elizabeth, my dear, calm yourself. You cannot leave at once, for that would be folly. Stay a few days, and I will go with you."

"No, no! I cannot stay. Ah! Margaret, you have not a mother's heart; you do not know how I love my boy. See, the letter says that he is in distress; he is living in the east, among the low and the lost; he will become low and vile. At this moment he may be dying. Oh, Margaret, I must, I will go; no one shall hinder me."

Sister Margaret looked at the letter again. She could see that it was written in a disguised hand; probably the writer had written it with his left hand. Turning to the distressed mother, and placing her hands lovingly in hers, she said:

"Elizabeth, this letter is a lie. No one wishing you good would bring you such information in this way. I am convinced your boy lives, but he is not in the east, neither is he in distress; all this is false; believe me, you are starting on a fruitless search."

"And have you turned against me, Margaret?" asked the almost frantic mother. "Will you stand in the way of my clasping my boy to my heart again. False friends are to be found everywhere. Oh, what a treacherous world is this!"

Poor mother! Poor friend! Both were plunged into distress by the anonymous communication—the mother grasping at a straw, her motherly love raised to frenzy, and her mind almost over-balanced.

Sister Margaret was a woman of the world. She had not been associated with disease in its worst forms, without knowing that when the mind is moved with deep emotion little attention should be paid to the words of the sufferer; so she paid no heed to Mrs. Fitzgerald's unkind words. She felt deeply for her, and could she have arranged matters she would have gone with her at once.

"Elizabeth," she said kindly, "lie down awhile. You cannot go yet; no train will leave for some hours. All will be in readiness in time, only calm yourself, my dear, or you will be ill and then you will have to remain at the hospital as a

patient. How I wish you would remain, for to-morrow is Christmas Day."

The excited mother—a little quieted by sister Margaret's loving words—stretched herself on a couch, closed her eyes, and endeavoured to sleep; but it was only to see fearful visions of the distress of her lost boy.

To the troubled mind of the mother, the lost one passed through many adventures—now he was being tossed on the stormy billows; then he lay mutilated on the railway; then she saw him pursued by hungry beasts of the forest; after this he was a captive in a thieves' den; then in the hospital ward she saw him, with an emaciated body and a dying look in his eyes.

She could stand it no longer. She rose up more frantic than ever; her eyes filled with the frenzy of despair, and her whole frame agitated by the belief that her boy was in danger.

Oh, what grief has been caused—what hearts have been broken—what rivers of tears have been let loose—through the anonymous letter! Those who circulate falsehoods, excite jealousies, and ruin characters in this way, are guilty of the vilest conduct, and no punishment is adequate to their crime.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was the victim of this cruelty. The same hand that threw the letter on the deck of the *Sweetheart*, had deposited its lying message in the letter-box at the Hospital.

One hand had done the two deeds; they both had the same object; but in one instance the object was not reached. Mr. Weatherley had the power to resist the influence of the snare, but the weak woman became a ready victim.

Sister Margaret made one last effort to change the determination of the almost maddened mother.

"Do not go yet, Elizabeth, to-morrow is Christmas; stay with us till our New Year's festival is over, and then I will be able to come with you."

"Margaret," said Mrs. Fitzgerald solemnly, "you know not my distress; you cannot appreciate my feelings. Oh, my boy, my boy! my darling little cherub! Oh, to think of him! perhaps a pauper in the workhouse, or even worse, a victim in the hands of cruel men."

It was no good—she must go. Her portmanteau was hastily packed and sent on to the station. The good sister gave her all the gold she had, and then went to see her safely on her journey.

"Good-bye, dear sister," said the loving Margaret. "Good-bye, God bless and keep you. Write to me soon, and I will come to you."

"Good-bye," responded the weeping mother. 'I am in God's hands; I must seek my darling child; I know he lives, and I shall yet be able to give him his father's letter. Good-bye, and thank you a thousand times for all your love to me. Tell my friends the reason of my hasty departure; good-bye, once more."

They hung upon each other's neck, and embraced with true affection. The bell rang, the train moved, there was a waving of handkerchiefs and a loud sobbing, and it was all over. Sister Margaret went back to her duties at the hospital, Mrs. Fitzgerald on her journey to London.

The weather was cold, but bright, and the stars were shining. She shivered as she went along the landing-stage into the boat.

Making her way to the cabin, she tried to rest, but her anxiety would not allow her to remain quiet. At last she ventured on to the deck, when, to her horror, in the shadow of the night, standing by the mainmast was the form that had alarmed her so much only the day before. Should she approach him, demand who he was, and why he was following her about? She had some recollection of having seen that form some years ago. She hesitated, and as she watched, the form moved towards her; she screamed with alarm, and fell fainting on the deck.

(To be continued.)

Strength.

By Rev. J. G. RAWS.

THE Book of Proverbs says:—"*The glory of young men is their strength*"—(Chap. xx. 29.) This is true in more ways than one. For there are different kinds of strength. There is bodily strength; then there is mental strength; and there is moral strength.

First, bodily strength is a great boon. It is like ballast in a ship; it enables us to weather many a storm. It is like the tail to a kite; by it we can rise above the difficulties which would otherwise hold us down. Without health few of us can do much in the world; with it there is a fair chance of success.

Now there are two things which are enemies to Physical strength—tobacco and drink. This is what a doctor said quite recently about tobacco. (And doctors, you know, are the best authorities upon health. A sailor understands a boat, and an engineer machinery. In the same way the doctor can give us the best advice upon our bodies). This gentleman had noticed the large number of boys under fifteen years of age who are to be seen smoking, and he was led to enquire into the effect the habit had upon their general health. For this purpose he took thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen years, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he found damage had been done. Most of them suffered from disorders in the blood and

stomach ; others had frequent bleeding of the nose, disturbed sleep, and sores in the mouth. If your father gave you a watch, you would have more sense than to keep opening it and letting in dust to do it injury. And ought we not to be as careful to avoid a pipe or a cigarette, when we know it will injure the body which God has given us ?

Then further, if we would preserve our health we must let *drink* alone. This very chapter in the book of Proverbs, which says, "The glory of young men is their strength," says also, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging : and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Some people may take wine or beer thinking it will give them strength ; but they are as that verse puts it—"deceived." On this point observe also the practical experience of soldiers and of sailors. These men testify that for hard work, for the endurance of the extremes of cold and heat, abstainers are better off than those who use alcohol.

A clergyman once called on an old gentleman, considerably over seventy years of age, who was in full possession of all his faculties. The clergyman said to him "What a splendid constitution you must have had!" "By no means," was the answer. "I have never been what you call strong, but I learnt in early life to take care of my body, and it has lasted me well."

Eat plain food ; take reasonable exercise ; cultivate good habits ; carry a cheerful heart ; and let tobacco and drink alone.

Next there is strength of Intellect. It is a good thing to be able to kick a football ; it is better to be able to learn lessons thoroughly, and to reason correctly. Young men cannot command even a decent salary at a desk, or behind a counter, unless they have intelligence. Unskilled labour always gets the lowest wages.

There is a bed of clay. A labourer comes with his spade, and he shovels it into a cart. That man gets from three to four shillings a day. His is pure manual labour. No thought is required ; it needs only bodily strength. But another man comes along, and he sees that bricks and tiles can be made out of this clay. He puts up machinery, and goes to work. His earnings are far above those of the simple labourer, because he uses his brains as well as his hands. But a third man comes, he examines his heap of clay, and says to himself: "Ah ! I can make something out of this."

Selecting a portion suitable to his wants, with wonderful skill he moulds it into a beautiful statue. Lovers of art admire it, and he sells it for a large sum. This man receives the highest payment for what he does, because he puts the most thought into it. Now if you are to do work which demands intelligence, you must neither becloud your brains with smoke, nor stupify them with drink.

There is a third kind of strength, which is man's highest glory, and that is—Moral strength. A strong body is to be desired. The power of thought is a precious gift ; but to be strong in goodness and truth is the best of all. For these are the qualities that make men most like God. They endure, when the body is laid in the grave, and when our present knowledge has faded away in perfect vision.

President Lincoln was a man strong in each of these three senses. He possessed immense muscular power. Once he was in charge of a flat boat going down the river to New Orleans. At a certain place two hundred hogs that were half wild had to be taken on board. They were in a pen by the side of the river, and the boat was brought close up. Planks were laid across, and the animals were to walk on board. But that they would not do. The more they were driven, the more they resisted. And Lincoln, catching the nearest by the leg, carried the whole lot, one by one, in his arms on to the boat. That was bodily strength.

But Lincoln did not forget to cultivate his mind. In Western America, in those days, schools were few. Only one man here and there could read. Lincoln himself, although he could read and write, was twenty-one before he had even seen a book on English Grammar. It was told him that a person living seven miles away had one. Lincoln went to borrow it, walking the whole distance there and back. And it was so diligently used, that when he was President of the United States, he drafted official documents with his own hand, which would have been a credit to any highly educated Englishman.

But Lincoln was morally strong as well. When he was studying that grammar, he was a storekeeper. One evening, in balancing his money, he found three or four cents too much. He thought the matter over, and concluded wrong change had been given to a woman who had been in during the afternoon ; and although she lived four or five miles away, Lincoln took her the money that very night after the shutters were put up. And all through his varied and distinguished career, the uprightness of his character was so marked, that men called him "Honest Abe Lincoln."

Cleverness is good, but goodness is better. Whatever we are in body or in mind, let us be true in our words, honest in our deeds, and bold and courageous in always following that which is right.

"Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that shuns the light ;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right."

THE WRONG CHANGE.

By UNCLE BEN.

JUDE MASON'S father kept a seed-shop in a small country town. It was one of those old-fashioned shops that was entered by three steps from the long, straggling street, with its irregular and picturesque houses; and as his father was often out, and only one assistant was kept, Jude, although only sixteen, had to attend to orders, serve customers, give change, and enter in the day book. He had not long left school, but had grown up so gradually under the influence of the business that nothing seemed strange; in fact, all the work came naturally. When his father was away for the day, and the assistant had gone to his meals, and he was left in sole charge, he felt perfectly at home and quite master of the place.

Early one morning Mr. Mason was away and the assistant had gone to breakfast; Jude was the whole staff left to look after the business. Mrs. Moreland entered the quiet shop; and hardly had the bell over the door ceased tinkling when Jude stepped out from behind the high desk, and, coming in front of the customer, placed his hands in the most approved way flat on the counter, and said, quite in a business-like tone: "Good morning; what can I do for you?"

"I think," said Mrs. Moreland, with some nervousness and hesitation, "I should like to see your father, if he is in."

"He is out for the day, having gone to Taunton market, being Saturday."

"Do you know who served my son last night?" asked Mrs. Moreland, as she moved to leave the shop.

"I did," was the ready reply.

"You did!" she eagerly said, and turned to look Jude earnestly and fully in the face.

"Oh, yes! I remember the transaction quite well," rejoined Jude, using the exact language his father would do under the circumstances.

"Did you give him change?"

"Yes. He had eighteenpence worth altogether of seed, and brought a pound, and had eighteen and sixpence in change We talked about the cricket club, and—"

"That was not the sum he brought home to me," interposed Mrs. Moreland.

"Was it too much?" asked Jude.

"No; if so I should have sent it back at once. I was not very well yesterday and did not ask for the change till this morning, as I went to bed early before John came back from the cricket club; and when he gave me the change this morning it was ten shillings short. He said he thought it was right when you gave it him, but forgets whether he counted it or not; and seems to have only a very hazy idea about the circumstance. I only spoke to him just as he was hurrying off to his work for the day. He will not be

back till this evening, so I fancied the best thing would be to enquire if you have found an error in the yesterday's cash that might account for it."

Jude told her that his father made up the cash for the day, and if there were any errors he quickly informed him ; but that he had hardly seen his father, who did not return last night until after the shop was shut, and was off the first thing this morning for the market; but on Mr. Mason's return he would enquire and let Mrs. Moreland know.

She went away with a heavy heart, first, because her son had been forming companionships that she feared would do him little good; and dreaded so much that he would be led away, as his father was, from a position of respectability and honour, by drink and gambling, to failure and ruin. She knew the fatal tendency was so often hereditary; and this, her only son and support, was so like his father, with a careless, generous, extravagant nature, that lost, spent, and gave away money with ready ease. She saw the same half-foolish, half-noble indifference to money in the son—a reckless liberality that made her full of sympathy and anxiety for the future of the lad now growing into a man.

Mrs. Moreland waited all day with mingled feelings till the evening came and her son returned, then she questioned him about the missing money, and he said : "Well, I suppose I have lost it ; I wouldn't like to go to Mason's and accuse them of giving me wrong change. There's no need to make a fuss about ten shillings, mother; I'll consider it a loan from you, and pay it back some day with interest." With that he whistled himself out of the room.

But a pain grew on the mother's soul ; she could not and would not suspect him of having been more than careless. She could do little but wait. That the loss of ten shillings, that meant so much to her in her straitened circumstances should be of so little consequence to her son, was a sore grief.

Before he returned, with a light heart and merry step, Mr. Mason had come down to see Mrs. Moreland and explain that in making up the cash he had found exactly ten shillings too much; so the mistake had been made by his son, Jude, whom he should send down to express his regrets for the error.

Mr. Mason apologised for the delay, and said he forgot to mention it to Jude before he started —an error on the other side would doubtless have been remembered. Mrs. Moreland was so greatly relieved that, when her son came in while Mr. Mason was there, she burst into tears.

"Why, mother, what's the matter?" exclaimed the son.

Mr. Mason was so touched by the evident over-strain of feeling, that he explained the matter.

"There, mother! you see it was only wrong change ; it's nothing to grieve over."

Mr. Mason said: "Only wrong change! I lost a good situation once through that. I had given a sovereign more than I should in the exchange of some bank notes, and there was no accounting for the loss when the cash was made up; and as it was not my first mistake as cashier I was discharged; and so it taught me a lesson. And once, in a great hurry on the under-ground railway in London, wrong change was given me out of ten shillings by half-a-crown. And that day, to improve matters, I was so full of the loss that I passed by King's Cross, where I ought to have changed for the Great Northern main line; and when I got out at Gower Street, and turned back to King's Cross station, I found I had missed a most important business engagement. So I have learnt some hard lessons about wrong change in more ways than one. And I have seen, also, how a Divine Hand can lead us by these errors, and mistakes and wrongs, into the higher, and truer, and more perfect right."

When Mr. Mason had gone, Mrs. Moreland unburdened her troubled thoughts to her son, and told him of her hopes and fears about him, and what she desired for him in the future.

He put his arms about his mother and said he would learn a lesson from the wrong change, and make a right one for her sake and comfort. And when Jude came to say he was sorry for the careless act, he went away glad because Mrs. Moreland's son told him he would join the Band of Hope and help him with the good work.

BABY.

By MARY M. FORRESTER.

HOW still you are baby,
Oh! why don't you speak?
I'm stroking your hair,
And I'm kissing your cheek.
Why don't you laugh, baby?
I'm tickling your hand—
How still you are, baby!
I don't understand,
Though mother has said—"You are dead!"

How cold you are, baby!
As cold as the snow;
And yet you don't cry,
Though it hurts you, I know.
I'll wrap you up, baby,
And make you grow warm;
I'll rub your round cheek,
And your pretty white arm,
Though mother has said—"You are dead!"

How white you are, baby!
Oh, dear! I can see
No pink in your lips,
They are white as can be.
I'll rub your face, baby,
And make it grow red—
I wonder what ails you,
Though mother has said—
Yes, mother has said—"You are dead!"

I'll tell you, dear baby!
I know you can hear,
Though you do feel so cold,
And you do look so queer;
Your eyes are fast closed,
So, of course you can't see;
But, oh, baby darling,
You are sweet as can be!
Though mother has said—"You are dead!"

Why did you die, baby?
I'm sure it was wrong,
For mother, poor mother,
Cries all the day long.
And I can't go to play,
But must stay in the house,
And keep, oh, so quiet!
As still as a mouse—
For mother has said—"You are dead!"

But then, baby darling!
Perhaps you were told
By some beautiful angel,
With wings made of gold.
You would laugh, little baby,
I know, if you could;
And kiss me, too, darling!
I'm sure that you would—
But mother has said—"You are dead!"

How nice you look, baby!
Your frock is all white,
And cut, oh, so pretty!
While, only last night,
The children brought flowers,
As sweet as can be—
They are all for you, baby!
There's not one for me—
For mother has said—"You are dead!"

They'll bury you, baby,
Deep down in the ground;
And you won't see the sun,
And you won't hear a sound;
But, perhaps, if I come
To your grave, baby dear;
And speak very loud,
You'll be able to hear—
Though mother has said—"You are dead!"

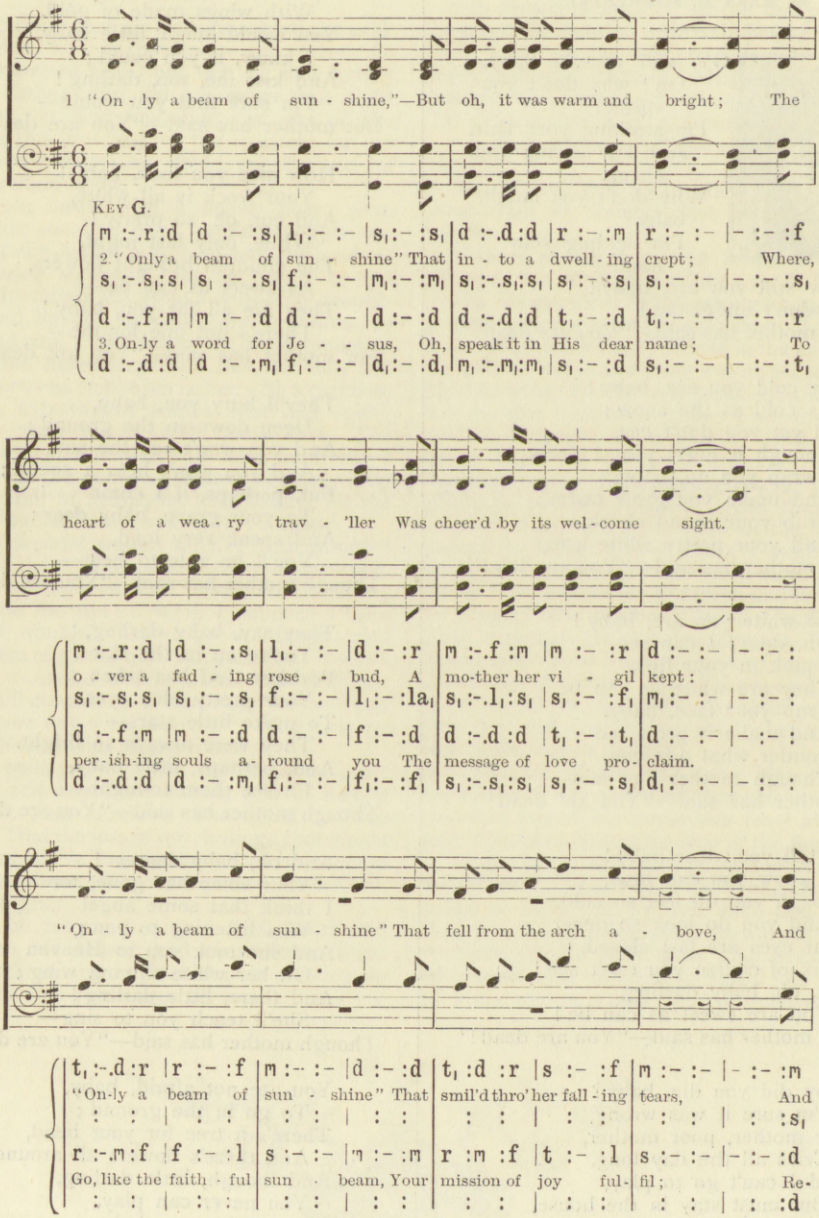
They say, baby darling,
You're up in the skies.
Perhaps God has taken
Your pretty blue eyes
To make little stars—
They were always so bright.
And, perhaps, little baby,
I'll see them to-night—
Though mother has said—"You are dead!"

And oh, baby dearest!
Your voice has gone, too—
I think that some angel
Was listening to you;
And she took you to Heaven
On her white shining wing;
And there, little darling!
She'll teach you to sing—
Though mother has said—"You are dead!"

You are not afraid, baby,
To go in the ground;
There's a tree for your head,
And there's flowers all around.
And though, little darling,
You never can play,
I'll come to you, baby,
Yes, every day—
Though mother has said—"You are dead!"

ONLY A BEAM OF SUNSHINE.

Words by F. J. CROSBY. *Music by* JNO. R. SWENEY.



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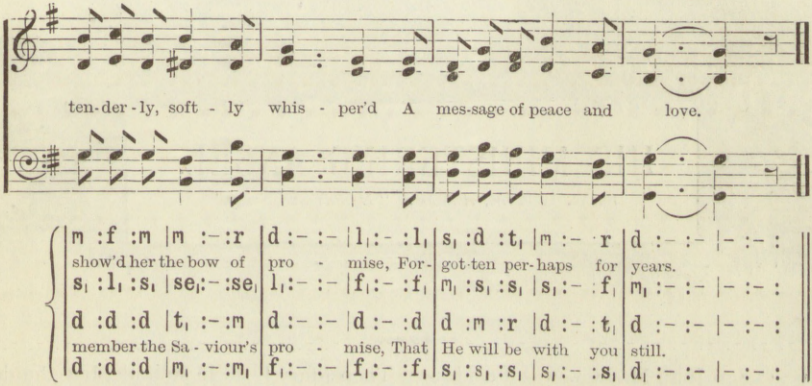

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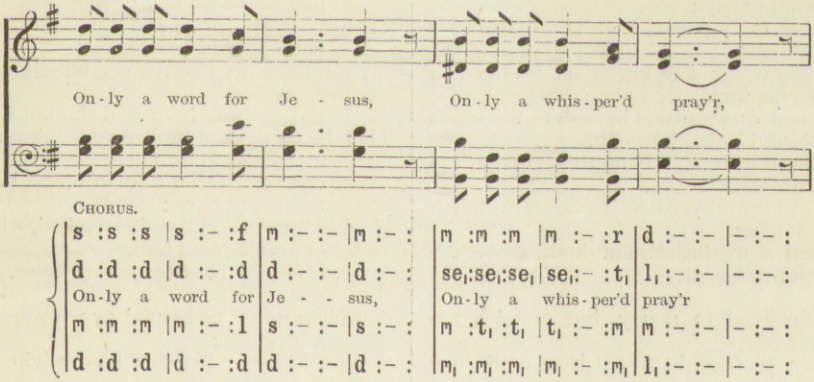
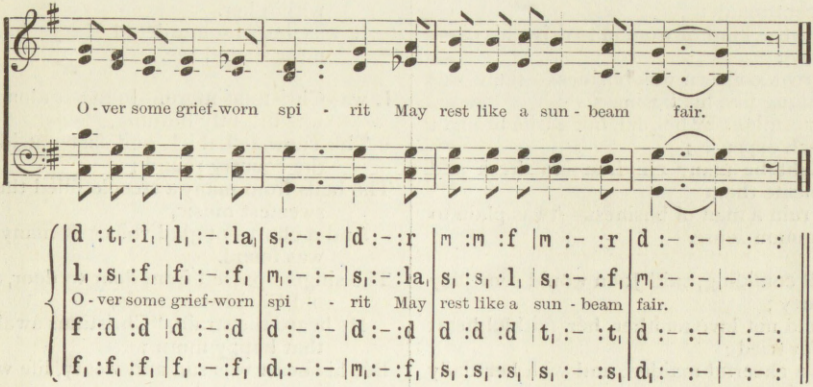




HIS MINISTERING ANGEL.

By W. HOYLE, *Author of "Hymns and Songs."*

SOME years ago John Maynew was a tradesman in the city,
A sober, plodding, upright man, as the world is wont to say ;
He read his daily paper, he chatted with his neighbour,
And when it came to argument he liked to have his way.
But his great concern was business—there was nothing like his business,
He followed it from early morn, he found it in his dreams,
He read it in his prayer-book as he sat in church on Sunday,
He heard it in the sermon high above the parson's themes.

Once he inclined to marry, but found it too expensive,
And then he thought to put it off until some future day.
Mary Gray was young and charming, a homely, decent maiden ;
Aye, just the kind of woman to drive his cares away ;
But his great concern was business—there was nothing like his business,—
A woman might be helpful, but a wife brought much expense ;
There might be many children—to dress and educate them
Would ruin a man of business—'twas plain to common sense.

Mary, still confiding, said John would some day marry ;
She could not love another, her faithful heart ne'er tried ;
She lived a cheerful maiden, and with her daily earnings
Sustained an aged father, until the old man died.

Then Mary lived in solitude, but the days grew sad and dreary,
She thought of John's unfaithfulness, till hope had well-nigh fled ;
Then she left the place and wandered—she knew not, cared not whither—
No tidings reached the neighbours.

John said she must be dead.
Then he thought of broken vows—'twas he who murdered Mary ;
She confided with a woman's love, but he was mean and base ;
He was growing old and wretched, with heaps of gold around him,
Oh, could he hear her loving voice, and look upon her face.
A woman might be helpful, aye, a wife might be a blessing ;
With Mary by his side how bright his later days might be ;
But she had waited, waited, till hope was crushed within her.
It was he who murdered Mary—her face he ne'er should see.

It was Christmas morn. John sat alone, the fire was brightly burning,
The snow fell thick and fast outside o'er all the country round ;
The bells from many a steeple filled the air with sweetest music,
And a chorus of glad voices in many a home was found.
The singers passed from door to door, and sang old Christmas carols,
He heard the strain, "Christians awake," upon that happy morn ;
But his heart was sad and weary, life was growing ever darker,
He cursed the gold around him, and wished he had ne'er been born.

Thus the old man sadly pondered, as the spirit
of repentance
Filled his heart with tender mercy for the suf-
fering and poor ;
He went that Christmas morning to his sick and
helpless neighbours,
And found a respite for his grief by adding to
their store.

Slowly passed the months away, the spring gave
place to summer,
And earth was bright and joyous with the
voice of mirth and song.
The children to the old man came, he gave them
fruit and flowers,
They climbed upon his friendly knee in the
evenings warm and long.

He watched them in their merry games, and his
heart would sink within him,
And the big tears course his furrowed cheek
as he sighed for days long fled.
Alone he trod life's weary road, no loving wife
to cheer him,
No children he might call his own—he wished
that he were dead.
Then quietly his health gave way, while summer
days were passing,
No longer could he wander forth to watch the
children play,
They fondly met in silent groups beneath the
old man's window
And talked of all his kindness, as in solitude
he lay.

While leafless trees were bending to the
storm
That bore the wintry blast o'er hill and plain
A gentle maiden by the old man sat.
Well used to nurse the sick in hospital,
With loving heart through weary nights
had watched,
And won a name for kindly sympathy.
The old man looked into her angel face,
While she, too full her feelings to restrain,
No longer held the secret—It was Mary!
They wept for joy, together, as she told
The touching story of her wanderings
To reach the distant city, where her soul
Might find the blessedness of doing good;
Perchance forget the wounds of slighted
love,
And watch and wait the course of Provi-
dence,
Who brought her to his side at last, to
soothe
His pain, and lift the sorrow from his heart;
She came at last to him she long had loved,
And watched through weary nights his
lonely bed;
She could not be his wife—'twas now too
late,
Yet all the tenderness of wife she showed.

The old man wept aloud, his heart was full,
With all his conscience smote him bitterly.
Too late, too late to prove his gratitude
By making her he loved so long his wife.
Then, drawing Mary closer to his side,
She caught the last expression of his love.
With full and free consent he left her all
His gold, his land, his houses, all were hers
With no restraint, to use as best she might.
He could not give himself, 'twas now too
late ;
He sought forgiveness for the past, and died
With these last words upon his feeble lips:
"God bless you, Mary."

Charlie Thompson's Trouble.

By COUSIN ALFRED.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERY.

"I SAY it's a nasty, mean shame of Alfred to break my box of paints; I'll never forgive him as long as ever I live, the nasty, spiteful thing, to destroy my present."

This was Charlie Thompson's angry speech.

"How do you know Alfred did it?" said his sister Louie, quietly.

"I'm sure he did it; I left it on the table in papa's study, and I know Alfred went upstairs to fetch a book."

"Don't be too hasty; perhaps you are making all a mistake. I don't think Alfred did it; why don't you ask him before you charge him with such an offence?" Louie was an intelligent, good-hearted child, and liked to see fair play to all around.

Two days before, Charlie had celebrated his sixth birthday. Some of his little friends had brought him presents; among these was a large humming top, which not only made a musical sound as it revolved, but also by a very simple arrangement could be made to change its note; there was also a box of picture bricks, which required a little skill in forming a very pretty Scripture picture; and what delighted Charlie most of all, a large box of paints. It was such a box as any boy would feel delighted to possess; colours of all hues, brushes, and little dishes in which to mix the paints. The next evening Charlie was hard at work painting some pictures his father had given him, and if they did not look very artistic it was not for the want of paints, with which Charlie endeavoured to cover them.

The following morning, when Charlie came down stairs, and ran into papa's study to look at his toys—for the children took great liberties with papa's room, and often made it a play-room—to his great grief the box lay on the floor broken in several parts, and the paints and brushes were scattered all about the room.

Charlie began to cry as he gathered up the remnants of his present, and running down stairs accosted his sister Louie in the words which open our story.

It appears that after the birthday party, the children went downstairs to repeat the next day's lessons to mother; it was then Alfred went upstairs to obtain a book he had left in the study, and at that time Charlie concluded that his brother had maliciously smashed his box of paints.

Louie was a year or so older than her brother, and had learned not to make hasty accusations. She did dot think it likely that Alfred would purposely spoil Charlie's present, although she remembered that he had certainly looked very jealous and had said several little words showing that he thought Charlie was favoured, yet for all this she did not like to hear her brother accused of a mean action, when at present there was not the slightest evidence that he had been guilty of it.

But now the accused came bounding into the room, his face full of smiles, his eyes beaming with childish energy and fun. Much to his surprise he heard the accusation brought against him.

"You nasty, mean thing, to break my box of paints; I suppose you were jealous because you didn't have one on your birthday!" Charlie's eyes were full of passion and his cheeks red with anger, as he thus charged his brother.

When Charlie held out his pinafore and exhibited the broken box and the paints all in disorder, Alfred, who was always full of fun, and never could refuse to laugh, roared so loudly that Charlie stamped his feet with rage, for he considered this only a further proof of Alfred's guilt.

"You know you did it, and now you are laughing, you nasty, spiteful, teasing Tom," said Charlie as tears of passion ran down his face.

"Go on, my boy," said Alfred calmly, "stamp as much as you like; you'll drop the lot in a minute, and then your beautiful box of paints will be smashed to atoms."

And sure enough, as Alfred spoke Charlie let go his pinafore, and away went the broken box and the paints all over the room. This only made Charlie shout and storm the louder.

In the midst of all this din papa put his head into the room. Charlie at once tried to be a little more calm, and Alfred and Louie put on very serious faces, though papa could see that there was a smile hidden in Alfred's looks.

"What's the matter, my dear childen?" said Mr. Thompson; "Why is Charlie so full of passion this morning?"

"Alfred's smashed my box of paints and now he is laughing at me," said Charlie, bursting again into tears.

"You make a very serious charge against your brother; have you any proof of his guilt?" asked the father, calmly.

"No one has been in the room but Alfred, so he must have done it."

Mr. Thompson, always liked to settle these matters; it was one of the principles of his life never to lay blame upon an innocent person, but always to use every means to discover the really guilty one. Turning to Alfred he put the straight-

forward question to him : "Did you break the box of paints yourself, or have you any knowledge of how it became broken ?"

Without any hesitation Alfred answered : "No, papa;" and the father could see there was a look of truthfulness on his face. At the same moment Alfred's heart failed him, and tears rolled down his face. They were tears of grief, shed at the thought of being falsely accused; for though he could not help laughing at the sight of the broken box, it was quite a different matter when he was seriously charged with having broken it, and especially when Charlie as good as said he was telling a lie. He liked a bit of fun as well as anyone, but deceit and falsehood he detested, and would rather bear any punishment than be guilty of such actions.

Papa had little time to spare to consider the matter, for he was obliged to hurry off to the city; he asked Sophie, the housemaid, and Millie, the nurse, but both denied having been in the study.

"Lock the door of the study and give me the key, and when I come home this evening I will try to clear up this mystery." This was Mr. Thompson's determination as he put on his coat and said good-bye to his children.

All day long Charlie was sulky. He believed that Alfred was really a guilty boy ; he alone, he thought, was guilty of destroying his beautiful box and paints, and constantly during the day he reminded him of his supposed fault.

Even at school Charlie spread the evil report—telling the boys in his class what his "sneaking brother" had done, until really the boys began to call Alfred names, and some of his particular chums turned their backs upon him.

Alfred felt this treatment very much. Like most boys who are truly boyish, and love fun and pleasure, he was very sensitive. He liked to be respected and loved, and though he could enter into the spirit of a practical joke with any of the boys, he felt that to be guilty of falsehood or deceit of any kind was unworthy of the character of a young English gentleman.

Many a time he had played tricks on the boys and had laughed heartily at their discomfort, but then he had laughed just as heartily when the boys had played their tricks back on himself; it was all in good fun, and he loved the sport as much as anyone.

To be publicly held up as a jealous boy, who had carried his jealousy so far as to destroy his younger brother's present was bad; to be charged with deceit, and to be branded as a liar, was worse; how he longed for the evening to come when his father would try to clear up the mystery, and if possible detect and punish the guilty party. He knew he was innocent for when he went into the study he found the missing book, and left the box of paints safely on the table—he was certain of that, and so he felt it was a shame that he should be charged with a crime he had never committed.

When Mr. Thompson came home Alfred's heart beat quickly, for if his father's investigation should not prove his innocence, the stigma might remain on him, and he was old enough to know that although his parents might not think him guilty, some of his companions would certainly do so, and if this sin should continue to be laid at his door, others of a still more serious character might be laid there also.

After tea, Mr. Thompson went upstairs, and, unlocking the study door, began his search. Looking carefully on the carpet, he found marks of blue and red paint. They were in small patches, as if some little paws had been daubed into paint and then those paws had left their marks behind them. What could it be ? Mr. Thompson was perplexed.

Pursuing his enquiries, he found that Charlie had certainly left a quantity of wet paint in the little china pans in which he mixed his colours; besides this, the paints were wet, and if thrown on to the carpet would certainly leave stains behind them.

"I think we shall unravel the mystery," said Mr. Thompson to his wife, "these marks have not been made by the accidental falling of the colours on the floor ; they have been made by the paws of some animal."

"Do you think a mouse has been playing his pranks here?" asked the anxious mother.

"It may be so."

"Do you think our Tom has been at mischief here in the night."

"We must look further, and perhaps we shall find out."

Mr. Thompson now moved the furniture, and behind the sofa, right in the corner of the room, by the side of a large portfolio of drawings, there lay the dead body of a mouse ; and even on its body were the marks of the fatal colours.

"Do you think the mouse has knocked the box off the table," asked Mrs. Thompson, "and then poisoned himself by trying to eat the paints ?"

"No, certainly not ; no mouse would be so foolish. Mice know better than to eat poison, without being grossly deceived ; besides, the paints are not poisonous ; and look, there are marks of teeth on the poor creature's back. I think I can solve the mystery. The cat has been chasing the mouse ; during the chase the mouse ran upon the table ; the cat ran after it; the mouse and the cat together knocked the paint-box on to the floor. It was the cat who wetted his feet in the paint, and then stained the carpet."

At this moment, as if to satisfy Mr. Thompson that he had arrived at a correct conclusion, there was a loud mewing and scratching at the door. It was Tom, who had just found out that the study door was open, and had come to banquet upon the dead mouse.

When Mr. Thompson opened the door, Tom bounded in; and sure enough, on examination, the tips of his whiskers and his paws were marked with paint. The evidence was positive; no one could deny it. Tom was the guilty party who had done all the mischief; but since he had been only following out his duty in catching the mouse, he was let off without punishment.

Charlie, Alfred, and Louie were all called into the study. The dead mouse, the cat, and the marks on the floor were pointed out. Charlie at once confessed his error in charging his brother. He was very sorry; and begged his brother's pardon. This was readily granted; and, while Mr. Thompson was trying to mend the broken box, he did not forget to remind his little family of the danger of making hasty charges against one another.

THE YOUNG ABSTAINER'S LABORATORY.

CHAPTER VI.

A TALK WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

I WILL suppose now that you have carefully studied our former chapters, and have practised over and over again the various experiments explained. You have also studied the books recommended, and now you are burning with anxiety to make your knowledge useful.

You cannot do better than commence by giving a simple address to a number of Band of Hope children.

Do not think too lightly of this task. Many attempt to carry it out, few succeed properly. Do not think that because you are only going to talk to children that any kind of talk will do; you must prepare with the same care, and even with more care for the children than for adults. Make yourself master of your facts; for children are keen critics, and soon discover a speaker's weak point. It is well in your address to attack some stronghold of Alcohol, as Alcohol and Strength, or Alcohol and Warmth. I will suppose you select the subject of Alcohol and Strength. You have to show the children that intoxicating drinks cannot supply the drinker with strength, and that abstainers are able to perform hard work even better than drinkers. You had better write out your address, and then make a few notes to assist you in speaking; it would be better to speak without notes, and in time it will be quite easy to do so.

To assist you in giving this address you had better purchase a diagram entitled *Composition of Foods and Drinks*, which you can procure at the "ONWARD" office, 18, Mount Street, Manchester, for one shilling. It will add very much to the efficiency of your address if you also buy two diagrams illustrating Malting and Brewing, which you can purchase at the same office for one shilling and sixpence each. It is a good plan to teach by comparisons, and since you are to show that Alcohol and Alcoholic drinks are not foods, you can compare a glass of ale with the best of all foods—milk. Your diagram will help you to do this, and you will find that milk contains—

Mineral substances—Salts, &c., to build up the skeleton.
Nitrogenous substances—Fibrin, Caseine, Albumen, to build up the Muscles.
Carbonaceous substances—Starch, Sugar, Fat, to give power and warmth.
Water, in which these substances are dissolved.

In the beer all these substances are found except Fat, also a good quantity of Alcohol, Gum, Refuse, &c., which are not found in milk.

Thus, in beer there is not a particle of fat, and in milk not a particle of Alcohol.

The following table will sufficiently explain what a very small quantity of nutritious matter there is in beer:—

MILK.		BEER.	
Water	86	Water	85·81
Alcohol	—	Alcohol	7·12
Sugar	5	Sugar	0·50
Fat	4	Fat	—
Mineral matter ...	1	Mineral matter	0·23
Nitrogenous matter	4	Nitrogenous matter ...	0·50
		Refuse	5·84
	100		100·0

You find then by comparison that beer cannot give strength, because it contains only a minute

portion of those nutritive qualities which make milk so valuable, and that little is spoiled by the Alcohol.

Of course, you will pin your diagram on the blackboard while you are speaking on this part of the subject, and you might also show the different parts of various food, especially pointing out that in all natural foods there is a large quantity of Water and no Alcohol.

You might write on the blackboard the proportions of the various substances to be found in beer and milk, and ask the children to repeat them over several times.

Now you may ask the question: Does the Maltster and the Brewer so work as to make a nutritious drink? You will show your diagrams of Malting and Brewing, and say all you know about these processes. You can also write out the proportions of Barley and Malt; you will point out that Malting really destroys part of the nutriment in Barley, and in brewing some of the nutritious part is given to the pigs and the cows—the beer-drinker buying the liquor in which the grain has been boiled. How do we know there is Alcohol in beer? We can show the spirit as it comes out of the beer. You can now proceed to boil your beer, and while the spirit is burning you can amuse the children by burning some Alcohol with some Chloride of Copper, common Salt and Chloride of Strontium. You can show that Alcohol gives great heat and no smoke; at the same time you will say what Alcohol is useful for, and if you can show a specimen of some animal preserved in spirit so much the better. Now write on the blackboard the Alcohol formula, $C_2 H_6 O$, and spend a little time explaining about these elements, giving as many experiments as time and circumstances allow.

In order to carry your Oxygen and Hydrogen to the meeting, you must purchase three 48-oz. deflagrating jars, fitted with india-rubber corks, at 2/6. You had better cut a circle of brown paper and place it inside those jars in which you burn Phosphorus, Charcoal, or Sulphur; you should leave also a small quantity of water in the jars. This is to prevent the jars cracking in case a little Phosphorous, &c.. should fall to the bottom of the jar. It is wise to consider very carefully, and to make a list of every article you will require for your address. See that every bottle will open easily, and place everything on the left hand, removing them to the right hand as you proceed. Here is a list of the articles you will require; of course you need only take a very small quantity of chemicals, &c.

Spirits of Wine.
Chloride of Copper.
Chloride of Strontium.
Salt.
Metal Potassium.
Chlorate of Potash.
Powdered Lump Sugar.
Charcoal.
Wool.
Weights and Scales.
Phosphorus (cut in small pieces).
Half Pint Stout.
Spirit Lamp.
Four Tin Dishes.
Jar to show C.O2.
Candleholder and card.
Candle.
Matches.
Taper.
Deflagrating Spoon and Cap.
Retort Stand & Rings.
Two Jars of Oxygen.
Jar of Hydrogen.
Lime Water & Tumbler
Turpentine.
Flask.
Magnet and Wire.
Iron Filings.
Duster, Chalk, and Drawing Pins.
American Cloth (to cover table).
Penknife.
Sheet white paper.
Sulphuric Acid.
Three Diagrams—(1) Malting; (2) Brewing; (3) Composition of Foods and Drinks.
Glass Rod.
Glass Tubing.

Probably you will find all this a great deal too much for an ordinary meeting, when addresses do not exceed half-an-hour in length. You can, therefore, arrange to give half the address on two successive occasions; or, if the occasion is a special one, you may be able to have all the hour to yourself, and you may be sure of an attentive audience if you have something to say in a pleasant and intelligent manner.

Remember that in giving a Band of Hope address your object is to *teach*, not to *amuse*. You merely amuse the children in order to obtain their attention that some particular truth may be driven home; if you do not succeed in teaching something your time and labour has been wasted. It is always best to prepare your own addresses, from your own reading and observation, but those who require help will find great assistance from the addresses published monthly in the *Band of Hope Chronicle*; a number of these have been collected under the title of *The Temperance Speaker's Companion*, and a shilling cannot be better spent than in purchasing this, and carefully studying the addresses to be found there.

And now, in concluding these papers, I hope many of my readers have now a laboratory of their own. I am sure they have found much pleasure in their studies. If they will continue to make the many other experiments which they will find in the *Chemistry Primer*, by Roscoe, and in *Practical Chemistry*, by J. Howard, published by William Collins & Sons, they will find so much pleasant work in their hands that they will have little time for mischief. This is an age for work; and let us be sure of this—the long winter evenings or the early mornings of summer cannot be better employed than in seeking to obtain such knowledge as will help us to be good ourselves, and to be the guiding stars of those who are less inte.ligent and younger in years than ourselves.

G.

Pebbles and Pearls.

THE BEER DELUSION.—Beer contains but one per cent. of nutritive matter, and is therefore not a thing to be taken for nutrition at all.—*Dr. Lancaster.*

"WHY," said a husband to his wife, "are you always looking in the glass?" "Because, my dear," was the answer, "it enables me to improve my personal appearance, whereas the glass you look into spoils yours."

A FEW days ago two men were in Smith's barber shop. One had red hair, and the other was bald-headed. Red Hair (to bald head)—"You were not about when they were giving out hair?" Bald Head—"Yes, I was there, but they only had a little red hair left, and I wouldn't take it."

AN old miser kept a tame jackdaw that used to steal pieces of money and hide them in a hole. The cat observed this, and asked why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of. "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

A PLEBISCITE of the five exempted towns in Ireland from the operation of the Sunday Closing Act has been taken. In Dublin the majority in favour of entire closing was 4 to 1; in Cork, 5 to 1; in Belfast, 9 to 1; in Limerick, 10 to 1; and in Waterford, 12 to 1. According to the report of the Registrar-General, Dublin is the most drunken city in the universe.

NOBODY ought to despair whose cause is just; nobody is justified in despairing if he has a righteous cause to uphold. It may not be given him to see it triumph, but that is only a question of time—it is an immaterial thing—but the right itself, why there is no power on earth can stay it! None can ever defeat it. God Himself is pledged to its final victory.—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

FAITH.—A guileless old Scotch minister one day told some boys of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next day the preacher read to his astonished congregation that "When Noah was 120 years old, he took unto himself a wife, who was" (then turning the page) "140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said—"My friends, this is the first time I ever read this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

SURELY it cannot be that England, with its many gifts, its noble, generous heart, can continue to succumb to the deadly ravages of such a foe. It would be a less ignoble fate to be crushed by some mighty conqueror. The nation overpowered by a strong arm may regain strength and rise again, but if she sinks beneath the weight of her own vices, she sinks to rise no more.—*Rev. Stenton Eardley.*

FOOD *v.* POISON.—There is something exceedingly irritating that a great part of a harvest, raised with infinite care and pains, instead of adding to the national wealth, and bringing rich returns, is poured, in the shape of liquid fire, down the throats of the nation that produced it, and instead of leaving them wiser, and happier, tends to impoverish them by vicious and debilitating indulgence.—*The Times.*

A VALUABLE TESTIMONY.—The cause of temperance is the cause of social advancement. Temperance means less crime, and more thrift and more of comfort and prosperity for the people. Nearly all the crime in our army can be traced to intoxication, and I have always found that when with any army or body of troops in the field there was no issue of spirits, and where their use was prohibited, the health as well as the conduct of the men were all that could be wished for.—*Sir Garnet Wolseley, K.C.B.*

EVADING THE DEVIL'S SNARE.—Describing in the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society for December a sacramental service in the Austral Islands, the Rev. W. E. Richards, of Raiatea, says: "The bread was bread-fruit, steamed and cut up into cubes; the wine was fresh orange-juice, and for goblets we used two glass rummers. It would be much better for our native church members, who are, after all, but big, good-natured, simple-hearted children, if orange-juice or lime-juice and sugar were always used at the Lord's Table; and then this monthly smack of the lips, and this mouthful of strong wine would cease to be the first silken thread of the devil's strong snare."

Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER VII.—A SAD CHRISTMAS.

"The mill wheel's frozen in the stream,
The church is decked with holly;
Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen beam,
To fright away melancholy.
Icicles cling in the milk-maid's pail,
Younkers skate on the pool below;
Blackbirds perch on the garden rail—
But hark how the cold winds blow!"
—HORACE SMITH.

CHRISTMAS! Yes, it had come at last; the children had been waiting for it for many days. Santa Claus had been talked about with great expectations; and many a little one had left its stocking in a conspicuous place, hoping that the good fairy would not forget to leave a substantial gift behind. Christmas! what a busy time for the shopkeepers—the butchers, the pastry-cooks, the poulterers, the grocers, the fruiterers — all were so busy they hardly knew how to satisfy their numerous customers, who all wanted to be served first. Every little family looked forward to some extra pleasure on this day of rejoicing; there must be the fat turkey roasting by the fire, the plum pudding boiling in the pot, the mince-pies baking in the oven; and in the evening, the roasted chestnuts, kissing under the mistletoe, with songs, forfeits, and laughter, so that the heaviest heart could look up and rejoice.

A thousand steeples sent forth their merry peals, and many thankful hearts gathered in the churches to remember the condescension of the Saviour, who came to us in all humility, and for more than thirty years gave man an example of patience, long-suffering, and faithfulness.

There was great happiness in the little villages nestled on the hill-side, among the trees covered with snow; there was laughter and merriment in the great, busy, toiling city; the busy warehouses put up their shutters and denied admission to any customers, no matter what their orders might be; tired men and women forgot their work for awhile; the paupers in the workhouse did not complain of the quality and quantity of their food on that day; the sick in the hospitals laughed at the decorations and fun provided for their amusement; even the prisoner in his cell had a taste of Christmas fare, and the Christmas hymn in the prison chapel seemed to give him brighter hopes for the future.

This was an old-fashioned Christmas—the snow lay thick on the ground; even in the busy city it lay on the house-tops, covered the window-ledges, blocked up the roads—defying all the efforts of the sweepers to get rid of it; for in spite of all one could do it would gather, and would make its way into the house.

Of all the obstinate, pertinacious, persevering things in nature, there is nothing so obstinate as the snow.

But what mattered about the snow, if one had warm blood flowing quickly through the veins, plenty of good food, a warm great-coat, and a safe ice-pond close at hand on which to slide and skate till the perspiration drops off the forehead in beads, as it does when running on a summer's day? A roaring fire inside the house, and smiling friends all around us, we even welcome Jack Frost as one of our most cheerful visitors.

The bells of St. Saviour's church in the Borough rang out their merry peal. On the faces of those hurrying to the railway station at London Bridge there was an expression of earnestness mingled with joy, for many working late on the Christmas eve were obliged to travel on the Christmas morning to their friends in the country.

Amidst the hurrying crowd at the station there stood one pale face, already haggard with anxiety and fatigue.

The night journey from Paris, and especially the excitement at the presence of the mysterious stranger, had unnerved her; and now she felt what a poor, weak, helpless creature she was, hardly knowing how to commence the search for her lost boy.

She had left Sister Margaret with her heart beating high with hope—she felt that she was hastening to the rescue of her child, but as she approached nearer to the great Metropolis, she began to understand what a gigantic task she had undertaken. All the information she had to guide her was in the anonymous letter, that only told her that her boy was in the East of London, that he was suffering, and wanted his mother. Surely this was poor information for a weak, helpless woman to work upon.

We talk merrily of crossing the stream, of stemming the torrent, of overcoming difficulties, when we are miles away from them; but it is not until we stand shivering on the banks that we can estimate how different is planning and action.

So it was with Mrs. Fitzgerald—a mother's love had sent her forth to search for her boy; but now she was on the very threshold of her work she knew not which way to turn.

The clock struck eight; she started up as if she felt herself guilty of unnecessary delay in her mission. Leaving her luggage in the cloak-room, and partaking of a hurried breakfast at a neighbouring restaurant, she hailed a cab, for she wanted to get at once to the East of London.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the cabman, gruffly.

"Drive me to the East," answered the poor mother, in an abstracted manner.

"What do you mean by the East? Do you want Constantinople, Jerusalem, or Jericho? You must be mad;" and he drove away disgusted that his time should be wasted on so busy a morning.

"Search for him in the East," repeated the mother to herself; what did that mean? It might mean Whitechapel, Mile End, Stepney, or even Ratcliff Highway, where the sailors swarm, and where seamen of all nations and colours are found crowding the streets.

On she walked over the crisp snow, wrapping her garments closely around her, for the biting blast bit her; as she crossed the famous London Bridge, how eagerly she looked at every child that passed her, at times thinking she could see the features of her lost boy in some little form that passed her on the road.

Close to the statue erected to the memory of William IV. stood a good-natured-looking policeman. Perhaps, she thought, he could direct her; so much had her judgment been overcome by her trouble that she actually thought he might know something of her missing child. Approaching him she asked:

"Have you seen a little boy, seven years old, named Henry Fitzgerald?"

"I have seen many boys this morning," responded the constable; "but I don't know their names. Have you lost anyone?"

"Yes; I have lost my boy; he might have been drowned in the Channel, and yet I believe he is living. Where do you think a boy of seven would get to in the East? If you have any information, do tell me, constable."

The puzzled officer shook his head; it was not the first time that a half-crazed woman had amazed him with questions. He could not make her story out at all; for if the boy was drowned, how could he be living in the East? He looked again at the earnest face of the inquirer; there was no sign of madness; she was only agitated by her grief, and apparently quite able to take care of herself.

"What do you want, madam?" he asked. "I will help you if I can; only explain to me what you have lost."

"I have lost my boy, and expect to find him in the East of London. Can you tell me how to go?"

"You'd better go to the station-house and make your inquiries there. I am sure you will do better than wandering about, not knowing what you are doing;" and then he directed her kindly to the station-house in Great Tower Street.

An hour had passed, and the poor woman had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile. She hurried away in the direction indicated by the constable, who looked after her with sympathy in his face, and said to himself, "There's something wrong there, I'm sure."

At the station-house they could give her very little consolation. By much questioning they were able to extract her story from her. They had heard of the wreck of the *Helena*, and had seen the names of Mrs. Fitzgerald and her son among the list of the lost. They knew no more. They would make all inquiries, and let her know. Would she call again, or leave her address and they would communicate with her. The officer evidently looked upon the applicant as one suffering from mental derangement; yet for her sake he was polite, and pretended to believe her story. She could leave no address, and was too busy in her search even to think of deciding on one.

Out in the cold street again she made her way to Gracechurch Street; then, turning to the right, she went along Leadenhall Street, and very soon found herself in Whitechapel.

How the time was passing! The bells began to call people to church; the streets were getting full of people; most of them had on some new article of dress. Some were noisy; not a few were singing in loud voices snatches of songs, as if they thought that Christmas was just the time for boisterous conduct, and that the way to celebrate the Saviour's birth was to make oneself as foolish as possible.

How famished she was becoming; she had eaten very little since she started on her journey. Already she felt herself sinking under the exertions of her search.

"O God, help me!" she cried in agony of spirit. "Oh, give me strength and power to carry out my mission!"

It was one o'clock—the churches closed, and the public-houses opened. Little knots of men who had been standing at the corners of the streets waiting for this, to them, most important part of the proceedings of Christmas day, hurried in to get rid of their spare cash; and on every hand came a procession of men, women, and children, loaded with jugs and bottles, in order that they might lay in a good store of intoxicating drinks for the evening's festivities.

Alas! in the East of London it is the custom among many of the poor to get drunk at home on Christmas day; and on the next day they may be seen publicly doing their best to arrive at the same condition.

The public-houses were soon full; indeed they were much more crowded than the places of worship had been. Many of these had not been opened at all.

Not far from Whitechapel Church Mrs. Fitzgerald noticed a modest-looking building, having upon its front the words MISSION HALL. She stood outside for a minute, and could hear music and singing. Peeping in at the door, she could see a number of persons at tables, which seemed to be well laden with provisions for a Christmas dinner. There were kindly faces all around, and the hall was decorated with evergreens, banners, and bright pictures.

She was afraid to venture inside. Her strength could carry her no further; so she sat down to rest.

Hunger and the cold made her sleepy; the cold blast froze her blood; she had money in her pocket, but she had neither strength or knowledge where to go to find food; she closed her eyes and tried to sleep.

A kindly hand aroused her from her slumbers, and a cheerful voice said to her: "Wake up, sister, and come in; there is plenty inside."

She started, and shivered; then, looking at the smiling face, she said:

"Have you a woman's heart? Then, help a poor unhappy mother, friendless and weak; I cannot help myself. Oh, help me, or I shall perish."

She felt her hand kindly grasped. In a few moments she was seated in a cosy room by a blazing fire, a cup of hot coffee in her hand, and smiling faces all around her.

"Are you better now, my dear," said the same kind, sisterly voice.

"Yes, thank you; I am quite well now. I was almost famished, for I have scarcely taken anything to eat for twenty-four hours."

"Then eat here in quietness: afterwards, if you feel well enough, you shall join our party in the hall. You must stay with us on this Christmas day."

The kindly voice was that of Mrs. Martin, one of those noble women who devote their lives to lightening the burdens and enlightening the souls of the poor wretched outcasts in the East of London. She was a widow with one daughter; she had plenty of money; how could she spend it better than trying to make others happy? She had talents; to what better purpose could she consecrate them than the imparting of knowledge to the ignorant, and comfort to the sad?

Her highest joy at Christmas time was to make others happy. She had organised and provided the feast for a hundred wretched men and women, who would otherwise have been dinnerless on Christmas day.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," she often said, when some reminded her that she was too extravagant in her gifts. She felt in her soul the highest joy that man can experience—the joy of lifting up the downcast and wiping away the tears of the widow and the orphan.

Mrs. Fitzgerald had soon made her story known to her new friend. Mrs. Martin could see at once that the unhappy mother was the victim of a cruel conspiracy.

"But it may yet be true," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, "that my boy lives. I believe that I shall still live to see him."

"God grant that you may; but you must not wander again; you must leave the search to others better qualified and stronger than yourself."

"No, I cannot give in so soon; I will look among the crowds to-morrow, if you can find me a shelter to-night."

"Yes, you shall not want a home. You shall write to Sister Margaret, asking her to fulfil her promise by coming to you at once."

Christmas-day at the Mission Hall was a time of genuine pleasure both to the receiver and giver. The poor received their food with gratitude; the kind donor and her assistants felt that Christmas had never been spent in a nobler manner.

Such a Christmas as this made the angels rejoice; for has not the Saviour said, "The poor ye have always with you;" and has He not commanded us to feed His sheep? and surely the hungry, the outcast, and the sad are God's sheep, and demand our care and love.

Mrs. Martin, with a true woman's perception, could see that her new friend spoke the truth. They were soon in each other's confidence. She could easily give Mrs. Fitzgerald some employment, for she had a convalescent home at Margate, where a superintendent and a nurse were required.

When Boxing-day came Mrs. Fitzgerald trusted her little money to her new friend, and then to satisfy her conscience she wandered the streets again, looking in every direction for her boy. The sights she witnessed soon drove her home to Mrs. Martin. Women, with children in their arms, were singing and shouting in the streets; men, women, and even children were helplessly intoxicated; the gin-palaces were crowded with an excited throng—some quarrelling, some fighting. It was a fearful picture of what alcohol can do.

Mrs. Fitzgerald soon began to make plans for the future. Guided by Mrs. Martin, she wrote to Sister Margaret, offering to her in the name of the founder the superintendence of the Convalescent Home at Margate, and promising to go with her as her assistant.

Mademoiselle Sauve was delighted with this prospect. The managers of the Hospital St. Joseph were sorry to lose so kind a friend, but they could not detain Sister Margaret, who was very anxious to join her dear Lizzie.

Very soon they were united; and after a short rest, they were introduced to their new sphere of labour.

(To be continued.)

Ashore and Afloat.

I NEVER could conceive anything more thoroughly enjoyable on a hot summer's day than to be lazily sitting on the beach, or tossing in a boat when the sea was calm—that was when I was a boy, as I was going to say. My old dad was a regular old salt; he had a face well tanned, of course. I used to think it looked very coarse; it was due to his bringing up. He had a very polite way of addressing his offspring. "Now, you young shrimp, come along here," he used to say to me, "what are you a-whimpering at? a man that's born to be drowned 'll never be hung—get the lines ready, I say, get the lines ready!" I have thought since that my old dad's lines had fallen in poor places; and yet, after all, I am not sure whether his simple, seafaring life was not preferable to the worry and toil of my present daily existence. Many a time the old boy would come home after a bad night on the briny. "Bad catch, Mary," he would say to the dear old girl, my mother. "Never mind, Tom, you're safe at home, and that's the best catch; something 'll turn up. We've never wanted a meal yet, and we never will, you'll see."

Talking about my old mother, that reminds me of the time when I left home. She was quite a philosopher in her way of putting things. "Now, Jack," said she, "mind what you're a-going to do; it's not donkey-driving you're after now" (my first occupation was donkey-driving on the sands); "remember there are fools enough in the world; take care you don't make another. What have I reared you for—a rogue, a vagabond? Know your own; and while you've got a head on your shoulders, hold it up and let the world see you are every inch a man!"

I have a vivid recollection of that donkey-driving business. While my old dad was out in the boat fishing, I was lifting a few coppers on the sands with the donkeys. I often thought there were more donkeys on the sands than those on four legs; such thoughts, of course, I kept to myself, having an eye to business. Well, I said "good bye!" to the old girl and my old dad—I was bound for the city; and like the fellow who used to do the diving business from the pier, I said, "Here goes!"

To cut a long story short, I found my old mother's advice served me well on many occasions. God bless her! she is now seventy, and feels as proud of her son, Jack, as any mother. I have been among the Philistines, and had many a hard battle to fight, but have never brought a blush to her dear old cheek, or a pang of sorrow to her heart.

ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

THE OPEN DOOR.

"It is an interesting fact that since we met twelve months ago, the door of this welcome shelter for poor neglected little wanderers has never been shut—open night and day." (*Extract from Annual Report of the Manchester & Salford Boys and Girls' Refuge—Children's Shelter Branch—for 1886.*)

YOU know the Infirmary pavement, with its broad expanse of stone,
With the cupola clock overhead, and the statues grim and lone,
Crowded and bustling at midday, bright in the evening's glare,
But on this winter midnight, rain-swept, gloomy and bare.

Twelve from the cupola clock, twelve from the clocks all round,
And the lingering boom from Albert Square, with its sad, far-reaching sound;
Not a soul left in the lonely streets, all away to shelter and bed,
And the living, throbbing city, seems like a city dead.

Tramp! 'tis the prying policeman, searching with patient look—
Turning the glare of his lamp on each secret corner and nook—
As if on this winter midnight, with the rain-rush teeming down,
Aught, with the life left in it, would stop on the flags and drown!

Ha! what is that, then, yonder—crouched on the steps of stone?
A lone child, ragged and footbare, drenched to the very bone,
Grasping a pulpy parcel, smeared with the roadway mire,
Everything cold about him, save two little eyes of fire.

'None o' yer tricks now, youngster! Why are yer lurkin' here?
Tell us yer tale straightforred!" (A sob, and a glance of fear.)
The child holds out the parcel; the hand is covered with blood;
"Slipped from the — Longsight car, sir;— p-papers fell i' the mud."

"Father?"—"Aint got none."—"Mother?"—"I reckon as mother's dead."
Policeman thinks of *his* nestlings, safe with their mother in bed.)
"Nothin' to get me a lodgin'"—(he shivered where he stood.)
"Paid all my brass for the 'specials,' and papers fell i' the mud."

"Come," says the sturdy policeman, and takes the child by the arm.
"Oh, please don't run me in, sir; I hasn't done no harm!
'Tis gospel truth as I've told you; I isn't a prig or a liar!"
"Nay, come with me, my laddie, I'se get thee some food and a fire!"

"Past the hotel over yonder, and just a street before,
There's a place where I'll find thee a lodgin,' they calls it '*The Open Door*';
There's a few good folks as keeps it for just such lads as thee—
Look—there it is; right before thee; go in for thee-sen an' see!"

Bliss for the poor starved orphan! the door stands open wide,
It leads to a cheerful welcome, the glow of a bright fireside;
The wounded hand washed gently, and bound with a tender care,
Dry clothes, and a touch like a mother's to part the curly hair;

Supper that seems like nectar, a verse from the Holy Word,
Ten words of a prayer as welcome THERE, as the grandest litany heard;
A snug little berth and a pillow to rest the weary head,
And God's sweet gift of slumber falls on that lowly bed.

* * * * *

Policeman's wife next morning told me this simple tale;
(Glanced at her own two youngsters, mother-clad, ruddy, and hale),
Made my hand go to my pocket, to find in its scanty store,
Some little wedge of silver to help with "The Open Door."

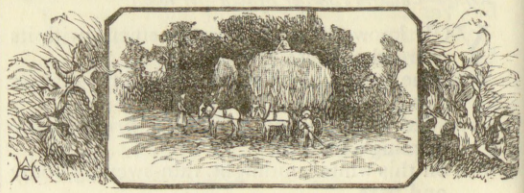
* * * * *

Oh! type of the door of mercy, for ever open and free;
Of the dear Lord's word of welcome, the loving "Come unto Me!"
For even the vilest sinner, desolate, guilt-stained, poor,
May come to the house of mercy, and pass through "The Open Door."

Oh! type of the heavenly city, that stands in the land of light,
Where the pain can never enter, and the wrong is all set right;
For the gates of that blest city are shut not, night or day*;
And the ransomed§ people enter, and they that enter‡, stay.

E. HEWLETT.

* Rev. xxi. 25. § Rev. xxi. 24. ‡ Rev. iii. 12.



DRINK AS A PUNISHMENT.

By Rev. W. E. CHADWICK, M.A.

IN the ordinary meetings of Band of Hope societies, no doubt, from time to time one hears much of the terrible sin of drunkenness, and of the awful results which follow upon it. It is a terrible sin, for the drunkard pollutes and dishonours his body which was meant to be a temple—a dwelling-place of God's pure and holy Spirit. It is a terrible sin, because by indulgence in strong drink we destroy one of God's most precious gifts to man, that is our reason—the reflective faculty that must guide and govern our life and actions. One is also constantly reminded not only in our Band of Hope Meetings, but by frequent experiences as one goes through the world, of the terrible results of drunkenness, of ruined hopes and ruined lives, of sickness and cruelty, and miserable homes of poverty and distress, and a host of evils, too numerous to mention.

Notice rather the great cause than of the results of drunkenness. Now, when mentioning the word "cause," the mind will fly to such places as public-houses, beershops, clubs, and such institutions, to places where strong drink is supplied. These, we are told, are the cause of drunkenness, and that we must use every effort to diminish the number of such places. That is right. But let us pause for a moment. A public-house is a place used for the supply of drink. It is a fair commercial dictum that a supply, a constant and steady supply of any article presupposes a *demand* for that article, and if the commercial prosperity of a community is to be maintained, the supply must be regulated by the demand. Hence, if we can diminish the demand, we shall very soon diminish the supply. Therefore, our great work as temperance advocates, our best and most efficient work will consist in diminishing the demand for strong drink.

Those who take an interest in christian work know that we have to deal with imperfect men and women, whose lot is cast amongst imperfect circumstances. Our work must be to try and improve both the people and the circumstances. But the best work, and the most enduring, will be to expend our energies upon the people rather than the circumstances. Improvement, change for the better, is most easily effected in early life, at such an age when our young people are gathered into our Bands of Hope. Therefore, one of the main objects of these Bands of Hope should be the mutual self-improvement of the members. We must try and mutually improve the tastes, the wills, the minds, and the hearts of all the members.

You know some friend or acquaintance who is now what is termed the victim of intemperance. But at one time, that friend or acquaintance was as pure and as sober as any child in our midst. What was the cause of your acquaintance falling a victim to this degrading habit? Was he or she married? For what did they marry? For a pretty or a handsome face, or, perchance, for the mere evanescent charms of youthfulness? Was there any more lasting endowment? Was there a trained mind or will? Was there an ability for the one to enter into the tastes, the hobbies, the business, the aims, or the ideas of the other? Was the husband a mere ignorant, untrained, undisciplined, overgrown child? The wife, a mere pretty dressed-up doll! Work was over, tea was finished; then some three or four hours till bedtime there was little or no attraction at home. He or she commenced to see it elsewhere. They had no resources within themselves or within each other. Their nature demanded some satisfaction; the demand created a supply. They must have—if they could get nothing else—the lowest, sensual, bestial excitement; they went to the public-house and got drunk.

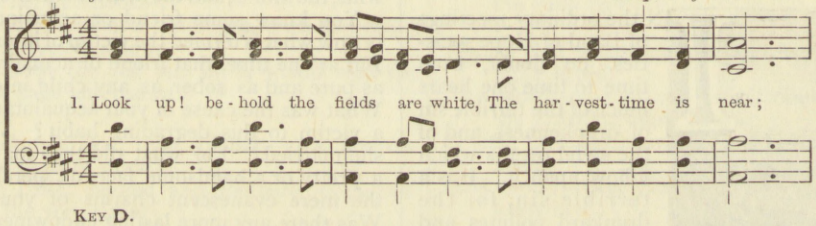
Let us try to regard drunkenness as a punishment—as one of the most terrible, self-inflicted punishments to which any man or woman can be subjected. The devil still finds mischief for idle hands, and idle minds, and idle hearts, and undisciplined wills, and untrained and unused reasons. God has given us talents which He means us to use to employ to the improvement of ourselves and our fellows. If we neglect to use these gifts, we shall, by our own sin, bring upon us in one way or another a most terrible chastisement, and few chastisements can be compared in severity to that of the drunkard's. The pleasure he gets—if pleasure it can be termed—is, at the best, the tickling of the sensation of the palate; the woe that follows is days and nights of sickness, of pain; nay, often years of misery. Men have sought to deliver themselves from this awful curse; but the will-power had been lost, and like the vessel in the storm without a rudder, they seemed to be at the mercy of every blast of temptation that beat upon their well-nigh shipwrecked lives.

Let us try and train our reason, our will, our understanding, and see that the conditions under which we labour, and the atmosphere in which we work are healthy, pure, and elevating; that the breath of the Holy Spirit of Christ, which alone can make us strong, is strengthening us and making us fit to wrestle with and to conquer the temptations of the world and the flesh.

BEHOLD, THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.

Words by M. L. Hofford

Robert Lowry.
Adapted by W. Hoyle.



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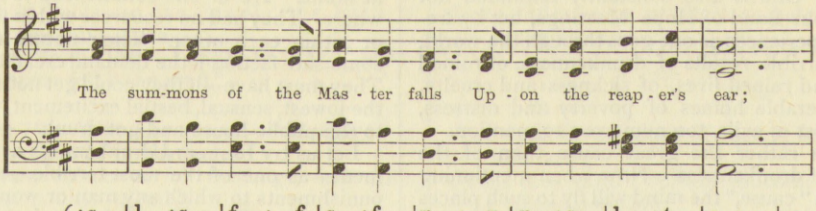

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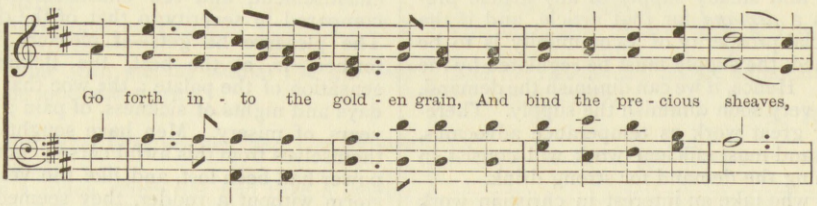

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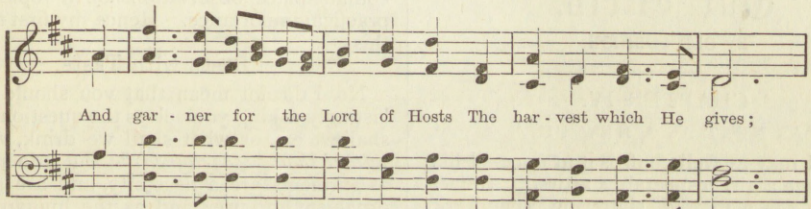
BEHOLD, THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.



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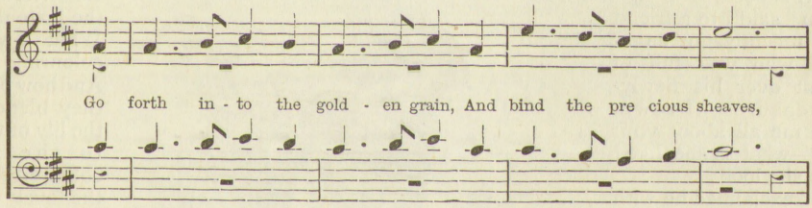

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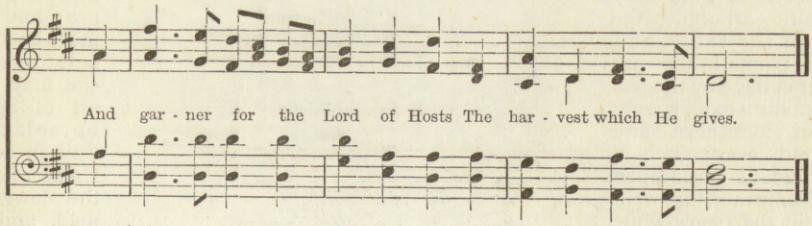

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"Our Girls."

By OLD CORNISH.

CHAPTER IV.

"AS NEAT AS A NEW PIN."

YES! I may as well confess it at once—I like to see a girl respectably attired. In fact, I hate to see a ragged, slatternly, spendthrift sort of a girl—a girl with shoes slouching down at the heels—with dress draggling in the dust or dirt—with hair as if it spurned the aid of a brush or comb; and with finger nails as if in mourning for the dearest of departed friends. Alas! honesty compels me to admit that, however hungry I am, my appetite for the pudding goes at the unfortunate discovery that such a girl is cook.

"Brown," said I to a friend who had recently got engaged, and who was full of excitement over his newly-found treasure—"Brown, come tell me all about your lady-love—what is she like? how does she look?"

"Like!" exclaimed he with delight; "Look! why as neat as a new pin."

And the fellow was right. For, see her whenever you would, she was a pattern of neatness to every girl in the land.

It was in the leafy month of June I first made her acquaintance. She was busy at her work—arranging the flowers on the table, and setting the plants in the window of her cottage by the sea. Yes, there she stood, a very picture of innocence and health, and every inch a queen; and as I gazed upon that handsome face, that well-kempt hair, that snow-white apron to protect her morning dress, and those lily-white hands moving so gracefully amid the flowers, I could not wonder that my old and cautious friend should fall in love with such a lass.

Now as so many excellent things have been said upon the subject of dress, and as girls have shown such an undying interest in the same, I am encouraged to attempt to overcome my all but insurmountable timidity, and add even my commonplace observations on a topic of such practical importance. Hence my first remark is this—

Dress with Taste.

No, I do not mean that you should be everlastingly asking yourselves the question: "What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, *or wherewithal shall we be clothed?*" But I do mean that as garments are a necessity, and are given for ornament and use; and as the human frame is God's great masterpiece in creation, you should avoid the very appearance of degrading it into a common clothes peg, on which to suspend with impunity a few filthy rags.

"Consider the lilies." Yes, you should study God's care in creation, and let it serve you as an incentive in the matter of apparelling yourselves. Look! how exquisite the taste displayed. What a variety of colouring there is. And how beautifully they blend. From the lily of the valley to the richly-coloured rose; from the lovely little violet hiding itself away amid the moss and fern of the hedge-row, to the great gnarled oak, whose giant arms hurl defiance at the hurricane, there are lessons respecting adaptability and use; and that girl must be blind who fails to perceive that she may learn the art of apparelling herself from the way in which the Creator has clothed the flowers of the field, and set the stars a shining in the midnight sky.

Call me an iconoclast if you will—set me down as an eastern octogenarian with tastes as antique as the ark, if you like—I am nevertheless free to admit that whatever colouring or shape the costume may assume, there should be provision for the lithesomeness of the limb, and for the free exercise of every muscle in the human

frame. But when I see a girl limping, only because of the fashionable, but abominable, boot —when I see her with a wasp-like waist, as if she were the sole, but unfortunate, patentee of a corset to crucify the flesh and to crush the rib, and to make freedom of breathing a difficulty, and a run an impossible achievement—then I say to myself—Whatever else she may be, she is a sorry simpleton, I am sure.

Yes, it behoves me to speak with modesty on the matter of dress ; but even at the risk of being regarded rude—which no one who knows me will assert I am—I cannot allow the consideration of healthiness of body and soundness of mind to be endangered for the want of a word. In fact, the matter of structural development is one of such pre-eminent importance, and of such far-reaching results, that it becomes a matter of the gravest consideration how far girls may go in the direction of dress without affecting their health, or the health of those who may be dependent upon them in the years to come.

Nor is the question of appearance an inconsiderable thing. You may lay it down as a fact that it behoves every girl in the land to dress as becomes her best, and to do it without the monopoly of time from higher and more important things, and without exposing herself to vanity and pride. I confess I do not like to see a girl indifferent to the claims of social life, and attiring herself in unwomanly rags. When you consider what labour God has expended upon a cowslip, and how He has moulded even the modest little daisy with His accustomed care, you surely cannot resist the conviction that it behoves you to dress with studied taste. But when I see a girl in all the colours of a rainbow, or scrubbing away at the doorstep in a silken gown, or polishing the fireirons in a pair of lavender kids, or going to church with ungloved and unwashed hands, and with dress out at waist, I say to myself: " Heaven help the unfortunate who may have such a girl for a wife."

O, ye merry, merry maids, be wise, I beseech you, in this matter of attire. Study the question of economy and health; and shun the flimsy finery as you would the flame. Remember that such unspeakable blessings as happiness and honour are in the keeping of clothes. Many a girl has been ruined by such a thing as a feather, and from the pinnacle of virtue has been hurled through degradation unto death by her unfortunate fondness for finery and show. Avoid eccentricity as you would a fool; and let no silly, nonsensical notions about fashions warp your judgment or mislead your heart; but from vest to gown—from a well-stockened foot to a pair of bonnet-strings, have respect to the useful, and show that your tastes are governed by a godly mind; then of you it shall be said, as it was of another of your sex—

" Men at her side
Grew noble, girls purer ; till through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown."

Dress within your Means.

Lay it down as a principle for your guidance all through life, that you will pay for all you have, and that you will never use so much as a boot-lace that has to be got on trust.

Believe me, one of the crying sins of to-day is *extravagance;* and the rage for *appearance* is an appalling and humiliating fact. Yes, your environments, as the scientist would say, are in favour of expenditure. Showy shop windows—splendid assortment of the newest and most fashionable goods—great reductions—enormous sacrifices—and a host of other modes of questionable expedients—all have their influence, and present such an array of temptations as are sometimes hard to resist. But of what use is a woman's will if she cannot resist the inclinations to excess—if she cannot say " No ! " when she knows the purchase of a pin would involve her in debt. When I see a girl careless of cash, heedless of extravagance, reckless of expenditure, and indifferent as to how she may make both ends meet, I begin to ask—What sort of matron will she make? Is she qualifying herself for the responsible position of a wife? And what are her ideas, if she has any, respecting the power of the pence?

Now, commonplace as these questions may appear, they are important, nevertheless. The question of present economy is but a minor consideration after all, when compared with the issues involved in the future relationships that you girls may sustain. When I think that every maiden may become a mother, and that upon her will devolve the management of the household and the clothing of the children, I cannot resist the conviction that one of the most important subjects that call for present consideration is that relating to economy in dress. Hence, I would emphasise the remark—Avoid extravagance as you would the plague. Content yourselves with the cheapest of gingham gowns for which you can pay, rather than covet the superbest silks, which you have not money enough to buy.

No, I have no craze on the question of dress, nor have I any objection to the putting on of gold or of costly apparel, provided you have the means of purchase at your disposal. It would be a shame for an heiress to an estate to dress as poorly as a pauper child; and surely it would be a sin for the pauper child to attire herself in the apparel of a queen. Rank, position, and wealth, all have their rights, and should have the

respect which their prestige demands. But for the daughter of a peasant to assume the attitude and airs of a princess is to bring down upon herself the scorn and contempt of mankind.

My sisters, oh, my sisters! a very grave responsibility rests upon you respecting this subject of dress. And when I think that it has been deemed proper to place it so prominently before us in the Bible—that Solomon in all his glory commanded universal respect; and that the Queen of Sheba was so enamoured of the sight that she was literally constrained to confess that the half had not been told her—that the psalmist praises it so highly—that Paul preached it ; and that Peter enforced it upon public attention—and that even Dorcas, good, kind-hearted Dorcas, plied her needle and thread so that she might clothe the needy and assist the poor—when I think of all these, I feel as if there were divine authority for the expression, that it behoveth you to dress as becometh the Christian ; and that your very highest adornment after all is "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Yes, if on this question of dress you will be guided by sense—will resist all temptations to extravagance—will permit no power upon earth to force you beyond the bounds of economy, and that you will live within your means, though it should necessitate your spending no more than the cost of a herring a day—then you may carry yourself with a demeanour that is queenly, even though clad in clothing of the coarsest stuff; whilst you sing in the words of wise and witty Wendell Holmes:

"Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,
I ask but one recumbent chair.

"Thus humble let me live and die—
Nor long for Midas golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much.
Too grateful for the blessings lent
Of simple tastes and mind content."

Now having said so much on the subject of personal adornment, I cannot close without emphasising the remark of an old divine, that "*a neglected comeliness is the best ornament.*"

Dress improvers indeed! Why, where is there a more excellent specimen of the kind than that which is to be found in a decently-dressed girl, who, under the shadow of her bonnet, carries the merriest and most modest of faces, and, affecting no liking for the so-called Grecian bend, walks erect in her womanliness with all the grace of a queen?

Thank God there are some girls who *do* remind me of Krummacher's pretty little parable of the Angel and the Rose.

"The angel who takes care of the flowers," said he, "and sprinkles upon them dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rose bush. When he awoke, he said: 'Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odour and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favour, how willingly would I grant it.'

'Adorn me then with a new charm,' said the spirit of the rose bush, in a beseeching tone.

So the angel adorned the lovliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there in its modest attire—the *moss-rose*—the most beautiful of its kind.

So the costliest ornaments are often the simplest. There is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling pearl equal to the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Right, Krummacher, right! And if every girl were to lay to heart thy lovely little parable, then every girl would breathe this beautiful and most comprehensive prayer—

"O, never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation, through Thy name,
My soul, and let me put on Thee!
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe Thy righteousness.

"Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity—
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star."

HER BOY.

By MARY M. FORRESTER.

"HER BOY" is always beautiful:
When on her knee he lies,
She sees God's sunlight in his hair,
Heaven's brightness in his eyes.
There never was so fair a form,
So sweet, so pure a face,
As that which on her faithful heart
Doth find a resting place:
Common, perhaps, to others' eyes,
But to the mother's—no!
"Her boy" is always beautiful,
Because she loves him so.

"Her boy" is always beautiful,
When, in a few short years,
The prattle of his lisping tongue,
Makes music in her ears:
Was ever child so gay, so bright,
In all the world before?
Were ever feet so light as those
Which patter o'er the floor?
Seen through the eyes of mother's love,
How fair his face doth glow!
"Her boy" is always beautiful,
Because she loves him so.

"Her boy" is always beautiful
Through years that wander on;
Though from his face and from his heart,
The light of youth be gone:
He may be worthless—even base—
With dark, dishonoured name;
But midst the shadows of his sin
She loves him still the same.
Always "her boy," her own sweet boy!
His faults she will not know;
"Her boy" is always beautiful,
Because she loves him so.

"Her boy" is always beautiful:
Aye, even though he prove
Like to a serpent that doth wound
Her faithful, tender, love;
Though he should pierce that mother's heart,
It beats for him alone;
Though he should spurn that mother's love,
Still, still it is his own.
Seen through the scalding, blinding tears,
That he has made to flow,
"Her boy" is always beautiful,
Because she loves him so.

Oh, wondrous well of mother's love,
How deep thy waters are!
And yet as high and beautiful,
As furthest, brightest star:
That which thou lovest, may be base,
Or from thy side be gone;
But firm and strong as mightiest rock
That love will still live on.
Upon her heart she holds him high,
Though he be sunken low;
"Her boy" is always beautiful,
Because she loves him so.

OLD Baxter says he has come to the conclusion that old cheese is about the strongest kind of food that ever hid the pattern on a man's plate, for it's generally *all mitey*, and when eaten with new bread and old ale, suits him exactly, for what with the hops in the ale, and hops in the cheese, it makes him feel quiet lively. Well it *mite!*

THE OUTLOOK.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, the author of the "Imperial Gazeteer of India," has lately read a paper before the Society of Arts, on "The Religions of India," in which he made the following remarkable statement:—

On the important question of temperance, Sir William said:

"The native Christian is exposed to a terrible temptation. Islam is a great teetotal society. Among Hindoos to touch liquor is the sign of low caste. I do not agree with the old Colonel who writes in the newspapers that every Christian servant in India drinks. But it is very sad that the careless, honest observer should so often arrive at this generalisation. I, for one believe that if Christianity is to be an unmixed blessing in India it must be Christianity on the basis of total abstinence. This self-imposed restriction would, in India, soon grow into a binding custom, and would raise the Christian communities out of the rank of the liquor-drinking castes.

Indian Christianity, organised on the Indian communal basis, and in part directed by native spiritual leaders would reproduce, as far as the divergent creeds of modern times permit, Tertullian's picture of the early Churches united by the 'communion of peace, the title of brotherhood, the token of hospitality, and the tradition of one faith.' Speaking as an Englishman, I declare my conviction that English missionary enterprise is the highest modern expression of the world-wide national life of our race. I regard it as the spiritual complement of England's instinct for colonial expansion and imperial rule. And I believe that any falling off in England's missionary efforts will be a sure sign of swiftly coming national decay."

We value this contribution, because it comes from the most competent authority, and because it is a wholly unbiassed opinion.

This is, indeed, unsought-for testimony, and if we are to do this Christian mission work in India, with clean hands and pure hearts, it must be on temperance lines.

We pray for the spread of the Gospel and "Thy kingdom come," but hinder that Gospel's spread, and the Kingdom's coming, by our drinking customs abroad, and national intemperance at home; and if we thus regard iniquity in our hearts, the Lord will not hear our prayer.

We have little right to expect large blessings on our missionary enterprise until we cease to supply the heathen we try to convert with barrels of beer and gunpowder.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN'S EXPERIENCES.

A TRUE STORY.

THE fact that the following will contain some of my own personal experiences, may not perhaps make them less acceptable to you. In my life in India extending over a number of years, I have seen a great deal of the evil consequences of intemperance, and have often had cause to lament and feel some shame for my country, on account of the notoriety its one great national sin has gained for it among the dwellers in the far East.

It has been said that we implanted the love of drink in India, but that is an exaggeration, for the natives, it is well known, had learned the evil use of intoxicating drink, before even a white man entered the country. But that the evil has spread, and that enormously, since we took possession of the country, cannot I fear be questioned. It is a reproach hurled at us also, with reference to the slight advancement in any good we have made in India, that if we left it to-morrow, all that would remain, in a short time, to tell of our ever having been there, would be a few railways and *millions* of empty bottles. That is a hard hit at us indeed, as a civilized and Christian people; but it is not so very long ago I fear, when it might have been said of us with some truth, but I am thankful to say this reproach is in a fair way of being wiped out.

Our Zenana missions and our female medical practitioners are doing a grand and noble work out there.

To illustrate what I have said about our national sin being well-known and remarked upon by other countries; and how the quiet, but very subtle and observing Hindoo has taken note of our weak points, I will draw a little sketch, in two parts: the scene of the first lies in the Punjaub, where I had my first experiences of active service in the field.

We—a Bombay column of several regiments, with its complement of gun-batteries and cavalry—had marched up from the burning, sandy plains of Scinde to reinforce a Bengal force which had already been months before the walls of Mooltan, a strong fortress held by the Sikhs under their chief, one Moolraj, who had risen in rebellion against the British Government, and had murdered two of our political officers in cold blood. We were a pretty large force, but had a tough job before us, for not only were the Sikhs themselves about the bravest and most determined of all the enemies the British have ever been called upon to meet in the country, but the town and fort being *both* strongly fortified, formed about as hard a nut as any Commander could wish to have to crack.

Well, to make a long story short, after a tedious and harassing siege the town had to be carried by assault, which was done in gallant style, though not without considerable loss among our troops. Then, at the interval of a few weeks, the wall of the fort having been breached in two places by the heavy siege-guns, we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness for an assault of a far more formidable character, and with the anticipation of a very serious loss among our brave fellows. By a Merciful Providence, however, while we were actually standing under the walls waiting for the signal of attack, word was passed along the ranks that Moolraj had capitulated, and would march out of the fort at once and surrender, which he did.

I, with other officers, had the curiosity to enter the fort as soon as we could be spared from more urgent duties, and look at the work of destruction our guns and mortars had been doing for the past two months; and it was a picture never to be forgotten, I can assure you; the large powder magazine had been blown up, shaking to their very foundations the most massive buildings in the place. The crumbling walls, the ground ploughed up, as it were, by our shells, and the dead lying about unburied in the back streets, where stray dogs (which abound in India) were tearing them to pieces, presented a spectacle of devastation and ruin anything but pleasant to dwell upon. We then passed on to see what preparations had been made for our reception, where our attack was to have been made; we found at one (just as it had been left) a trench and on the inner side of it a row of large guns, loaded *to the muzzle* with every available thing likely to cause injury to the human body, nails, jagged bits of iron, broken pieces of our own shells, and one gun even stuffed with bags of the irregular and rough copper coins of the country. I need scarcely say that, at that moment, we felt thankful indeed that we had not been necessitated to face those guns with the determined and resolute Sikhs behind them, though of course, if we had had to do it, it would have been done, as dangers of a similar kind have been met by our soldiers.

Now for the second part of my sketch. The chief point I want to show you is this: that a greater danger than the one I have just endeavoured to portray, *was* faced, and, to our soldiers' everlasting shame and disgrace, was met, not with their wonted firmness and courage but with arrant cowardice and a great want of moral courage, which well nigh ended in defeat and dismay altogether. This second scene in my little drama lays before the walls of another stronghold, at a later period, when the Sikhs were not opposed to us, but our most efficient allies; it was the time of the Great Mutiny, in 1857; and after months of the severest hardships and privations in that fearful climate of India, our brave troops had succeeded in gaining the mastery over the rebels, and had driven them back, behind the walls of their fortified places in the north-west. They had even succeeded in battering down the obstacles intervening between them and their longed-for and still unsatisfied revenge on the miscreants who had in cold blood murdered their women and children at Cawnpore and other places.

Our men are within the walls and the victory as good as won, when suddenly confusion and panic appear to have seized upon our brave and hardy men; and they can be controlled by their officers no longer, for they are as demented creatures. What can possibly be the cause of it? You could not, I suppose, for a moment imagine, if you were asked. Ah! it is soon—too soon—explained. The wily native knows well he can no longer withstand the furious onslaught of that vengeful British soldier, fired with the fierce desire of avenging his murdered countrywomen and children; he feels that no ordinary and legitimate weapon of fair fight will stay that mighty onset; but he knows also that there is a weapon ready to his hand too, which, weak as it may seem, has power to rob that Samson of all his strength and lay him low—a weak and powerless thing that a child might destroy.

In the earlier days of the mutiny, the rebels had found among the plunder of our stores hogsheads of the fiery spirit supplied by our own Government for the use of the soldiers; and with their usual cunning, and knowing the white man's weakness only too well, they placed these within easy reach of our men as they entered within their walls.

In that burning heat their thirst increased a hundredfold by their recent exertions. Our men went eagerly to the drink they covet—even in more tranquil moments—and forgetful of their duty and everything else but to satisfy their craving, blind to their danger, and not perceiving it was a trap set for their destruction, they heedlessly and madly rushed to their ruin. All is uproar and confusion in a moment, for the spirit fires them as quickly in that heat as a flame would if applied to parched and dried fuel; and what guns, loaded to their muzzles and fired in their faces, could *not* have effected, that fiery spirit soon accomplished.

There was help at hand, however; for in that attacking force was a body of men, called "Havelock's Saints" (a name given them in derision and in no complimentary sense)—men taught, by that true and brave Christian soldier, that the brightest adornment to a soldier's character, side by side with obedience, is temperance and sobriety.

These men, in times of peace, during barrack-life are jeered at and taunted by their less self-denying comrades; but now, at the critical moment, the cry is: "Havelock's Saints to the front! They're never drunk." What higher praise could they have from human lips? The call is responded to at once, and up come the temperance men to retrieve the lost honour of their country and save her from disgrace—and save our good name they did! All honour to those glorious fellows, say I; a credit to Old England in the far, far East. May she always be able to boast of such men—amenable to discipline, obedient to orders, and ready for any work, whatever the emergency. E. M. M.

Pebbles and Pearls.

A MAN lately advertised for a woman to "wash, iron, and milk one or two cows."

A GENTLEMAN is a rarer thing than some of us think.

THE oftener we see a man "elevated," the more it lowers him in our estimation.

THOSE who are most crooked in their ways are generally the most straitened in their circumstances.

TAKING a man into a public-house to "treat him" is what I call *ill-treating* him. Pray let us call things by their right names.

MANY people think teetotalism is all moonshine, but if they would only try it, they would find it is nearly all sunshine.

WE are apt to fancy that the coat a drunkard wears on his back is about as bad as any coat *can* be, but we should *not* think so could we but see the one that belongs to his stomach.

Over the gateway of Agra is an Arabic inscription, the interpretation of which is:—"The world is but a bridge, over which you must pass, but must not linger to build your dwelling."

IN one of the western states of America there is a club of henpecked husbands. They meet once a week—that meeting being their only day of enjoyment and rest. When they adjourn, they call it the rising of the "tied."

AT an evening party, Jerrold was looking at the dancers. Seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said to a friend at hand, "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the mile-stone."

THE Turks, who are prohibitionists by order of the Koran, are working to abolish saloons kept by "Christians in Constantinople. All drinking places within 250 feet from the houses of Turkish worship have been ordered to be closed, and the police are enforcing the decree.

MANHOOD TOWN.

Just wait, my brave lad, one moment I pray:
Manhood Town lies where? can you tell me the way?
Oh, by toiling and trying we reach the land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down.
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.

HE that attempts to cleanse a blot with spotted fingers, makes a greater blur.

TAKE care of your health above all things, for your *well being* greatly depends on your *being well.*

PATIENCE is power. With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin.

MANY a poor fellow not worth five shillings in this world, will find a crown awaiting him in the next.

THINGS should never be done by halves; if it be right do it boldly, if it be wrong leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

"IT is never too late to mend" may be true enough, but don't let it tempt you to defer the patching process till so late that you will have to die and leave the mended garment for someone else to wear.

A PRAGMATICAL young fellow, sitting at table over against the learned John Scot, asked him what difference there was between Scot and Sot? "Just the breadth of the table," answered the other.

WHAT IS AN ANTHEM?—Two old British tars were talking over their shore experiences. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a time, and then said: "I say Jack, what's a hanthem?" "What," replied Jack, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well then I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that 'and, give me that 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike. Bill, give, give me that, that 'and, 'andspike, 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike, spike, ah-men, ah-men. Bill, give me that 'andspike, spike, ah-men!' Why, that would be a hanthem!"

Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER VIII.—COMMENCING TO WORK.

"Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting Heaven's warm sunshine in."
—WHITTIER.

THE facts of our story necessitate that we should pass over great spaces of time in a few words. We must, therefore, dismiss Marsden College and all its pleasant associations for the present. Henry stayed there till he was sixteen years of age. These six years saw him greatly advanced both in size and education. His chum, Alexander Mountain, had left a year before, and Mr. Wilberforce Wilson had been sent about his business for not being able to control his temper, and for setting the boys a bad example in this respect.

Dr. Whittimore continued his beneficent method of teaching; but his face often bore a sad expression. Many a time his hand was seen to shake as he opened certain letters, always bearing the same handwriting; but no one guessed that his constant visits to the post office, and the many post office orders he purchased, were to satisfy the wants and to pay the debts of the son whose conduct he so much deplored.

Henry spent his twelfth birthday in silent grief. Though still holding to the hope that his mother was alive, he felt that hope sinking under him as the day passed away and the dead father's letter did not arrive. Mr. Weatherley and Tom Billows both tried to cheer him on this sad occasion. It being the summer vacation, Mr. Weatherley had arranged for an entertainment on the *Sweetheart;* but neither Henry's friends nor his many beautiful presents could lift the cloud from his heart.

"I shall never see my mother again," he said to his noble benefactor, "or know the contents of my father's letter."

"Don't say that, Henry," responded Mr. Weatherley; "many friends have been separated for half a lifetime, and then they have met at last. You must hope and pray on till the end."

Henry promised he would try to hope, and in the meantime he was working hard to qualify himself for what he was always hoping Mr. Weatherley would in the future allow him to do—spend his time in doing good.

Six years at Marsden College had given to Henry a large amount of knowledge. He could speak and write French and German; he knew Latin fairly, and a little Greek; he could write shorthand; like George Stephenson, he could puzzle the schoolmaster at mental arithmetic; and in mathematics he had made fair progress.

He had a good knowledge of geography and history; he could tell the dates of important events, discoveries, and inventions. He made no more blunders in chemistry, but could now perform elaborate experiments with safety and correctness; he could exhibit a fair specimen of free-hand drawing, and he had an excellent knowledge of Bible history and doctrine; he could write verses, compose essays and sermons, and had a charming voice for reciting. At many sports he was always foremost. He excelled in cricket; he could hunt the hounds with any boy in the school; he could ride a bicycle well; he could climb trees and swim far out to sea without fatigue.

Dr. Whittimore was proud of him, more for his noble qualities of heart than his various mental and physical attainments.

He never practised deceit, or hid a fault with a lie; he believed in the truth, and he fearlessly acted on this belief under all circumstances.

Henry did not wish to be a minister of the Gospel; he wanted to be a missionary to the poor, unrestricted in any sense; he wanted to have the opportunity, just as the occasion demanded, to work out his own ideas. In fact, he wished to combine all things in himself—teacher, preacher, temperance lecturer, and so to fulfil the object of his life—to "go about doing good."

Mr. Weatherley and Henry often talked the matter over. The idea was a magnificent one, and Mr. Weatherley had the will and the money to carry it out, but time alone could prove whether Henry was made of the right metal.

"Now, Henry, my boy," said his adopted uncle one day, "you are now sixteen years of age; it will not do for you to keep at school much longer. It is time that you commenced life in earnest. I will find you a situation; if you are willing to spend your evenings in study and good works, that will be the best test whether you are fit to carry out your scheme in the future."

"I will accept your proposition cheerfully. I know plenty of ways of working already, and I am anxious to commence at once."

This will explain why we now find Henry seated in the counting-house of Messrs. Thomas and Watson, wholesale stationers, of Eastcheap.

Henry had no light task; the keen competition of trade gave plenty of work; much work had to be done for little profits.

Henry was at the office at nine, and did not leave till six. All day long he was "driving the quill"—making out estimates, writing out ac-

counts, keeping a set of books, and in every sense entering into the details of the business.

Mr. Thomas, who was the real proprietor—for Mr. Watson had been dead for some years—soon began to admire Henry. He was not like some of the other clerks, who worked mechanically, and with no personal interest in the business. Henry felt if the work was worth doing, it was worth doing well, and so he determined to do it to the best of his ability. He believed in coming early in the morning, and leaving at the right time in the evening. He didn't find it necessary to go out every morning at eleven for a morning draught; he found no difficulty in going from eight o'clock to one without food. He was seldom away with illness; in fact, during the five years he was at Messrs. Thomas and Watson's he was only away a couple of days, and that only for a cold. He rose at five in the summer; at six in the winter. He commenced the day with a cold bath; then he studied till breakfast; after which he read prayers in turn with his adopted uncle. He was soon in the train which took him from Loughton to Fenchurch Street in time to allow him to be at his post as the hand of the clock pointed to nine. At this time Mr. Weatherley was living in an inexpensive manner at Loughton, on the borders of the beautiful Epping Forest, and here in the evening Henry loved to roam. How he loved to watch the setting sun from High Beech, or to read some favourite author under the noble beech trees which abound in the neighbourhood. In the winter time he had his microscope, his chemical experiments, the warm fireside and game of chess with Mr. Weatherley. No wonder he was very happy!

This was not all. He did not want to keep all these blessings to himself; he wanted to share them with others. He commenced by teaching a small class on Sundays at a Mission Hall. When the secretaryship of the Band of Hope was vacant he accepted it with pleasure. His time was so occupied that he had no time to think of evil. He did not crave for amusement, because his daily work and his varied engagements gave him plenty.

The other clerks at Messrs. Thomas and Watson's gave him the cold shoulder because he wouldn't drink with them, and refused to accompany them to the music hall and theatre. He couldn't help that, and didn't grieve over it; but he went on his way, learning and working.

Henry had novel ideas about Band of Hope work. Many a time he came to loggerheads with the other members of the committee, because he wanted to get out of the old ruts, and because he wanted to spend money to make the work successful. On this matter Mr. Weatherley and he had long conversations.

"You see, uncle," he would say, "many of the speakers come quite unprepared to speak. They tell the children the last murder committed under the influence of drink. I mean to change all this. If the speakers cannot do better, we must do without the speakers."

"Well, Henry, what do you propose?"

"I propose so to divide the time that every evening there shall be plenty of music and plenty of instruction; and so that the children shall feel a real interest in the work, I shall try to make them understand that the society is their's, and not the secretary's or the committee's.

It was on this plan that Henry worked. He gained the affection of the members; he knew their names; he visited them at their homes, and made kind inquiries about them and their parents. By the aid of diagrams, he taught them much about the construction of their own bodies; by the aid of chemical experiments, he taught them the nature of intoxicating drinks; so that the children learned that alcohol was a poison, and the destroyer of physical power and intelligence.

He did not do all himself; the children wrote essays and reports of the speeches, they learned recitations and dialogues. If he could not find a suitable dialogue, then he wrote one to suit the boys who were to recite it. The children had to work, but that was not all; they were encouraged to amuse each other. Some played the pianoforte, some the flute and picolo, some even the concertina. Every child was encouraged to take some part in Band of Hope work, so that they very soon loved the society. There was no difficulty in getting them present—the only difficulty was to get them home.

The children loved him personally. He had them home to his house in turns, and amused them with his treasures, while Mr. Weatherley looked on with delight and wished he was young again to enjoy the sport as his young visitors did.

Henry was happy. He had found a work he loved, and he entered into it with all his heart; he gained the greatest pleasure from it, and was satisfied.

One evening Henry was found by Mr. Weatherley sitting by the fire, looking very thoughtful.

"Why, Henry," he said, "I declare you look very solemn. Have you found a sweetheart, or what? Come, now, tell us your trouble?"

"It is no joking matter, I can assure you."

"Well, then, I won't joke; but will listen as solemn as a judge to what you have to say."

"You must know I have been visiting lately some Bands of Hope in the neighbourhood of

Whitechapel and Stepney, and these visits have set me thinking."

"Well, and what are your thoughts?"

"I have been making enquiries about these children, and I find that from their mode of living, in a short time it will be utterly impossible that they grow up good."

"Well, I suppose their friends will start a senior society for their benefit."

"Yes, no doubt they will; but that is not sufficient. They want to be taken away from their surroundings; they want a home where they will find friends; they want to be shielded from the thousand-and-one dangers that ensnare both the body and the soul."

"You have hit upon a noble idea, Henry. We have homes for lost dogs—why not homes for lads before they become lost?"

"I have been thinking of this for a long time. Many a night I have laid awake and thought it out. It will take plenty of money to do the work well. We want a place where a lad should consider it a privilege to become an inmate—a place where a youth shall find all the pleasures of home as I find them here; a place where those who are overcrowded at home shall find a decent place to live. Not a barracks or a school, but a bright, sunny, happy home. How many a lad would be saved from drunkenness and sin if such a home could be established!"

Mr. Weatherley was all attention. The subject conveyed to his mind ideas not unlike those that he had once entertained himself. Henry was growing warm with his description.

"What a noble work for you to undertake, uncle. Fancy the place—built with its garden, its gymnasium, its library, its swimming-bath, its laboratory, its reading room, its work-shop, its cosy fireside, its lecture hall. Oh, uncle, the thought of it drives me frantic! I am so full of it I can think of nothing else.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Mr. Weatherley. "Hurrah! my boy, you have a noble idea. I have the money; between the two we shall be able to carry it out, I am sure."

"Oh, uncle, if we can only carry out this idea, we shall establish such a work as will help to save many of the rising youths of London. We shall indeed be going about doing good if we can carry it out."

"Think it out, Henry; think it out well. We must mature our plans before we begin this important work."

Henry tossed on his bed that night; his head was full of his scheme; his dreams were full of the new project. How he carried them out we shall see in the future.

(To be continued.)

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS.

BILL WEBSTER was getting into an omnibus in Cheapside, when his eyes met the words printed in large letters—

"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS, MALE AND FEMALE."

Bill looked at his father in a significant manner, and instinctively put his hand into his pocket to see if all were right there. Yes, up to the present he had lost nothing. The purse his mother had given him for a birthday present, and his pocket-knife, containing I don't know how many blades, were quite safe; so he settled down in contentment, feeling that no thief would ever dare to rob him.

Bill and his father had come from Liverpool to London to attend some of the May meetings. They only had a few pounds between them, and could ill afford that any thief should get hold of them.

When some of the passengers had got out, Bill shifted his seat, so that he could talk to the conductor.

"Do you have many pickpockets in these 'busses?" he asked.

"Yes, I should think we do," answered the conductor; "more than we know of, I'm sure.'

"A fine pickle one would be in if one's cash was stolen, and one had no more to pay the fare," said Bill, as he laughed, as much as to say it would be a clever thief that got over him, although he was from the country; and Londoners seemed to think that young men from the country were made especially to be cheated by the many rogues in the great metropolis.

"Bless you, man, I've seen that done lots of times. What do you think; sometimes these thieves will cut a pocket clean out of a lady's dress." The conductor in the interval of these little speeches kept calling out, in loud tones, "Charing Cross, all the way, for a penny."

"Cut a pocket clean out of a dress," said Bill, half to himself. "I wonder how they do it? People must be half asleep when such things happen to them."

"You wonder, do you?" was the conductor's response. "Why, I knew a lady who had her purse taken from her pocket, the contents emptied out, and the purse put back; every cent was gone. I know she was a lady, because she sent me five shillings afterwards because I lent her twopence to pay her fare."

"Good investment that, Bill," said the father, as he nodded towards the conductor. "Guess he'd like a few more such ladies to have their purses emptied."

"These pickpockets are fearful artful," said the conductor again. "Only the other day one pretended to have lost her purse. She set up such a howling, because she said she'd lost her last half-sovereign. A collection was made for her, and she got five shillings. She hadn't lost no half-sovereign. As soon as she got the money out she gets, and then the lady sitting next to her finds that she has lost her purse. Yes, these thieves are jolly artful. I say, beware of pickpockets! Charing Cross, all the way, one penny."

While this conversation had been going on many passengers had been getting in and out; for the journey from Liverpool Street to Charing Cross was very seldom walked by anyone who had a penny to spend and time and boot leather to save. At one time the fare was threepence, but the rival 'busses had reduced the fare to a penny, and now each company vies with each other to crowd their omnibuses with passengers, so that at the Mansion House, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Fleet Street, there is generally a little group waiting for seats. It is even said that some people ride backwards and forwards on the omnibuses just for the sake of an airing; for in the great city of London the air is tolerably pure in the summer time, and the sky sometimes like that seen in Italy, for nearly all the fires are extinguished, and there is little smoke about.

"Exeter Hall," shouted the conductor; at the sound of which Bill and his father started up, for it was at this very celebrated place that they intended to be present at an important meeting.

Bill put his hand into his pocket to get his purse. A troubled expression came over his face. He fumbled about, feeling in his various pockets. At last he ejaculated in great surprise:

"Jove! yes, I've been done with all my boasting."

This was quite true. While Bill had been so busily occupied talking about pickpockets, one sitting next to him had been plying his trade successfully. What astonished Bill most was this—the empty purse was found afterwards in the breast pocket of his coat, a place where he imagined no mortal man could get at without his knowledge.

"Beware of pickpockets," said the old man to his son, as they pushed their way through a little crowd at the entrance of Exeter Hall.

At the meeting there was plenty of speeches, loud cheering, and singing. Almost every speaker had something to say about the great poverty in London, and all agreed that if intoxicating drinks were got rid of, the people would be much better off.

When the meeting was over Bill and his father were making their way to their hotel. A young fellow, dressed like a gentleman, rolled up against Bill, and nearly sent him sprawling into the gutter. This was a very undesirable place for a respectable man, seeing that the Strand was very crowded with vehicles, and a heavy shower had made the road rather muddy.

"Beware of pickpockets, Bill," said his father, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "You see that drink has robbed that young fellow of the power of locomotion, for look—

> 'He works with sinuosities along,
> Like Monsieur Corkscrew worming through a cork;
> Not straight like Corkscrew's proxy,
> Stiff Don Prong—a fork.'"

"I tell you what I think, father," said Bill. "Drink is worse than a pickpocket. If you lose your purse you can get another if you have energy to work, and work to do; but when a man learns to be a drunkard, he loses not only his money, but his character as well."

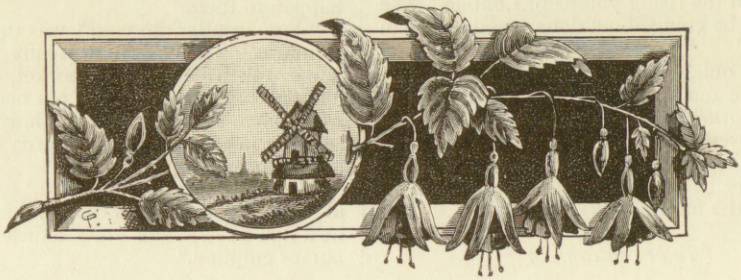
"You're right, Bill. You remind me of what Shakspere says:

> 'He who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slaves to thousands.
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed.'"

"And now I haven't a purse to be stolen," said Bill, mournfully, "and I shan't be able to take home those presents I promised. Bother these London thieves!"

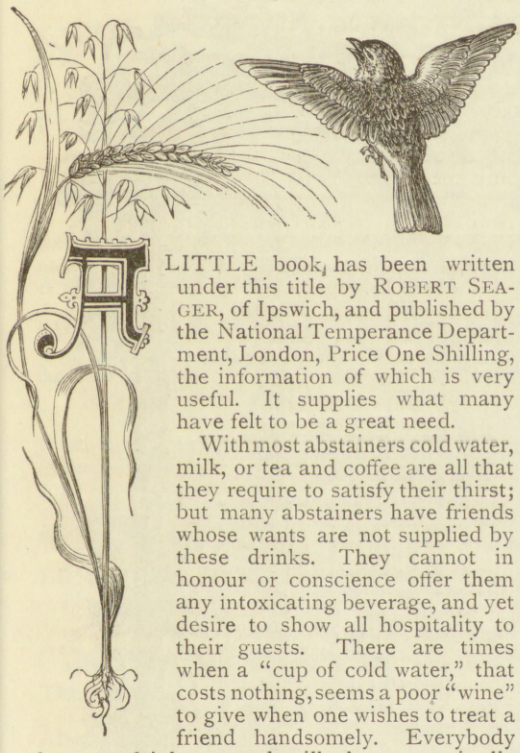
"Never mind, Bill; up to the present nobody has been able to take away your good character. Stick to that, my boy, for, once lost, it will be hard enough to get it back."

"All right, dad; I'll do my very best on that point, you may be sure."



NON-ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

By JOSEPH JOHNSON.



A LITTLE book has been written under this title by ROBERT SEAGER, of Ipswich, and published by the National Temperance Department, London, Price One Shilling, the information of which is very useful. It supplies what many have felt to be a great need.

With most abstainers cold water, milk, or tea and coffee are all that they require to satisfy their thirst; but many abstainers have friends whose wants are not supplied by these drinks. They cannot in honour or conscience offer them any intoxicating beverage, and yet desire to show all hospitality to their guests. There are times when a "cup of cold water," that costs nothing, seems a poor "wine" to give when one wishes to treat a friend handsomely. Everybody does not drink tea, and milk does not suit all; therefore the abstainers' generosity as a host may seem very limited to those who are not fully in sympathy with his principles. Often have people said: "Why don't you abstainers invent some really good substitute, or alternative, to take the place of wine and beer in social life, and so lessen the excuses for taking strong drink. Let us have something we can enjoy without injury."

This is not wholly unreasonable, especially from those who say "cold water is not good enough for them alway." To answer that it is all sentimental nonsense about having wine and any extra luxury to drink at the time of weddings and state occasions does not meet the difficulty.

We, therefore, welcome this little book because it seeks to give us some practical solution to this question. There is in its pages a detailed account of the home manufacture of temperance drinks from the natural fruits of the earth. Fourteen varieties are mentioned, with all the full particulars and recipes.

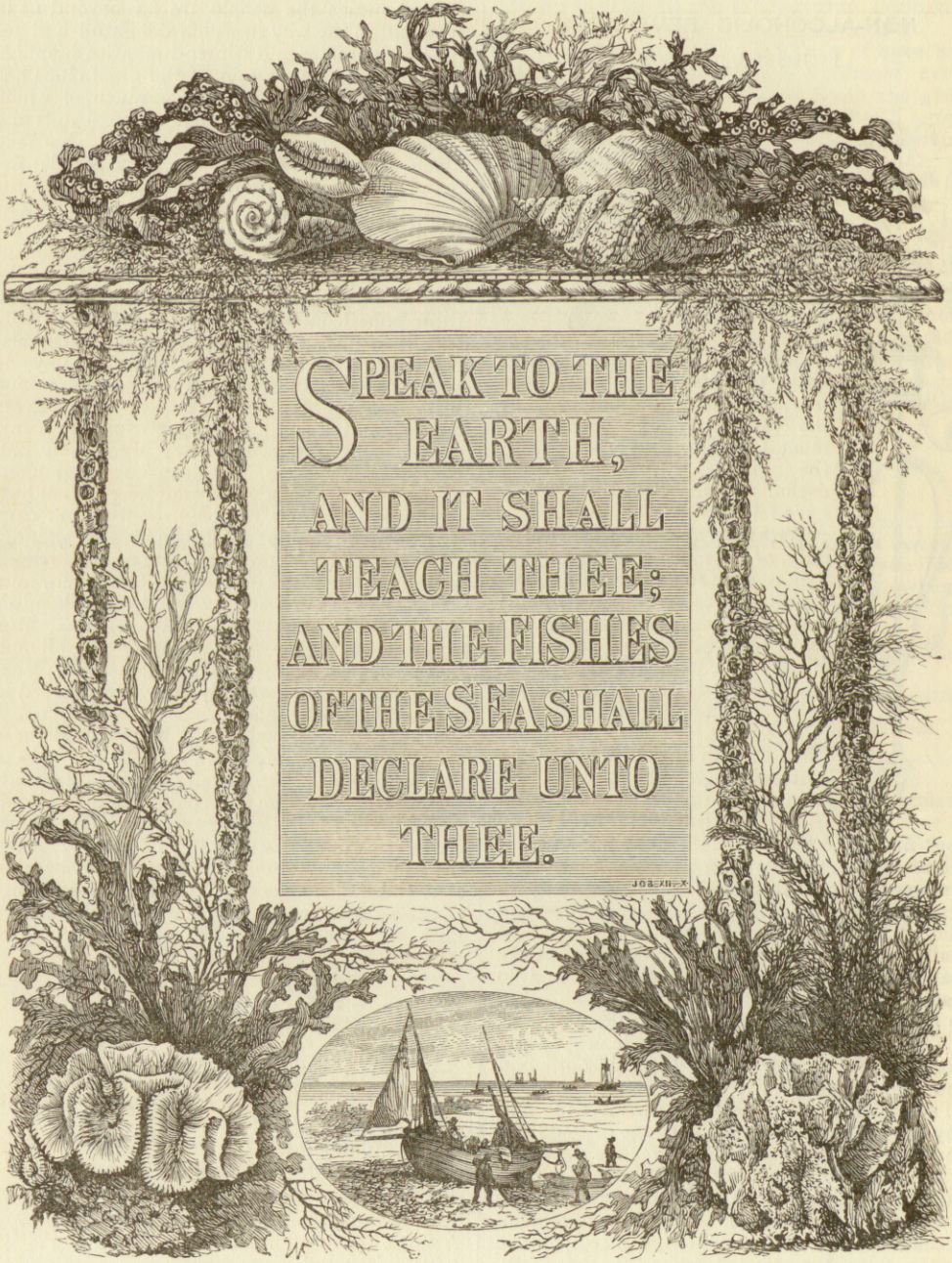
In America the people are far beyond us in England in the way in which delightful and refreshing summer and winter drinks are supplied. One man, alone, in one of the chief cities has made thirty-thousand pounds, much of which might have gone to the sellers of intoxicants and done more harm than can be told. This fact, alone, is proof that there is a great popular demand in this direction; and in reply to it the best chemists have set themselves to work. The result is, that almost every chemist has a marble counter that supplies cool and innocent means of quenching thirst in a way which satisfies the taste and fancy of the most fastidious. Many of these non-alcoholic drink shops beat the publicans in attractiveness of appearance; no expense is spared, they are made beautiful by day—in some cases with fountains and flowers—and brilliant at night with fancy electric lights; every comfort and luxury are provided for ladies and gentlemen. The result is they are largely patronised by all classes. People make engagements to meet there. A lady can wait here for her husband coming from business, or for tram cars, with as much comfort as she would in the waiting-room of a railway station; if one meets a friend, and wants five minutes' chat out of the sun, rain, or noise of the street, that handsome chemist's shop at the corner is the place to step into. Men only serve at these counters; but they are all kind and civil, with plenty of information about places and streets, and generally they are dressed in snow-white linen suits.

If we cannot provide the public with all these temperance advantages, we may, by the help of this little book, make for our non-teetotal friends drinks which shall be more palatable than intoxicants, and so help to lessen those social excuses that are so often made by way of apology for the use of wine, and undermine the old superstition that there is no generous convivial hospitality that Englishmen can show without they drink each other's health and happiness in a cup of poison.

MORE, STRANGE, AND WRIGHT.

AT a tavern one night,
Messrs. More, Strange, and Wright
Met to drink and their good thoughts exchange.
Says More, "Of us three,
The whole will agree
There's only one knave, and that's *Strange*."

"Yes," says Strange, rather sore,
"I'm sure there's one *More*,
A most terrible knave, and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister, and brother."
"Oh, yes," replied More, "that is *Wright*.


SPEAK TO THE EARTH, AND IT SHALL TEACH THEE; AND THE FISHES OF THE SEA SHALL DECLARE UNTO THEE.
JOB XII. X.

Jack's Little Sister, Kate.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

SHE was a child with a bright fair face,
And eyes so big and blue;
A sweet ripe mouth, like a summer flower,
And a heart so kind and true—
I brought her home one lonely day,
When my heart was full of pain;
When the joys of hope were lying dead,
And the dreams of love were slain.

She filled my home with a golden light;
She filled my life with song—
And the days grew bright with new sweet joy,
As they swiftly flew along—
"Who is she?" the gossips would often ask,
As she played at my garden gate—
And I'd always answer with a tearful voice,
"Jack's little sister, Kate."

Jack was my sweetheart—as brave and bold,
As a sailor needs must be!
And he often talked of his big strong ship,
And the bonny sparkling sea,
As we idly roamed on the yellow sand,
When the sun was in the West;
He would tell me tales of the far-off lands,
And of friends he loved the best.

And when he spoke of that tiny child,
His voice grew soft and low—
The dying gift from a mother's hand,
Three little years ago.
Ah! my bonny sweetheart, you spoke so well,
As the summer eve waxed late,
That I grew to love with a great strong love,
"Jack's little sister, Kate."

One morning there came to our quiet town,
A sailor, with tearful eyes;
He looked at the sea, and then at me,
And then at the stormy skies—
He touched my cheek with his rough, brown hand,
He smoothed my crumpled gown;
And then—he told me a ship was wrecked,
And that every soul went down!

I know no more—I cannot tell
The words the sailor said;
But I know that every sound I heard,
Told me that Jack was dead!
I knelt me down in my sorrow deep,
Down by my garden gate,
And I prayed a prayer for that lonely child—
"Jack's little sister, Kate!"

So I brought her home—my little girl,
With the eyes so big and blue,
With the sweet ripe mouth, like a summer flower,
And the heart so kind and true!—
I brought her home to my dreary house,
By the weeping, sobbing deep;
Where above the heart that loved us well,
The waves for ever sweep!

She cried for her brother, big and strong,
For she could not understand,
How he'd gone for ever from out our lives,
For ever from off the land—
"He will come again!" she would often cry,
And down by the sea would wait;
While the passing sailors would smile and say
"Jack's little sister, Kate!"

One morning, my darling had wandered far,
So far from our cottage door,
And I sought her down in the little town,
And I sought her on the shore.
Where a group of men with faces white,
Were kneeling upon the ground—
"What is it?" I asked, and someone said,
"A little child found drowned!"

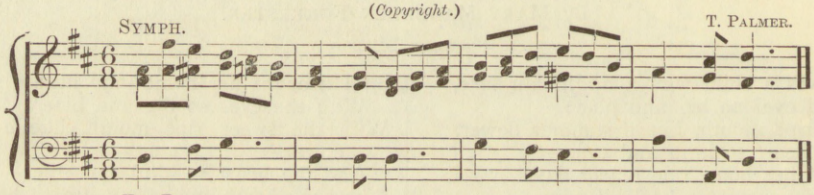
My heart stood still with an awful fear!
And I uttered a feeble cry,
But they heeded not, those white-faced men,
The woman standing by.
"Poor little girl!" I heard them say,
"Do you know her?" "Who is she, mate?"
And someone answered in husky tones,
"Jack's little sister, Kate!"

Oh, God! Thy hand was very strong,
As it struck me down that day!
Down by the sea, the fair bright sea,
Where my bonny sweetheart lay.
They carried her home, while bitter sobs
To their pallid lips would rise,
As they gently wrung her dripping frock,
And closed her sweet blue eyes.

They brought her shells from the sea she loved,
To deck her bosom fair,
And I placed in her tiny dimpled hand,
A lock of Jack's dark hair.
We buried her close to the lapping waves,
One day when the spring was late,
And wrote on the stone above her head,
"Jack's little sister, Kate!"

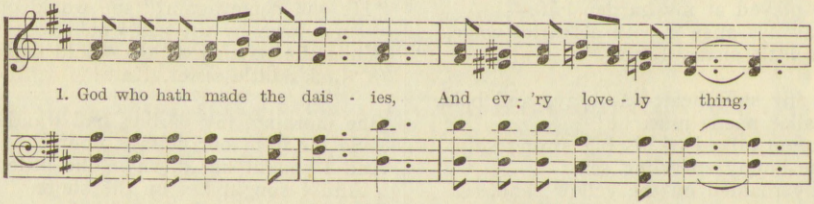
GOD WHO HATH MADE THE DAISIES.

SYMPH. T. PALMER.



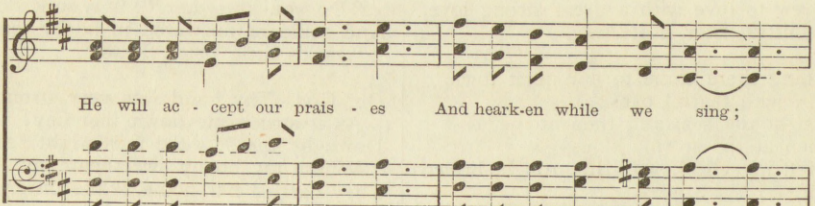
KEY D.

s :m' :r' | d' :t :l	s :- :f | m :f :s	l :t :d' | r' :d' :l	s :- :t | d' :- :-
m :s :se | l :s :f	m :- :r | d :r :m	f :s :s | fe :- :-	s :- :f | m :- :-
: : | : :	: : | : :	: : | : :	: : | : :
d :- :m | f :- :-	d :- :d | d :- :-	f :- :m | r :- :-	s :- :s$_1$ | d :- :-



1. God who hath made the dais - ies, And ev : 'ry love - ly thing,

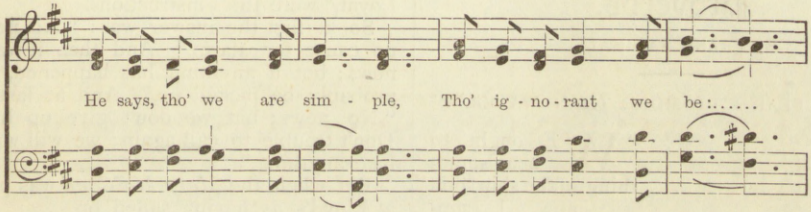
s :s :s | s :l :t	d' :-:- | s :-:-	s :fe :s | l :s :f	m :-:- | -:-:-
2. Tho' we are young and	sim - ple,	In praise we may be	bold ;
m :m :m | m :f :f	m :-:- | m :-:-	m :re :m | f :m :r	d :-:- | -:-:-
3. He sees the bird that	wing - eth	Its way o'er earth and	sky,
s :s :s | s :- :s	s :-:- | d' :-:-	d' :d' :d' | s :- :s	s :-:- | -:-:-
4. Therefore we will come	near Him,	And so - lemn-ly we'll	sing,
d :d :d | d :- :r	m :-:- | d :-:-	d :d :d | t$_1$:- :s$_1$	d :-:- | -:-:-



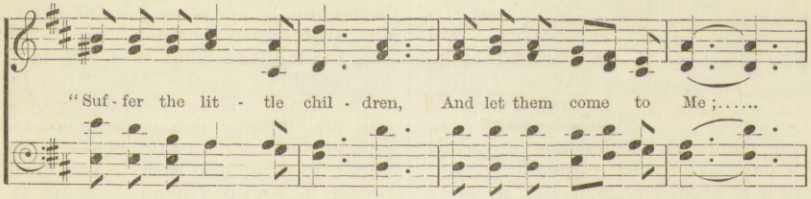
He will ac - cept our prais - es And heark-en while we sing ;

s :s :s | s :l :t	d' :-:- | r' :-:-	m' :r' :d' | t :- :l	s :-:- | -:-:-
The chil-dren in the	tem - ple,	He heard in days of	old ;
m :m :m | r :- :f	m :-:- | s :-:-	s :f :m | r :- :d	t$_1$:-:- | -:-:-
He hears the lark that	sing - eth	Up in the heaven so	high ;
d' :d' :d' | t :d' :r'	s :-:- | s :-:-	s :s :s | s :- :fe	s :-:- | -:-:-
No cause to shrink or	fear Him,	We'll make our voi - ces	ring ;
d :d :d | f :- :r	d :-:- | t$_1$:-:-	d :d :d | r :- :r	s$_1$:-:- | -:-:-

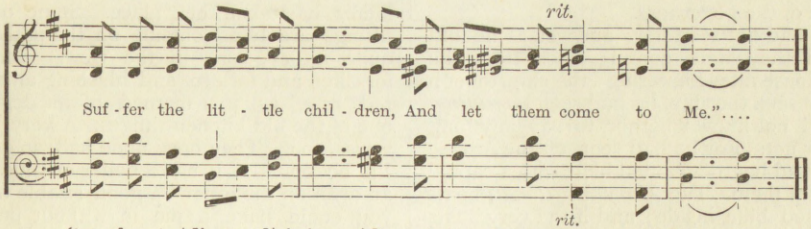
GOD WHO HATH MADE THE DAISIES.



m :r :d | r :- :m	f :-:- | m :-:-	s :f :m | f :- :s	l :-:-|- :-:-
And if our hearts be	hum - ble,	He says of you and	me :
d :t_1 :d | t_1 :- :d	r :-:- | d :-:-	m :r :d | r :- :m	f :-:-| s :-:-
Yet sees the heart's low	breath - ing,	And says, well pleased to	see :
s :s :s | s :- :s	l :-:s | s :-:	s :s :s | t :- :d'	d' :-:-|de' :-:-
For in His tem - ple	speak - ing,	He says of you and	me :
d :r :m | f :- :m	r :-:s_1 | d :-:-	d :r :m | r :- :d	f :-:-|m :-:-



l :l :l | t :- :s	d' :-:- | s :-:-	s :l :s | f :m :r	s :-:-|- :-:-
"Suf-fer the lit - tle	chil - dren,	And let them come to	Me ;
fe :fe :fe | s :- :t_1	d :-:- | m :-:-	m :f :m | r :d :t_1	d :-:-|- :-:-
"Suf-fer the lit - tle	chil - dren,	And let them come to	Me ;
r' :d' :l | s :- :s	s :-:- | d' :-:-	d' :d' :d' | t :d' :s	s :-:-|d' :-:-
"Suf-fer the lit - tle	chil - dren,	And let them come to	Me ;
r :r :r | s :- :f	m :-:- | d :-:-	d :d :d | r :m :f	m :-:-|- :-:-



s :l :t | d' :t :d'	r' :-:- | d' :t :l	s :fe :s | l :- :t	d' :-:-|-:-:-
d :d :r | m :f :s	f :-:- | r :-:re	m :re :m | f :- :r	m :-:-|-:-:-
Suf-fer the lit - tle	chil - dren, And	let them come to	Me."
d' :d' :s | s :- :s	l :-:- | l :-:d'	d' :- :d' | s :- :s	s :-:-|-:-:-
m :f :r | d :r :m	f :-:- | fe :-:fe	s :- :s | s_1 :- :s_1	d :-:-|-:-:-

Proverbs.

By FRANK FAIRHALL.

"SHIPS FEAR FIRE MORE THAN WATER."

"WE ought to hear something of the ship soon now, I suppose?" and the speaker, a wist, quiet - looking woman, glanced nervously at the clerk who was attending to her. She was the wife of the first mate of the *Mary Maitland*, homeward bound from the West Indies with a cargo of sugar and rum, and she had come to receive her husband's half-month's pay. The clerk turned away, and did not answer at once. Then, trying to speak carelessly, he replied: "Oh! ah! yes, let me see, how long's she been out? Fifty days? Oh! well, then, we may hear of her at any moment now, you know." The fact is, he *had* heard something that very morning which he had not told anybody. His brother was captain of another ship of the same owners, and sailing from the same port, but about ten days later. That morning this brother of his had arrived.

"Seen anything of the *Maitland*, Lovat?" asked one of the governors.

No, he had not seen her; and yet, as he told Jim when they were coming back from the Custom House after "entering" the ship, though he had not seen the ship, he had seen *something*, and he did not know whether to say anything about it or not. For he had seen, off the Azores, some charred boards painted blue, with a capital **M** on one of them. The *Mary Maitland's* boats were painted blue inside; and if the very boats were burnt—but then he would rather not think of such a thing if he could help it. Before the day was out he had told the governors; but they did not appear to take much notice.

"Curious coincidence," said Mr. Henry.

"Slow and sure, like a tortoise stove, she always was," said Mr. Richard.

But after a while, when people came every day to the office to inquire, the owners began to look grave.

"Don't frighten them unnecessarily, Mr. Lovat," were Jim's instructions.

So at first the answer was: "No news; but no cause for alarm." And then it was: "No news; but if anything has happened, they will probably be picked up." And at last it was: "No news; but we don't give up hope yet. Don't trouble to call again; we will write if we hear anything."

But when the *Mary Maitland* was posted up at Lloyd's as having sailed on . . . "and has not since been heard of," then everybody knew that there was no more hope, and that the ship had probably been burnt or blown up at sea through the fumes of the rum catching fire.

"Spontaneous combustion," one wiseacre said. "Foundered," was the verdict of another. But the old captains who frequented the office knew better than that.

"There was nothing to make her founder," said Captain Pepper. "A good ship, well found, hasn't any business to founder, even in a gale, and there wasn't even a gale to trouble her. No, I'll tell you what it is," he said, bringing his fist down on the desk, "it's Jack at his tricks again. These dare-devils of sailors are like Wellington's Peninsular fellows: they will go anywhere, and do anything—for grog. A trip under the hatches with a lighted candle to broach a rum-puncheon explains it all, and nothing else will."

Ships fear fire more than water because they are not built to stand the fire, though they are built to stand the water; just as other things are made to bear fire and not water.

The other day I was passing a row of new cottages. There used to be some low-roofed, old-fashioned little bits of places there before; but they are pulled down now, and "Spick-and-span Terrace," fitted with all the latest improvements, has taken their place. Some of the old fittings are lying outside on the path, and are quite an eye-sore in the view. There lies, forsaken and forlorn, and blushing all over with red rust, as if ashamed of its degradation, one of the old kitchen-ranges. A very good one it was, too. They have none half so good now, I'll be bound. It has a boiler on one side and an oven on the other—a good sizable oven, that you could bake a pie in without burning it. Alas! it will never be good for anything again. It could stand the heat very well, but the rain does not suit its constitution at all. It is being eaten away with rust. It is out of its element. It fears water more than fire.

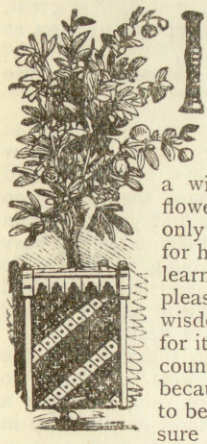
What we all want to do is to find out what is our proper element, and try to live in it—to live naturally, and according to the laws of our being. Late hours, wild, giddy amusements, doctored food, exciting drinks, inflammatory

books, idle days and riotous nights—these are among the unnatural things, like the fire to the ship or the rain to the old stove, which cause mischief. Hard work, plain food, simple beverages, a bare house, healthy amusements, quiet dress, humble surroundings, with a touch of trouble and a pinch of difficulty here and there, are not such bad things after all. More people are killed by prosperity and luxury than by adversity and frugality. "Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds." We have reason to fear the artificial and unnatural, however pleasant, rather than the simple and natural, however disagreeable.

And then, too, the mischief generally lies within, not without. A little fire within the ship can do more to wreck her than great mountains of heaving water without. It is not the bad things we see or hear that hurt us so much as the bad things we think about, and desire, and cherish in our hearts. Even a great storm of lightning and thunder will not generally do any harm to a ship at sea; but just think what the mere flame of a candle or the dropping of a lucifer may do under the hatches. "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." For "those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man." It is when, as the Psalmist puts it, "the waters have come in unto the *soul*" that the danger is. The fire within, not the tempest without—the inner man, not the outward—must be most closely guarded. "Keep thy heart above all that thou guardest; for out of it are the issues of life."

WINDOW GARDENING.

S. E. C.



IN the narrow dark streets of a great city there are few more cheerful signs of the determination with which poor people struggle against the depression arising from poverty than a window full of plants and flowers. Such a sight tells not only of struggle but of success; for he who can enjoy flowers has learnt the happy art of making pleasure where many with less wisdom never think of looking for it. A man who finds gold is counted successful; but it is only because to find gold is supposed to be a pleasure. So when pleasure can be found in anything else he who finds it is, in the truest sense, successful. Unable to procure many of the pleasures enjoyed by others, the window gardener cheerfully takes what he can get and finds some recreation in it. By a simple and shorter path he reaches what others go a long way round to get, and often never find.

It is a part of God's great law of compensation that the very poorest may possess as their very own some real pleasure. A window full of flowers! What a story it suggests! There must be some tender heart in the house to which that window belongs. The hand that tends those flowers, however rough it may be in appearance, is surely capable of gentle service. We cannot help thinking of some thrifty wife—some hard-working mother—some thoughtful daughter, or perhaps more frequently still, some poor cripple or wasted invalid, when we see a window in a dark city street smiling with flowers. Did you ever see a dirty house with its windows full of flowers? A window garden and a dirty doorstep are rarely found together. If you are a stranger and want to make an enquiry, and are doubtful as to what reception you may get, knock at the door of the house with flowers in the window. If you want to give your visitors a cheerful welcome, put flowers in your window.

It is pleasant to see flowers anywhere, but they never tell such a tale, however dwarfed they may be, as they do in the window of a house which has no garden. Flowers in all places speak of God, but there they have something to say about men and women as well. In these days of missions it is to be wondered at that one has never been started to persuade the dwellers in our crowded streets to turn their windows into flower gardens. What a transformation scene it would be if all the windows of a great city or of a smoky manufacturing town were filled with flowers. No Flower Show that has ever been arranged would bear comparison with it.

If you would make your home cheerful, and contribute your part towards making the world brighter and more beautiful, you should copy Him who makes the fields shine with a splendour which all Solomon's glory could not equal, by clothing them with flowers.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.—Truth makes a coward bold, while there is no cowardice so great as that found in the want of it. Self-respect and moral dignity go by the board when we condescend to a lie, either spoken or acted, either by suggestion of the false, or suppression of the truth. Whatever it may be that we are called on to testify or acknowledge, we should stand up openly and without wincing.

"GIANT DRINK."

By Maud Russell.

THERE lived long years ago a little shepherd lad, whose story you have heard again, and again. He was up with the sun, up and away far over the hilly, green fields round Bethlehem, with his sheep and his lambs.

Do you wonder where he was taught? Truly, there were no Board Schools then for him to attend, as you do, to learn to read and to write, and to peep into curious things called "Ologies"!

For all that, he was not a dunce. Ah, no! for God educated the child, and the book from which he learnt his letters was the fair and wondrous book of "Nature."

God-taught-children are always brave, and this is how it came to pass our David grew into a hero.

Very early was his courage put to the proof. A lion pounced upon his flock and stole a lamb: the child-arm slew the king of beasts, and restored the trembler to its bleating mother. A bear, for a like deed, suffered a like fate.

After two such conquests was it so very surprising to find him face to face with the foe of his country, the terrible

Giant Goliath?

What fearful odds! An armour-clad Giant against a rosy-cheeked boy in shepherd garb!

Yet, *whose* was the victory?

* * * * * * * * *

And do you ask me what has this old, old story to do with our Band of Hope? "*Giant Drink*" bids fair to destroy England; *be each one of you a "David,"* and come forth to meet him!

Do you remember with what simple weapons that child was provided when he made bold to destroy the dread Giant?

It were well for *you, too,* to go search for some pebbles in a clear, rippling stream.

I hope, dear children, you know of *our "Brook in the Way"*—I mean the Spirit of God—go *there* for your pebbles.

David stooped down low—may be he fell on his knees—to reach those smooth, hard stones out of the running water. *You* cannot bow your *heart* too low when you draw near to the Holy Spirit of God.

And these are the "pebbles" which you must receive of Him, and hold in your "sling," if you wish to be ready equipped to fight "Giant Drink."

I. Example.—Be sure *this* is the heaviest pebble of all. Stand firm, and do not be either persuaded or teazed into tasting that which has brought such woe upon others. At your age it will sometimes become you best to be silent; but you may always allow your *example* to speak for itself.

II. Love.—Love to God so great that for His sake you must needs love all around you, and tenderly pity all who do wrong (as your Lord did before you) without *such* love you will be helpless! A most precious stone it is, glistening and beautiful. Clasp it tight.

III. Gentleness.—Please don't forget to put this little pebble into your sling, for, though small, it is of wonderful power. Gentleness has accomplished more for this world than ever anger or clamour did, or can do. Which unwrapped the traveller's cloak—blinding storm or golden sunshine? Bethink you how a great, burly fisherman went out into a porch to weep, as though his heart were breaking, for—only a look! Be gentle, then. Eagerness cannot excuse hastiness.

IV. Perseverance.—You must not play at Temperance work as if it were some pretty, new toy, giving it all your thoughts for a time, and then letting it lie on a cupboard shelf, forgotten and dusty. Perhaps when first you sewed on your badge of blue ribbon, it seemed but an easy matter to win over all your young friends to do the same. And now you have tried and failed! What then? Shall you give in as a coward? Ah, no! a "David" will *never* despair.

Suppose you try the plan suggested by the fable of the "Bundle of Faggots." You try to break through the bundle in vain, but take a faggot out at a time; how soon it will snap in your fingers!

Do the same by your friends. Be content to get one—*just one*—at a time, that so at length you may break through the "Bundle."

V. PATIENCE.—The pebble of "Patience" is of much the same colour as "Perseverance," though it is still more difficult for a child to lay hold of. It is not that there is any lack of these stones in our "Brook"; for they are chips from the very foundation rock through which it flows. But ah! it is *hard* to gain patience—hard to keep it when gained.

God works and *waits*. God's little *workers must* be *waiters* too! Then remember the Patience stone, last, but not least, of your pebbles.

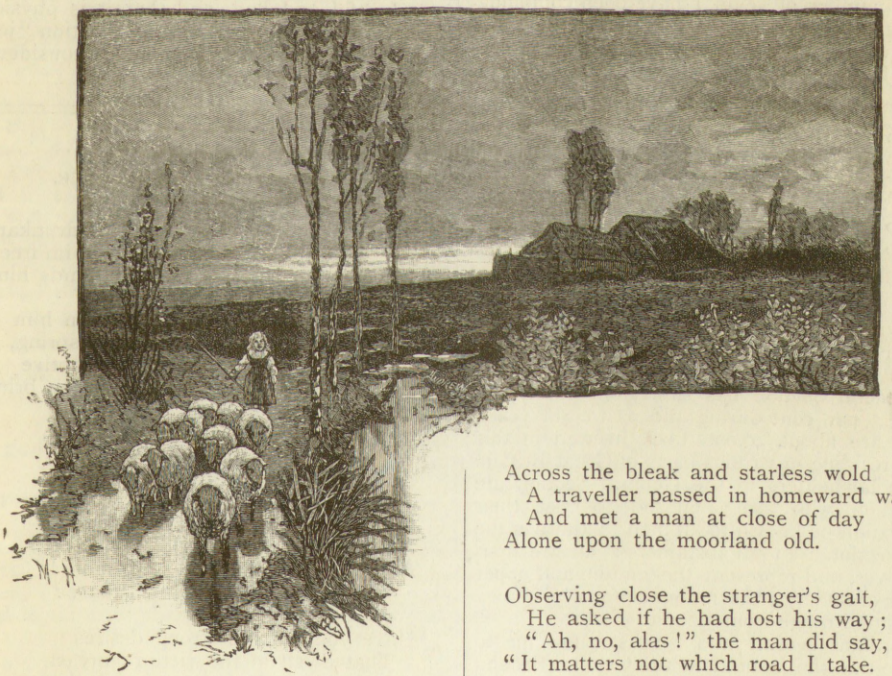
* * * * * * * * *

Dear children, if you lack *any* or *all* of these pebbles—before you come forward to fight the "Giant Drink"—I bid you

"Go, run to the 'Brook.'"

The Dying Light.

BY REV. J. JOHNSON.



'TWAS evening on the open moor,
The sheep were gathering to the fold,
The last gleams lit the waters cold,
In silent pool and shallow shore.

Across the bleak and starless wold
A traveller passed in homeward way
And met a man at close of day
Alone upon the moorland old.

Observing close the stranger's gait,
He asked if he had lost his way;
"Ah, no, alas!" the man did say,
"It matters not which road I take.

"I came to paint the setting sun,
But now the day has passed to night
And I have lost the living light;
Henceforth this work is left undone."

The traveller thought as on he passed,
Oh! brother at what awful cost,
Some soul may say—"The light I've lost,"
When comes the sunset at the last.

OVERCROWDING AND DEATH RATE.

By Statist.

At the weekly meeting of the Guardians of one of the largest Unions in the North of England the matter of overcrowding was considered. The opinion of the relieving officers was taken, when they stated "that such a thing as two families living in one house in their district was almost unknown." This point being satisfactorily settled, Guardian No. 1 rose and made an attack upon the Health Committee of the Corporation. He declared "their system of removing the contents of ashpits, &c.," was abominable." Guardian No. 2 was "confident that the high death rate was a consequence of that system." Turning from ashpits, let us consider another mischievous agent, alcohol. For a number of years I have been compiling returns, given in the printed reports of the Temperance and General Insurance Company, which are as follows :—

General Section.—Deaths.

	Expected.	Actual.	p. cent.
1866 to 1879 (14 yrs.)	3449 ...	3450 ...	1·00
1866 to 1887 (22 yrs.)	6142 ...	5984 ...	·97

Temperance Section.—Deaths.

	Expected.	Actual.	p. cent.
1866 to 1879 (14 yrs.)	2002 ...	1437 ...	·71
1866 to 1887 (22 yrs.)	3936 ...	2798 ...	·71

Excess per cent. of Deaths in General Section.

1866 to 1879 ..... 29 | 1866 to 1887 26

It will be observed that the average death rate in the Temperance Section is unchanged for the whole twenty-two years ; whilst that in the General Section has slowly but surely declined 3 per cent during the past eight years. There are about 40,000 lives insured in this office, residing in various parts of Great Britain. The policyholders in the General Section are gentlemen who are supposed to "let their moderation be known to all men" ; those in the other section are total abstainers ; all are first-class lives, and represent the middle and upper classes of society ; the amounts for which they are insured range from £200 to £20,000.

Guardians Nos. 1 and 2 must allow me to assume that the insured in the General Section do not live in overcrowded districts, and that they give ashpits a very wide berth. A medical officer of health states that the late Dr. Farr, who held the post of statistician in the Registrar General's department could estimate the death rate of a district upon being informed the density of its population. No one knew better than the learned doctor that where there is overcrowding there is much drinking. I have come to the conclusion that the death rate is increased from one-fourth to one-third where alcoholic drinks are consumed moderately, and one-third to one-half when taken to excess.

At the annual meeting of the delegates of the United Order of Free Gardeners, reported in the *Guardian* on June 1st, the Grand Master stated : "The fact was that 60 per cent. at least of the sick and funeral funds were paid away where sickness and death had been the result of dissipation." Good men ask what is to be done. Very little can be done whilst the prevalent feeling is—What will it profit me if I invest in brewery shares ? The children of this world (the brewers) are wise in their generation, to sell when there are buyers ; they see the reckoning day coming.

The hope of England is in the young people. If ministers of religion, Christian workers, and schoolmasters will teach the youthful mind (as it *is* taught in some schools) that alcoholic drinks are hurtful and bad, and that it is physically wrong to use them, the next generation "in the good time coming" will experience a considerable reduction in the death rate.

A SOLILOQUY.

By Frederick J. Brooke.

You say there is hope for the drunkard,
That something can make him free
From the hideous wrong that binds him
In fetters of slavery :
That the ceaseless fires that burn him
May be quenched in another spring,
And the bonds that hold him captive
May be snapped by the aids you bring.

You know it's no easy matter
To crush out the seeds of drink,
And raise from protracted habits
The soul that has ceased to think.
Can a man bring back his senses
Inert from the want of use,
And say to his mind—"Be noble !"
When deadened by long abuse ?

Have you felt the strong desires
That dwell in the victim's breast,
And been used to fierce temptations
That give not a moment's rest ?
The slakeless thirst for the wine-cup,
That holds with such deadly grip,
That it blasts each earthly pleasure,
And mocks as it wets the lip ?

Have you fought this fell destroyer,
And mastered him bit by bit,
Till you cured his fierce distemper,
And quenched all the flames he lit ?

Have you known a resurrection
That gave to your soul new life,
And which breathed new benedictions,
And calmed all the subtle strife.

If you have—then tell the story,
Till it rings from pole to pole;
Till it haunts ensnaring grog-shops,
And enters each drunkard's soul;
Till the flaring signs of the cities,
And glittering dens of drink
Forswear their hideous traffic,
Or into oblivion sink.

But tell it with gentle pathos
That softens and moulds the heart;
Which shall act with winning sweetness,
And enter without a smart;
Let the victim feel you touch him
With the hand of brotherhood,
That you war for his redemption—
That you seek his highest good.

And tell him of One who purchased
His ransom from every snare,
And whose love is all unfathomed
And free as the priceless air;
Of a grace which makes him victor,
Till, spotless in life and soul,
He lives but to love his Maker,
And joy in a life made whole.

SHORT ABSTRACT OF A PAPER
ON
"*The Influence of Nipping upon Health,*"
By GEORGE HARLEY, M.D., F.R.S.,
EX-PROFESSOR, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

LITTLE is known about this subject from a scientific point, because no special form of treatment is required where these cases present themselves in hospital, and often its injurious influence is either not soon recognised, or is attributed to other causes. Further, its effects are so very varied that only a student of liver disease, who sees a large number of cases, can form any just opinion. Dr. Harley has studied this disease for many years.

Nipping is the habit of taking drops of stimulants at a time and often during the day; and in order to show what this strictly moderate drinking does, the doctor compares the death-rate of three classes of men who indulge in this habit, with the death-rate of three classes of men who are not exposed to the same temptation. For the year 1885, these figures are as follows:—

First, the men exposed to the temptation.

	Deaths from Liver Disease.		Deaths from Diseases of Nervous System.
Brewers	96	.....	144
Commercial travellers	61	.....	130
Innkeepers, Wine and Spirit and Beer Dealers ...	240	.....	200

Second, the men *not* exposed to the temptation.

	Deaths from Liver Disease.		Deaths from Diseases of Nervous System.
Drapers and Warehousemen.....	35	.....	109
Printers	28	.....	90
Gardeners and Nurserymen	18	.....	63

These figures are for men whose ages varied from 25 to 65 years, and are quoted from the supplement to the Forty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General (1885), page xxxi.

The result here shown is striking in the extreme, seeing that the death-rate from liver disease is more than six times greater among men exposed to the temptation of nipping, than in that of all the other industries combined.

Nothing could be more conclusive than this, of the deleterious effects of moderate drinking.

The doctor then relates some experiments he performed upon living dogs, in France, to show how the liver was affected in those animals when alcohol was introduced into the blood.

After showing that for many reasons, alcohol is not so injurious to the kidneys as to the liver, the doctor passes on to consider the effect of nipping upon the brain and spinal cord; and he points out that alcohol is a true "Cerebro-Spinal Nerve Paralyzer," as it not only suppresses every function of the brain, cerebellum, spinal cord, and the sympathetic, but it induces true coma, ending in death. He further shows that the action of alcohol is to engorge the blood-vessels of the nervous system, and thus to cause pressure upon the nerve cells and fibres, preventing them being properly nourished, and hence unable to do their work; and he completes the paper by showing that alcohol so affects the blood as to much diminish its power of carrying oxygen to the tissues, and carrying away the waste carbonic acid; and these facts are the explanation of the paralyzing power of alcohol upon the nervous system.

We remark that a better defence of our position, as total abstainers, could hardly be found.—From the *Provincial Medical Journal* for January, 1888.

ISRAEL RENSHAW, F.R.C.S.E.

Pebbles and Pearls.

"THEY tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg, sadly; "it left me long ago."

OF 900 inquests held yearly by Dr. Hardwicke, coroner for Central Middlesex, one-half are due to strong drink.

MENTION something that is a great inconvenience in domestic affairs. A coffee-pot; it is a great tin-convenience.

WE should make the same use of a book that a bee does of a flower. She steals sweet from it, but does not injure it.

THE RISING MINISTRY.—No fewer than 220 out of 226 students at the four Wesleyan Theological Training Institutions are total abstainers.

THE only jokes women like to read are those which reflect ridicule on men. "Yes," says a contemporary, "on taking a paper, a woman invariably turns to the marriage column."

"WHATSOEVER," says Cardinal Manning, "be the financial and political influences at stake . . . let all bills and clauses perish; the salvation of the people is the supreme law."

THERE is only the difference of one letter between God and gold, and it is a very significant letter too; but with many, I fear, there is not even so much difference as that, for they live as if they worshipped nothing else.

A GENTLEMAN, giving a lecture to some boys, was explaining how no one could live without air. He then said: "You have all heard of a man drowning; how does that happen?" The ready answer was: "'Cause he can't swim."

GATHERED PEARLS.

MAKE a little fence of Trust
  All about to-day,
Fill it full of loving work,
  And within it stay.
Look not through the shelt'ring bar,
  Anxious for the morrow;
God will help whatever comes,
  Be it joy or sorrow.

FOOD *v.* POISON.—There is something exceedingly irritating that a great part of a harvest, raised with infinite care and pains, instead of adding to the national wealth, and bringing rich returns, is poured, in the shape of liquid fire, down the throats of the nation that produced it, and instead of leaving them wiser and happier, tends to impoverish them by vicious and debilitating indulgence.—*The Times.*

WHEN the Rev. Mr. C—— was minister of the U. P. Church in Sanquhar, he called one day, in the course of his pastoral visitation, on a decent old woman who was a member of his congregation. Engaged in friendly conversation with her, he said: "I hear your potatoes are not very good this year, Jennet?" "'Deed are they no', sir," said Jennet, "they're very bad; but I've reason to be thankfu' that ither folk's are as bad as my ain."

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—The chairman of the above company informed the shareholders at the recent half-yearly meeting that 3,700 men on special duty during a season of fog were supplied with bread, cheese, beef-tea, and coffee, *but no intoxicants of any kind.* We understand that the London and North-Western Railway Company do not supply intoxicating liquors to their servants at any time—a good example to other companies, where responsibility is so great.

A GIRL'S ESSAY ON BOYS.—If any boy thinks he can write as happy an essay about girls as the girl who penned the following has written about boys, he will perhaps let the children of the Column hear from him:—"Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are young women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam, He said to Himself: "Well, I think I can do better if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They are wearing out everything but soap. If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be little girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER IX.—A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

"*We build our castles in the air,*
Of mighty strength, surpassing fair;
Then sigh to think how soon they're gone,
Like snow before the rising sun.
How strange if such a dream should be
No dream, but a reality."

—ANONYMOUS.

YOU look rather pale this morning, Henry. Won't you try a glass of stout? I am sure that will put colour into your cheeks." This was Mr. Thomas' greeting one morning to Henry Fitzgerald as he walked into the counting-house of Messrs. Thomas and Watson.

"Thank you, Mr. Thomas; I am afraid the alcohol might put more colour in my face than I should care to be seen with. I don't want to go about the world as if I carried a fire beacon on the tip of my nose."

Henry had passed several restless nights in thinking of his grand scheme for the Home for Working Lads. In his fertile imagination he could see the building erected, and peopled with smiling, happy, and intelligent youths. Mr. Weatherley entered heartily into the scheme. He could afford £50,000 if necessary to build, and another £50,000 to endow; or more if it were required. He felt that if some such influence as that to be exerted by the proposed Home had been thrown around him in his younger days, he might have been spared a world of regrets and sorrows.

The idea having once taken possession of Henry, he could not get rid of it. He spent many evenings roughly sketching out his ideas of the objects of the Home, and then he set to work to make a water-colour drawing of its various buildings.

He looked round on his own comfortable home. He appreciated the thousand-and-one enjoyments of his life, and he felt that he had many inducements to do right, while the toiling lads of the East had every kind of temptation to do wrong.

"Think of it, uncle," he said one evening to Mr. Weatherley; "in one district of London 10,000 families living in one room each, and in the same district 912 public-houses doing a roaring trade. How can lads be expected to grow up pure and good under such circumstances?"

"You are right, Henry. I shall be glad to see your plans, and to hear your explanation."

"They are ready, though in a very rough form. They will, I think, sufficiently explain my intentions." At the same moment Henry placed on the table his plans, and then proceeded to explain them in simple language.

"You enter under this archway. Here is a carriage road, with paths on either side. These paths are backed with shrubs and vases of flowers, to make the entrance look as enticing as possible. At the entrance is a comfortable porter's lodge, who will be able to see everyone entering, and who will know all who have a right to entrance.

"This path leads to a quadrangle, around which are placed the various buildings. On the left is a large hall, capable of holding some five hundred persons, where, I suggest, we shall hold festivals, and at times public meetings and services, and which, on ordinary occasions, can be easily divided into classrooms and small lecture-halls."

Mr. Weatherley looked and admired the youthful enthusiasm of his young friend.

"On this side," continued Henry, pointing to the drawings, "are placed four houses, in each of which shall live twenty-five lads. These houses shall have every accommodation of a home—separate sleeping-rooms for the lads, dining-room, study, baths, playroom—in fact, a home in the broadest and noblest sense of the word."

"Bravo!" ejaculated Mr. Weatherley. He could say no more, he so much admired the earnestness that Henry displayed in his description.

"Look," said Henry again. "Facing the lecture-hall I have placed the swimming bath, the gymnasium, the workshop, the laboratory, the library, and a common room in which all can meet for conversation and games. Then further round on the other side are the residences of the superintendent and the other officials."

"A charming arrangement," said Mr. Weatherley, smiling with pleasure.

"In the centre is a beautiful lawn, upon which all can rest their eyes; outside I have placed the cricket field, the bicycle track, and the ground for football. Oh, my dear uncle, what a paradise this will be for the poor tempted youths of the East! I wonder whether my dream will ever be realised!"

"You have done well, Henry; but are you not building castles in the air? Where can you find space for such a home among the streets and alleys of Whitechapel, Stepney, and Mile End?"

"Ah! you have not heard all my scheme. I don't want the home established among the crowded streets of the East; I want it away from all that. Let us build it out of the crowded city—say on the borders of the beautiful Epping Forest—where there shall be pure air, the scent of flowers, and the singing of the birds."

"Good, good; but your lads are to be working lads, toiling in the City in the day and coming to the Home in the evening."

"That difficulty can easily be overcome. The railway companies provide cheap tickets for boys attending the public schools; no doubt they will do the same for our lads."

"But will not the lads get harm by having all this provided for them for nothing—will it not take away their independence?"

"I never suggested that, uncle. I do not want the lads of our Home to have the advantages for nothing. Let them contribute to the expenses of the Home according to their incomes, no matter how small the sum may be. They will then feel they are entitled to what they receive, and they will grow up to trust in themselves for what they need.

"Good, good; I am charmed with your plans and your explanation. Have you considered what should be the rules of your proposed Home?"

"Yes, I have drawn them up," and Henry presented the following to Mr. Weatherley, who read, admired, and praised:—

I. "All lads between thirteen and eighteen years of age, engaged in business, to be eligible for admission to the Home, provided they are poor, have no comfortable homes of their own, and the consent of their parents has been first obtained. All applications for admission to the Home to be addressed to the superintendent, who will admit the most deserving cases as vacancies occur.

II. "Every lad joining the Home must contribute to its support according to his income, the amount to be decided by the superintendent.

III. "All members must be abstainers from intoxicating drinks and tobacco.

IV. "All members to prosecute some study or trade during leisure hours.

V. "No member to be absent from the Home after business hours, except by consent of the superintendent.

VI. "The superintendent to be considered as occupying the place of a parent, and as such he is to be obeyed in all reasonable requests."

"Henry, my boy," said Mr. Weatherley, overcome with emotion, "I hope to see you the happy superintendent, with a family of thankful boys all around you."

"Thank you, uncle. If my castle in the air shall become a reality, I shall, indeed, be a happy man."

A man of action, Mr. Weatherley was not long in putting Henry's plan into practice. He consulted many persons qualified to judge, and all decided that such a home was a most desirable addition to the many philanthropic institutions, but it required to be under the superintendence of a man in whom the lads could have complete confidence; and while all things should be carried on in a spirit of true affection, there must be firmness and decision in carrying out the rules.

To those who objected he answered: "The most trying part of a boy's life is the time when he is at liberty to spend his evenings in his own way. It is then that he gets into bad society, and finds pleasure in the music-hall and the public-house. If we can surround him with influences of a noble kind—if we can give him an impulse to a higher life—we may help to kill the evil, and to cause the good to increase and multiply."

"It is a bad thing to make babies of boys," retorted some who did not like the idea that the poor lads of the East should be signalled out for help.

"Look you, my friends," was Mr. Weatherley's reply, "the sons of the rich are protected during the dangerous years of youth. They go to Harrow or to Eton; they are watched over and, as far as possible, preserved from bad company. Why should we not protect the poor, and especially those who have no good home influence?"

Mr. Weatherley made up his mind, and no one could turn him from it.

"Henry," he said, "the Home shall be built, and it shall be built without ostentation or show of any kind. The building shall rise into life without the outside world knowing it. There shall be no flourish of trumpets at the laying of the foundation stone; no long speeches and newspaper reports; no flattery at the opening from people of title who are willing to give up an hour of their precious time to the purpose, and then, for ever afterwards forget the institution they have lauded to the skies."

It would be impossible to give all the details of the buildings of this noble institution. Mr. Weatherley associated himself with a few practical men, who entered into the spirit of the work with him. Henry's rough plans were properly matured by a skilled architect, a plot of ground was purchased, and the building rose up quietly, without the world knowing that such an important institution was coming into life.

When the flag was seen flying from the scaffolding, announcing that the top stone of the chief building had been laid, Henry could hardly contain his joy; his emotion so overcame him that he burst into tears.

"Look! look!" he cried, "the castle in the air has become a reality. My dreams will be fulfilled! We shall yet see many a poor lad

protected from evil within these walls! Oh, uncle, this is the way to spend a fortune!"

"Yes, Henry, you are right, and it is to you that all is due. Did you not teach me how to find happiness in trying to make others happy. You are its author in every way."

It must not be supposed that Henry was so absorbed in all these engagements that he never thought of the missing mother. She was often in his mind, and constantly did he speak of her to his noble benefactor. Mr. Weatherley, on his part, had stinted neither money or time to find the lost one. They little thought that the mother was all the time only a few miles away from them, doing her share in trying to lighten the sad hearts of the sick, and to bring joy on the pale faces of the sad.

How the days passed, and how grandly the various buildings of the Home were completed and furnished! Henry took care that every room should be light and pleasant; that there should be plenty of flowers and pictures; that the Home should not in any sense assume the appearance of a barracks or a school. Each lad was to be left to decorate his room in his own way, and there was accommodation so that those who liked might keep pet animals; and in every sense there was to be the perfect freedom of a home with all the parental and blessed influence which should be found in every family, but which, alas! is so often absent.

Before the building was complete Henry had reached his twenty-first birthday. He was now legally a man; in experience, knowledge, and size he had been a man for several years.

Five years' work had satisfied Mr. Weatherley that Henry was really in earnest; that he was just the man to devote his every power to the superintendence of the Home; and that there could be no harm in his resigning his situation, and commencing at once to devote his life to noble works.

The autumn leaves were falling and a cool breeze was blowing as Mr. Weatherley and Henry were walking in the garden. They were both full of thought, for Henry wished his uncle would talk about the opening of the Home, and at the same time he did not like to suggest the idea that it was time for him to give up business.

"Henry," said Mr. Weatherley, taking him lovingly by the arm, "the winter is coming on, and our home will have to open its generous doors to receive its inmates. You know my heart's desire is that you should devote your life to this work."

"I know it, and I appreciate your kindness. If my conduct has been such as to merit your approval, I am ready to meet your wishes."

"You have shown diligence in your daily employment; you have spent your leisure time in a manner that proves your heart is in your work; early and late you have toiled among the poor. What better training could you have had for the task I am now going to ask you to undertake?"

"It will be a heavy burden, uncle; but I shall have you and Tom Billows to help me to bear it. I have prayed much that God would make me fit for this task. I trust He will purify me, so that I may enter upon the work with a single eye to His glory."

"That's the way to begin. Let us do our work without inviting all the world to look at us and praise us. All we want is God's blessing. And that you shall certainly have if you look upwards and work only for the good of those to whom you are ministering."

"I will try to; I will do my best."

"Yes, Henry, I am sure you will. Give my compliments to Messrs. Thomas and Watson, and tell them you must leave their employ in a month.'

(To be continued.)

A GREAT RELIEF.—A drunken legislator said that he was "a self-made man." "That fact," said the Hon. Horace Greeley, "relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

Story of the Boyhood of Sebastian Gomez.

By E. D. K.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

—*Longfellow.*

SEVILLE, as you know from your geography, is a large city in Spain, and over two hundred years ago there lived a great artist, whose name was Murillo; and one of the joys of his life was that he could not only paint pictures, but that he made painters, that is, by teaching the sons of gentlemen, if the young men showed any talent in that direction. It has been said that "poets are born, not made," and so far as that is true it applies to painters, orators, and other men, who, by their genius, tower above their fellows. But it is quite true that such men are both born and made; that is, born with some ability in one of these directions, and made by having that talent cultured and developed by hard work. The work then, which specially delighted Murillo, was to give lessons to pupils and cultivate their inborn talent, and it was considered quite an honour to be one of Murillo's students. Now, living in the house of the great painter, was a black man, named Gomez; he had once been a free man, but had been brought to Spain and sold as a slave to Murillo. Gomez had been married to a white woman, and he had one child, a son, named Sebastian, who was of course a Mulatto. Sebastian Gomez, like his father, was a slave, but unlike his father, he had never known what freedom meant, as he was born a slave, and it was his duty to be about the painter's workshop, making himself generally useful, cleaning brushes, washing palettes, and doing whatever he was told. Unfortunately, he was very often made the object of sport by the students when the master was not present.

To the thoughtless youths he was only a slave and little better than a monkey, and they dreamed not of the fires of genius which lay smouldering in his breast. Of course, the students had to mind their work when Murillo was there, for to him it would have seemed almost sinful had they trifled when they ought to have been engaged in the art which to him was sacred, and he commanded their attention as he gave them instruction. Well, one lovely morning in June, 1658, old Gomez, the slave, admitted the students to the workshop, that they might commence the day's work, and very soon the students began to grumble; one found his brushes dirty, and another his palette, but their tones soon changed from annoyance to surprise when each stretched his canvas upon his easel and saw someone had been at work during the night. One would find an arm or a hand finished which he had only sketched the previous evening; another would find his picture improved by a few touches, which seemed to have been given by a master-hand; but who had to be praised or blamed for the work they could not tell. Some of the students were angry, and said it was one of themselves who had stayed behind; others were surprised, as the work done by the unknown hand seemed to be better than any that the students were able to do.

"Who comes into this workshop, meddling with our tools and work, Gomez?" they asked. The old slave seemed to shake with fear as he cried:

"It must be Zombi." "And who is the Zombi? you old simpleton," they said. "Oh, I don't know; he comes in the dark."

"Well," said one pupil, "he is cleverer than I am, for he can paint better in the dark than I can in the light."

"I wish he would paint the head of the Virgin for me," said another, named Jose, "for I have tried six times and failed."

He stopped here, and all eyes were directed towards him, for he had been uncovering his canvas as he spoke, and there, indeed, was the head of the Virgin, as he had wished it to be. The picture upon which he was engaged was the descent of our Saviour from the Cross, and there, at the foot of the Cross, was a beautiful sketch of the face of the Virgin Mary, so full of delicacy of expression that the other portions of the picture were not good enough to equal it, as the student saw, and frankly declared. After a few moments' silence, Jose exclaimed, "I have

it ; why it is Gaspard, who is playing these tricks upon us, and all the while pretending that he cares nothing for painting." Gaspard was Murillo's only son, about sixteen years of age, who was always reading or scribbling poetry, and who would some day, perhaps, do something in the world as a poet, but to the grief of his father, he showed no taste for painting, nor inclination towards learning anything in that way. At the very moment the students were laying the blame upon him, he entered the studio, and naturally asked what was the matter. They at once told him, and begged him to admit that they had found him out.

"If I had done these things, gentlemen," Gaspard said, "I should be glad to own it, for my father would be pleased to know that I had so much ability. I am sorry to say that I am quite unable to produce work of that kind ; but my father will be here in a moment, and perhaps he may be able to throw some light on this strange affair."

Just when Gaspard had finished speaking, Senor Murillo walked into the studio, and was amazed to find all the pupils idle, and grouped round Jose's easel.

For a moment he seemed rather angry, and he hastily demanded to know the reason why work was not going on ; but before anyone could answer he caught sight of the head of the Virgin, and his anger vanished instantly ; in fact, he was overcome by the joy he felt, as a true artist, in recognising so fine a piece of work.

"Bravo, Jose," he said, "you have surpassed yourself there, and I can forgive you, young gentlemen, for neglecting your work for a short time to look admiringly upon a head like this."

"When did you do this Jose ?" he asked.

"Alas ! sir, I have not done it, and know not who has," Jose replied.

"It must be one of you," said Murillo, looking round. "Answer me ; whose work is this ?"

When the great painter questioned the students, he found that they all denied having painted the head, and each one pointed to his own easel, and called attention to something that had been done during the night. A study that had been merely sketched, was finished, and a touch here and there of improvement had been given to each canvas.

"And you tell me that these things have been done during the night," Murillo said.

"Yes, Senor," they all answered, "and such things have happened before." For a moment the painter's heart throbbed, as he thought it might be his son Gaspard, who painted secretly in the night, and his soul was filled with joy to think that the hope of his life might yet be realised ; that he might be the father of a great painter.

"Has Gaspard done it, Jose ?" he asked.

"No, Senor ; we have asked him, and he denies it."

"Well, you may believe him, for he is truthful," Murillo said, proudly. After gazing at the picture for a few minutes in silence, Murillo said, "I wish it had been Gaspard ; but whoever has done it will one day be the equal, if not the master of the best of us. There are faults about it, certainly, still I would not be ashamed to own that head as my work had I done it. But we will soon find out who has done it. Gomez, who comes here during the night ?"

"Oh, Senor," answered Gomez, trembling with fear, "it must be the Zombi."

"Foolish slave," cried Murillo, "when will that superstitious nonsense be driven out of your head. No unquiet spirit comes in the night to do work like this ; man's work is for man to do."

"Sebastian ?"

"Here, Senor," answered the little Mulatto, who, unobserved, had been listening to all that had been said. "What do you do, after the students have left at night ?"

"I sweep up, Senor, and make everything tidy," Sebastian replied.

"And do you sleep here, as I commanded you to do ?"

"Yes, Senor."

"Well, who comes here painting, during the night ?"

"No one, Senor."

"Do not lie to me," Murillo angrily said, "you must watch to-night, and if you don't tell me in the morning who has painted this head, the lash shall wring the truth from you. If you would like to say something, you may speak out before I go."

"Oh, master, if no one paints to-night, shall I be whipped, then?" poor Sebastian asked.

"Yes," Murillo answered, "You will then get thirty lashes instead of twenty. If you do your duty, you must know who comes here. I am determined to find out all about the matter," and with that the painter strode from the room. The students offered a little mocking sympathy to the poor little slave, but they were longing for next morning, that the mystery might be cleared up.

Well, at the close of the day, when the studio was cleared up, and poor little Sebastian had spread his mat, which formed his bed, old Gomez cautiously entered, and closing the door behind him, he drew near, and lovingly placed his arm round the neck of his son.

"Oh, my poor boy," he said, "I am so sorry to hear that you will be whipped in the morning, even however things turn out. I would gladly bear the lash myself for your sake, and I would

give my life to set you free from your slavery. I have known the joys of freedom for many years of my life, and my days will soon be ended; but you, my son, will always be a slave."

"It is, indeed, horrible to be a slave," said the boy, bursting into tears; but he soon recovered himself, when he saw his father's form shaken with sobs.

"Never mind, father," he said, "I will pray to the good God, and perhaps He will find me a way out of my difficulty, and save me from the lash."

That night, when old Gomez had left him, poor Sebastian, having lighted a lamp, gazed long and earnestly at the face of the Virgin on the canvas, and his own face lighted up with pleasure, as he murmured to himself: "The master said it was good, and that he would not be ashamed to own it, had he done it. Oh, I wish I dare tell him; but I am only a poor slave, and the students say I am not much better than a monkey; but I feel that I could paint pictures, if I had only the chances they have."

That night Sebastian prayed fervently, and fell asleep, full of hope that God would answer his prayer. While he slept he dreamed of the Virgin's face he had painted, and it seemed to smile lovingly upon him, and just as day was breaking he awoke. The golden rays of sunlight streamed upon the canvas as he had left it the night before, and fell upon the face of the Virgin, filling it with tender beauty, and as he looked upon it, all fatigue and desire for further rest vanished, and his dark eyes flashed with the fire of genius—he stood before it entranced, and muttered: "The master said it had some faults, and now I can see them and I can remove them. I thought by one stroke of the brush to paint out the head, but I dare not; the face smiled upon me as I slept, and it would be almost murder to destroy it. No; I will rather try to finish it and give it those touches the master said it needed. I have yet two hours to call my own. I am *free* for two hours; time enough, then, to be a slave." And he set to work with a will, with all his soul in his work; dead to every sound, and blind to every sight but that of the picture upon which he worked, and which seemed to become possessed of life beneath the power of his pencil. The minutes fled rapidly. So absorbed was he in his work that he did not hear the door of the studio open, when Murillo entered, followed by the pupils.

The master held up his hand for silence, and quietly stole near to the easel, where the Mulatto boy was engaged. An exclamation from one of the pupils brought Sebastian back to everyday life. He knew he was caught; he felt that Murillo was behind him, and he dared not turn round. Murillo was filled with emotion as he gazed upon his slave-boy, who had an artist's soul, but hiding his emotion beneath a cold manner, he said:

"Sebastian! who taught you to paint?"

"You, Senor," the trembling boy replied.

"How? I never gave you a lesson."

"No, Senor; but you taught the pupils, and I heard and saw you."

"You have evidently paid heed to my instructions," Murillo said; "but what about the lash I promised you?" The boy hung his head.

"Oh, pardon him, Senor," the students cried out. "I will not only pardon him," said Murillo, "but I will reward him. Speak out, Sebastian. Tell me what you most wish for, and I will grant your wish."

"Ask him for a golden ducat," whispered one of the students. Gaspard heard the words and said:

"Why, my father is generous, he will give you twenty ducats, if you ask him." Murillo smiled, and said:

"You are very liberal with my money, Gaspard. But why do you not say what you would like, Sebastian?"

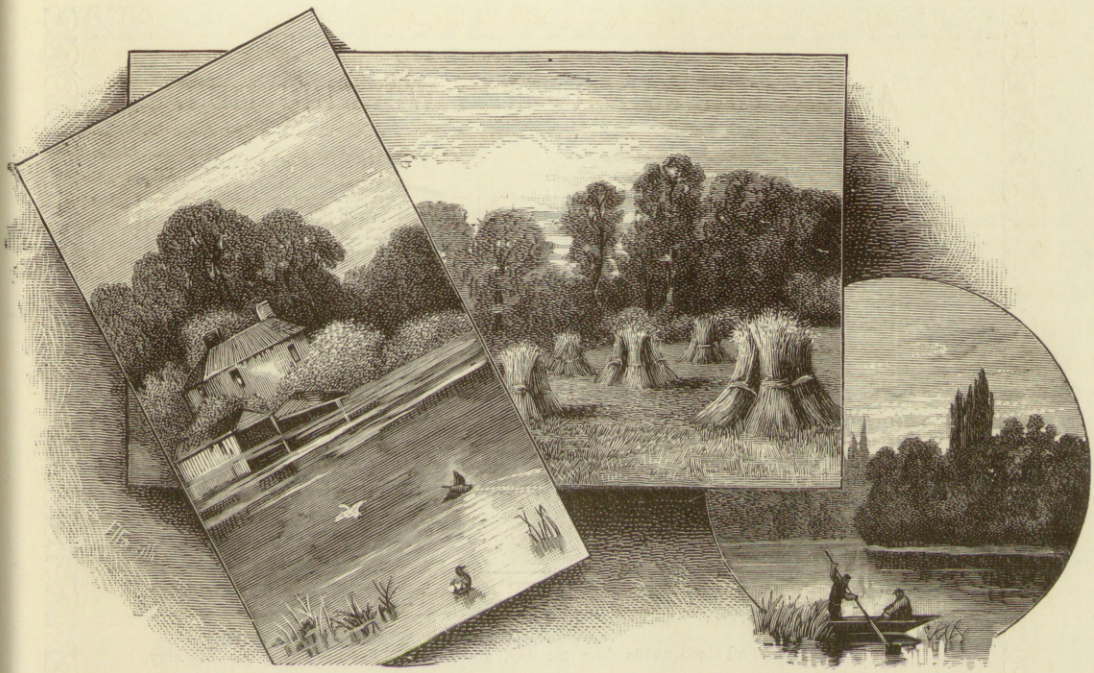
The boy's breast was heaving, for a struggle was going on there. Had he to be selfish or self-sacrificing? Ought he to ask for his freedom, and then learn to be a painter; or ask for his father's liberty? His father's life would soon be ended, while his own was but just beginning; he was only fifteen, and to spend his years as a slave—the thought was terrible. But what of his father, who loved him so dearly, and who pined for the freedom he once enjoyed? The fight was soon over; love and duty triumphed, and he lifted up his head and said:

"Oh, Senor, if you would but set my father free?" Murillo was much moved.

"I will, my poor boy; and you shall have your liberty also. I have long had my doubts as to whether slavery was right or wrong; those doubts have been removed, thank God. Though there is a difference in the colour of our skins, yet your nobleness of heart has done much towards opening my eyes, and your possession of true heaven-born genius convinces me of the common brotherhood of mankind."

"You shall be one of my pupils; nay, I will be a second father to you, and the names of Murillo and Sebastian Gomez shall go down to posterity linked together."

The night of slavery and sorrow had passed away, and the morning light of liberty and joy had dawned upon him. Many of his paintings are yet preserved in Spain. The names of master and pupil were, indeed, linked and became historical in the annals of painters.



AUTUMN.

By MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

SHE is coming, bright and fair,
O'er the meadows she is coming,
Through the orchard she is roaming,
With the poppies in her hair.
She is gracious, she is sweet,
She's a tender, bounteous maiden,
For she comes with treasures laden—
Luscious fruit and golden wheat.
She is wealthy, she is fair,
And she brings the harvest weather,
When we bind the sheaves together;
And she scatters everywhere,
On the land and in the air,
Pleasures, treasures, rich and rare.

She doth weave the brightest hours,
Full of deepest, softest glory;
She was made for song and story,
With her sunlight and her flowers.
She's the very queen of love—
She has shady, leafy covers,
Where the happy, dreaming lovers
In her moonlight idly rove.
She is tender, she is strong,
O'er the cornfields she is dancing,
Through the apples she is glancing,
Where the rivers flow along,
Where the warbling wild birds throng,
She is singing Nature's song.

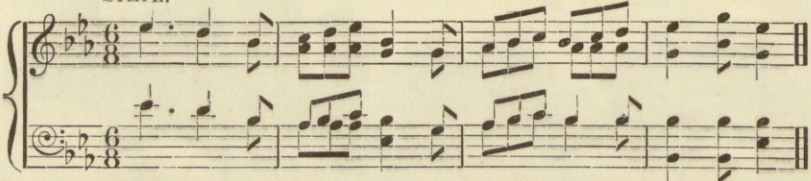
She doth come with scented breeze;
Where her fruit hangs ripe and mellow,
With her tints of brown and yellow,
She doth paint the waving trees.
Currants, that like corals shine,
She doth weave into her tresses,
While her graceful form she dresses
With the tendrils of the vine.
Then we'll raise our hearts to greet
She who comes with love o'erflowing;
On the land her gifts bestowing;
For she's beautiful and sweet,
And she scatters 'neath our feet,
Scarlet poppies—yellow wheat.

She is coming to the poor;
Like an angel bending o'er them,
She doth lay, with smiles, before them,
All her plenteous, tempting store.
She doth point to where is spread
Waving corn in golden splendour;
While she says in whispers tender,
"Look, my children, this is bread!"
She's a maid, with heart of gold—
Glorious Autumn, brightly beaming—
Tender Autumn, softly gleaming,
All her treasures are untold;
But whate'er her heart doth hold,
She bestoweth on the world.

AFTER THE COIN OF THE WORKING MEN.

Words and Music by T. PALMER.

SYMPH.



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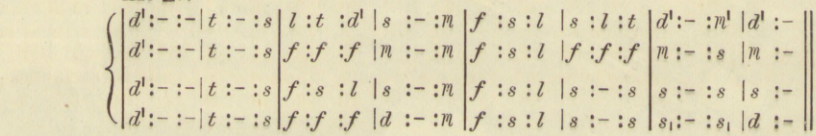
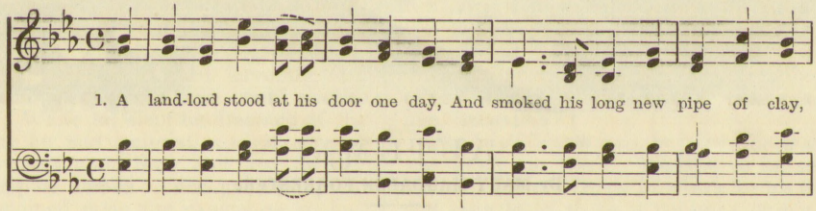
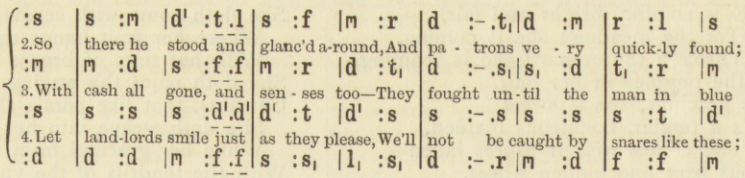
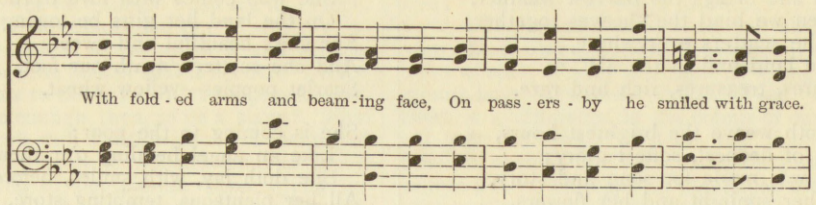




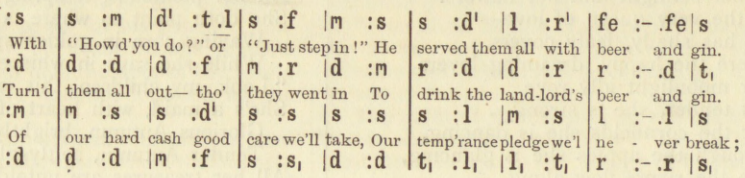
1. A land-lord stood at his door one day, And smoked his long new pipe of clay,



2. So there he stood and glanc'd a-round, And pa - trons ve - ry quick-ly found;
3. With cash all gone, and sen - ses too—They fought un-til the man in blue
4. Let land-lords smile just as they please, We'll not be caught by snares like these;

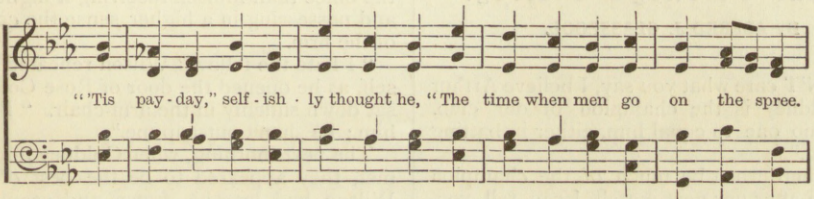


With fold - ed arms and beam - ing face, On pass - ers - by he smiled with grace.

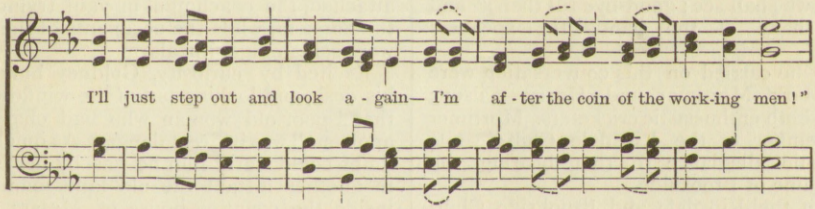


With "How d'you do?" or "Just step in!" He served them all with beer and gin.
Turn'd them all out— tho' they went in To drink the land-lord's beer and gin.
Of our hard cash good care we'll take, Our temp'rance pledge we'l ne - ver break;

AFTER THE COIN OF THE WORKING MEN.

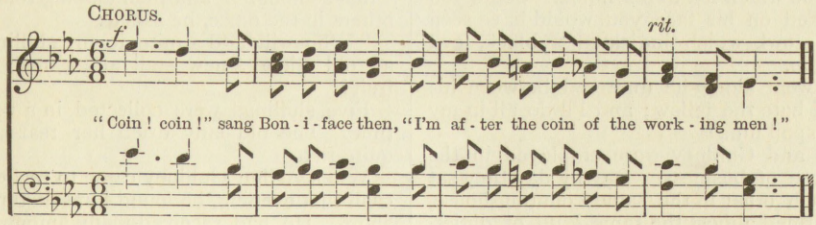


:s	f :r | s :m	d' :l | s :d'	t :l | s :l	s :f.m | r
"When	drink is in," we	say, "wit's out," So	they be-gan to	rave and shout;
:m	t_1 :t_1 | d :d	d :d | d :m	d :d | d :d	d :r.d | t_1
So	out they reel in-	to the street, A	pest to ev-'ry-	one they meet;
:s	s :s | s :s	l :f | s :s	s :f | s :m	s :l | r
To	gin-shops we will	ne-ver go, No	pains thro' drink shall	we then know;
:d	r :f | m :d	f :f | m :d	m :f | m :l_1	m_1 :f_1 | s_1



:s	l :s.f | m :s	f :m.r | d :m.m	r :m.f | s :f.s	l :t | d' :—
Their	brains were fired, their	tongues set free, But the	land-lord smiled, for	what cared he!
:d	d :d.t_1 | d :m	r :d.t_1 | d :d.d	t_1 :d.r | m :r.m	f :f | m :—
A	curse to home, their	coun-try's shame, They	bear the drunk-ard's	wretched name.
:s	f :s | s :s	s :s.f | m :s.s	s :s.s | s :l.s	s :s | s :—
But	home we'll hie when	work is done, And	craf-ty land-lords	care-ful shun.
:m	f :m.r | d :d	t_1 :s_1 | d :d.d	f :m.r | d :f.m	r :s | d :—

CHORUS.



f CHORUS. *rit.*

d' :- :- | t :- :s	l :t :d' | s :- :s	l :s :fe | s :f :m	f :- :r | d :- :-
"Coin! coin!" thought	Bon-i-face then, "I'm	handling the coin of the	work-ing men!"
d' :- :- | t :- :s	f :f :f | m :- :s	l :s :fe | s :f :m	r :- :t_1 | d :- :-
"Coin! coin!" sings	Bon-i-face then,	"I have the coin of the	work-ing men!"
d' :- :- | t :- :s	f :s :l | s :- :s	l :s :fe | s :f :m	l :- :s | m :- :-
Coin! coin! Old	Bon-i-face then Will	get no coin from the	work-ing men!
d' :- :- | t :- :s	f :f :f | d :- :s	l :s :fe | s :f :m	r :- :s | d :- :-

Arthur Goldney's Victory.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

"I DON'T care what you say, I believe Arthur Goldney is the champion of our club. There is no one to equal him, either in batting or bowling."

"And there won't be much of the champion left in him after our next match, I can tell you. James Tappling, a perfect master over the ball, will take all the pluck out of him."

"Nonsense, man; Tappling is not a patch on Goldney. He may be a good hand at bowling, but he can't protect his wicket with half the skill of his great opponent. Goldney has won golden opinions already; and if he be in good trim on Saturday next, he'll make the highest score, and be carried round the field in triumph."

"Well, we shall see; good-bye till then;" and with a shake of the hands the speakers parted.

Those who carried on this conversation were named Mark Mortimer and Harry Wilson; they were both enthusiastic cricketers. Mortimer was a member of the Ripsdale Club; while Wilson paid allegiance to that bearing the musical name of Brookside.

Between the Ripsdale and Brookside Clubs there was a considerable amount of both rivalry and jealousy. Each had its separate champion, the honour of whom they were sworn to protect, and for whom they spared neither labour or words.

When Harry Wilson parted with his friend, he turned the corner of the field in which they had been talking, and made his way down a narrow lane which led to his home. Could you have looked on his face, you would have seen an ugly scowl, which indicated a black, evil heart within.

As he went along he muttered between his teeth: "I hate the fellow; and I'll do all in my power to spoil him."

Wilson and Goldney were employed in the same house of business. Day by day they sat beside each other in the same counting-house, and performed almost the same kind of duties. Gentlemanly in appearance, with good education, there seemed a fair prospect of their rising to a good position in the house of Messrs. Masters and Watson, the well-known drapers, furnishers, and upholsterers, whose advertisements were on almost every hoarding, and stared one in the face at every railway station.

Though Wilson was Goldney's senior, the latter had recently received an amount of promotion that had caused the fire of jealousy to burn fiercely in the heart of his companion. He hated to see one who had been fewer years in the office than himself receiving a higher salary, and possessing in a higher sense the confidence of the firm.

"I hate the fellow," Wilson repeated to himself, as he opened the door of Rose Cottage and sat down sullenly in the arm-chair. "I'll plague him; he shan't outstrip me."

The next morning, when Goldney and Wilson met, they appeared to be the best of friends. Wilson had lost his frown, and seemed quite resigned to his position; while Goldney, more gracious than ever, seemed determined to keep friends with one whom he well knew had a great deal of jealousy in his disposition.

In the afternoon, just as the letters were being got ready for the evening's post, there was a sudden confusion in the street; a horse had taken fright, and, with fearful speed, it was dragging along the carriage to which it was attached, the coachman in vain trying to hold the horse in, while the occupants of the carriage were screaming with alarm.

Excited by curiosity, Goldney hurried from his desk, and looking out of the window, he saw that a poor old woman who had charge of an apple-stall was in great danger. As quickly as his limbs could carry him he was by her side, and in another instant the old lady found herself inside the counting-house of Messrs. Masters and Watson. This was a fortunate event for her. The next minute the horse had sent the apples flying all over the street, while the stall was so battered that it could hardly be recognised.

"Thank you; thank you; God bless you," said the old lady, with tears in her eyes.

"All right, mother," answered Goldney; "that's enough;" and then looking round at the others in the office, he asked:

"Who will add a mite to my shilling to buy an old friend a new stall and a fresh stock of fruit?"

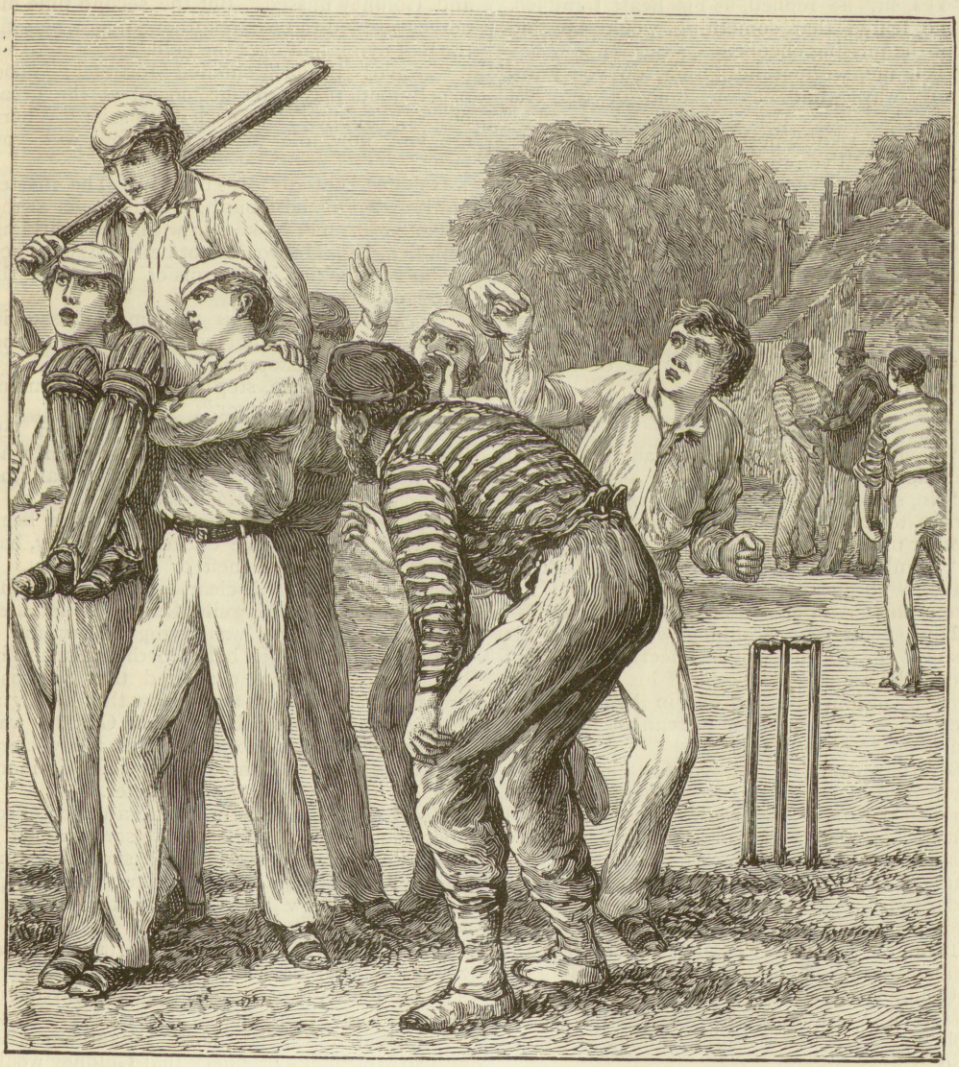
Five shillings were collected in a very short time. The old lady dried her tears and felt quite rich.

When Arthur Goldney came to reckon up his cash that evening, he found himself ten pounds short. He had received many amounts during the day—some in cash, others in notes and cheques. Over and over again he counted his cash—cast up the columns. No! it would not come right; ten pounds had mysteriously disappeared.

At last he discovered that a cheque for ten pounds was missing. Where could it have gone? Who could have taken it? Such an event had never occurred before. It was no use hiding the matter; the loss must be reported to the firm for immediate investigation.

The firm received the information in a very solemn manner, especially as the cheque was not crossed, and was payable to bearer. When a messenger had been despatched to the bank, the news came back that the cheque had been understand that the matter was of such a serious nature that not a step should be neglected to find out the real culprit.

Goldney could hardly hold up his head; he was in great distress. How could he



cashed; but the clerk had no recollection of the person who cashed it, nor even of the exact time of the day when the money was paid.

The chief clerk expressed his firm belief in the honesty of Mr. Goldney, but made him expect to play in the match on the next Saturday with such a suspicion hanging over him? He could not dare to hold the bat in the sight of many who might secretly think him a thief.

When he was leaving the office that evening, a kindly hand was placed on his shoulder, and a solemn voice said:

"Mr. Goldney, just a word with you."

Looking round, he saw it was Mr. Masters, the senior partner in the firm.

"Yes, sir," he replied, as his heart trembled, for he feared that something would be said about the missing cheque.

"Tell me, without hesitation, do you know in any way what has become of the lost cheque?"

"No, sir; I know nothing."

"Tell me all you remember."

"I remember receiving it, entering it in the cash-book, and then placing it safely in the cash-box."

"Did you leave your desk unlocked for any time?"

"I may have done so for a minute or two when the confusion occurred with the runaway horse."

"And when you saved the life of the old apple-woman."

Goldney blushed, and made no reply to this reference to his kindly deed.

"Have you any suspicions of anyone else in the office?"

"No, sir; not any." Goldney was too noble a man to express doubts on the character of another on mere suspicion.

"Thank you, that will do. Now, bear up bravely; go to the match on Saturday. Be sure of this: An honest man shall not suffer."

Thus comforted, Goldney went about his business the next day with a cheerful face. But already he noticed that some of his companions were shy of him; passing him in the street with a cold nod of the head, instead of the usual hearty shake of the hand.

Saturday came at last, and Goldney was on the ground by half-past two. The members of the Ripsdale and Brookside Clubs met in full force. The sun was shining brightly; but there was just enough breeze to give pleasure to running. How delightful it was lying on the grass under the trees, the singing birds and the lowing cattle all adding to the beauty of the scene.

Tappling, the master bowler, was there. He seemed to know all about the cheque. He gave to Goldney a very surly "Good day," and then passed away. Mortimer was, however, by Goldney's side, encouraging him with many kind expressions.

"Thank you; thank you, Frank," answered Arthur. "I am a little unnerved; and until this affair of the cheque has been cleared up, I shall never feel quite happy."

At this moment Wilson passed. He nodded to Mortimer, but took no notice of Goldney. He was not wearing his flannels; and in reply to Mortimer's question, said he had some business in the town which would prevent his playing.

The Ripsdale Club won the toss, and went in first. Goldney stood at the wicket, and the bowler shouted—"Play." On came the ball, and Goldney missed. But the second time his nerves seemed to be strengthened, and he sent the ball flying half over the field.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted Mortimer; "good play! good play!" as he looked at the great bowler, Tappling; as much as to say: "Where are you now, old man? and how will you fare?"

Goldney kept his post bravely. The master bowler tried his best, but he could not get at the wicket. Mortimer looked on with eyes sparkling with delight. He would not believe that a face so honest looking, and arms of such strength, belonged to a thief.

But look! Who is this gentleman, dressed in cricket attire, who is hurrying into the field, and unceremoniously stopping the play?

"Stop, gentlemen, stop!" he cried; "I cannot hold the news any longer."

The bats were dropped. Every player left his post and gathered round the speaker, who was no less a person than Mr. Wiseman, the chief clerk at Messrs. Masters and Watson's.

"Some of you," he continued, "have been thinking that our noble cricketer, Goldney, has been guilty either of theft or gross neglect. I have news which will clear his character; the thief has confessed his guilt. Only a few minutes since Harry Wilson was trying to get into a moving train. He fell between the rails, and in his dying moments confessed that jealousy prompted him to steal the cheque that he might get Goldney into trouble. While Goldney was saving the life of a poor old lady, a fellow-clerk was trying to rob him of that which is more precious than life—a good character."

You may be sure this news had a varied effect upon the listeners. Though Wilson was not a favourite, all were sorry for his sudden death; at the same time a loud cheer and clapping of hands proved how glad they were that Goldney was cleared.

"Let's chair him," cried Mortimer. The suggestion was no sooner made than a dozen hands lifted up Goldney, and he was carried in triumph round the field.

The match was postponed to another day; and so Mortimer's prophecy that Goldney would have the highest score did not come true. But, in a higher and more noble sense, he gained the victory—his character, which was more valuable than the highest score in any game, was cleared of all suspicion; and he received the highest commendation from the lips of his employers.

WHAT INSECTS TEACH US.

By the Author of "Gathered Clouds," "A Story of Two Lives," &c.

I HAVE no doubt many of our readers have never been interested sufficiently in entomology, or insect-life, to make a practical study of it. Yet it is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating of pursuits. It shows us that some of the tiniest insects—far too small for the unaided eye to behold—have not only instinct but reason, and can love and hate. Indeed, as a well-known entomologist has remarked, "If the whole list of human qualities be examined, there is scarcely one which cannot be found in the insect world." Variety of form, and brilliance of colour, too, belong to it in a degree which can only be revealed by the microscope, as only can the wonderful internal mechanism of many insects.

It will seem extravagant nonsense to some to be told that the common table-fly has *four thousand* eyes. Yet the dragon-fly has about *twelve thousand* eyes, and one of the beetles more than *twenty-five thousand!* It would occupy more space and time than I have at my command to deal fully in the present article with the structure and habits even of a single insect; I shall, therefore, content myself with relating a few episodes of insect life that have come under my own observation during the years I have made entomology the study of my leisure hours, and which, I trust, will not be unprofitable in the mute sermons they preach to us higher beings.

The antennæ—or the two little horns which project from the head—of the insect, are amongst the most beautiful examples of its structure, but their functions, so far, have not been satisfactorily ascertained. In ants they are utilised as organs of speech, and I have often watched two ants meet, cross their antennæ (this is their method of putting the organs into action), and then start off in different directions as though perfectly understanding each other. I once happened to be climbing a mountain in Wales, and, stretching myself on the turf to rest for a while, I espied three or four ants in the neighbourhood of a large stone close by me. At the moment it so happened a disabled beetle crawled up, whereupon the ants attacked it, the lot of them (not more than half-a-dozen at the most), pinning themselves to one of its legs. The beetle, however, was far too strong a customer for the number of its assailants, whereupon two of the latter let go their hold, and made for the stone. In a minute or so dozens of the insects appeared from underneath the latter, and proceeded after the retreating beetle, whom they easily caught, dragging its body afterwards to their nest under the stone. Sir John Lubbock reveals some extraordinary traits in the habits of these wise insects. He tells us that they have their aristocracy and their democracy; their idlers and their workers; their soldiers and their civilians; that they have laws by which a moral restraint is put upon each; and that they bury their dead as we do, in places remote from where the living dwell. Therefore, might we well remember the Scriptural injunction: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

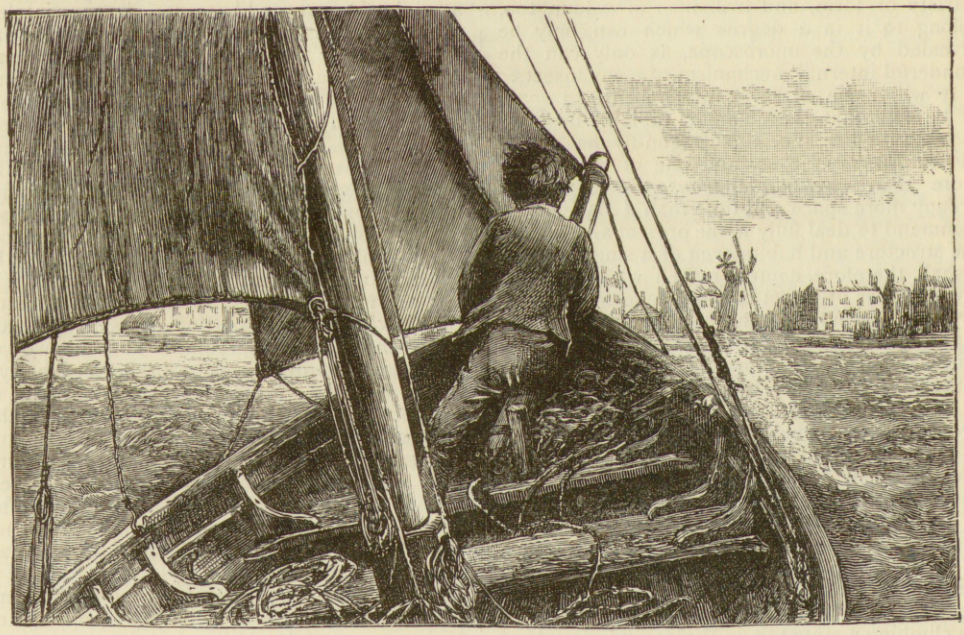
Spiders may be profitably studied; and it passes my comprehension why so many people hate these intelligent and useful creatures. Cobwebs, we know, are not a very elegant addition to a drawing-room, but if there were no cobwebs at all the fly-pest would very soon become intolerrable. In old cobwebs I have found as many as fifty and sixty skeletons of flies—all, I have no reason to doubt, placed *hors de combat* by one spider. Moreover, it is ignorantly supposed that the "poor" fly undergoes the most frightful torture when it is dragged up "the winding staircase to the pretty little parlour." Nothing of the sort. The moment the spider seizes the fly after it has become entangled in the web, it injects a deadly poison into its body, which produces almost instantaneous death. So fatal is the spider's bite, even to a large wasp, that if it escapes from the grasp of the forceps directly they have seized any portion of its body, death will ensue in a few minutes. Thus do we see the mercy of providence at every turn of the eye. I once watched a large fly become entangled in one of those beautiful, finely-woven, circular webs so common in hedgerows and gardens, and the spider, apprehending that the struggling prey would very soon totally destroy the web, set about releasing the fly with all despatch, after which it proceeded to repair the web with equal expedition. Look at the affection of a female spider for her eggs! She will stand the risk of being crushed to death rather than leave them. The eggs of insects are all very beautiful, and their manner of depositing them is most interesting. Saw-flies have saws attached to their bodies, the backs of which work in grooves alternately, so that the fly takes but a short time in cutting a slit in the young bark of a tender plant, and laying its eggs therein.

The uninitiated in the knowledge of entomology would do well to rise early one of these summer mornings when the dew is upon the leaf, and the mist on the hill tops, and ramble along some country lane, there to behold and listen to the activity and music of this wonderful world. No drunkenness there! No muddled brains! No cursing; no swearing; no slothfulness; but all order, activity, beauty—all that delights the eye, and fills the heart with awe and adoration.

KEEPING THE LOOK-OUT.

By Uncle Ben.

IF you should want to know how important a matter the "look-out" is, be on board a ship on a dark, foggy night, and realise the anxiety of the captain and officers when the watch is doubled; and at last so dense is the night that the ship in the regions of icebergs ceases to go "ahead" at all, and the vessel, with all the cargo, passengers, and mails just "lays to" for hours until the "look-out" can be of some use; then, away the good ship steams.



On board a ship going across the Atlantic, all through the night-watches, when the bells sound, the "look-out" sailor shouts—"All's well." On the P. & O. boats the "look-out" sings: "Lights are bright, and all's well." The "look-out" is one of the most needed and useful posts that has to be filled by Jack afloat. On the "look-out" man all depends for security against collision. To his care and attention all the safety of the crew and the passengers are committed.

None who take this post can be too vigilant; none too keen in their vision. All care and attention, wakefulness, and fidelity are required to discharge the duty of the post, and through all the rough weather, in piercing cold and blinding sleet, this requires some courage.

Robert Homefield had heard many stories about seafaring life, and among his many ambitions one was to be a sailor, but his acquaintance with the sea was very limited, for he reached the age of ten before he had any experience of being on it. As the only boy in the family, with two sisters, and always having excellent health and a remarkably fine appetite, Robert's father thought a seaside holiday an unnecessary extravagance; so the children went to stay with their cousins whenever a change was desirable.

However, just before Robert's eleventh birthday, Mrs. Homefield was ordered to the coast, and the children went with her as a great treat. Their place of resort was the little town of Thursby, then anything but a fashionable watering place, where inexpensive lodgings could be easily obtained. There the three children soon found a new world of delight. Robert left his sisters to the enjoyment of the sands with the spade and bucket business to seek more adventurous amusement among the fishermen and boats. He picked up an acquaintance with the boatmen, and by pushing perseverance became intimate with one John Tale, who let out boats for hire and fishing. As a reward for his enterprise and continued supplication Mr. Tale took him on one

or two short trips, which Mrs. Homefield did not forget to remember.

A fishing expedition was proposed and arranged for. This was to be a very early morning cruise, with Mike Tale and his father, in which Robert was allowed to come as a sort of working visitor. Robert was up as soon as it was light, and after a hasty breakfast of bread and butter and a glass of milk, which had been placed ready the night before, Robert let himself out at the front door without disturbing anyone in the house, and made his way, in the misty cool of the dawn, through the empty, silent street, down to the beach and boat, to find Messrs. Tale, senior and junior, already preparing to sail. The boat was soon launched, and as it was a lovely day and the wind right, blowing fresh and fair, all promised well for a fine time, if not for a great fishing success.

Robert, who had been out often enough now not to fear being sick, and knew the names of the sails and a few nautical terms, felt himself to be quite an "old salt," and devoutly wished to make himself useful. At first he sat in the stern of "The Rose of Thursby" with Mr. John Tale, who did the steering, while Mike attended to the sails. It was a glorious voyage to the youthful imagination of Robert, and after they had got out to sea some mile or two and had been bounding over the swell rolling in from the ocean, the sails were taken in except the main sheet, which was lowered and shortened, the net thrown over, and the boat drifted and rolled in the hollow of the waves. Robert had got very cold, and so was wrapped up in Mike's sailor's waterproof to wait the result of the haul. The boards were taken up in the bottom of the boat, and there was a deep hole from the centre to the stern for putting in the fish when caught. The dragging in the net was a most exciting event, but the fish were not very numerous nor very large.

The rolling about just from side to side at last made poor Robert feel very queer. Then he felt sorry he had come, and looked very pale, and said less and less, till at last he did not know what to do. He held on to the boat, not daring to look at the sea, and gazed at the mast bobbing about against the sky, and then he was very sick. Tale and Mike laughed at him, and told him not to feed the fish they were going to catch. All this was very hard to bear, and poor Robert felt so ill that at one time he thought he should die, and never get back to land. Seeing him look so very wretched, old Tale told him to lie down in the bows.

But Robert said "No; sailors don't do like that. I suppose they all feel bad at first, and get over it after a bit."

So he kept up, and with all the pluck he could muster, tried to help to haul in the nets when he could. He was bad once or twice again; then felt a little easier; but was very glad when the command was given by "Captain Tale" to put her nose toward the shore. Then the movement of the boat changed, and with the more steady motion of up and down, Robert began to feel better, and asked if there was not anything to do. Old Tale was so pleased with Robert's pluck and determination not to give in though he felt so bad that he told him to go into the bow of the boat and be the "look-out man," as there was some tacking to do, and the sails in front o the tiller sometimes quite hid the view ahead. He instructed him to sing out if any other boats came near, and to say which side they were on—port or starboard; and as they neared the shore, to shout out when the windmill covered the church spire. Then they would have to make a bee-line for the little harbour.

Robert stowed away his straw hat that kept blowing off, and was only held on by the elastic, and went to the bow, holding on with both hands. There he remained at his post of duty, and obeyed orders, believing the entire safety of the vessel depended on the way he discharged his trust. He was very pleased to be placed in so responsible a position, and determined, if he were ever so sick, he would "keep a smart look-out," as Tale bade him. He did this, and reported all boats visible; but when some of them were very far away, and seemed right ahead, he found it difficult to say whether they were on the port or starboard bow. But as they neared land it became easy to decide, and when the windmill covered the church spire he shouted to the skipper; and shortly after they were safely round the point into the little bay and harbour.

Tale rewarded him for his behaviour with presenting him with some of the fish, for which Mrs. Homefield liberally repaid him.

When he got in he had plenty to tell his mother and the girls about all he had seen, done, and endured, and how bad he was on the return voyage; being made the "look-out man," he did his best to fulfil the duty. "Because," he added, "I know father has said: 'There's nothing more important you can do anywhere, but particularly on board a ship, than to keep a good look-out ahead.'"

"Yes," replied his mother, "you cannot learn that lesson too early; and if you have mastered it for life, it's one of the best day's work you'll ever do."

Boys of the Band of Hope, we help to man the Temperance Lifeboat, not only for our own safety, but for the security of many others. Let us all be faithful to our trust, and be vigilantly on "the out-look," lest temptation and danger come upon us unaware.

"Watch, as if on that alone hung the issues of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down—Watch and Pray."

Pebbles and Pearls.

"EVERY little helps," said the pig, when it snapped at a gnat.

IT is no use to frighten a toper with the gallows. A drop has no terrors for him.

HE who is always drinking and stuffing,
In time becomes a ragamuffin.

"WHAT are the last teeth that come?" asked a Lynn teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just waked up on the back seat.

SOME American doctors assert that smoking forty cigarettes a day will make an idiot of the smoker; but they are in error. Even forty cigarettes cannot do what nature did in the first place.

"YOUR conduct surprises me!" exclaimed the good old farmer, when he caught a neighbour's boy robbing his apple orchard. "No more than your appearance surprises me!" replied the youth, as he skipped away.

THE Chief Constable of Liverpool has said that, if the public-houses were shut on Saturdays, there would not be provisions enough in the town to meet the extra purchasing power of the people. Will such a prospect not set business people a-thinking?

A LITTLE boy who was crying, on being asked what was the matter, replied that he had been slapped in the face by a playfellow. "You ought to have struck him back," was the consoling advice. "I struck him back before," said the sweet innocent.

A LADY takes her little daughter out to tea, and is much shocked to see her try to put a thin piece of bread and butter into her pocket. Mother: "Whatever are you doing?" Little Girl (5): "I thought I would take this piece home to nurse for a pattern."

TO accept the Gospel, to live conscientiously under the precepts of the Gospel, to be followers of Christ, to be built on the foundation of apostles and prophets, to imitate our Master—and to drink—the two things cannot co-exist. We must drive out the spirit of drink by the spirit of the Gospel.—*The Archbishop of Canterbury.*

TWO brothers were disputing together at the breakfast table about some paltry affair, when one of them, getting angry, said: "Man, dinna talk nonsense; ye're the greatest donkey alive." "Come, come, my lads," said the father, who was reading the newspaper at the time, "dinna speak that way; ye surely forget that your faither's here."

IT is used as an argument, either for temperance or the bicycle, that no bicycle rider ever comes home drunk on his bicycle.

AN UNSETTLED ACCOUNT.—A good old man was much annoyed by the conduct of some of his neighbours, who persisted in working on Sundays. On one occasion, as he was going to church, his Sabbath-breaking neighbours called out to him sneeringly from the hayfield: "Well, father, we have cheated the Lord out of two Sundays, anywhere?" "I don't know that," replied the old gentlemen—"I don't know. The account is not settled yet."

WHEN Isaac Hopper, the American philanthropist, met a boy with a dirty face or hands, he would stop him, and inquire if he ever studied chemistry. The boy, with a wondering stare, answered "No." "Well, then, I will teach you how to perform a curious chemical experiment," said Hopper; "go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, and rub it briskly on your hands and face. You have no idea what a beautiful froth it will make, and how much whiter your skin will be. That's a chemical experiment; I advise you to try it."

"I AM recording a matter of history—of personal history—when I say that I, for one, had once no thought of alcohol except as a food. I thought it warmed us. I thought it gave additional strength. I thought it enabled us to endure mental and bodily fatigue. I thought it cheered the heart and lifted up the mind into greater activity." He also argues: "If I, who had no bias against this agent, who was taught, indeed, in schools of science, and from lips I reverenced, that the thing was a necessity of life; if I, thus trained, can be brought by new light to see the actual truth, and be removed by it, so can all, except those that are so enslaved that their fetters have become an inseparable part of their existence."—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER X.—AMONG THE OUTCASTS.

"Think, too, in what a woeful plight,
The wretch must be whose pocket's light;
Are not his hours by want deprest?
Penurious cares corrode his breast;
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends."
—GAY.

"HOLD your tongues, will you? Don't you see the parson's coming to conduct the service?"

"You on the side of the parsons! You're a pretty parson's friend."

"Sit down and be quiet all of you. I tell you that you are more like a set of wild beasts than men and women. Oh! that I should ever have come to this—to be obliged to finish my days in such a den as this!"

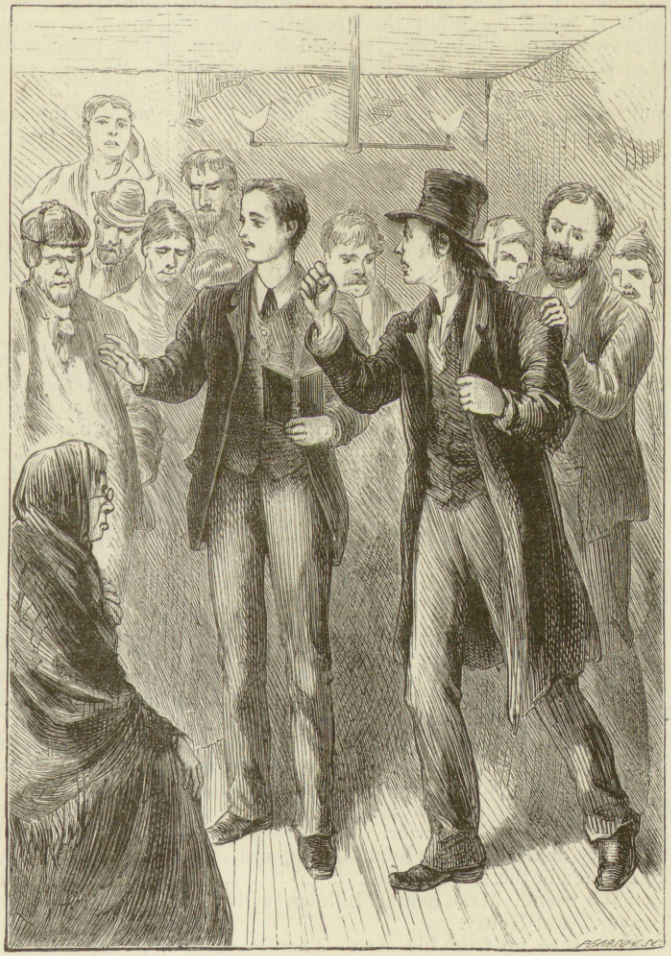
The man who was speaking was old in years, ragged in dress, and yet noble in features. He had evidently seen better days, and felt keenly the position in which he was now placed.

His grey locks covered his large head, and his well-modulated voice proved that he had certainly not always been so poor and degraded.

He was nobody in particular; only one of the many thousands who get up the ladder of life, and then by folly or misfortune slide down to poverty, obscurity, and sin.

The place he spoke in was a common lodging-house, and those to whom he spoke his fellow-lodgers. A common lodging-house! Many thousands of people in London have no conception of the existence of these places, and yet there are hundreds of outcast men and women who have no other shelter from the storm, or place in which to lay their weary heads.

A common lodging-house supplies a night's lodging for the small sum of threepence. Its drawing-room, dining-room, and kitchen are all composed in one large apartment, which is generally underground. Here may be found, on Sunday evenings especially, a motley group, old and young, tramps, beggars, thieves, the unwashed and the unemployed—men who get their living nobody knows how; indeed, they could not have told you themselves, so various are the means they adopt to obtain the bread that perisheth.



It was true the parson was coming; but in this instance he was not an ordained minister of the church; he was our hero, Henry Fitzgerald, accompanied by Mr. Weatherley and our old friend, Tom Billows.

Henry had often assisted in conducting services

here. An association had been formed with the special object of bringing the Gospel to these poor outcasts, and Henry had become one of the band.

In the first instance, permission was readily obtained to hold the service from the superintendent or deputy, as he was called. A box containing Bibles and Hymn-books were forwarded, and then from seven to eight on Sunday evenings a simple service was held.

Some of the lodgers were glad to see the parson; some exhibited the greatest indifference; while others openly resented his visits. Henry had determined to show his uncle one of these places, that he might know where the outcasts of London sheltered their heads.

When Henry pulled open the door leading to the underground kitchen, the hot air that met them almost took away the breath of his friends. He had anticipated such a warm reception; but Mr. Weatherley and Tom, accustomed to open-air life, were almost exhausted before they had descended the creaking stairs. The reason of this fearful heat was soon evident. It was a warm spring day, and yet two enormous coke fires were burning, and every window and door was shut. How various were the occupations of the inhabitants of this place! Some were engaged in making their tea; others in repairing their clothes. One man had stripped off his only shirt, and was endeavouring to get some of the dirt out of it. Many were reading the newspaper; others were conversing in a loud tone; some were sleeping; while not a few were sitting about in careless listlessness, not knowing what to do, and only waiting for some mischief to occupy the idle hour.

Did ever parson have such a congregation! Was ever a sermon preached amidst so much that was disgusting and distracting!

When Henry said, politely, "Good evening," some few ceased their conversation, while others, who appeared to be regular lodgers, prepared themselves for the service. Many, however, seemed quite unconscious of what was passing. They made their tea, cooked their bacon and bloaters, and laughed loudly as if anxious to upset the service.

Henry distributed the hymn-books, and some few joined in the singing.

"My friend, Mr. Thomas Billows, will offer prayer," said Henry.

Tom rose up from his seat. Then kneeling on the dirty floor, he poured out his soul to God that those present might see the necessity of seeking salvation while yet they had an opportunity.

Another hymn followed; the noise was quieting down; many had finished their meal, and were becoming quite interested in the proceedings.

Henry opened his Bible at the parable of the Prodigal Son, and read in a clear voice, so that all could hear and understand that story, which has proved a blessing to so many hearts.

"Dear friends," he said, "I am a sinner like yourselves. I do not hold myself up to be in the least better than any of you. I want you to love the Saviour, as I humbly trust I do myself. I want you to give up bad habits, especially the drinking of intoxicating drinks and the using of bad language. I am sure you will agree with me that many people become poor and miserable because they love the drink so much."

"That's true," said the old man who had called the lodgers to order at the commencement of the service.

Then Henry proceeded to tell the story of the Prodigal, describing in simple language why he wanted to leave his father; how he wasted his substance, the misery he suffered through his folly, his repentance, and the loving reception by the glad father when the boy came back.

"What does it all mean?" asked Henry. "It means that you and I are sinners; that we suffer through our guilt; that the devil is a bad paymaster, and never keeps his promises. It means if we are sorry for our sins, and try to do better, then God will forgive us, and we shall have entrance into His love again."

"I beseech you to think about this. Do not reject the love of God, who desires to do you good. The Saviour will pardon you to-night if you repent."

At this moment the door at the top of the stairs opened violently, the uncertain step of a half-drunken man was heard, and a voice shouted:

"It's a lie—it's a lie; don't believe the young parson."

At this interruption, several who were deeply interested called upon the intruder to "shut up," or they would "chuck him out;" others, glad that the remarks of the preacher, which were becoming rather too personal, were brought to such an abrupt termination, welcomed the new comer, rose from their seats, and prepared themselves for a bit of fun.

The man who came tumbling down the stairs was nearly forty years of age. He was dressed in an old shabby coat, covered with dust, and torn in several places. His hat was battered, his boots down at the heel, and his face and hands grimy with dust and mud.

His hair hung wildly over his face, and yet there was a look of refinement on his countenance which seemed to tell that he also had seen better days.

He walked straight up to Henry. Then holding his clenched hand in a threatening manner at the young preacher's face, he called upon him

to "hold his jaw;" but Henry, not at all daunted by this interruption, turned his face in another direction, and continued to speak.

"Sit down, good friend," said Mr. Weatherley, "the service will be over in ten minutes; be quiet, it will soon be over."

The drunken man looked up and seemed to recognise the face of the rich man. Then looking at Henry with great earnestness, he muttered between his teeth:

"That's the youngster, is it? Now or never is my opportunity."

Rising up again from his seat as if suddenly sobered, he walked up to Henry and deliberately struck him a violent blow on the face.

"There, take that, you young cur," he muttered. "I hate the sight of you and all your set."

"For shame," cried some of the lodgers, for, though they didn't care much for any kind of religion, they respected the kindness and admired the handsome figure of the young preacher.

Some of the wilder spirits thought this a good opportunity for a row. To see the preacher and the drunken man have a "regular set-to," as they called it, would be good fun, and give them a world of pleasure.

But Henry had drank of the spirit of his Master, and knew how to turn the cheek to the smiter.

He bit his lip a little as every nerve in his face smarted with pain, and then, looking at the man straight in the face, he asked:

"And pray, good friend, why did you strike that blow? What harm have I ever done you?"

"Harm enough for me to hate you, that's all," replied the man, sullenly. "I hate all of you."

"Give him back one for hisself," shouted some of the lodgers, disappointed in their hope of a row.

"No; certainly not," said Henry. "I have just been telling you about the love of God to poor lost man. I told you it was love to God that prompted us to come here. I tell you, my friend, it is love to you also that has brought us here to-night. You have struck me. I know not any reason that you may have for such an offence. I tell you, my friends, if I have done any harm, or any way injured my assailant, I am sorry for the offence, and beg his pardon. I am in ignorance of the crime; but as I hope to be forgiven myself, I trust he will forgive me."

The drunken man listened with astonishment to these remarks. They seemed to soothe his angry spirit. He rose up, and putting out his hand, said:

"Forgive me for my attack upon you. You little know the cause, or you would think better of me."

Henry looked into the man's face as he shook him heartily by the hand, and replied:

"I forgive you freely and sincerely."

Deep down in his memory he thought were hidden the features of this unhappy man. He had certainly seen him before; but when or where he could not tell.

Henry concluded the service quickly, and then, after a hurried consultation with Mr. Weatherley, he called out the man who had struck him.

"You are in trouble?" he said, kindly.

"Yes; I have no money, no work, no food, and no friends."

"You shall have all if you will. Here, take this," slipping a few shillings into his hand. "Now promise me you will not purchase a drop of intoxicating drink with this money."

"I promise you on the little honour I have left."

"Take this also," at the same moment handing him his address card. "To-morrow, at ten o'clock in the evening, come to the address on this card, and I will see what can be done for you."

"I am ashamed to come in these rags."

"Never mind the rags. We often have ragged people come to our house. If we should think you worthy of our help, you may come out clothed respectably."

"Thank you, sir, thank you. This kindness has broken me down altogether."

He turned away, and to his own surprise found the tears running down his cheeks.

The man soon packed up the few articles he possessed, and made his way from the lodging-house to a respectable coffee tavern, where, for the first time for many years, he spent a comfortable night.

He did not kneel down to pray—he felt himself too far lost for that; yet there was something like a prayer on his lips as he sat down in his comfortable room. The past came back to him like a dream. The happy days when he knelt to pray at his mother's knees; the many happy years of childhood and youth: they were all passed; they could never come back again.

"God forgive me," he muttered to himself. He did not mean it for a prayer; but it was the first sign of repentance, and the angels registered it in heaven.

"I wonder who that man can be," said Henry to Mr. Weatherley as they walked home, for they always stayed in town from Saturday to Monday, when Henry took part in the lodging-house work. "He seems to have some knowledge of me; and really I fancy I have seen his face somewhere, but I cannot think where."

"Wait patiently, and I think you will find out a secret. I am convinced this man knows more than he cares to tell." Mr. Weatherley was thinking of the anonymous letter thrown on the deck of the *Sweetheart* on the night when he broke the fetters of the drunkard's prison.

(To be continued.)

Pale Faces.

By Dr. J. J. RIDGE,

Physician to the London Temperance Hospital, &c.

SO the Indians call us, and we of the white Circassian race return the compliment and call them "red skins." Whether they consider our pale faces a reproach to us, I do not know, but it is certain that we do not feel at all offended; on the contrary we rather pride ourselves on our white skins and clear complexions, because we know that these are natural to us.

But the words are sometimes used contemptuously. The portly publican, who cannot get the teetotal working-men to enter his trap, sneers at them as "pale-faced teetotalers." The bloated or red-faced alderman looks down, with supreme pity or scorn, upon the white-faced temperance men. The visitor, over her glass of wine, tries to awaken anxiety in the mother's mind by saying: "How pale John looks since he has been a teetotaler!" So the idea is spread abroad that a pale skin is a sign of disease, and that teetotalism is the cause of it.

On the other hand, many people have the idea that a big, stout man, with a red face and a neck like a boiled lobster, is the picture of health. For some time past, in various parts, a theatrical play has been advertised by means of placards, on which is printed in colours the figure of just such a man, with three yards of waistcoat and having his eyes wide open, with a look of intense astonishment, exclaiming: "They say I'm delicate!" He evidently thinks the idea perfectly absurd; and this is, no doubt, the popular notion.

It is a very mistaken one, nevertheless. The public sees such men going about; feels them shake the floor as they walk across it; hears them laugh with loud guffaws, and blow their noses like the sound of a trumpet. But let these men try to insure their lives, and what will the doctors say? "Heart too large, loaded with fat;" "Too little air in the lungs, making them short-winded on exertion," and so on. Thus the man who is thought to be so robust—"the picture of health!"—finds himself put down as a "second-class life," if not rejected altogether.

Now, if such a man signs the pledge and becomes a total abstainer, he soon finds a difference. The red, and sometimes violet, face becomes paler; the skin, especially of the forehead, becomes clearer and smoother, the eyes less watery and swollen. He gets thinner, and, *of course*, is told every day of his life that he will soon be in his coffin.

That is false; but what is the explanation of the changes which do occur? Just this: the alcohol in the beer, wine, and spirit he has been taking has been so clogging and befouling his whole body, that there has gradually collected in nearly every part of it—in some more than in others—an immense amount of half-used, or half-burnt, waste matter, and this stuff gives him that swollen and bloated appearance which the deluded man prides himself on. Moreover, the blood-vessels, especially the whole system of the smallest vessels (capillaries and arterioles) become stretched or dilated, giving rise to the boiled, lobster-like colour aforesaid. The difference that is caused by altering the quantity of blood in the skin can easily be shown by a simple experiment. Let one hand and arm hang down for half-a-minute at full length; you will see that it becomes red and full of blood. Now raise it above your head, and in a few seconds it is quite pale. The same difference in the skin can be seen after a hot bath and after a cold one. After the hot bath the skin is red and the pulse, at the wrist, is soft—doctors say then that its "tone" is lessened. Alcohol, which has the same effect on the skin and relaxes the blood-vessels, is not a "tonic," and ought not to be called so; it is really just the opposite.

Of course the face and skin *may* be too pale, whether the person is taking beer and wine, or not; but in this case it is due to disease—most often a diseased state in which the blood has not enough of the little coloured blood-discs in it, and so is not as red as it ought to be. But this, and other diseases, can be cured without taking any alcohol, whether beer, port, claret, or any other of the numberless drinks which quacks prescribe without knowing what is in them.

But what I want to point out now is that a clear, pale skin is infinitely better than one in which the blood-vessels are stretched and half-paralysed by drink, even though a ruddier glow may spread over the skin. The condition of these vessels, which one can see, indicates the condition of other vessels in other parts of the body which one cannot see. In this stretched condition the parts of the body they supply cannot act as well as in a natural state in which the vessels dilate when the organ is at work and wants more blood, and then contract again for a time of rest. The blood-vessels themselves are apt to become diseased, and may even burst under the pressure of the blood within them, and this may cause serious disease, or even sudden death.

Do not be afraid, then, of a healthy, pale face; but beware of the red and mottled skin, and sodden, watery eye, which tell the tale of disease, and are too often due to the wretched habit of drinking strong drink.

"Our Girls."

By OLD CORNISH.

CHAPTER V.

"AS PURE AS A SNOW-FLAKE."

HE was not given to poetry, was that old countrywoman of the West; but somehow or other she would sometimes let fall some of the choicest bits of speech you can possibly imagine. I wish you could have heard her, as, arms akimbo, she would launch out into the fiercest tirades against everything that was mean; or, as with the smile of complacency she would let her rivulet of speech run on in commendation of that which was good.

See her when her anger was aroused; when her indignation burned like a furnace fire! Hear her when her admiration glowed; when her eye glistened with the love that was in her heart, and when her whole soul flung itself into speech that was as soft and sympathetic as any of the Sisterhood's could be! Never did meanness appear so contemptibly mean as when scathed by the bitter, burning blast of her mouth; and never did purity, and honesty, and integrity, and truth appear to greater advantage than when—smelling of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, from her ivory palaces—she sent them forth clad in the garments of her benevolent approval.

"I tell 'ee what, my dear," she would say, "a satin gown want make a lady of a dirty maid." "Why, edication," she would remark—"edication, as Polly Pentreath, dear soul, used to say,—edication can't take the place of the grace of God in the heart." "Iss, sure," she would observe, "a bit o' honesty be worth a bushel o' brag." "Why, my dear," she would exclaim, and then pause, as if what she was about to say was worthy of Solomon himself, "iss, a brave, dear little thing es a daisy (aw! 'ow I do love to look upon 'em in a field); and a sweet, pretty little creature es a snow-drop (aw! 'ow I do love to see 'em when the world is cold, and wet, and raw). Iss, modesty es a daisy, and virtue es a snowdrop. Ay, I do like to see a maid with a life as pure as a snow-flake, *I do.*" And the dear old soul would smack her lips as if the truth in its passage from the soul had left some of its honied sweetness behind.

A life as pure as a Snow-flake.

Noble sentiment that! No, I am not going to preach—though honesty compels me to assert that I am strongly inclined to improve the occasion. The fact is, the great want of to-day is maidens and mothers who in mind, morals, and religion shall present lives as pure as a snow-flake.

Hence I would say to you girls—

Keep your minds pure.

Do not sully them by a thought. Do not allow the eye so much as to rest upon the page of a book that has a doubtful tendency; or upon a picture that would excite emotions that you would be ashamed to let your mother know. And as for the ear, resolve that it shall be for ever closed to sounds of immorality and wrong, and that you will, under no consideration whatever, permit a whisper to stain the purity of a Christ-like mind.

When I think of the spirit of the age, and call to remembrance the fact that every avenue that leads to the mind is sometimes beseiged by obscene and questionable things, how I long for the authority to prohibit their approach. But the things impossible to me, are possible with you. You have the power to say, "God helping me, no book shall ever be read that will impair the strength of my mind; no picture shall ever be approached that will cast a shadow on my moral sense; no sound shall ever be suffered to find access to my ear that will weaken my warmest aspirations towards God and Heaven."

Have you ever watched the photographer developing the picture on his plate? How careful he is. What precaution he takes. How he guards against everything that would militate against his success. Shutting himself up with the softened light of his lamp upon his work, he pursues the object of his choice until the figure flashes forth to view, and he emerges from his self-imposed obscurity a happy man.

So must it be with you. Your mind, so sensitive, should be guarded with a jealous care, lest the shadow of a passing thought should obscure the vision of eternal things.

"Farmer," said I to a big, burly son of the soil, "how is it that this stream has become so foul?"

"Foul!" said he in a pet, "foul! it is because those fellows up at those works"—pointing to a

chemical factory away up the stream—"have sluiced in their filth."

"And is that the reason," said I, "that all the fish are dead?"

"Dead!" said he, "aye, that's the cause, and by George!" he exclaimed, "unless this thing is stopped, we shall all be dead."

Aye, how often have I thought of the old farmer's petulant remark; and when I think of the streams of impurity that come sweeping from the Press; when I see young girls standing at shop windows, feasting their eyes upon vulgar prints, or upon photographs that decency should condemn; when I see them devouring trashy novelettes that can be of no earthly use but to corrupt; when I see them sluicing in upon their souls some of the foulest imaginations of a corrupted mind, I tremble for the purity and nobility of their lives, and fear lest, in the words of the old farmer, the highest aspirations of their soul should "all be dead."

Oh! my dear girls, preserve the purity of your minds, and permit no power upon earth to persuade you to indulge in a sinful thought or thing. Aim at possessing "a spiritual mind," which, in the words of Dr. Hamilton, "is a mind clear seeing and keen hearing; a mind of quick perception and prompt emotion; a mind to which the Saviour stands out a living person, and for which heaven is waiting an expected home; a mind so sensitive that sin makes it writhe with agony, whilst it finds holiness a true deliciousness, and, in God's conscious favour, an elevating joy." Yes, aim at possessing that, and you shall find—

> "Better than gold is a thinking mind,
> That in realms of thought and books can find
> A treasure surpassing Peruvian ore,
> And live with the great and good of yore.
> The sage's lore and the poet's lay,—
> The glories of empires passed away;
> Who the world's great roll can thus unfold,
> Enjoys a pleasure better than gold."

And next to the purity of your mind should be—

The purity of your morals.

I can never read that story of the young man in the Gospel, who came running after Jesus, without a sense of the high estimate Christ had of morality.

"Good Master," said the ruler, "what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" "Thou knowest the commandments," said Christ. "Do not commit adultery. Do not kill. Do not steal. Do not bear false witness. Defraud not. Honour thy father and mother." "Master," he replied, "all these have I observed from my youth." Then Jesus beholding him loved him.

Loved him? Yes, loved him!

Aye, and there is not a girl under the sun who, pursuing a similar career, but shall secure for herself the same singular approval.

No, I am not mistaking morality for religion—but surely morality comprehends, at least, a part of religion. And when I see a girl as honest as the day; honouring father and mother, respectful to her equals and obedient to her superiors, avoiding the immoralities of life and, girding up the loins of her mind, endeavouring to walk circumspectly; when I see such a girl, I feel she is one of whom the world itself may be proud.

Yes, I know that the tendency of the times is to frivolity and fun, and such is the rage for forwardness and show that there is a danger lest the modesty that becomes a girl should be scouted as a silly thing.

Look! See you that maiden across the road. Once she was a virtuous and lovely child! But now, with bronzed face, she stands at the corner of the street to salute and entice the passers-by. Ah! when I think she was once virtuous and as lovely as any of you, but that step by step she took the downward path—that, careless of her conduct, negligent of her duty, she allowed thoughts to insinuate themselves into her mind that she should have blushed to own—that she listened to whispers one would scorn to repeat; that she resorted to haunts that were a very hell; and that now, with modesty thrown to the winds, with virtue trampled into the dust, with character the veriest wreck, and she a castaway from all but her God, she stands at that street corner a by-word and a reproach—oh! when I think of such an one, I am constrained to exclaim: "Let her that thinketh she standeth, take heed lest she fall!"

My sisters, oh! my sisters, suffer me to entreat you to attend to morality. Trifle not with a thing of so near approach to religion. Do not permit the stream of your affection to be fouled by a single thought. Keep the channels of your nature clear, so that when the great tidal wave of God's love shall sweep its way into your soul it may have to contend with no unlawful impediment, but oversweeping the full expanse of your being, your joy shall find vent in that rapturous expression:—

> "Talk we of morals? O Thou bleeding Lamb!
> The true morality is love of Thee."

And now, on the principle of keeping the best wine until the last, suffer me to say a word or two upon the subject of

Religion, and to urge you to keep it Pure and Undefiled.

Why it is that such false and outrageous notions about religion should have got abroad I cannot tell; and few things, have grieved me more than to see such a miserable exhibition of it as is sometimes to be witnessed in the lives of a few so-called professors. By what process of reasoning they could have arrived at the conclusion that religion is a sad and sombre thing, I do not know; or however it could have entered

the human mind to think of it as other than the best and most blessed possession is beyond all comprehension.

Religion a gloomy thing! Why, I could as easily believe the sunshine to be darkness itself. No—*no*—NO! The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is, without exception, the happiest thing in the world; and I crave no greater joy for any girl upon earth than that she should realise the poet's beautiful expression:—

> "To purest joy she all invites,
> Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
> Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
> And all her flowery paths are peace."

My sisters, be resolved that this religion shall be yours; that it shall hallow all your duties; that it shall sanctify all your relationships; that it shall be as buoyant in the kitchen as it is beautiful in the sanctuary; and that in every step of life's untrodden path God shall be your guide.

You may lay it down as a fact that personal and practical piety is the great want of to-day. The profession of religion is good enough in its way; but what the world wants to see, yes, and to feel, is the influence of a right down spiritual life. A painted fire is good enough of its kind; but never since the world began has it been heard that a frozen limb has received warmth from the semblance of a flame. A rose-bud in wax may be pretty enough to behold; but never since the first bee hummed its way across the fields has a solitary one expected honey from such a scentless thing. And society, be it observed, so keen in its discrimination of the good, will not suffer itself to be imposed upon by a sham. Therefore, my girls, it becomes your imperative duty to aim at being Christians indeed—in whom there shall be no guile—in whom religion shall shine illustrious as the sun. Show it in your person, in a cleanliness that shall be as clear as the mountain stream; show it in your actions, in an honesty that shall be unswerving as the skies; show it in your experience, in a truthfulness that shall have the ring that none shall refute; show it in your conduct, in a consistency that shall command the admiration of the world; and as thus you maintain a deportment that shall secure the highest earthly approval, there shall come sweeping into your soul from the heights where the seraphs sing that which is sweeter than the commendation of either angels or men—*the Benediction of God.*

> "High on the world, see where Religion stands,
> And bears the open Volume in her hands!
> With eyes upraised, she seeks for heavenly light,
> To know its doctrines and it laws aright;
> The Cross of Christ she bears, and walks abroad,
> And holds communion with her Father God.
> Thus with the Christian; filled with love divine,
> Above the world he soars in heavenly clime,
> The Sacred Cross his only hope and stay,
> The Book of Truth his guide from day to day."

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

By MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

WHAT is a Gentleman? The pet of society,
Dull and insipid—with little variety;
The don of the ballroom, the swell of the Strand,
Twirling a cane in a pretty, gloved hand;
Perfectly dressed, from his head to his feet,
In face very handsome, in figure most neat!
Drawling his words—as now is the fashion;
Tells you he's got for dancing "a passion."
Affected, deceitful, never sincere,
Whispering nonsense in every girl's ear;
Idle and frivolous, worthless and vain,
With a very large purse, but a very small brain;
With a mind that's been trained in society's school—
This is no "gentleman"—this is a fool!

Is it the wit, who is often unkind,
To show off the gems of his wonderful mind?
As sharp as the sword his satirical tongue—
He spares not the aged, he spares not the young.
To the sensitive heart, that is backward and shy,
He often brings pain; nay, even the high
Religion and truth he reveres not one bit—
For all fall a prey to his wonderful wit.
He brilliantly shines at the expense of his brother,
And shows off his wit by the faults of another;
Our physical failings become his best food—
This is no "gentleman"—this man is rude.

What is a "gentleman?" He that is kind,
Always affectionate, always refined;
Having a scorn for the follies of fashion,
Subduing and trampling on every vile passion.
True as a lover, true as a friend,
Slow to reproach, but quick to defend;
Going through life with a fair, spotless name,
Courting no homage, seeking no fame;
Never obtrusive—gentle and meek;
But ready to strike in defence of the weak.
Patient in suffering, strong to endure,
Honest and upright, simple and pure;
Manfully doing whatever's his labour—
True to his God! and true to his neighbour!

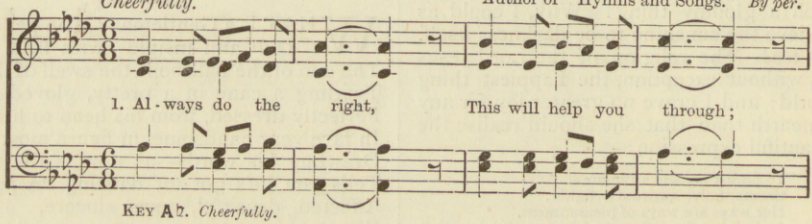
He may be no rich man; he may be as poor
As the vagrant that wanders from door to door;
He may not be handsome in form or in hue—
His mind must be sound, his heart must be true.
He may be no poet, well cultured in rhyme,
But he must have a reverence for all things sublime.
He may be no soldier, who fights but to win,
But he must be a brave man to battle with sin.
The world may give the "gentleman's" name
To men of vast wealth, and men of great fame;
But, no matter how poor or how shabbily dressed,
This is God's "gentleman," noblest and best!

THIS IS THE WAY FOR YOU!

(*Copyright.*)

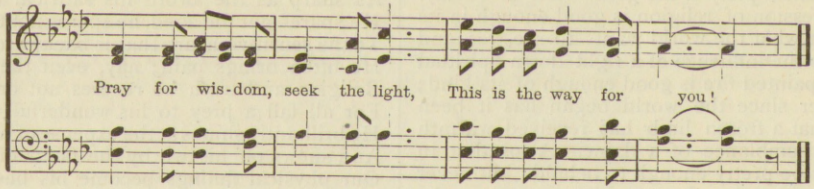
Words and Music by W. HOYLE,
Author of "Hymns and Songs." *By per.*

Cheerfully.



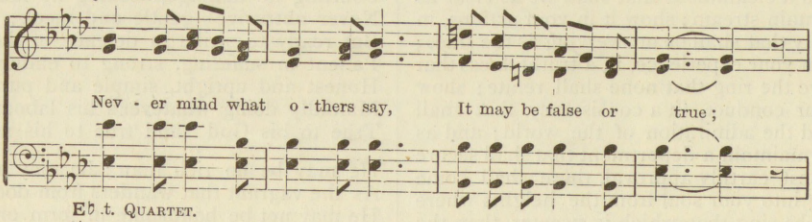
KEY A♭. *Cheerfully.*

s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁	d :- :- |- :- :	r :- :r | r :d :r	m :- :- |- :- :
2. Al-ways speak the	truth,	This will stand the	test;
m₁ :- :m₁ | f₁ :- :f₁	m₁ :- :- |- :- :	s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :s₁	s₁ :- :- |- :- :
3. Al-ways per - se-	vere,	Nev - er you lose	heart;
d :- :d | t₁ :d :r	d :- :- |- :- :	t₁ :- :t₁ | t₁ :l₁ :t₁	d :- :- |- :- :
4. Al-ways learn to	feel,	Love to o - thers	show,
d :- :d | s₁ :- :s₁	d₁ :- :- |- :- :	s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :s₁	d :- :- |- :- :



l₁ :- :l₁ | d :t₁ :l₁	s₁ :- :d | m :- :-	s :f :m | f :- :r	d :- :- |- :- :
Ma - ny eyes will	mark your youth—	Truth will be al - ways	best!
f₁ :- :f₁ | l₁ :s₁ :f₁	m₁ :- :m₁ | s₁ :- :-	d :t₁ :d | t₁ :- :t₁	d :- :- |- :- :
Firm re - solve and	pur - pose clear	Give you a bet - ter	start.
d :- :d | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :-	m :r :d | r :- :f	m :- :- |- :- :
Kind - ly words and	deeds will heal	Much of earth's sin and	woe.
f₁ :- :f₁ | f₁ :- :l₁	d :- :d | d :- :-	s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :- :s₁	d :- :- |- :- :

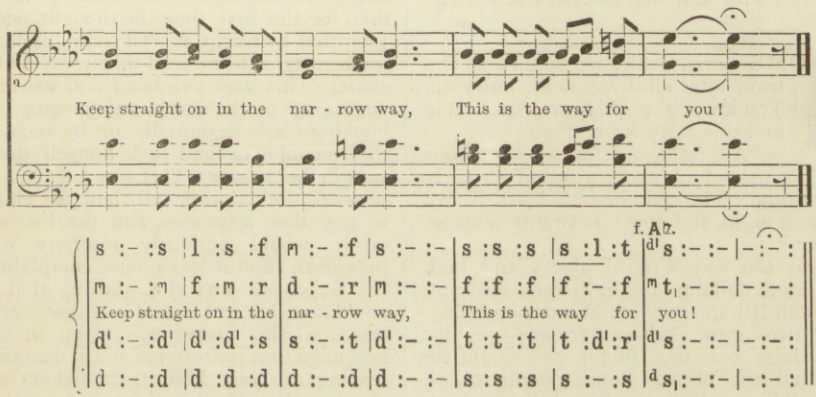
QUARTET.



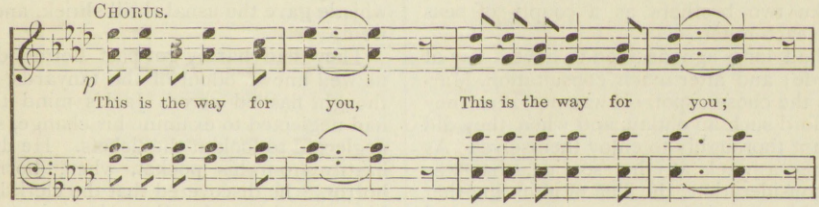
E♭ t. QUARTET.

r s :- :s | l :s :f	m :- :f | s :- :-	t :l :s | f :m :r	m :- :- |- :- :
t₁ m :- :m | f :m :r	d :- :r | m :- :-	r :d :t₁ | t₁ :- :t₁	d :- :- |- :- :
Nev - er mind what	o - thers say,	It may be false or	true,
s₁ d' :- :d' | d' :- :s	s :- :s | s :- :-	s :s :s | s :- :s	s :- :- |- :- :
s₁ d :- :d | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :-	s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :- :s₁	d :- :- |- :- :

THIS IS THE WAY FOR YOU!

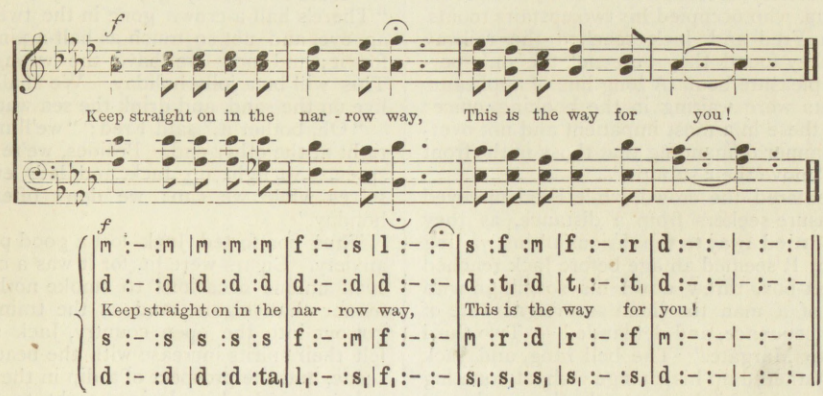


CHORUS.



CHORUS. *p*

This is the way for you, This is the way for you;



Examine your Change before leaving.

COME along, Jack; we shall lose the train after all if we don't hurry up. You know the old proverb—'Time and tide tarry for no man.'"

"All right, old fellow; keep your hair on. You shouldn't excite yourself so early in the morning. The train doesn't start till five minutes past eight, and now it is twenty minutes to the hour."

This was the way Fred Podgers and Jack Blunsum were talking as they were hurrying over London Bridge one fine Monday morning.

These two were bosom friends—regular chums; where one was found you might be sure to find the other. Some people called them the "Siamese Twins;" and being both about the same age and height, they were as much like two brothers as a couple of peas resemble each other.

They had long ago decided to have a day at the seaside; and after much consultation, Margate was the chosen spot. It was not often they could afford such an outlay, and when they did they meant thoroughly to enjoy themselves. As for having a week at the seaside, that was beyond consideration; the idea of imitating that solemn old party who was strangely named Felix Jones, and who worked with them in the same shop, never entered into their heads.

Felix actually took his whole family—wife and four children—to the seaside for a fortnight! How he did it nobody knew; for his wages, with overtime, never amounted to a couple of pounds per week, and he lived in a pretty little cottage, which he was buying for himself by the aid of a building society; dressed well, and only had one set of lodgers, who occupied his two upstairs rooms.

When Fred and Jack reached the railway station they found they were not the only persons on pleasure bent. A long line of applicants for tickets were waiting in the booking office; some of these in a most impatient and not over-polite manner demanding that those in the front should "move their stumps."

Jack entered the crowd, while Fred surveyed the pleasure-seekers from a distance, as they slowly hurried away to the various trains waiting for them. It seemed an age before Jack reached the ticket-box, threw down his sovereign with the air of a man to whom sovereigns were of little consequence, and demanded—"Two third returns to Margate." The bell rang, and Jack hastily gathered up his change without counting it, and forgot in his haste to take the simple precaution to examine his tickets to see if they were correct.

Once comfortably seated in the carriage, Jack and Fred began to feel their spirits rise, and then for the first time the thought occurred to Jack that he might as well count his change. To his horror, he discovered that it was half-a-crown short. This was too bad! and an unpleasant beginning of the day's enjoyments. Had the booking-clerk designedly or by accident made this mistake, or had Jack himself dropped the coin in his haste? This was a fearful loss; for between the two they only had just enough cash to pay their expenses, and the loss of half-a-crown would seriously interfere with their pleasures. But it was no use complaining; over the ticket-box was the warning that mistakes could not be rectified if not discovered at the box, and the advice was given in very plain language that passengers must examine before leaving the box both their tickets and their change. Besides this, the guard was just giving the signal for starting, and in an instant the whistle gave the usual shrill shriek, and off they went.

They had hardly got past Bermondsey, with its well-known odour of the tanyards, when the thought flashed across Jack's mind that as he had neglected to examine his change, so he had neglected to look at the tickets. He drew them hastily from his pocket, when, horror upon horrors! he discovered that the clerk had given him two tickets for Canterbury instead of for Margate. So that he now had the wrong change and the wrong tickets.

A cold sweat came over Jack as he discovered his error. What would they do if the tickets should be found of no value, and they had to pay their full fare again! Then they would not have a penny to spend in the various ways they had been planning for so long a time.

"Here's a pretty go," said Jack to Fred. "There's half-a-crown gone in the twinkling of an eye, and not so much as half-a-pint of beer for it; and now we have the wrong tickets. This will be a jolly holiday. We shall have to live on the sand, and drink the sea-water!"

"Oh, bother it," said Fred; "we'll make it all right at the other end. Besides, we're out for a spree. So light up, Jack, and let's enjoy ourselves while we can; we don't often have a holiday."

Thus comforted, Jack lost a good part of his anxiety. Cigars were lit, for it was a custom on such unique occasions to smoke nothing commoner than cigars; and as the train had now got out into the open country, Jack and Fred felt their spirits increase with the beauty of the scene, and the prospect of a dip in the sea.

It was, indeed, a glorious sight to these two hard toilers, who had been stifled in a close workshop for nearly a year! The waving corn,

the bearded barley, the rising hills, the sparkling streams, the cattle in the fields, the sheep lazily munching the grass, the bright sunshine, and the pure air exhilarating the whole frame. No wonder they laughed and talked, and now and then sang their oft-repeated songs, like captive birds set free from their prison.

But now our heroes' anxieties began. The stream of people was hurrying out of the station at Margate. Jack and Fred had to stay behind; they did not want an altercation with the ticket-collector in sight of all the crowd, with the prospect of having the laugh against them as young men whose mothers had "let them out" for a day, and forgotten to send the nurse to see they did not get into trouble.

When they had explained their difficulty, and a consultation had been held with the station-master, the difficulty was overcome by their paying a few shillings and their receiving a ticket which would get them back to London in the evening.

"Jack, I'm well nigh stumped; can you lend me a few shillings, old fellow?" asked Fred in sorrowful tones.

"I was just going to ask you to do me the same favour," replied Jack. "I shall have hardly enough to buy food. I wish we could meet Felix Jones. I guess that old sober-sides could lend us a few shillings. He always seems to have plenty of money. I wonder where he gets it all."

"Well, we must have a dip in the briny if we don't have any dinner; so come on, Fred, it's a poor heart that never rejoices."

The enjoyable bath was soon over. Jack and Fred had listened to the niggers, and were now walking on the sands towards Cliftonville, when somebody came running behind, and a kindly hand touched them on the shoulder. What joy! it was their old friend, Felix Jones.

How happy he looked! dressed in a tourist suit, his face as brown as a berry, and his eyes sparkling with joy. He gave Jack and Fred a hearty welcome, and bid them sit down on the sands with him.

Felix was a remarkable man. By his side was the Rev. J. G. Wood's "Common Objects of the Sea Shore." This Felix had found an excellent guide in teaching him to observe many things which would otherwise have been passed over.

He had been collecting sea-weed, and already had made a fair collection. Besides this, he had a small pocket microscope, which had given him intense delight. He never found the seaside monotonous. His only grief was the rapidity with which his fortnight passed away.

A short distance off Mrs. Jones was encouraging Felix the second and some younger members of the Jones' family to make a first venture into the sea, and, as usual on these occasions, the children took to the sea like young ducks take to water.

You may be sure Jack soon related all their troubles, and wound up by asking Felix if he could oblige them with a crown.

Felix smiled as he handed Jack the money, and then he said:

"Perhaps you wonder how I can afford to bring my little ones to the seaside for a fortnight, while you seem hardly able to afford a day."

"That's just what puzzles us," answered Fred. "I suppose somebody has died and left you a little cash, eh?"

"No, not at all; it is a very simple process. I examine my tickets and my change."

Fred and Jack looked rather sheepish at this remark—they knew it was a sly hint at them; but even this would not explain the apparent great prosperity of Felix and his family.

"You don't seem to understand; I carry this principle out in daily life. I always look to see, when I spend any money, that I get what I ask for; and that I get my right change."

"So does every sensible man," remarked Jack, although this was condemning himself.

"Well, I should not like to make any harsh remarks about the intelligence of any man, but I doubt whether a man can be considered an economical man who pays a large sum constantly for an article of very trifling value, and part of which is of a decidedly injurious character."

"I don't quite understand you, Felix," said Fred.

"Well, then, let me be plain, a man puts a couple of shillings down on the public-house bar for a gallon of ale; now what does he get in exchange? A large quantity of water, as much real nourishment as may be exhibited by a penny loaf, and a certain quantity of a deadly poison called alcohol. The purchaser does not examine his change before leaving; if he considered what he got in return for his money, I can hardly imagine any purchaser making such a bargain."

Jack and Fred began to feel uncomfortable; Felix was hitting them rather hard, they constantly spent small sums in intoxicating drinks, and really they had little to say in reply to Felix.

"Look here, my lads," said Felix again; "I'll tell you how I manage to get the money for my seaside holidays. You know many of our chaps spend threepence a day in beer, and a penny in tobacco; don't they?"

"Yes, you're right, Felix," chimed in Jack.

"Well, now, their wives spend another twopence in beer, that makes sixpence a day; well

this sixpence a day in a year makes £9 2s. 6d. —this is quite enough to pay all my humble expenses for a fortnight at the sea. I have but small apartments, but they are clean and the cooking is excellent; if you can eat a little cold lamb and salad you are welcome to share our dinner, and if you like you can come back to tea. Our landlady is a model landlady—she does not even object to visitors."

Jack and Fred accepted the invitation without further argument, for their journey and the sea air had made them quite hungry. On their way to Felix Jones' temporary abode he did not forget to drive home the truths he had been teaching, and his guests learned a lesson they have never forgotten. The journey to Margate has been ever memorable in their history. They examine their change now on all occasions, always estimating the value of the article they are purchasing; they have found that beer and tobacco are expensive and injurious luxuries, and that a man can live happily and enjoy all the blessings of life without them.

A. J. G.

Not Plucked this Time.

By UNCLE BEN.

"Once again the virtue lies in the struggle, not the prize."

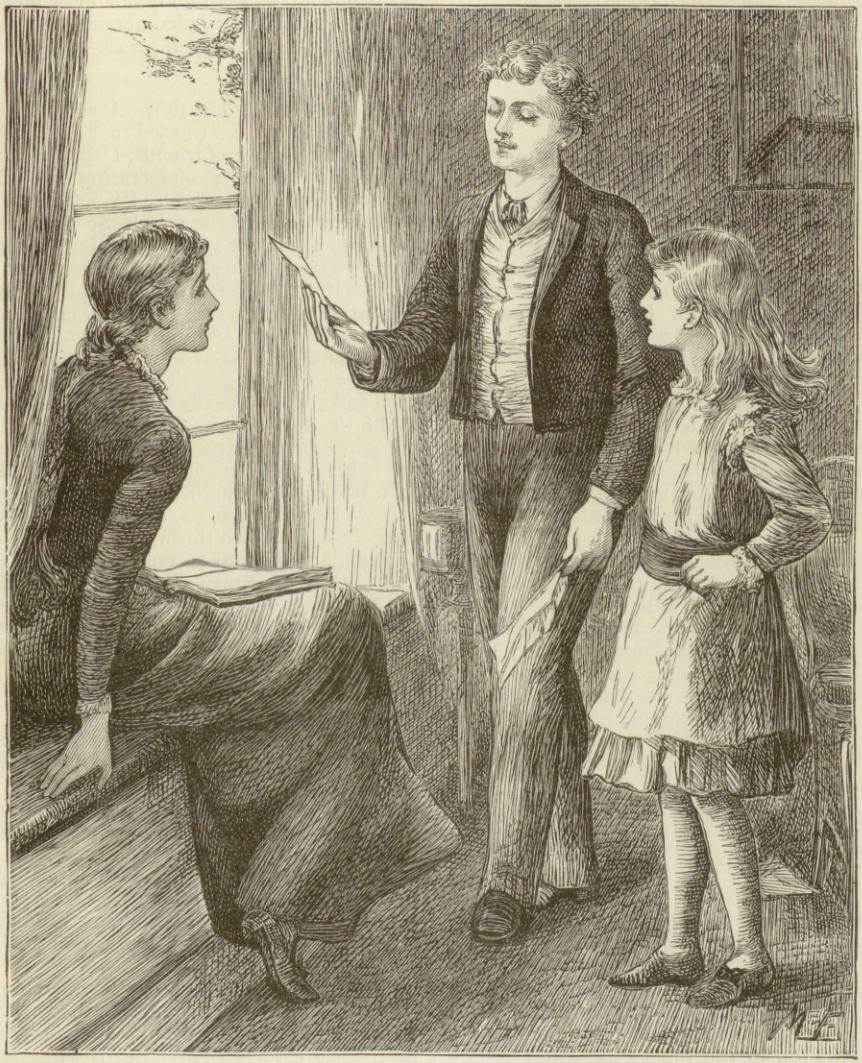
ALBERT HOLT came one memorable day to his sisters—Clara and Marie—who were in "the back room," which had been first nursery then schoolroom, until they had been old enough to go to day school by themselves, and with an air of glad triumph, holding a letter in his hand, said: "I am not plucked this time."

Both his sisters shared his joy and victory—if anything they were more enthusiastically delighted than was the brother himself; for they remembered how just six months ago he had gone up for the same examination and had failed. On his return from the last paper he had thought he had done pretty well, and told his mother and the girls that he hoped he might get through. Some little time fortunately ensued before the result was known, so that the excitement of hope and fear had abated; but nevertheless it was indeed a bitter experience when one of his schoolfellows who had been up with him for the examination rushed in to bring the tidings: "I'm through all right; but awfully sorry you haven't passed!"

The "awful" sorrow was soon forgotten by the successful lad, but it grew on poor Albert into a bitter, black disappointment. His sisters and mother sympathised with him. His father felt it might do him a great deal of good, and at first said almost nothing to him about it; then, after a little, he told the boy something to this effect: There are two ways out of every trouble or disappointment, out of every temptation and failure; the one way was up and the other down —one of hope and triumph, another of defeat and despair. This time of being plucked might be a useful lesson, a humbling, saddening experience, which yet might teach him that patience and perseverance, pains and effort, would, with pluck and courage, make him to succeed where once he had failed. Again and again Albert thought of what his father had said. Should it henceforth be better always all through life for this disaster and disappointment, and so go forth to make another effort over his wounded pride? Should he give all up and not try again, or would he resolve to win a victory out of his humiliating defeat?

He knew he had been boastful and careless—too self-confident, and far too inattentive to his books; his conscience told him that he did not know enough to pass well, and had not done his work so efficiently as to ensure his getting through. But he would try again and put forth all the patience and perseverance he could command, and give himself to serious, earnest study. He would henceforth choose the way *upward* of his trouble. So for six months he gave himself wholly up to making every effort, and did his very best, working as industriously as he was able. He soon found his diligence was rendering the work easy, and that which had been distasteful, with practice grew pleasant. At the end of the summer, when he went up for matriculation again, although after the examination was all over he had less confidence of success than before, he made up his mind to be prepared for failure, but to hope for the best, and if again he were plucked he would simply try on and on until he did succeed.

The time of waiting for the result slowly passed by, other things came and went, but daily the anxiety seemed to occupy his mind, until one morning the postman arrived with a letter from a friend who had been to see the list as soon as it was published. The moment he has learnt the news he goes to tell his sisters, and immediately to write to his father and mother, who were at that time away from home, to inform them of his prosperity, and to say he felt he owed the present success to his father's words after he had failed at first.



Years passed away, and there came a time of great trial and sorrow in Albert Holt's life. He married, but his wife, instead of becoming the joy and light of his home, became its blight and curse. She took to drinking till she became the disgrace of his name and the shame of the neighbourhood in which they lived; she almost ruined her husband, and at last dropped a helpless, hopeless sot, into a dishonoured grave. All along this time of trial, and at the last closing scene of pain and sorrow, he remembered the words of his father in his early trouble—"There are two ways out of all our afflictions," the one way up and onward for victory over self and nearness to heaven, the other of regret, remorse, and despair. He resolved that out of this bitter grief, which seemed at first without one bright ray, he would find the open door Godward and heavenward. Then by the firm determination to fight the evil of strong drink, and save other homes from shipwreck and desolation, he began a good work that blessed and helped many. In this service for others he found a new glory which gave him consolation and peace.

TWO MOLLIES.

A Retrospect.

By MAUD RUSSELL.

PART I.

AY, sir! the Lord be praised for His goodness. I'm nearing the border-land now. Here in this porch, so to speak, 'neath my "vine and fig tree," I sit in the gloaming, waiting for Him. I've been a worse wild beast through the drink than were ever the "leopards" and "wolves" the Prophet tells us of in the Book; but a little child *has* "led me"—led me home, into the Kingdom of God.

You would like to know my story? You shall hear it, and welcome; there's little enough to tell!

'Twas evening, nigh upon fifty years ago—fifty years when next the hedge-rows are whitened with May—and a long and wearisome day it had been at the market town, distant a dozen miles or so from my master's snug little farm. The mare was tired as myself, and right glad we both were to leave the high road and shorten the distance through Fir-wood Lane. The sun was setting as we turned the corner, and there on the pathway before us below the hill was Mollie Dean, our carpenter's youngest daughter, travelling home on foot to the village feast. Mollie had looked up to me as a friend since her pinafore days, when I had dried up her tears and helped her through a division sum in the old thatched school. So the waggon was stopped, and Mollie invited to ride up the hill.

There was a hesitating glance, first at me, and then at the length of the road; but somehow it came to pass that she and her red pocket-handkerchief-bundle were presently seated beside me. I didn't hurry the mare, and when we reached the top of the hill we came to a standstill under the firs. Some people's thoughts seem to rise to the surface like cream, to be skimmed off in words, but mine were wont to sink as lead in the depths of my heart; our silence had been unbroken.

Suddenly I dropped the reins, and grasped those soft, round hands in mine.

"Mollie," I said, "suppose we take the journey of life together? I'll try to give you a lift over all the steep hills on the way."

The sun had set, and the evening stars shone down to hear her reply.

It came at last. Frankly her eyes met mine and the child-smile rippled about her lips as she whispered—"Yes—if you please—John."

* * * * * * *

Ah, the headstrong folly of youth! I was sick of the farm, and wanted to "*better myself.*" Against the advice of friends, I obtained a small clerkship in a big, manufacturing city. Mollie put no spoke in the wheel. "What mattered?" *I* was her "world," she said! So we turned our backs on the light of Heaven, I and my little country girl—my Mollie, yet in her teens—and came to breathe the foul and murky air of the city.

Four months passed—four golden months—then our horizon began to cloud. The firm failed, and I was thrown out of employ. Times were bad, and prices high; we struggled hard to keep our heads above water; but what could we do when week after week I scarcely brought home a sixpence? We parted one by one with our household goods (what pleasure we'd had in their purchase!) until our tiny house was well-nigh bare as a skeleton. Wicked pride forbade me to throw myself on the mercy of friends! The roses paled from my Mollie; and I started at times, to see how wan and thin she became; yet her face was ever smile-lit to greet me, and never a murmur escaped those lips—only sweet words of hope, to cheer my growing despondency.

But, why do I linger over those days? They came to an end.

One morning it chanced that a farmer crossed my path, who was short of hands for the hay-making. It was too good a chance to lose; though I was reluctant enough to be fifty miles out of town for seven long days—there were no railroads then, sir.

The eve I returned was our wedding day—the first anniversary; my hands were laden with wild flowers (how my Mollie hailed the sight of a daisy!) besides a more substantial gift in my pocket.

'Twas growing late, and as I turned our street corner a chilly foreboding seized me. I staggered up to the door, into the kitchen, and sank on the nearest chair; my already withering posy fell from my hands, strewing the floor. Two neighbours were standing there; they looked pityingly at me before speaking.

I heard not a word they said, but they made me understand that—*Mollie was gone!*

Then they brought a bundle out of a basket, laid it upon my knee, and said she had left it behind her.

Oh, God! that was more than heart *could* bear. "Take it away," I groaned.

As they hastily lifted it up, it opened its eyes. Out shone my Mollie's spirit from those depths

of blue! My head sank down in my hands; I wept and wailed as a child.

PART II.

THEN it was I took to the drink, sir! What *that* means can only be known by those who have given themselves up to it, body and soul. *It is hell!* Ah! you shrink! but, alas, it is true; for drink came as a demon, taking my heart by storm, that had been emptied by grief. But, let this pass. My God has cast it behind His back, into the depths of the sea.

And the bairn? she sprang up like a plant that *will* flourish, in spite of the poorest of soils. The neighbours mothered her after their fashion, and I at my worst never raised a finger against the child—there was that in her eyes to prevent it. As soon as the tiny feet could toddle, they were never contented unless by my side. Hours they have patiently stood at the door of a public, then tripped along after me, home. The yellow head was satisfied if it but rested upon my knee, regardless of ravings or moodiness, as the case might be. Once it rested against me through a bitter winter's night, out in an unfrequented street; I found it so in the morning when I came to myself.

The cough which took her to her mother began after that.

How it all comes back to me now! I stood at the bar, with the glass raised to my lips, when the warning came to my soul that had stricken it down five and and a-half years before. I obeyed it at once, and a few minutes found me at home. Voices came from above, and I crawled up the stairs to meet them. The door was ajar, and I saw our pale young minister sitting beside the bed where my little lass lay dying. (Good and earnest he was, but his teaching was not like yours; for he seemed to tell us that God was harsher than man—and that cannot be, sir.)

"My child," he was saying, "do you know you are going to heaven?"

For reply came an eager, quick-breathed question—

"Is der no yoom for d'unkards in Hebben?" (It was made clear to me after. He had preached in our street on the penalty due to drunkards, and had marked with surprise her gaze of intentness.)

"The Bible says no drunkards can enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

Still more eagerly—"*Ver is* der yoom for de d'unkards?"

"They go to another place, where they always have pain."

There was a minute's pause, then the words came with slow distinctness—"Mollie *tannot* doe to Hebben."

"But, dear child, *you* do not drink; you are one of the Lord's little lambs, He calls you to Heaven."

Fainter, though firm, the answer came with gasps between each word—"Zesus—knows—ittle—Mollie—mu't—'tay—'longtide—farser. Farser's—a—d'unkard—Mollie—doe—to—de odher—p'ace—ver—dey—alvays—hab—de—pain."

The Lord's ways are not as ours! Only to think that He should wrap up so mighty a love in one wee parcel of a child. The stone was rolled from the door of my heart, and the demon out-driven for evermore.

I was down on my knees in a moment, clasping my child.

"Mollie, my own little lass, hear me. Go to Jesus in Heaven, and tell your mother that father will give up the drink, and follow you soon."

The radiant smile on the baby-face sang her Nunc Dimittis plainer than words.

* * * * * *

Three days afterwards I laid her by her mother's side, under the smut-stained grass of the city graveyard. I turned and left them together, and that night I hurried away from the town—on, on; till I found myself alone in the fields—alone under the stars of God.

You know the rest. The Lord has helped me to bring back many from drink.

And now my work is done. I am going home to God. He is *Love*—and I *think* I may yet behold my two Mollies.

Autumn Leaves.

By J. J. LANE.

FADING, fading in the sun
On the parchéd trees,
Softly, softly, one by one,
Fall the Autumn leaves.

Strength and beauty, where are they?
Nature's robes, alas!
Children with the remnants play
On the tufted grass.

How they sport amid the trees,
Careless of the hours;
Merry all as humming bees
On a bed of flowers.

In the early spring of life
Are those children now;
Naught of care, or woe, or strife,
Furrows yet the brow.

Older, older, every year—
Youth and vigour sped;
Soon to fade and disappear
Like the leaves they tread.

Pebbles and Pearls.

"YOU are accused of being a chronic thief. What excuse have you got?" "None, 'ceptin' chronic poverty," replied the vagrant.

A MAN should never blush in confessing his errors, for he proves by his avowal that he is wiser to-day than yesterday.

IN polite circles the word "drunk" or "intoxicated" is no longer used. "Over-estimated his capacity" is the proper thing.

"COME now, Master Tommy! when mamma gives you a real nice piece of cake, what do you say?" "Please, mamma, give me some more."

"THINK of it, Christian men and women! We spend as much every *two days* upon Bacchus, as are given to the God of missions in twelve months."—*Hoyle.*

MOTHER: "Don't think so much of getting presents. You know, it is more blessed to give than to receive." Bobby (6): "Then I hope a lot of people will be blessed on my birthday."

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON said once: "I never place any reliance on a man who is always boasting about what he'd have done, if he'd been there. You may depend upon it, such a fellow *never gets there.*

NOW BOYS.—At a meeting in the Central Hall, Bishopsgate Street, London, Mr. George Ling related an incident that occurred some short time ago. A lad belonging to the Band of Hope was going along Bishopsgate Street, when a young woman under the influence of drink passed him. He went up to her, and said respectfully that she ought to be a teetotaler. She quite agreed with him, and asked where she could become one. The lad brought her to that hall, and he (the chairman) asked her as to her antecedents. She said she was the daughter of a clergyman, and had one brother at Oxford and another at Cambridge. She learned to drink at her father's table. She came to London, and got among people who had no care for her, and she had thus given way to drink. He (the chairman) got a lady to look after her, and on inquiries being made as to the truth of her story, it was found to be correct. She would not return home. A friend got her a situation as nurse in the Temperance Hospital, and she proved one of the best nurses they had. After a length of time, sufficient to prove she had become a staunch abstainer, she returned to her home; and the last that he heard of her was that she had one of the largest Bands of Hope in the town, and was doing a very useful work.

WHO chatters to you will chatter of you.

SIX pounds of barley (worth 6d.) are used to make one gallon of ale. Of this, 1 lb. is lost in malting, 3¾ lbs. in brewing, ¾ lb. in fining; leaving ½ lb. for the drinker, which, in the form of a gallon of ale, *costs two shillings.*

WRITE it underneath your feet,
Up and down the busy street;
Write it for the great and small
In the palace, cottage, hall;
Where there's drink there's danger.

A BITTER CRY.—"I believe that there is an overwhelming flood of intemperance spreading over this nation, and raising up to heaven a mournful and bitter cry, that bears upon it the sounds of pauperism, of madness, of crime, of disease, and of death."—*Canon Wilberforce.*

THE REAL CALF.—A "fast" man undertook to tease a clergyman, and asked him—"Was it a male or female calf that was killed for the prodigal son?" "A female," promptly replied the divine. "How do you know that?" "Because," looking the interrogator steadily in the face, "I see the male is alive now."

A BRIGHT ANSWER.

WHAT IS PRAYER.—A little girl being asked by her mother what prayer was, replied: "Mamma, it is all in *ask.* A-sk, S-eek, K-nock.

"'Ask, *and it shall be given you.*'

"'Seek, *and you shall find.*'

"'Knock, *and it shall be opened unto you.*"

ONLY HALF-EDUCATED.—Tuke: "Say, Uncle Mose, yo' know my brudder, Sam, wot set himself up as a s'ciety gem'n? Well, he's done gone bin 'rested fo' stealin' ob a suit ob clothes." Uncle Mose: "Well, if he ain't de mos' ignerantest niggar I ebber seed! Why didn't he buy a suit and nebber pay fo' it, jus' like sum of de white s'ciety gem'n do?"

Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER XI.—THE AIRY CASTLE BECOMES A FACT.

"'Tis sweet, the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome, as we draw near home;
Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."
—BYRON.

HIP! hip! hip! hurrah! Once again, hip! hip! hip! hurrah!"

A hundred throats responded in loud notes to the invitation. They shouted till they were hoarse; again and again, till their voices were worn out with the exertion.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear lads," said a manly voice. "I thank you very much for your kind applause. You ought to know, however, that the original idea of building this Home, the drawing of the plans for its many details, and the careful watching over its erection, are all due to my dear friend, and your dear friend and superintendent, Mr. Henry Fitzgerald."

"Three cheers for Mr. Fitzgerald!" cried one of the audience; and again the cheers broke forth—this time, if possible, a little more fierce than before.

Mr. Weatherley continued his remarks:—"My dear lads, once more let me tell you that Henry Fitzgerald is the sole author of this Home. I have only given of the gold which I know not how otherwise to spend. I have, at his request, and out of love to him, devoted some money in this manner. I earnestly hope that your residence here may be conducive to your temporal and eternal welfare. Now I will ask Mr. Fitzgerald to explain in a few words the rules of the Home, which I hope you will all cheerfully obey."

After this came more cheering; and when Henry stood up, many of the lads who had known him for years as a dear friend were quite red with cheering, and their eyes full of tears, for they were strongly moved.

"My dear lads—I might say truly brothers—you have accepted our invitation to live here in this Home for Working Lads. You will find here, I trust, everything for your comfort, your education, and your amusement. It is hoped that you will look upon myself and the other officers of this Home as your friends—yea, as your parents. In the individual homes where you reside, the lady and gentleman in charge will look after your wants, tend you when sick, comfort you in sorrow, and endeavour in every way to promote your happiness. Look upon them as your friends, and render to them respect and obedience.

"Bad language, smoking, and the drinking of intoxicating drinks are strictly forbidden.

"We want you to feel that you are at home; and since lads of your age are not usually allowed to remain from home without their parents' consent, so do we expect you to obtain our permission before you remain out late in the evening.

"We want to shield you from temptation. We want to introduce you into those fields of study that shall make men of you in the future. Don't run away with the idea that we want you all to grow up great, learned, and rich. Many of you must necessarily occupy humble positions in life; at the same time, temperance, virtue, and knowledge will assist you to enjoy even the humble position you may be called upon to fill in life."

Henry said much more, and the boys heartily cheered his remarks. There seemed to be the right spirit existing among them all. After many more cheers the lads separated, and went to their homes for the first time.

The gathering was held in the large hall. The hundred boys selected by Mr. Weatherley, Henry, and a few friends, had been invited to make each other's acquaintance at a social meeting. The hall was prettily decorated with flowers and evergreens, and presented a really handsome appearance.

A hearty meal had put everyone into a good humour, and the lads had at once begun to appreciate the advantages of living in such a home.

Where did these lads come from? From the dirty streets and alleys of the East of London. They were all poor; they were all placed in great danger on account of their surroundings; they were chosen solely for their misfortunes. Every case had been properly investigated, and every one considered it an advantage and a privilege to be thus chosen.

Henry's dream was now realised. The castle in the air that had haunted him night and day was now a reality. He could hardly believe it possible, and yet it was true. The walls were not ghostly, but made of substantial red brick. The fairy building had become a real tangible thing that could be felt and handled. The Home for Working Lads was complete; the grounds had been laid out, the rooms furnished, and now they were peopled by happy, laughing youths, who were quite ready to enter into all enjoyment provided for them.

An intelligent man and his wife resided in each Home. They looked after the personal

comforts of the boys. Teachers were found quite willing to devote their time to the institution in the evening. On every hand there were indications of the highest joy.

The pure air ; the comforts of home ; and above all the loving relationship that was to exist between them—all was to make sunshine in every home and happiness in every heart.

Mr. Weatherly and Henry were seated in their own sitting-room after the little meeting was over. They were very happy, and Mr. Weatherley especially felt grateful that the Home had been built, and safely launched without any public demonstration ; all that he wanted was to see the work accomplished. No lords or ladies had been invited ; no newspaper reporters had been present ; all that was contemplated was carried out, and the outside world was hardly aware of the fact.

"It is a pity," said Mr. Weatherley, "that a man cannot do a good deed without letting the whole world know it. The Home is open for the world to come and look at ; but I shall not say to the world, 'Here, come and laud me to the skies ;' no, I will have the joy of doing it all as secretly as possible."

Henry looked with loving eyes at his beneficent friend. A sudden impulse seized him—he couldn't help it, young man as he was—he rose from his seat, throwing his arms round Mr. Weatherley's neck he kissed him, in the most affectionate manner, on the forehead.

"Thank you, thank you, dear uncle ; thank you a thousand times for this magnificent gift. We have the building, we have the lads, let us now labour to save them, body and soul."

A glance at this noble Institution would have shown that it was just what it professed to be—a Home—it might, indeed, have been more properly called a paradise, for as far as human brains and hands could devise, it shut out all that was bad, while it embraced everything that was good.

In a few weeks all was in working order. If a visitor spent a day at the Home, he would find one continual source of enjoyment. Many of the lads were out of bed by five o'clock ; some had an early plunge in the swimming bath ; others were out in the field at cricket, or riding their bicycles ; the studious were in the library or laboratory. In the summer every room for study or amusement was open at five, for as Mr. Weatherley said, the early morning was the time to thoroughly enjoy life ; those people who spend half the day in bed hardly know what it is to enjoy the exhilarating feeling produced by the air of an early summer's morning, which is, in fact, an intoxication of delight. At half-past seven breakfast was ready in every home ; soon after this the boys were on their way to the city, full of that feeling of contentment and peace which comes over us when we have properly used the early hours of the morning.

Some few of the boys, who were backward in their education, were allowed to remain at the Home during the day, and others who had ideas towards emigration, were allowed to work in the garden, or to tend the cows and assist generally in farm work. During the day, the Home was comparatively quiet. Between five and seven, and sometimes later, the lads came hurrying home—very few had any desire to stay away an hour longer than they were obliged ; the music hall and the public-house had no attractions for them ; they had higher and more ennobling engagements, for the mind properly occupied finds amusement in cultivating those talents which almost every mind possesses.

Henry found plenty to occupy his time. Each day he visited every part of the Home ; he looked carefully to see that all things were clean, and that all things were in readiness when the boys came home. Then he had to cultivate his own mind, to prepare for the chemical lectures with which he delighted the boys, and to write numerous letters concerning the welfare of the lads.

Many a time you might have heard him mutter to himself : "My dear mother, if she were here, how she would rejoice to see me thus employed, and how I should rejoice to see her queen of this Home ; I am afraid I shall never see her now, and my father's letter will remain an eternal secret."

One day when he was in this melancholy mood, Mr. Weatherley came laughing into the room. "Well, Henry," he said, slapping him on the back in his usual jolly manner, "what's your trouble ? You look like a captain who has suddenly found that his ship has sprung a leak, and who dreads shipwreck before the morning."

"Yes, yes, I am in trouble. I am thinking and wondering ; I am wondering whether my mother is still alive, and whether my father's letter will ever see the light of day."

"Then keep on wondering. Even now, if you will come with me, I will show you a man whom I believe could tell us the secret."

Taking his hand, Mr. Weatherley led the astonished Henry into another room where sat the man who had insulted him a few weeks before in the lodging house.

He was dressed respectably, and now looked an intelligent man. Mr. Weatherley had seen him on several occasions, and had questioned him as to whether he knew anything of the anonymous letter which had been thrown on to the deck of the *Sweetheart*. The man, who would neither affirm or deny, promised if Mr.

Weatherley would see him started to Australia —when he was safely out of England—when he arrived at Suez he would send a letter stating all he knew; he would promise no more. Mr. Weatherley clung to this promise as a drowning man clings to a straw; yes, he would help him in his passage out to Australia; he would give him introductions to friends he had left there; he would do anything could he only find some clue to the lost mother.

When Henry saw the changed look of the man he inwardly rejoiced that he had had the courage not to return the cruel blow; he held out his hand, and the man shook it heartily.

"Forgive me, sir," he said meekly, "for my conduct to you the other night; my evil temper, raised to fury by the drink, made me act like a madman; I am thoroughly ashamed of myself."

"Say no more about that, good friend; I am glad to see your improved appearance."

"Now," said Mr. Weatherley, "is everything ready for your journey?"

"Yes, sir; we start to-morrow."

"Then here are your letters of introduction, and here is a purse containing fifty pounds to give you a start. Remember that you have signed the pledge, and that you will write to me from Suez."

"I have changed my mind, sir. I have written all I know in this letter; you shall have it now if you will promise not to break the seal till one day after I have started."

"I promise you on my honour the seal shall not be broken till twenty-four hours after you have started."

Mr. Weatherley took the letter. Both he and Henry shook hands with the man, and in a few minutes he was gone.

At the promised time, in the presence of Henry, he broke the seal and read the following statement:—

"My name is Edward Watney Whittemore; my father is principal at Marsden College, Walmer, Kent. He brought me up well, but, unfortunately for me, he taught me to drink at his own table, encouraging me daily to take my glass of wine 'like a man.' When I was twenty years of age I was already very fond of intoxicating drinks. Soon after this I fell in love with a lady named Elizabeth Johnson; she refused me on account of my drinking habits, and married a Mr. Fitzgerald. When she married, my love turned to hatred; I determined to make her life miserable. I became acquainted with her husband, and encouraged him to drink and gamble. It was through me that he lost his business, and, finally, his life. I still pursued the wife; she would not even look upon my face. I helped her off the *Helena* in order that I might have further opportunities to make her life miserable. It was I who threw the anonymous letter on the deck of the *Sweetheart*; it was I who followed the saved woman to Paris, and dropped another anonymous letter in the letter-box at the Hospital St. Joseph, telling the mother that her son was in distress in the East of London. This letter brought the mother to London. I watched her seeking for her lost boy. My schemes were frustrated by a good woman named Mrs. Martin, who took the mother in hand, and for a time she stayed with her and worked with her at a Mission Hall in Whitechapel. This is all I know, for poverty and misery overtook me, and for the last thirteen years I have lived the life of a vagabond until you rescued me. Oh! forgive me, and ask my unhappy father to do the same if he can. I will try to do better in the future; but it was my father that first taught me to drink, and surely he ought to bear part of the blame."

Mr. Weatherley and Henry spontaneously fell on their knees and thanked God for this news. There was yet hope of finding the lost mother.

(To be continued).

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin—
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed—
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself—
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips—
Just for to-day.

Cleanse and receive my parting soul;
Be thou my stay;
O bid me, if to-day I die—
Go Home to-day.

So for to-morrow and its need
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord—
Just for to-day.

—*From "To-day and other Poems."*

ON GROWING TOO FAST.

By Dr. J. J. RIDGE.

THERE is one charge sometimes brought against young people which they very seldom feel to be very serious, namely, that they are growing too fast.

"That boy is outgrowing his strength," says one, and, indeed, to look at him, shooting up four or five inches in the course of the year, growing almost "wisibly, before our werry eyes," one is apt to think of a bean-stalk and other disrespectful similes. One day comes the inevitable suggestion from some friend or other, "If that boy (or, that girl) were mine, I should give him a glass of wine every day; he is growing too fast."

Now it "goes without saying" that the height of an individual is very largely determined by that of his parents and family. The child of short parents is seldom tall, unless there is some grandfather, uncle, or aunt who has set the example. There is more in this constitutional tendency than at first appears, and its mode of operation is not easily determined; but a good deal is due to the food. The half-starved denizens of the slums are seldom tall, and are more often under-sized. Whether this is due to any extent to the consumption of beer and spirits, not only by the parents, but by the young urchins themselves, is difficult of proof. It is very certain that considerable quantities of gin are given to some kinds of puppies by dog-fanciers, with the object of keeping them small. It has also been demonstrated by my experiments on the growth of cress seed under the influence of alcohol, that "protoplasm" is thereby checked in its growth. This "protoplasm" is the soft living matter which forms the growing part of every portion of the body. You may think of it as the plums or currants in a plum pudding, if you suppose that the substance of the pudding in between the plums has been formed by the plums, and is composed of their cast-off skins, as it were. Then you must make believe that the plums can grow larger, and then divide in half so as to make two plums where one was before, and these two grow and divide again, and so on.

When a boy grows taller the growth is chiefly caused by the bones getting longer, and, of course, the soft flesh round the bones has to grow also. Very often the arms and legs grow more rapidly than the chest and trunk; these do not expand at the same time, hence he looks long and lanky. To what extent this growth can be checked by one glass or even two glasses of wine, is very doubtful indeed. It may be freely admitted that the tendency, as far as it goes, would be to check normal growth. In the case of the cress it is necessary, unless a large proportion of alcohol is present, to expose the seed to the *constant* action of the alcohol. But in the case of a growing lad taking a glass of wine once, or even twice, a day, his tissues would be bathed in alcoholic blood for but a small portion of the twenty-four hours. The liver and kidneys would soon dispose of that amount. But it ought to be remembered also that if the protoplasm is actually affected by the alcohol taken, the parts of the body made up of this stunted tissue will not be in a natural condition, nor so well able to last and perform its work during its life.

The true and proper course to pursue is not to try and stunt the growth of the body by drugs of any description, but to supply the body with abundance of the material out of which a good and sound structure can be made. If the building is to be strong and well-knit together there must be plenty of good, hard bricks and well-mixed mortar, so that the walls may be thick as well as high, and may defy the wind and the rain. For the growth of the cells, of which all parts of the body are composed, it is necessary to have sufficient oily material and salts (not only, or chiefly, common salt) as well as other things. Hence the value of cod-liver oil (oh! how delicious!), of milk, and of oatmeal porridge. These, with plenty of fresh air and exercise, and, perhaps, some salts containing the oxides of phosphorous, &c., are all that are really necessary for steady and vigorous growth; and relying upon them one can say good-bye to the brewer and the wine merchant.

One thing more is, however, essential, and that is "sleep." But do not run away with the idea that I mean you are to lie in bed as long as you like in the morning; not a bit of it. Turn out by seven o'clock at the latest and have a cold bath and good rub down—but take care to get ten hours in bed by going to bed early enough. Ten hours up to fourteen years of age, nine hours up to sixteen, and then at least eight, unless experience shows that seven-and-a-half are sufficient, or, in some cases, seven, as one gets older.

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Makes one healthy and wealthy and wise."

It is to be remembered, too, that this sudden start in growth will not go on year after year, and hence the credit for its arrest is not to be unthinkingly attributed to the stout or port wine which some poor children are made to take. It would have slackened without. Supply the materials, masticate them well, eat slowly, and nature will know what to do with them, and make good bricks with them.

JINTY AND PHILOS.

By UNCLE BEN.

JINTY TEAMER was a little girl who had no brothers or sisters, but plenty of home pets—a bird, a kitten that would grow out of being a tumbling, four-legged furry mite into a proper and old-fashioned cat, and, above all, a splendid St. Bernard dog, called Philos, which means friend.

Whenever Jinty went out Philos went with her; and as she lived a little way from the village of Rington, and the road was lonely, the dog became her companion and guardian in all her walks. She had a penny a week for pocket money, a halfpenny of which she was allowed to spend as she liked, and a halfpenny was put by to save. Out of her savings Jinty gave one halfpenny every month to the Missionary Society in the Sunday School. Sometimes, by way of a great treat, she was allowed to go down on a Saturday afternoon and do a little shopping all by herself. Those errands were seasons of great importance, and were looked forward to with much interest.

It was on one of these occasions, when Jinty, with her dog, was going to the village, the greater part of the way being down hill, that they met a drunken man, reeling and staggering from one side of the road to the other. As the man approached, Jinty did not know which side of the way to take to avoid him, so she stood still for him to pass, feeling a little afraid, as there was no one in sight. He was shouting and singing, and did not seem to observe the child until he was close up to her. Then coming towards her he called out: "Give us tuppence to drink yer 'elth."

Poor Jinty did not know what to do—whether to run away from the man, or stop and give him money. "I have only a halfpenny of my own; the other money is for an errand," she said, bursting into tears.

The man came a little nearer, either to get the halfpenny or to hear what Jinty said; but before another word could be uttered, the dog rushed at the tottering object and knocked him to the ground, and might have done him some harm had not Jinty gone at once, pulled the dog off, and made him hurry away with her to the village before the man had time to rise. The dog had done the man no injury save pushing him down and holding his coat by the teeth, so that he could not get away until Jinty released him. The man rose, swearing and cursing, and made his way to the next public-house, and then to his miserable home, some mile and a-half beyond.

Jinty went on to Rington with her brave protector, accomplished her shopping, and bought a halfpenny bun, of the greater part of which

Philos partook, and returned home safely without any further adventure.

When she was indoors she told her mother about the drunken man, how frightened she had been, and how good a protector the dog had proved to be.

"Are you sure Philos did not bite the man?" asked her mother.

"Oh! quite sure; he only had hold of the man's coat," replied Jinty.

"Did you know the man?" inquired the mother.

"No," said the child; "though I think I should know him again if I saw him."

When Mrs. Teamer repeated the incident to her husband, he laughed at it, and said: "I should have been pleased if the dog had shaken Jim Ward well, and pinched him a bit into the bargain."

"How do you know it was Jim Ward?"

"Because about twenty minutes or half-an-hour after Jinty went out with the dog, I saw Jim come along the road, which wasn't nearly wide enough for him, covered all over with mud, just as if he had rolled about the road."

"Don't you think now we know who it was we ought to make quite sure the dog did not bite him. Remember what a dreadful thing hydrophobia is."

"Oh! nonsense; serves the man quite right. He's always drunk on Saturdays, and often on other days in the week."

"I shall certainly take Jinty with me, and see if it's really Jim the dog set on. It may be this will be a chance of reclaiming him."

Mr. Teamer only smiled incredulously, and said nothing.

One evening, a short time after the preceding event, Jinty and her mother, with the dog, started to pay Jim Ward a visit. For many years Jim had been a servant of Farmer Teamer's, and was discharged for drunkenness before Jinty could remember. On their arrival at the cottage door, Jim came himself to answer the knock, not knowing who was there. When he saw the visitors he was very much disconcerted; and without asking them in, said: "I suppose it's my missus you want to see; I'll fetch her."

As he turned away Jinty whispered to her mother—"That's the man Philos pushed down."

"No, Jim," said Mrs. Teamer, "it's you I want. I hope the dog didn't hurt you the other day."

"No," replied the man; "old Philos would hardly bite me; but I be main sorry if I frightened the little gal. I meant no harm; I had had a little drop too much."

"Well, it's about that we have come to see you. When you looked after the horses and so on for us we were not teetotalers ourselves; but after you had gone, because you could not keep sober, and for the sake of others about the farm, the master and I signed the pledge, and we have kept it. I know for the last three or four years since you have left our service you have done no good, and have been away so much that I have seen nothing of you. For a long time I could hardly believe it was you who had frightened Jinty so that the dog actually flew at you. Then I thought how sad it all was that drink should turn you into such a character, and I felt I must come and ask you to sign the pledge. Nothing else will do. No promises of amendment can be of any avail unless you forsake the drink."

The result of this visit was that Jim, being really sorry, willingly signed the pledge, and thus proved himself to be sincere. After a while, Mr. Teamer, urged by Jinty and his wife, gave Jim work again to do on the farm; so that in process of time he became once more steady and respectable, always maintaining that Philos was one of his best friends, because it was partly through the dog's treatment, and his consequent humiliation, that his repentance and reformation were brought about.

WHAT SAM WAS WORTH.

By HELEN CHRISTIEN.

"SAM PICKERING, I want you. I say, Sam, look alive," bawled a sharp-looking lad of eleven years to a smaller boy who was just turning the opposite corner of King Street in one of our crowded towns in the North of England.

"Hallo, is that you, Joe; why, we can both go along together."

"That's what I halloed to you for," returned Joe, "see what I've got here," and he disclosed to the wondering eyes of Sam, a sixpence and several coppers.

"Why, wherever did you get such a mint of money; is it yours, Joe, and what are you going to do with it?"

"Yes, of course it's mine, else how would I have it. I got it this morning for holding gents' hosses, and I'm going to put it in the penny bank at Sunday School; that'll make me worth 3s. 2½d. in six weeks. Oh, my, ain't it fine!"

and Joe chuckled and rubbed his hands together as he walked along, then he looked at Sam's downcast face, and said: "But ain't you got a bank-book at the school too, Sam?"

"No," poor Sam answered sadly, "I ain't got nothing of the sort. Mother and me's hard work to pay the rent, and there ain't nothing left for bank-books or sich things."

There was silence for a few minutes, a struggle was going on in Joe's heart, he wanted to give a penny to Sam to begin his saving book with, and he didn't want to lose any of his own money; he didn't see why he should give any of his money away, but still what was it the teacher had said last Sunday about giving the things one liked best to the Lord Jesus? Yes, he remembered now, she said the dear Lord wanted the things that cost the most. Well, it was a very hard thing to give his penny up, because he had done a long job for it, but still the Lord would be pleased perhaps, and he might be able to get another to-morrow, so thrusting the penny into Sam's hand, he said, "Here, take this Sam, and give it to your teacher at Sunday School, and he'll help you to get more after a bit," then ran off as hard as he could for fear "he would want to take it back," as he told his teacher next Sunday.

Sam went home greatly delighted with his penny and put it in a safe place until Sunday. Many times during the next few days he looked at it, and thought with some pride he was worth something, and perhaps in a few weeks he would be worth something more.

Sam's mother was a charwoman, and had to work very hard to keep herself and little boy, for Sam's father, I am sorry to say, was rarely sober, although, when he was, he could earn a good deal of money, for he was a clever workman when he did not drink. That was very seldom, however, for he was generally at the public-house or at home asleep.

Poor Sam was very sorry and unhappy to see his father like that, and he often tried to keep him away from the public-house, and on the Saturday after Joe had given him the penny, he was doing his lessons for Monday on the floor of their little room, waiting for his father to wake up, when he heard him say,—"Sam, I'm dreadfully thirsty, give me summat to drink." Sam got up and took him a jug of water, but as soon as his father saw what it was, he threw the jug on the floor, saying,—"I can't drink that stuff, give me some rum?"

It was in vain, poor Sam said there was none in the house, and he had no money to buy any. His father, enraged and maddened with the effects of last night's drinking, threatened to break every bone in his body "if he didn't fetch him something at once;" so Sam, afraid and wretched, took his cherished penny from its hiding-place and went slowly from the room.

It was very hard to give up his penny, but his father would keep his word and thrash him, and perhaps he might die, like Luke's little girl had when he had knocked her about, then what would his mother do without him! Even if he didn't die, he might perhaps be very ill, then who would be able to bring his father home at night? No, he must take him something, but what?

A greengrocer's cart was passing by; there were oranges there; if only he could get two, perhaps his father would be content with them; so he went to the cart, picked two of the ripest and ran home quickly, his heart beating as he wondered what his father would say.

When he arrived at the little court, he ran hastily up the steps and into the miserable room he called home. His father looked up eagerly and cried, "Bring it here, Sam, I'm nigh dying with this 'ere thirst."

Sam took the oranges and laid them down before him, saying, "Father, I only had a penny that was give me to save with, and I got two oranges with it for you, as I dursn't get you the rum or sich like, but don't be angry with me, father, the penny was all I was worth." And here the little fellow, for he was not quite ten years old, sat on the floor and cried for his lost penny.

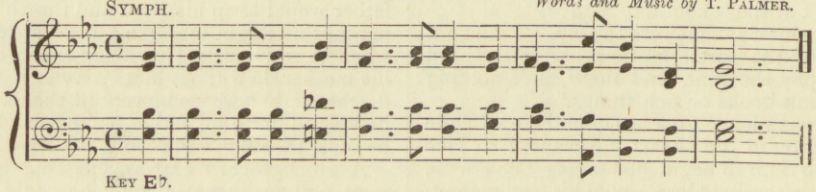
The father's heart was touched by his little son's self-denial; he was not a bad-hearted man, although the constant drinking was encrusting his heart with wickedness and evil thoughts; and now as he ate the oranges he thought of things he had not thought of for years, and to Sam's surprise he got up presently, washed himself, and made himself as tidy as he could, then went out saying,—"He was going to see his old master to ask for work on the following Monday morning."

This was only the beginning of better things, for his old master was a kind man, and seeing he really meant to do better, gave him work with the same wages as before, so in a little while Sam and his mother were able to go once more to chapel in neat and tidy clothes, and Sam had his wished-for bank-book. Every week he took his penny to the kind teacher Joe had told him about, and as the weeks passed on, when he counted up his money, he felt with growing pride "he was worth something now, though he wasn't once," but his mother told the neighbours her Sam had always been "worth his weight in gold."

A CITY man is credited with the idea of calling a newspaper "The Umbrella." He thinks everybody would take it.

THE HOMELESS ONES.

SYMPH. *Words and Music by* T. PALMER.



KEY E♭.

:m	m :-.m | m :s	s :-.f | f :m	r :-.l | s :t_1	d :— |—
:d	d :-.d | d :m	r :-.r | r :d	d :-.d | d :s_1	s_1 :— |—
:s	s :-.s | s :ta	l :-.l | l :l	l :-.f | m :r	m :— |—
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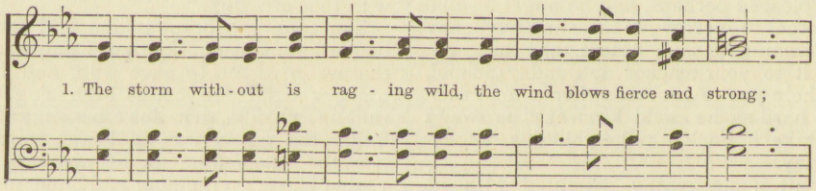
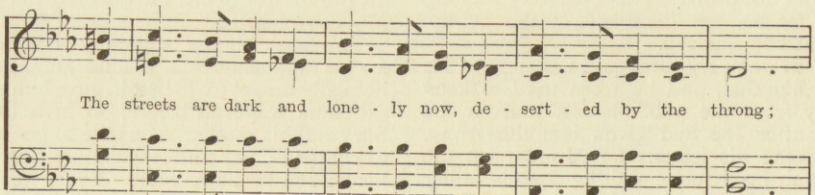


1. The storm with-out is rag - ing wild, the wind blows fierce and strong;

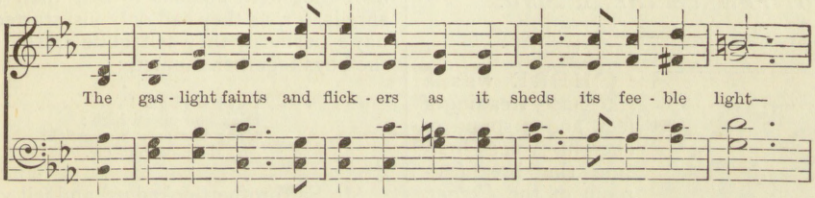
:m	m :-.m | m :s	s :-.f | f :f	t :-.t | t :l	se:— |—
2.How	ma - ny lit - tle	help - less ones who	know no child - ish	glee,
:d	d :-.d | d :m	r :-.r | r :d	r :-.r | r :re	m :— |—
:s	s :-.s | s :ta	l :-.l | l :l	s :-.s | s :l	t :— |—
3.Strong	drink has been their	bit - ter curse, strong	drink has been their	blight;
:d	d :-.d | d :de	r :-.r | r :r	s :-.s | s :f	m :— |—



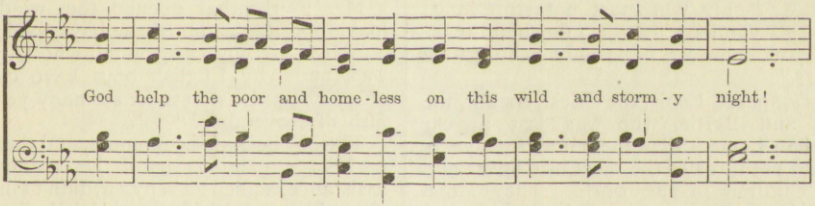
The streets are dark and lone - ly now, de - sert - ed by the throng;

:se	l :-.s | f :r	s :-.f | m :d	f :-.m | r :d	t_1 :— |—
Who	have no plea - sant,	cheer - ful homes where	they might hap - py	be,
:r	de :-.de | r :d	t_1 :-.t_1 | d :ta_1	l_1 :-.l_1 | l_1 :l_1	t_1 :— |—
:t	l :-.l | l :l	s :-.s | s :m	f :-.f | f :f	r :— |—
O	Sa - viour, cheer their	dark-ened path with	beams of heaven-ly	light!
:m	l_1 :-.l_1 | r :r	s_1 :-.s_1 | d :d	f_1 :-.f_1 | l_1 :l_1	s_1 :— |—

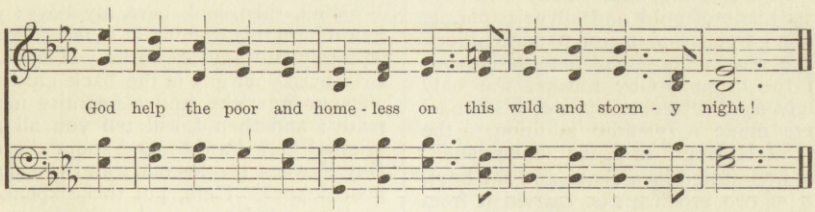
THE HOMELESS ONES.



:t_1	d	:m	l	:-.d^1	d^1	:l	m	:m	l	:-.l	l	:t	se:—	|—
Are	wan-d ring in		the		bit - ter		cold,	with	hearts		so drear	and	sad ;	
:s_1	s_1	:d	d	:-.m	d	:d	t_1	:t_1	d	:-.d	r	:re	m :—	|—
:f	m	:s	l	:-.m	m	:l	se	:se	l	:-.f	f	:l	t :—	|—
God	speed the	day	when		men shall	cease	to		do	their deeds	of		wrong !	
:s_1	d	:d	l_1	:-.l_1	l_1	:l_1	m	:m	f	:-.f	f	:f	m :—	|—

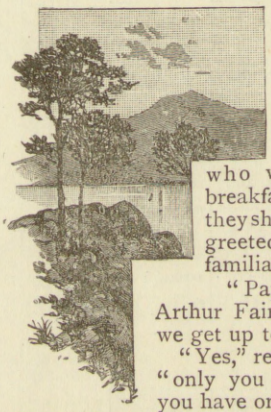


:s	l	:-.s	s.f	:m.r	d	:f	m	:r	s	:-.s	l	:s	d :—	|—
No	com - fort		in	this	world they	find,	no		friends	to make	them		glad !	
:d	d	:-.d	t_1	:t_1	l_1	:d	d_1	:t_1	d	:-.d	t_1	:t_1	d :—	|—
:s	f	:-.d^1	s	:s.f	m	:l	s	:s	s	:-.s	f	:f	m :—	|—
God	help and	bless	the		drunkard's	child—is	the		bur -	den of	our		song !	
:m	f	:-.f	s	:s_1	l_1	:f_1	d	:f	m	:-.m	s	:s_1	d :—	|—



:d^1	t	:l	s	:m	d	:r	m	:-.fe	s	:s	s	:-.t_1	d :—	|—
No	com - fort		in	this	world they	find,	no		friends	to make	them		glad !	
:m	f	:t_1	d	:d	s_1	:t_1	d	:-.d	d	:t_1	d	:-.s_1	s_1 :—	|—
:s	f	:f	m	:s	s	:s	s	:-.r	m	:r	m	:-.f	m :—	|—
God	help and	bless	the		drunkard's	child—is	the		bur -	den of	our		song !	
:d	r	:r	m	:d	m_1	:s_1	d	:-.l_1	s_1	:s_1	s_1	:-.s_1	d :—	|—

GUY FAWKES THE SECOND.



THERE was a hasty treading of feet, and a sound of cheerful voices outside the breakfast-room of the *Cedars*. When the children, who were seated in the breakfast-room, looked up they shouted with delight, they greeted with pleasure their old familiar friend, Guy Fawkes.

"Papa, papa!" shouted Arthur Fairbrother, "please may we get up to look at the guy?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Fairbrother, "only you must not stop long; you have only just finished breakfast, and you know we have only a little time for prayers."

Away scampered Louie, the eldest, Arthur, the youngest, and Bertie, who was just a year younger than Louie—all of them under ten years of age, and yet three of the most intelligent and happiest children in the world. They stood flattening their noses on the window-panes, and laughing most heartily at the grotesque appearance of the guy. Six boys occupied the outside lawn; they wore paper hats of all the colours of the rainbow, their coats were decorated with immense paper bows, and in their hands they carried sticks which looked very much like miniature barbers' poles.

The guy was a stuffed figure, made from an old suit of boy's clothing, filled chiefly with hay; its coat was made of gold and silver paper, its hat carried a gorgeous plume of paper feathers, and its face was composed of a most hideous mask. If the original Guy Fawkes was only half so ugly as this representative, his model would have made a splendid addition to the "Chamber of Horrors" at Madame Tussaud's.

The guy was seated in a chair, and the boys, by the aid of two broomsticks, carried it from house to house all the day long.

And now Guy Fawkes is placed in such a position on the outside lawn that all the inhabitants of the *Cedars* can have a good view of this well-detested character; then Jack Prodgers, who was the leader of the party, stepped forward, and in a loud voice, said:

> "Please to remember the fifth of November
> Gunpowder treason and plot;
> For I see no reason why gunpowder treason,
> Should ever be forgot."

After this the whole party shouted so loudly, as if they were anxious to tear their throats to shreds, for, as they had only just started on their day's business, they felt quite fresh. Then all the boys together shouted:

> "Guy! guy! guy!
> Stick him up on high;
> Hang him on a broomstick,
> And there let him die."

Mr. Fairbrother looked up, and felt very much amused; he dearly loved all boys and delighted to see them happy. He knew that the guy the boys bring about the streets is a harmless bit of fun; he knew that Roman Catholics and Protestants alike now looked with horror on the wicked intentions of Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators, and that no sensible person, whatever his religion, had any other feeling but that of innocent pleasure at the sight of the guys the boys carried about the streets.

Mr. Fairbrother opened the window, and, looking at the leader of the boys, said:

"Now, my boy, can you tell who Guy Fawkes was, and why English boys have carried his effigy about the streets for so many years on the fifth of November?"

The boy hesitated a moment, and then, looking at his companions as if he needed a little assistance, replied: "Why, sir, didn't Guy Fawkes try to blow up the king and the Parliament?"

"Yes, you are right; but do you know which king it was, and why Guy Fawkes tried to do such a wicked deed?"

But this was more than Jack Prodgers could answer, his knowledge of history being very limited.

"Do you know who Guy Fawkes the Second is?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, look here, my boys; you come round here this evening at seven o'clock; bring your guy and any fireworks you have, and you shall burn your guy in the back garden, and let off your fireworks, and a quantity more I have ready; and then I will tell you all about the original Guy Fawkes, and about the one I call Guy Fawkes the Second; and you shall have a good supper. Here, put this sixpence in your pocket, and don't spend your money foolishly. I shall look out for you this evening; good-bye!"

"Thank you, sir," said each of the boys; and away they went, their faces glowing with pleasure at the prospect of the fun in the evening, and a good supper.

All day long Jack and his companions went from house to house with the guy, and as nearly every one added a trifle to the store of coppers in Jack's pocket, by the end of the day he had a

nice little sum to divide. Meanwhile at the *Cedars* Mrs. Fairbrother was making preparations to entertain these unexpected guests, for she, like her husband, was always most happy when a number of juvenile guests were around her.

At seven the guy, looking rather the worse for wear, appeared once more, and Mr. Fairbrother proceeded at once to fasten it to a clothes prop, which was secured in a hole in the lawn at the back of the house.

"Now, boys," said their kind entertainer, "come inside and warm yourselves with a hot cup of coffee."

While the boys were drinking their coffee Mr. Fairbrother told them a little about the Gunpowder Plot.

He said, that, in the reign of James I., the Roman Catholics were treated most cruelly; this caused a number of them to engage in a wicked conspiracy. They determined that when the king and the Parliament should assemble on the 5th November, 1605, they should all be killed by an explosion of gunpowder, to be stored in a cellar under the House of Lords. The originator of the plot was Robert Catesby, and among the conspirators was Guy Fawkes, a most determined and fearless man. Another of the conspirators was Francis Tresham; it is supposed that he caused a letter to be sent to his brother-in-law, Lord Mounteagle, advising him to make some excuse not to attend the opening of Parliament. When the king read the letter, he thought mischief was meant; the cellars under the House of Lords were searched; Guy Fawkes and most of the other conspirators were either killed on being captured or died on the scaffold.

"Thank you, sir," said Jack, when Mr. Fairbrother had finished his little history.

In a few minutes, Arthur, Louie, and Bertie, with their guests, were out in the garden, which was soon ablaze with fireworks. How the crackers did bang; the rockets went soaring up into the air; the roman candles sent forth their pretty colours; the starlights sparkled, and the various coloured fires lit up the shrubs and trees so prettily that everyone clapped their hands with pleasure.

But the best fun of all was burning the guy. He smoked a bit at first; but when he was fairly alight, he blazed up properly, and lit up the neighbourhood for a good distance around.

"That's right, old Guy," said Arthur; "burn away, old fellow."

When the guy was fairly burned out, Mrs. Fairbrother called the boys to supper.

It was a supper! There was roast beef and plum pudding, custards and tarts, and apples and oranges. Jack and his companions had never enjoyed such a treat before.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Fairbrother, "I promised to tell you about what I call Guy Fawkes the Second. Now look here, I have him safely corked up in this bottle. This white looking liquid, which only looks like innocent water, is a greater enemy to this dear old England of ours than ever Guy Fawkes was; for if you drink this, it will destroy your reason, weaken your body, and finally, kill you body and soul. Now, Jack, I wonder if you can tell what this Guy Fawkes is properly named."

Jack was dumb; he couldn't make out what Mr. Fairbrother meant.

"Now, Arthur, do you know?"

"Yes, pa, Guy Fawkes the second is properly named Alcohol."

"You are right. Boys, I want you to learn that Alcohol is the intoxicating part of beer, wines, and spirits. I want you to learn to avoid this great enemy, for if you make him your friend, he will turn traitor and do you much harm; I think you will agree with me, Jack."

"You are right, sir; I only wish my father didn't drink," said Jack, sadly.

"Well, now we'll burn old Guy Fawkes the Second."

A little of the spirit was poured into a saucer, the gas lowered, and the spirit lit; it burned with a blue flame, and when it died out, Mr. Fairbrother said in a solemn voice: "So perish all this poisonous stuff; may it all be burned till there is not a drop more on this fair earth."

"Amen," responded his good wife.

One good result of the evening's enjoyment was this—Jack and his companions all joined the Band of Hope, and they are determined that Guy Fawkes the Second, like his predecessor, shall be destroyed off the face of the land so far as they are concerned. A. J. G.

Dead Leaves.

By MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

DOWN, down the dead leaves fall,
With a mournful sound,
Over the lonely orchard wall,
And the barren ground;
The ground that is dry and bare and cold,
Where the buttercup waved its bell of gold,
In the summer dead;
The ground that drank the early dew,
And opened to let the daisy through,
In the summer fled:
Where the leaves are falling, falling down,
Brown and yellow, yellow and brown,
Sere and dead.

Down, down the dead leaves fall,
While they sadly tell
Of when they danced on the branches tall,
And the sunlight fell
To gild their tips with a golden fire,
As they sang in the air like a fairy choir,
In the summer dead;
And the moon that came in the pure, sweet night,
With her tiny arrows of silver light,
In the summer fled:
The leaves are falling, falling down,
Brown and yellow, yellow and brown,
Sere and dead.

Down, down the dead leaves fall,
While a sobbing breeze
Doth bear them far from the orchard wall,
And their parent trees,
O'er level fields and through crooked lanes,
Where the wild birds sang their sweetest strains,
In the summer dead;
Where the honeysuckle and sweetbriar grew,
Where the children gathered the harebells blue,
In the summer fled:
The leaves are falling, falling down,
Brown and yellow, yellow and brown,
Sere and dead.

Down, down the dead leaves fall,
To rot and to die;
With mournful voices they seem to call
To the cold, grey sky;
To the sky that was full of a sweet, warm light,
That bathed the world with its radiance bright,
In the summer dead;
But the leaves now call for a snowy shroud,
To the leaden sky that had ne'er a cloud,
In the summer fled:
The leaves are falling, falling down,
Brown and yellow, yellow and brown,
Sere and dead.

Down, down the dead leaves fall,
The leaves once fair;
While the naked trees stand gaunt and tall
In the frosty air;
And they toss their long arms to and fro,
While they sob and wail for the tender glow
Of the summer dead;
For the warmth which thrilled them through and through,
For the birds, and the flowers, and the streams they knew
In the summer fled:
The leaves are falling, falling down,
Brown and yellow, yellow and brown,
Sere and dead.

PROVERBS.

By FRANK FAIRHALL.

"SPOIL NOT THE SHIP FOR A PENN'ORTH OF TAR."

IT is not very likely that a ship ever was exactly spoiled for want of a pennyworth of tar; but a ship did once come to grief for lack of something almost as trifling. It happened in this way. When she was built, one plank was put into her without being properly tested. This one plank was worm-eaten; and the worms spread to other planks, until, after awhile, hundreds of pounds had to be spent in taking them out and putting in new ones. Curiously enough, the name of the ship was the *Early Bird*, and "'tis the early bird that catches the worm," you know.

Some people seem to think it quite a mistake to attend to little details—single planks and pennyworths of tar. They call it being "too particular," and "making an absurd fuss." Their great aim is to rush through with whatever they are doing and get on with something else; to do it anyhow, so long as they get it out of hand. What they do must be done at a stroke. They would like to "throw a brush at the canvas" and see it "come out a picture;" and they have no sympathy with the saying that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. It is not only true that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, but also, that a thing is not really done at all until it is done thoroughly. A great artist was once explaining to a visitor what he had been doing to improve a certain statue since his last visit to the studio. He mentioned several little matters in the way of polishing and touching up and correcting, when the visitor interrupted him—"These," said he, "are only trifles." "I know," replied Michael Angelo—for it

was he—"but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." And there is a story of another artist having laboured hard and long at a picture with the result that his work, though sound, was only passable. He looked at it, studied it, thought over it; and then at last walked straight up to it, and added just one touch of colour. The scene was immediately transfigured. That one touch was the one thing needed to make of a dull sketch a brilliant picture.

Not long ago, Sir Frederick Bramwell addressed the British Association for the Advancement of Science on the importance of "Next-to-nothings." He said that even mixing so small a quantity as one part of carbon with every 100 parts of steel may save a boiler from explosion, while the slightest impurity in the copper riband of a lightning conductor takes away one half of its power of conducting lightning. It is the old story over again of how for want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost, and for want of the rider the kingdom was lost. A stitch in time, a nail in the horse's shoe, a pennyworth of tar in the ship may make the difference between safety and danger. Trifles are not to be trifled with, and next-to-nothings are not nothings.

> "Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
> Hath its own mission, and is duly sent
> To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
> 'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main."

To God, great as He is, there is nothing so small as to be insignificant. For, though He "meted out heaven with the span," and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing," yet "He telleth the number of the stars, He calleth them all by their names;" and the very hairs of our head are all numbered.

Now one chief reason why boys and girls study art and science—music, drawing, modelling, painting, &c., as well as such things as grammar and arithmetic (the sciences of language and of numbers)—is not simply that they may be able to sing songs, or paint pictures, or do sums, but that they may learn refinement, *i.e.*, the value of little things, the truth and the beauty that may be lost or gained by adding such next-to-nothings as a tiny stroke to the picture, a single pulse to the music, one figure to the sum. But that is not all. For by learning the value of little things that can be seen boys and girls may learn the value of little things that are not seen—the value of truth and beauty in the heart, of nicety of speech, of refinement of life, of perfection of conduct.

> "Circles are praised, not that abound
> In largeness, but the exactly round;
> So life we praise that does excel,
> Not much in time, but acting well."

Some friends of mine went to the woods for a pic-nic one day this autumn; and when lunch-time came they found that the good little mother had forgotten to bring the salt. Only a pennyworth, or less, was what they wanted; but the absence or presence of that pennyworth made more than a pennyworth of difference to the lunch. But a worse thing than that happened. One young man in the party lay in bed that morning until the very last minute. He kept saying to himself—"A little more sleep, a little more slumber; I shall just manage it *somehow or other*." At last His Laziness got up, struggled into his tweeds, swallowed a hasty breakfast, and contrived, "somehow or other"—anyhow—to get off with the rest; but he left himself no time to seek the salt of God's grace before starting. That was an insignificant detail of preparation that did not matter much, he thought. So long as he got off "somehow or other" he was satisfied. But all day long the pic-nic was marred for lack of a pinch of the seasoning of good temper, and a cheerful, contented, self-denying spirit. Five minutes more preparation might have made all the difference. May he not be said to have "spoiled the ship for a penn'orth of tar?"

It is the same throughout life. "A few vices,' as a wise man once said, "are enough to darken many virtues." "He's a good husband to me," sobbed a poor, shabbily-dressed woman to the magistrate, her face bandaged up because of a fearful blow that very husband had given her; "he's a good husband to me," she said, "*when he's not in drink!*" Kind and industrious, honest and faithful was he, and altogether "a good husband" except for this one thing. For a pennyworth of tar he spoiled his ship. "She's as nice a little maid as I ever had," said a mistress of her servant, "quick and willing, clean and truthful; if I could only keep her in the house. I am afraid I must part with her, but only for one thing—she is always slipping out to run the streets at night." Said a broken-down ne'er-do-well-looking man, "I might have been successful in life, honoured and respectable, but I just missed my opportunities. I failed over and over again only because some trumpery little thing was wanting."

O readers, gentle and boisterous, girlish and boyish! believe that God has made nothing for nothing—nothing to be trifled with as vain, or despised as insignificant. Even little things may be lasting things. It is, as Wordsworth says, "The little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" that form "the best portion of a good man's life." "Act well at the moment and you have performed a good action to all eternity." Take care of the pence of trifles, and the weighty pounds of character will take care of themselves. Even as the Psalmist says: "Keep back Thy servant from *presumptuous* sins, and I shall be innocent from the *great* transgression.

A SAINTLY REFORMER.

DAVID BRAINERD, one of the most saintly and devoted missionaries that ever went forth to preach the gospel of Christ, was the successor of John Eliott, the apostle to the Red Indians. David was the son of a New England farmer, but very early in life he lost his parents, and passed through a time of great solemnity and depression. He was very frail and delicate, suffering intensely all through his life. At nineteen he wished to give himself to the ministry, went to college, and in his twenty-first year heard George Whitfield preach, and was wholly carried away by his influence. From that time his great desire was to consecrate his life to making known the love of Christ to the Red Indians.

Brainerd's love of solitude and nature was most remarkable. When he was appointed to undertake this Christian work of living for Christ among the Delaware Indians, and received a salary, he gave up his whole inheritance to support a scholar at the university; and at twenty-five he started with the entire surrender of all worldly claims and belongings and began his service for the Master, under trials, destitution, and sickness of body that can hardly be exaggerated.

The Indians were touched by his life of self-sacrifice and love. With his own hands he built himself a log hut, and laboured hard among his strange flock—starting a school and teaching all who would learn. But the great hindrances to all his efforts were the evil habits of the white men, and the continual introduction of the "fire-water," or spirits, that demoralised and ruined the natives.

After much dejection and disappointment, Brainerd found a settlement of Indians who listened eagerly to his teaching, and were greatly impressed by his life and influence among them. Again he moved on to interview the chief sachem of the Delawares, and, arriving during the celebration of a great festival, when every one was tipsy, could get no hold on the people because of their love of drink.

In this district Brainerd met a remarkable man named Powan, who bore the reputation of a reformer anxious to restore the ancient religion of the Red Indians, and the worship of the Great Spirit. This man believed there were good men somewhere, and he meant to wander till he found them; and wherever he went he lifted up his voice against the love of strong drink. So bitterly did Powan feel the curse of drunkenness among his people that when all his protestations were vain, he would go weeping away into the woods and hide himself there till the hateful fire-water was consumed and the madness over. David Brainerd was greatly touched with the zeal, sincerity, and truly religious nature of this man, but could not prevail upon him to accept the doctrines of Christianity.

When Brainerd returned to the settlement where his work had been so successful, he found the people had not only given up their heathen customs, but had renounced the cause of drunkenness. This improved condition of things had destroyed the shameful profits of the whites, whose practice it had hitherto been to entice these Indians to drink—running up a heavy score against them for liquor. Finding now that all endeavours to seduce them into drunkenness were vain, they laid claim to the lands of the tribe in discharge of debts that they declared had been contracted for liquor. From out of his slender income Brainerd had put by £82, and this sum was now given to save his people from any further obligations to the drink-sellers. He advised the removal of the settlement away from these cruel and dangerous neighbours to a place called Cranbury, where he constantly visited his beloved flock, until the rapid advance of decline cut short his labours.

He came to Jonathan Edwards to die, but rallied, and even got to Boston, where he received some substantial assistance for carrying on the work so dear to his heart; he then came back to be kindly nursed by the members of Edwards' family, and passed away 1747, before he was thirty years old. Although the story of his life is so short, and the work he accomplished during the four or five years of labour permitted him was clouded with mental distress, hardship, and bodily weakness, yet, among the heroic band of saints and missionaries, there is no character more unworldly and pure, and no influence in the records of American history more beautiful and useful than that of David Brainerd, one of the earliest and bravest of the pioneers of the Temperance Reformation.


These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
PSALM. CIV. 27.

Pebbles and Pearls.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER ANSWERED. "Ah, Eliza," said a Sunday School teacher, "you should not waste your precious time curling your hair; if God intended it to be curled, He would have curled it for you." "Indeed," said the witty maid, "I must differ with you. When I was an infant, He curled it for me; but now I am grown up, He thinks I am able to do it myself."

SOME persons make a great account of standing upon their own rights. A better rule is to account it a privilege to surrender a right for another's good.

ALCOHOL DOES NOT HELP.—"The use of alcoholic drinks does not enable cold to be sustained; it does not enable heat to be sustained; it does not ward off the diseases of hot climates; and it does not in the long run produce increased power of sustaining muscular action."—*W. B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S.*

THE CHILD'S DISCOVERY.—A little girl joyfully assured her mother that she had found out where they made horses; she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on his last foot."

A REFLECTOR.—"I see the villain in your face," said a Western judge to an Irish prisoner. "May't plase your worship," said Pat, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

FOR THY BROTHER'S SAKE.—"You see the wine when it sparkles in the cup and are going to drink it. I tell you there is poison in it, and therefore beg you to throw it away. If you say, 'It is not poison to me, though it be to others;' then I say, 'Throw it away for thy brother's sake, lest thou embolden him to drink also.' Why should thy strength occasion thy weak brother to perish, for whom Christ died."—*John Wesley, Sermon* cxi.

THAT which offends a brother's eye,
Or gives another pain,
May we in love ourselves deny,
And from its use abstain.

PERSONS who are always cheerful and good-humoured are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

A GENTLEMAN being asked why he had married so small a wife—"Why, friend," said he, "I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the least."

EMPLOYMENT OF SPARE TIME.—He whose heart overflows with sympathy will always find abundant resources for his spare time. The means of doing good and of scattering happiness are so plentiful and so varied that those who find pleasure in them will of necessity be busy and happy.

A LADY and gentleman were conversing on the science of grammar. "Pray, madam," said the gentleman, "What part of speech is a *kiss?*" "Ay, what is it?" replied the lady. "A substantive, I believe, madam." "Is it a noun proper or common?" interrogated the lady. "Both proper and common," was the reply.

IT has been said that the three sweetest words in the English language are: Happiness, Home, and Heaven. Around these cling the most touching associations, and with them are connected our highest aspirations.

Snatched from Death.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER XII.—FOUND! FOUND!

"*Bring forth the best that we possess,*
Let every heart be jolly;
The wanderers have returned to rest—
No more of melancholy.
The lost are found, the dead are raised,
Divided hearts united;
'Tis gone! The grief of many days—
Our heavy hearts are lighted."
—ANONYMOUS.

"NO one lives here of that name," said a kindly voice, in answer to the enquiries of Mr. Weatherley, who had entered upon a search in the district of Whitechapel. Every place that had the appearance of a mission hall he visited, and from all he received the same sad response.

The hall that Mrs. Martin had rented had long been removed, and she, broken down in health, had gone to Margate for rest, and in order that she might personally superintend the convalescent home, which had been considerably enlarged.

Mr. Weatherley turned away disappointed. "I thought I was on the right track this time," he muttered to himself. "I won't be baffled if I can help it."

All through Stepney, Mile End, and Whitechapel did the unhappy man seek the lost mother, and, as he believed, the lost sister, too. It was all in vain. Mrs. Martin had conducted her work in such a quiet, unobtrusive manner that no one had ever heard her name; the poor she helped were a vagrant class, and they had long since all gone from the district.

The Hospital St. Joseph had been destroyed in the seige of Paris, during the Franco-German war, and no information could be obtained from that source.

Both Henry and his adopted uncle now almost gave up hope; and now, indeed, that the Home required so much time and thought, Henry could devote but little time and attention to what seemed a hopeless task.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," says the wise man; and in this case the words had come true; both Mr. Weatherly and Henry were tired with waiting and searching. Only a child when he was separated from his mother, now he was a young man, and still the time of re-union seemed as far off as ever.

It may seem strange that two persons so anxious for each other should be so near, and yet so far, and yet stranger events than this are happening every day. The fact is, Henry knew very few of his mother's acquaintances. During her married life she had lived in a secluded manner, and after her husband's death her few friends dropped off and she was left alone. Of these false friends she made no mention to her boy—she did not want his young life to be embittered by the constant reminder of former prosperity; and after their separation neither mother or son knew in what direction to look for each other. Henry having found a good friend, the loss of his mother was not made public as it otherwise might have been if he had been cast upon the ordinary claims of charity. Besides all this, neither were quite sure that the one they were searching for had been rescued from a watery grave.

The Home had been doing its beneficent work for twelve months—its success was all that founder and superintendent could desire; many applications for admission were received, and those who were fortunate enough to be received found everything so suitable to their wants that they endeavoured to conduct themselves so as to be found worthy to remain. Henry worked night and day. The boys loved to hear his cheerful voice, teaching them shorthand or some simple science, directing them how to mount the bicycle, and how to maintain their balance, leading them in their rambles through the forest, or on the winter Saturday afternoons meeting a number of them in London, guiding them round the National Gallery or the British Museum, and pointing out those treasures of art and science which so few know anything about.

If ever a young man was happy, Henry was; the reason is very simple—he was trying to make others glad, and so got joy into his own soul. He could see in the good conduct of the lads, in their enlarged minds, in their improved conversation, and in their growing piety, that his work was not in vain.

Mr. Weatherley was the first to notice that Henry was giving way under the strain of all this anxiety and labour, and immediately proposed that Henry should take a long holiday.

The *Sweetheart* had been sold some years before, and Tom Billows had become a useful assistant at the Home, teaching the boys to swim, and in a general way superintending their many sports, especially looking after the gymnasium and the swimming bath.

"You must have a couple of months at the seaside, my boy," said Mr. Weatherley; "that will put new life into you, and you will come back strong and fit for your work."

"And who will take my place during my absence?"

"Tom and I will do our best; many of the lads will be away for their holidays; the work will be

light; and during your holiday you will have a chance of making enquiries as to a suitable spot where some of the lads who have no friends in the country can have a few weeks' rest."

Henry acknowledged the kindness of Mr. Weatherley's proposal; he would not go far away, and would not extend his holidays more than a month. How little he knew then what would transpire during that month!

"Good-bye, boys," Henry said to a few of the lads who were seeing him off at Holborn Viaduct Station; "a month at Margate will bring the roses on my cheeks, and the light in my eyes. Keep good during my absence, and write me lots of letters, though I cannot promise to send you lots of answers."

It was now the month of July; the weather was charming, and there was a softness in the air and a beauty in the fields that immediately roused the mind to activity, and seemed to infuse new life and power into the blood.

Some friends of Henry's were conducting Children's Services on the sands at Margate, and it was the desire to help at these services that encouraged him to visit that spot. While getting strength, he could be actively engaged in the Master's service. The jetty, with its band and gaily dressed promenaders, he carefully avoided; he loved the select walks by the sea, listening to the music of the waves, searching for sea-weed, star-fish, and sea-urchins; what with bathing, rowing, sailing, and fishing he would have plenty to occupy his thoughts, and at the same time he might give a few hours a day to help at the services, which constantly needed fresh blood to keep them alive.

What a happy gathering was that on the sea-shore! Several hundred children were seated on the sands, their young voices mingling with the music of the ocean, and sending sweet strains all over the sands. The services at Margate were very popular. The children left their sand-castles half-finished—they forgot their paddling—and as soon as the bell rang for the service hundreds of little naked feet came hurrying towards the place of meeting. Many of the children went pleasant excursions with the conductors of the service; some had their portraits taken in groups; while not a few learned, for the first time, to love the Saviour.

Henry's voice was heard one day speaking to the children—he had an interesting manner of speaking that soon gained him an eager audience—and was trying to show them how much the Saviour loved them, illustrating his remarks with many passages from the Bible, when there was a sudden movement of the people on the sands; all seemed to be hurrying to one point; the curious children followed the crowd, and both speaker and leader ran with them.

Henry was soon on the jetty, from whence the cause of the disturbance was apparent at a glance. A pleasure yacht, by some extraordinary and unexplainable accident, had overturned; its occupants were struggling in the water, and screaming for help. Henry did not hesitate a moment. Pulling off his coat, he dived into the water, and swam out boldly to the rescue.

Already several boats had put off. Henry swam forward, and in a few seconds had hold of the sinking form of a woman, whom he grasped with one hand, while he kept himself afloat with the other, and was thus able to sustain her till a boat came to their assistance. In a few minutes they were on the shore, and the poor creature was carried to the refreshment room, where restoratives were applied. Inside her dress Henry noticed that a little parcel, carefully covered with oil-skin, was fastened by a safety-pin; this was opened in order to discover something that would establish the identity of the woman. To his intense astonishment it contained a letter, on which was written in faded ink these words—

For Henry Fitzgerald,
on his Twelfth Birthday.

Henry, with apparent rudeness, pushed everyone aside, then kneeling at his mother's side he said, in a voice that exhibited his great emotion:

"Mother! mother dear! I am your lost boy; do speak to me and tell me you know me, before you die!"

The magic sound of that voice, though much changed by time, was still known to the mother, and arousing herself as if from the sleep of death, she affectionately embraced her long-lost boy. She could not speak, and could only make signs to those around her to stand back.

By this time a doctor appeared on the scene. He immediately ordered nearly everyone out of the room, and eagerly set to work to restore animation. He was so far successful, that in an hour Mrs. Fitzgerald was able to be removed to the Convalescent Hospital, for happily he had recognised the features of the half-drowned, but now happy mother.

The next day Mrs. Fitzgerald was nearly well. The doctor was constantly by her side; Mrs. Martin and Sister Margaret paid her every attention; and Henry was full of excitement, and overcome with joy and thankfulness for having been the means of saving his own mother.

"It was your voice that saved her," said the doctor to Henry; "she would have gone if your voice had not roused her to animation."

"Thank God for all his goodness to me," was all that Henry could reply.

"Amen, Amen," added Mr. Weatherley, who had come down by an early train, in response to

Henry's telegram, which had briefly explained the event.

It is not our intention to relate all the conversation between the mother, her son, and the naughty brother who had run away from home; for Mr. Weatherley found out that his supposition had turned out a truth, and that Henry was really his nephew.

"Dear Henry," said the loving mother, "we have both been SNATCHED FROM DEATH; the Lord be praised for allowing me to see this happy day."

"And I, dear sister," said Mr. Weatherley, "have been saved from a worse death than that of the sea; the influence of my dear nephew rescued me from a death to all that was holy and good."

"And we both, dear mother, have been trying to save others from that spiritual, moral, and intellectual death into which many are sinking through evil surroundings, and especially through the use of intoxicating liquors. Oh, mother! you must come and live at our Home; you must help us in our noble undertaking."

When the mother and son were alone, Mrs. Fitzgerald handed to Henry the dead father's letter. It was with trembling hands that he broke the seal, and read the following:—

"MY DEAR HENRY,—Forgive, I beseech you, an unhappy, dying man. A love of intoxicating drinks and gambling has caused me to squander the fortune left to you by your grandfather. My dying prayer is that you will forgive me, and take warning by my sad example. If once you commence an evil course, you will find how difficult it will be to retreat from it. My friends have all proved faithless. I trust your mother to your keeping—do the best you can for her.

I am,

Your unhappy, but loving, father,

EDWARD FITZGERALD."

"Dear mother," said Henry, with tears in his eyes, "father's wish shall yet be fulfilled; you shall be the queen of our Home; within those walls you shall find comfort and peace the rest of your days."

That night Henry thought very much on all the wonderful events of his life; he saw how clearly the effects of intoxicating drinks were visible in the life of his father. The villain who lured him to destruction used the drink as his instrument, and at last became its victim himself. Firmly he resolved, with God's help, to do all in his power to save the young from such a foe.

And now that mother, son, and brother are united, there is little more to record. The Home for working lads has been doing its work nobly for some few years—its success was certain from the first; it is turning out good lads quite prepared to fight life's battles. Mr. Weatherley is now a beneficent old gentleman, and Mrs. Fitzgerald is the joy of the Home, and a mother to all.

Henry is toiling as much as ever; soon he contemplates bringing home another queen, but he declares his mother shall not be eclipsed. Tom Billows is growing old, but is as true as ever. Mrs. Martin and Sister Margaret are still at Margate. Young Whittemore is making his way in Australia; the only unhappy one is his father, the worthy principal of Marsden College, who now in his old age lives to regret that he encouraged his son to drink, and that he had not the enlightened knowledge to learn and to practise the old proverb, that

"*Prevention is better than cure.*"

THE END.

The Star of Bethlehem.

By MARY M. FORRESTER.

SHE was born in a narrow alley—
A dark and a dreary place—
Where the light refused to enter,
To smile on the baby face.
When she lifted her waxy eye-lids,
Like the leaves of a blossom fair,
The face that she saw above her,
Was a face that was white with care.

She was born on a Christmas morning,
When the world was alight with mirth;
Like a fluttering, fleecy snowflake
She fell to the wicked earth;
And her mother, a sad, white woman,
Smiled sweet in the early hour,
And whispered—"The Saviour has sent you,
My beautiful Christmas flower."

She was born in a narrow alley,
But she lighted the dreary place;
For a radiance more bright than sunshine
Was shining upon her face.
And she grew till her childish laughter,
And the sound of her dancing feet,
Filled her home with the softest music—
Made the alley an Eden sweet.

She was born on the Christmas morning;
And dearly she loved the day
When the bright star led the shepherds
To the place where their Saviour lay;
But once she had heard that story,
Yet it lingered within her breast—
The tale of the star that glittered
O'er the God-child's place of rest.

One holy Christmas morning
She crept from her little bed,
And looked through the dusty window
At the star-decked sky o'erhead;
And the sound of the bells came stealing
Through the streets, with their robes of snow,
They seemed to be telling the story
Of the shepherds so long ago.

"Oh, Jesus!" she whispered softly,
"Where do you lie to-night?"
And she smiled at the stars above her—
Seeking the one most bright.
Then she saw that one was shining
More clearly than all the rest,
For it hung in its sweet white beauty
Like a gem on the night's dark breast.

"Shine on, little light," she whispered,
"You are Bethlehem's star, I know;
'Tis to show me the way to my Saviour,
You are beaming and gleaming so.
Shine on, little light, I will follow,
While you hang in the beautiful skies;
For I know, pretty star, you will lead me
To the place where my Jesus lies."

So she stole from the dreary alley
To the streets of the busy town,
While the snowflakes danced around her,
And the stars from the blue looked down;
Through the buildings which towered above her,
The God of her love to find;
Till she came to a great, wide common,
And the city was far behind.

Then her limbs felt weak and weary,
And her eyelids heavy as lead;
She sank in the snow, still gazing
At the beacon above her head.
"Shine on, little light," she whispered,
"I will sleep for awhile, and then
You will show me the way to Jesus—
For I'll follow you on again."

She slept, while the bright star glimmered
Like a lamp in the space above,
And the white snow fell around her
Like the down from some heaven-born dove;
She slept till the blessed morning
Was lighting the waking world;
When they found her upon the common,
Senseless, and pale, and cold.

They wept as they bore her homeward,
For they knew that her life had fled—
She was sleeping that dreamless slumber
That comes to the peaceful dead;
For the star had led her upward—
She had followed the "little light,"
Till she found the God she sought for,
In the city of love and light.

"Our Girls."

By OLD CORNISH.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

WHAT a splendid specimen of the fine old English gentleman was Grandfather James. His handsome face was a study, whilst his piercing eye and firm-set lip convinced you at a glance that he was a born commander of men.

"Boy," said he, whilst I was yet but a child, "boy, I want you to go and do so-and-so."

"I can't, grandfather," said I.

"Can't!" he exclaimed. "Can't! What! you a son of the sea to say 'I can't!' Never admit that word to your lips, my lad. Now, go, sir. *Go!*"

And "go" I did; for his word was law. And never shall I forget his remark as, returning shortly afterwards with a sense of success, I exclaimed: "It's done, grandfather; it's done!"

"Done! I should think so," he said, with a smile; "and I should have been ashamed of my little lad if he had not obeyed his grandfather's word. Never again say—'I can't.' Remember, my boy, '*where there's a will there's a way.*'"

That lesson, once learnt, has never been forgotten. Years have passed away, and the dear old commander-in-chief has gone to his last, long home. Out upon the headland, at whose rocky feet the waves come thundering in from the Atlantic, he sleeps his last, long sleep. There, amid sunshine and shower, he rests from his labours; and among the many things that help to keep his memory green are those simple words: "*Where there's a will there's a way.*"

Nor do I know of a better bit of advice to give to you, girls, than that which fell from the lips of dear old Grandfather James. With a life as pure as a snowflake, you should maintain a fidelity that no opposition can shake, and adhere to principles that no earthly power can destroy.

Yes, independence of thought and earnestness of action are among the signs of the times; and surely it is not too much to say that the singularly successful influences of the softer sex have given piquancy and power to Aaron Hill's rather remarkable expression:—

"A woman will, or won't, depend on't;
If she will do't, she will, and there's an end on't."

And believing that, I would have you be resolute for the right, and set your faces like a flint against everything that is mean, until the whole world shall feel the truth of Tuke's terse and touching remark:—

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."

When Demosthenes was asked what were the first, second, and third requisites of an orator, he replied: "Action! action! action!"

And to the question—What are the essential requisites to success in life? no better answer can be given than in the words of the great Athenian: "Action! action! action!"

Yes, splendid abilities may be good enough in their way; but of what earthly use is their existence unless they are well and wisely employed? Give me the steady old tortoise, who by a patient plodding along finally reaches the goal, rather than the frisky, fussy old hare, who basking in the sunshine, falls fast asleep on the road. Brilliant qualifications are excellent things in themselves; but unless they are associated with a plod and a push, the poorest seamstress in the land will, by dint of hard and determined work, achieve the grander results.

See then, my girls, that you set yourselves to succeed. Remember that "the block of granite which was an obstacle to the weakling, becomes a stepping-stone in the bounding progress of the strong." And whatever your duty—wherever your lot—though your path may lead to the humblest hovel in the land, and your work be of the meanest and most difficult kind—resolve that in the strength of God you will do it, and say, in the words addressed to one Sempronius:

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more—we'll deserve it."

Now, in order to this, it is of the highest importance that you should cultivate the habit of

Looking on the Sunny Side of things,

for, as Solomon has said: "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance;" whilst nothing is so depressing as a morose or moody mind. "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike," said the sagacious old Seer; and he has but expressed a wide-spread, if not universal, conviction in the words: "It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and angry woman."

Few things in the course of a rather wide experience have produced a more painful impression on my mind than girls given to gloomy views of their surroundings—those "Saturday's bairns," who, having come into the world the fag end of the week, seem annoyed at the delay in their transit. Poor things! they have been born with a twist; and not all the calisthenics in the world have been able to get it out of their natures. They remind me of the miserable old farmer who, when congratulated upon his splendid crop of potatoes, exclaimed: "Ah, but you see there are no little 'uns for the pigs!"

One of these it was my misfortune to meet at the end of last summer, in the person of a crabbed, crooked old woman, whom nothing could please. I was travelling on a wet day in bonnie Scotland, enjoying the magnificent scenery when this petulant old woman looked out of the carriage window, and sighed as she said: "Ah me, this is a *dreary* country!"

"Na, na," exclaimed a canny Scotchwoman, who sat by her side, "it's a *neece* country, but it's a *dreery dey!*"

"Bravo!" I replied; and in the only bit of Scotch that would come to my lips, I exclaimed: "That's unco' gude!"

Aye, girls, a contented spirit is a continual feast. Do not, I beseech you, add a solitary unit to the number of those who are everlastingly full of complaints. The fact is, the world is overdone with such disreputable creatures, and we can well afford to let the race die out—those miserable, melancholy, morose bits of humanity.

Why, when the world is so full of beauty—when the rivers run, and the torrents leap, and the birds sing, and the breezes play, and the bees hum, and the lambs frisk, and the flowers bloom, and the fruits wave, and the swish! swish! swish! of the reaper is heard in the harvest-field, whilst majestically the grand old sun flings its light upon the landscape, and earth and heaven conspire to sing the praises of God—surely it becomes the duty of every creature upon the face of the globe to exclaim: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

Girls, have ennobling views of your surroundings. Make it your daily duty to look at matters in the brightest light. Put the best construction upon everything you hear, and regard every creature under heaven your friend until you have found them to be your foe. It is astonishing what an effect such a conduct will have upon your character. It will soften your prejudice, sober your judgment, and make you mellow as the choicest fruit. It will put sunshine into the kitchen and send you singing through every part of the house, whilst out in the great, big world you will gaze upon God's gracious handiwork with a smile, and of tree and mountain top, of flower and fruit, of stream and sunshine, of sea and sward, your enraptured soul shall exclaim: "My Father made them all!"

Then, as to the *providence* of God, you should train yourselves to think wisely of His works and ways. Don't go about the world as if you were helpless orphans, bereft of His fatherhood, but lift up your heads as if you were the heiress to all His possessions. When I see girls taking false and misleading views of religion—when I see them misinterpreting the meaning of the discipline of life—when I see them eating their bread with a sigh, as if it were the last and hardest crust in creation—I am

ready to exclaim, how lost to the sense of propriety they are, and how utterly ignorant they must be of the advice: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." You may lay it down as a fact, that nothing smites the soul with paralysis so much as fear; whereas nothing puts gladness into the heart, or gives firmness and elasticity to the step, as the high and hallowed conviction that—

"To accomplish His design
The creatures all agree,
And all the attributes divine
Are now at work for *me*."

And the remembrance that the mighty God, the everlasting Father, is your unceasing and unchangeable Friend, should excite your confidence and arouse your song:—

"Father, I know that all my life,
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee."

Then, with these ennobling views of your surroundings, make it your object and aim to

Find your Sphere and Fill it.

For be ye well assured that God has made you for a purpose, and that He would have you occupy your niche in life.

Cast your eyes upon creation, and mark how beautifully the designs of God are fulfilled. See the hyssop on the wall, the worm upon the ground, the fish in the sea, and the great careering eagle sweeping out from his eyrie, and sailing on in the direction of the sun, and note how beautifully they are accomplishing the purposes of their existence.

So should it be with you; and there is not a babe upon the breast of its mother but for whom there is a niche, and eventually a name. Here, there, and everywhere there is a sphere which somebody must fill; and it matters little, after all, whereabouts in society you are if you are only faithfully fulfilling the purposes of God.

Elizabeth Fry found her work among the debtors in prison; Hannah More in the drawing-rooms of the rich; Susannah Wesley among her family of eighteen or nineteen bairns; whilst to-day, thank God, multitudes are at work for the Master—at prison gates, in homes of rescue, in the penitentiary, and in other ways.

And who that looks upon the seething sea of humanity but must feel that the needs are still exceedingly great. In spite of all that is done, much remains to be accomplished. School boards, reformatories, penitentiaries, Chichester training ships, and all other machinery for turning roughs into rational human beings, have accomplished results whereof we are glad; but still there remain a surplus population of the most needy kind, whose wants and woes will tax the united strength of all the well-disposed in the world. So long as the gin palace, and the café, and the singing saloon, and the theatre, and the dancing hall, and other places of immoral fame are allowed to exist, so long will there be a work that will tax the strength and charity of God and man. And the Church of Christ will play the part of the hypocrite and the fool, if, wrangling over minor differences of doctrine or duty, she forgets the weightier matters of salvation, and fails to lead the drunkard and the dissolute, the profligate and the profane, to a better and a brighter life.

My sisters, oh! my sisters, these are solemn times. The crying sins of humanity appeal for sympathy and help. Like as in the brave days of old, you should arouse yourselves to duty, and consecrate your service to the cause of Christ and salvation.

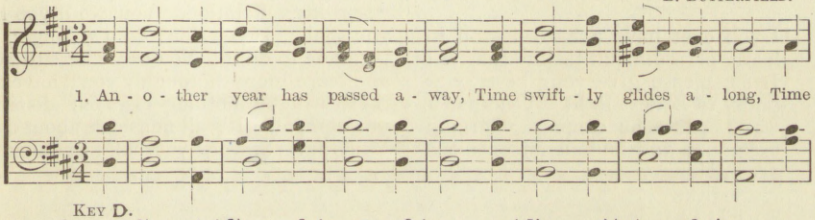
It is said of the citizens of Carthage that when besieged by a Roman army they all worked with a will. The entire city was a workshop, in which every man, woman, and child found some kind of employment; and that when driven almost to desperation for want of materials wherewith to make their ropes, their noble women stepped forth, holding their dishevelled hair in their hands, and said: "Cut this!" and so with the very hair of their heads supplied the want.

Shall Carthaginian nobleness surpass Christian generosity? I answer—No! and I claim your conduct in confirmation of the verdict. In school, in cottage, at home, abroad, in Bands of Hope and Temperance organisations, and in other spheres, I claim your service, and I claim it for Jesus. When I think of the sympathy of your sex—how powerful it is; of the extent of your influence—what a charm it has; of the character of your industry—how constant it is, —oh! how I long that they should all be dedicated to God. And when I call to remembrance what religion has done, how earnestly I wish that you would project it into all the relationships of life, like the glorious sunshine that smites rottenness with death, and sends life swimming through the universe, until upland and plain become one blazing mass of waving gold. Let it be like the great headland that, thrusting itself out into the ocean, parts the Gulf Stream that comes sweeping in from the Atlantic, and sends its waves to warm the waters on our northern shores. And as thus you consecrate your service to the Master, let your whole soul fling itself out in the expression:—

"If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have and all I am."

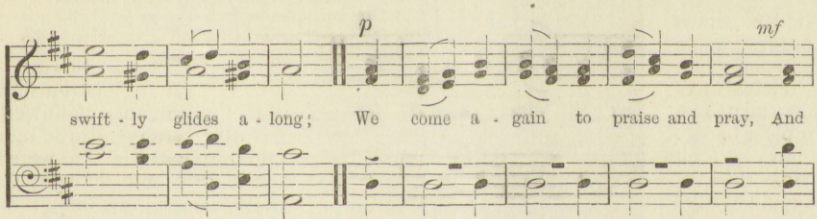
ANOTHER YEAR HAS PASSED AWAY.

Tune—DANE. C.M. (*By permission.*) B. BUTTERFIELD.

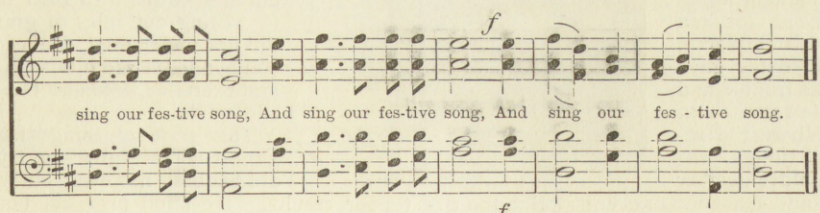


KEY D.

:s	d' :—:t	d' :s :l	s :m :f	s :—:s	d' :—:m'	r' :s :l	s :—:s		
2. We	come the	Sa - viour's	name to	praise, To	sing His	won - drous	love, To		
:m	m :—:r	m :—:f	m :d :r	m :—:m	m :—:l	fe:s :fe	s :—:s		
3. We'll	sing of	mer - cies	dai - ly	giv'n Thro'	ev - 'ry	pass - ing	year, Thro'		
:d'	s :—:s	s :d' :d'	d' :—:d'	d' :—:d'	d' :—:d'	l :t :d'	t :—:t		
4. We'll	sing of	ma - ny	hap - py	hours We've	passed in	Sab - bath	Schools, We've		
:d	d :—:s,	d :—:f	d :—:d	d :—:d	l, :—:l,	r :—:r	s, :—:s		
5. Our	youth - ful	hearts we'll	glad - ly	raise, Our	voi - ces	sweet - ly	sing, Our		



r' :— :d'	t :d' :l	s :—	s	m :f :l	l :s :s	d' :t :l	s :— :s		
sing His	won - drous	love;	Of	Him who	guards us	all our	days, And		
s :— :fe	s :—:fe	s :—	m	d :r :f	f :m :m	m :s :f	m :— :m		
ev - 'ry	pass - ing	year;	We'll	sing the	pro - mi -	ses of	heav'n With		
r' :— :r'	r' :m' :d'	t :—		: :	: :	: :	:d'		
passed in	Sab - bath	Schools;	Where	truth like	sum - mer's	gen - ial	show'rs Ex -		
t :— :l	s :d :r	s, :—	d	d :— :d	d :— :d	d :— :d	d :— :d		
voi - ces	sweet - ly	sing;	A	joy - ous	song of	grate - ful	praise To		



d' :-.d' :d'.d'	t :— :r'	m' :-.m' :m'.m'	r' :— :r'	m' :d' :l	s :l :t	d' :—			
leads to heav'n a-	bove, And	leads to heav'n a-	bove, And	leads to	heav'n a-	bove.			
m :-.m :m.m	r :— :s	s :-.s :s.s	s :— :s	s :m :f	m :f :r	m :—			
voices loud and	clear, With	voices loud and	clear, With	voi - ces	loud and	clear.			
s :-.s :s.s	s :— :t	d' :-.d' :d'.d'	t :— :t	d' :— :d'	d' :—:s	s :—			
erts its gracious	rule, Ex-	erts its gracious	rule, Ex-	erts its	gra - cious	rule.			
d :-.s :m.d	s, :— :s	d :-.r :m f	s :— :s	d :— :f	s :—.s,	d :—			
heav'n's eternal	King, To	heav'n's eternal	King, To	heav'n's e -	ter - nal	King.			

THE HARD LESSON.

By UNCLE BEN.

DID you ever have a hard lesson to learn, or a difficult task to master? If so, please give your best sympathy to Ernest Bohl. Whether it was because he came of German extraction and had an unconscious prejudice against the English language, will never be known; or whether it was a natural defect in memory, will remain an obscure point; but one thing is certain, he used to say his lessons very badly.

Ernest had a genius for inaccuracy, wrote carelessly, spelt disgracefully, read always with many mistakes, even in simplest books. He was not a fool, though many thought him so; he could always take in ideas, greatly enjoyed history, and could reproduce impressions, stories, pictures, and even sermons, but could never be depended on for detail—no amount of application seemed able to make him hold a column of words in his head for ten minutes. Lists of places, kings, and dates gave him infinite trouble, and he never felt sure about them. Where the relation of things was plain he could remember the order and sequence of events. But the arbitrary accident of spelling, and the irregular conjugation of verbs, filled him with confusion. School became a growing trial. He was always in trouble about his lessons; they were returned again and again. His master pointed him out for ridicule among the boys, and told him if he did not do better he should be punished in a way that would make an example of him to all the school; because, the master maintained, "It's not want of ability—the boy has plenty in some directions; but it's downright idleness and inattention. He can learn if he will."

"It's no excuse," he would say, "to tell me you can't remember the mis-spelt words of your yesterday's dictation. You can if you like—and you shall. If you don't do it willingly, you must be made to do it. You came here to be taught; and learn more thoroughly you'll have to, or else there will be nothing else but discipline and punishment. It's all nonsense about can't learn. You'll never be worth your salt till you can, and do."

So matters went on from bad to worse. Punishments followed day by day, always a little more severe and bitter; the lessons were increased in length and difficulty; fear and nervousness grew daily; the burden became more heavy to bear. Ernest was the butt of the school, because he was always kept in; and the school report had brought him admonition and reproof from father and mother.

To add to his difficulties, he had begun Latin—had at first taken kindly to the new study; but when it came to repeating the verbs, and reciting endless words, with their meanings, or writing out rules of grammar he did not understand, confusion worse confounded seized him, so that lessons and exercises were one eternal mess and muddle.

This state of things made poor Ernest almost give up trying; he did his best, however, but with very poor results. He cried over his books—was always hanging over them. His lessons haunted him at play time, and troubled him at bed times; no effort seemed to give him a clear memory or retentive mind. If he scraped through one day fairly well, it was accident, or luck, as he thought; and only to forget again to-morrow with hopeless persistency.

One day the master threatened that if Ernest brought his next Latin lesson no better said, he would stop every half-holiday to the end of the term. Ernest went home in great anxiety, and

tried hard and prayed, too ; said the words over and over again, went to tea, and then, as was his custom, went to the top of the house, where there was a leaden roof and a high parapet, and where no one came to interrupt. Here he had a fine view of chimney-pots, gable ends, and gardens. He attempted to say over the lesson, but not a word clave to his memory ; he kept looking at the book and closing it again ; at last he burst into tears, saying it was too hard ; it was no good trying, he would not attempt to learn any more.

The boy went to school next morning with a beating heart, and when the classes began he was trembling with a kind of guilty fear. The master called on him to lead off, prompted him once or twice, reminded him of his threat, seemed disposed to help him all he could ; but all to no purpose.

Then he turned to him, and said : "How long did it take you to do this lesson when you got home ?"

"I don't know, sir," said the boy ; "it was too hard. I couldn't do it ; so I gave it up."

"Leave the room ; go into my study. This is incorrigible. I shall have to make you remember this lesson and this day in such a manner that you'll never forget either."

Ernest left the class, white with fear and shame, and sat down in the master's private study, to wait in agony of suspense the unknown ordeal that was to come. He had sat for some time trying to repeat the words of the lesson mechanically, hoping to appease the master's wrath with repentance and a knowledge of the lesson, when he heard steps coming. The door opened, and there appeared, not the dreaded appearance of the master, but his brother, who happened to be staying in the house.

"Halloo ! young gentleman ; what's the matter with you ?" said a kindly voice. "Are you in for a caning ?" Then, with a smile, the brother continued : "I remember it's ever so much worse looking forward to it. What have you done ? You don't look the worst boy I have ever seen."

"I am not," replied Ernest, confidently. "I cannot remember this lesson, simply because I cannot get it into my head. I don't know what he's going to do to me."

The brother put one hand on the lad's shoulder, took up the book with the other, and looked at the lesson, and said :

"I see, it's only Latin verbs. Oh, never mind about that ; the end of life is not Latin verbs, thank God. It won't matter a hundred years hence whether you have said them backwards or forwards, or never said them at all, or forgotten them—like I have."

Oh, what joy and balm fell on the boy's soul ! Could he have heard aright ?

"But," continued the speaker, "it will matter for ever if you give up trying, and do not do your duty ; if you are idle, and don't care. Whether you succeed or fail is of little matter ; but whether you are faithful to the trust given you, and to the opportunity school affords, will be of eternal consequence."

Ernest knew he spoke the truth, and felt the words sink deep into his heart and life. "I hate Latin," exclaimed the boy, as if making some apology for his conduct.

"That's very likely," was the reply ; "but you would not hate it if you were successful with it. What do you like best ?"

"History, and things about great men, and battles."

"Now, let me see if I can help you with these verbs, even though I may not create a love for Latin."

Then, in a little time, by his kind help and explanation of difficulties, giving also many links to sustain the memory, the lesson was learned so that it could not be forgotten. Then, when the master came, a few words from the brother altered the whole aspect of the case. The lesson was perfectly said, and Ernest sent home unpunished.

From that day there was a change in the boy. Somehow, he began to love study, and, though he never became a great Latin scholar, or very accurate in spelling, still he bravely tried to conquer his defects and difficulties, and never would let any hard lesson master him. The master became more patient after that day's talk with his brother, so that, slowly but surely, school work grew easier The hard lesson had been learned ; more difficult tasks accomplished ; till the ground of a good education was truly laid. Books were loved, obstacles overcome, hope and enthusiasm came as inspiration, and in time a good and prosperous future opened out before Ernest Bohl. He discovered that though the end of life is not Latin verbs, the struggle to master them is one means of building up a strong character that does not succumb to failure, but learns to be victorious over the weakness of inclination and the odds of unpropitious circumstances.

"HERE I speak of my own knowledge and experience, for having acted as a Commissioner of Lunacy for the last twenty years, and having acted as chairman of the Commission during sixteen years, and having had, therefore, the whole of the business under my personal observation and care—the result is, that *fully six-tenths* of all the *cases of insanity* arise from no other cause than from *habits of intemperance*."—*Lord Shaftesbury.*

Pebbles and Pearls.

CLERGYMAN examining a Sunday-school class: "Now, can any of you tell me what are sins of omission?" Small scholar: "Please sir, they're the sins you ought to have committed and haven't."

WHAT IT MIGHT DO.—"If the corn destroyed in making drink was made into loaves and used as paving stones, they would pave a road ten yards wide, 2,000 miles long, or above ten times the distance from London to Manchester. If the loaves had to be carted away from some baker's shop in London, and tumbled into the Thames at London Bridge, and one horse and cart were engaged to do it, taking 500 loaves every half-hour for ten hours daily, it would take upwards of 350 carts one year to do it."—*W. Hoyle.*

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher told his infants to ask any questions they had in their minds, and a little one asked, "When is the school treat coming?"

THE IRISHMAN AND NEGRO.—An Irishman and a Negro were fighting a few days ago, in Paramatta, and, while grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed, "You black vagabond, hallo, enough! I'll fight till I die!" "So will I," sung out the Negro, "I always does."

DURING his reading-lesson Johnnie came to the word "corrode." "'Corrode,' to eat away. I say, mamma," he exclaimed, "didn't I corrode at that jam-pudding to-day?"

ENGLAND is a great country; England is a mighty country; England is a powerful country; England is an intellectual country. Let us thank God England is religious, too. But ah! then, how loathsome; but she is a leper. The leprosy is on her in every department—her body, mind, heart, affection, soul, and spirit. It is impossible for you to write on the page of history of England's greatness at the present day without summing up in some such way as this; 'Intemperance hinders everything that is good, and terribly intensifies everything that is evil.—*Rev. Dr. Macfadyen.*

WHY USE IT, THEN?—"We are agreed that stimulants are dangerous at all times; that they are fatal when used in excess; that they are questionable even when used in moderation; and that to employ them as fuel, or—to adhere more closely to our analogy—as a quickening blast in the great furnace, is simply to discount the years for which the machine will be able to endure."—*Daily Telegraph.*

MRS. MASSINGBERD, speaking at the annual meeting of the B.W.T.A., uttered the following words:—"I am an actual living proof of Prohibition at home. I had a public-house on my property, for the goodwill of which I was offered £500. But I said, 'No; it is blood money.'" According to some Christians, Mrs. Massingberd ought to have taken the money and spent it in some philanthropic or religious enterprise! St. Paul's converts at Ephesus *burned* their magical books when they became thorough-going Christians!

OLD Gentleman (putting a few questions): "Now, boys—ah—can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?" Small Scholar (like a shot): "Please, sir, th'worn't no commandments then, sir!" Questioner sits corrected.

IDLENESS.—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."

ADVICE OF AN IRISH APOTHECARY.—If you find three tumblers of whiskey punch disagree with you over-night, don't take 'em till next day, and then leave them off entirely.

A LETTER WRITER.—"I say, Pat, what are you writing there in such a large hand?"—"Arrah, honey, an' isn't it to my poor mother, who is very deaf, that I'm writing a loud letther."

GOOD NATURE.—There is only now and then an opportunity for displaying great courage or even great wisdom; but every hour in the day offers a chance to show our good nature.

A GENTLEMAN met a boy and asked him what o'clock it was. Being told that it was just twelve, he expressed some surprise, and said he thought it was more. "It's never any more in these parts, sir," said the boy simply, "it begins again at one."

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CONTENTS.

BAND OF HOPE MELODIES continued on next page.

BAND OF HOPE MELODIES—Continued.

No
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 Take back the bowl (solo and chorus); Fill your glasses; May morning; Praise ye the Lord (anthem).
32 Before the brewers; I have seen the gilded palace (solo & 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 the crystal fountain.
34 Don't fret; Day is dying; The world is moving on (solo & chorus); Stand firmly stand; The open air.
35 Hold fast; The children; Victory! victory; God made all nations free; Winter glee.
36 Gentle words; Open the door for the children; The herdboy's song; Freedom's land.
37 In the olden time; Lift up the temperance banner; Shun the tempting snare; Fatherland.
38 Save the boy (solo and chorus); Answer them, No; Praise Him (harvest anthem).
39 Poor Thomas Brown; Ringing cheerily; The skylark's song.
40 A foe in the land; Lead on the cause; The temperance army; It pays the best.
41 Song of the gipsies; Where is my boy o-night; Come silent evening.
42 Hurrah for water: Ere the sun goes down; Praise ye the Father.
43 I will praise the Lord; Speed thy cause; Break it gently; Lift the royal standard high.
44 Come and see the panorama; Where are the reapers; Assembled here; Ribbon of blue; Ye sons of our nation.
45 The ship intemperance; I'm hiding; But please, sir, don't tell; Keep the temperance banner waving; Breakers ahead.

No.
46 Soldiers of Christ, arise; Wandering to-night; Have courage, my boy; Go feel what I have felt; No, not I.
47 Stop the drinking trade; Offer unto God thanksgiving; Temperance battle song; Song of the fountain.
48 Raise a merry shout; The prodigal coming home; Brother, go.
49 Praise the Lord: Moonlight song of the fairies; With thankfulness.
50 Come brothers all.
51 I drink with birds and flowers (song with vocal accompaniment); With laugh and song; How great th' Almighty's goodness; 'Tis evening's peaceful close.
52 When you see the ruddy wine; Oh! touch not the wine cup: The children's cry; Wait a little while; What I'd like.
53 Strike, strike the blow; Vespers.
54 Hurrah for England; Not there, my child ('The better land,' with solo); The crying song (solo and chorus).
55 The carnovale; Aldiboronti; Father's a drunkard (solo and chorus, new arrangement
56 Away to the west; Angel of temperance (solo with vocal accompaniment).
57 Roland's march; To thee, dear fatherland; Hold the light.
58 I drink with goodly company; Keep me; Take from us the drink; Behold the fields.
59 There is a foe; I love water; Come ye wanderers; A mother's love; Now the day is over.
60 The Battle and the Breeze; Glory unto Jesus; Never alone; Let others sing of ruby wine.
61 Banner bearers; The homeless ones; I know it was Jesus calling; Come to the mountain.
62 Touch not the drink; God who hath made the daisies; The last rays are shining; My dear happy home.
63 After the coin of the working man; This is the way for you; A merry band of minstrels; Only a beam of sunshine.

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LIST OF DIALOGUES—Continued.

No.
143 Is the Bible on our side?..4 mal. & 1 fe.
78 Is War Necessary or Justifiable? 4 males
149 It was You!..... 4 males & 1 fe.
172 John Ward's Temptation—1st Prize Dialogue—4 males and 2 females
62 Juvenile Debate, A .....6 males
96 Jumping to Conclusions .... 8 males
122 Langton's Escape from the Licensed Victuallers.... 5 males and 1 female
98 Lawyer Charjum & his Clients 7 males
115 Lion Tamer, The...3males & 1 female.
171 Look on Both Sides; or Dress v. Tobacco .... 2 males and 2 females
25 Magic Lamp, The ..... 2 Females
56 Marry no Man if he Drinks.2 mals. & 2 fe
176 Master and Men; how drinking injures both ..... 4 males and 3 females
8 Merry Christmas, A .2 Females & 1 male
86 Model Colony ..4 Males and 1 Female
26 Moderation *versus* Abstinence. 7 males
58 Most Useful Machine, The..2 Females
119 Modern Philanthropists..... 5 males.
87 Mother's Mistake, The ....4 Females
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137 Mrs. Brown's Valentine Lesson. 2m&3f
90 Mysterious Stranger, The ....3 males
187 Mystery Explained, The. 4 ma. & 3 fe.
34 National Beverage, A .....2 males
183 New Reform Bill, A ..4 mal. and 4 fe.
139 Old Offender, An ..... 4 males
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97 Only Two Sides ..... 7 males
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194 Won Over .....5 Males
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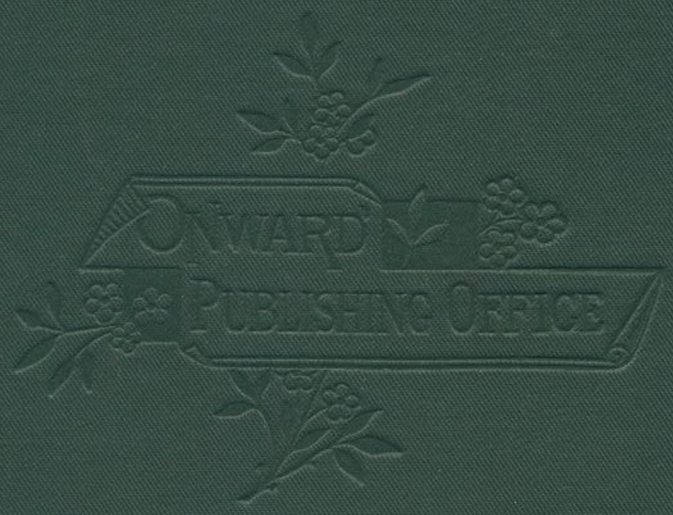
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