ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1891

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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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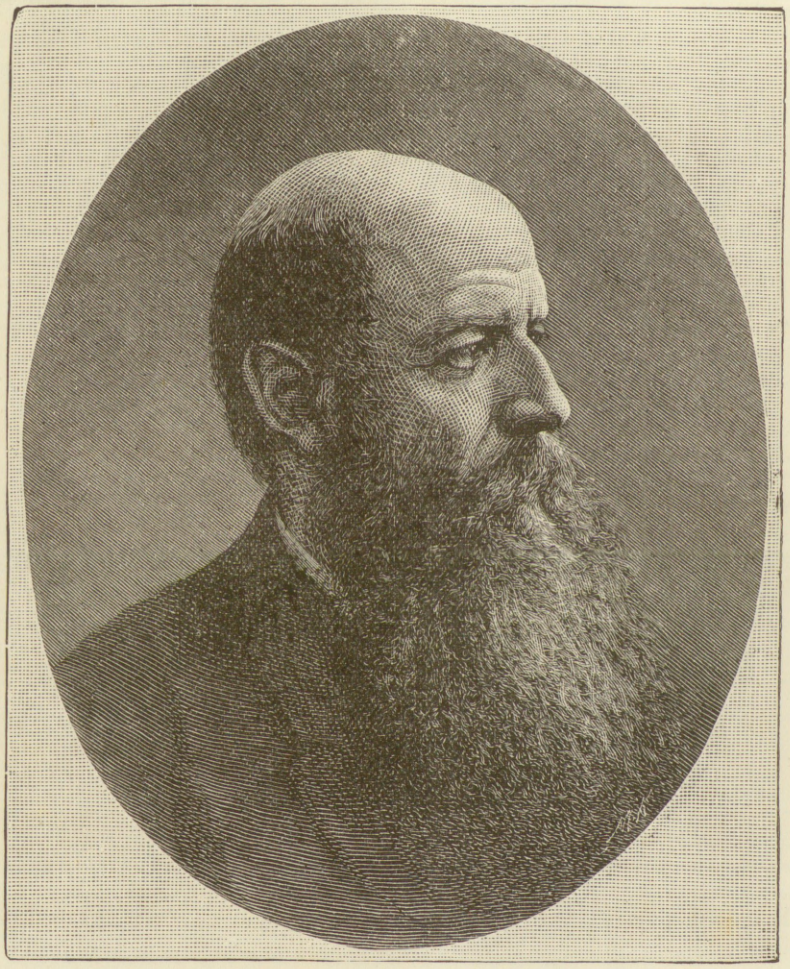

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Boning & Small.)

ONWARD:

A BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE, AND FAMILY MAGAZINE



VOLUME XXVI—1891.



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A · HAPPY · NEW · YEAR.

By A. J. Glasspool.



FROM how many thousands of lips will this expression be heard. From some it will be a mere formal wish without heart or meaning, from others it will be a genuine sentiment, stirring up the emotions, making tears steal into the eyes, as with clasping of hands and kissing of lips the good wish is uttered.

The father places his hand reverently on the head of his children and gives them his blessing, the husband feels a fresh well of affection springing up towards her who has shared his joys and his sorrows, children pay more heed to the commands of their parents; even the youngest seem to feel there is some power at work at this season, some magic influence in this expression of good wishes.

Now surely it will not be out of place on this New Year's morning as the bells are ringing out their joyous notes to think for a little time as to what we ought to do in order that we may enjoy to the full all that this good wish expresses.

To make sure of happiness we must always experience *gratitude*. As we stand on the threshold of the New Year we should look back and contemplate the past. How much we shall learn of what we have experienced that should stimulate feelings of gratitude in our hearts. How bountifully our table has been spread, how many accidents we have escaped, what temptations we have overcome; how often when we felt that we were sinking a hand has been held out to save us, the darkest clouds have passed away, a Father's love has been revealed at last.

We must encourage this feeling to grow in our hearts; we must feel that we have an Heavenly Father who watches over our every footstep; He careth for us, even the very hairs of our head are all numbered.

Let us join in singing our New Year's hymn:—

"Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

"By day by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

"With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commend,
Who art our Maker, Father, Friend."

Gratitude will stimulate us to do some good work. We have enjoyed much happiness ourselves, let us see that we try to help others to be the same.

This is the great secret of how to be happy.

Robert Raikes was happy when he tried to save the children by the founding of Sunday Schools, so was Mrs. Carlisle and the Rev. Jabez Tunnicliffe when they founded Bands of Hope, so was Miss Florence Nightingale when she waited on the wounded soldiers.

To be happy we must try to be eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and knowledge to the ignorant.

Band of Hope members have every opportunity of exercising this power. The drinking of intoxicating drinks is the root of almost every evil in our country.

It is the wholesale cause of insanity, poverty, of nearly all kinds of crime, and of every description of accident and disease. How miserable is the home where drink is the master; how great is the happy change when total abstinence takes its place. Our Band of Hope work is therefore a glorious work, for we are seeking to prevent the dear children falling into this terrible snare.

Every child who is induced to join a Band of Hope is another link in the chain by which we hope to bind the giant drink.

Every child who brings a new member, every one who is helping on this work in any way, no matter how feeble may be the effort is doing something to help others to have a happy New Year, and to make sure of their own happiness at the same time.

We want all our readers to make a good resolution to be more industrious than ever during this year 1891. Will you each one try to do something for *Onward?* Will you show our little magazine to others and try to persuade them to become subscribers? We promise you bright pictures, pleasant stories, pretty music; altogether a good return for your money. Try to be faithful in every respect to your promises, seek to fill up the ranks and make this New Year the brightest in your life. Remember the words—

The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

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CITY CHILDREN.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

LITTLE city children!
Ragged waifs and strays,
Wandering where the lamplight
O'er the white snow plays,
List'ning to the voices
Of the rich and glad,
Little city children,
Hungry, cold, and sad.

Happy, friendly greetings
Fill the frosty air,
Merry, silvery laughter
Riseth everywhere;
There are sounds of gladness,
There are light and glow,
Where the city arabs
Tramp the freezing snow.

"Sissie, are you hungry?"
Cries one plaintive voice,
Rising in its sadness
Where glad hearts rejoice;
"Are you hungry, Sissie?
It is New Year's day;
Everyone has plenty,
Everyone is gay.

"I am hungry, Sissie!
Hungry as can be;
In the fun around us,
No one thinks of me.
Have you seen the shops, dear?
Oh, they do look grand!"
"Yes! my feet are frozen,
I can hardly stand.

"I 'aint got a penny
All this live-long day,
When I held my hand out,
People turned away;
'Tired of little beggars!'
That is what they said;
New Year ain't so jolly,
When you've got no bread!"

So, within the city,
With its glittering light,
With its hum of pleasure,
With its faces bright,
In the busy city,
Giddy, loud, and gay,
Stand the hungry children,
On the New Year's day.

Concilio et Labore.

J. G. TOLTON.



THIS is not a very attractive title for boys, yet, nevertheless, I want the boy readers of *Onward* to give this column their special attention.

I wonder how many boys know what is the language of the three words of our title. I suppose fewer still will know the meaning of them. And I am anxious that everybody should know their meaning, and be all the better for the knowledge. Possibly, nay, very likely, thousands of people have never met with the above Latin motto before. Certainly, there are thousands who see these three words every day, and many times a day, but seeing, they see not.

In a northern city, the words "Concilio et Labore" form the motto on the municipal coat of arms, and so they are to be met with everywhere—on the city buildings, tramcars, coffee-taverns, and on all official documents, including gas bills and rate accounts. And their meaning? Many lads who have been taught Latin, have found themselves unable to construe the motto, because they have very naturally looked for a verb, but there isn't one. The motto is only a phrase, and literally translated is, "By plan or council, and by labour." And if Manchester was asked how its present greatness has been achieved, no better answer could be given than that found in the city motto—"by plan and by labour." A word to those who see nothing. I wish it were possible to cause every lad to go about the world with his eyes wide open. Close observation is a large ingredient in the essence of success. We may learn something from almost everyone we meet. In every tramcar there is some item to be noticed. Some men scarcely ever ride in a railway carriage without picking up some fact or impression that will come in useful some day.

One of the most fruitful sources of suggestive thought is that of heraldic devices. Take the one at the head of this article. All will acknowledge the suggestiveness of the combination of land and work. The order is noteworthy. Have a good design to begin with—a bright idea to work out—a satisfactory principle to steer by, and then bring all the bodily and mental force possible, and success is sure. I do not think much lasting good will be obtained by any young man who works without method. But most people have some sort of method, just as it is said, everybody has taste, only both taste and method are often very bad. Let us say, then, *have good methods*. Haphazard firing, aimless shooting, desultory, purposeless reading will not be productive of very much good.

Know what you intend doing, and how you are going to do it. Somebody said long ago, "The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first, will do neither." It is often found there are more ways than one of doing a thing, but there is generally a *best* way. The *best* methods make all the difference in the world between the splendid performer and the indifferent, whether the performance be on a musical instrument, or with a mechanic's tool. Why do parents seek the best musicians they can afford as instructors for their children? Because they wish the budding artist to have the *best plan* of fingering. So there is a best method of handling a cricket bat, or a golf paddle. Too much importance cannot be placed upon this matter of plan, method, design, for habit is very early formed, and in these days of fierce competition and rapidly speeding time, we cannot afford to creep along with worn-out systems. Before I leave this point, I would like to ensure perseverance being part of our method. Not a fitful, spasmodic kind of perseverance, but a persistent pegging-away sort. You all know the Hare-and-Tortoise story, and how that the tortoise won. It is not desirable to imitate the tortoise in his rate per hour. Get the highest rate you can, consistent with safety, but whatever the rate, let there be continuance in the going.

Then as to "*Labore*." No matter how splendid the design, how matchless the plan, how wise the counsel, a lazy man reaches no success.

It is by labour we conquer.

"'Tis a pleasure to be active.
There's a joy in labour found!"

The sacred book of Proverbs is repeatedly teaching the necessity of labour and the curse of slothfulness. I believe an indisposition to exert one's self is the most prevalent of diseases. This malady often manifests itself early, and unless promptly dealt with, becomes chronic, or, to change the figure, a fixed habit, and when this disease has taken hold, there ensues a rapid consumption of all that is desirable, and sooner or later, there comes an end to all that is robust, manly, and vigorous.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

But there's no harm in being sure of the best way to do it. Indeed, it is highly desirable.

As one of our mottoes let us have this one, "Concilio et Labore."

William Lloyd Garrison, the Liberator.



THE life and work of William Lloyd Garrison forms indeed a noble story. He was born early in this century at Newburyport, in America. A few months after his birth his father, who had become addicted to drink deserted his wife and family. On the poor mother fell this heavy blow, bringing poverty and suffering. Sickness and sorrow was her lot until death released her; but she lived long enough to know that her boy, William, was making a good start on the path of life, although an up-hill one. The influence of this brave Christian woman was an abiding benediction throughout his life.

At nine years of age William began work, and was placed to the shoe-making trade, but he did not long remain at this business. When sixteen he began writing for the press, and became a compositor. Just before his mother's death his employer gave him full control of the printing office, and left him often as sub-editor.

As a boy and youth he was fond of all games, and had a love for dumb animals. One night he was roused from sleep by the cat who brought to him the litter of kittens born while he was away from home, and dropped them one by one on the pillow beside his face. "My eyes moistened when I realized what she had done, and we all slept in one bed that night."

As he wrote for the press the subject of Slavery could not be ignored; and when about 21 we find him writing thus: "There is one theme that should be dwelt upon until our whole country is free from the curse—it is Slavery."

His interest in the great question was deepened by meeting with Benjamin Lundy, a Quaker, who felt the burning shame and guilt of this traffic in human flesh and blood to be so terrible that he could not rest. Lundy saw what Garrison was capable of at a glance, and desired him to take the editorship of a publication called "The Genius of Emancipation." This weekly paper first saw the light, Sept. 2nd, 1829; its purpose was the overthrow of slavery, intemperance, and war. His attack on the slave trade brought on a libel case. Judgment went against him, and the fine being more than he could pay, he went to prison, but was released after a month's confinement by a New York gentleman paying the sum.

The trial had launched the question and the man into the midst of American life. Then followed the next journalistic venture, a weekly paper edited by Garrison, called "The Liberator." There, in a dingy room in Boston, with composing cases and an old hand-press, one long table, where all the writing was done and the parcels packed, and on the floor, one bed for the editor and his friend and partner, the publisher, went forth the cry that roused the nation to its duty and forced the slavery question to the front.

In 1833, Garrison visited England and made the acquaintance of Clarkson and Wilberforce, and was present at the funeral of that hero of the anti-slavery movement, who died three days after the passing of the second reading of the bill for the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies. Garrison's mission to this country left a deep impression, and he returned to America to renew his crusade against southern slavery, and to encounter "the full storm" of hatred and opposition that had gathered during his absence.

His first work was to organize at Philadelphia a National Anti-Slavery Society. The next year he married Helen Benson. The following year occurred one of the most famous scenes of his life, when the Boston mob desired to lynch him and he only escaped from their cruelty by being committed to prison as a rioter, though he was discharged the next morning on condition of his leaving Boston for a few days till the violence of the people had somewhat subsided. This persecution lasted for many years; he endured it with the courage and heroism of a martyr. His life was continually in danger, but the cause of liberty was spreading and taking root into the life of the nation.

In Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Hall, which had been erected on purpose to secure freedom of speech at public meetings, was burnt by the mob when Garrison was present at a gathering held for the purpose of the abolition of slavery.

Garrison, the leader of the movement, found that in spite of many parties, among those who sympathised with the freedom of the slave, the society was growing stronger, although he was opposed to employment of all force. In 1840, when the annual meeting was held, more than 1,000 delegates assembled to support the cause.

Again, in 1840, Garrison visited England, and received everywhere a most enthusiastic reception, addressing immense gatherings on temperance and freedom. This time he made a host of friends, amongst whom were the Duchess of Sutherland, the Howitts, Robert Owen, Lord Morpeth, the Martineaus, Montgomery, and many others.

In 1842 he took a new step, and maintained that the original document of the Declaration of Independence was an anti-slavery one, that the sanction of slavery was a violation of the principle on which the Republic was founded. The compact between the free States and the slave States made Garrison determine to raise the cry for the repeal of the union, because, he said, "slavery is a combination between death and hell, and with it the north have made a covenant and are at agreement."

Two years later, Garrison was made president of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the head-quarters were taken to Boston; his disunion doctrine was adopted by the society, and everywhere the battle cry went up—"No union with slaveholders."

In 1850, when the society held their meetings



in New York, they were broken by riot and disturbance. Soon after this an Act was passed which touched the spirit of all lovers of liberty from shore to shore. By this Act slave owners might claim their escaped slaves even when they had settled in the free States. This wicked law forced 6,000 men and women to fly from their homes in the Republic to seek freedom on the British soil of Canada. After this cruel law, Mrs. Beecher Stowe published the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and roused all the English-speaking people. The famous authoress and Garrison soon became friends, although she did not share Garrison's advanced views in many things.

The decision in the Supreme Court of the United States, that the black people had no rights which the white people were bound to respect, kindled much opposition, and evoked an earnest enthusiasm from the better feeling of the nation. John Brown's daring attempt and failure in the raid at Harper's Ferry shook the north and south. And although he was hung as a traitor, his "death did more for the negro than the whole of his life, strenuous though it had been in their service."

When Abraham Lincoln was returned president in 1860, the south took as their motto, "No union with non-slave-holders." The south determined to separate. The north flew to arms to save the

union. The war went on with fearful bloodshed. At the end of his term of office Lincoln was again elected, the voice of the nation demanding the utter extinction of slavery.

In 1864, Garrison visited Baltimore, only to find the jail, where he had been imprisoned more than thirty years ago, entirely demolished. He then paid his first visit to Washington, and had two important interviews with Lincoln. The following year the great work was completed, and the constitution of the United States from end to end was one of liberty for all men, and four millions of slaves were free.

Garrison's right place in this mighty work now began to be recognised. His native place sent him an address and an invitation to receive a public welcome. While celebrating this "day of jubilee" far and wide, the news came that Lee had surrendered, the war was over, and henceforth the stars and stripes would float over a united and a free people.

George Thompson was with Garrison at this time, and they were at Charleston, where Lloyd Garrison's son, then a captain in the army of the north, having got a short furlough, had brought from the interior 1,200 ex-slaves to the seaport. While standing in the street, the band of the 127th Regiment came down playing "Old John Brown." Garrison broke into tears at the sound of these strains in this city of slaves. He had a splendid welcome from the freed men; he was overwhelmed with offerings of flowers, even his bed was covered by them. George Thompson said, "Garrison, you began warfare at the north in the face of rotten eggs and brick-bats, behold you end it at Charleston on a bed of roses."

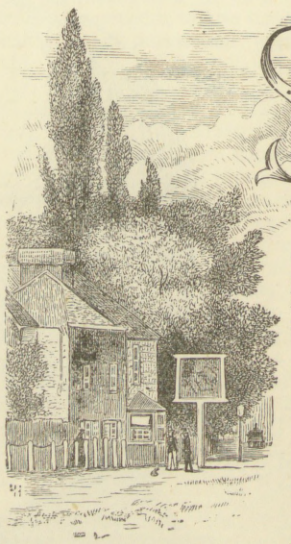
Their joy was soon turned into sadness, for that day the news of the death of Abraham Lincoln reached them. Soon after this event Garrison decided to bring "The Liberator" to a close. Its work was done; for 35 years it had been the witness for freedom and truth. And now the paper and the editor retired from public life. But with the end of the paper came poverty for Garrison; his wife's health was failing, and by an accident he was so injured as not to be able to do much literary work. The nation he had served so nobly could not let him starve, so a public testimonial of 31,000 dollars was raised.

After this he lived a quiet, simple life till he was 73, then age and weakness came on apace and he took to his bed. Just as Sunday was coming in, on May 24th, 1879, after his children had gathered round him and sang his favourite hymn he passed on into a higher realm in the kingdom of perfect liberty and love.

[For this sketch of the life of William Lloyd Garrison we are indebted to Mr. William E. Axon, in his admirable and well-written biography, published in "the Onward Series," price 1/6. It is a thrilling story told of one of the noblest and most unselfish temperance heroes this great age has produced among the English-speaking race.]

Grandma's Sacrifice.

ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL.



SHE was a dear, sweet old lady was Grandma Anstey, her gentle, placid face and pretty quaint dress took one back to a past generation, and she looked just as though she had walked out of some old picture, with her soft, clinging ruffles and laces and dainty frilled cap. Her room was the resort of all who were in trouble and equally so of all who had joy to be shared. Her eldest son had died when in the prime of life, leaving a family of six children, and the young mother dying soon afterwards, it was on Grandma's shoulders the responsibility and care fell of bringing up the fatherless and motherless little ones. They had lived in a secluded country village, hearing and seeing comparatively little of the temptations that frequently surround young life. When the boys were aged respectively fifteen, thirteen, and twelve, and the girls a little younger, Grandma had removed to a large town for the purpose of education. If she had a favourite amongst her grandchildren it was Herbert, the eldest boy; and indeed he was a boy of whom any father or mother would have been proud. A bright, open countenance, laughing blue eyes that danced with fun, and a head of curly brown hair, combined with a truthful and generous disposition, made him an universal favourite.

Since they had come to reside at Downton, Herbert had gone to the Grammar School, and consequently had come into contact with many phases of life hitherto quite unknown to him, amongst others was the question of total abstinence. The school was divided into two sets, the Temperance and Band of Hope boys and the non-abstainers, and Herbert, from having seen his Grandma (for whom he had the greatest reverence as well as love) take her glass of wine regularly, declared himself on the non-abstaining side.

One day he came home full of excitement and rushed into his Grandma's room nearly out of breath.

"Well, Herbert, what is it?" she asked, looking up quietly from her knitting.

"Oh! Grandma, we've had a jolly row as we turned out of school over the wine."

"Over the wine. What do you mean?"

"Well, Grandma, there's a fellow there—and I must say he's the right sort, and I felt mean going against him, but I knew I was right because *you* took it, still——"

"My dear boy," interrupted grandma, quite bewildered by the boy's rather disjointed and excited statements, "I don't understand you at all. What is it all about?"

"It is just this, Grandma. Percy Neville's father died a drunkard's death, and left the family with scarcely any money, and he'd been an awful trouble to the mother, and Percy says he'll never touch what ruined his father and made his mother a widow, and he says all Christians should be teetotalers, so as to set a safe example to people who can't take it moderately."

"Yes, Herbert, I think he is quite right not to take it himself, but I do not think he should say others ought to do the same."

"Well, Grandma, he didn't put it quite like that. He said about doing it from the highest motive, giving all up that hindered for Christ's sake."

"Each person must do as his own conscience tells him, Herbert. I must say I have never thought much on the subject."

"If you didn't take it, Grannie, I should be on his side, but I know all you do is right, you dear old Grannie, there's nobody like you, and you are so pretty too," and he put his hand caressingly on the soft white hair.

"Oh! Herbert, you flatter your old grandmother."

Just then the two younger boys entered the room, and were soon telling their Grandma all that had transpired in their school life since they left home in the morning.

That night, after the children were all in bed, and Emma, the housemaid, had brought in the whiskey, Grandma sat in deep thought, and her hand trembled slightly as she poured out her nightly beverage. The past came vividly back to her remembrance, and her thoughts were mostly of Herbert's father, and of how his end had undoubtedly been hastened by his love of drink; not that he had ever taken it to excess, nothing of that kind, but he had taken it freely, and when a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs set in, the alcohol with which his system was already poisoned told against his recovery. The medical man had told his mother this in confidence. Could it be possible, she wondered, for Herbert to inherit his father's weakness? She had never dreamt of such a thing. Her dearest loved grandson with his frank, open ways, and he had said, "If she did not take it——"

To give it up in her seventieth year, however, could not be possible, it might cause her death after being used to it all her life, so she drank the whiskey, although less in quantity than usual, but each night as she took it thoughts of Herbert would come.

Grandma was a Christian and she believed in asking God's guidance, and more especially when perplexed. And more than this she was in real earnest, and anxious to know the Lord's will for her on the matter and *willing* to do it, which is not always the mind of those who profess to pray for light on this drink question, or undoubtedly more Christians would see it their duty to abstain.

Each night she took less whiskey, until there came a night when she took none at all: certainly she did not sleep so well, but what of that. Had she not seen it was her Christian duty for the sake of her grandchildren to give it up.

More than two months had elapsed since the conversation between Herbert and his grandmother, and the subject of total abstinence had not been mentioned, when one day she called him to her and said,

"Herbert, do you remember saying you would be on the teetotal side if I were?"

"Yes, Grandma."

"Then I am on it, my boy, for your sake. I have been thinking it over and I am sure it is the safe and right side."

Herbert was too young to appreciate the greatness of the sacrifice his Grandmother had made for him, but he put his arms lovingly round her neck and said,

"Grannie, I always thought you were lovel but you're lovelier than ever now. Do you know I'm so glad, because I rather like wine, and I might have grown fond of it like Percy's father."

"You might, darling, so now we must help one another."

Next day Herbert brought home his pledge card and one for Grannie too, and they were both laid side by side in his schoolboy's desk.

* * * * * *

Twelve years have come and gone, and Grannie is in her eightieth year, hearty and strong as it is possible for an old lady of such an age to be. Certainly her robust health is not due to her glass of toddy, for no intoxicating drink of any kind has passed her lips since the night she told Herbert she was on his side. On her knee, laughing, crowing, and kicking to his heart's content, is a beautiful boy of a year old, her first great grandchild, and Herbert's first-born son. Presently Herbert and his wife come in, their faces radiant with happiness.

"Well, Grannie," he says, "we have had a splendid meeting, and Jack has joined our side at last."

"Oh! Herbert, has he really? Well! I think I can say with Simon, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'"

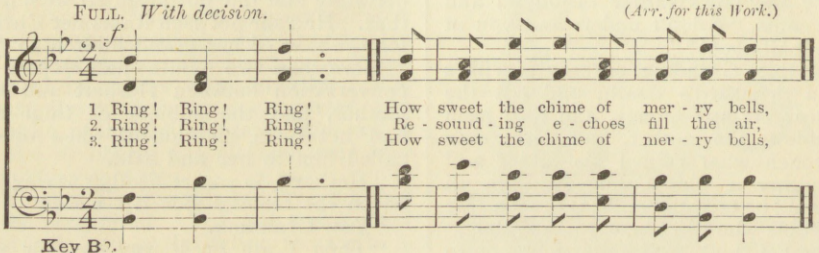
"Come, Grannie, you will have to see if he holds on; you'll not have to go just yet; besides, we can't spare you."

Jack was the one amongst Grannie's six grandchildren, about whom all who loved him were anxious; twenty-three, tall and handsome, with a magnificent tenor voice, he was sought after in society, and was greatly in danger of being led astray, but Herbert's influence and example had been a far greater restraint on him than he was aware of, but it was in the after years he realized how great a help it had been to him. Many years afterwards Herbert and Jack stood by Grandma's dying bed; all was peace, perfect peace, and as the life, that had been so unselfishly lived for others, ebbed away, they realized more than ever before the far-reaching influence of "Grandma's Sacrifice."

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

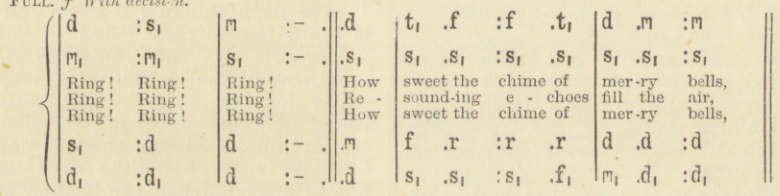
Music by T. F. SEWARD.
(Arr. for this Work.)

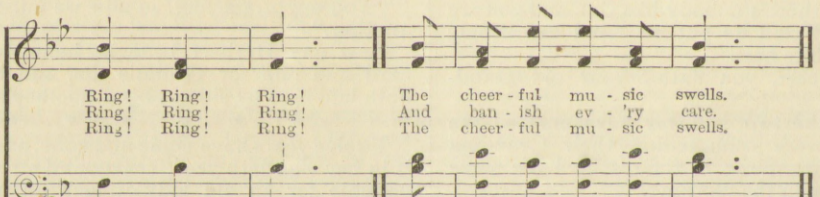
FULL. *With decision.*

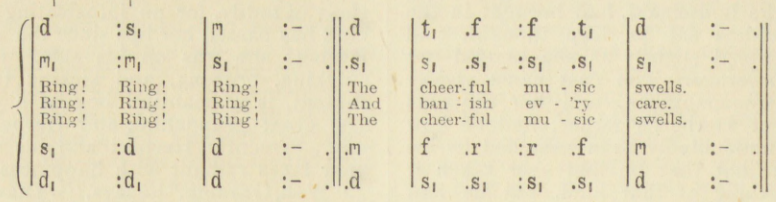


Key B♭.

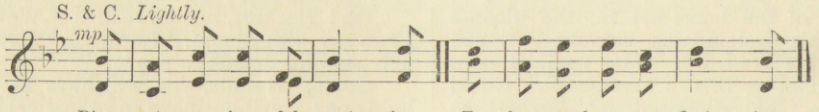
FULL. *f With decision.*







S. & C. *Lightly.*



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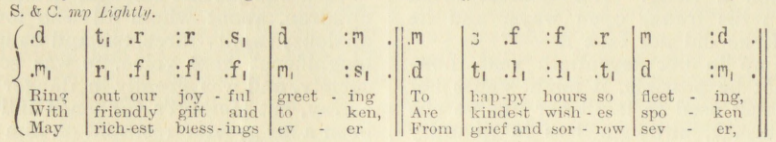
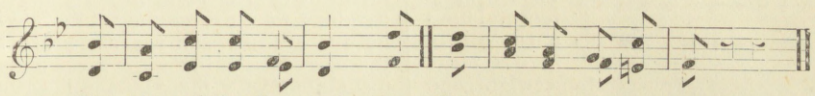
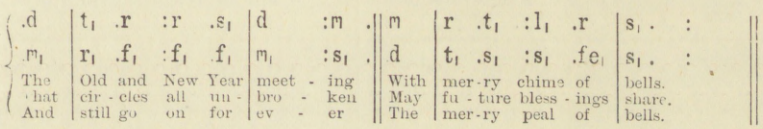


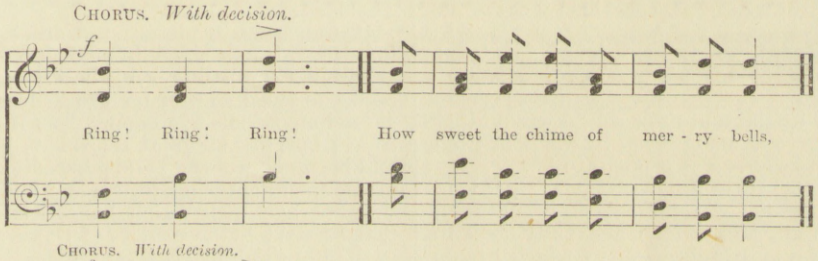
A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.



The Old and New Year meet - ing With mer - ry chime of bells.
That cir - cles all un - bro - ken May fu - ture bless - ings share.
And still go on for ev - er The mer - ry peal of bells.

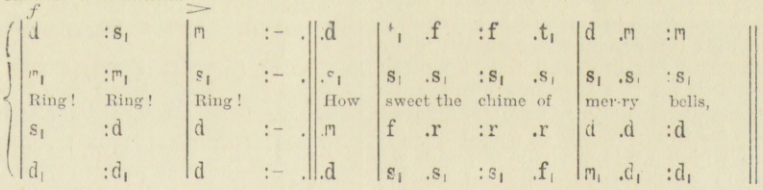


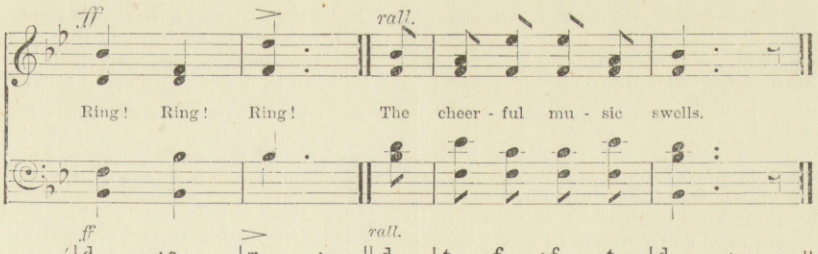
CHORUS. *With decision.*



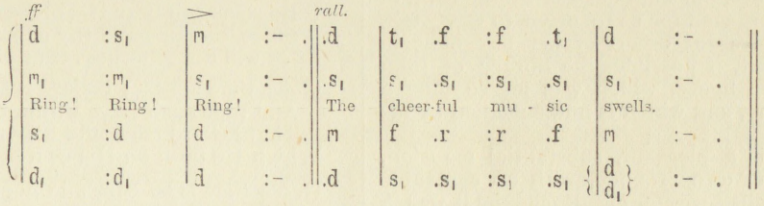
Ring! Ring! Ring! How sweet the chime of mer - ry bells,

CHORUS. *With decision.*





Ring! Ring! Ring! The cheer - ful mu - sic swells.



A Beautiful Bookcase.

By M. A. Paull (Mrs. Jno. Ripley).



I HOPE most teetotal boys and girls know that John Bright, one of the greatest orators England has ever listened to, began to speak in public on a Temperance platform. It proved to be a preparation for his advocacy of his repeal of the Corn Laws, which, until the year 1846, prevented the introduction into England of the corn grown in other lands, and thereby also prevented the poor from having bread as cheap as it ought to be.

Every member of a Band of Hope would do well to read the life of John Bright, it is a good study for us all, and will be a capital book to take out of the Free Libraries, to which I hope very many of the readers of *Onward* like to go.

He will find that John Bright was an abstainer almost the whole of his life, and that he often used his eloquence on the side of Temperance reform, and though we may wish that he had done still more for the great cause which he first advocated and which we love so much, still, we are glad that his example was so good in this respect, and that for very many years he had no drink at all of any kind in his house, as he himself tells us.

It is interesting to be in the house where a great man has lived, and especially to be in the study of a man who, like John Bright, read much and thought much, and was able to make his reading and his thinking influence others, because of the wonderful power of oratory with which God had entrusted him.

So we were very glad indeed, when, on the 17th of October, our kind hostess in the town of Rochdale, arranged for us to drive to One Ash, under the pleasant escort of her daughter, in order to visit, if possible, the library of John Bright in the house, which was for so long a time his home, and which is now occupied by his son.

One Ash is a pleasant, substantial mansion, standing in its own grounds, with an agreeable view of the hills surrounding Rochdale; it was a bright sunny morning, and the drawing and dining rooms were all illuminated with the welcome sunshine, which lit up many interesting souvenirs and treasures of the former owner.

Over the dining-room mantel-shelf, hung an oil painting, one of the pleasantest likenesses of the great orator that I have seen.

But the library contained the beautiful bookcase that I wish to tell you about; it filled the whole of one side of the room, and was in itself a library, rather than a mere bookcase. It was made of oak, most beautifully carved, and the carvings were exceedingly elaborate and varied; between each division were carved sheaves of corn; there were carved heads of great and good men in medallions with their names inscribed, Villiers, Thompson, Cobden, etc. The top of the bookcase was a beautiful carved group of figures, representing commerce and agriculture, with the carved flags of various nations around; the books in the beautiful bookcase were richly bound in calf with gilt lettering; the glass of the beautiful bookcase was gilded, and an inscription informed us that it was bought with a portion of the £5,000 presented to John Bright, when the Anti-Corn Laws League had accomplished its mission and was dissolved.

It was easy to picture the great man in his library, with that splendid memento of a nation's gratitude for worthy service beside him, with the books he loved so well on the shelves; with the carved memorials of so many dear friends on its front; but, like all great reformers, John Bright had borne opprobrium and persecution, when he proclaimed unpopular truths, and it is because of the courage with which he proclaimed them, that I have told the readers of *Onward* the story of the beautiful bookcase.

God's Time is Best.

By David Lawton.

GOD'S time is best, be still my heart
And take in faith whate'er he sends:
Be sure His love thy portion blends;
God never fails to do his part.

God's time is best; whatever thou
Dost want or wish for here below,
His loving Father-heart doth know;
To Him in meek submission bow.

God's time is best, we cannot tell
The why and wherefore of our lot;
To doubt His care becomes us not,
He ever doeth all things well.

God's time is best, oh suffering soul
Be strong to bear His blessed will,
Since 'tis His hand thy cup doth fill,
Love will the bitterness control.

God's time is best; believe it so
And thou shalt have within thy breast
That inward calm and holy rest
Which He doth on His own bestow.

God's time is best for all things here,
Though life's strange intersecting lines
They're working out his grand designs,
He yet will make his purpose clear—

His purpose of eternal love,
Evolving as the ages run,
Will yet complete what He's begun
And fit man for His home above.

THE GIRLS' CORNER.

ON TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

By Sophie Haddow.

HOW many times in the course of our lives have we each one tried to turn over a new leaf? I know, in my own earlier days that very praiseworthy step was taken at least once in every twelvemonths, and the time chosen was, of course, the beginning of the year. Most of those given to turning over fresh leaves usually like to make a start when Father Christmas has fled and all things are made new.

"Old hopes revive, new hopes are born,
The coming months to cheer;
And phantom fears, and griefs outworn
Die with the dying year."

There is a general and natural feeling that the first of January is absolutely the most favourable time, and no one is likely even to try to persuade us that turning over a new leaf is inadvisable if the leaf is itself a good one. The mistake, too often made about turning over a new leaf, is after it has been neatly and lightly folded down, when the very mildest adverse breeze is sometimes allowed to waft the newly-turned leaf back again. Thus the girl who has formed the most excellent intentions is, for want of a little stern resolution, left just where she was before her intentions of reform were made. Do not let good intentions remain merely intentions. When once it is decided that it is good to do a thing it should be done at once, and nothing should be allowed to stand in the way.

There are at least two ways of turning over new leaves; there is the doing of something new and good, and there is the leaving undone of something old and unlovely. "Doing" is the more popular method with young folk, so I will point out a few ways by which a new leaf may with profit be turned over.

Most girls when they leave school, assume that their education is finished, and in too many cases they do not afterwards look at a book, except an occasional novel, for the rest of their lives. Yet if a girl were to do some systematic study, however little, daily, she would increase her usefulness tenfold or even a hundredfold. It is surprising what improvement may be wrought by even a daily half hour of well-arranged study. For town girls, at least, there is plenty of help in the choice of a course of study to be obtained from night schools, and girls' clubs, and improvement societies. Even the solitary student, living in some country cottage, can be helped by the agency of the National Home Reading Union, and similar organisations. There are other means by which a girl may improve herself without any or with very little outlay of money; she only requires a steady determination to do her best, and avail herself of every opportunity for the cultivation of her abilities. Dressmaking, cooking, starching, singing can all be learnt for a mere nothing in almost every town and many villages. A girl should be willing to help herself, to be helped, and to help others. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and alike in the home and beyond it there are golden opportunities. To help at home is the first call of duty, and then outside there are always ways of being useful and doing good in Bands of Hope and other Temperance societies, not to mention the Sunday School.

And now, perhaps, a little advice as to what not to do will be useful. When a girl has once taken up a certain position and become attached to her work, she is apt to overdo it. Being overzealous is almost as bad as having no zeal at all. You *will* go to your class, no matter what the state of the weather, or what the state of your health, and the result is that you are laid up and probably cut off from further usefulness for a time. Or, putting health out of the question, remember that the too emphatic enthusiast is generally the first to fall off, and that those who begin in a determined but quiet way are more likely to do useful work, and to continue it for long years. Many girls are given to worrying about trifles, and worry is one of the worst of enemies; it spoils the temper, and impedes each effort to lead a higher and more unselfish life. Ruskin, in his "Letter to Young Girls," says:

"You may become a Christ's lady if you *will*, I say, but you *must* will vigorously—there is no possible compromise. You must be resolved that as all you have shall be God's so all you *are* shall be God's; and you are to make it so, simply and quietly, by thinking always of yourself as sent to do his work; and considering at every leisure time what you are to do next. Don't fret nor teaze yourself about it, far less other people. But know and feel assuredly that every day of your lives you have done all you can for the good of others. Done I repeat—not said. Help your companions, but don't talk religious sentiment to them; and serve the poor, but don't preach to them. Make friends of them when they are nice, as you do of nice rich people; feel with them, work with them, and if you are not at last sure it is a pleasure to you, both to see each other, keep out of their way. For material charity, let older and wiser people see to it; and be content, like Athenian maids in the procession of their goddess, with the honour of carrying the basket."

In turning over a new leaf let each young girl write on the fresh page duty, self-culture, affection and kindness to all God's creatures.

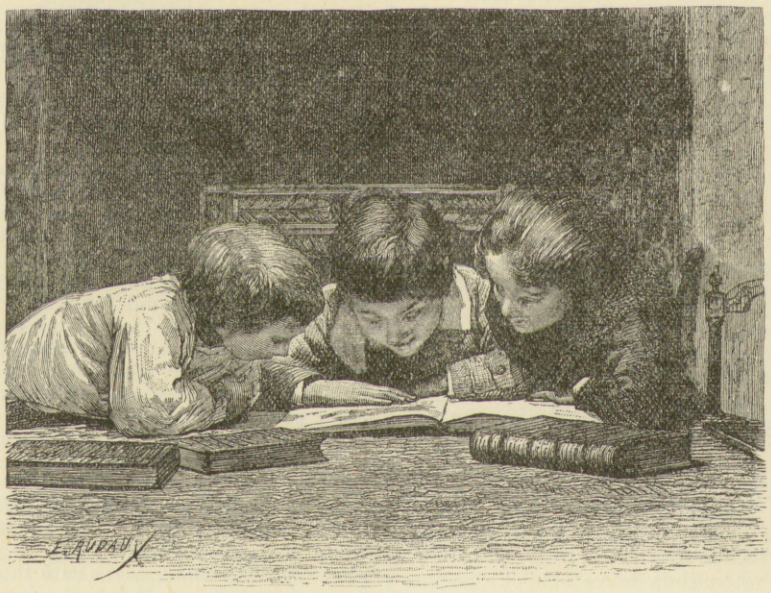
"A voice went ringing through the night
'Rejoice! a year is born!
No longer weep and mourn.
With glorious light,
And promise bright,
Shall burst the New Year's dawn.'

"On, through the silent moonlit night,
Shrill rang the voice, and clear:
'Fresh joys, fresh hopes are here—
A tablet white
On which to write.
Greet, then, the new-born year!'"

KEEPING QUIET.

By Uncle Ben.

IT was the Christmas holidays at Thornton House, and soon after the New Year had opened, a dark shadow rested on the happy home, for the mother was taken very ill. The father was very grave and anxious, and obliged to go to business daily, but waited to hear the doctor's report before he set out. One morning, after Mrs. Croft had been in bed for two or three days, the doctor said the case was very serious, and everything depended on the patient being kept perfectly quiet; he advised that the three children, Glyde (the eldest), Gladys (the girl), and Glenn (the youngest boy), should be sent away.



This was a very inconvenient thing to do at a moment's notice, as all the relations and most of the friends of the family lived some distance away.

When the doctor had gone, Mr. Croft told the children that their dear mother was worse, and that the doctor had said the least noise might disturb her; he had telegraphed for their aunt to come, and if they made any noise, they would have to be sent away. So Mr. Croft put them all three on their honour to take care of dear mother, by being perfectly quiet, that being the best thing they could do to help to make her well again.

They begged not to be sent away, and said they would be as quiet as mice all day. And so they were.

Directly after their father had gone, they all three went down stairs to the back room, which was the farthest away from where their sick mother lay, and got out all the picture books they could find, their Sunday and week-day ones. Glyde, being the eldest, was showman, and with brother and sister on either side, he explained all he could, and told all the stories he knew. They hardly spoke above a whisper, they neither played nor quarrelled, but tried the best they could to help mother to get well.

Straw was laid down in the road outside to deaden the sounds of carts and carriages. Their aunt came, but was so taken up with nurs ng her sister, Mrs. Croft, that she took very little notice of the two boys and girl.

The doctor had called again, and said to the aunt, he was glad she had come, for good nursing and perfect quiet would do more than all the medicine he could give. Then, as he was go ing out, he remarked, it was certainly best for the children to go and leave the house in undisturbed

stillness. When he learnt they had not gone—"Well," said the medical man, "those young people must love their mother, to keep so noiseless."

Mr. Croft returned very early from business; he let himself in by his latch key, and went upstairs to see how his wife was, and heard how good the children had been from their aunt, as well as from the servant, who said, "Them children, sir, has been as still as stones, sawdust couldn't a' been any quieter."

When Mr. Croft came down to the back room, he found them at the table engrossed still with the pictures. He opened the door so noiselessly, that they did not see him enter. He watched them for a second before he spoke, thankful they were so contented and good. And then it was he told the children that if they would keep as still and good as they had been, there would be no need to send them away.

There was a treasure book, greatly beloved by the children, an old, large scrap album, that only came out on high days and birthdays and great festivals, which they never dreamed of looking at now mother was so ill, but Mr. Croft went and fetched it, and bade the three make themselves as happy as they could over its pages.

This book was a great comfort during the next two or three days, which was a time of great care and anxiety, and through those long and dreary hours the children kept the peace of the house, they were as guardian angels that scarcely fluttered their wings, lest they might disturb their dear mother.

God heard the prayers and blessed the means, and the perfect quiet did the healing work, and Mrs. Croft began to mend. It was a bright day for the three when one by one they were allowed to go in and kiss her for the first time. But when she was well enough to come down stairs, the children seemed to make up for their lost opportunity, and almost drove the household wild with their boisterous merriment and shouts of laughter.

And for years after, whenever they looked at it, the favourite picture book always seemed to bring back the time of silence and sorrow, when that strange hush rested on their home, and the only way of showing their love for dear mother was by being very quiet. It is often thus we can show our love to our Heavenly Father, by being "still," and serve Him by patient waiting.

A RIGHT VERDICT.—"Liquor has either been the temptation beforehand to robbery, to get something to pnrchase it; or it is the provocation under the influence of liquor *that causes them to quarrel*, and perhaps commit murder: or it is the liquors upon which the fruits that have been obtained by robbery is generally spent; and it seems to me that but for the cases where offences have been brought on by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, *the Courts of Justice might be nearly shut up.*"—*Justice Coleridge.*

BELL'S MISSION.



IT was a bright, frosty Christmas morning, and from every direction in the great city of London, the bells might be heard chiming clearly and sweetly, to remind people that it was the birthday of the King of Kings. Just then, however, they were scarcely heeded by a group of children gathered round he breakfast room fire, in "The Chimes," as their house was called, for that morning, God had sent them a new little baby sister to love and care for.

"I am so glad it's a girl," said Florrie, the eldest of them. "It's only fair there should be three girls to three boys, and I don't know what we should have done with another boy."

"Well *I* think it ought to have been a boy. What in the world can a girl do. Now a boy could be an admiral or a colonel, or a poet, or some geat hero, or, perhaps, a Temperance speaker like Papa, that ever so many people would come to hear," and Hugh tried to look very dignified and grand as he spoke.

"I tell you, Hugh," answered Florrie indignantly, "There are quite as many girl heroes as boy heroes in the world, and girls can do quite as much for Temperance as boys can."

"Well, I wonder what its name will be," said little Constance, wisely changing the conversation. "Hark how the bells are ringing—fancy being born on Christmas day—we ought to call her 'Bell.'"

"So we ought, what a good idea, I'll tell you what, we might call her Isabel, that would be just the thing, and it's pretty too, perhaps Mamma will let us choose one of the names," said Harry.

So, at length, the little sister was named "Isabel Eva," and one sunshiny morning, early in April, little "Bell" was baptised, while again, the bells were ringing from many churches around.

"Why did you have her other name, 'Eva,' Mamma," asked Florrie, the next day, as they stood by the cradle watching the little sleeping figure.

"Because it is the name of my dear sister, my *only* sister," Mrs. Allen replied. "You have never seen her, she married a Mr. Douglas; it is

many years since I have seen her myself, I don't know where she is living now."

"I didn't know you had a sister, Mamma, why don't you ever talk about her, has she done anything wrong?"

"Oh, no, not that," Mrs. Allen replied quickly, "I only hope her little namesake will grow up as good as she always was, but"—she paused, and then seemed lost in a reverie, so Florrie walked away, but Mrs. Allen's thoughts had wandered far off from the noise of London to a beautiful little seaside village.

Once more she seemed to be wandering through the woods, hand in hand with her sister, or gathering wild flowers,—then the scene changed and they were standing on the platform of the little railway station, bidding farewell to their brother, their bright, handsome, clever Ralph, who was going to London to be educated for the ministry. Now, the bright picture had changed to a sorrowful one; they were listening to the story of how Ralph had fallen a victim to a snare, the snare of strong drink. She could see ow their father's bowed head and sorrowful face as he told them, then a few weeks more and they had heard of his sudden death. Then the scene changed once more, and it was her sister's wedding day. How beautiful Eva had looked, and what happiness seemed in store for her then, and now—where was she— that upright, loving, husband had learned to love strong drink, his love for it had increased (so like Ralph's sad story it seemed), till at length his wife, his child, his home, had been sacrificed to satisfy his craving for it. Poor Eva—Mrs. Allen's eyes filled with tears as she turned from the cradle and went away. Was it any wonder that she should be so anxious to train her children to be very earnest in fighting for the cause of "Total Abstinence."

"Bell," said little Constance the next morning, standing by her little sister's side, "I want you to grow big and strong as quick as ever you can, so you can come to school with me. I want you all for my own, the others are too big you see, and I want you and me to go sailing in Hugh's big ship, when he grows up and is a captain, we'll do such a lot of nice things Bell, won't we?"

Ah, little Constance, only a few days more, and all your bright hopes must be dashed to the ground, for the doctor says little "Bell" will never be well and strong like the others, she may live for many years, but she must often suffer pain, and always lie down a great deal.

Oh, the sorrow this painful news brought to them all. Must those little feet never dance and jump about like the rest, and those large blue eyes never sparkle with fun and enjoyment, and that lovely little face never be rosy with health and vigour?

"What can she do, Mamma?" they asked sadly. "Won't she ever be able to do anything nice?"

Mrs. Allen looked up through her tears, "Yes," she said, "God would never have sent our little Bell to us, if He had not some wise purpose in it. He has a mission, no doubt, for her, just as he has for us all, some work that no other can do. We cannot tell what, but some work He certainly has for her; it may be to teach us a lesson of patience, we cannot tell."

The time passed on and little Bell grew to be a tiny maiden of five years old. "A quaint, quiet little thing," people called her, and yet so loved by everyone. The spring came again, and the little one seemed to droop, her pain came more frequently, her face grew paler, and she grew tired more quickly. Then the doctor ordered that she should go away to the country; so a lovely little cottage was taken near the sea and thither Mrs. Allen went with her for a few weeks, and sometimes Mr. Allen would come down from his business to see them. Close by the cottage was a large field, over-looking the sea, and there little Bell spent most of her time, either wandering gently about, or sitting in her own little chair, watching the waves on the sands, the blue sky, and then the trees and hills in the distance.

Very often Mrs. Allen was with her all the day, but she seemed rather to like being alone, if her mother watched her from the window. She liked, too, to watch the passers by, there was one especially in whom she took a great interest. It was a big, rough-looking boy, who went through the fields regularly every day. He had a handsome face, but he always seemed to look either gloomy or reckless; to little Bell, however, he simply looked sad, and she thought she should like to ask him what was the matter one day when she was quite alone. One afternoon, she had wandered a little way across the field, gathering a wild flower here and there, when he passed along by her, and suddenly catching his foot in something, tripped and fell.

"Have you hurt yourself?" she asked gently, as he got up.

He looked down at her curiously, but made no reply.

"Do you like flowers?" she continued, holding her's up to him. "You may have mine if you like, I can't get very many you see, because I can't walk very far, I get so tired, but sometimes Mamma or nurse bring me some beauties."

He took them from her, hardly thinking what he did, and went on. The next day, as he passed, he stopped and threw into her lap a large bunch of blue bells.

"There," he said, "I didn't mean to take yours yesterday, they'll do instead."

Little Bell looked delighted.

"Oh!" she said, "what are these called; how pretty."

"Blue bells," he answered, pausing a moment.

"Blue bells! Oh, how funny, why, my name's 'Bell.' Oh, won't you come and talk to me a little while?"

He looked half-amused, half-ashamed at this, but after a minute did as she asked him, and sat down by her side.

This little child, so beautiful, so gentle, yet so pale and weak, seemed to have a strange attraction for him, which he could not understand.

He did not know, neither did she, that this was the mission God had sent her to execute, or that He was using her to bring back to Himself, one who had wandered very far from the narrow way. One who would not listen to a word of reproof or warning from any grown person, was to be led by a little child.

Now he listened as she told him how it was she had come there, showing she had in some way learned the truth which had been so carefully hidden from her.

"You know," she said, "soon I'm going right up to the blue sky to Jesus. One day He'll come to me when I'm in bed, and say, 'little Bell, I want you,' then I shall go right up, up, up to heaven, past the houses and the trees, and the sky, so far." She smiled as she raised her blue eyes and gazed at a bright spot in the blue above her. Then she went on, "You'll come, too, won't you; oh, you must, because I love you, I do. Mamma and all the others will come too, one day. Will your Mamma?"

How strangely those words Heaven, and Mamma, and Jesus sounded to him then, and how they had struck home to him little Bell never knew. Deeper and deeper he had been led into sin. When once he had purposely left his home, his companions had very quickly drawn him down as low as themselves, and his father, too, had left his home for some days past, he knew, and his mother was left alone, alone and ill too, suffering from mental pain more than bodily, but now God was answering her prayers for her boy. Little Bell had roused deep longings within him, longings for home and better things, for honest work, instead of the dishonest ways by which he had been earning his livelihood lately, but how could he go back now, he asked himself over and over again. He often had long talks with little Bell after that first one, and for a time avoided his bad companions, and struggled against his love of drinking. If Mrs. Allen came up while they were talking together (for Bell had told her about "her boy" as she called him. Ralph, he had said his name was) he would hurry away directly.

Now every day it was growing warmer, but little Bell grew no stronger, by-and-bye she could not wander about at all, and then it very soon became apparent that her days on earth were numbered. Slowly and gently she was gliding away from this world to a better. The last time she was in the field, lying on soft cushions in the shade, she begged her mamma to leave her, for "her boy" was coming, and she wanted to speak to him. It was only a few words after all.

You are *sure* you'll come up to the blue sky to me one day, arn't you Ralph, you do love Jesus, don't you; oh, promise me you will."

Ralph, unable to endure the earnest appeal of those blue eyes, and the loving clasp of her little thin hands, promised her, with a sob, that he would.

"Good-bye, dear Ralph, I needn't say good-bye for *always* now, and I'm *so* glad, I know you'll come if you say so."

Then Mrs. Allen came back, and Ralph walked away. Only a few more days and Mr. Allen was summoned from London, for little Bell was dying. One lovely summer morning she passed away from earth to her Heavenly home.

The next afternoon there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Allen, who was passing, went herself to open it. It was Ralph with a large bunch of flowers, every sort he could find that was shaped like a bell.

"Please," he said stammering, "I saw the blinds down and I brought these, is—is the little girl dead."

Mrs. Allen, without replying, led him into a darkened room to a little bed, where lay the little lifeless form of "Isabel," the blue eyes closed, the golden hair falling around her like a halo, and the bed was strewn with choicest flowers. Ralph gazed one moment as if in a dream, then laid down his flowers and turned away with a deep groan. Mrs. Allen gently led him away and tried to comfort him.

"Thank you," she said, "for being kind to my dear little girl, but do not grieve for her now, she is a bright angel in heaven and will never suffer again."

Ralph could not speak to answer her.

"Will you tell me your name and where yo live," she asked presently, "I should like to se you again."

"I'm Ralph Douglas," he said, and then gave her address, and told how his father drank, how is mother was ill, and finally, how he had left his home.

Mrs. Allen seemed struck by the name. "Have you no relations," she asked.

"I've got an aunt, I believe," he replied, "mother's sister, a Mrs. Allen, I think."

"Oh, Eva—it must be—surely my own sister—oh, my own little 'Bell,' what have you not done for us all, I never can be thankful enough," exclaimed Mrs. Allen.

* * * * * *

One single bell was tolling—tolling slowly, and it seemed mournfully, because that day "little Bell's" body was to be laid in the green churchyard. For now her "mission" was accomplished, and Christ had taken her to a better country than little Constance could have taken her in "Hugh's big ship."

Ralph, who was indeed the son of Mrs. Allen's sister Eva, had returned to his mother and his home now, repentant and asking her forgiveness, and sorely did she need this comfort, for her husband was dead now, how and where he had died she did not like to think, and she would have been quite alone but for Ralph. Once more the two sisters were brought together, and Mrs. Douglas made her home with Mrs. Allen. Truly little Bell had been the means of bringing happiness to many hearts which had been made sad by strong drink, and now she was gone, and Ralph felt a great loss as he stood with the others round the tiny grave. Yes, gone, but gone where, by God's grace, Ralph meant to go too, for while there was sadness in so many hearts, because Jesus had called His little flower home, there was *joy* in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner who had repented.

Pebbles and Pearls.

ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING.

Another year is dawning, oh! Father may it be
A year of closer friendship with Christ the Son and Thee;
A year of meek submission to each appointed cross,
And make our motives purer by burning up the dross.

Another year is dawning! the end we cannot see,
Yet make a full surrender of heart and will to Thee;
A year of faithful service, unintermitted prayer,
And satisfied security, beneath Thy love and care

Another year is dawning! we thank Thee for the past,
And if the year we enter on earth should be the last,
Permit us in Thy mercy, when mortal strife is o'er,
To reach the rest eternal upon the tideless shore.

J. J. LANE.

SOME men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but live for it.

DRINK! DRINK! DRINK!

Christians, will ye pause and think,
Are ye worthy of *His* name
Who endured the Cross and shame,
When ye stretch no arm to save
Thousands from a drunkard's grave;
Will ye longer careless take
The drunkard's drink?

W. HOYLE.

PROFESSOR: "Mr. Jackson, do you know the monistic theory of the universe?" Mr. J.: "Yes." (Pause.) Professor: "Why don't you tell me, then?" Mr. J.: "Well, you see, there is no telling what I know." (Professor dismisses the class.)

"WHY didn't you put a clean collar on?" said an impertinent young fop to an omnibus driver. "'Cause your mother hadn't sent home my washing," was the extinguishing reply.

SAME THING.—"Our John is the greatest fellow to put off you ever saw," said Mrs. Nolittle. "He procrastinates, eh?" "Oh, dear, no; I don't think John would do anything as bad as that. He only puts everything off. That's the worst I ever heard anybody say about him." And then she smiled serenely, as if she had saved John's reputation.

MOON-STRUCK.—A tipsy loafer mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the queen of night. "Well," said he, "if somebody hasn't stuck an advertisement on the moon."

"I DON'T mean to reflect on you," said a coarse would-be wit to a man whom he had insulted. "No," was the reply, "you are not polished enough to reflect on anybody."

BUT did not Jesus Christ turn water into wine?
Oh, yes; certainly He did.
And did not the folks at the wedding drink it?
Yes; of course they did.
Well then?
Well then, what?
Isn't that a very good example for us?
Most decidedly; you couldn't have a better, if you would only follow it.
Well, don't we?
Certainly not; else all the mischief wouldn't happen.
How so?
Well, you see, you don't make your wine out of water, and nothing else.
Of course not. How can we?
That's for you to find out. Jesus knew how, and He did it. But you can't; and until you can, you have no right to quote His example as your excuse for encouraging others in making and drinking liquor that destroys thousands upon thousands of human souls every year. Would Jesus Christ have done that?—*Railway Signal.*

REV. F. EVANS, of India, says the example of the English has done much to foster drinking habits among the people of that country, and is of the opinion that none but total abstainers should be sent there as missionaries.

AN ANCIENT PLEDGE.—The appendix to the fifth report on Historical MSS., Part I., report on the MSS. of A. J. K. Erskine, Esq., of Dun, in the county of Forfar, contains: "Temperance Bond, Dundee, July 5, 1627.—The parties to this contract, which is attested by four witnesses, are Alexander Erskine, of Dun, and Sir Jhone Blair, of Baigillo. They bound themselves to drink nothing, except in their own dwellings, till May 1, 1628, under a penalty of 500 merks Scots, for the first 'failzie and brack,' and of 100 merks for every succeeding one, and for security agreed to register the contract. The reason alleged for this agreement is that the 'access (*i.e.*, excess) of drinking is prohibit bothe be the Law of God and Man, and that they were willing to give guid exampill to vtheris be their lyff and conversacioun to abstain from the lyke abuse.'"

MANUAL LABOUR.—At an experience meeting a weaver said: "I am a thorough-going tee-totaler, and have been for more than thirty years. I have been a weaver over ten years, and since then an overlooker for something like twelve years, and I can do all my work without taking a drop of intoxicating drink." A brickmaker said: "Now, I think brickmaking is as hard a job as any that has been mentioned. We have both heat and cold to contend with. For six days in the week I roll about 4,000 loaves of clay and put them in tins each day in the week, and I do it without drink. I can work in the clayhole or at the kiln without it.

CLOG IN THE WHEELS.—"It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good."—*Sir Charles Buxton (Brewer.)*



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

IN the loss of the Archbishop of York, Temperance friends have sustained a great blow. He was a noble type of ecclesiastical manliness and dignity, Of broad sympathy, wide interests, large knowledge of men, with a keen appreciation of humour, and all that practically concerns the national welfare, he rose from comparative obscurity to the high and distinguished position he so long adorned. From his first curacy in Guildford to the mitre and palace of an archbishop, he rose step by step, not so much through any extraordinary ability, but by wisdom and the efficient discharge of all the duties that came to him.

He had a fine and courtly manner, of gracious but bold speech, was well-informed on business matters, and took a clear, common-sense view of all the great public questions.

The late archbishop was the son of John Thomson, J.P., and was born at Keswick House, Whitehaven, in 1819. He was educated at Shrewsbury, and then went to Oxford, where he took his degree in 1840. For five years he was curate at Guildford, and afterwards at Cuddleston. From here he returned to Oxford, when honours soon began to come. In 1848 he was appointed select preacher, and then Brampton lecturer. His sermons at St. Mary's drew crowds, and his popularity rapidly increased. In 1858 he was asked to preach before the Queen, when his text was, "The night cometh." The sermon produced a great impression, and he was made chaplain-in-ordinary to Her Majesty. He continued to hold this position and that of

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preacher at Lincoln's Inn, till 1861, when Lord Palmerston made him Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. In this important post he only remained ten months, for before the first year had gone, he was elevated to the then vacant See of York.

The first book that brought him into pre-eminence was the valuable little treatise called "Outlines of the laws of thought," which is a very capital beginning to Philosophy. From that time he continued to write at intervals, though nothing of world-wide fame. He was one of the promoters of "The Speaker's Commentary," to which he contributed the introduction to the Gospel.

He will long live in the memory of all who knew him. His home and personal influences were great. As a preacher, he was clear and plain, and as a platform speaker, popular, effective, and well prepared. He was always ready to help forward all philanthropic movements for the benefit of the people. He was a warm and powerful advocate of the Church of England Temperance Society, and one of the most earnest supporters of Sunday closing, on three or four occasions he presided or spoke at its meetings with remarkable force and courage. On these great gatherings he always spoke to working-men as one of themselves, understanding their needs and feeling.

As an ecclesiastic, he was a moderate, broad and evangelical Churchman, beloved at home, respected abroad, alike valued by the best families of the county, and esteemed by the poorest. It is a testimony to the appreciation of his life's work, that a body of working men carried him to his last resting place on the last Monday in the old year.

He was the senior of the bench of bishops, a man who ripened early in life, and held his high position with honour. A favourite with royalty, and suddenly raised to great power, he never lost the wisdom and grace that made him one of the brightest ornaments in this brilliant reign and illustrious 19th century.

The Talk in the Carrier's Van.

By Stylograph.



IVAN STRONG had long run a carrier's cart between the town of Brancoln and a village ten miles distant, and was well known all along the road. The farmers and the labourers, the small shopkeepers, and the smiths were more or less dependent on him for transit. Besides, he managed his van well. On a frosty night it was warm within, and in sultry summer he contrived to keep it as cool as could be. So that, as no other public vehicle travelled the road, except when specially hired and heavily paid for, Mr. Strong's clients were of all classes, and his importance was established. He used to boast that, if all the clever men he had carried were put together, they would be fit to form a government for Her Majesty.

By dint of a pertinacious habit of sticking to his own views, and in consequence of the frequent necessity to defend them against all sorts of debaters, Ivan had acquired a kind of ready logic which afforded his patrons no small amusement. And, in addition to this somewhat formidable weapon, he could also call to his aid a good-natured, albeit a rather rough humour, which served to cover his retreat when he was obliged to leave argument for business, or found a foeman too doughty for his steel.

It was a winter's afternoon; and punctually at a quarter-past four Ivan gave the signal that he was about to start for home. His customers were, some of them, already settled in their favourite corners; but one or two still lingered at the bar of the "Spread Eagle." "He'll not stop for us," said one to another, "you'd better bottom that brandy;" and, suiting the action to the word, they finished their potations, and splashing through the half-thawed snow mounted the van and scrambled to their seats, taking care to keep well to the front, so as to be in for a chat with "old I," as they called him.

"A cold night," said a young farmer, by name Noakes, who had for once, because of the state of the roads, preferred the van to his own trim little trap.

"Aye," said the carrier, "it'll be colder before mornin', and a cold as'll last this time, and no mistake."

By-and-bye the van stopped for a few minutes at a village three miles out of town, where many parcels had to be delivered. Whereupon, two or three passengers, who were ready to seize the slightest opportunity for a drink, discovered that the cold night required them to take alcohol in some one or other of its many forms. Bitter beer, mild ale, rum and brandy found their several patrons.

Meantime a quiet-looking man, who turned out to be a squire's gardener employed twelve miles off, made an addition to the load of human joy, care, and indifference which was slowly to make its way along the pine-fringed snowy road, uphill and downhill, for some seven miles further.

"Seen a sad sight to-day," said the stranger.

"Have you?" feelingly inquired the old shepherd.

"Aye, a sad sight; a funeral of a young married man, who leaves a widow and five little 'uns. No provision. The club he was in buried him, but they did more'n they was bound to, for he hadn't paid a sixpence this nine month."

"Maybe he couldn't," said Noakes.

"That he could," replied the gardener, "he'd good work, good wages, good wit, and a good wife; he could make more'n he needed in these parts. But it ran down his throat faster than he could make it, leastwise faster than he did make it. An' his wife, a poor strivin' body, is left with a pile of debt on her back and five children to fight for."

"Talkin' about Stiff's funeral?" said Ivan, who now rejoined the van.

"Ye-es," said the gardener, "that's it."

"Well," chimed in a new voice hitherto silent, "let's make a collection for the widow and childer'. I'll be a sov., if Ivan'll hold the brass."

It was a commercial traveller who spoke with homely voice, and who had kept himself clear of the various mixtures, which made the atmosphere of the van much too like that of a bar-parlour for his temperate nostrils.

"I'll do that," spoke out Ivan, "seein' ye're so bold as trust me, and I'll be half-a-crown meself."

By degrees a sum of two pounds sixteen, which the traveller made up to three pounds, and Mr. Noakes to guineas, was raised, and Ivan was charged to advise the woman to open a little shop and take in washing, with sundry other recommendations needless to specify. All this the carrier undertook faithfully to carry out, paying two guineas at first, and keeping the other in reserve against any difficulty that might arise.

"And now," said the commercial traveller, "couldn't we learn something out of this misfortune? We've paid three guineas; let's see if we can't get some'ut out of it for ourselves."

"Don't quite see what ye're driving at," said a little man whose brandy and water had just brought him out of his usual retreat of timid silence.

"Well," proceeded the commercial, "if I'm not mistaken this man might have been alive to-night, and providing for his own wife, instead of leaving her to strangers' gifts. And he might have had five hopeful children growing up around him, and been layin' by something for a rainy day, if it hadn't been for this drink."

"You've no right to be callin' the drink, I'll be bound your one of these teetotalers," retorted the man with the brandy in him. "If they'd only leave the drink alone when they've had enough it'd be all right."

"That's just what Stiff said three years ago to me in this very van," said Ivan, "when we had the van to us two selves, an' I tackled him on the drink. Says he, I'm not one o' your drunken chaps. It's rare an' seldom as I o'ersteps the line, an' I'm not to be tied up like a kennelled dog for that. Better be a kennelled dog, says I, guarding your own wife and children, than a drunken dog, a worryin' them, or a dead dog buried in a drunkard's grave. We talk'd it all o'er, but he was strong. Gee up, Dobbin! thou'lt pass more widows than that to-night."

Dobbin mended his pace, and the team pulled a little harder for half a mile, during which, conversation quickened, and in the course of time it reached the discussion of the shortcomings of teetotalers.

"Well," said the commercial, "I surmise you apply to teetotaler's too strict a rule. A man isn't necessarily a very excellent man because he is teetotal. He may be very stingy and he may be very grinding, and I admit that some of them are so, and ought not to be. But the same may be said of any set of men. Some churchmen, and some dissenters, some tories and some radicals, some freemasons and some oddfellows, are stingy and grinding. But you are not going to set that down to their politics, or their religion, or their club, and you oughtn't to set down teetotalers' faults to their teetotalism."

"That's fair," said Noakes, and as *he* accepted it, everybody else said ditto, especially as Noakes was not a teetotaler, though a sober man. "After all there's a deal of sense in Temperance. I once had a bailiff who was teetotal, and I had another who drank, and I know which was most dependable. There's Richardson at Gorse Farm, he's worked wonders with that awkward batch of land, and he himself, and every man-jack about the place is a water-drinker. I've learnt many a good thing of him."

"Aye," said the commercial traveller, "that's good, but teetotalism doesn't always make a man a good workman, whatsoever his business is. But it lets him be his own clear unclouded self. He can use what wits he's come into the world with, if so be he's got any, and he can be a reasonably decent and respectable man, and may be something better."

"Humph," put in the gardener, "is that all? If any of you gentlemen 'll come to Manor House where I work, and have a talk with our squire, who is a guardian of the poor and a magistrate, and a prison visitor, he'll give you a free invite to go with him to the workhouses, and gaol, and asylum o' this 'ere county. And you'll go from cell to cell, and the prisoners 'll mostly tell you 'I'm locked up here through drink, but I never at first intended to be a drunkard;' and the paupers lots of 'em, and the tramps 'll say pretty much the same; and the doctors at the asylum 'll tell you as there's scores of the lunatics has lost their senses through drink. But you'll not find a prisoner, nor a pauper, nor a lunatic as is there through teetotalism, nor one o' them as got into drunkenness intending to be so. It's such a deceiver, that drink!"

"That's it," broke in Ivan, "I've been along this road thirty odd year, and I've heard (though I don't leak out all I hear) the history and mystery of most o' the break-downs in this part for miles round, and I know for certain that not one in ten of them would have taken place if it hadn't been for drink. I could give you a name (high or low), for near every letter in the alphabet, that's gone down or gone wrong, within fifteen miles of this very spot, through drunkenness, and never one of them intended to become a drunkard. What do you say, Slater?"

"I can't talk about it, but in a heavy heart," said the old shepherd, "I became a teetotaler too late. My son would ha' been a happy man now, if I'd kept him from the drink, but I didn't think—I didn't think. I *know* now. The old book's right; 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is *deceived* thereby is not wise.'"

And now the journey came near its end, and all were busy finding their parcels, or leaving the van; and the conversation died away.

MAGDALEN.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

CHILD of repentance, in the sinful city,
Remorse hath filled thine eyes with blessed tears;
Creature of sin, seeker of earth's false pleasures,
Until thy Saviour's voice fell on thine ears.
Then, as the night doth merge into the morning,
Or, as the clouds into the sunshine roll,
At His blest voice, before His sacred presence,
Into a flood of glory burst thy soul.
Bowed with remorse, penitent, meek, and humble,
Beside the Master's feet thy form we see.
May we thus rise, our sinful fetters breaking,
May we, oh, Magdalen, resemble thee!

Creature of love, how closely thou doth follow
The Mighty Healer through the crowded street,
Touching with trembling hands His sacred garments,
With thy long hair wiping His weary feet.
Beautiful penitent, thy sad tears falling
To bathe the weary way He humbly trod,
Gazing with eyes of love and adoration
Upon the face of Christ, thy Lord, thy God!
Child of devotion, full of holy worship,
Still at the Master's feet thy form we see,
May we thus follow in our Saviour's footsteps,
May we, oh, Magdalen, resemble thee!

Woman of sorrow, by the red cross kneeling,
Where hangs the great Redeemer, bleeding, dying,
Upon thy garments see His life-blood flowing,
Upon thy head His wounded feet are lying.
The debt of sin is paid—the Lamb is slaughtered,
The wondrous sacrifice is now complete.
His dying voice has cried, "'Tis consummated!"
God's mercy and thy soul this moment meet.
Bowed to the dust, prostrate in awful anguish,
Still at the Master's feet thy form we see.
Bathed in His blood, unto the red cross clinging,
May we, oh, Magdalen, resemble thee!

Most glorious saint, in God's eternal city,
For thee the sorrow of remorse is o'er,
Thy soul has passed along death's shadowy portal
To burst in glory on heaven's bless'd shore;
We now behold thee in thy robes of splendour,
Thy voice is raised in anthem pure and sweet,
A crown of glory on those wondrous tresses
That wiped so oft the Saviour's weary feet;
Thrice blessed saint, among the angels singing,
Still at the Master's feet thy form we see.
May we thus pass through death to life immortal,
May we, oh, Magdalen, resemble thee!

Dangerous!

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c.



It was a cold, raw, winter's morning; there was a haze around the red sun which seemed to be making desperate efforts to penetrate the gloom.

The ground seemed as hard as iron, and defied the strongest navvy to make any impression upon it with his pickaxe. Everything out of doors was covered with the pure white frost, and presented a most magnificent appearance.

It was such a morning as rosy-faced school children, and young men and maidens, with healthy lungs and strong muscles, are always glad to meet.

When the ice began to form on the ponds, boys and girls, young men and young women, all set earnestly to work to polish up the long-neglected skates, while many who had never had the pleasure of wearing them could not resist the temptation to become the owners of a bran new pair of these useful articles.

During the frost the grand resort of the inhabitants of the town of Midford was the great pond known as the Swanery; it was usually called a pond, but its size would have fairly entitled it to the higher name of lake.

In the town of Midford the Saturday afternoon holiday was carried out to its fullest extent.

On this particular occasion both the pond itself and the banks were crowded with visitors. Here you would have seen a number of men who seem to start into existence the moment Jack arrives, and always to follow in the wake of his departure; these obliging fellows shouted in one's ear the pleasant information that they would "put on yer skates for a trifle;" some, indeed, were obliging enough to lend an antiquated pair for about half the sum they were worth, while others superintended the roast chestnuts or the hot temperance drinks, both of which were considered excellent friends on a cold day by the inhabitants of Midford. Among those who were warming their hands at the coke fire employed in roasting the chestnuts were two youths, to whom the reader must now pay special attention.

Both were robust in appearance, dressed as ordinary working lads, and both carried a pair of skates.

The elder of the two was Tom Boxer, generally known as "Old Boxer." Why he had been named "old" it is impossible to explain, seeing that the down was only just beginning to appear on his upper lip. But he was old in cunning; "he knew his way about," folks said, and at times exhibited a precocity which was highly amusing. The other was Boxer's sworn friend—Timothy Flagstone—well known among his acquaintances as "a chap who spoke out his mind, and didn't care for anyone."

In some respects Timothy and Boxer were very different. Timothy was fond of books, and generally spent his evenings at the library of the Institute, which a rich cotton merchant had recently presented to the town, while Boxer was more often to be found in the gymnasium. It was a grand sight to see him swinging on the trapeze, or vaulting over the horse. His legs seemed to be made of elastic—no sooner did he touch the ground than up he sprang again, with as much ease as the great Leotard used to fall after flying through the air.

"Are you coming on the ice, Timothy?" asked Tom.

"Yes. I shall just stretch my legs a bit, but I shall not keep on long to-day; I've plenty to do this evening, and so I shall not make myself too tired."

"What an old book-worm you are, Timothy. You'll have writer's cramp in your fingers if you continue writing so much; here, warm your hands and fill your stomach with these hot chestnuts, and then on with your skates man, and let us enter into the fun."

Down they sat on the frozen ground, and helped each other on with their skates.

"Now," said Boxer, as they were about to start; "here, Timothy, have a drop of this, if only for your stomach's sake, like your great ancestor, the friend of Paul;" and he presented to Timothy a flask containing some brandy.

"No, thank you, Boxer. I wish I could persuade you to give up drinking alcohol; you make a mistake if you think brandy will give you warmth on a cold day; you know alcohol has a very dangerous effect on the nerves of the blood vessels."

"Stop! stop!" cried Boxer, in a hurry, "no temperance lecture on the ice, if you please, we'll have that in the class-room; there's a time and a place for all things. Your head is so full of knowledge that you cannot help, on all occasions, trying to impart that knowledge to others."

Boxer was quite right. Timothy seized every occasion, in season and out of season, to make known his particular principles, and especially those on total abstinence, in which careful research had made him an out-and-out believer.

Boxer took a draught of brandy, and then both he and Timothy launched forth on the ice. Boxer was a magnificent skater. He glided along the ice as if he were as light as a feather, or as if the wind wafted him along without any trouble. He could cut an 8 on the ice with the greatest ease; and whereas others tumbled if they attempted to move off the straight line, Boxer could turn and twist about without any difficulty.

Everybody admired Boxer's skating; and since

he generally went at a great rate, most people, who knew his power got out of his way.

In a short time he was out of Timothy's sight, for he, like a good many others, found it exceedingly difficult even to keep his balance.

Far away from where Boxer had started, right on the other side of the Swanery, was a portion of ice that was in a moving condition; here the ice did not reach the bank, and here those in charge, to prevent accidents, had placed a large board, upon which was the word "DANGEROUS" in large letters.

Boxer saw the notice board; he looked at it with an eye of defiance, for there was nothing that he liked to do so much as trespassing where authority said he should not trespass, but at present he had not quite made up his mind to fight against danger on this occasion.

Round and round the lake he went, occasionally catching a glimpse of his friend, Timothy, to whom he gave the name of Timorous, and as often requested him to be a little more venturesome.

But Timothy was quite happy—he knew his powers and kept well within their scope—he didn't feel at all inclined to risk an accident, or the possibility of losing his life, by overstepping the mark; he trembled for Boxer when he saw him continually putting his brandy flask to his mouth, and felt that under the influence of that deceiving spirit he would attempt some feat which would be exceedingly dangerous, and bring about some fearful results. Once he ventured to remonstrate with his friend.

"Tom," he said, kindly and earnestly, "Tom, just stop that brandy drinking, you'll get into some mischief I'm sure; now promise me you'll not drink any more to-day."

"You're an old woman, Timothy," replied Boxer, laughing; "can't a fellow take a little brandy without falling into danger; besides, I am so awfully cold I am obliged to take a drop now and then to keep up the heat."

"Just as I have always said," remarked Timothy to himself, as Boxer skated away, "Just what I have always said, alcohol really makes the drinker colder; it sends the blood into the skin and gives a pleasant feeling of warmth for a few minutes, but the warmth rapidly passing out of the skin, leaves the drinker colder than he was before."

Timothy had read a great deal on this subject. and he was quite convinced that he had come to a right conclusion; as for himself he hardly felt the cold—he had eaten a good dinner of fat pickled pork, and this, like a little furnace in his body, was keeping him warm, and enabling him to bid defiance to Jack Frost.

"What's the matter with that young fool?" said somebody, as Boxer was seen going nearer and nearer to the board marked "DANGEROUS." A little crowd gathered—some called out frantically, "Come back, come back," while others, always pleased with the excitement of danger, clapped their hands and urged on the hazardous skater.

Boxer shot rapidly over the boundary mark; he was instantly on the moving ice—his body could be seen in the dusk of the evening swaying backwards and forwards, it appeared as if the power of maintaining his balance was beyond all calculation; over the treacherous ice he hurried, some foolhardy spectators cheering him, while at the same moment many trembled for his safety.

"Come back, come back," shouted some who could see the ice cracking, "come back this instant," but Boxer was enjoying the feeling of danger too much to attempt any return; he took out his brandy flask once more, and was just applying it to his lips, when a fearful crash was heard, followed by loud screams and splashing of water. Boxer had gone down beneath the ice and with him a number of others who had ventured too near the dangerous part.

There was dreadful confusion for a minute. When order was restored, willing hands soon set to work; a ladder was placed over the hole in the ice, and in a short time all were rescued.

Poor Boxer suffered most of all; he had gone down right under the ice, and it was only with great difficulty that he was rescued. A severe cold was the result; in fact it was only the excellent nursing of a good mother that prevented him having rheumatic fever.

A short time after, when Timothy was standing by the bed-side of Tom, he said: "Tom, you know how much I love you, old fellow; I shall trespass on my affection to ask you one question."

"Say it out, Timothy; don't be afraid to say what you like to me, I can bear it now."

"Well, then, for the future I hope you will keep out of danger."

"Yes, I will endeavour to do so; and to show you that I am really in earnest, I mean to follow your example, and become an abstainer. So give me the pen and ink, you will find it in my writing desk; and let's have that pledge book you have in your pocket; I mean to be on the right side now."

"And, Tom, you won't believe any more that alcoholic liquors will make you warm on a cold day?"

"No, I should think not. I shall believe that alcohol is a deceiving old monster leading us all into danger—that's what I'll believe; it's all nonsense about alcohol keeping a man warm, I'll have no more of it."

"No, Tom," replied Timothy, "it is an old superstition which is rapidly dying out. Alcohol has no power to create warmth. In all kinds of alcoholic drinks there is not a single particle of fat, and you know fatty foods are the best to eat in winter time; besides this, alcohol prevents the oxygen of the air burning up the worn-out tissues in the blood; and no doubt you have read that this burning produces warmth."

"And worse than that, Timothy, alcohol makes a man do things he would never think of doing if he were perfectly sober. I am certain if I had not taken the brandy I should never have ventured on the dangerous part of the ice. I wish I had taken your advice, Timothy, at first."

"Well, never mind, old fellow; thank God you are alive, and, I hope, determined to keep your pledge."

"Never fear. Good night; and thank you for coming to see me."

"SEMPER EADEM."

By J. G. Tolton.



IT might become tedious if I followed out the history of this device, or sought to discover who invented the motto, and why. It is by no means of modern manufacture, for 300 years ago the inscription was a well-known one.

In reference to this, in Lord Macaulay's lay, "The Spanish Armada," we read—

"Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight;
Ho! scatter flowers fair maids;
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute;
Ho! gallants, draw your blades;
Thou sun, shine on her gloriously—
Ye breezes, waft her wide:
Our glorious Semper Eadem—
The banner of our pride!"

The ancient borough of Leicester rejoices in this proud title, "Semper Eadem"—"Always the same." In several particulars this device is not appropriate to the town which has selected it. Many inhabitants are living who can remember the population being under 50,000. It has now reached nearly 200,000. Time was when the town had no public park. Now there are several. The race meeting has been removed from the precincts of the borough, preparatory, we hope, to its total abolition. In many ways the town is not *always the same*, but the alterations are marked improvements. We do not wish towns and cities to remain unaltered and unimproved. Does anybody? We occasionally hear parents expressing a wish that their children had always remained babes; but if the babes could be made to understand the proposal, would their vote go with the "Semper Eadem?" We believe not. Boys will be boys! This is one of those charitable ejaculations which go to cover a multitude of sins. But boys are not to be boys for ever. Yet some men are children yet, childish in every respect but in size and weight. In the nursery we sometimes see a baby-boy crying because he has caught sight of his father's razor, and wants it. He is not to have it, but can't think why. So the poor little thing thrusts his tiny fists into his eyes and distresses himself considerably. Elsewhere we read of a king who went home and wept, with his face to the wall, because he could not have a vine-yard which belonged to another. This king, grown up though he was, could have appropriately adopted the device, "ever the same"—"always a baby." Of the same class was the Roman Emperor, whose chief accomplishment was that of catching flies. Boys may and will chase butterflies; but what man craves the reputation of being a champion fly-catcher? Surely, this is not our ambition. We are prepared, I hope, to put away childish things when we cease to be children. For a large proportion of the sins and miseries which afflict the world are the direct consequences of this continued weakness. Men and women have not all learned to be manly, and so fall into all manner of snares. Like the infant, they must have whatever they see, for no other reason than that they should like it. It is sometimes easier to say yes than no. They who are babes yet can only do the easy thing, so they become entrapped into evil habit, and go on to tread "the primrose path to everlasting bonfire."

These words of Shakspere are not too strong to express what is the evil influence of the demon strong drink. Many a slave to the cup would pass through actual fire if a glass of whiskey was to be had on the other side. What a poor, weak will such a man must have.

A man, especially a young man who has his way to make, should, at the commencement, acquire the power to say No! when that is the only word that ought to be uttered.

Then the motto, "Semper Eadem," would be a crown of glory. His face will be set like a flint, not only against strong drink but against evil in every form. He will not look upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup. He will turn away his eyes from beholding vanity. But all this is on the negative side only.

The lines from Macaulay's "Spanish Armada" have a military ring about them. "Semper Eadem" is the motto of a soldier. He ever endures hardness, and counts it glory to eschew beds of downy ease, and find his couch on tented field, with nothing softer for a pillow than his knapsack. He is ever ready at the call of duty, and always reliable in his manner of obeying the call. He wastes no time in discussing the plan of battle, or arguing about orders. He obeys. He acts. What a desirable character for one to have! Reliable. For people to say of you, "You can depend upon him." Casabianca on the burning deck, John Maynard at the helm of the ship on fire, and thousands of others, whose names poets have not caught up have illustrated this principle of constancy, and have made the world better by their example.

How much more smoothly the wheels of life would revolve if the majority of people were "ever the same," and without exception could be depended upon. What a reduction of irritability there would be! What a diminution of hasty words, and perhaps of profanity! Taking the motto in the best sense, no better epitaph could be found for an Englishman, young or old, rich or poor, so long as he was on the right track.

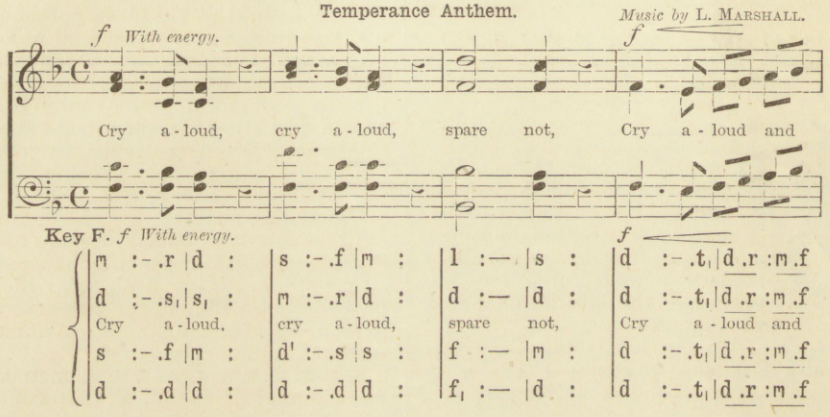
"Our glorious Semper Eadem—
The banner of our pride."

"I can see nothing in the action of Alcohol in the human body in any case or at any time but that of a paralyser."—*Dr. J. Edwards.*

CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT.

Temperance Anthem.

Music by L. MARSHALL.



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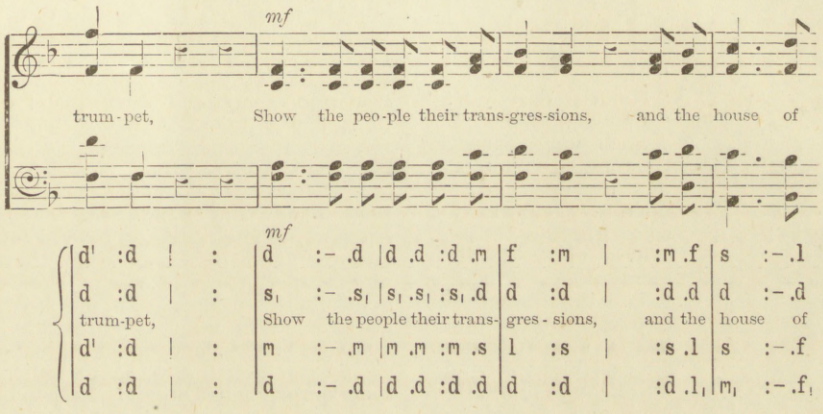
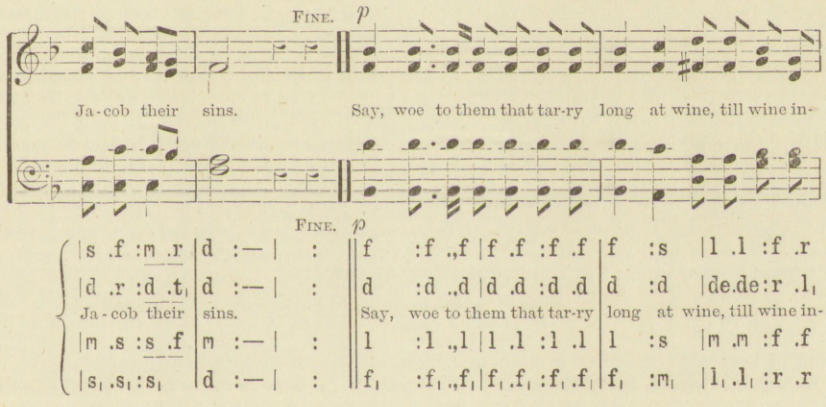
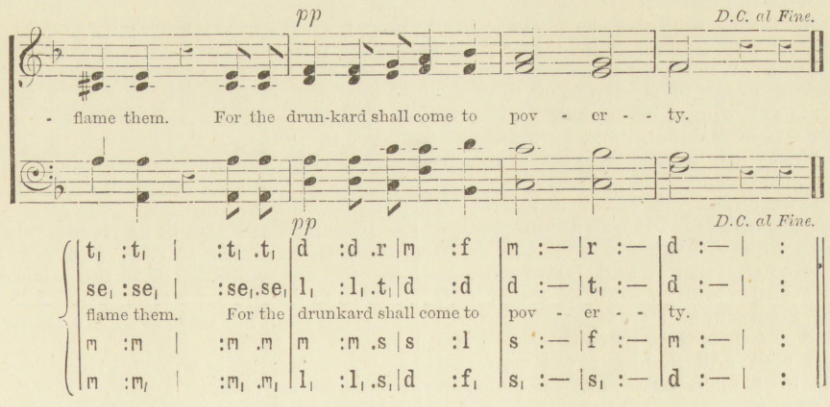






Fighting the Fire-Fiend.

By Old Cornish.



"FIGHTING the fire-fiend!" "Forty miles of flame!" "Houses wrecked!" "Homes deserted!" "Families ruined!"

Such were some of the announcements that met my eye and fell upon my ear during my sojourn in New Zealand, more than twelve months ago. And the painful intelligence sent a pang through other hearts than my own, for east and west, and north and south, the kind and considerate colonials were concerned about their less fortunate brethren, who for many a day had been fighting the forest fire.

For weeks the weather had been uncommonly hot. For months little or no rain had fallen upon the famished ground. The great hungry heavens looked down upon a greedy world, and the great flaming sun, unopposed by a cloud, raced its resistless round, as if with its burning heat it would consume the fevered earth. Upland and plain, hill-side and vale, mountain and marsh—all seemed scorched and dried by the summer's sun, and nowhere could the eye rest upon a blade of grass, or a patch of green, so as to relieve the dull, dead monotony of the landscape, whilst the very air sent forth a suffocating heat, as if every hill were a volcano, and the hard iron roads were composed of the red hot cinders belched from the crater's mouth.

It was under such circumstances as these that the fire ran its terrific course. How it originated no one could tell. Whether it was caused by the careless casting away of a match, or the accidental fall of a spark upon inflammable material, or whether it was occasioned by the intense heat of the sun setting fire to the long dry grass, no one could say. In fact, no one seemed concerned to know; all were anxious about a matter of much greater importance. It was not so much a question as to how did the fire originate, as to where will it end. Hearth and home were in danger, stock and children were at stake, land and life were involved, and so intensely anxious were all about the fire, that there rushed to the rescue young men and maidens, old men and children, all bent upon subduing the common enemy—the flame.

But still the fire burned—burned its terrific course, and it required all the energy and strength of the strongest men to cope with the devouring flames. Here it rushed along the ground, lapping with its red-hot tongue the herbage that the cattle should have eaten, and there it leaped upon hut and home, wrapping in its great fiery arms the patriarch of the family and the baby that was but recently born. Now it would creep stealthily amid the ruins, as if the dead, dry stubble presented an attitude of the most uncompromising resistance, and again it would rush and roar, as if it would carry everything before it, when aided by the winds it would fling its great firebrands about, and swish-sh-sh! would go the long, dry grass, and whew-ew-ew! would rush the roaring cataract of flame, until the country round would blaze like a beacon fire.

Truly there are few things more to be dreaded than flame; and happily for us in dear old England we know little or nothing of those sad and singular experiences which they are sometimes called to endure who have made their homes in the sunny isles of the south. We are accustomed to think it a calamity should one house be on fire, and a still greater calamity should one life fall a victim to the flames. But think of forty miles of fire! And conceive, if you can, of the destruction not of one homestead, but of many. And as you cast your eyes forth over the great grimy landscape, through which the fire has sluiced its floods of flame, let your hearts go up in humble, but earnest thanksgiving to God that you have not been called to suffer such a serious calamity, and that your happy homestead has not been enveloped in the flame.

Such at least were the feelings of my heart as I swept past the district where so much wreckage had been wrought; and entering into a conversation with a fellow passenger, I realised more fully than ever the ruin that had been occasioned by the fire.

"A very serious business, this," said I, as I pointed in the direction of the flames.

"*Very*," was the laconic, but emphatic, reply.

"I am afraid it will be found that many have sustained a very serious loss," I continued, hoping to elicit some further conversation from the son of the soil.

"Loss!" he exclaimed; "aye, loss enough, sir. It is a bitter loss to many, and also to *me*."

"Indeed! then have you suffered, my man?" I sympathetically said.

"Suffered! Aye, more than that, sir," he replied. "House and homestead are gone; but, thank God, wife and baby are spared," and the great stalwart man brushed aside the tear that was trembling in his eye.

Fearing lest I should be trespassing upon the sacredness of his sorrow, and not wishing to intrude my sympathy upon the sufferer, we journeyed in silence for a time, when at length I was aroused from my reverie by my fellow traveller's remark—

"Aye, sir, fire is a fearful thing!"

"It is, my man," I said, "it is." And then wishing to become acquainted with a few more particulars respecting the disaster that had swept the country's side, I asked: "How did it originate? And to what extent has it spread?"

"Originate?" he replied; "don't know. Spread?" Why, forty miles or more!"

"Then how did you manage to arrest the flames?" I enquired. "How did you manage to extinguish the fire?"

"Why, sir," he exclaimed, leaping off his seat, "I fought the fiend with fire. For two whole days I was battling with the flames. And, thank God, I cut off the connection, and so put an end to the fight."

"Cut off the connection! Cut off the connection!" I murmured to myself; "ah, that's it." And with the gush and glow that came of a happy thought: "I would to God," I exclaimed, "that all connection with the fire-fiend drink could be so easily cut!" And thinking of my dear old island home, my native land, I sat and longed for the time when all connection with the drink should cease—when the fire-fiend that is ruining so many homes, wrecking so many lives, should be arrested in its course, and when, from one end of England to another, there should not be found so much as a remnant of the ruin that has been wrought through the use of intoxicating drink.

I thought of my young friend P——, the lad who had sat with me at the same desk at school. He was, indeed, a bright, intelligent youth, and for a time occupied an excellent position in the Church and the world. But, alas! he became a slave to the bottle, and the last I heard of him he was a tramp upon the streets of London without a shoe to his feet.

I thought of poor A——, trained in a godly home, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, became an able and eloquent minister of the Gospel of Christ, but who, giving way to his appetite for gin, was picked up by the police, and taken to the prison cell, where he was found one morning dead on his knees.

I thought of young H——, with whom for two long and painful years I was associated in Christian work, but who, yielding to the brandy-bottle, professedly for the benefit of his heart, was last seen tramping the streets of Glasgow with two of his bonny little boys at his side, singing as best they could for a supper and a bed—and who was at length found in one of the public-houses of that city a corpse, having died by his own hands!

Aye, I thought of these, as I sat in presence of my hero of the hour; and catching sight of the scorched hands of my traveller, which told as nothing else could ever do of his risk to life and limb to save his wife and baby from the fiercest fire, I said: "Would to God that the fathers of England would do for their children what that man did for his. Would to heaven that both fathers and mothers would stand between their children and the glass, and know that from henceforth and for ever no child of their's shall be exposed to the demon drink!"

And why not? Aye, why not? Is it too much to ask that parents pledge themselves to this? Is land more valuable than lives? Are the forest fires of New Zealand more to be dreaded than the drink-fiend of old England? And is so much to be risked out there, and little or nothing to be done here at home, where it is not so much a question of stock as of souls—not so much a consideration of herbs as of hearts and homes that are being wrecked?

Parents, guardians, ministers, Sunday School teachers—all who are interested in the young—I beseech you, in God's name, and in Christ's stead, save them from the drink. Know ye not that the demon of intemperance is at our doors. Know ye not that the casino, the club, the concert-hall, the dancing saloon, and the public-house—those houses of ill-fame—are all aflame with the drink, and many a virtuous youth and innocent girl may become entangled by the enticement, and hurled into the blackness and darkness of intemperance for ever. For God's sake arise, and cut off the connection. Begin at the home; banish drink from the dwelling. See that there be no connection with it and the public-house. Be as eager to save the children from the fire-fiend of drink as you would from the fire-flames of hell; and may God keep you in the great battle of right against wrong..

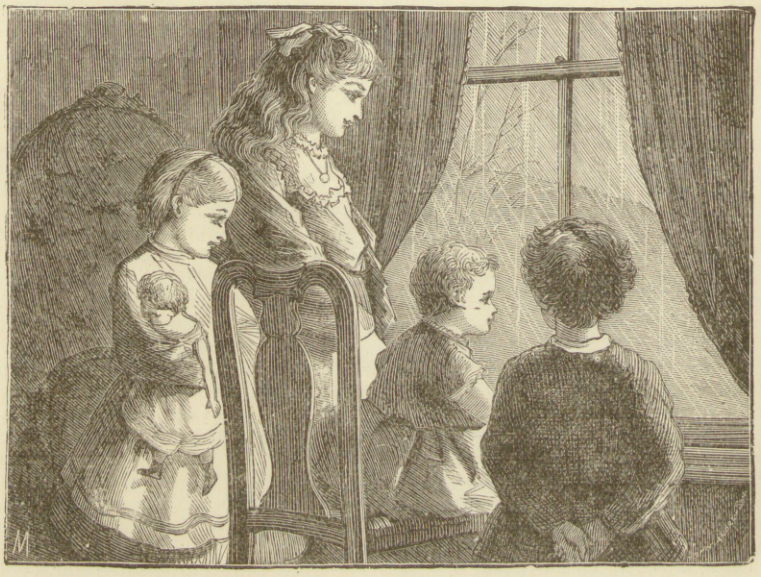
Fighting the fire-fiend—
God bids us fight;
Fighting the fire-fiend,
For Christ and right.

Fighting the fire-fiend—
The demon drink!
Fighting the fire-fiend
To death's dark brink.

Fighting the fire-fiend—
Good reason why;
Fighting the fire-fiend,
Fight till we die.

Fighting the fire-fiend—
Hell's fiercest pow'rs;
Fighting the fire-fiend,
Vict'ry is ours.





MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

By Uncle Ben.



THESE four children and the dolly had been invited out, if fine, to spend the day in the country. Now this was a great treat, and had long been looked forward to with much pleasure. For they were to go to their aunt's who had a farm at Hirstbeck, where they would have fine fun with their cousins and all the live stock of the farmyard. But on the morning of the appointed day down came the rain, "just as if on purpose," the children said, "to keep them at home."

They had all got up early, and were full of hope that, although it was dull and cloudy, yet it might hold up and the rain keep off until after their uncle came to fetch them in his light dog-cart. Directly breakfast was over the children went to the window to wait and watch, then it began to rain a little slowly, and they hoped it would clear off, or "perhaps it did not rain at Hirstbeck," but it had begun to rain out in that district of the county even before a drop had fallen in the town. Bye-and-bye the rain steadily increased, until it became a soaking downpour; even then the children did not like to give up hope. The strength of their desire made them believe it was going to leave off every few minutes.

"Oh, look! I do think it's just going to give over. I am sure it rains a little less than it did a few minutes ago," said Fred.

"No, no!" said the eldest sister, "it pours as if it could not help it; down it comes. I think it seems to be coming faster than ever."

Bye-and-bye their mother came in and said, "You see, my dear children, there is no doubt about it now, you cannot go. I would rather see it rain like this because it settles the matter. I am very sorry for your disappointment. I know it's very hard to bear, but you must make the best of it, and remember you have not lost the treat of going to Hirstbeck, you will only have to look forward to the pleasure a little longer."

Janie said to her dolly, "I must comfort you, my own pet, I know just how you feel, as if you could be ever so cross and cry ever so much; but, dolly, we must make the best of it, as mother says."

Little Bob, who sat on the big chair gazing

hard at the raindrops, kept on repeating—

"Dain, dain, doe away,
And tom another day.
Dain, dain, doe to Spain,
And do not tom again

Harry, who had been watching the unceasing downpour with his hands behind his back, said—"Boys don't mind the rain, and if we had been all boys uncle would have fetched us by now," with that he began to cry.

"Oh, Harry," said his mother, "this is silly to cry at the rain when you said boys don't mind the rain."

"I am not crying at the rain, mother, but because we ain't all boys, and because I'm disappointed," replied Harry.

Then said the eldest girl, "I am sorry, but let us try to do as mother says, and make the best of this disappointment."

"There are some old numbers of the *Graphic*, and an old Christmas copy of the *Illustrated London News*. Now, if you cut up the pictures and cut out the figures you may make a good many funny scenes, then paste them into a book I have, and try and do it to-day, then to-morrow you may take and give it to the painter's little child that has the diseased hip and cannot run about," said the mother.

At once they all set about this happy task with good will and industry. They were so interested in their occupation, and so anxious to get it done in the day, that they had hardly time for their meals, much less to think about the rain, and so quite forgot their disappointment in their zeal to finish the scrap-book for the painter's cripple boy. They had to sit up rather late, but all the work was done before they said "Good night" and went off to bed.

The next day they all went to see the little sufferer, and take him the newly-made picture book. When he saw his unexpected present he was filled with joy, and as he lay smiling and laughing with delight was hardly able to say a word for very pleasure. The tears came into his mother's eyes as she thanked the four visitors for their kind gift, and said—

"It was just the very thing he was awanting, because the doctor says he mustn't move about, and it's hard to keep him still adoing nothing." Then, turning to the thin face lying on a hard sofa, she said—"Isn't it good of God to send you such a beautiful treasure?"

As they walked home, Harry said to his mother, "It wasn't God who gave Tommy Gritson that scrap-book; we did it."

But his mother replied, "Don't you see God sent the rain yesterday, and so you could not go to Hirstbeck, and God put it into my head to think of it just to help you over the disappointment, and make the best of a dull and rainy day."

And so the hand and heart of love can turn our disappointments into opportunities of service, and our dark days can be made radiant with blessings for others, and by thus making the best of our troubles we shall add to the memory of those divine influences which can in no wise lose their reward.

TOAKA.

By Rev. C. T. Price.



IT may not be generally known that one of the chief hindrances to the gospel in Madagascar is, as in England also, the drink. In the towns and villages on the coast, a coarse brown rum is imported from the neighbouring British colony of Mauritius, or from the French colony of Réunion. But, in many parts of the interior also, although there is very little imported rum to be seen, the natives make a substitute for it themselves. They cultivate the sugar-cane chiefly for this purpose. The cane is crushed between wooden rollers, and the juice extracted is distilled in rude, sun-dried earthenware retorts, the product being a smoky and colourless liquid, sometimes of great intoxicating power, called *toaka*.*

The practice of *toaka*-making is more prevalent in some parts of the country than in others. There are whole districts to be found where the local chieftains or other persons in authority have been wise enough to forbid the planting of sugar-cane for rum, or blessedly ignorant of the way to distil it. For you must understand that in Madagascar such a thing as moderate drinking is all but unknown. In the common speech of the people a drunkard is simply a "drinker of rum," and a man who is not a drunkard is, with them, invariably a teetotaler. There is no middle course. One of the worst places for drunkenness is the province of the Sihanaka people, about 100 miles north of Antananarivo, the capital and the centre of the island. This province, which is about 35 miles long by 15 wide, consists chiefly of marshy land, shut in by hills, and enclosing the largest remaining lake in Madagascar, the Lake

*Pronounce *too-ah-kah*, with the accent on the first syllable.

Alaotra, which measures 25 miles by 6. The province is rich in resources. The finest cattle in the country are bred and pastured here. Rice—the bread of the Malagasy—is grown, and fishing in the lake is another source of food supply. Last, but by no means least, the *toaka* or rum forms a great source of wealth to many. The number of distilleries, were reliable returns available, would probably astonish even those who are familiar with the country, and there are very few villages where there may not be found at least one wretched-looking shed, which, by its evil odour, is quickly known to be the rum-maker's. A native of the island, though not of this particular province, says of the unconverted *Sihanaka*, who, at present form the majority, "They are excessively superstitious and still trust in charms; they pray to the dead at their graves; they still live in open immorality; they love strong drink and are fond of stealing."

If admonished to give up rum-drinking they reply, "That was the drink of our forefathers, and it can never be abolished." Whatever work of importance they undertake, it is followed by the drinking of rum, which is taken neat, without any water, and in quantities which would alarm even a British tar—half a gallon (costing about fourpence) of their strongest *toaka* in one evening. Thus, after feeding the cattle they always drink rum; when returning from work in the rice-fields or paddling their canoes on the lake; when visiting friends after the birth of a child, or sacrificing to their ancestors in fulfilment of a vow; when borrowing a number of their neighbours' slaves for some special work, or on return from a distant town, they drink the rum. On divorcing a wife, after a funeral, and especially during the interval between the death and burial of a relation, the rum is drunk almost incessantly. When going out of mourning for the dead, when entertaining parents-in-law, or children-in-law; at marriage feasts; when presenting rice to children newly-betrothed, and especially when visited by friends from a distance, they will continue drinking for more than a week, many husbands absenting themselves from their homes until the wild carousals are over. A *Sihanaka* who was once asked to join the Total Abstinence Society replied: "Unless the whole of the sugar-cane be destroyed, I shall not give up the rum, for it was the drink of my forefathers."

But although the custom has taken so firm a hold of the people, King *Toaka* has not lately had things all his own way, even among the *Sihanaka*. The Rev. E. H. Stribling (to whom we are largely indebted for the statement of facts embodied in this paper), with Mr. J. G. Mackay has attacked the giant with the weapon of teetotalism, and a Total Abstinence Society, founded only in 1888, enrolled 619 members during the first 18 months of its career.

At the chief town of the province, a place called Ambatondrazaka, there is an immense open-air market held every Saturday. Close to the market there is a rush building, with low walls on three sides (so that people can hear what is going on inside without entering), which is used as a preaching-hall. And here, at 7 o'clock, every Saturday morning, something very like a Gospel Temperance meeting is held before the business of the market begins in earnest. A lively hymn or two is sung, led by the school-boys, and accompanied by a harmonium, prayer is offered, the 136th Psalm is used, the people joining in the response with each verse, "For His mercy endureth for ever," and then the lads give a short dialogue taken from a leaflet issued by the mission-press in the capital, and entitled "A hundred questions, each answered by one word."

"What is made with most of the sugar-cane in this land?" cries out one of the boys on the platform in a quick, shrill voice, and instantly he is answered by a shout of TOAKA! accompanied by a loud clap of the hands. "What is that which will prevent those who love it from entering heaven?" This is answered by the same word, shouted by many voices, and followed by many a heavy sigh, TOAKA! Another shrill voice is now heard shouting, "What is that which shortens the days of those who drink it?" With a native click of the tongue expressing sorrow, the answer is again given, TOAKA! "What is that which even pigs will not drink. and yet which kills so many people?" And with a fierce, heavy stamp of the feet a general shout of TOAKA! is once more given. The dialogue is continued, and as the people listen to the replies some of them may be heard saying softly, "That is true," though others only laugh or make a joke of the "*Anti-toaka* dialogue." At a recent Temperance meeting, a British trader from Mauritius was so struck with the earnest and intelligent address of a native evangelist that he is said to have declared 'After hearing that, I will not sell any more of the rum."

May the day soon come when all those who make or buy or sell the instruments of their brother's destruction, shall remember that they are their brother's keeper, and go and do likewise. Owing to the number of "accidents" with revolvers, it is proposed to restrict the sale of fire-arms in this country. But if revolvers have slain their thousands, the deadly weapon of strong drink has slain its tens of thousands. Is it not time the axe was laid at the root of the tree and the sale of the worst kind of "fire-arms" forbidden to those who cannot use them with safety to themselves and others?

——:o:——

BEER, wine, and spirits are neither useful nor economical as food; they depend for their popular use on their stimulating properties, which are due to the alcohol they contain, and which vary in degree according to the quantity of alcohol. The testimony of all the great authorities who have lately had the opportunity of observing its affects on masses of men exposed to excessive cold or heat, and on those who are required to exert great and continuous labour, is decidedly against the use of these stimulants." —*Buckmaster's "Physiology."*



THE DICKY BIRD SOCIETY.

THIS society is something like the "Band of Mercy," its intention is to inculcate kindness to birds, and gentleness towards the whole animal creation. The founder is Mr. W. E. Adams, the editor of a weekly newspaper at Newcastle-on-Tyne, who, in 1876, commenced to establish a simple organisation among children for the purpose of training and helping young people to show care and humanity to dumb animals.

The society is conducted by Mr. Adams through the columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* under the *nom de plume* of Uncle Toby.

The object of the Society is to banish cruelty and establish kindness. This simple object is carried out by means of a promise on the part of every child who joins to be "kind to all living things, to feed the birds in winter, never to take or destroy a nest, and to try and obtain other members for the Society."

There is no expense connected with membership, it is free and open to all. Admission is obtained by writing to Uncle Toby, expressing a wish to become a member. When the promise is given a register of the names is kept and entered in Uncle Toby's "big book," a vast volume, which has been several times exhibited in Newcastle, to the wonder of many beholders, and now contains more than 200,000 names.

Four years ago, when the Dicky Bird Society reached 100,000 members, a great demonstration was held by the children to commemorate the event. A great procession, with bands and banners, was formed, which marched through the streets to the largest building in the town, which was twice filled with the juvenile members, who listened to speeches in honour of the occasion. Since then Lord Tennyson and Mr. Ruskin have, with many other distinguished persons, become patrons of the Society.

Two years ago Uncle Toby asked the members if they would like to join and help him at Christmas time to give pleasure to the less fortunate and happy children in our workhouses and orphan asylums. So successful was the response to this invitation that over 7,700 toys of all sorts were sent, and for two days exhibited in the Academy of Arts at Newcastle, and visited by crowds of people both young and old. Then with a band of workers, all the presents were packed up and sent off to the various institutions who had supplied lists of the ages and names of the children under their care.

The next year the gifts numbered over 13,500, and 30,000 persons passed through the rooms during the two days they were exhibited to the public.

This year the work has been on a still larger scale, and it is a beautiful illustration of what the spirit of love can do. May the Dicky Bird Society go on and prosper and carry its message of peace and love far and wide, until gentleness to all living things, weak and helpless, shall rule and reign in the hearts of the children of England.

Pebbles and Pearls.

"KEPT."—I. Peter i. 5.

"Kept," such a restful thought;
For the battle is often strong,
And I know, if left to myself,
I could not hold out long.

But "kept" in His mighty arms,
I have really nought to fear,
And whenever my courage fails
He whispers words of cheer.

"Kept," yes, and not for a day,
But "kept" quite safe to the end;
Oh! 'tis sweet, though passing strange,
To have so sure a friend.

So "kept" for the Master's use,
And "kept" by His mighty power;
"Kept," too, from the world's false smiles,
"Kept" in temptation's hour.

"Kept," not for the good in me,
But all through His wondrous love,
"Kept" safe in the fold down here,
Then "kept" for aye above.—S.D.

NINETY-SEVEN per cent. of the men belonging to the Nonconformist Theological Colleges are abstainers.

"ONLY a fraction of the crime and misery of the country arises from deliberate wickedness or irresistible temptation. The great sources of crime are drink and ignorance."—*Sir John Lubbock.*

OLD LADY: "I'd like to buy some plasters, young fellow." Drug Clerk: "Yes, ma'am; porous?" Old lady: "Do you s'pose I want to ketch me death o' cold? Let's see yer winter styles."

TRAVELLER: "How far is it to the next town, Johnny?" Farmer's Boy: "How'd you know my name was Johnny?" Traveller: "Oh! I guessed it." Farmer's Boy: "Weel, if you're so good at guessin', guess how far it is to the next town."

A NOSE BIGGER THAN WELLINGTON'S.— Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, has a nose of such dimensions that it is made as much of in the Dominion as Mr. Gladstone's shirt-collars are here. When he was being shaved the other day a friend strolled in. Quoth he, "I suppose, Sir John, the barber is the only man in Canada who can take you by the nose with impunity?" "Yes," replied Canada's Grand Old Man, "and he has got his hands full!"

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.—It is a splendid thing to "rescue the perishing," but it is a better to preserve them from perishing. God forbid that we should relax a single effort to reclaim the drunkard; but it is a far easier and far more hopeful work to take hold of the tendril life, and try to train it before it has run to weed—to mould the child for Christ before it has been thrown into the fire of blasphemy, and drink, and vice, to come out a black cinder.—*Canon Fleming.*

A LITTLE girl was walking with her mother in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, at Paris, and reading one after another the praises upon the tombs of those who slept beneath, suddenly exclaimed, "I wonder where they bury all the sinners?"

ALTHOUGH Dr. Johnson had, or professed to have, a profound contempt for actors, he succeeded in comporting himself towards Mrs. Siddons with great politeness; and once, when she called to see him at Bolt Court, and his servant could not immediately furnish her with a chair, the doctor said: "You see, madam, that wherever you go there are no seats to be got."

THE following significant statistics are taken from a foreign medical journal of high standing, compiled by Dr. Paul Tarnowsky. The parentage of many hundreds of women leading immoral lives was inquired into, and it was found that by far the largest percentage of such women had *drunken* parents.

MINISTERIAL CONSISTENCY.—The following incident is true, and occurred recently in a street in Glasgow. A lady, walking behind two message boys, overheard their conversation, and, as the minister (whose name I leave blank) was well-known to her, it had a double interest. "Alick, are ye gaun to the Band of Hope meeting the nicht?" "Nae, I'm no gaun, it's to be Mr. ——, and I tak' him his beer."

ONLY WATER.—In Napoleon's celebrated retreat from Moscow, Count de Quickville was one of the few officers who survived that expedition; he stated that he attributed his fortunate escape in a great measure to his having never drunk any intoxicating drinks during the retreat, but only water.

AT the quarterly meeting of the British Medical Temperance Association just held in London, Dr. Drysdale brought forward various statistics in support of the statement that total abstainers on the average live longer and have less sickness. Among other things he instanced several Accident Insurance Companies who accept total abstainers at lower rates or return them a larger bonus. The secretary of one of them had written to say that the reason why they were able to do this was not so much because abstainers had fewer accidents as because it was found that they recovered more quickly, and so did not draw so much out of the Company's funds.

A WISE DOCTOR.—Dr. Nichols, of Longford, in his report for 865 (as medical officer at the Longford Poor Law Union), gives the following cases in the Union Workhouse treated without intoxicating drink:—

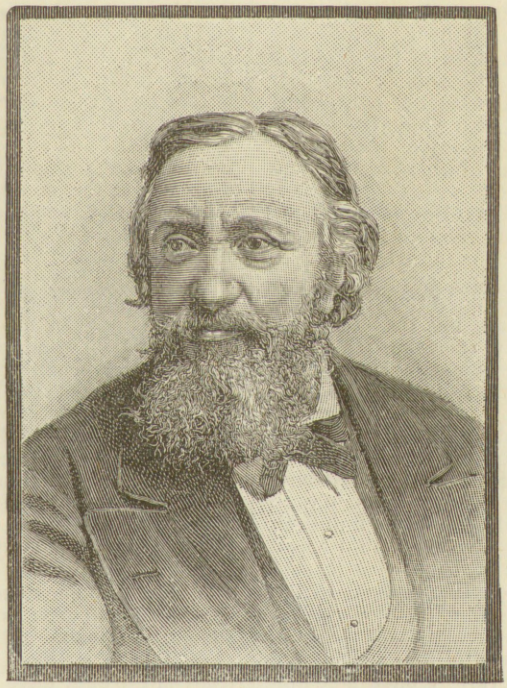
	Cases.	Recovered.	Died.
Scarletina	33	30	3
Small Pox	48	47	1
Measles	8	8	0
Fever	142	135	7

In his report the doctor says: "I continue the non-alcoholic treatment, which for the last eighteen years I have found most successful."

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

By Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi, of Wimborne.

I was quite a small boy when the name of Benjamin Ward Richardson first attracted my attention, and I heard a great deal of his laborious researches, not directly, that is I did not read his papers myself, but I became familiar with his name from articles in good class magazines, which went more or less fully into his discoveries; for in all that this distinguished man has done there is something popular, something intelligible to the educated lay public. Several years passed, and I found myself engaged studying medicine; and then, again, I often heard the familiar name of teetotal gatherings, and speaking at them, I was frequently asked what I thought of him and his works, especially of those now famous Cantor Lectures. I can remember, as though only yesterday, the impression made by those addresses before the Society of Arts, and the comments which I heard. One friend would remark, "the best book ever written;" another would exclaim, "the worst I have ever read;" a third would object, "not a statement of Richardson's will bear the light of day;" a fourth would observe, "he has settled the question for



Richardson as that of an able original investigator. When his ether spray method of obtaining immunity from pain became first known, I repeatedly saw it practised, and heard it well spoken of. Time wore on, and I went to London, Dublin, and Oxford, and finally I set up in practice in Birmingham, and still the name of Richardson was often in my ears, but pray understand, not as a temperance advocate, but as that of a distinguished scientific worker and original investigator. But ether and other narcotics have much in common with alcohol, and one day I learnt that the Cantor Lectures of the subject of my little article were attracting much attention, and as I was at that time constantly attending

ever; he has put it on an assured basis, and his researches are the commencement of a new era." These, observe, were not the comments of temperance advocates, but of medical and scientific men far more competent to judge. As for abstainers — they were curious to know who Richardson was, and what he was earning, and then to be told something as to the value of his conclusions. Had I not been so young and inexperienced I should have learnt a useful lesson, and should have seen that the value of a supporter's services is rated in most circles according to his social position and reputed income. Perhaps the sharpest, bitterest, cruellest things I ever listened to were uttered by total abstainers, and I

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was frequently informed that Richardson had taken up temperance to make money by it, and to bring himself before the public, as if he needed greater popularity, and that all his work was second hand, while he was not extending our knowledge. In sober truth, the greater his distinction as a teetotal advocate and speaker, the smaller would be his professional and literary earnings; while no general popularity would ever reward him for his temperance labours; indeed, I find that the younger generation of temperance workers only know him as a teetotal speaker and writer—all his vast scientific labours, his wonderful discoveries, his innumerable honours are ignored, and I am constantly told, even by clergymen and other persons, who would be indignant were they not allowed to be highly educated and well abreast of modern thought—"Really I did not know that Richardson was a man of mark except on teetotalism, you positively surprise me."

Time went on, and at last I heard him lecture in Birmingham, in the Theatre of the Midland Institute, on the Jews. The subject does not greatly interest me; but I could not help being greatly struck by the care with which the matter had been prepared, and by many of the learned lecturer's conclusions, to all of which great attention has since been directed.

Once more I met him at Bournemouth, in March, 1882, when he was giving a temperance address in the Winter Gardens; a better reasoned out and more telling speech I never heard; of course, many people complained that it was not as rousing as they expected, but they had tied the lecturer down to dry scientific facts, and there never yet lived a man who could treat them in the slashing, energetic, random fashion in which Mr. Basil Wilberforce, for instance, disposes of his subjects; no doubt the latter method to an uneducated audience is far more effective, but those who want stern facts and figures, something to carry away and ponder over, do not go to Wilberforce for them, although they find both in Richardson's speeches. Once, again, I heard him at Croydon, there was the same close reasoning and cautiousness, the same appeal to the intellect rather than to the emotions. But Richardson is not merely great on the temperance platform, he is as skilful and thorough a physician as any in the world. I once met him in Town, when his opinion was much needed on a critical and difficult point, and though he came to it wholly ignorant of the particulars, nothing could surpass the scrupulous honesty and thoroughness with which he discharged his duties. This was all the more conspicuous, for the father of the young lady whom he had been asked to report upon, subsequently took her to other eminent practitioners, and I could not help being struck by the exceeding superiority of Richardson's methods, and by his greater care and thoroughness, and better judgment. If Richardson is not earning as much from his profession as some other men, it may be that he has given too much time to temperance and original research; had he done less for teetotalism and the world in general, wealthy patients might value at a higher figure the opinion of one whose lightest word carries weight. Since then I have had other opportunities of seeing and hearing much of his professional skill, and I should not find it easy to call to mind anyone whose professional opinion I should equally value, indeed, were I ill, and did I require to consult a man, whose knowledge, integrity, and ripe unfailing judgment I could implicitly depend upon, I cannot think of anyone whose claims would weigh with his, although I am not a stranger to many of the greatest physicians and surgeons of the day.

Last summer and autumn Dr. Richardson and his family took a house at Swanage, and then I had an opportunity of seeing him in private life, a wholly different matter from knowing a man in his public capacity, and I will try to convey to the reader some notion of what the great apostle of scientific temperance really is. He is elderly, but vigorous and well preserved, shrewd, keen, and full of anecdote, and brimming over with good humour; he has seen much of the world, and knows many politicians, artists, and men of letters distinguished above their fellows, and he has not wasted his opportunities. He is kind, sympathetic, and agreeable to a degree, and that is more than most great men are. He is devotedly attached to the country, and delights in drives, walks, scenery, ancient camps, famous churches, and beautiful sea views. He has a quick eye for the beautiful, and is a passionate lover of rural life. He came to Wimborne twice, and was struck, as all who visit the town and neighbourhood must be, by the singular beauty of its surroundings, its varied, indeed, wonderfully varied, scenery, extensive oak and beech woods, rare luxuriance, vast pine forests, fertile river bottoms, water meadows, waving corn fields, breezy hills, and unsurpassed stretches of heath and gorse—flaming gold and deep purple in the clear August air. "What a marvellous picture," he exclaimed. "How wonderful, it is the loveliest neighbourhood I have ever seen. Why, you ought to have an immense resident population, and crowds of visitors every summer. I never saw anything to approach it." "Well," he once remarked, "I shall certainly come to Wimborne and pass my holiday there some day. I could not find a more perfect spot."

Well, he is right. I have traversed the land from end to end, have stayed in nearly all towns of any size and importance, have examined and explored the rivers and the valleys, and crossed the hills in all sorts of weather, and in all seasons, and I know no place, which for variety of scenery, rich vegetation, genial climate, and curious antiquities, approaches Wimborne and its neighbourhood. No doubt many places surpass it in one respect or even two, but its claims to general attention are based on its rare combination of charms, and its bright, mild climate, less windy than Bournemouth, far less cloudy than the Midlands, less rainy than Devonshire, it is as sunny and genial as the mildest and most sheltered nook on the southern coast. No wonder that one whom all abstainers ought to reverence should rate it so highly, and be looking forward to making it his residence for a time.



THE GIRLS' CORNER.

MINDING THE BABY.

By Sophie Haddow.

I.—Morning.

ALL girls are supposed to "love babies," and to know how to nurse them; some even go so far as to borrow a baby for the pleasure of minding it. Who ever heard of a girl who was unwilling to take charge of baby for a few hours or a whole day if "mother" was obliged to be absent? But, in many cases, it happens that however willing a girl may be to do her best for the little one, she is unable, from want of experience or teaching, to keep the poor baby comfortable and happy. Some, even of those whose love for these soft little mites is the strongest, would be entirely helpless if, from some unforeseen circumstance, they were left to look after a young child for many hours. And yet it is most important that a young girl should know what to do, and perhaps more especially what *not* to do, in such a case; babies are such tender little creatures that a mistake apparently of no moment may lead to most serious results. Not very long ago a little girl gave a baby a spoon to play with, thinking perhaps, naturally enough, that it was a very harmless toy. Poor baby, however, soon found a way of injuring himself, and before long had pushed the handle of the spoon into his throat. Instead of withdrawing it when he felt the pain, the poor child only pushed it further; luckily, help was at hand, but the throat was dangerously injured, and the baby was unable to swallow for some days.

We will suppose that for some reason a girl, who has never been taught to act as a little mother in a case of necessity has been unexpectedly left with the entire charge of a baby of six months old for a whole day What would she do for it? To begin with, it would require washing; and this is the most troublesome duty the new little nurse, whom we will call Rosy, would have to do, as a baby—a healthy baby, at all events—is so full of life and motion that it is difficult to hold when there are no clothes to be grasped, and the tiny body is covered with slippy soap. The task of washing a baby is not the easiest in the world. Again, when the little charge finds itself in inexperienced hands, it will most likely try, by giving vent to a few screams, to bring its mother on the scene. No notice should be taken of its cries, they will do no harm, and if Rosy only has confidence in herself baby will soon find out, and the task of washing and dressing will be much easier. The bath, the soap, the sponge, and the towel having been brought, Rosy may probably think it is time to undress the baby and begin operations, and, if so, when the bath is over and the little creature is nice and dry, she will be surprised to find that its clothes are missing, and poor baby will have to be left naked on the draughty floor while a hurried search is made for the tiny raiment. This is clearly not the way to begin. Everything must be made ready beforehand; the water in the bath should be just warm, and the clothes must be collected together first and carefully aired, and nothing is to be left till after the washing is commenced.

If Rosy has had no experience or is nervous, it would be safest for her to keep the baby on her knee the whole of the time, or only just dip it in the bath for a "swill." In going into the bath baby should have its back to its nurse, and the safest way to hold it while in the bath is to pass the left arm under the left arm of the baby across its chest to the very top of the right arm, where a firm hold can be had; then, letting it lean forward on her left arm, with the right hand Rosy can sponge it without much fear of losing control. When wiping the baby, care should be taken to dry it well all over, and to remove the moisture from creases, between the toes, and in the ears. The eyes should receive special attention, both in the washing and drying, as want of proper cleanliness is very harmful. The baby must be dressed as quickly as possible; all strings should be comfortably loose, and no pins, except safety pins, are to be used on any pretence. One of the wickedest things in the world is to put ordinary pins in the clothes of a tender little baby.

The next thing, for which baby will be quite prepared, is breakfast, consisting most likely of milk and water given in a feeding bottle. The greatest care is to be taken with all meals. The bottle and tubes to be perfectly clean must always be washed after use, and allowed to lie in water till the next time they are required. The milk and water must not be given in too hot a state, and once every four hours will be quite often enough for the child to be fed. The little nurse must not be led away by mistaken kindness to give her charge tea, or bread, or, in fact, anything beyond the milk and water, unless of course

its mother has left special instructions about its food, when they should be carried out to the letter. If the baby is put in its bed with its bottle, it will probably drink as much as it wants and then fall asleep, and this sleep will very likely last about two hours. If the weather be favourable, the baby after waking up ought to go out when well wrapped up, and stay out if possible till next meal time.

II.—Afternoon.

The second meal being over, it is time for another sleep, and after that another walk would be advisable if practicable. Plenty of fresh air and plenty of sleep are what a baby most needs. Fresh air is especially necessary, but unless given at the proper time it may do more harm than good. No young baby should be out at night; by half-past three in the depth of winter, and two hours later in summer all babies ought to be indoors, and by six o'clock in bed too. The baby ought not to need rocking to sleep either in its cradle or a chair, and if it has not been used to it the motion would keep it awake.

When it is undressed it should be put in its cradle upstairs, and not be kept downstairs until the older folk go to bed, as the light and the noise will prevent its sleeping soundly; neither must it be allowed to come downstairs again. A baby gets into either bad or good habits very readily, so if only good habits are permitted, the result is a good baby.

The baby's play has not yet been mentioned, and it will want to be amused. Nothing can be better than a good sprawl on the floor, which affords both exercise and amusement. If the baby is placed on its back on the rug, well screened from the draughts, it will kick its legs about and enjoy itself for a long time, and the exercise will be of great benefit.

This is far better than either carrying it about, sitting up on the arm, or allowing it to sit in a chair, both of which, except for very short periods, are injurious to the back and legs.

For playthings, a baby loves something bright coloured; the colour, however, should be natural, and not of paint, and for this reason there is scarcely anything to equal a rosy-cheeked apple. It is pretty, the colour will not come off, and it will be too hard for the baby to eat. The simplest toys always please the best, but they must be so large that there is no danger of their being swallowed. Even such simple things as small pot dolls, blacklead pencils, and, of course, pointed articles of any kind must be kept out of reach of the mischievous fingers. In "Alice in Wonderland," which all girls read, it will be remembered there is a baby who was given a pepperbox to play with when all else failed. A plaything of this kind, however, would not be likely to amuse any baby out of Wonderland. Every baby as a matter of course possesses a rattle, an india-rubber doll or animal, a rubber or ivory ring, and will most likely have a few other things besides.

Baby will keep good longer if the toys are given one at a time. The little ones, when playing on the floor, should be carefully screened from the draught by placing pillows, shawls, or newspapers round about them. Rosy must take care, too, that she does not run out with the baby, or even stand at the open door without first putting on its bonnet or shawl.

These remarks apply to the moderately good baby; some will require less attention and some will be much more troublesome, but on the whole, if the average baby is dealt with in the way directed, it will be satisfied.

One merry little girl-baby I know at six months old spent her time as follows: By nine o'clock she had been washed, had had her breakfast, and was having her morning nap, which lasted till nearly one o'clock. After having her dinner she was taken out for a ride. About four o'clock she was brought in, had a little romp, and an hour later had her next meal and went to bed, and nothing more was heard of her until 10 or 11, when she wanted her supper. All babies do not sleep so much as this, and as they grow older they require less. If the baby should be asleep at a meal time it need not be wakened; when it is really hungry it will wake itself.

Having entire charge of a baby all day is a serious responsibility, and constant attention and thought should be expended on such a duty; the responsibility is almost too great for very young girls, but sometimes it is impossible to leave the baby in older hands. Some girls show more aptitude in minding babies than others. In one case a mother, who had to go to work every day, left her baby boy from being only three months old to be looked after and cared for, washed and fed by his sister, who was twelve years old. It is to be hoped there are not many cases where this is necessary, but at the same time it is advisable that girls should know how to go about such a task.

MISS PUSS.

MISS Puss looks very good, and the picture is an excellent likeness of her. She was a pretty pussy, but a bad one. Almost everybody said, "What a handsome little cat you have got."

But they did not know her. She had charming ways, would be so purring and affectionate, and yet that young puss was as deceitful as an old fox. She would look the very picture of virtue and innocence, when she was one of the most wicked of her kind.

She was always ready to play with you, and make herself agreeable. She loved to be stroked and petted, and then she would go away and steal. Her cruelty was terrible, from her slaughter of flies to her murder of the birds. She had nice manners, but shocking morals. The way she would tease and worry a mouse was something dreadful. She really was a most depraved cat, and her habit of swearing would have set a bad example to an old reprobate.

When first we had her, we said, "Oh, what a



nice little puss you are." And we flattered her, and coaxed her, called her "Beauty," and made such a fuss of her as never was. But we did not know her then.

She became spoilt, vain, proud, conceited, greedy, envious, jealous, covetous, disobedient, dishonest, cruel, deceitful, and desperately wicked. Her career was one of the downward grade. Gradually and surely she went from bad to worse, until she came to a sad end.

Her fall was sudden, and of course began by giving way to temptation. We had a nice, dear little canary, that sang beautifully, and filled the house with melody. Whenever Miss Puss saw our yellow songster, she looked so eager and absorbed in birdy's every move, that we felt suspicious and uneasy; we knew that if she could get at it she would. That wicked puss seemed to like to put herself in the way of temptation; she enjoyed watching the forbidden apple, and liked to think how nice it would be to eat. The first thing in trying to resist temptation is to resist the desire; but this is just what Miss Puss would not do. She feasted her eyes on the caged bird till it was quite dreadful to see the look of murder in them.

One morning we came down to find the cage overturned on to the floor, all the seed scattered, and the feathers of poor Dick all over the room. No one will ever know how this happened, but most probably Miss Puss could no longer resist the evil impulse, so she climbed up the window curtains, and then must have sprung on the cage, which fell by her weight to the floor, and then she must have worried and frightened Dick, whose name was Sims Reeves, to death.

The circumstantial evidence was so strong that the guilt lay at Miss Puss's door, that she was caught and severely beaten beside the bars of the empty cage; but soon after judgment overtook this bad "Beauty."

There was a poultry yard by the side of the stables that ran out into a sort of field—half garden, half wilderness—that was fenced off by wire netting; here the coops of hens with their broods were placed that the little chicks might have a safe run, and begin to pick up a living for themselves. Among some of these broods were very valuable chickens, one or two hens bringing up small families of young game, chiefly little pheasants. This was a nursery and play ground for all sorts of little chicks and ducks. There being a small pond in the middle for the ducks to learn to swim. At one end of this plot of land there was a kind of shrubbery, and the wire fence made it safe, so that none of the chicks could wander, and no dogs or boys could come in to injure the poultry.

Now it happened, in spite of the care that was taken, several of the chicks were missing, and were found dead near the shrubbery. One day, as the gardener was out very early in the morning, just when it was getting light, he caught sight of Miss Puss eagerly and intently watching some little chicks that had wandered near the fence. However, he did not think much of it then because he did not see how Miss Puss could get through the fence or over it. Still every now and then young chicks were missed, how it was none could imagine. It was suggested that perhaps a fox, more cunning and crafty than the rest, got down from the branch of a tree that overhung the fence; then came the question, if master fox managed to get in, how could he come out, and how was it more chickens were not missing? Minute inspection of the wire fence showed that just in one place it seemed forced up from the ground about an inch or more; was it possible a fox could crawl through there? The man who looked after the fowls thought not, and he had much experience, but he said it might be worth while to put a trap there and see if the sly chap could be caught and made an example of.

This was done, and for two mornings nothing went wrong; no chicks were missing. He said he thought the trap had frightened away the enemy; but on the third morning, there, caught in the gin, he found the beautiful Miss Puss. Poor thing, she was a fearful sight, and making a pitiable noise, her leg was broken and almost torn from her body by her frantic efforts to escape. The man picked up the heavy gin, "Beauty," and all, tied a long string to it and threw all into a pond. Miss Puss disappeared with the snare beneath the water, and after a day spent at the bottom of the pond, by the aid of the string, the man drew the gin and the dead cat to shore. She was interred by the errand boy with much honour, and over her grave he wrote on a bit of board in chalk,

"Here lies Beauty, a victim to Gin."

"NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSET."

By J. G. Tolton.



THE literal translation of these Latin words is, "No one injures me with impunity," or "Touch me if you dare."

Such a motto smacks very much of heathendom. It was said by them of old time, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." And now-a-days the old-time principle survives, and numbers of people to-day act exactly contrary to the advice of Shakspere "Beware of entrance to a quarrel," They imitate the gunpowdery Irishman at Donnybrook fair, who, it is said, trails his coat along the ground, exclaiming, as only an Irishman can, "Will any-one tread on the tail of my coat?" The wise man will keep out of these folks' way. But our motto is more frequently translated, "No one can touch me with safety." In this form the Scotch people know it, and they tell an interesting story how they came to adopt the device.

It was in the exciting border warfare days. Scotland was fighting England, or England fighting Scotland. We will not judge who was the agressor. Lovely peace was constantly broken into pieces. The Scotch were not a whit less brave than the Southron, as the English were called. But friendly the two nations could not long remain. One dark night, the English had crossed the Tweed, and were planning to fall upon their foe suddenly, trusting to the unexpectedness of the attack, to make up for their fewness of number.

To prevent the noise of a footfall betraying them, the English approached furtively with bare feet. No crack of brittle twig or empty nut-shell would be possible they thought; but the Britishers did not know everything. There was a portion of Scotch vegetation that the English had not studied. Botany was not taught in Board Schools then. With startling suddenness there rang out in the clear still air a fearful cry of pain. So sharp and shrill was the Englishman's scream that the Scotch sentry were on guard in an instant, and so prevented the surprise movement being successful. Curiosity was of course excited in both camps as to the cause of the cry, when it was found that the naked foot of an Englishman had trod on something worse than a tin tack. His tender toes had been pierced by a sturdy Scotch thistle. This incident, we are told, explains why the thistle is loved in Scotland, and is adopted as the national emblem, entwined about with the Latin words, "Nemo me impune lacesset."

There are many things which we cannot handle with safety besides thistles and nettles. And there are vastly worse things than thistles. The girls we are acquainted with have no affection for toads, newts and snakes; in fact some of them alter their position rapidly if they catch a glimpse of one of these little creatures. But naturalists tell us, the poisonous class of reptiles are very rare in this country, and we could watch an English snake or chameleon basking in the sun without the least risk. In some English colonies though, reptiles are found of the deadliest description, and it is not safe to come near the glance of a boa constrictor's eye. You would not touch one with impunity. No one would recommend you to make a plaything of an adder, or to use a venomous snake as a necktie; yet young people are invited often to be on friendly terms with more deadly things; for there are poisonous things that not only kill the body, but plunge the soul into hell in addition. And possibly the evil thing most to be avoided is *Intoxicating Drink*—every liquid which contains *Alcohol*. Nobody touches drink with safety. Some folks think that they can, because they do not fall dead instantly when they drink. But instant death is not always the worst thing that could happen to a man. It would have been a Divine blessing if a man I know had died suddenly some years ago, when he was a honoured minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. People flocked in thousands to hear him preach of the Love of God. To the preacher, in those days, sudden death would have been sudden glory. But he began to touch wine, then to love it, at last to be a slave to it. He is never seen in the pulpit now. The police-cell knows more about him than the pulpit. He has found out how dangerous it is to even look upon the wine when it is red. The former man of God is a long way from glory now. Let us pray our Heavenly Father to restore him, it is not yet too late.

"But just a very little would not hurt anybody," says a gentle lady, who likes to be thought well of by the friends who call upon her. Yes, it does, madam! Many a Band of Hope boy can tell you how the heart has extra work thrown upon it by the presence of even a small amount of alcohol in the system. How the nerves suffer, and the brain is inflamed, without intoxication being reached. But oh! the possibility, and almost certainty, of becoming a drunkard. A poet tells a story of a man who made a bargain with Satan. The father of evil, on his side, was to provide the man with a pocket always full of money. He was never to be short. The man could have his choice of three conditions: first, to burn his father's house, with the father in it; second, to murder his own mother; or third, to become a constant user of strong drink. The first two conditions horrified the poor man. He would die in the workhouse rather than murder his mother or burn his father. But there would be no harm in the third condition; so the bargain was struck. The man should never want for money, and he was to be always under the influence of drink. In the end the victim filled all the three conditions. The details are too horrible, but, beginning with the condition which prevented him ever being really sober, he went on to burn the dwelling in which his father lay asleep, and his mother, rushing from the burning house, met her death at the hands of her infuriated son.

Before a man takes drink, when some dreadful possibility is put before him, he exclaims, with indignation, "What do you take me for?" or, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" If he takes drink and gets under its power, he will become capable of the greatest enormity, the foulest crime. However many other dangers could adopt the motto, undoubtedly *Strong Drink* exclaims loudly enough to wake any man not drugged, "Nobody can safely have dealings with me."

"NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSET."

A CHAPLAIN'S VERDICT.

"It is my painful duty to come in close contact with the victims of the terrible vice of intemperance. Each year I have under my charge from 8,000 to 9,000 prisoners. I have been for thirteen years chaplain of the borough gaol of Liverpool, and during that time over 95,000 of my own creed have been in that prison. I can safely say of my people that nine out of every ten came to prison, directly or indirectly, through intemperance."—*Rev. Father Nugent.*

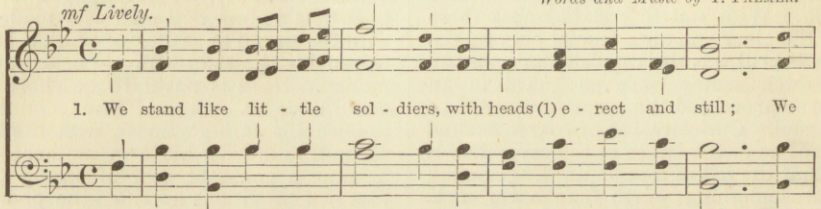
"IT is no small matter that the common voice of the medical profession has been raised against the ordinary and habitual use of alcoholic stimulants. Alcohol is declared to be neither a food nor a medicine, but a poison, capable, like other poisons, of serving an occasional use, but this not frequently, while in the majority of cases it is absolutely and entirely mischievous."—*The London "Times," 27th June,* 1878.

WE STAND LIKE LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Action Song.

Words and Music by T. PALMER.

mf Lively.



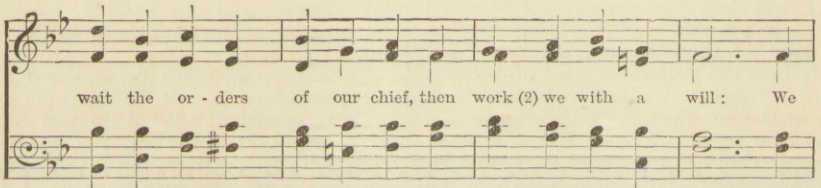
1. We stand like lit - tle sol - diers, with heads (1) e - rect and still; We

2. Our arms we raise (3) to - ge - ther, and then ex - tend (4) them wide; Then

3. Our heads (9) we turn to - ge - ther, with movements (10) brisk-ly made; Our

Key B♭. *mf Lively.*

:s₁	d :d	|d .r :m .f	s :— |m :d	s₁ :t₁	|r :s₁	d :—|—:m	
:s₁	s₁ :m₁	|m₁.f₁ :s₁.l₁	s₁ :— |s₁ :s₁	s₁ :s₁	|s₁ :f₁	m₁ :—|—:s₁	
4. Tho' we are lit - tle	sol - diers, ours	is a blood-less	war; We				
:s₁	d :d	|d :d	r :— |d :d	t₁ :r	|f :r	d :—|—:d	
:s₁	m₁ :d₁	|d :d	t₁ :— |d :m₁	s₁ :s₁	|s₁ :s₁	d₁ :—|—:d₁	

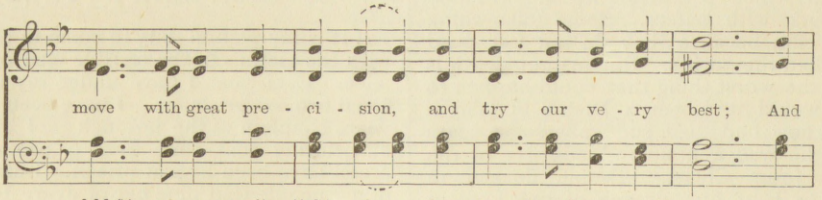


wait the or - ders of our chief, then work (2) we with a will: We

on our shoul-ders (5) place our hands, then lay (6) them by our side. We

hearts are light, our fa - ces bright—of work we're not a - fraid. We

m :d	|r :t₁	d :l₁	|t₁ :s₁	l₁ :t₁	|d :l₁	s₁ :—|—:s₁	
s₁ :s₁	|f₁ :f₁	m₁ :l₁	|s₁ :s₁	s₁ :s₁	|l₁ :fe₁	s₁ :—|—:s₁	
seek not life to	take a - way, but	bless-ings spread a -	far: We				
d :d	|t₁ :r	d :r	|r :r	m :r	|d :d	t₁ :—|—:t₁	
d₁ :m₁	|s₁ :se₁	l₁ :fe₁	|s₁ :t₁	d :t₁	|l₁ :r₁	s₁ :—|—:s₁	



move with great pre - ci - sion, and try our ve - ry best; And

fold (7) our arms quite tight - ly, then turn them (8) round with glee— We

too can march (11) like sol-diers, with a "left" and then a "right"; And

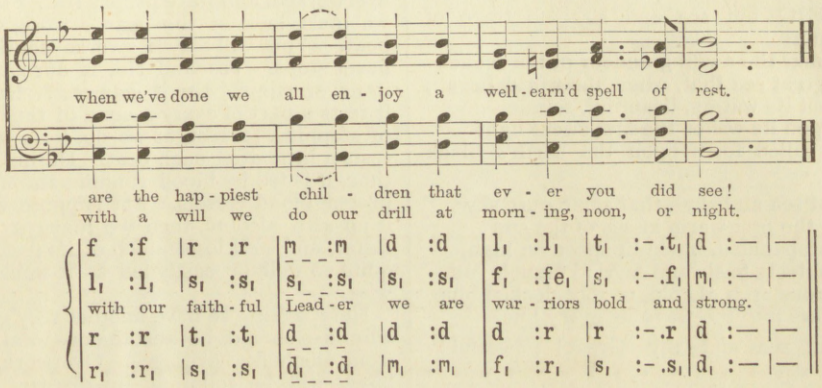
s₁ :-.s₁ |l₁ :t₁	d :d |d :d	d :-.d |d :r	m :—|—:m				
f₁ :-.f₁ |f₁ :f₁	m₁ :m₁ |m₁ :m₁	m₁ :-.m₁ |l₁ :l₁	se₁ :—|—:l₁				
dai - ly fight with	all our might, and	sing our bat - tle -	song; But				
t₁ :-.t₁ |d :r	d :d |d :d	d :-.d |d :l₁	t₁ :—|—:d				
s₁ :-.s₁ |s₁ :s₁	l₁ :l₁ |l₁ :l₁	l₁ :-.l₁ |f₁ :f₁	m₁ :—|—:l₁				

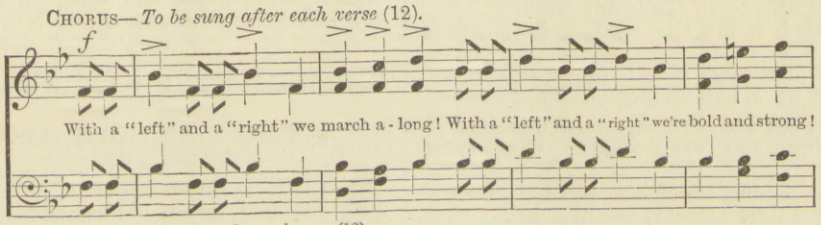
WE STAND LIKE LITTLE SOLDIERS.

when we've done we all en - joy a well - earn'd spell of rest.

are the hap - piest chil - dren that ev - er you did see!
with a will we do our drill at morn - ing, noon, or night.

f	:f	|r	:r	m	:m	|d	:d	l_1	:l_1	|t_1	:-.t_1	d	:—	|—					
l_1	:l_1	|s_1	:s_1	s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:s_1	f_1	:fe_1	|s_1	:-.f_1	m_1	:—	|—					
with our	faith - ful			Lead - er	we are			war - riors	bold	and	strong.								
r	:r	|t_1	:t_1	d	:d	|d	:d	d	:r	|r	:-.r	d	:—	|—					
r_1	:r_1	|s_1	:s_1	d_1	:d_1	|m_1	:m_1	f_1	:r_1	|s_1	:-.s_1	d_1	:—	|—					





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

f

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

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

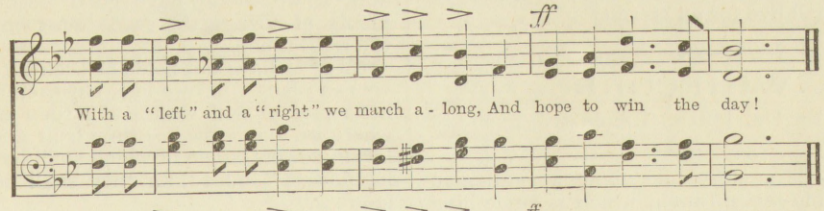
f

:s_1.s_1	d	:s_1.s_1	|d	:s_1	d	:r	|m	:d.d	m	:d.d	|m	:d	m	:fe	|s				
:s_1.s_1	d	:s_1.s_1	|d	:s_1	s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:d.d	m	:d.d	|m	:d	s_1	:l_1	|t_1				
With a	"left" and a "right" we				march a - long! With a				"left" and a "right" we're				bold and strong!						
:s_1.s_1	d	:s_1.s_1	|d	:s_1	d	:t_1	|d	:d.d	m	:d.d	|m	:d	d	:d	|r				
:s_1.s_1	d	:s_1.s_1	|d	:s_1	m_1	:s_1	|d	:d.d	m	:d.d	|m	:d	d	:l_1	|s_1				

ff

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

ff



:s .s	s	:s .s	|f	:f	m	:r	|d	:s_1	l_1	:t_1	|m	:-.r	d	:—	|—				
:t_1.t_1	d	:ta_1.ta_1	|l_1	:l_1	s_1	:f_1	|m_1	:s_1	f_1	:f_1	|s_1	:-.f_1	m_1	:—	|—				
With a	"left" and a "right" we				march a - long, And				hope to	win	the	day!							
:r .r	m	:m .m	|f	:d	d	:t_1	|d	:d	d	:r	|t_1	:-.t_1	d	:—	|—				
:s_1.s_1	d	:d .d	|f_1	:f_1	s_1	:se_1	|l_1	:m_1	f_1	:r_1	|s_1	:-.s_1	d_1	:—	|—				

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

SEA AND SKY.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

NOTHING but sea and sky—no trace of man,
To mar the awful grandeur of the scene;
The same great sea that, when the world began,
Spread out its waters, beautiful, serene,
Catching upon its waves the first sweet light
That God called forth upon the earth's black night.

Nothing but sea and sky—that same pure sky
That felt the first warm kisses of the sun;
That star-bespangled, moon-lit space on high,
Where meteors flash, and myriad planets run—
That wondrous arch of gold, or rose-flecked blue,
Which throws into the wave its every hue,

Nothing but sea and sky—Great! powerful! grand!
Where the Omnipotent puts forth His might,
Bearing the impress of His Godly hand,
Full of His breadth, His depth, and wond'rous height;
Where He doth seem to walk in majesty,
Foot on the wave, and forehead in the sky!

Nothing but sea and sky!—How small man is
Beside these two grand proofs of God's great might;
Small as the bubble, which a moment gleams
Upon the waters—then is lost to sight;
Yes! small as is the unseen grain of sand
The sea-wind tosses to some far-off land.

Nothing but sea and sky—And yet man is
Greater than both, for in him still remains
God's very image; wonderful in this!
God's life and breath stirs in his heart and veins.
"There shall be no more sea," and no more sky,
But man shall live for all eternity.

WHIPCORD.

By DR. ISRAEL RENSHAW.

THERE is a story told about a gentleman and his servant-man, which is something after this fashion. They had both been on a journey, and when they reached home, the gentleman asked for an account of the money spent in expenses by the servant-man whilst passing along the road. The bill was made out and given to the gentleman, who was much puzzled by finding an item entered as "Refreshments for the horse, 2d." This was explained by the servant-man, who said the money was spent in whipcord!

Now, how frequently might this answer be given, nay, it must be given always if the truth be told, when alcohol is taken into a healthy, well-nourished body. It is admitted by all to be a stimulant, and increases the force and rapidity of the heart. Alas! poor heart, how often is it refreshed with whipcord? Now, the best way to get the most work out of a horse is to feed it well, not overwork it, and see that it has proper rest; and so, if we wish our hearts to do their work, let us take care they are fed properly, not overworked, and have proper rest. For a moment we must look at the heart's work, which is to beat. You will say it works continuously, it never stops. Yes and No, is our answer. Yes, it never stops. No, it gets rest. How? Well, it rests a part of every second of time, so instead of stopping to rest, as we do, for a long time, it rests a little after each beat. During the resting time, it is fed by blood running through its own proper blood vessels. But suppose we "whip" it up with alcohol, then we make it beat much faster, and so it loses much of its rest, and is not quite so well or easily fed as it would be otherwise.

Here, again, we have another very good reason why we should be abstainers—total abstainers from alcoholic beverages. Overwork, sooner or later, will be followed by disease, and heart disease is not a pleasant thing for any of us to have, or even to think about.

"In the Morning Sow thy Seed."

A BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

By J.J.

THESE are the words of the wise man, Solomon. Why did he say this? Because out in the East the seed is best sown in the early morning, as the after part of the day is too hot, and the earth does not cool before the short sunset is over, and night comes when no man can work.

Now, as it is getting into spring-time, people are beginning to think about sowing seeds in their gardens. Some have already been sown; and, if we would have good vegetables and plenty of flowers, the seeds must be planted in the right time.

All of us have not fields or even gardens where we can plant what we like, but each of us has a little plot of soil within a garden of the soul where we may grow beautiful fruit and cultivate lovely flowers, some of which shall be "everlasting flowers" indeed, for they shall never die or fade away.

Now, in this hidden garden in the life, we must be very careful *what* kind of seed we sow, for if we do not sow good seeds, the enemy will be sure to come and sow tares and weeds.

In this garden there are many kinds of seeds it would be well to sow, but there are five little packets to be got for less than a penny apiece which will bring forth beautiful bloom if sown in the morning of life.

The first is *Truth*. The truth about all things is best. Wherever Jesus went this was the seed he scattered in people's hearts. It was the word of God, the living, abiding truth, and this precious seed He loved to scatter was the seed of eternal life.

We need to have this sown in our hearts early, when we are young, then the words of Jesus

bring forth works like His. Then we learn to think truly and speak truthfully ; and if we never sow the seed of untruth we shall deceive no one.

The next packet of seed is *Love*. Sow early the seeds of love, and there will grow up a fine crop of kindly deeds. The seeds of love in the heart bring forth the flowers of mercy to all, gentleness to animals, patience even with those cross and irritable. And from the seeds of love spring up the fruit of obedience.

The third packet of seed is *Honesty*. If in our hearts the seeds of honesty are planted, we shall not be greedy or even take more than our share of anything. There are many lads who would not steal a penny, yet waste their time at school, and when they go out into situations they trifle and idle and play when they ought to be at work, and so steal their master's time. True honesty must be in the heart. We owe God everything, therefore we should give Him back all we have and are, and owe no man anything except to love one another. Never get into debt. Be honest about little things, and we can never be dishonest about great ones.

The fourth packet of seed is *Industry*. That is be careful of all you have. Use well what God has given you. Do not get into careless habits. Industry begins with punctuality. Be in earnest in all you do. Put your best into everything. Mind the pocket money, take care of the pennies. Don't spend all you have. Put by a little ; remember the rainy days when the sun shines.

The last and fifth packet of seed is *Temperance*. The meaning of this word in the Bible is very large. It signifies self control, the mastery of passion, the opposite of excess. Now, the only way to be temperate in anger is not to fall into a passion. And the best way to ensure sobriety is not to drink moderately and see how one can keep from getting drunk, but to avoid that which causes drunkenness and be free from the drink. The wise self-control is that which holds all the desires and tastes under perfect restraint. The highest form of Temperance is abstinence from evil, and, since drink is one of the greatest evils, Total Abstinence is the best temperance.

This is what we may all sow in the garden of our life. *When* we may sow is told us by the wise man—that is, in the morning early. Last year someone wanted some autumn flowers and went to the seedsman's shop to buy the seed.

"But," said the shopman, "it's too late this year. The seeds will come to no good; it is only like throwing them away to plant them now." Many people have neglected to sow the right seed at the right time, and so the crop has failed. The best soil for sowing seeds is called *virgin soil*, or soil which has never been disturbed by spade or plough. In America it is said that this virgin soil, never before planted by the hand of man, needs only to be scratched with the hoe and sown with grain and it will smile itself into a glorious harvest. Such is the sowing in children. The soil is fresh and young, and, if the right seed sown early takes root, it will be sure in time to bring forth much good fruit.

Lastly, in answer to the question *how* ought these good seeds to be sown. The good seeds must be sown *carefully*. Sometimes people sow too little and then they only get a thin crop. Sometimes they sow too much, and all the seeds cannot grow up. There was once a little boy who had a garden of his own, about a square yard, with a path all round, and in this garden he sowed all the stones out of the jam, plum, cherry, greengage, apricot, also the pips out of the apples and pears, oranges, and lemon, in the fond hope of a fine orchard growing up in this bit of garden. But he was doomed to disappointment, the only thing that flourished was a potato that grew by accident. We all need to sow the good seed both wisely and well.

Then we must leave all results with God. He alone can give the increase. It is ours to plant and water and tend, then by-and-bye the harvest will come. We are to go forth sowing, carefully and early, the precious seeds of truth, love, honesty, industry, and temperance, and some day God's angels will gather and garner the golden store in the eternal harvest.



Alcohol and Longevity.

W. C. W.

THE Registrar-General, in a recent report, says: "The death-rate undoubtedly depends more upon the extent to which people are brought into contact with drink than upon anything else whatever." There is no greater sower of death abroad at the present time than alcohol, whose progress is marked by premature decay, disease, and death. The death-rate is far heavier among publicans' servants, publicans, and brewers, than among other classes of the community, insufficiently fed and exposed to the inclemency of the weather as many of them are.

Where 1,000 men of all occupations died, the mortality among publicans was 1,521, and among publicans' servants 2,205.

The statistics of friendly benefit societies which make provision for abstaining and non-abstaining again and again prove that the use of alcohol is not conducive to longevity, but that alcohol shortens life. The compiled returns of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution show that during the twenty years beginning 1866, the death-rate in the moderate drinkers' section was 97 out of 100 expected, as against 71 out of 100 expected in the total abstaining section.

	Of 100 expected in Moderate Section there were		Abstainers' Section there were
1866-1870	94	..	74
1871-1875	105	..	71
1876-1880	100	..	70
1881-1885	91	..	71

These figures are well borne out by the returns of other assurance companies which make provision for the two sections, where it is invariably found that the death-rate among the total abstainers is lower even than among moderate drinkers. No wonder, therefore, that on August 30th, 1890, the "Lancet" should say: "Charity begins at home. It cannot do better than labour to abate the alcoholism of home communities. This is no work for mere teetotalers alone to do. It demands the co-operation of every intelligent and sober man who can influence his fellows and keep them from disease and premature death."

Over 2,000 doctors, including such eminent men as Sir G. Burrows, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Dr. Forbes Winslow, Erasmus Wilson, Sir J. Clark, Professor Curran, etc., etc., declare that "Total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and beverages of all sorts, would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

Listen to the Registrar General's indictment: "The mortality of men who are directly concerned in the liquor trade is appalling, and that this terrible mortality is attributable to drink might be safely assumed *à priori*, but the figures render it incontestable."

RELIGION is the fear of God; its demonstration is good works, and faith is the root of both.

DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.

IN the time of Oliver Cromwell, the magistrates in the north of England punished drunkenness by making the drunkard carry what was called the "drunkard's cloak." This was a large barrel, with one head out, and a hole in the other, through which the offender was made to put his head, while his hands were drawn through two small holes, one on each side. With this he was compelled to march along the public streets.

CONTEMPLATION.

By W. HOYLE.

Author of "Hymns and Songs."

I GAZE upon the broad expanse
Of water, earth, and sky;
I hear the birds in distant woods
Pour forth their melody;
The placid lake reflects the sun,
Descending in his might,
His golden beams spread over all
A mantle fair and bright;
The mountains stretching far and high,
The clouds that linger in the sky,
Display a gorgeous sight.

O vast infinitude of space,
Around me everywhere!
Ye stars that gild the vault of heaven,
How beautiful ye are!
What message may your radiance bring
When all around is still,
And evening shadows gently fall
O'er woodland, vale, and hill.
When earth is lost amid the gloom,
Forth from your hiding-place ye come,
New wonders to reveal.

O soul of mine, with wond'rous powers
Confined in house of clay,
Soon shalt thou pass from earthly scenes
To everlasting day.
What may we know in higher spheres,
When faith is lost in sight,
When every doubt shall be resolved,
And error put to flight,
When God shall bring us nearer still,
To learn the mysteries of His will,
In boundless realms of light!

O Thou Almighty Source of all,
That ruleth evermore,
And speaketh to the slumbering earth
When Winter's reign is o'er;
Each tender leaf and fragrant flower
Comes forth at Thy command;
Fresh life is seen in everything;
How beauteous is the land!
In bud, and bloom, and vernal shade,
The earth again is fertile made
Beneath Thy bounteous hand!



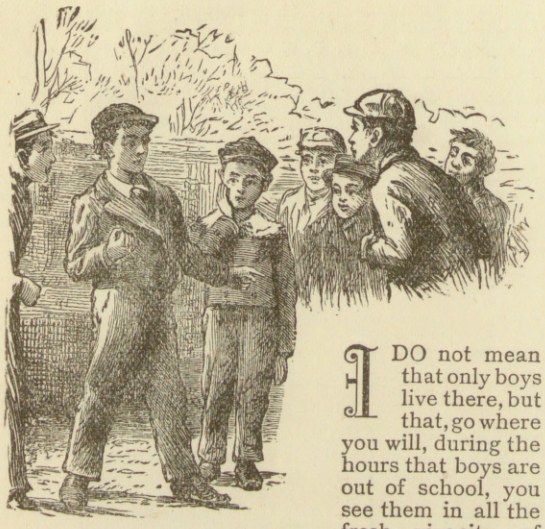
Frail flowers of earth, ye droop and die
  Before the wintry blast,
And bloom afresh to grace the earth
  When Winter's reign is past;
Fit emblems of this mortal life,
  That like a shadow flies,
Each in his turn must pass away,
  The foolish and the wise.
The good to rest in peace are borne
Until the resurrection morn,
  When they with joy arise.

Mysterious Power, we cannot tell
  The place of Thine abode,
Where hosts of angels Thee adore,
  The everlasting God.
Enough to know Thine hand is seen
  When Winter forth is driven,
When every vale to joy awakes,
  And fruits and flowers are given;
When every breeze that murmurs by
Proclaims Thy power and majesty,
  And speaks to us of heaven.

BOYS' TOWN.

By M. A. PAULL (Mrs. John Ripley).

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," etc.



I DO not mean that only boys live there, but that, go where you will, during the hours that boys are out of school, you see them in all the fresh vivacity of their young life and eager daring; and that during the hours when they are in school, the great buildings in which their education is carried on, are very much *en evidence*, as the French people would say.

We were at Bedford Station the other day, just as the Christmas holidays were over, and the trains were bringing back the boys, after the fun of the Christmas puddings and mince-pies, and the festivities under the mistletoe, to re-enter upon the duties of life, instead of indulging only in its pleasures. It is well for boys, and girls too, to look upon their school work as their particular business, and to determine to be proficient in it all, as those only can and will be, who work as heartily and honestly as ever they can.

Boys' Town is worthy of living in the remembrance of many a youthful student, and one of the most interesting objects in Bedford is the very beautiful statue of John Bunyan, which is placed in an excellent position just outside the old church of St. Peter. It is the work of the eminent German sculptor, Boehm, whose awfully sudden death a few weeks ago, just as he was waiting to receive his diligent pupil, the Princess Louise of Lorne, into his studio, will be remembered by many of our readers. Boehm was also the sculptor of another beautiful statue, that of Sir Francis Drake, which is to be seen at Tavistock, near the little village of Crowndale, Sir Francis Drake's birthplace, while a copy of the statue is on Plymouth Hoe, an object of constant admiration to the promenaders.

Bedford and John Bunyan are for ever associated in our minds. At the village of Elston, about a mile away, he was born; in the old prison of Bedford, near the bridge over the broad river Ouse, he spent a long imprisonment for conscience sake, and received the visits of his little blind daughter, and wrote that wonderful book, which will never go out of fashion as long as the world lasts, I mean "Pilgrim's Progress." It is as the Pilgrim that the sculptor represents John Bunyan himself, and in the medallions below, on the pedestal of the statue, are pictured the combat with Apollyon, the setting out of the pilgrim on his journey as he talks with Evangelist, and his meeting with the three shining ones when that journey is nearly over.

We hope the statue may lead many of the dear boys in Boys' Town to determine to set out on a pilgrimage, and to fight bravely against their besetting sins, the Apollyon of their young lives.

There is a fine raised embankment beside the Ouse, which forms a delightful promenade; and a pleasant park, while there are many good buildings and busy streets, besides the grammar schools, that provide scholastic training at so reasonable a cost to the favoured sons of the inhabitants of the town, as well as to many who come from a distance to participate in its educational advantages.

The boys have had plenty of fun this winter in skating and sliding at Bedford, for the Ouse has been frozen over for quite a long time; but the thaw was beginning when we were there, and an ominous notice was to be seen in many places warning people that the ice was no longer considered safe. Only a very few boys were foolhardy enough to risk their lives on the river; and these were very soon compelled to retreat by officials who were on the watch for them.

We wish the boys in Boys' Town were as carefully guarded from a still greater and more insidious danger. Treacherous as ice may be, it cannot equal the treacherous nature of indulgence in strong drink; and wise boys will avoid both cracking ice, however fair and smooth its outward appearance may be, and the tempting drinks which are too often suggested to them at cricket suppers, and by companions who think it manly to drink strong liquors, while in reality it is the clearest proof of extreme folly and ignorance. It would be a grand thing for the dear lads in Boys' Town if the magistrates of Bedford, for the sake of its juvenile population, refused to grant any licences for the sale of strong drink.

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

DAVID LAWTON.

THE sun hath kiss'd the earth to life again;
Each day he longer dotes upon her charms,
And she, rejoicing in his loving arms,
Forgets his recent coolness, and her pain,
For joy that she doth still his love retain;
And, smiling up into his genial face,
To please him, drapes herself anew with grace,
And dons her beauties all, a glorious train.
The while he doth with loving eye survey
The wond'rous fashion of her gorgeous dress,
Adorned with choicest blooming blossoms gay;
He's proud to own so much of loveliness;
And she, to crown his joy, doth bear, and bring
To him their beauteous child, fair, happy Spring.

A TALK ABOUT ANTS.

MOST every reader has constantly observed the ants in the garden. They do not attract our attention so openly as the bees, but no one can work in a garden, or walk in the fields or the woods without noticing them.

We shall notice that they are very small, and yet have great muscular powers, being able to carry loads ten or twelve times their size. They are divided into four classes, the males, females, and the neuters, this latter class being imperfect females; these again are divided into two classes, the greater number being called workers. the others who have larger bodies are named and act as soldiers. Like bees the ants live in societies, and have wonderful rules and regulations for conducting their households. The male and female ants have wings, the neuters have none; their eyes are so small as almost to require a microscope to see them.

During the winter most ants are in a torpid condition; the spring calls them to life, and then the neuters go out in search of a female, which they forcibly restrain in their nest.

How carefully the young are watched and tended! Some of the workmen seem to act as nurses, they remove the young from one part of the nest to another, so that they may have good warmth, and from their own bodies they disgorge a kind of undigested food into the mouths of the young ants. All day long they are constantly cleansing them, and when the weather is fine they bring them to the outside of the nest so that they may enjoy the warm sunshine, removing them inside if there is a prospect of rain, or when the sun goes down.

In some parts of the world the ants store up grain and seeds for use in the winter, while chips of wood, bits of straw and small pebbles are used for the construction of the nest, and for closing any openings through which the rain or cold might enter.

They are very fond of sugar; some feed upon animal matter, so that if a dead rat is placed in an ant-hill, in a short time every particle of flesh will be eaten, and a beautiful skeleton is left behind. Some ants will attack living animals; in tropical countries, birds, reptiles, and even quadrupeds are attacked.

The British ant constructs only a small nest, but in South America some ant-hills are fifteen to twenty feet in height. The rough exterior of the nest gives us no idea of the order and beauty inside. Here are different stories, some deep in the earth, others above the earth. In each there are many apartments, all of wonderful construction and connected by means of galleries. Some ants are called mason ants; they use a kind of soft clay which they spread over their nests, thus making it look something like stone; the carpenter ants make wonderful nests in the trunks of trees, gnawing the wood into apartments, the floors and partitions of which are as thin as cards.

It is quite certain they have the means of communicating ideas to each other. If in their journey they come to some path difficult to cross, a number of ants will link their bodies together, and so form a path over which the others can travel. Sometimes the pale or red ants go out to fight the black ants. They march forward having a vanguard of eight or ten ants, but so that these should have no chance of turning traitors they are constantly changed.

They tear open their enemy's nest, and carry off the young in their mouths, returning to their own nests in perfect order, and then bringing up the young with the greatest care. These black ants become the slaves of their captors.

Sir John Lubbock has spent much time in observing ants, and tells us many curious things about them. On one occasion he tried to induce some of them voluntarily to get intoxicated with alcohol, but the wise ants would have nothing to do with the spirit, so he placed them bodily into the spirit. The sober ants seemed greatly troubled when they came across their drunken companions. A council of war was called, and after serious deliberation, those drunken ants who were strangers to the nest were quietly lifted up and cast out. This was done to twenty-five drunken ants who were strangers, but the three ants who were members of the same nest, were picked up and carried into the nest, where, no doubt, they revived from their drunkenness, and determined never, if possible, to get into such a trouble again.

From the ants we may learn lessons of industry, economy, prudence, and wisdom. Especially let us imitate their example in refusing to be intoxicated. Be sure of this, our lives will be happier and more productive of good if we abstain, than if we take ever so moderate a quantity of the poison alcohol.—COUSIN ALFRED.



Pebbles and Pearls.

I ONCE heard an aged woman say to a little child, "If you look at the whole length of your seam, you will never get it sewn; look only at the little bit between your thumb and finger." There was a philosophy of life in those humble words.

MAKING THE MOST OF THE SITUATION.—A man was asked by another, with whom he was not on the best of terms, where he had taken up his abode. "Oh," he replied, "I am living by the canal at present. I should be delighted if you would drop in some evening."

"No man oppresses thee, O free and independent Franchiser: but does not this stupid porter-pot oppress thee?" Men say "Yes," and try what "breaking it off by degrees" can do for them; like the man who signed an early Temperance pledge to have only six glasses at a sitting, and three sittings a day!

MRS. BROWN: "How careful your little son is of his health! My boy is constantly running out in all sorts of weather, without cap or overcoat, no matter what I say. How do you manage?" Mrs. Smith: "When my boy catches cold I give him cod-liver oil!"

THE annual report of the Liverpool Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, states that:—"The excessive use of intoxicating drink continues to be the chief cause of persistent cruelty to children on the part of parents, or of those who have charge of them; 765 cases, out of a total of 1,573, are ascribed to this cause."

AT the annual meeting of the Liverpool Medical Mission, Dr. Bond stated that during seven months of last year, through which he took particulars, 76 out of every 100 adult patients of the dispensary were found, on their own confession, to be addicted to drink. Dr. Bond thought that was an appalling fact which spoke volumes as to the amount of hardship and poverty which fell upon children and wives.

PROFESSOR (lecturing upon the rhinoceros): "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on *me*."

DR. DIGBY, going round to the stables, finds his new coachman's little boy playing about, and introduces himself:—"Well, my little man, and do you know who I am?" "Yes," said the boy, "you're the man as rides in father's carriage."

"ALL BUT!"—The curate of a London church, whose pronunciation is more pedantic than proper, has been very justly snubbed for alluding to the heir-apparent as though his name was written "Awlbut" Edward. He was asked the other day why he so significantly excluded the Prince of Wales in his prayer for the Royal Family. "Exclude him! What do you mean?" "Why," said his friend, "you always pray for *all but* Edward, Prince of Wales!"

WATER is the only liquor which Nature knows or has provided for animals; and whatever Nature gives us, we may depend upon it, is the best and safest for us.—*Dr. Garnett.*

A NEW "LINE" FOR PUBLISHERS.—An old lady went into a Brighton bookstore the other day with an order which was rather difficult to fill. She said to the clerk at the counter: "Do you keep Bibles?" "Yes, ma'am." "Well, I want a small pocket-Bible in very large print."

AT one of the schools in Cornwall, the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply, the text, "No man can serve two masters."

APPARENT disgrace has often been the solid foundation of many a noble and illustrious character. Persecution and honour are repeatedly found close to each other, and he who bravely endures the former may safely rely upon the possession of the latter, without much effort on his own part to see it.

Notices of Books.

VOL. II., TEMPERANCE HISTORY. By Dawson Burns, D.D. This volume includes the third and fourth part, from 1862 to 1880, of the development and extension of the Temperance reform. This able and admirable treatment of the progress of the great movement, in all its details and far-reaching branches, is a standard book. It is not only a summary of chronological events, but it is a historical and comprehensive view of the effect a great moral principle has on national life. The supplement that contains the index and contents is a complete concordance of the whole history.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S ANNUAL, by Robert Rae, is the statesman's year-book and Temperance friend's advocate of the question for 1891. Every kind of Temperance information may be obtained through its pages. It also contains an excellent likeness of the late Dr. Hannay—the League's greatest loss for 1890.

The National Temperance League are issuing from their Depôt, 33, Paternoster Row, the pictures of George Cruikshank on "The Bottle," price sixpence for the eight plates; with the sequel, "The Drunkard's Children," eight plates, price sixpence. The story told in these pictures is perhaps the most eloquent and pathetic appeal ever made to the Christian conscience "to stop the drink."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Juvenile Rechabite—Reformer—Western Temperance Herald—Bond of Union—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Graham's Temperance Worker—Methodist Temperance Magazine—True Templar—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger—Sunday Closing Reporter—Polytechnic Review, &c.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed—Editor of ONWARD, 124 & 126, Portland Street, Manchester. Business communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: Mary M. Forrester, J. G. Tolton, Mrs M. A. Paull-Ripley, Dr. A. J. H. Crespi, Rev. J. Johnson, A. J. Glasspool, Rev. Carey Bonner, Sophie Haddow, William Hoyle, &c.

TWO VICTIMS.

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

Author of "Our Jennie," &c., &c.



"NOW, young ladies, here's a large mourning order come in, and we must get it done by Saturday, the 10th of August, only a month, so some of you will have to stay late."

Thus spoke Miss Heywood, the head of a large millinery and dressmaking establishment in the busy town of W——.

The girls looked at each other, and a dismayed silence ensued. The weather was hot and sultry, and most, if not all, of them had been looking forward to pleasant cool evenings, and walks in the recreation grounds or park during the hot month of July, free from the heated atmosphere of the workroom and accompanying scents of calicoes, ribbons, and various other materials so well known to its "toilers and dwellers among."

"Well!" said Miss Heywood, as she noticed the disappointed looks of the girls; "I think most of you must remain for the first week, and then I will see how few of you I can do with afterwards. Of course, I cannot afford to let an order like this leave my establishment, especially in these bad times; the family are going abroad, too, and will pay before they go;" and with this announcement she left the room.

"It's too bad, I declare it is; I won't stay," said Milly Tait, a pretty, delicate-looking girl; "the doctor told grandmother I worked too long hours already."

"There's always a wedding or a funeral order on," said another.

"I shan't mind staying if she treats us as well as she did last time; she gave me a delicious hot glass of brandy and water every night before I went home, and I quite looked for it and wanted it after the work was finished," remarked Agnes Neill, a bright, intelligent girl, and the wit of the workroom.

"I am very sorry to hear you say so," said Margaret Grey, the blue ribbon girl of the establishment, "and if you would take my advice you would not taste it again; I know enough about taking it when you're tired, and it generally ends in misery, as it has done in my aunt's case."

"You're an old croaker, that's what you are, Margaret; everybody is not like your aunt, and I am sure a glass of wine now and again is quite a stimulant," replied Agnes.

A little more conversation followed, and then the girls began to arrange among themselves who should remain for the work at nights, and when Miss Heywood reappeared matters had been pretty amicably settled.

A fortnight passed away, during which time the "mourning order" made good progress; but one morning Agnes Neill failed to appear; none of her companions knew the reason, and more surprise was expressed as she had been one of the late workers the previous night. Towards the middle of the day she "turned up," as the girls remarked, looking very ill. She merely said she had a very bad headache, but that it was somewhat better and she was now able to work. Miss Heywood, in her mistaken kindness, little imagined that the glass of wine she gave her nightly—"because you are such an excellent worker, my dear; you must have something to keep you up"—was the cause of the pale face and splitting headache, nor did she ever think, for one moment, it would lead to Agnes craving for more, and calling herself at one of the numerous drinkshops that were always open for "another glass" as she returned home. Alas! such was the case. Poor Agnes inherited a tendency towards alcohol from her father and grandfather, both of whom had died, in the prime of life, victims to drink, and her only safety lay in total abstinence from it and a trust in God.

Margaret was one of the late workers that night, and she could not help seeing how Agnes avoided her, and her kind heart yearned over her, and as they were putting on their hats to go away, she said—

"I'll walk round with you, Agnes; it won't be much out of my way."

"Thank you; you need not trouble," she replied, coldly.

"Oh! it's no trouble. Agnes! what has come between us? we used to be such friends."

"Nothing that I know of; only I don't want to be bothered, I'm so tired."

Margaret put her arm lovingly in that of Agnes, and replied—

"I know you are, dear, and you must let me help you. Will you come with me to our little meeting to-morrow night? Mrs. Benson is going to speak, and all the girls love her."

"I don't mind if I do."

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"All right, then; I will call for you," said Margaret, delightedly.

The next evening found the two girls listening to a most earnest and loving address, on the question of total abstinence as a Christian duty, from Mrs. Benson, the president of the little temperance society.

Agnes was greatly moved, and, like Agrippa of old, "almost persuaded;" but, in spite of the loving warnings, she left the meeting undecided, saying she would consider about it. Oh! what an enemy to real good is this procrastination.

Some months after this, whispers were rife in the workroom about Miss Heywood being so queer. "She was really muddled," said one girl.

"Yes," said another; "when I went to her about that dress bodice she was so sleepy and stupid, I could not get her to decide anything."

"Oh! she's been drinking secretly for a long time. I first noticed it, though, when we had that mourning order for those people who went on the Continent, ten or twelve months ago," said an outspoken girl.

Conversation such as this had been very general for some time amongst the hands, and many had left and found situations elsewhere, as Miss Heywood's business had fallen off considerably.

"It was a shame of her to turn Agnes Neill away for drink, when she taught her to drink. Poor Agnes! I saw her the other day, and I scarcely knew her, she looked so wretched, and such shabby clothes," remarked another girl.

Margaret Grey looked up at this, with tears in her eyes, and said,

"Girls, don't you think if any of us take it we are as much in danger as Agnes or Miss Heywood. Oh! I wish you would all sign the pledge and join our Society, then you would be safe from this evil at least, *do*," she entreated earnestly, "and let us have a blue ribbon work-room."

"Hark at her, she's quite eloquent," remarked one, "but upon my word she's about right."

The entrance of Miss Heywood herself at this juncture put an end to further conversation. In a very incoherent way she gave her orders for the day and then left the room.

Unfortunately, all that had been said was too true, and Agnes Neill and Miss Heywood were the saddest of all sad things upon the face of God's earth—"drunken women." How little either of them ever imagined in the days when they took "just a glass to keep them up, or to stimulate them for their work," the results would be what they were, and is not every one who takes "just a little," in the same danger of falling?

In time Miss Heywood's business all left her, and gradually she sank lower and lower, until respectable people, so called, would have nothing to do with her.

One cold winter's night two besotted draggled looking women met at the bar of a glaring gin palace; they stared at each other, then the elder one said, "Aren't you Agnes Neill?"

"Yes, Aren't you Miss Heywood?"

"Yes."

"Then I may thank *you* that I am here," and with that she swallowed a glass of whisky that was on the counter, and left the place, slamming the door behind her.

"Thank *me*, indeed! Then who must I thank? Myself, I suppose," and the wretched woman laughed a harsh laugh and called for another "twopennyworth."

Out into the cold, biting east wind, from the warmth and light of the gin palace, went its wretched victims one after the other, and in the early hours of the morning the policeman found the body of a woman under an archway. She had breathed her last some few minutes before they reached her. They took her up kindly, and next day an inquest was held, and the papers reported, "Sad death of a dressmaker through drink and exposure to cold."

Thus ended Miss Heywood's life. Agnes Neill still lives, a misery to herself and all connected with her. Oh! may we be warned in time, and shun the first glass of intoxicating liquor as we would shun the deadliest poison, for who can say to where it may lead, and to what terrible consequences?

ROOTS.

By Dr. Israel Renshaw.

WHEN I was a little boy at school, I was taught "roots," and I dare say many little boys now-a-days know from experience what I mean. "Roots" mean the Latin or Greek words from which so many of our every-day English words have been made.

Now, one day, I was going down the street, and I saw a very remarkable sign over a door. It had these words upon it: "Licensed to sell intoxicating drinks," and my thought was, what a candid admission! The word "intoxicating" is derived from the Latin, "toxicum," poison! So we might translate the words thus: "Licensed to sell poisonous drinks." How true! What a sight it is to see great, strong men, who can work, and do plenty of it, too, go into such houses, and poison themselves, some only a little, others more; some only enough to poison their good tempers, and make them cross and peevish, others so much, that they cannot walk home by themselves, or if they do, it is only to fall asleep until the alcohol has had time to pass away from them.

Alcohol is a sad poison, perhaps the saddest of all poisons; because it alters the affections and right feelings of men and women; it blunts and hardens the human nature; it warps the judgment, and deadens all that's Godlike in men; besides all this, it leaves a wrecked body. Only look at a regular drunkard, and you can easily see that his or her body is very different from that of a healthy person. There is quite disease enough in the world. Accidents will happen, however careful people may be. Let us, then, as total abstainers, take care that, so far as in us lies, we will not add to the increase of either, but take care of the bodies and minds it has pleased the Almighty to give us.



MOTHER'S PICTURES:

Or, REALISED AND RUINED.

By John Henry Musk,

(Author of "Tilly Trafford's Troubles," &c., &c., &c.)

"Lord, let the angels praise Thy name,
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing,
Folly and sin play all his game,
His house still burns, and yet he doth sing—
Man is but grass,
He knows it, fill the glass."—Herbert.

WIDOW Morgan sat one evening, early in the new year, gazing into the fire, with mind busy drawing pictures of the future. The background of them, however, was the experiences of that very morning, when she bade good-bye to her darling—her only son Albert—as he started for London. An uncle in a good business had offered to find the youth a situation, and Albert, eager to enter upon life's duties, persuaded his mother to consent, and that morning had witnessed his departure. "Good-bye, my boy," she said, in tremulous tones, "Do not be led away by evil companions," for she, anxious soul, dreaded for her son the subtle temptations of city life. "Always keep your pledge, never be tempted to tamper with that which does not belong to you, and maintain boldly your Christian principles; remember, I shall always pray for you." "All right, mother, dear," said the lad, as cheerfully as he could, although there was the suspicion of tears in his eyes. "I mean to do the right, never fear," and the guard's whistle prompted yet another kiss of motherly affection as the train glided away.

And now at eventide she saw pictures of hope and expectation in the glowing embers. Now they portrayed her lad in the Sunday School, taking an intelligent interest in the select class. Then she saw him helping in the Band of Hope, for he was a life teetotaler. Gradually he developed into an earnest Christian man, and she pictured the time of ripened manhood when her's would then be the time of old age. It is possible there were mingled scenes of worldly prosperity of a matrimonial alliance, of a hearty welcome to the comfortable home for her; but the foreground of the picture was a worthy, noble, affectionate, manly son. "And why not its realisation," she soliloquised as the fire waned, "I'll ask God's blessing upon the boy, at any rate," and kneeling down she prayed to her Heavenly Father, feeling sure He would answer a widowed mother's faith and prayer.

* * * * *

Mrs. Bolton was reading a letter received from her son who was away at a distant town, and it evidently gave her pleasure. "He is a rare lad," said she, "and sure to make his mark. I will drink to his health and good luck, even though he is absent," and she poured out a glass of wine. She held up the sparkling liquid and gazed into it, imaginary pictures presenting themselves the while. "He will do well in the business I am sure, and will find favour with his employer, perhaps even marry the old gentleman's daughter in the end, who knows?" Still she looked through the ruddy wine into the future, "He will make money and retrieve the fast falling family fortunes. He will remember his mother as he climbs the ladder, and I can see myself, as the years pass away, well provided for by him. Robby, my lad, sprightly and frolicsome, even to excess sometimes they say, but who will believe them? I wish thou wert here to drink this toast with me now, but here's to the fulfilment of all my hopes and expectations, centred in thee," and she quaffed the wine in honour of the absent son.

* * * * *

Fifteen years have elapsed, and Albert Morgan, who has made his way in life, is now in a good social position, but he does not forget his widowed mother withal.

And what joy was hers as she watched his career of progress. An ardent temperance reformer, a real philanthropist, his consistent manly Christian character is known to her, and she feels proud of her son. He has come home to see her once more, and it is Sunday afternoon. See, they enter the humble village chapel together, she, feeble with age, he, upright and strong. As they walk down the aisle of the little house of prayer, to the very pew they used to occupy when he was a lad, the old lady leaning upon the arm of her noble son, she looks up into his face with indescribable feelings of pride and joy. No wonder her eyes fill with tears of gladness, and her heart with praise to God, for those pictures of the old time drawing, are, by His blessing, realised to the full.

* * * * *

There is a commotion in the crowded street, and the people congregate around a poor old woman trying to pacify a quarrelsome son. It is Mrs. Bolton, but one would hardly have believed it, for she is altered and aged beyond her years, and deep furrows of sorrow are upon her face. Her son, too, although he has a fine frame and evidences of physical power, is bloated and

blurred, and even bent, by dissolute habit. He ought to have been tenderly guarding his aged mother's footsteps through the busy street, affectionately watching over and keeping her from harm. But being the worse for drink, he resented her words of affectionate remonstrance, he brutally raised his fist and felled her to the ground. Mother, how now about those pictures seen through the glass of wine? Is this their realisation? Gradually the youth fell into drinking ways, sinking lower as he grew to man's estate, wasting his poor mother's slender substance, bringing her to the verge of destitution and want. And the climax is this cruel, wicked blow. Oh, broken-hearted, sorrow-stricken mother, thy pictures are ruined, ruined by the drink.

Mothers, ye who picture a bright future for your children—and where is the mother who does not?—would you have it realised? Then learn the lesson of experience, and by precept and example, by word and deed, warn them against the intoxicating bowl. Teach them to avoid the drink as they would a fiery serpent. And thyself walking the path of total abstinence, with God's blessing sought and obtained, surely the likelihood of the future desired for thy little ones, will be increased a thousand-fold.



EVELINE.

By Uncle Ben.

NEVER many happy homes, or rather homes that might be happy were it not for the evils wrought by drink, the dark shadow of sorrow rests.

Eveline's home was thought by most people to be a picture of comfort. Her father was prosperous in business and successful in all he undertook, *but* secretly he was fond of drink. He was on good terms with every one, all the world spoke well of him; but there was the fatal touch, the plague spot of his life. This growing habit was a source of grief to his wife. The secret burden of the husband's sin told upon her health and strength. Her continual protest against this increasing love of drink made him

more selfish; gradually he came to neglect her, and so "the little reft within the lute" silenced the music of love between the father and mother.

As the distance widened between the once happy pair, the wife nursed her sorrow in bitterness of heart, the husband tried to forget his disappointment in spirits.

Eveline's mother was delicate and inherited a weak constitution; she had few interests outside the home; her life grew wretched; she sickened beneath the burden of a breaking heart. Her husband cruelly resented her constant ill health, and in a thousand ways made her troubles of body and mind more and more unbearable. Her life was a hard lot; no one knew what she had to bear, and, with declining health, the load of grief grew heavier. Her only comfort was her daughter, Eveline.

Mother and daughter were much together; the father remained less and less at home, to the club or the houses of his friends he continually went on his return from business. He always spoke of his wife as a confirmed invalid, for whom quiet and rest were best, and so won the sympathy of the world outside as a man who was afflicted with a wife who was always ailing or fancied herself so. She had seen several doctors; none had treated her successfully. They had prescribed many things, but nothing to cure her. In fact, she was fading away in a slow decline, checked by medicine and such care as Eveline lavished upon her, and also by the kindly ministry of the servants.

It was, in reality, her love for Eveline that kept her alive and gave the weak character and feeble physique something to live for. The pining spirit and breaking heart found just force enough to linger on. The little daughter did not know that her own father, by his neglect and cruelty and love of drink, was killing his wife, and that she, by her affection and unconscious attention, was keeping her alive.

For hours mother and daughter would be together, when Eveline was not at school, through the lengthening evenings in the spring days, the father's chair always vacant. Eveline resting against her mother, or curled up at her feet on the footstool, never deaming that her love was sustaining the frail life that was the helpless victim to her father's sin.

It was a strange battle, in a home of well-to-do suburban life; the father, with his slavery to drink, crushing the frail life of a helpless woman, chained to her victimizer; and the daughter's devotion and love, that cherished the waning strength, and cheered the pale face, and nourished the wounded spirit, and stayed the bleeding of the aching heart.

One day, as Eveline was reading, as she liked to do, with her mother, in the lingering evening light of early summer, a few verses in the Bible, she asked her mother the meaning of these words:

"Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross."

"What joy," asked the child, "can any one have in enduring the cross?"

"I really don't know," said her mother, thoughtfully, as she laid the Testament down in her lap; then after a pause she continued:

"But I should think the only joy must be that of redeeming and saving others."

"Has everyone a cross to bear?" asked the child.

"Yes; without it no one can be a disciple," said the mother.

"And is there joy set before all who have a cross?" still enquired Eveline.

"When we can bear it out of love to others."

"When we get our cross, shall we find the joy?" persisted Eveline.

"I am afraid not. Some people seem to have the joy without the cross, and others to have the cross without the joy."

"Then I suppose it is because they are not like Jesus."

"I think that is it," said the mother, with some new light on the path of sorrow.

They read the next few verses, about the chastening of those whom the Father loves. Then, before finishing, Eveline said: "I suppose as you say I shall be very glad that you corrected me when I am grown up, and it is just the same, when we have all gone up into the Great House by-and-bye, we shall be so thankful the Father corrected us here."

"Yes, dear, I think that must be a part of the joy set before us, which we don't feel at the time."

And so, all unheeding, Eveline had poured into her mother's heart some heavenly balm of peace. Though the poor wife never regained bodily health, she bore her cross with new courage, and felt, as she saw the many victims suffering from the sin and selfishness of others, that she might be, like Jesus, a vicarious sacrifice, suffering for the guilt of others, and bearing with Him the sin and sorrows of the world; and in this she found the "joy set before Him."

Her load of care and sorrow, with her poor and delicate constitution, proved too much for her earthly strength, and she gradually faded away. But her passing hence was like the home-going of a martyr; the joy of sacrifice was ever present to her. Her death was the victory of the vanquished.

There, from the open grave, the husband, stricken with grief, learnt repentance. By the ministry of Eveline, he was led into the path of temperance, and out into the way of righteousness.

Four Good Reasons.—I have tried both ways. I speak from experience. I am in good spirits because I take no spirits. I am hale because I use no ale. I take no antidote in the form of drugs because I take no poison in the form of drinks. I have these four *reasons* for continuing to be a total abstainer:—First, my health is stronger; secondly, my head is clearer; thirdly, my heart is lighter; fourthly, my purse is heavier.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Horses at School.

By M. A. Paull (Mrs. John Ripley).

Author of "We Girls," "The Little Quartermaster," &c.



THE pretty town of Newmarket, in Cambridgeshire, is unique in character. It is as if a little piece of mosaic of a different pattern to the rest, had been set in the large piece of mosaic, which we call England.

At certain hours of the day in whichever direction you walk, you are certain to come upon strings of horses, not ordinary horses either, but some of the most exquisitely shaped and graceful animals you can possibly imagine. Each of the horses is mounted by a decently attired stableman, or a lad undergoing apprenticeship as a jockey, and following each string of horses, which consists of from five or six to a dozen of the lovely creatures, is their trainer, or horse schoolmaster, to superintend their education while they are out of doors.

These exquisite animals, which all our readers would like to have a chance of looking at, are just as unlike the ordinary horses we see in cabs, carts, and omnibuses, as possible. As you gaze at their slight, delicately formed legs, which seem almost too thin to support even their gracefully proportioned bodies, their pretty arching necks, and their small heads, you are reminded of the legs of deer, and if you see them galloping along the broad expanse of moorland, called Newmarket Heath, their light bounding motion, their tossing manes, and tails, and the eagerness with which they sweep over the ground, cannot fail to interest and delight you.

These are the aristocracy of the horse family, they live in stables which are far more like comfortable dwelling-houses, with, in many cases, glazed windows, and chimneys which suggest cosy fires, and a degree of luxury and ease which we wish very much could be the portion of thousands of our fellow countrymen, and women, and little children.

Each of these horses at school has a name, their education is most punctually attended to, the hours of school and what they shall eat and drink, and what amount of exercise they shall take, are all arranged with the utmost care. One very beautiful creature which we saw, with a glossy dark bay skin, and three out of its four delicate legs and feet pure white, was in the lowest class, only just beginning its education, and it did not enjoy its lessons any more than an idle boy or girl. Instead of running round and round its teacher, with a piece of cloth tied over its neck, the ends of which were hanging loosely down, to accustom it to wear horse-cloth and saddle, the pretty young creature wanted very much to run away from the strong reins in the strong hand of him who was guiding it, but, as with all young animals, and indeed with all human creatures, it was absolutely necessary that it should learn the primary lesson of "obedience."

The race-horses at Newmarket, which are being daily most carefully educated and nurtured for their work, are sent, when trained, to all parts of the United Kingdom, and to other countries also. While at school, their diet is very particularly attended to, they are only allowed to eat a little at a time, but they have several meals a day, the very best horse food of every kind is given to them, but they are not permitted to have so much as to allow them to become at all fat, muscle is what they require for their life work. Some of them are worth thousands of pounds each.

Several times every year, rich people come from every part to Newmarket, to see the horses that have been at school, exhibit what they have learned, and these people live in a number of very fine houses belonging to them, which are only used for about nine weeks in the year, and are empty and shut up for many months.

A great many inhabitants of the town are either schoolmasters, or teachers in the horse schools, and as you walk about, you continually come upon the schoolrooms where they are taught.

One day we went on Newmarket Heath; it was a lovely morning, though early in February, and the larks were singing beautifully, while on the training ground, almost 200 of these horses at school were out for exercise.

It spoils a great deal of our pleasure in seeing these beautiful horses at school, to know that men and women are wicked enough to gamble about the races they run, and as we hope that no Band of Hope child will ever disgrace himself by breaking the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drink, so we hope that none of them will ever be so mean as to bet and gamble and accept money that they have not honestly worked for.

Money gained on the race-course at Newmarket can never bring a blessing with it, gambling and drinking are continually associated. When we paid a visit to Newmarket Workhouse, we saw a man sitting by the fire who once won almost a thousand pounds by a bet on a horse, and had very soon wasted it in drinking and other extravagance. "For," said he, "I spent it all as fast as I could." Thus he illustrated the truth of the quaint old proverb, "The fool and his money are soon parted."

EXPERIMENTS.

By Dr. Israel Renshaw.

ONCE upon a time, many years ago, we English people were at war with the French people, which was a very sad affair, because it is so much better to trade with our neighbours than to kill them. But so it was, and we had to fight them wherever we could find them.

At one time, a French army went to Egypt with Napoleon the First for commander-in-chief, and we sent an army after them.

During the war, our troops had to march a long way over a desert, and, like a wise man, our commander left the barrels of rum behind him. These barrels were too many and too heavy to carry so far, and so our soldiers had to do without grog. This appears to have been thought a great experiment in those days, and it was thought that the men would be sure to be badly off if they had no rum and water to keep up their strength. But what was the result? Why, our soldiers marched better and fought better without the spirits, and those who returned were much better in health for being total abstainers. This was a great surprise, and must have made some people think, that perhaps, after all, rum and water could be well done without. This happened a long time ago, in the days of your great grandpapa.

Another great experiment was tried with some of our soldiers about twenty years ago, in what was called the Red River Expedition. The troops had to march a very long way in a very cold country, and the commander-in-chief did not allow any spirits all the time. His orders were that the men should have plenty of good, strong, hot tea when they camped, and this drink kept the men in good health, and they marched well, and endured the fatigue very much better than if they had been dosed with spirits and water.

TEA-DRINKING AND DECAYED TEETH.

By Dr. A. J. H. Crespi.

A LONG and rather embittered correspondence was carried on a couple of years ago in the *British Medical Journal*. A few eminent writers advanced the opinion that large quantities of hot tea injured the teeth and gave rise to premature decay, while a far larger number denied any connection between the two, and many instances were brought forward of good teeth in tea-drinkers and of bad ones in persons who never touched it. The evidence is conflicting, and at present the connection between disease of the teeth and hot tea does not seem thoroughly established. The severe indigestion often distinctly traceable to inordinate quantities of hot tea, may indirectly lead to loss of the teeth, although it is curious how much they will stand in some constitutions, how little in others. Very hot and very cold fluids injure the digestion, and so cannot be absolutely harmless to the teeth. Very hard foods, like nuts, again, cause toothache in some persons; so do sweets and acids, although decay may not have commenced. We often notice that small, feeble, nervous people, who have lost their teeth, suffer from indigestion, but we cannot ascertain, with any approach to certainty, how close the connection is between disease of the teeth and impaired digestion. We have a strong suspicion that the feebleness which gives rise to the imperfect assimilation of food, may also, in some instances, account for the decay of the teeth. Heredity plays an important part, as in all bodily weaknesses and peculiarities, and many people seem doomed to early loss of their teeth, do what they will, while others, who are not more careful, escape. One of the best safeguards is to have decaying teeth at once attended to by a good dentist; another is to avoid acids; a third is cleaning the teeth regularly with a soft brush; a fourth, not using such objectionable tooth-powders as charcoal, which, from their extreme hardness, cut the surfaces of the teeth like so many files.

TO-DAY.

David Lawton.

TO-DAY, alone, God places in thy hands,
To use for good or ill, just as thou wilt;
Beware lest thou let slip its golden sands,
They cannot be restored if once they're spilt.

To-day thy Father's gracious call obey,
And so prepare thee for to-morrow's sun;
Thou hast no wealth of time to throw away,
Now is the time to do what should be done.

To-day rings out to thee, a trumpet call
To highest duty, or to lowliest toil,
Life's richest wine distils from trial's gall,
For those who stand unscathed amid the moil.

To-day is big with issues—all thy life
Doth hinge upon the ever-pressing Now;
Then bear thyself amid this changeful strife,
As if each deed fulfilled a holy vow.

God ever lives in one eternal now,
And now alone exists for thee, wherein
Thou may'st achieve with an undaunted brow,
Stern conquest by his grace o'er inbred sin.

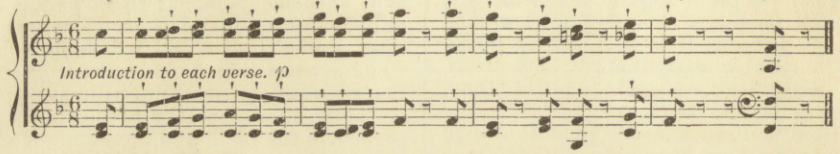
To-day, arise, thy better self apply,
With zeal to fill thy little sphere aright,
And make each moment golden passing by,
And other souls illumine by thy light.

To-day, then thou shalt feel within thy heart,
Uprise a well-spring of eternal joy,
Which ever comes to those who do their part,
Love is love's best reward for love's employ.

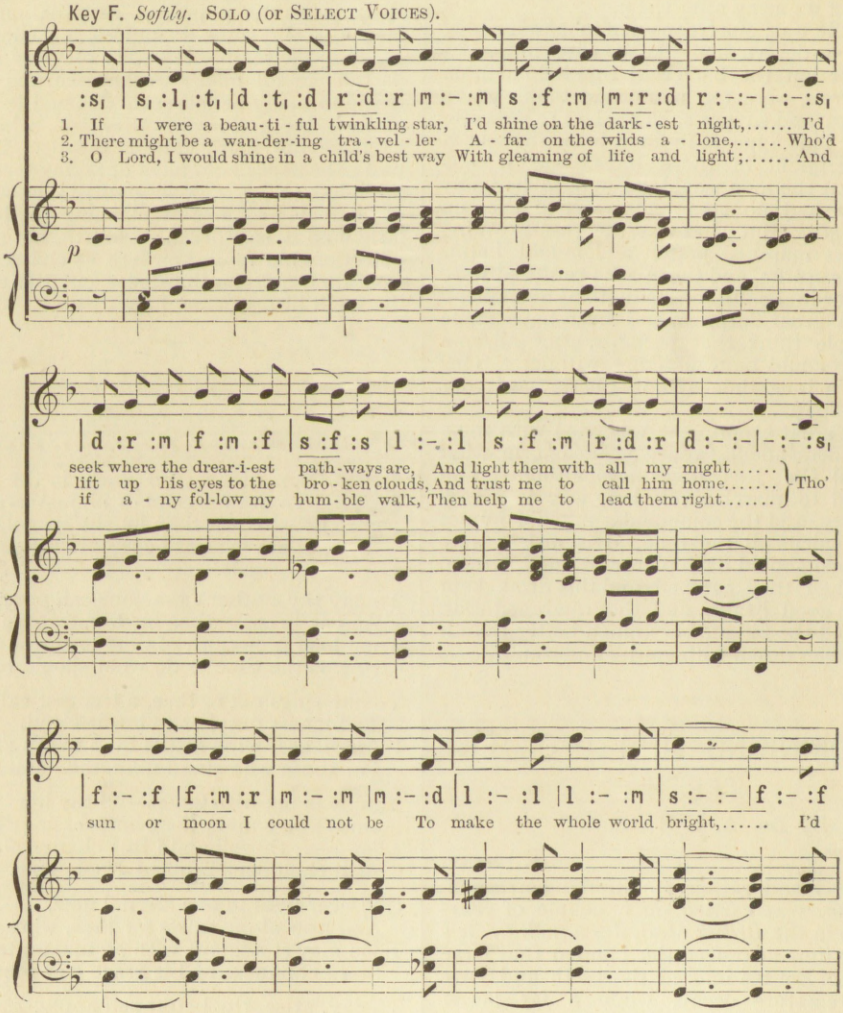
SHINING WITH OUR MIGHT.

A Song for Children.

Words by GRACE GLEAM. * *Music by* CAREY BONNER.



Key F. *Softly.* SOLO (or SELECT VOICES).



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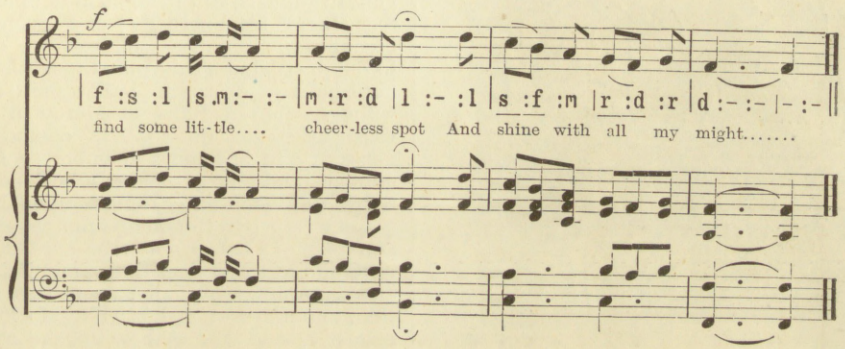
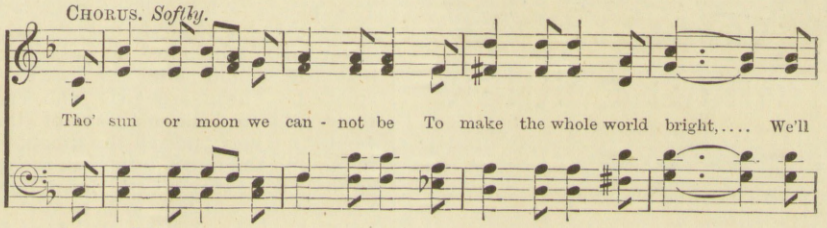
SHINING WITH OUR MIGHT.





CHORUS. *Softly.*

:s$_1$	f :- :f	f :m :r	m :- :m	m :- :d	l :- :l	l :- :m	s :- :- | f :- :f
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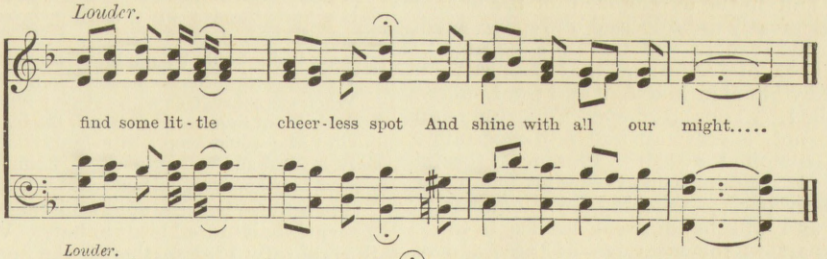
Tho'	sun or	moon we	can - not	be To	make the whole	world bright,	We'll
:s$_1$	r :- :r	r :d :t$_1$	d :- :s	s :- :m	m :- :m	m :- :l	l :- :- | :- :l
:s$_1$	s$_1$:- :s$_1$	s$_1$:- :s$_1$	d :- :d	d :- :ta$_1$	l$_1$:- :l$_1$	l$_1$:- :de	r :- :- | :- :r



Louder.

f :s :l	s .m :- :-	m :r :d	l :- :l	s :f :m	r :d :r	d :- :- | :- :-	
t$_1$:d :d	d .d :- :-	d :t$_1$:d	d :- :d	d :- :d	t$_1$:d :t$_1$	d :- :- | :- :-	
find some lit-tle		cheer - less spot		And shine with	all our	might.	
l :s :f	s .s :- :-	s :f :m	f :- :re	m :l :s	f :m :f	m :- :- | :- :-	
r :m :f	m .d :- :-	d :s$_1$:l$_1$	f$_1$:- :fe$_1$	s$_1$:- :s$_1$	s$_1$:- :s$_1$	d :- :- | :- :-	d$_1$:- :- | :- :-



THE GIRLS' CORNER.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

By Sophie Haddow.

IT is very likely that many of our readers are members of a Band of Mercy or a kindred organisation. All good causes are mutually helpful, and those who are trained in Temperance are not very likely to be wanting in that quality of mercy "which falleth as the gentle dew from heaven." The use of good literature in the promotion of Temperance, and in the development of the human feelings is greatly to be desired and encouraged. Some of my readers will therefore be glad to hear of a book of recitations that has just been published by Simpkin Marshall and Co. London. It is called "The Humane Educator and Reciter,"—not a very attractive title certainly —and is compiled by Mrs. Florence Horatia Suckling. It contains a good selection of ancient and modern poetry touching on kindness to animals, and will be of great service to those who take part in the meetings of the Band of Mercy. The action pieces are likely to prove attractive, and if entered into with spirit would be very amusing and interesting. Such pieces as "Who stole the bird's nest?" "Three little nest birds," "Kindergarten play for eleven little boys," are very pretty, and "Live and let live" is quite animated.

Animals appear to be treated with much greater kindness than they used to be, though there is still room for further improvement. Much good has been done by the formation of Bands of Mercy, which meet weekly or monthly as is most convenient, and are conducted after the manner of Band of Hope meetings. The first Band of Mercy was formed 16 years ago by the late Mrs. Smithies. Since then they have spread with wonderful rapidity all over England, the Colonies, and America. The members take the following pledge:—"We agree to be kind to animals, and to do all in our power to protect them from cruelty; and promote their humane treatment." Children are often cruel to dumb creatures from pure thoughtlessness, and not from any desire to inflict pain, and would willingly join a Band of Mercy if only they were asked to do so. Of course it is not necessary to become a member to be kind to animals, and a great deal can be done privately, but in this, as in other things, union is strength.

Let girls see to the dumb animals at home; if you possess a cat or a dog be sure that it is fed well, and at the proper times, and that it is kept clean. A dog, especially, needs care and attention, and unless a girl is willing to look after it properly, and knows how to, she ought not to keep one. To be really happy a dog requires good plain food regularly given, exercise out of doors daily, a swim frequently if he likes the water (if not he must be washed in a tub), and his coat should after be well brushed and combed. There are girls who cruelly neglect their pets in little matters of this kind who would be horrified at the thought of whipping them, and the one is as bad as the other. Some animals will suffer greatly from hunger or thirst before they will use a dirty dish, and yet the food or water is left on the floor from morning till night in the hope that the animal will "find its appetite." It would be a good plan if every girl before keeping a pet of any kind learned all she could about its habits and ways of living, and what she should do for it, that it might be healthy and comfortable. She would not then be likely to do her pet any harm from mistaken kindness or ignorant mismanagement.

There is no doubt about the cruelty of keeping larks and linnets in the tiny boxes that are generally used.

"Oh! who would keep a little bird confined,
When cowslip bells are nodding in the wind,
When every hedge as with 'Good Morrow' rings.
And, heard from wood to wood, the blackbird sings?
Oh! who would keep a little bird confined
In his cold and wiry prison? Let him fly;
And hear him sing, 'How sweet is liberty!'"

Then there is the stupid and vulgar fashion of wearing slaughtered birds in hats. We remember the fable of "Fine feathers make fine birds" and how ridiculous the jackdaw looked decked out in the peacock's feathers. To one not accustomed to such sights, a girl looks just as absurd in her borrowed plumes for which the birds have been slain. Surely if a girl only thinks about the matter she will not wear birds and wings in her hat for they are evidences that she is ready to sacrifice bright and innocent creatures of God from mere vanity and wantonness of spirit. Remember those beautiful words of Coleridge:—

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

"WITH YOU."

By AGNES HANNAY.



"IF you were going with me, Ellen, it would be different, but it will be so lonely out there all by myself. All the troubles seem to come to me, while you—"

"Hush, Mary, you must not talk like that, you will not be all alone, for I am sure Mrs. Simpson is very kind, and she will take care of you. Come, cheer up a bit, and get to your work, your dress should be finished to-night, and I can help you with it when I come in."

The speaker was a fair, pleasant-faced young woman, who went quietly about the room, making it tidy, as she spoke. Mary, her sister, sat listlessly by the window, a look of fretful discontent on her pretty face. The girls were very much alike in feature, but there the resemblance ceased, the despondency and indifference of the one forming a great contrast with the bright, hopeful energy of the other.

Ellen soon went out to her daily work, for she was an upholstress, and clever at her trade. She had a long walk this morning, and as she went, her sister's words sounded still in her ears. "It will be so lonely out there, all by myself."

The two girls were alone in the world, their parents had long died, and they had been brought up by an aunt, who was now also dead. She had done well by the girls, and had taught them to work for themselves. Mary, the elder one, had taken a place as lady's maid, and Ellen had been apprenticed to an upholsterer. But Mary's pretty face, and easy, self-indulgent nature brought her temptations that she was too weak to resist, and she was dismissed from her situation without a character. For months, Ellen heard nothing of her till she received a letter from her, saying she had been in the hospital, but was leaving in a few days, and had nowhere to go. Ellen was steady and industrious, and was doing well, and she went and brought her sister home to share her room with her. Poor Mary! she was a wreck of her former self, and for days would hardly stir from the room, and seemed to cling to her sister as a refuge from herself. But Ellen could not keep them both, and she knew also that work would be the best tonic for Mary. She tried to find a place for her, but without success, for no one cared to try a maid with such a past, but, at length, a lady for whom she had sometimes worked, and who knew the girls' story, offered to take Mary to Australia with her. Ellen had given her consent with much misgiving, for Mary had seemed to rely on her so much lately, and she feared she might easily be led astray again if away from her influence. But it seemed the only course open, so the offer was accepted, and she was to sail in a fortnight.

As Ellen walked along that morning, the wish that they could keep together was very strong, and her sister's words had put a new thought in her mind. "Why should she not go also?" The thought came to her with a painful shock when her sister spoke, and she had tried to put it away at once, but it recurred again and again. She knew that, clever workwoman as she was, she could easily obtain employment in the new country, and she had little fear of novelty or dangers, but for two years she had been engaged to a young carpenter, and they had planned to be married in a few months, and have a little home of their own. "Could she give this up? Was she to sacrifice her own happiness, her lover's happiness? Was she to lead a lonely, loveless life in a foreign land, just because her sister was too weak to stand by herself? No, no, she could not do it, why should she?" she asked herself. "Was she to be punished for her sister's sin?"

But then she thought of Mary, how they had been children together, how she had always admired Mary's pretty ways, and loved her for her gentle good nature. She thought of her alone in a foreign land with no strength to battle against adverse circumstances. What if Mary should fall again for want of a helping hand?

She went home at night with the question unanswered, but the sight of Mary's hopeless face almost decided her. Mary seemed ashamed of her petulance of the morning, and busied herself in preparing tea, and they worked till late at night at her outfit.

Next day was Sunday, and, as usual, her lover, Tom, called for Ellen to go for a walk with him. They were away a long time, and when at last Ellen came in alone, Mary was struck by her weary look.

"Why, Ellen," she exclaimed "you look dead beat. Have you been walking all this time? You should not have gone so far, girl!"

Ellen sat down for a few minutes, as if too exhausted to speak, and then she rose and said gently, "Yes, I am very tired, we have walked too far; and, Mary, dear, Tom and I have said good-bye. I will take my passage and go out to Australia with you."

The passage was taken next day, for Ellen wanted to put it out of her power to draw back, and she went about her preparations with a heavy heart. The parting with Tom had been painful, for he could not see her action in the same light as she did, and he left her with the angry reproach that, as she cared more for her sister than for him, he was well rid of her.

And Mary, too, though she had brightened up, and seemed to have new life in her, did not understand the sacrifice Ellen made. This was partly Ellen's fault, for in her desire to spare her sister every pain she could, she had told her decision in such a way that Mary thought some quarrel with Tom was the reason, and her only remark had been: "Oh, well, they say wages are very good out there, and I daresay you will soon find someone else to marry you."

A fortnight later the girls sailed. They found Tom waiting for them at the docks. "Ellen," he said, as he took her hand, "I could not let you go in anger, forgive me what I said, I didn't mean it, Ellen."

"Oh, Tom," sobbed Ellen, "I am so glad you have come, it makes it so much easier if you think I am doing right; you do think I am right, do you not?"

"Yes, Ellen, I think you are right; go, and God bless you. Good-bye, my girl." But it was not good-bye for ever.

Ether Drinking in Ulster.

IN the *Review of Reviews* attention is called to an article, written by Dr. Kerr in the *New Review*, on ether drinking in the north of Ireland, where a population of 100,000 indulge in this curse. Draperstown is the centre of this traffic.

Ether drinking seems to be popular for three reasons; first, because it is cheap, and people can become drunk on fourpence; even those well seasoned in its use need only expend a shilling to be very intoxicated. Secondly, its effect is so powerful that those who take it in small quantities are made drunk almost immediately. Thirdly, the influence soon goes off and the victims recover rapidly, so that a man can get drunk and be sober again many times in the course of the day.

At first it would seem that ether drinking does comparatively little serious harm, because the effect it produces so soon passes away. But, like wrong-doing, it will in time bring its own retribution. Those who continue to take it suffer from many complaints, chiefly a waste of energy that makes people prematurely old and infirm. One ether-taker, at 41, became a wizened, bent, decrepit, old man; and already there have been more than a dozen fatal cases resulting from ether drinking.

If the physical consequences of this indulgence are bad, the moral effects are worse. With the ever-growing craving for this deadly drug, the victims sink daily into a loathsome state of helplessness, with conscience deadened and honour transformed into deceit and cunning.

Dr. Kerr proposes, as a remedy, that naphtha should be added to ether as it is now to methylated spirits, from which the ether is extracted; that the retail trade should be abolished, and only druggists permitted to sell it to those who register their names and the object for which the ether is required.

The Flower-Girl.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

SHE stole away in the early hours,
When the sky was a soft, sweet grey,
And she sought the fairest, the brightest flowers,
In the field where the dewdrops lay.
She watched the light from the distant skies,
Caressing the waking earth,
And she saw the violet unclose its eyes
To welcome the morning's birth—
"I must gather the flowers!" she softly said,
"I must sell the flowers for bread!"

'Neath the budding branches that gently stirred,
She sought for the primrose fair,
And she heard the song of the waking bird,
Rise gladly upon the air.
"Oh, tempt me not, sweet bird to stay,
With your wondrous melody!
For I must to the city away! away!
Ere the flowers I have gathered, die.
I must sell my flowers," she sadly said,
"I must sell my flowers for bread!"

So she gathered them down by the river side,
And on dewy and grassy plains;
She sought them away in the meadows wide,
And in narrow, crooked lanes,
Midst grasses, that kissed her weary feet,
By streams as they hurried by;
Till her basket was filled with the wild flowers sweet,
And the sun in the East was high.
"And now, to the city!" she wearily said,
"To sell my flowers for bread!"

* * * * *

She stands alone by the great stone wall,
In the heart of the busy town,
And the deep'ning shadows around her fall,
For the day with its light has flown;
There's a mist of tears in her sad, dark eyes,
And her lips hold a heavy sigh,—
"Will you buy my flowers!" she sadly cries,
To the people who pass her by;
But they heed not the girl with the dusky head,
Who is selling the flowers for bread.

Deeper and deeper the shadows fall,
Darker and darker the sky,
But still the girl by the cold stone wall,
Calls out to the passers-by,
"Will you buy my flowers! my pretty flowers!"
But the people still hurry on—
Still hurry on through long, long hours,
Till all hope from her heart has gone—
And she moves away with a heavy tread,
For the flowers she plucked are dead.


H. J. Johnstone

Domine dirige nos.

J. G. TOLTON.



THESE words are a prayer — "O, Lord, direct us" —and are the motto of the City of London.

No city of ancient or of modern times can be compared with this queen city of the world. Her vast size, her enormous wealth, her teeming population, her noble river, her extensive railway system, her magnificent public buildings, her stately bridges, her beautiful parks, her numerous manufactures, all combine to make London the mightiest city on the globe.

Within a circle of ten or twelve miles' radius, more than four million persons have their homes. Men of every rank, race, religion, and employment may be seen in its crowded streets. It is said that there are more Scots in London than in Edinburgh; more Irish than in Dublin; and more Jews than in Palestine. If this be a positive fact, the aspiration "Domine dirige nos" is peculiarly appropriate.

London is a very fascinating place to most who have resided there long, in spite of its smoke, dirt, and fog. So thought Charles Lamb, and Dr. Johnson could live nowhere else, with any comfort, but in London. An observant resident, with an eye to the ludicrous, could write a small book of experiences, funny enough to be on the same shelf with those of Mark Twain or Jerome K. Jerome. The city waif or gamin evading a policeman whose civic dignity the urchin has assailed, would provide subject matter for many an article. The small boy can dodge under horses, crawl between the wheels of a street car, or hide behind a pillar letter-box. His skill at repartee is often marvellous, and suggests a mine of rhetorical wealth, that ought to be secured and trained for platform purposes.

A crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, somewhat impeded the traffic of St. Martin's-lane, not far from Seven Dials.

"What's hup, Bill?"

"Nothin's *hup*, but this 'ere 'orse is *down*."

But there is another side to the gamin's life, which makes us earnestly ejaculate, "O, Lord, direct us!" It is not difficult to interview one of these little fellows. We have done so many times. Learn his history. His home is a cellar; his mother a shameless beggar; his father a drunkard; his sisters, with livid, withered, sad faces, lost and outcast. He dwells amid uncleanness and cruelty, catching the contagion of sin, and making acquaintance with polluted humanity in every form. His history? It is one of darkness, without one ray of light, a history which, if traced in tears and blood, none of us would have nerve enough to read. Born and brought up in the midst of such horrible surroundings, he is what he is. How can he grow God-like, while all the influences of his life tend the other way. Had one of us had the education that boy has had, with all his woeful experience of life, should we have been any different to what he is? If our lines have fallen in pleasanter places, we owe it to Him who has preserved our going out and our coming in.

Let us not, then, despise this waif and stray, and sweep him away with the pitiful leavings of the street, but let us help him, give him knowledge, teach him the Lord's Prayer, and tell him of Jesus. To this end, *Domine dirige nos.* That boy may be made a Barnabas, instead of a Barabbas.

A temperance worker, when returning one Sabbath afternoon from a ragged school, found a little fellow sitting on a doorstep, looking melancholy and destitute. He took him along with him and drew from the boy his story. The youngster was about ten years of age; his mother had died when he was a baby, so that he had no recollection of her; his father had been dead about twelve months, his death hastened by excessive drinking. The furniture of the room was sold on the day of the funeral to pay the expenses. When the lad returned from the grave, he found a man busy removing the poor sticks and rags from the wretched apartment, making it more desolate in its emptiness. The boy left that room a vagrant. The first night he slept in a court; then he found refuge in a railway arch; sometimes he was fortunate enough to gain the shelter of an omnibus. Such were the facts. Is it strange, when we think of these things, that there should be such vice and crime in London? What is the cause? Mainly it is the drinking habits of the people. Would that London might remember its pious prayer-motto!

"Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings, by Thy most gracious favour," we pray Sabbath by Sabbath.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," we cry in our daily devotions. Then let us collect our forces; re-brace our energies; ransack our brains for new devices; and not rest satisfied till there is a flourishing Band of Hope in every place where children are gathered together. And we will pray the Londoner's prayer—*Domine dirige nos*—and we will work as we pray.

Especially is divine direction needed, that the work among the young may produce the maximum of result; and can any more effective method be found than that recently inaugurated by the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, in common with similar organisations in other parts of the United Kingdom,—a scheme by which more children than are reached by our Bands of Hope may be taught the true nature and properties of alcoholic liquors and their effects upon the human system. London had set this example; one which cannot be too widely followed; specially qualified lecturers—trained teachers, with good physiological knowledge, visit all schools open to them, and deliver lectures, illustrated by the use of blackboards, anatomical diagrams, chemical

experiments, &c. Manchester and Liverpool, if they do not originate every good word and work, are observant, and they are no whit behind the Metropolis in their endeavours to carry out good schemes to the most perfect issues.

Another word. The city which is so happy in its heraldic motto should ask and receive divine direction, to lead all the other cities of the world aright. London has many imitators. This fact involves a vast responsibility. What will London do with it?

A GOOD OFFER.

THE United Kingdom Band of Hope Union now offer for presentation to Libraries for young people a grant of books, to the value of £500, on certain simple and well advised conditions. This gift with the local contributions will supply 25,000 Temperance books, suitable for children in our Bands of Hope and Sunday schools.

This generous help should be very widely known, and is sure to be taken up with thankfulness by all those interested in the advancement of Temperance, or in the improvement of the young.

It is gratifying to learn that by the kindness of friends, who feel the importance of this step, 6,000 volumes have been given to 60 reformatory and industrial schools containing 10,000 boys and girls.

CONDITIONS.

1. The grants will be made in the order of application, and until such time as the sum specified (£500) shall be exhausted.

2. Books may be selected from following lists, or if preferred, other Standard Temperance Works may be chosen.

3. Schools or Societies making application will be required to add a certain sum, as specified below, to the amount contributed by the Committee of the Union.

4. Upon the necessary application form being filled in, grants will be made as follows, it being understood that List 3 is the maximum grant that can be made to any one School or Society.

13s. LIST.

(*Local Contribution, 5s.*)

	s.	d.
Lionel Franklin's Victory (Prize Tale). E. Van Sommer	3	6
True to his Colours. Rev. T.P. Wilson, M.A.	3	6
Manor House Mystery. Mrs. Balfour ...	2	0
Manchester House. J. Capes Story ...	1	6
Temperance Tales. J. W. Kirton ...	1	6
Nelly's Dark Days. Hesba Stretton ...	1	0
	13	0

20s. LIST.

(*Local Contribution, 7s. 6d.*)

	s.	d.
Tim's Troubles (Prize Tale). Miss Paull	3	6
Owen's Hobby (Prize Tale). Elmer Burleigh	2	6
St. Chris. Miss E. Van Sommer	2	6
Danesbury House (£100 Prize Tale). Mrs. Henry Wood	2	0
Three People. Pansy.	2	0
By the Trent. (£250 Prize Tale). Mrs. Oldham	2	0
Gough's Orations. Vol. I....	1	6
Gough's Orations. Vol. II.	1	6
The Water Drinkers of the Bible. J. W. Kirton	1	6
John Tregenoweth. Mark Guy Pearse ...	1	0
	20	0

26s. 6d. LIST.

(*Local Contribution, 10s.*)

	s.	d.
Frank Oldfield (Prize Tale). Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A.	3	6
Through Storm to Sunshine (£100 Prize Tale), W. J. Lacey	3	6
Sought and Saved (Prize Tale). Miss Paull	3	6
The Case for Total Abstinence. W. J. Lacey	3	6
Every Day Doings (Prize Tale). Helena Richardson	2	6
Naresboro' Victory (£70 Prize Tale). Rev. T. Keyworth	2	6
Rachel Noble's Experience. Bruce Edwards	2	0
Temperance Reader. Rev. J. Dennis Hird	1	6
The Four Pillars of Temperance. Dr. Kirton	1	0
How Paul's Penny became a Pound. Mrs. Bowen	1	0
The Little Captain. Lynde Palmer ...	1	0
Frank West; or The Struggles of a Village Lad	1	0
	26	6

Any of these books already in libraries may be exchanged for those in the lists of the same value.

ALCOHOL AND INEBRIATES.

I MOST heartily subscribe to the opinion which, I am glad to think, begins to prevail, that there is no risk whatever in withdrawing alcohol suddenly and absolutely from inebriates. I have long known and practised this. It is, in my experience, the only hope for their recovery. Half measures always fail. Let it be absolutely forbidden in any form and quantity, and though I am not very sanguine as to success in the case of confirmed drunkards, yet for those less hopelessly abandoned there is, by following rigid abstinence, a chance of reform.—*Professor G. H. B. Macleod, "Glasgow Medical Journal."*

Pebbles and Pearls.

PEOPLE who believe everything they hear never hear as much as they believe.

A POOR man being laughed at for wearing a short cloak, said, "It will be long enough before I have done with it."

BEFORE England took possession of Lucknow there were no drink-shops in it; it now contains over two hundred. Upper Burmah, once free from a single drink-shop, now derives a revenue of £10,000 a year from ardent spirits.

FROM a "census taken one Saturday evening in reference to 200 public-houses in various parts of London, it was found in about three hours 7,019 children passed in and out." There is, however, one phase of Temperance work the Churches can undertake at once, without waiting till "the dream" of a united Christendom comes true in their experience, and that is, to try and stop the abominable custom of selling drink to young children.

MR. W. T. Stead advocates the united effort of the Churches in establishing in every well-populated district, as a rival to the public-house, a Tetotum, or Temperance public-house.

WHISTLING—A GOOD TEMPERANCE AGENT.—A certain old lady in Cheshire, whenever she hires a servant, asks him if he can whistle. On being requested by a friend to explain the cause of such a singular question, she replied, that when her footman went down to draw the ale, she always made him whistle until he returned, by which means she insured his sobriety.

LITTLE RUDOLPH one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing during the morning. At the table his hostess anxiously enquired: "Rudolph, can you cut your own meat?"

"Humph!" said Rudolph, who was sawing away, "Can't I? I've cut up a great deal tougher meat than this at home."

AN ORGAN-GRINDER'S EARNINGS.—"What do you make a week?" said a magistrate to an Italian organ-grinder, who charged a man with breaking his instrument the other day.

"Vour pound, sare."

"Eh, what! four pounds for grinding an organ?"

"No, sare; not vor grind—vor shut up and go away!"

LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH will open, on Easter Monday, at 2 o'clock, the Industrial Exhibition and Loan Collection, promoted by the Hackney and East Middlesex Band of Hope Union, to be held in the Board School, Chatham Place, Morning Lane, Hackney. Prizes value £75 are offered for competition. The programme will include varied musical performances, gymnastic and Swedish drill displays, and other entertainments. The Exhibition will remain open Easter Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday; opening at 2 o'clock each day.

MADAME PATTI, replying to an interviewer, declared that alcoholic stimulants of any kind tend to irritate the throat, and should be entirely abstained from by those who wish to cultivate singing.

"WHAT if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things about, and kick like everything, just because the coffee is cold?"

"John," responded his wife, "I would make it hot for you."

"I SEE in this world," says John Newton, "two heaps—one of human happiness and the other of human misery. Now, if I take but the smallest bit from the second heap and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."

REFRESHMENTS AT RAILWAY STATIONS.—That enterprising Company, the G. E. R. has just opened, at Liverpool Street Station, handsome new suburban waiting rooms, attached to and opening from which is a nicely-fitted-up tea-room, where non-alcoholic refreshments are served at such prices as—tea, coffee, and chocolate, 1d. per cup; glass of milk, 2d.; roll and butter, 3d.

HANLAN ON ALCOHOL.—The champion sculler says:—"I have to state that in my opinion the best physical performances can only be secured through the absolute abstinence from their use. This is my rule, and I find, after three years' constant work at the oar, during which time I have rowed many notable match races, that I am better able to contend in a great race than when I first commenced. I believe that the use of liquor and tobacco has a most injurious effect upon the system of an athlete."

CHARLES WATERTON, THE NATURALIST.—"I am now fourscore-and-one year and three months, and I can stand upon the upper branches of a tree, or upon the top of a high wall without fear of falling. I rise every morning, winter and summer, at half-past three o'clock. I do not even know the taste of wine, nor of any spirituous liquor, and sixty-seven years have now passed over my head since I drank a glass of beer."

TEETOTAL SHOOTING.—"Mr. Joseph Partello, during a practice trial at the target ranges of the Columbia Rifle Association, achieved the extraordinary score of 224 out of a possible 225. In other words, he made at the three ranges of 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, 44 out of a maximum of 45 bull's-eyes. The actual record was a string of 27 consecutive bull's-eyes, the next shot was a 'centre,' but the marksman at once recovered his extraordinary skill, finishing his record by an unbroken string of 17 bull's-eyes. He has been a teetotaler, and mainly to promote the steadiness of his nerves he gave up alcohol."—*Times.*



JANE MARTIN'S REWARD.

BY

ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL,

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.

IT was a bitterly cold day in the month of November, the snow lay thickly on the ground, and a cruel east wind blew the falling flakes mercilessly hither and thither. Jane Martin, as she walked bravely and fearlessly through the fierce elements, felt half inclined to murmur at her lot, wondering why so much sorrow and trouble had come into her life so early; she was only twenty-three. But Jane was a follower of Christ, and if, for a time, discontented thoughts arose, she strove hard to check them and to remember that she could glorify her Master by bearing patiently the cross He had laid upon her, and doing cheerfully and willingly the work that was assigned her. Her thoughts were, however, soon brought to a close by the lights of her home appearing in sight. It was a small cottage, and stood a little way from the road, with a nice patch of garden in front, in which Jane took great pride. As she opened the door, a querulous voice greeted her, saying:

"What a long time you've been away, Jane, and me scarcely able to move out of my chair; I do think you might have thought of your poor invalid mother, and been a bit quicker taking back your work. Have you brought any more of them fine shirts to make? I hope not; for I'm sure they don't pay you."

All this was said in a hurried, anxious tone, before Jane had time to reply. As soon, however, as she had taken off her wet cloak and regained her breath, she said,

"Yes, mother, I've brought three more to do, and Miss Bennison said they were so nicely stitched, that she would give me threepence apiece more for this lot; and, indeed, mother, dear, I haven't been long. You know it is quite a mile to the Hall, and I have only been an hour and a half away, and I am sure Miss Bennison kept me quite half an hour, and it is such heavy walking; it has taken me nearly twenty minutes longer than it does generally. Come, cheer up, mother; in spite of the snow, it hasn't been half a bad walk," she added cheerfully.

"Bad walk, indeed; I should think you are wet through. But, come, get off your damp shoes, and see about tea, I want mine badly enough, and I guess your are ready for yours too."

"That, indeed, I am," Jane answered, and as she bustled about, the little room soon wore quite a cheery aspect. The kettle began to sing, and Jane, all activity, drew the small table up in front of the fire, and placed upon it a snowy white cloth and the old-fashioned blue and white china tea things.

"See, mother," she said, as she opened the basket, "What I brought for your tea, two fresh scones, such as grandmother used to make, the housekeeper at the hall sent them purposely for you."

"Did she now? Well! that was nice of her, I'm sure they've been very kind since father went away."

"Yes, that they have, mother, and I've thought Miss Bennison kinder than ever to me during these last months."

Whilst Jane and her mother are getting their tea, we will give the reader an insight into their past history.

Mr. Martin had at one time owned a little farm, and ought to have occupied a very respectable position, but drink—the bane and curse of thousands of homes—had been his ruin. Step by step he had gradually gone on from bad to worse, until at last the time came when the old homestead had to be sold. So the place where John Martin was born, and his father and grandfather before him, passed into the hands of strangers. His wife, who had been stricken with paralysis, some years previous, had been gradually getting worse, and about three months before the sale, a second stroke left her almost helpless. Upon Jane, who was their only child, fell the burden of supporting herself and her mother, for some two or three weeks after the sale, John Martin suddenly quitted the neighbourhood. About a month after his departure, Jane received a letter, saying he had gone abroad to retrieve his fortunes, and that if he succeeded, he would send for her and her mother, and if not, they were better without him.

This happened three years ago, and from that time no word had been heard of him in any way.

Poor Jane! When she received this cold, heartless letter, her courage and faith seemed almost to fail, and, like the patriarch of old, she was tempted to think hard thoughts concerning God's dealings with her. Still, during the long, weary nights, and anxious, busy days, which followed her father's departure, she never really lost her hold on that "Friend, who sticketh closer than a brother," and who has said, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." What a tower of strength are these

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words to the tried and tempted believer, and on to the end of time, they will ever continue one of the Christian's strongholds in the day of trial.

Since her father left them, Jane had supported herself and her mother by plain sewing, which she obtained from Mrs. Bennison and her daughters, who lived at the Hall hard by. They were also very kind to Jane in many ways, and frequently things from the house and the garden found their way into her basket, which she laughingly used to say was heavier to carry *down* the hill than *up*. Nevertheless, she and her mother had known some very dark days, and had even been in absolute need.

Many a night had Jane sat up, until the old-fashioned Dutch clock struck twelve, to finish the work she had in hand, knowing that upon the payment of it depended their to-morrow's food.

Her mother's had been a suffering life, but hitherto none of her afflictions had been sanctified to her, and although at times the good Spirit had striven mightily with her, she had not yielded her heart to the Saviour.

Jane yearned both for her father's and mother's salvation with an intense longing, and her daily, and often hourly, cry was that they might be brought to the feet of Christ; but when her father went away, leaving no word of hope concerning the future behind him, and no clue to his whereabouts, her faith was sorely tried.

One night, when Mrs. Martin had been bewailing their lot, and saying she saw nothing but the workhouse before them, and Jane was feeling more than usually depressed, she resolved to go down to the week-evening service held in the little village chapel at Doonton.

Wearied in body and mind, she entered just as the preacher gave out for his text those inimitable words in the 54th chapter of Isaiah, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer."

If ever a tried believer and a sympathising Saviour met, it was during that service.

Over and over again those beautiful words, "For a *small* moment have I forsaken thee; but with *great* mercies will I gather thee. With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee." rang in Jane's ears like the refrain of a sweet song.

The preacher spoke of our trials as cords of loving kindness, by which God is seeking to draw us nearer to Himself, and of His unutterable tenderness in all His dealings with us. He also showed how the Divine One saw the end from the beginning, whilst mortals looked through a dim and distorted medium, and saw nothing but plans crossed and gourds laid low. "Is it fair," he said, "to criticise the half finished future, to condemn the half developed plan? How much less, then, ought we to sit in judgment on God's dealings with us? We frequently find, even in this present world, mysterious dispensations issuing in unlooked for blessings. Jacob would never have seen Joseph, had he not parted with Benjamin. Tribulation is the King's highway, and yet that highway is paved with love. Remember that after the pledge of His love in Jesus, nothing can come wrong that comes from His hand; if tempted at times to harbour unkind misgivings, let the sight of the cross dispel them."

It was on this wise he addressed his little group of hearers that Wednesday evening, and little did he think that God, even as he spoke the words, applied them to the healing and comforting of one of his tried ones. With a light heart, from which the burden had rolled away, Jane left that humble sanctuary, to her it had indeed been as the "gate of Heaven," and as she walked home that evening she resolved never again to doubt the Divine love.

Months passed away in which she bore her burden bravely, striving hard to keep the little home over their heads. Her mother daily grew more infirm and at times was very irritable, but that verse, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," was often in Jane's mind, and she proved the truth of it many a time.

One afternoon, as she sat singing at her work, her mother said, "Really, Jane, I cannot see what you've got to sing about, more likely moan I should think."

"Why, mother, I was thinking, as I sang, what a great deal we have to be thankful for, we've a house, though it is but a small one, I've my health and strength to work, we've kind friends, and above all we've a friend who through all our trials has never forsaken us. Oh! mother dear, if you'd only prove Him, you'd find Him far, far more sympathising and tender than you could ever imagine; I can't tell you what it all is to me, it's something so indescribably sweet, beyond all things earthly. *Will you* try Him, mother?" added Jane, anxiety lending a persuasiveness to her voice.

"Oh! child, I wish I could," and poor Mrs. Martin burst into tears; Jane also was deeply moved, for it was the first time she had heard her mother express so plainly a desire to come to the Saviour.

"You see," continued Mrs. Martin, "I've put it off so long, that I feel as if a crust had grown all round my heart, and made it so hard, harder each year, so that now I want to come I can't; and after slighting Him all these long years He wouldn't listen to me, and not likely."

"Oh! yes, mother, He would; it is never too late to come to Him who has said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"Ah! but then I've known about it all so long, and murmured against His dealings with me, and it seems too good to think that after all this constant murmuring, and hard thoughts cherished daily, He *could* forgive me."

"But He will, indeed, mother; do take Him at His word, don't dishonour Him one hour longer by doubting He won't receive you, because His word must hold good, and He promises to receive all that come unto Him."

"Eh! if I could but believe so!" sighed the old woman.

At this moment, a knock was heard at the door, and the minister, who had been the means of comforting Jane's sad heart at that week-evening service, entered.

"Good evening, Mrs. Martin," he said. "I was passing your door, so thought I would just look in and see how you were; better, I hope."

"Well, sir, I've not had quite so much pain lately, but I think I grow daily more helpless."

"Well! you must be thankful you have less pain, and thankful, too, that if you're helpless, you have a good daughter who has health—and more than that, the will—to work for you."

"Yes, she's a daughter in a thousand, is Jane," she added, looking gratefully at her.

"And I think I may venture to say, Mrs. Martin, it is Jane's religion that makes her what she is. There is no mistaking the genuine thing when we see it, is there?" he added, with a smile.

After a little more pleasant chat, he asked Mrs. Martin if she would allow them to hold their little week-evening prayer meeting at her house during the winter. To Jane's joy, she willingly acquiesced; and the good minister, as he knelt down to pray before leaving, secretly thanked God that the good seed of the kingdom, which had apparently lain so long dormant, seemed at last as though it would spring up and bear fruit unto life eternal.

So it came to pass, that a few earnest Christian people, often accompanied by those who had not yet begun to tread the narrow road, met every week during the long, dreary winter at Jane's home. Her mother, although she said little, was evidently growing daily more anxious after heavenly things, and many an hour was passed by her in reading and studying her Bible and hymn-book. Her increasing patience, too, showed Jane that she was at least trying to think less of herself. As her daughter noticed these little things, her heart overflowed with gratitude to God; but she felt more than ever anxious that her mother should rejoice in the Saviour's love. One night, as the little company at the prayer-meeting were singing—

"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O, Lamb of God, I come,"

Mrs. Martin, her face radiant with joy, interrupted them before they sang the next verse, by saying:—

"Oh! I see it all now. He *does* receive me, because I believe He will; He does, He does. It's all come as clear as the daylight whilst you've been singing that beautiful hymn; I thought when you sang the first verse, 'now, do I come?' and I knew I did, and then I knew Jesus *had received* me."

Before she had finished speaking there was scarcely a dry eye in that little assembly, and the prayer meeting was turned into a praise meeting. It is not needful to dwell on Jane's happiness; but it was increased ten-fold when her mother, passing her hand gently over her hair, as they sat talking by the firelight after the meeting had broken up, said,

"It's *all* through your conduct, Jane, that I've become a Christian; as I watched you day by day, and saw how cheerful you were even when we were in real need; how your faith in God never seemed to fail; how patient you were with me, I *felt* you possessed a something to which *I* was an entire stranger, and I grew to long for it, knowing it was worth having if it made you so happy under such trying circumstances. Now I know what it is, for I have it; it's the precious love of Jesus."

That night mother and daughter rejoiced together; but the thought of the one who was still a wanderer from the fold, cast a shadow over their joy. "But," as Jane remarked, "there are two of us to pray now, and some time, *we* cannot say when or how, God will hear us, mother; do not doubt Him."

And though Mrs. Martin did not live to see the home-coming of the wanderer, Jane did; and after many years spent in foreign lands, her father returned to die in her home, and she was the means of leading him to the Saviour. Truly Jane's reward was great.

"Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below."

WHICH NATION DRINKS MOST?

By William E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L.

Vice-President of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society; Corresponding Member of the Society of Natural and Physical Science of Caracas; of the Numismatic and Archæological Society of Philadelphia, etc.



WHO are the hardest drinkers—the English or the Americans, the French or the Germans? The question is not without interest, for a definite answer might afford useful hints to the friends of sobriety, whether teetotal or non-abstaining, and some information on the subject is accessible. From official calculations it appears that in the United States the consumption of dis-

tilled spirits decreased from 80,000,000 gallons in 1870 to 76,000,000 in 1888; the consumption of wine increased from 12,000,000 gallons in 1870 to 36,000,000 in 1888; and of malt liquors from 205,000,000 gallons in 1870 to 767,000,000 in 1888. From this it would appear that there is a considerable change in progress, and that whilst the use of spirits is decreasing, the consumption of wine and beers is largely on the increase. In France the consumption of spirits has greatly increased since 1871. In England there was for some time a decrease in all classes of intoxicating liquors, but the two last years have shown an increase. In Germany the use of spirits is stationary, and that of beer has increased. The difficulty of making any adequate comparison is that each nation has intoxicating beverages to which it is specially addicted, and these beverages vary greatly in the quantity of alcohol which they contain. To make any fair comparison, it is, therefore, necessary to calculate the amount of alcohol per head. Mr. H. H. Hayler, the Government statist of Victoria, and the Hon. W. F. Switzler, the chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States, have each made comparisons of this nature, but the handiest body of information on the subject is that supplied by Mr. M. G. Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics." Assuming that his figures are at least approximately correct, it would appear that the Briton drinks yearly 1·9 gallons of alcohol; the Frenchman, 3·5; the German, 2·2; the Russian, 0·6; the Austrian, 1·6; the Italian, 1·9; the Spaniard, 1·7; the Portuguese, 1·5; the Swede, 2·3; the Norwegian, 2·0; the Dane, 2·5; the Dutchman, 1·8; the Belgian, 2·0; the Switzer, 2·0; the Roumanian, 1·0; and the Servian, 1·5 gallons of alcohol. The annual consumption in the whole of Europe, of wine is 1,991,000,000 gallons; of beer and cider is 2,975,000,000 gallons; and of spirits, 342,000,000 gallons. This, stated in another form, is equal to the consumption of 523,000,000 gallons of alcohol, or 1·6 gallons per head. The amount consumed in the United States is equivalent to 1·2 gallons; in Canada to 1·0 gallon; and in Australia to 1·2 gallons per head.

These figures are curious. In explanation of the large consumption of alcohol in France, it might be urged that wine is commonly used there at meals where tea, coffee, or other liquids are taken in some other countries, if we did not know in other ways that there has been an enormous increase in the consumption of intoxicants. The dramshops have increased, and insanity and intemperance have increased with them. The French publicists are recognising the dangers that threaten their fatherland. These facts throw a vivid light upon the fallacious allegation of the sobriety of wine-drinking countries.

The economic aspect is one of importance. Mr. Mulhall here gives some comparative information, but as he reckons only the cost "in bond," exclusive of duties, etc., his estimates very much understate the amount paid by the actual consumer of the liquor. However, on Mr. Mulhall's method of calculation, the amount spent yearly on alcohol in the United Kingdom is £2 2s.; in France £2 8s.; in Germany £1 14s.; in Russia 5s. 6d.; in Austria £1 1s.; in Italy £1 8s.; in Spain £1 15s.; in Portugal £1 15s.; in Sweden £1 9s.; in Belgium £2 7s.; in Holland £1 7s.; and in the United States £1 1s.

The conditions are so diverse in some of these countries, that fair comparison is impossible, but we have a significant fact when we compare the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Briton spends twice as much on alcohol as the American.

The yearly drink bills of Europe, the United States, Canada, and Australia are reckoned to be as follows:—

For 2,017,000,000 gallons of wine, £167,000,000; for 3,684,000,000 gallons of beer, cider, etc., £240,000,000; for 420,000,000 gallons of spirits £85,000,000. The cost of intoxicants in the countries named may therefore be estimated at the lowest to be £492,000,000.

But even within the boundaries of the United Kingdom there are remarkable differences, as may be seen by a comparison of the figures of 1885, when the consumption of beer in England was equal to 32 gallons per head, in Scotland 16, and in Ireland 16; the consumption of cider in England 0·4, and none at all in the other two countries; the consumption of spirits in England 0·8, in Scotland 1·9, in Ireland 1·0; the consumption of wine is 0·5 in England, 0·5 in Scotland, and 0·2 in Ireland. Here the English drinker's preference for beer and of the Scotch and Irish drinkers preference for spirits is clearly shown. When these are translated into equivalents of alcohol we see that Ireland consumes least—1·40 gallons per head, Scotland comes next with 1·60, and England attains bad pre-eminence with 2·13 gallons of alcohol for each man, woman, and child of the population.

The money now worse than wasted on alcohol would, if wisely employed, solve the problems of Darkest England and Darkest Europe, and add immeasurably to the health, happiness, and prosperity of our fatherland, and of the whole of the civilized world.

A Deceiver.—Sir Joshua Reynolds having maintained that wine improved conversation, Dr. Johnson replied: "No, sir, before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding, and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk; when they have drank wine, every man feels himself comfortable and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous. But he is not improved, he is only not sensible of his defects."

A Faithful Ministry.—The late Wm. Arnot was charged with being excited in speaking on total abstinence. He replied: "People need not tell me I am excited on these questions; I know I am, and I would be ashamed before God and man if I were not."





How Fair is Earth.

By David Lawton.

HOW fair, how passing fair this world of ours!
In spite of death and change the fruit of sin,
Since God has decked it o'er without, within,
With things of beauty and with matchless flowers.
It moves amid heaven's glorious star-gemmed bowers,
Where beam for ever bright celestial blooms,
Whose varied light all boundless space illumes,
And scatters radiance wide in ceaseless showers.
Deep in old ocean's depths lie brilliant dowers—
Sweet forms of sparkling beauty bloom and wave,
Where else would only be a dismal grave,
Thus lavishly our God doth use His powers,
That we in sky and earth and sea may find
Are placed His sweet love-tokens to mankind.





AGNES JONES.

By AGNES HANNAY.



"I BELIEVE in this is our safety, doing the daily *littles* as opportunity is given, and leaving the issue with God," wrote Agnes Elizabeth Jones, the matron of the workhouse infirmary in Liverpool, and it was the motto of her life's work. When she was a young girl her great desire was to go abroad as a missionary, but her mother was so unhappy at the thought of parting with her, that she cheerfully gave up her own will in deference to her wishes—for she saw that God could be obeyed and glorified as truly in the small details of domestic life as in work among the heathen. Even when a little girl, it was always her ambition to do a thing well, and she was not to be turned from her purpose by difficulties. As one instance of this perseverance and strong will, her sister tells us that, when she was about eight years old, she had a pet kangaroo, which escaped one day from its cage. Agnes ran after it, and caught it after a long chase, and held it firmly by the ears. The animal kicked and scratched, but she would not let it go, and carried it home in triumph, though she bore the marks of its nails for a long day.

When about twenty years of age, Agnes went to Germany, and a visit to a hospital there was the turning point in her life. To be used as God's instrument in doing good had long been her wish, and the life of the German nurses in the hospital seemed to offer such an opportunity as she sought. She was not a poor woman, and did not need to earn her bread, so she was able to choose freely that work for which she felt herself most suited. In her home in Ireland she had seen much sickness and suffering among the peasants and country people whom she visited, and she had a great longing to do something to alleviate the bodily pain, as well as to bring light and comfort to the soul. But she felt the want of experience. "I have the desire, but not the power," she writes; and so she decided to learn how to be a sick-nurse. In Germany, and afterwards in one of the London hospitals, she devoted herself to this work. Nothing came amiss to her, no detail was too small for attention. Scrubbing floors, cleaning grates, washing bandages, and making poultices were all as cheerfully done as waiting on the patients and receiving the doctor's orders.

"I feel now as if I were just beginning to learn to see what I ought to observe, and how I can begin to understand; but I am sure God must have work for me in which to use what I am now learning," she writes, when she had been about a year in the hospital, and with such a spirit as hers she soon became an efficient nurse.

In all her work she had singularly little vanity or thought of self; her great desire was to be pleasing to God, and she set little store by the praise of men, if only she could bring a little happiness to them. But this did not make her less diligent; she disciplined herself thoroughly, and would never allow herself to do badly or carelessly what she could do well. It was one of the secrets of her success this attention to little things, and she glorified and beautified them by her way of doing them—for was it not all God's work?

When still young, a position was offered her as matron of the workhouse infirmary at Liverpool. She was to have a staff of nurses under her, and was to re-model the nursing arrangements. She had many doubts of her fitness for such a post, and she thought but lightly of her powers of government and organisation.

She soon found that she had done wisely, and she writes, "I have, as ever before, a consciousness of power to bring sunshine to these poor creatures, as if I could with God's blessing, make a little ray of hope and comfort sometimes enter their sad hearts."

"Sunshine," that is what she brought with her, and she soon brightened the whole place with it, and shed its rays on all who came within the walls. It was no easy life for her. From half-past five in the morning till eleven at night she was constantly busy—directing nurses, superintending meals, giving out stores, visiting the wards, and attending to calls innumerable; but she was always ready to listen to a tale of distress and to bear burdens for others. She was never too busy to attend those in trouble. No wonder one of the patients said, "I think I am in heaven when the lady is here."

But the work was not only hard and constant, it was difficult also. Her patients were not always good and contented; they were the very poorest, lowest class, steeped in sin and misery, and often resenting all the kindness and love shown them. Hours of deep depression and disappointment were sure to come, but they did not last long; her compassion for others made her soon forget herself in her care for them. "Every one tells me I am looking so well and happy," she often writes; and, indeed, these years of toil were the happiest of her life. But they were not long. An illness caught in nursing one of her assistants proved fatal when she was only thirty-five years of age; she died as she had wished, in the midst of her work, and her noble, patient service, her gentle, loving words linger still in the memory of many to whom she ministered.



May-Flowers.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

COME away, city children! away from the gloom,
From the toil of the work-room, the noise of the loom,
To the hills and the valleys, away!
We will ramble through lanes, where the hawthorn is sweet,
Where Nature's fair treasures will spread round our feet—
The bonny May-flowers! the flowers of the May.

You are weary, my children, of cold laden skies,
For e'en, now, you are turning you sad wistful eyes,
To that arch which is sombre and grey.
You are longing, poor hearts, for a glimpse of the blue,
That is raining its sunlight, and dropping its dew,
On the pretty May-flowers! the flowers of the May!

You long for a breath of the cool balmy breeze,
Which, through low level bushes, and tall stately trees,
Is tenderly singing to-day.
The breeze that has been to the heart of the bowers,
And stolen the fragrance from fair sleeping flowers,
The scented May-flowers! the flowers of the May!

You are tired of the stones of the dark busy town,
And the great giant chimneys that gloomily frown,
And shut the fair sunlight away.
You are sighing to bury your poor weary feet,
In the long waving grass that is dewy and sweet,
In the tender May-flowers! the flowers of the May.

Come away, oh, my children, away to the hills,
Whose skirts are embroidered with bright sparkling rills,
That ripple and sing all the day,
That go dancing and leaping like gay silver sprites,
Through fair rosy mornings, and sweet dreamy nights,
Midst the sleeping May-flowers! the flowers of the May!

It is dark in the town, but a few little miles,
And great Mother Nature in loveliness smiles,
And scatters her gems on the way.
In cool shady nooks and on broad sunny plains,
On fair smiling banks, and in long crooked lanes,
Are lovely May-flowers! the flowers of the May!

The blue-bell is drooping in innocent grace,
And the daisy is lifting her bonny round face,
Where the tall saucy buttercups sway.
While the scent of the hawthorn is wafted along,
From the trees where the wild bird is singing his song,
To the dainty May-flowers! the flowers of the May.

Come, weary mechanic, away with us now!
To where breezes will blow the dark gloom from your brow.
Oh hasten, then hasten away!
Come pallid-faced weavers, the blue laughing skies,
Will pour forth fair sunlight to brighten your eyes,
While we pluck the May-flowers! the flowers of the May!

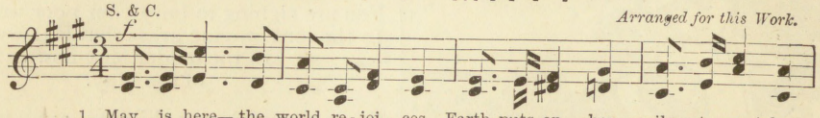
What though on our brows there are wrinkles of care,
And time has spread out its white frost on our hair,
There is Spring in our bosoms to-day.
So bright happy children, once more we shall be,
And we'll gather from hillside, from meadow and trea,
The bonny May-flowers! the flowers of the May!

ITS IMPORTANCE.—"I am convinced that there is no cause more likely to elevate the people of this country, in every respect, whether as regards religion, whether as regards political importance, whether as regards literary and moral cultivation, than this great question of Temperance."—*Earl Russell.*

HAPPY MAY!

S. & C.

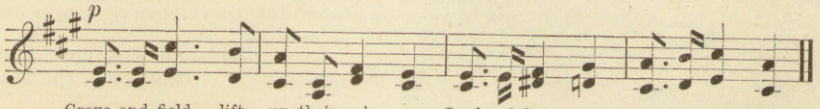
Arranged for this Work.



1. May is here— the world re - joi - ces, Earth puts on her smiles to greet her;
2. Birds thro' ev - 'ry thick - et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad-ness;

Key A. *f* S. & C.

s$_1$.,s$_1$:m	:- .r	d .m$_1$:l$_1$	:s$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:l$_1$	:t$_1$	d .,r :m	:d
m$_1$.,m$_1$:s$_1$	:- .f$_1$	m$_1$ .d$_1$:f$_1$	:m$_1$	m$_1$.,s$_1$:fe$_1$	:f$_1$	m$_1$.,s$_1$:d	:m$_1$

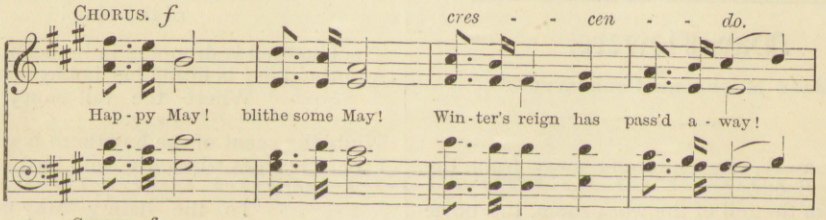


Grove and field lift up their voi - ces, Leaf and flower come forth to meet her.
Hark! the long - drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but plea - sant in their sad - ness.

p

s$_1$.,s$_1$:m	:- .r	d .m$_1$:l$_1$	:s$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:l$_1$	:t$_1$	d .,r :m	:d
m$_1$.,m$_1$:s$_1$	:- .f$_1$	m$_1$ .d$_1$:f$_1$	:m$_1$	m$_1$.,s$_1$:fe$_1$	:f$_1$	m$_1$.,f$_1$:s$_1$	:m$_1$

CHORUS. *f* *cres - - - cen - - - do.*

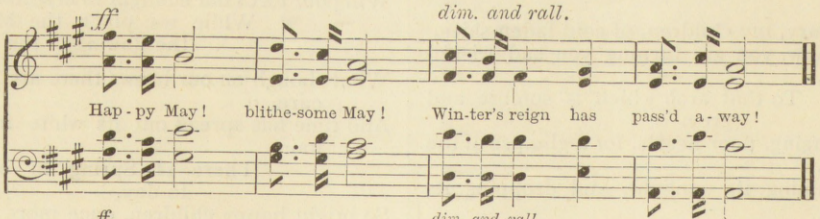


Hap - py May! blithe some May! Win - ter's reign has pass'd a - way!

CHORUS. *f* *cres - - - cen - - - do.*

l .,s :r	:—	f .,m :d	:—	m .,r :l$_1$	:t$_1$	d .,r :m	:f
d .,d :r	:—	s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$	:—	l$_1$.,l$_1$:l$_1$	:s$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$	:—
Happy May!		blithesome May!		Winter's reign	has	pass'd a-way!	
f .,m :s	:—	r .,f :m	:—	s .,f :f	:f	m .,r :d	:r
d .,d :t$_1$	:—	t$_1$.,t$_1$:d	:—	f$_1$.,f$_1$:f$_1$	:s$_1$	d .,d :d	:—

ff *dim. and rall.*



Hap - py May! blithe-some May! Win-ter's reign has pass'd a - way!

ff *dim. and rall.*

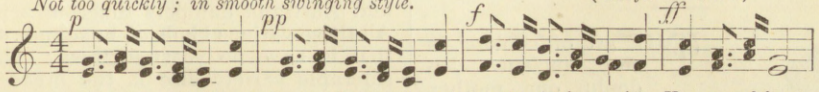
l .,s :r	:—	f .,m :d	:—	m .,r :l$_1$	:t$_1$	d .,m :d	:—
d .,d :r	:—	s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$	:—	l$_1$.,l$_1$:l$_1$	:s$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$	:—
Happy May!		blithesome May!		Winter's reign	has	pass'd away!	
f .,m :s	:—	r .,f :m	:—	s .,f :f	:f	m .,s :m	:—
d .,d :t$_1$	:—	t$_1$.,t$_1$:d	:—	f$_1$.,f$_1$:f$_1$	:s$_1$	d$_1$.,d$_1$:d$_1$	:—

SWINGING.

TREBLES AND ALTOS.

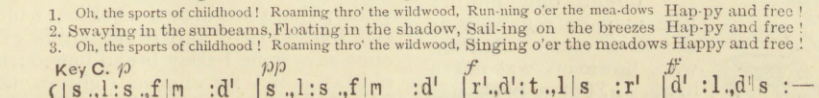
Not too quickly ; in smooth swinging style.

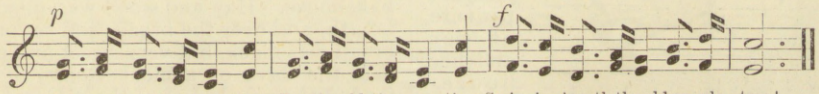
Music by R. O. BARROWS.
(*Arr. for this Work.*)



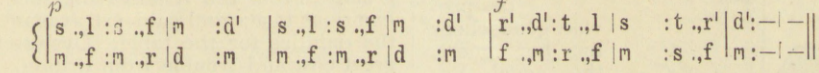
1. Oh, the sports of childhood ! Roaming thro' the wildwood, Run-ning o'er the mea-dows Hap-py and free !
2. Swaying in the sunbeams, Floating in the shadow, Sail-ing on the breezes Hap-py and free !
3. Oh, the sports of childhood ! Roaming thro' the wildwood, Singing o'er the meadows Happy and free !

Key C.

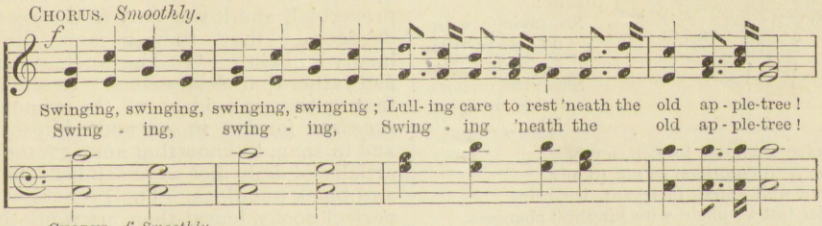




But my heart's a-beat-ing For the old-time greeting, Swinging 'neath the old ap-ple-tree !
Chas-ing all our sad-ness, Shouting in our gladness, Swinging 'neath the old ap-ple-tree !
How my heart's a-beat-ing Thinking of the greeting, Swinging 'neath the old ap-ple-tree !

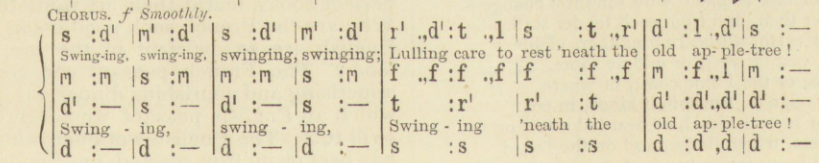


CHORUS. *Smoothly.*

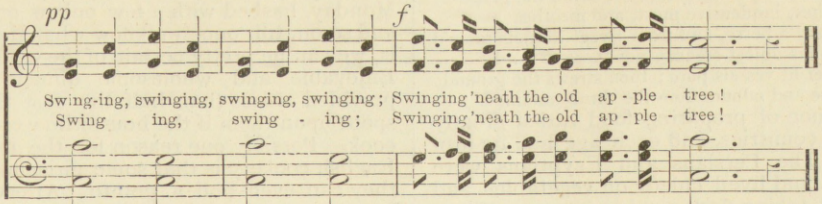


Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging ; Lull-ing care to rest 'neath the old ap-ple-tree !
Swing - ing, swing - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap-ple-tree !

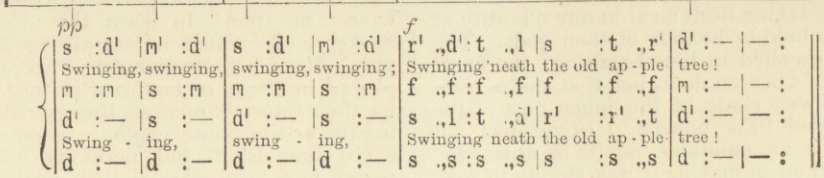
CHORUS. *f Smoothly.*



Swing-ing, swing-ing, swinging, swinging; Lulling care to rest 'neath the old ap-ple-tree !
Swing - ing, swing - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap-ple-tree !



Swing-ing, swinging, swinging, swinging ; Swinging 'neath the old ap-ple-tree !
Swing - ing, swing - ing ; Swinging 'neath the old ap-ple-tree !



Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging; Swinging 'neath the old ap-ple tree !
Swing - ing, swing - ing, Swinging 'neath the old ap-ple tree !

THE GIRLS' CORNER.

THE ART OF COOKING.

By Sophie Haddow.



THE art of cooking is very ancient. No doubt our mother Eve may be regarded as the first cook. Milton, who, however, was not a historian, but a poet, has given a pleasant picture of her and her housewifely anxiety to provide good cheer for her guest, the angel Raphael:

So saying, with dispatchful looks, in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk,
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields,
In India, east or west, or middle shore,
In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rim'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meathes
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

The manner of preparing food varies greatly in different countries, and each age has its own fashions The Persians and Egyptians were good cooks, and lived chiefly on vegetables and sweets, only taking flesh meat in any quantity at the festivals held in honour of their gods. The Egyptians excelled in bread-making; the finest bread was of wheaten flour, but that more commonly used was made of the inner part of the lotus pounded to a powder. Bread has not always been as palatable as it is now; the earliest method of making it was simply to soak the whole grain in water, then to press and knead it, and afterwards dry it. Later on, the grain was ground before being soaked. These ways of making bread seem very primitive, but they are really not very much more simple than some now in use. Thus, oatcakes are made of oatmeal, water, and salt, well kneaded, and baked in thin sheets over a good fire. Scotch bannocks are prepared in a similar manner, but with barley meal. The Jewish passover cakes of wheat, and the Indian corn bread of the Americans, are made in the same way. Scones and Australia dampers differ in being thicker. All these various kinds of bread are unleavened, that is, have no yeast in them. There is considerable variety also in the bread made with yeast; there are brown wheaten, white wheaten, rye, barley, rice, and other kinds of bread. I once saw some barley bread baked; it was at an old-fashioned farmhouse right in the country. The dough was put into large earthenware pans, covered up, and placed on a brick hearth in the bakehouse. Hay and wood was piled up on the hearth, and over the bread, and set on fire. The bread was black, but very sweet and good.

In the days of ancient Rome, the principal food of the people was of the plainest; generally consisting of vegetables and a kind of barley gruel. From the Asiatics they acquired more luxurious tastes and paid extravagant prices for the dainties for the table. Oysters they got at great cost and trouble from Britain. They conquered the world on food so plain as to be proverbial, and it was only in the ages of Roman degeneracy that they became the slaves of luxury and gluttony. The ancient Greeks were fish rather than flesh eaters. It seems inconsistent with one's ideas of the famous Hellenic races, so famous in art and philosophy, in war and in song, to know that amongst their favourite articles of daily diet were salt fish, cheese, onions and black puddings. The French, who are such perfect cooks, learnt their art from the Italians. Why are the French such good cooks whilst the English are so deficient in the preparation of food? The French peasant can compound an appetising and nourishing dinner out of materials which an English peasant would throw into the swill tub. The English workman who can afford has beef or mutton roasted on Sunday, cold on Monday, hashed with a few onions on Tuesday, and so on, till, once we know what the Sunday's is, we can be pretty certain of the week's dinners. Enjoyable and wholesome dinners could be provided at less than half the cost that is now spent upon them if the housewife were a skilled cook. Possibly one reason for the monotony of English cookery is that some girls marry before they can even boil a potato. Afterwards they have "no time" to learn the nicer kinds of cookery. It is often not at all the fault of the girl. Many have to go out to work, and are employed in shops or factories in the years when, for their future happiness, they should be learning the arts of housekeeping. Those not under such compulsion and necessity will certainly regret, in future years, if they neglect to learn as much as possible of cookery. What is to prevent a girl from learning as soon as she leaves school? Let her practice on the simpler forms of omelettes, fritters, etc., and let these be in addition to the usual dinner in case

of failure. And those whose leisure is scantier, may yet, by good management, find time to learn the elements of the art of food preparation. Those who affect to despise or look down upon the labours of the cook are certainly foolish, for upon her successful efforts depend, to a large degree, the health, strength, and good-temper of the family. Therefore, let all girls who are looking forward to the care of a household—and what girl is there without that expectation?—be careful to acquire, even at the sacrifice of some social pleasures, a familiarity with the methods of preparing food, so that it shall be at once pleasant, economical, and health-giving.

A MILLION MORE BY ONE MILLION BETWEEN TWO.

THE suggestion made by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union at the beginning of the year, must not be forgotten as the months go on and the evenings get light, and the meetings in some places are suspended. We must keep our work well before us and not lose sight of the vast unconquered field that is in front of us, waiting for zeal, and courage to make it ours.

There are already two million Bands of Hope children, and eight millions outside the Juvenile Temperance Army. All the energies of the enlisted soldiers should be bent to increasing the ranks. If every one gained one more this year we should have four million members, and if each child did the same next year, nearly all the children of the country would be with us. Then the Temperance cause would have some chance of success, and in another generation we might well hope that the evils of strong drink would be no longer a national curse, but that we should be a people living in righteousness, and walking safely and surely in the path of sobriety.

This really is a work the children can do for the world. If each one got one more to sign the pledge and keep it this year, and repeat the effort next year, half the work would be done, the majority would be on our side. Then we should have the eight million children with us in the year following.

But the Band of Hope does not ask so much, only the increase of one million, that is, every two members must secure one more between them, and every Band of Hope must become half as large again. Where a Band of Hope numbers 100, before the year's end it must have secured 50 more. If this were to continue for a few years, there would not be left any more to convert, and from a nation with all the children pledged abstainers, there would grow up a manhood and womanhood without drunkenness, because the people would be sure to pass such measures that they would protect themselves from the poison and evil influence of alcohol.

Let us see to it, that in the coming summer months we do something to keep the work going, and increase our membership. We cannot afford to stand still. We must be continually up and doing, and by earnest and united effort, but chiefly through personal and direct influence see that we each one do our share to raise the standard of our ranks to a million more.

"CREDE SIGNO."

By J. G. Tolton.



THE borough of Rochdale does not tell us by what sign we are to believe, or what is the special object to which we may safely pin our faith. But the world is full of signs and tokens which speak to the intelligent. Every day of our lives teaches us how important it is always to go about with both eyes open. Those who see all there is to see at railway stations, and in public streets, will have noticed at least two fine pictorial advertisements, perhaps many more; but there are two to which we specially refer at this moment. The first one is a well-drawn picture of a majestic lion, who has been caught in the toils of a net. The king of beasts could deliver himself from many a trap, but this is too simple a contrivance, and its very simplicity baffles him. This snare is made of fine but powerful whipcord. It cannot be broken into pieces, and the teeth of the lion are not of the right kind to gnaw away any portion of the net. So the forest king is caught. On looking more closely at the picture, a wee mousie is seen to be diligently engaged with one of the knots of the net. Mousie's teeth *can* gnaw, and soon she will have worked such havoc with the snare which has emmeshed his majesty of the woods, that the prisoner will leap with freedom.

Everybody is supposed to know that once upon a time, that same mouse forfeited her life by carelessly disturbing the lion's repose, on an occasion when mousie's tail tickled the nose or eyes of the mighty creature. Miss Mouse begged hard for her life, and promised not only never to do so any more, but also to do the lion a good turn before long. It is said the monarch laughed at the very suggestion of the possibility of a mouse ever befriending him. The picture shows that the critical moment did come, and the mouse was as good as her word.

The story and the picture teach several lessons; the chief of which, perhaps, is, that little creatures may do mighty deeds—sometimes perform duties that a giant could not possibly achieve. A mouse may liberate a lion. Band of Hope boys and girls may set the British Lion free. For certain it is, if every English boy and girl joined the Band of Hope, in about 20 years' time the drunkards would have died off, and none have grown up to replace the dead ones. That is the way to bring fulfilment to the prophecy, "Britons never shall be slaves."

But I mentioned *two* pictures; the second has not been before the general public quite so long a time as the first; nor is its meaning quite so obvious. The design is a baby-boy, very slightly clothed, for he has just been awakened in his bed. He has in each hand a deadly snake, which he is gripping firmly at the throat, holding them at the same time at arms' length. If he can

hold on long enough, the snakes will be strangled.

Every reader of our magazine does not know the story of this picture. It is worth knowing, so here it is:

Many thousand years ago, two little boys, Hercules and Iphicles, lived in Greece. We are told they were not rocked in a cradle as other babies are, but their bed was made in a large brass shield. The shape of this shield made it possible to give it a rocking motion, but Hercules, the stronger of the brothers, never cried, and so needed no rocking nor lullaby.

This strange warlike cradle usually lay near the parents' bed, and here, in apparent safety, Hercules and his brother slept. Very unexpectedly, one night, two snakes crept through a hole under the bedroom door and made towards the cradle-shield. The eyes of these venomous creatures were said to have been so brilliant as to illuminate the room. The snakes were not long in reaching the children. They lifted themselves on the side where Hercules lay, and in thrusting their heads forth towards the infant they moved the shield. This movement awakened Iphicles, who began to scream lustily, he was so frightened. The children's mother was instantly roused, and she, seeing the unusual brilliance in the room, awoke her husband. He sprang up quickly, and had reached his sword, which hung on a nail behind his bed, before he quite knew what the matter was.

But the danger was past, and the deadly serpents were in the firm grasp of the infant Hercules. He saw their heads lift themselves over the side of the shield. He did not scream, for he was not the least bit frightened; but laughed and seized a snake with each hand by the neck and squeezed very hard. The snakes, unable to bite him, twined themselves round his hand, but Hercules only grasped the more tightly; so the fearful creatures died. The brightness of their eyes faded out, so that by the time the father was by with his sword the room was quite dark. A servant was summoned to bring a light, when all satisfied themselves that the last spark of reptile life had fled.

The lesson of all this is not far to seek. Even a child may take his part in destroying things of evil, or prevent them working disaster.

Drink and Gambling are two deadly serpents which are poisoning much that is bright and beautiful in this beloved England. We want to prevent the young, the pure, and the virtuous from ever falling under the poisonous fangs of either of these deadly influences. One or other of these baneful creatures creeps into the home, where rest, joy, and peace are supposed to reign. Many times the parents themselves are at fault, for they have not taken precautions to keep out the viper. Parents surely have only to seriously think of the danger they incur, of the risks they run, in permitting wines and spirits to enter their home. To realise the terrible danger would surely be to close the door for ever against such evils. But if parents are tardy in their mental deliberations, let the children defend themselves, by refusing to parley with such a foe. Gambling is scarcely less venomous than drinking. Gambling often brings its victim to the gaol, frequently to suicide, and occasionally to murder. Boys! never take the first step in gambling. Though the suggested stake be only a copper coin, do not bet! It is true of this ensnarer as it is of its mate drink—"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

EDIBLE FUNGI.

By Dr. A. J. H. Crespi, Wimborne.

EDIBLE fungi, or mushrooms as they are commonly called, are not exactly fruit, but they are of only minor importance to fruit.

Fungi are, in the first place, startlingly numerous; at least 12,000 species are now ascertained to exist in our islands, while in the world at large Dr. Cooke, of Kew, gives the total as 30,000, and additions are being made every week by the labour of those dauntless lovers of nature—the mycologists—whom neither evil odours, nor damp, nor deep mud alarms. Many mushrooms are very wholesome, and they need not be dear. In September, 1887—a most prolific mushroom season—in Hereford market, the common field agaric was selling at a penny, and occasionally at a half-penny, the pound. The orchards and fields were, on certain days, almost white in places with them. In 1886 a curious incident happened; the well-known Woolhope Club of naturalists was early in October holding its annual meeting at Hereford. It is the invariable rule to have a public banquet, at the Green Dragon, when the members and their friends gather together, and, if possible, one course consists of cooked fungi. The afternoon of the banquet, Canon Duport, of Norwich; Dr. Cooke, the famous fungologist; Captain H. C. Moore, late of the Bombay Engineers, and honorary secretary of the Club, and the writer were coming out of the grounds of Belmont House, when they saw, near the drive, a large quantity of the *Lactarius Deliciosus*, the most delicately-flavoured, but unfortunately the most difficult to cultivate of all our native edible mushrooms. They filled a large basket with the welcome spoil, and that evening, at dinner, the Woolhope Club had a rare opportunity of feasting upon a mushroom beautiful in appearance and tempting beyond all others to the palate.

Dr. Cooke's excellent little illustrated work on British Fungi has no superior. It is a treasure to the fungus lover, and the style is charming, graceful, fascinating, and lively to a degree. The book is as interesting as a novel.

Fruit, looking at the trouble of growing it, is not so remunerative as some other kinds of garden produce; nor is it highly nutritious, unless eaten in large quantities. But none the less it is the most wholesome and agreeable of all food, and when ripe cannot do harm. Even a small town garden may be made a constant source of innocent pleasure, and with intelligent management would grow more currants, gooseberries, apples, and mushrooms than most people would believe possible.



Keeping the Wickets & the Pledge too.

By Uncle Ben.

BOBBY'S great delight was cricket, and after batting, his favourite place was keeping the wickets. For so small a boy, Bobby was a first-rate hand at this post. He would keep his eye on the ball with quite a professional air, and seldom trouble the long-stop, unless the bowling was fast or wild.

Bobby did so well that very often his father would take him down to the club cricket ground, when he went to practice. Then his father and a friend or two would put up the wickets in a corner of the field, and Bobby would stand behind the wicket waiting to stump his father out, and Rough, the dog, would field the balls if they got by the young wicket-keeper.

Bobby's father, Mr. Collins, was a hard hitter, and went in for slogging. If, on these occasions of practice, Mr. Collins remained in for some little time, and Bobby and Rough had a good deal of leather hunting to do, Bobby would shout out to the bowler:

"Give him a ticer, a nice short lob, Mr. Erie, one of your best twisters."

For little Bobby knew his father's weak point

well, and he was very proud when Mr. Collins ran out to meet "the ticer," and putting all his strength into the blow would lift the ball up for what he used to call a "sky fourer," or a "catch-outer," but was most pleased when the bat would go swish down and underneath would go the ball, and Bobby would have it sure enough, and as he touched the wickets shout, "How's that!"

And Mr. Erie, or his father, would answer "out."

Then Bobby would chuck up the ball, and cheer as though he had stumped the great Grace.

The professional cricketer who kept the ground was a great favourite of Bobby's, and was a good bowler and wicket-keeper, but he loved a glass of beer, and that was his snare.

Bobby looked on Tom Seers as a local hero, or almost a divinity, in cricket, and he often heard Mr. Collins say if Tom were only as good at keeping the pledge as he was at keeping the wicket, he might be one of the best cricketers in the county.

One day, after Bobby had heard that an out-match had been lost because Tom had got screwed, and that if he were drunk again on a match-day he would be dismissed, he felt so sorry for his hero—and they were such good friends—that he ventured to express his feelings in some such way as this:

"Mr. Seers, I do like you, and I do hope you won't go from the club."

"I hope not, too, though some of the members be very mean."

"I want to grow up to be a cricketer just like you, and bowl as well, and keep the wickets as you do."

"You might do worse than be like me in cricket, it's true, but you might do better than be like me in some things."

"I know what you mean, Mr. Seers; I had better not get drunk on a match-day. Well, I ain't agoing to get drunk at all, because I am a Band of Hope boy."

"Well, I guess I might do worse than be like you, and sign the pledge."

"Father only said the other day, if you would keep the pledge like you do the wickets, you would be all right, and one of the best cricketers in the county. I thought it a pity that you shouldn't."

"It's easy enough for a little nipper like you, but it's very different for me."

The thought that Bobby so wanted to be like him made Seers reflect; for Bobby, at the close of their conversation, assured him he would sooner grow up just exactly like him than any one else in all the world except his father. Seers went home, and was touched by the little chap's real devotion and evident sorrow lest he might have to go; and he thought of his own baby, and resolved he would set a good example for Bobby and his own tiny Jimmy to follow, and so he signed the pledge and kept it and the wickets too, until he became one of the best cricketers in the county.



SILK AND THE SILKWORM.

By A. J. Glasspool.

A PIECE of silk is a common enough object. There is hardly a lad or lass that does not constantly wear some portion—either in ties, dress, or gloves. It is all around us in so many shapes that we are apt to forget that the English, with all their knowledge and luxury, were unable to indulge in so common an article as a pair of silk gloves till long after the reign of the magnificent Elizabeth. Indeed, it was not till the year 552 of the Christian era that Enropeans had any certain knowledge of the silkworm.

It is generally well known that the silkworm was introduced into Europe by some Persian Christian monks, who concealed some silk-worm eggs in the hollow of a cane, and by this means carried them out of China. The climate of England has been found unsuitable for the rearing of the silkworm in any great numbers for the purposes of trade, yet the British Government has sought in many ways to assist the development of the manufacture of silk. In the year 1685, at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 70,000 French artizans settled down in England and Ireland, among whom were a large body of silk weavers, who made their homes in Spitalfields, and there, in the same neighbourhood, may be found many of their descendants at the present time.

The study of the silkworm will not only prove a pleasant pastime, but it will open our eyes to some of those great wonders which Nature is constantly presenting to those who have the power to see and to feel the hand of the Creator.

Those who love to have pets will find that silkworms may be reared in close cities, without those injurious effects upon the health which

often arise from the keeping of rabbits, guinea-pigs, or even mice. With a little attention to cleanliness, the silkworm may be kept in an ordinary room without inconvenience to any of its inhabitants.

Supposing, now, that my young reader is anxious to rear the silkworm and to obtain its silk, he will, of course, carefully consider the home in which he is to place them. He may purchase some ordinary Bristol board, and having cut it into pieces of about 5 in. in length by 4 in. in breadth, he should cut a small triangular piece out of each corner, so as to leave four projecting sides about an inch deep; and having secured these by strong thread, he will have a suitable tray in which to place the silkworm eggs. Having made several of these smaller trays, it will be convenient to make some larger trays, capable of holding four of the smaller ones.

Over each tray a piece of coarse muslin or tarlatan should be stretched in such a manner as to be easily removed. Some persons save themselves the trouble of making the boxes by obtaining some of a suitable size from the linen-draper's. Having prepared the home for your little family, you can purchase the eggs. These can be obtained from dealers at Covent Garden Market, indeed, little difficulty will be found in obtaining them in most towns.

The early part of May is a good time to commence hatching the eggs. On placing the eggs in your boxes you will notice that they are very much like a little mustard seed; they will soon change to a light grey. When they change again, and become of a whitish colour, it is a sign that the worms are about to break out. You will provide food for the little maggot which will come out of the egg, by obtaining some fresh mulberry leaves, or if this is impracticable, lettuce leaves will do as well—only in this case those leaves nearest to the heart of the lettuce will be most suitable. It is most economical to cut up the leaves into small pieces.

The maggot which comes from the egg is about a quarter of an inch in length, and it soon attaches itself to the leaf on which it feeds. About a week after the hatching the head of the worm becomes larger, the creature sickens, and for three days it refuses food, and is in a state of torpor. Now, for the first time, it throws off or casts its skin. This is accomplished apparently in great pain. This skin is a marvellous copy of the entire worm, the body, head, feet, jaws and teeth may be easily seen by the aid of a microscope. The worm seems to be very hungry, and eats greedily; and at the end of a week it casts its skin a second time. Twice more this casting of the skin is repeated, there being an equal time between each operation. The larva now grows rapidly for ten days, and the worm having obtained its full growth is about three inches in length.

The worms should now be emptied from the smaller trays into the larger ones. It will be noticed that they are very restless, small quantities of silk are seen to issue from their greenish bodies, this passes away and the body assumes a semi-transparent satin-like look. When the worm is seen trying to find a corner of the box, and fine filaments of thread are issuing from its body, it is a sign that it wants to spin, and to give it an opportunity of so doing further arrangements must be made for its comfort.

Stout cones like sugar papers should be prepared, securely fastened with gum, one for each spinner, into these the worms should be placed. Some persons pin these cones on to the walls of the room, others arrange them in rows in the larger trays.

The worms now begin to spin, they do not move the back part of the body, but continue moving the head in a zig-zag way, bending the fore-part of the body back, so as to spin in all directions.

During the process of spinning, the worm becomes much shorter in length, and, in three or four days, it will be found to be not half its original size, and in the cone will be found a small oval ball the size of a blackbird's egg.

In order to obtain the silk, place five or six cones of the same shade in a saucer of water only sufficiently warm to melt the glutinous substance which unites the filaments of silk, without injuring the chrysalis which lies hidden within. Great patience and delicacy of touch will be required in selecting the end of the thread; having done this wind up carefully on broad winders of cardboard, so that the silk may be easily tied up in hanks.

When all the silk is wound off the cocoon will be visible, this should be carefully slit up with a sharp knife and inside the chrysalis will be visible.

This should be placed in a tin box with a layer of bran to prevent the chrysalis being injured; in three weeks the silkworm moth *(Bombyx mori)* will appear. This moth is of a greyish white colour. It has four wings, black and rather prominent eyes, and black feathery attennæ or feelers. It remains nearly motionless during its short life of three days, sometimes it makes a slight awkward fluttering, but then only going a short distance.

A layer of stout brown paper should be placed in the large trays, and the moths placed on it; here the female moths will each lay about 400 eggs, which will adhere securely to the paper. This should be carefully put away, and kept from artificial heat during the winter months.

The female moth dies immediately after laying her eggs, the male only lives a very short time. The whole process from the hatching of the eggs to the death of the moth occupies about eight weeks.

No one can watch the process through which the silkworm passes without being very forcibly reminded of the great wisdom and goodness of the Creator. It has been said by an eminent writer that the study of the human eye is a cure for Atheism; certainly the study of the silkworm must tend in the same direction.

The moth bursting forth from the apparently dead chrysalis reminds us of the glorious resurrection, when those who have trusted the Saviour shall receive an abundant entrance into His rest.

Pebbles and Pearls.

PRAYER is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

HERE AND THERE, ONE.—Dr. B—— being once in a large company at dinner, was seated between Mrs. Lowth and Mrs. Sherlock; the conversation happened to turn upon wives, when Dr. B—— said, that he "believed wives in general were good, though to be sure there might be a bad one *here and there*," nodding alternately at the two ladies on each side of him.

THE World's Sabbath Observance Prayer Union set apart April 5th to 12th for Christians everywhere to unite in prayer for the better observance of the Sabbath.

WOULD it not be as well to begin to save the labour of domestic servants on Sunday—give poor and infirm invalids a little fresh air, shut up the public-houses, and open the churches and chapels all day?

THREE hundred churches in New York, it is said, are open two hours a day and two days in the week; 700 saloons are open twelve hours a day and seven days a week.

AN APPROPRIATE DESCRIPTION. — Theodore Hook said to some man with whom a bibliopolist dined the other day, and got extremely drunk, "Why, you appear to me to have emptied your *wine*-cellar into your *book*-seller."

A COLOURED firm recently dissolved partnership, and posted the following notice to the public: "De dissolution of co-parsnips heretofo resisting betwixt me and Mose Jones, in de barber profession, am heretofo dissolved. Pussons who owe must pay to de subscriber. Dem what de firm ose must call on Jones, as de firm is insolved."

WHEN Hook was asked to subscribe to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, he said: "Send me a Jew, and I will try and convert him."

"Now, gentlemen," said Sheridan, as the ladies left the room, "are we to drink like men or beasts?" The guests indignantly exclaimed: "Like *men*, of course." "Then," said he, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

A PLAIN TESTIMONY.—I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol, leaving out of view the fact that it is a frequent source of crime of all descriptions.—*Sir W. Gull.*

THE *Edinburgh Review*, in a recent article on "Sanitary Progress," said:—"It is a melancholy fact that the mortality of grocers has risen since the right of dealing in wines and spirits was extended to them." This is not to be wondered at; all statistics had shown this before. The Act benefits no one. Why, then, is it not repealed?

A DYING negro was requested to forgive another darkey. He said: "If I dies, I forgive dat nigga, but if I gits well, dat nigga must take care."

A LITERARY lady told Johnson she was pleased to find no improper words in his dictionary. "Ah," said he, "you have been looking for them."

FIRST AND LAST.

First puff, sick enough.
First beer, feels queer.
First whisky, feels frisky.
First rum, very glum.
Brandy smash, mental crash.
All combined, shattered mind.
All done, hearse for one.

THE Douai version of the Bible, which is accepted by the Roman Catholic Church, makes the familiar passage on wine from Proverbs xxiii. 31, 32, read: "It goeth in pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a snake and spread abroad poison like a basilisk."

A BAD CUSTOM.—It is a strange custom that prevails so universally among men, that of confounding their senses by fermented liquors, and seemeth to have been devised by savages somewhat advanced in the art of agriculture, who found a dreadful listlessness in the intervals of hunting and rural occupation, when corn and fruits grew with such abundance as to produce with less labour than was necessary to excite their active powers in a regular succession. Now, as far the greater part of the human kind do abstain from the use of fermented and strong potations, as among the Indian nations of Asia, the custom seemeth not to originate from nature, but habit; so that by a contrary habit it may be vanquished.—*The Bee*, published 1793.

AMONG THE TURKS.—A Turk who falls down in the street overtaken with wine, and is arrested by the guard, is sentenced to the bastinado. This punishment is repeated as far as the third offence, after which he is reputed incorrigible, and receives the title of imperial drunkard, or *privileged* drunkard. If after that he is taken up and in danger of the bastinado, he has only to blame himself, to mention what part of the town he inhabits, and to say he is a privileged drunkard; he is then released, and sent to sleep upon the hot ashes of the baths.—*Pouqueville.*

A DOCTOR'S VIEW.—"Of all the articles of popular Materia Medica, there are none so frequently used, so seldom required, or so dangerous to administer, as ardent spirits, wine, and malt liquors; and their total rejection would be the means of preventing the ruin of many constitutions, and the loss of innumerable lives, which are now sacrificed, directly or indirectly, to their injudicious employment. I am not aware that I ever had more satisfactory results than since I gave up prescribing those drinks."—*John Fothergill, M.R.C.S.*

The Bunch of Grapes.

By A. J. GLASSPOOL.



A GENTLEMAN lay on a sick bed, suffering great pain, and burning with fever, he had never before known what sickness was, and, consequently, felt the hardship of his confinement very much.

The doctor was often in attendance; he ordered complete rest, plenty of nourishment, with abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, for, from what he knew of his patient's habits, he guessed that the drink had a great deal to do with his illness.

The road in which this gentleman's house was situated was a wide road, and the traffic was heavy, the noisy milkmen especially disturbing his rest with their shrill cries.

What annoyed him greatly at the present moment, was the noise made by a number of boys just outside his window.

"Whatever is all that shouting in the street?" asked Mr. Williamson (for that was the name of the sick man).

"A number of boys are playing cricket, my dear," answered the good wife who had just brought her husband a steaming basin of beef tea, flanked with toast. However strange this may appear, it was quite true.

Nearly a dozen school boys, having no green fields to play in, had set up their stumps in the street, and the ball was flying about, much to the danger of passengers, and of the windows of neighbouring houses.

How the shouting of those boys disturbs my rest," groaned the sufferer, "can nothing be done to stop it?"

Mrs. Williamson slipped out of the room quietly, went to the street door, and then, standing at the garden gate, she called the eldest of the cricketers.

He was a finely built lad about fourteen years of age, he had beautifully proportioned limbs, he looked at you with blue eyes, and when he smiled, he displayed two rows of white teeth. His cheeks were rosy, and anyone could see at once that, though poorly clad, he was as much a gentleman as if he had been clothed like the son of a prince.

He took off his cap politely as he approached Mrs. Williamson, and, having made a respectful bow, he waited to hear what she had to say.

"Little lad," said the anxious lady, "my husband is very ill, and must have perfect quietude. your playing disturbs him, would you mind asking your schoolfellows to play somewhere else?"

A sorrowful expression crossed the boys face as he replied:

"I am sorry, madame, we have disturbed your husband, we will leave off playing at once."

This reply astonished the lady very much. She had expected, at least, sulky looks, and perhaps grumbling words.

"Thank you, I would like you and your companions to drink my husbands health, here, take this," she said, as she handed a shilling to the lad. But he held back, and hesitated to take it.

"No, madame, you are very good to offer this shilling, but I and my companions never take any kind of intoxicating drinks, and I am sure they do not want to be paid for leaving off disturbing a sick man."

"Yes, yes, you must take it, I shall feel hurt if you don't, you can decide among yourselves what shall be done with the shilling-"

By this time, most of the players had gathered round, and some of their eyes glistened, as they saw the shilling lying on the garden gate where Mrs. Williamson had left it.

"I wish my husband was an abstainer, like the boys," she said to herself as she walked sadly away.

"You take the shilling, Ben, and let us buy some sweets,'" suggested one of the boys.

"Not sweets," said another, "I say, let us have some apples."

Ben reflected for an instant, and then gathering all the boys around him, he said:

"I don't think we ought to take the shilling, why should we be expected to be paid for leaving off disturbing others? The lady's husband is ill, see how kind it would be to give him something with the shilling, which would be good for him in his illness."

Some of the boys were rather silent at the suggestion, while others applauded it thoroughly.

"Let us buy some grapes," said Ralph Watkins, "most sick people like grapes, I know a nursery where we can buy some beauties."

This idea was soon carried out; off all the boys ran to Ferndale Nursery, where the rich black grapes were hanging in delicious clusters in the greenhouses.

When Ben told the proprietor for whom he wanted the grapes, he gave him a large bunch for the shilling.

Ben scribbled on a piece of paper just a couple of lines:

Please receive this little present, with best wishes from the Young Cricketers.

As he was putting this note into the bag containing the grapes, Ralph slipped in at the same time a bill about their next Band of Hope

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entertainment, which was to take place in a fortnight's time. Ben knocked at the door, gave the bag of grapes to the servant, and then hurried away, feeling at the same time a warm glow over his heart, for he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done a kind action,

The best part of the story is what comes last. Mr. Williamson was so touched by the kindness of these boys, that he went to the entertainment, and feeling influenced by what he heard, he put his name to the pledge, and now he and his wife never see a bunch of grapes but what they are reminded of the fact, that by such simple means under God's blessing, a good man was able to overcome a very bad habit.

The Coming Men.

T. F. Weaving.

CHILDREN in life's young morning,
Our journey just begun,
Already we are scorning,
The course by thousands run.
Do not, for youth, despise us,
Nor coldly criticise us,
In days to come you'll prize us—
We are the coming men.

We are the coming *teachers*,
Whose words may mould the lives
Of those whose influence will be felt,
As fathers, husbands, wives.
Then mark our Temperance teaching,
In grand results far-reaching—
Our help you'll be beseeching—
For we're the coming men.

Or, may-be we'll be *preachers*,
Whose aim will be to save
Many from drink's dread thraldom,
Many from sin's sad grave.
Our Head, the Christ before us,
His love, a banner o'er us,
O then you'll not ignore us—
We are the coming men.

We are the coming *voters*,
Our rights we'll cherish well,
The liquor-trade promoters,
Who strong drink make and sell,
Will find us never wanting,
In frays where some are daunting,
Don't think we're idly vaunting,
We are the coming men.

May-be we're future *statesmen*,
Raised by the people's will,
To frame a Local Option,
Or a Prohibition Bill.
Then we will show the nation,
To its alleviation,
By Temperance legislation,
That we're the coming men.

SUNSHINE IN THE MORNING AND EVENING.

By Uncle Ben.

THERE was a Band of Hope in a a small country town that suffered, like many other societies, from having very few who could or would do much to make it a great success. Nearly everything that was done in the place depended on the zeal of one or two workers, who had too many irons in the fire to do every duty well. These friends found the Band of Hope difficult to manage. By making great effort, and perhaps going without tea, they could be more or less punctual in their attendance at the meetings, but they could do little or nothing to prepare a programme, so that arrangements often ended in just trusting to what volunteer help they might get at the meeting. Occasionally the children would be asked at the Sunday School to bring a recitation if they could find one and learn it. By sheer neglect the Band of Hope was going from bad to worse. The minister spoke to the officers but they only said they felt discouraged and thought of resigning.

One day when the minister was calling on old Mrs. Bates, who was hardly able to get out to any services or meetings, she said that she wished she could be of more use. Almost a cripple from rheumatism, she felt her time for active Christian work was over, though she had more leisure than she had ever had before. She asked the minister what she could do to help on any good work about the Church.

The minister replied that there were many fields of labour open to her, although age and affliction kept her so much indoors. He knew that her husband before he died used to take a great interest in temperance work, and that she was still an earnest abstainer. He further told her into what low water the Band of Hope was getting, and suggested how much she might do by prayer for help and an increased blessing on the work. But especially he proposed to her one way in which she could serve the cause with great efficiency, and that was by looking out suitable pieces for recitation, keeping them ready for the children and teaching them to repeat them with expression, and not in the sing-song style so fashionable among juvenile reciters.

This was just the work Mrs. Bates could enjoy, so she accepted the suggestion with thankfulness, glad to find her time and ability so well employed. The minister looked out some of the best children, and sent them to Mrs. Bates's pleasant cottage, where she soon made friends with the young people, and they began to look upon their visits to her with pleasure. It shortly became quite an honour and privilege to belong to the band of reciters. In fact, Mrs. Bates took so great an interest in the work, and inspired her young friends with such zeal, that the programme rapidly improved. She took such pains with each one,



that some of her pupils began to distinguish themselves, so that parents and friends came to hear their children do so well. Her work became the talk of the place. Her young friends were known as "Mrs. Bates's reciters," and looked up to with respect. They took a delight in learning as she taught them. She took a pleasure in instructing. When the teacher can inspire, the disciples can always learn with enthusiasm.

The most diligent and the most successful of Mrs. Bates pupils was Edith Kimbar, who had quite a natural dramatic talent. Her memory was good, and she caught the life and spirit of almost any piece and enjoyed humour or pathos in prose or verse. Mrs. Bates gave Edith special time and attention. The old lady saw the child's gift and encouraged her, trained her to develop it, and make a noble use of it from the first. Edith was of the gay and rather flighty style of girl, clever and inclined to be vain and giddy, just the sort to yield to flattery and praise and run off to the stage. But, under the good influence of the kind and wise old lady, Edith grew into maturity with her fulness of sympathy and gentle judgment on the follies of youth, for she was often saying, "I feel young and silly still, though three score years and ten, what can you expect of children coming into their teens?"

So the Band of Hope looked up and prospered, and Edith grew to be of fame in the country side, and long after Mrs. Bates had passed from her good work on earth some one said, "Miss Kimbar, I wonder you have never gone on the stage." "I have often thought about it," was the reply, "but my love for a dear old lady kept me from it, until I gave my heart to God and all my powers for the highest service of man."

No is a very short word, but very hard to say at the right time and place, and in the right spirit.

No! I will not have anything to do with your ways.

No! I will not sign that paper, it is not right.

No! I will not have those things, I can't pay for them.

No! I will not consent to do that dirty work.

No! You and I part company from this moment.

No! I love my God too much to undertake it.

No! It is no use to ask me, my mind is made up.

No! From this day I will serve the Lord.



AN INTERESTING MORNING.

By M. A. Paull (Mrs. John Ripley).

Author of "We Girls," "Tim's Troubles," &c.

FALMOUTH, situated at the mouth of the Fal River, at the extreme south-west of England in the county of Cornwall, one of the two most western harbours of our "tight little island," is a very quaint, very beautifully situated, and very fascinating place. There could hardly be a more delightful and thorough change for boys and girls in the northern manufacturing districts, than to be transported to Falmouth, with its breezy heights, its glorious views of sea and river, dotted over with craft of all kinds and sizes; its quaint old castles on either side of the mouth of the Fal, Pendennis and St. Mawes; its steep narrow streets; its flights of steps leading to houses at various altitudes; its palms and aloes in the gardens of the pretty terraces looking seawards; and the seamen from so many ports, who stroll leisurely about the streets, and whose accents fall upon our ears in various unknown tongues.

Yesterday morning, with a bright but squally sky overhead, threatening us with cold showers, my husband and self set out for a walk to Pendennis Castle. The prefixes "Tre, Pol, and *Pen*" are pretty well known to be the signs of "the names of Cornish*men*," and Cornish places have them just as frequently. I am writing this in the ancient borough of *Pen*ryn, two miles distant from Falmouth, and *Penz*ance, *Treg*ony, and *Polr*uan are none of them very far away.

The old castle of Pendennis, with its ancient historical associations, has at this moment for its governor an earnest teetotaler and God-fearing gentleman, who sets a fine example, which is not lost upon the men under him, of consistency of conduct; and we had great pleasure in meeting him, "for his works' sake."

Before we climbed the hill to the castle, after enjoying the splendid views along the walk known as Castle Drive, we found our way to a temporary building used as a drill shed for the men of the Naval Reserve. Going round this building on its seaward side, we heard a pleasant "Good morning," and turning, found ourselves in the presence of the good-looking, bright-eyed naval instructor, who stood at one of the windows of the shed, telescope in hand; a good teetotal friend, who had been at our meeting the night before, and who had known us for years. A number of young men in uniform were just finishing their morning's drill, which being completed, we entered the shed, and our friend showed us in the distance Penare Point, where, less than three weeks ago, in the great snow-storm, the blizzard that swept over the coast, and the whole western district, the unfortunate vessel, the "Bay of Panama," went down, and her captain and his wife and nearly all hands were drowned.

After this, just before the Naval Reserve men had their dinner, we had a pleasant talk and sing with them. They were about five-and-twenty in number, young, active, bright-faced, and capital singers, as we found when they joined in the choruses of the Temperance melodies. Then, leaving them to their meal, we proceeded with our friend the instructor to examine a Nordenfelt gun at one end of the drill shed, a marvellous piece of human ingenuity, that we were sorry to remember was invented to destroy, instead of to preserve, human life. Then he took us to some other sheds, in which were kept stores of Martini rifles for the use of the men, and it was wonderful to see how perfectly fitted for their deadly work were these terrible weapons. And then he showed us the bag such as the little lads called "powder monkeys" have to hold, containing a charge of powder, 84 lbs. in weight; and as they stand beside the guns, they are not allowed to rest their bags on the ground, but must keep them in their arms till they are wanted. He also showed us some gun-cotton, which looks like a very innocent fibrous substance; but which, when brought into contact with another explosive body, would immediately explode. We saw one gun which would fire a shot one ton in weight a distance of seven miles. When our friend showed us the sword-bayonet, which fastens into one part of the Martini rifle, he told us of a poor young soldier through whose thigh one of these swords was thrust during a battle. He himself had to drag it out for him; and being away from medical help, he bound the leg above

the wound, then placed a stone on the bleeding orifice, and again bound it "taut" with bandages, and thus saved the leg for the young man, who was very much afraid that he should die of his wound.

Time passed so swiftly, with such interesting sights to see, and stories to hear, and the instructor's hearty teetotalism and sincere religious faith were so delightful to us, that our morning at Pendennis, even though we had not time to go over the castle, which we had already visited several years before, was one of the most interesting that we had ever spent.

On our return, still in the company of our kind friend as far as his house at the coastguard station, we encountered a tremendous hail-storm, and were glad to shelter in a sentry-box while the black cloud spent itself; and until the returning sunshine lit up the harbour once more with renewed beauty, and we found our way to our comfortable lodgings on Pike's Hill.



MILK.

By Dr. A. J. H. Crespi (Wimborne).

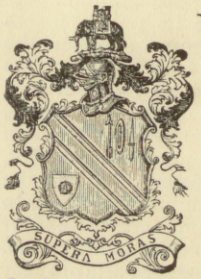
MILK is a beverage much used in this country, especially in towns; although the difficulty of getting it in the open country and in small towns is exceedingly great, and is becoming greater. At this moment in thousands of rural villages, where agricultural depression is the constant and wearisome topic of conversation, neither for love nor money can the poor obtain fresh milk. I often see feeble infants gradually wasting away on indigestible and unwholesome drink and food, while not a drop of new milk can be got. It would be a great blessing to extend dairy-farming, and so bring new milk within the reach of the poor. In some parts of the Continent it is one of the principal foods, and is taken by all classes in quantities that, to us, appear incredible. Although invaluable as food and drink, milk is not cheap, and never can be again in England. In households in which the saving of every penny is not important, nothing better could be drunk, especially by children; but, except for infants, plenty of cheap substitutes are easily found.

The advantages of milk are its palatableness and wholesomeness. It moreover supplies the body with large quantities of food, and contains every constituent needed to make a perfect diet. Its principal use in towns is to mix with coffee, tea, or cocoa, to make these beverages more agreeable. Milk contains 87 per cent. of water, and 13 per cent. of solid matter. This is the ratio which the fluids in the human body bear to the solids. The solids in milk comprise four parts of caseine—an admirable structural food, which builds up the muscles—eight parts of sugar and fat, affording plenty of force-giving material, and three-quarters of a part of mineral substances, on which the nerves and the bones draw.

Milk is a perfect food, and taken in sufficient quantity would support life in vigour. For the first ten months it should be the whole of the infant's food, and for the first six or seven years it should be a large part of its dietary. In many illnesses no other food can be retained by the stomach, and it is then the physician's sheet anchor, while the strongest and healthiest man need not despise a quart or two a day. Where economy is important it is not cheap, and should be replaced by whole meal bread and butter, or, still better, by oatmeal porridge, or Indian corn—two of the cheapest and most nutritious foods. A great many people do not like milk as a beverage, while many invalids positively detest it, so that some persons do not want much of it; and medical men and dietetic reformers ought to avoid the too common error of routine prescribing. In spite of its undoubtedly good qualities, many people are in sickness made miserable by the ill-judged and indiscriminating persistency with which they are urged to take milk. With that singular inconsistency, which makes human conduct so perplexing, many people who complain of the great cost of milk are sometimes the very ones who do not hesitate to spend large sums on far less nutritious foods, which they choose to think more nourishing and agreeable. This is particularly the case with those who indulge freely in beer or spirits. With apparent good faith they point out the impossibility of drinking large quantities of new milk, and in many cases their objection is reasonable. But how inexplicable to find these thrifty people so ignorant of the small dietetic value of beer and ale that they take them in large quantities, not because they like them, for this they indignantly and sometimes angrily deny, but because they are so cheap and nourishing. Many people cannot afford milk, but no one who spends a large portion of his income on beer can have any difficulty in obtaining abundance of milk—a much wholesomer and cheaper beverage. To complain of milk, and drink beer, is like giving up bread on account of its high price, and devouring rich and delicately-flavoured cakes, because so cheap and wholesome.

"SUPERA MORAS."

J. G. TOLTON.



WE obtain this motto from the Borough of Bolton, in Lancashire. Antiquarians could tell us how long it is since the land upon which now stands a busy manufacturing town was wild moorland. Even now the full name of the boro' is Bolton-le-Moors—on the moors; and this was borne in mind when the Latin words were selected to be evermore associated with the town of Bolton. The primary meaning of the motto is, "on the moors," but the fuller signification of the words is "*Overcome all Difficulties.*"

For once, we will ask the reader to narrowly inspect the design. We pass over the elephant and castle with the single remark that, however weighty the castle, the animal appears equal to the burden. Immediately underneath is the vizor, which was used by armed men in ancient warfare to protect the head and face. This, with the arrow, represents the honourable part taken by the Bolton citizens in "Flodden Field" warfare. Beside the arrow is a shuttle, emblematic of the early prominence of Bolton in the cotton industry. Were we writing history, it would be necessary to recall Crompton, to whose inventive genius Lancashire owes so much. Then there is the spindle, the use of which is best known to cotton operatives. Lastly, there is the shield, bearing the crest of the bishops, who, in turn, had the gift of the "living of Bolton."

With this bit of heraldry we dismiss the design, and turn to the motto, "*Overcome all Obstacles.*"

No one needs to be reminded of the existence of difficulties. They have a way of their own of making themselves felt. The boy and girl find difficulties about as soon as they find anything. One of the first imperfect speeches of the baby is, "I can't," the "c" sound of which it perhaps pronounces with a "t." The first bit of education we receive has for its object the exchange of "I can't" for "I'll try."

Have we mastered this first step? Happy are we if we have. Some who read the *Onward* have not ceased yet to say "I can't." Drop it! say it no more! A great man once said he owed his success to the fact, that he very early knocked the word "cannot" out of his vocabulary.

Difficulties are made to be overcome. Many books could be written illustrating how huge obstacles, which seemed absolutely to be beyond removal have been overcome. The greatest authority that ever walked this earth taught how mountains could be removed. Railway engineers, to-day, laugh at mountains. The locomotive runs through Mont Cenis, and Mt. St. Gothard. Years ago, it was said a waggon could never cross Chat Moss, between Manchester and Liverpool, but the heaviest railway train now goes over it in perfect safety.

Look at the word *iusuperable* in the light of the Latin motto. *Supera* means overcome, *in* means not. So it would seem some things are not to be overcome; but what are they? The scholar just promoted to a higher standard meets with sums which he feels sure that he can never conquer. But he learns to master them. That is why they are set. Not that it matters much, whether a boy is able to find out how many horses' legs would be required to run so many miles in a certain number of days of some other number of hours each, but that he may train himself to keep pegging away at difficulties till they vanish. Some of our Band of Hope boys have, perhaps, begun to learn Latin. After a time they will meet with a difficult little piece, which they cannot understand at all. The idle lad says, "What does it matter what it means? I shall not bother." The honest, industrious lad replies, "It does matter, and I mean to find it out."

In after life the first man is pulled up by some serious obstacle. Says he, "I am not going any further, I have had enough." Says the other, "I have had trouble before, and I am not going to be cowed by another one. Here goes!" and he goes at it till he wins. Which man is most admired?

Everybody cannot be exceedingly clever, but the most stupid can hold on. It is the holding on that tells. The enemy say that the English did not win at Waterloo by superior skill, but because they did not know when they were beaten. Just so, an Englishman never should know. We are told that Nelson was aware of a difficulty in the shape of an adverse signal, but he looked at that with his blind eye and held on. "His ship the Victory named; Long be that Victory famed, For Victory crowned the day."

There are difficulties everywhere.

"There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot.
And a constant need for prayer."

Especially do we find obstacles when we attempt to work for the good of others. But who stops for that? Not the brave man. Did you ever hear of Timorous? Of course you have, for who has not read the "Pilgrim's Progress?" Christian on the way to the Heavenly City came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty. There were two other ways, besides that which came straight from the gate, one turned to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill, but the narrow way lay right over the summit. Said the pilgrim.

"The hill, though high, I covet to ascend;
The difficulty will not me offend,
For I perceive the way of life lies here.
Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear.
Better, tho' *difficult* the right way to go,
Than wrong, tho' *easy*, where the end is woe."

On this way Christian met Timorous and Mistrust, to whom he said, "Sirs, what's the matter, you run the wrong way." Timorous answered, "The farther we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again." "Yes" said Mistrust, "for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not, but they might——"

Lions or no lions mattered not to Christian. He was on the right way, and the lions would have to budge.

That is the spirit we want. There may be a mountain, or there may be a morass, but SUPERA MORAS is our motto, so onward we march.

He who to the end endures the Cross shall wear the Crown.

—o—

PATIENCE.

J. J.



HERE is certainly much truth in the old saying, "All things come to him who waits;" it is evidently so in the case of fashions, as an elderly lady said a very expensive cloak that belonged to her aunt had come into fashion again this winter.

Patience is an economic grace, for, in the long run, it saves much waste of energy and useless expenditure of time and trouble. Fussy people lose much steam and waste much time. By impatience we squander our strength for naught. It always unfits us for doing our best. Impatience with other people is a cause of irritation to them and ourselves. Impatience with our work is often as foolish as the conduct of the little child who digs up the earth to see how the seeds are growing.

Impatience is the poor use of moral force, and is often most mischievous in its results. The constant fret and fume of some people is the dissipation of power that might be put to good purpose.

It is a common proverb of much truth, "The more haste the less speed." To overdrive the machinery is to hinder the work. Nothing is well done when we attempt too much. Extreme pressure will bring on exhaustion. Continued hurry means a certain and early breakdown. Impatience weakens us and is self destructive; by it we throw away what we want to keep. It is the hasty speech, the uncontrolled tongue, and the impetuous temper that mars the rest of heart and destroys the strength of character. The feverish and excitable people often undo the good they mean to accomplish by their misguided energy and unbridled impulses.

Patience means more than not being impatient, it means *waiting*, the strength that can hold on. It may be a resisting force, it may be purely negative; but the power that can watch and wait, that can remain steady and calm 'mid the hurry of circumstances and the changeful events of time is sure to grow into patience. Patience means more than waiting, it has an active side and a positive aspect, and implies *endurance* or bearing bravely with hardship, contending earnestly against difficulties. Thus we find patience in labour and conflict. But, above all, patience implies *submission*. True patience means a willing surrender to the Divine Will, a cheerful acceptance of adversity, a loyal surrender to necessity—even though persecution and suffering be the result. Hence, the patience that can wait, endure, and submit, must be supported by faith, hope, and charity, which alone can enable it to have its perfect work.

Of all virtues needful for daily life, patience is one most necessary for people without great ability. It is wonderful what it will accomplish in the commonest walks of life. It helps the people with little natural gift to surpass those more richly endowed.

Sir Isaac Newton said, "Genius is patience." Pitt declared that the successful Prime Minister's secret was patience. All truly great men, in every department of life, from Moses to Darwin, have owed much to the fact that they had a large share of it. No one has found marked and permanent success without it. There has been no noble enterprise and prosperous endeavour in art or science, in reform or discovery, in war or politics, and, especially, in leadership of men, but what patience has had her work and lent her aid for every divine triumph.

In times of fear and panic we always turn to the patient souls for succour, in danger and calamity we look to the calm mind and the quiet heart, there we find the cool nerve, the steady hand, and the fearless soul.

The truly patient life wastes no time and energy, and throws away no available opportunity The strongest characters are the most patient; they never know defeat, they are men of indomitable will and command the world. Job is one of the grandest figures in all history. His patience made him great. All the men who achieved the highest places, through human toil and endeavour and attained exceptional saintliness of life, have been men of patience.

None can preserve the dignity of character without patience. It has had its highest expression in Jesus, both with His disciples even when they seemed to understand Him least, and with His enemies, when they treated Him with the greatest cruelty and scorn. This is the reflection on earth of that ceaseless miracle of wonder, the patience of God, as mighty as it is calm, like the blue of heaven that over-arches the troubled sea of hurman life and encircles the whole world within its measureless influence.

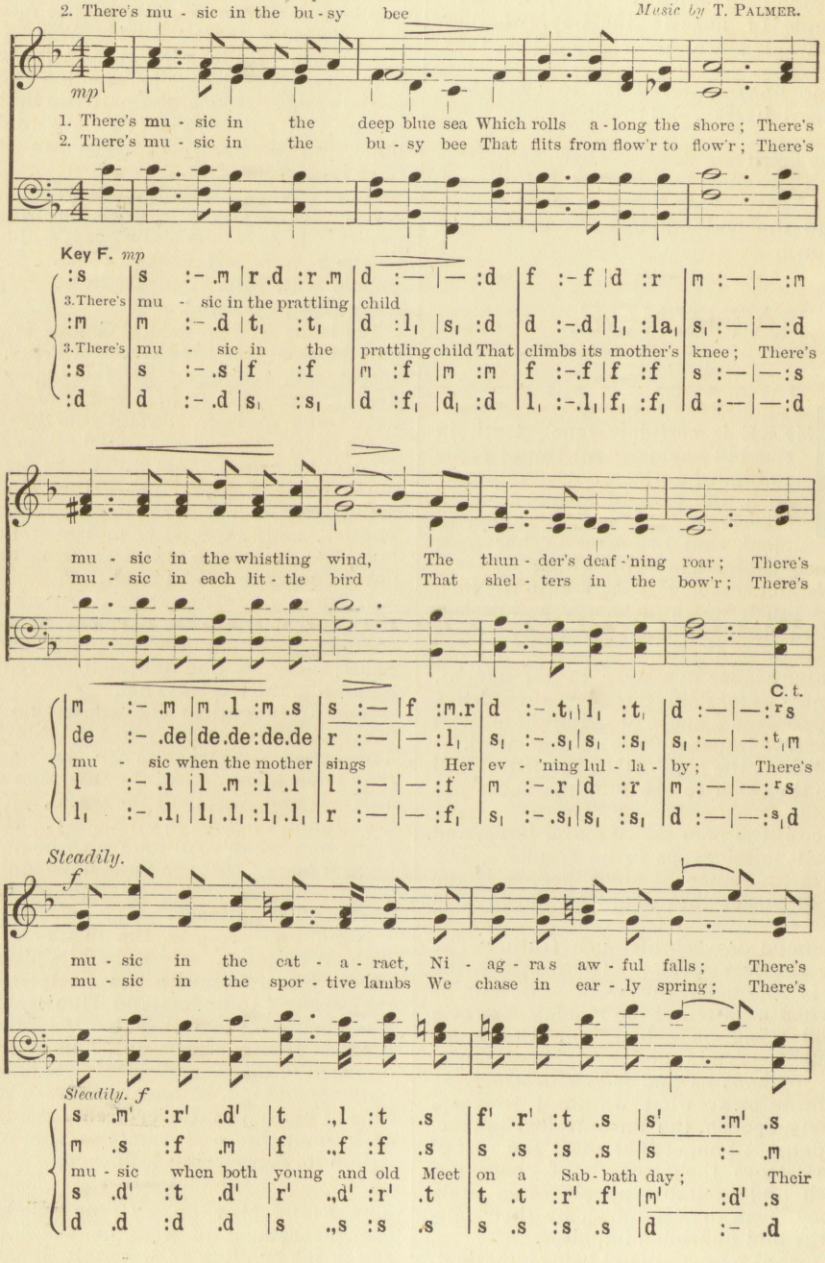
THE RIGHT METHOD.—"True enlightenment in the government of a nation will not display itself in the erection of hospitals, lunatic asylums and workhouses, and goals, institutions which no civilized community can dispense with, but in dealing with the evil *causes* which tend to undermine the health, prosperity, and virtue of the people."—*Earl of Aberdeen.*

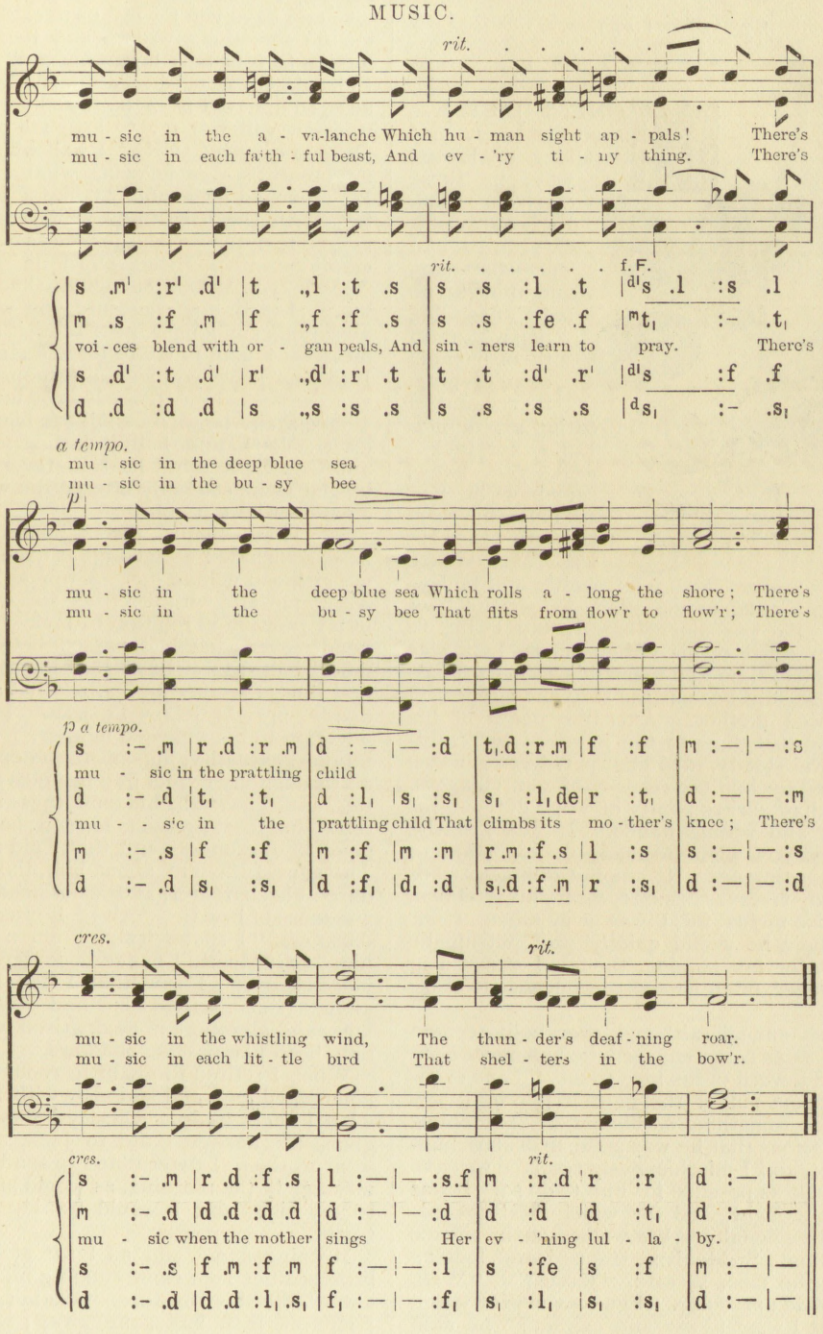
MUSIC.

Words by J. J. Lane.

1. There's mu - sic in the deep blue sea
2. There's mu - sic in the bu - sy bee

Music by T. Palmer.




rit.
mu - sic in the a - va-lanche Which hu - man sight ap - pals! There's
mu - sic in each fa'th - ful beast, And ev - 'ry ti - ny thing. There's
rit.
f. F.
voi - ces blend with or - gan peals, And sin - ners learn to pray. There's
a tempo.
mu - sic in the deep blue sea
mu - sic in the bu - sy bee
p
mu - sic in the deep blue sea Which rolls a - long the shore; There's
mu - sic in the bu - sy bee That flits from flow'r to flow'r; There's
p a tempo.
mu - sic in the prattling child
mu - - sic in the prattling child That climbs its mo - ther's knee; There's
cres.
rit.
mu - sic in the whistling wind, The thun - der's deaf - ning roar.
mu - sic in each lit - tle bird That shel - ters in the bow'r.
cres.
rit.
mu - sic when the mother sings Her ev - 'ning lul - la - by.

HONEST JACK.

A Woman's Story.

By David Lawton.



HONEST JACK was my first lover. But talking of lovers, why, in those early days when I was only a chit of a girl, I had 'em by the score, and thought no more of sending half a dozen of them packing of an evening, than I did of eating my dinner. But as for Jack—well, you know, somehow he was so different from the others. He was our village smith, and he had always been good to me when we were school children. He was older than I, and owing to the sudden death of his father before Jack was out of his teens, he had taken his father's place at the forge, and become the stay and support of his widowed mother. After the death of his mother, he still clung to the home of his childhood. His steady, plodding, persevering ways, had earned for him the respect of our villagers, and Jack had always plenty of work cut out for his clever and willing hands. It was just the same, bless you, when he made up his mind to come a courting me. No amount of quiet avoidance or coy reserve seemed to weary his patience. On practice nights, for I was a member of our village choir, he would quietly wait outside by the hour, for my coming, though I stopped in church longer, often enough, on purpose to tease him.

Curiously enough, although everybody seemed to regard us as being engaged, he had never even whispered a word of his love to me, till one evening, as I came out of the church porch, I saw that he had something on his mind. Somehow, I felt conscious that he was going to declare himself at last, and I mischievously resolved to make it as difficult as possible for him to do so. It was a foolish thought, and for which I afterwards paid a bitter penalty We walked on in silence for some time. Suddenly he stopped, and, looking me full in the face, he said, "Jessie?" "Well, Jack?" I said nervously. "I guess you pretty well know what I want to say and cannot?" he said excitedly. "Now Jack," said I, "don't talk nonsense. You are too good a fellow to throw yourself away on a chit of a girl like me." "Thank you, Jessie," he replied in a more subdued tone, "I'm glad you understood me. You call yourself a chit of a girl, but let me tell you that I love you with all the strength of my heart. There is nothing I would not do or suffer, to win your love and have you for my own, except you bade me do something wrong, and that, I know, is foreign to your pure bright nature." "Oh Jack!" I ejaculated, astonished at his sudden outspokenness, so different from his usually reserved self. "Jessie, will you try to love me a little?" he pleaded eagerly. "No," I half whispered under my breath, scarce knowing what I was saying. He crouched for a moment like a stricken creature. All the brightness which had lit up his rugged features seemed to fade as overcoming his emotions with a strong effort he said, tenderly, "Jessie, you are old enough to know your own mind, I will not persecute you with my poor attentions any longer, for I think it cowardly and mean for a man to try to force a girl's affections. If in your heart you feel no response to my love, you cannot help it, Jessie, so you must not blame yourself, and be sure I shall not blame you in the least. You cannot help it darling. Good night and God bless you," he said reverently, raising his hat as he solemnly uttered the words, and in a moment he was gone.

Slowly and silently I went home in the darkness, somehow I seemed all at once to have left my girlhood behind me. A woman's heart woke within me, and with it a truer and wiser estimate of my position in relation to Jack. Deeply did I ponder over what had passed between us, but, most of all, I thought of Jack himself. For the first time, I seemed to realize what a truly noble, manly, upright fellow he was. I recalled his devotion to his widowed mother. His unostentatious generosity, his chivalrous care of myself all through my school day troubles and perplexities, and, above all, his tenderness manifested in refraining from pressing his suit, because I had given him to understand that I did not love him. The more I thought about him, the more I admired his character, and reverenced his sterling goodness of heart. "Ah!" I cried out in the darkness, "I spoke truly, I am not worthy of him." Gradually I began to understand myself more clearly. I saw that I had loved him all along. Unconsciously he had been my heart's king, and all others in comparison with him, had only been like passing shadows.

When I retired to my little room that night, I communed long and seriously with myself as to what I ought to do. Clearly I was to blame for giving the answer I did to Jack, and before I went to sleep, I determined to send Jack such a message in the morning, as would bring him back to my side, and I would frankly tell him the truth.

Morning came, and as I sat at breakfast my little brother Tom came running in, out of breath almost in his haste. "Mother," he cried, "Honest Jack has gone away; who will shoe the horses now?" Mother gave a sudden start, and turned, with a look full of uneasiness, to myself, as I rose from the table and staggered off to my little room. Of the bitter anguish of that hour I will not stay to speak. I knew that

a strong and loving hand had lifted the cup of happiness to my lips, and that I in my thoughtlessness had pushed it away. At length I grew calmer, and after thinking the matter over I resolved to wait for Jack to return to me. But if he did not come back, I would marry no one else.

Three years passed quietly and uneventfully away. I was a woman now, with all a woman's sensitiveness, and my woman's secret pain hidden away carefully in my heart, for I did not wish even my dearest ones to know all that I felt and suffered. I had almost begun to despair of ever seeing my Jack again, when one day a strange thing happened. We received a newspaper from some friends in the north-country town of Dinton. One of the paragraphs caught my attention, and fascinated me completely. There had been a serious breakdown in one of the large works. The half-drunken engineer had lost control of the engine under his care. Stunned by a sudden blow from a broken fragment from a driving wheel, he was lying helpless, in momentary peril of his life. No one durst venture near the ponderous engine, which, released from its load of work, was tearing madly round and round, as if it was bent on destroying both itself and everything about it. Every second the danger was increasing, when a stalwart young smith, doing some casual repairs on the premises, quietly walked into the engine room and brought the engine to a stand, thus both averting disaster to the works, and saving the engineer's life, at imminent risk of his own.

"That is just like Jack," I said to myself. And the fancy seized me that it was Jack and no other who had done this brave deed. The thought grew upon me to such an extent that I could not rest. I must go to Dinton. I should find Jack. Oh, how passionately I longed to see him. The day after, I set out on a visit to my friends, telling no one of my sudden hope, lest they should laugh at me for indulging in so apparently unfounded an expectation. With a beating heart I jumped into the Dinton express, and very soon I was speeding along at fifty miles an hour—towards what? "Jack," my heart answered, with a great throb of hope. Suddenly the express engine gave a terrible shriek. The brakes were applied, and there was a fearful shock. I knew we had collided with some train. I was badly shaken, but not otherwise injured. In a few moments I was sufficiently recovered to be able to get out of the carriage and look round. I saw in a moment what had happened. Immediately in front two lines crossed each other almost at right angles, and our engine had knocked the engine and foremost carriages of the other train completely off the line. Many of the passengers were seriously injured, and I, along with others who had escaped injury, like myself, set about helping our less fortunate fellow-travellers. On approaching one of the overturned carriages, my heart stood still. Who was that, that lay before me bruised and bleeding? Surely it was Jack, my Jack! Had I only found him thus to lose him for ever? These thoughts surged quickly through my hot brain, as I tried to raise him up, to see if life was still left in him. Oh, joy! he opened his eyes, he was conscious, and knew me. "Forgive me, Jack," I whispered, as I bent over him. 'Jessie, mine at last; thank God!" he murmured, and then fainted away. Strong arms very soon carried him to a farm-house near, where he quickly recovered, for, though badly cut and bruised, he was not fatally injured. I need not dwell over what followed. You will easily guess all that you need to know when you see this plain gold ring that glitters on a certain finger of my left hand. I am a proud woman to-day, and have not I a right to be so, seeing that I am the wife of one of the noblest and best of men—the man who is known far and wide as HONEST JACK?

The "Harry Wadsworth's" Society.



IN America, a large number of societies have lately sprung into useful organisations from very obscure origin. These philanthropic bands, or small groups of young people who bind themselves together for Christian helpfulness in almost any and every department of service to others, are called "Harry Wadsworth Societies," after a book entitled "Harry Wadsworth," that tells the story of true life, under a fictitious name.

The real character that inspired the writing of the book, was a young man called F. W. Greenleaf. He was of humble birth, and when twenty-one, was fireman on a locomotive, but he was well educated, and with many natural gifts he continued self improvement, and rapidly advanced in the study of mathematics. But it was his personal and moral influence that raised him out of the common level. He became in time the head of the freight department in Worcester. The Rev. E. E. Hale and he became great friends, and, when he died, Hale preached about his quiet life, which was a noble inspiration to all who knew him.

Then after "the going forth" of F. W. Greenleaf into the unseen life, Mr. Hale was urged to write his life. So he told the story of his friend's life and influence in the book entitled "One ten times," where Harry Wadsworth is the hero, he died early, ten people met at his funeral, and, talking over all he was to them, they resolved that his character and memory should live, and each of them promised that the good they had received from knowing their friend should endure, for they will "pass it on."

In three years each ten has made a little society of ten, This idea of the value of personal influence was taken up by the readers of the book; the little volume had a large circulation, and the result has been the formation of several groups of ten, calling themselves "Harry Wadsworth" societies.

Some of the features are admirable principles of conduct:

"Always to keep a cheerful out-look on life, and a determination to relieve suffering. To cultivate a disposition to be social and to meet people more than half way, and to look constantly across the line as if death were little or nothing."

The four corner stones which the Wadsworth men of Detroit painted on the four slabs on their lodging-house were:

1. They did not care for themselves.
2. They never looked backward.
3. They always lent a hand
4. They were not afraid to die.

Hence the motto the various societies have taken:

"Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
Lend a hand."

Some of the bands of ten take special watch-words as "Faith," "Hope," "Love," "Send me," "In His name," "The excel band," from the text "Seek that ye may excel." Perhaps the most numerous branch is that called "The King's daughters," which now numbers over 70,000 women who have pledged themselves to be workers for God in the service of man. Some of these little bands of brotherhood and sisterhood are worked in connection with Bands of Hope. The chief purpose is to give to every ten or twenty, who so unite themselves, the great stimulus that they are "workers together with God."

LITTLE CHILDREN WITH SUNNY EYES.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.



LITTLE children, with warm hearts glowing,
The earth to you is a fairy bower;
You see its loveliness, little knowing
Of sad decay and its blighting power.
Fair are the wild flowers that grow in the meadows,
What! though they perish as rough winds rise?
You catch the sunbeams and miss the shadows,
Dear little children with sunny eyes.

Ye have no sin, and ye see no sorrow,
The flowers are thick on the world's fair way;
No fear have ye for the coming morrow,
And no regret for the yesterday.
Like fairy spirits around us dancing,
Like angels dropped from the great blue skies,
With crimson lips and with bright eyes glancing,
Dear little children with sunny eyes.

We see you down in the courts and alleys,
Like snow-drops pure on the world's black way;
We watch you dancing in verdant valleys,
Where sunbeams linger and streamlets play.
The breeze is flinging its perfume round you,
While out of the blue of the summer skies
The great warm sun with its light has crowned you,
Dear little children with sunny eyes.

Lift up your voices in songs of gladness!
Go play your games 'midst the summer flowers!
Send forth your laughter, and banish sadness!
Ye beautifiers of this world of ours;
Ye smile on us from the darkest places,
From sin and shadow we watch you rise—
God keep the light on your fair pure faces,
Dear little children with sunny eyes.

THE GIRLS' CORNER.

A LESSON FROM A SICK ROOM.

By Sophie Haddow.

WE are apt to think that an invalid's life is a useless life, that if a woman is bed-ridden, however good she may be, she cannot be of any benefit to her fellow creatures, but must be dependent on them for kindnesses she can never hope to return. Such need not be the case. There are ways of being useful even in the most afflicted lives.

In New York there lives a woman who has not risen from her bed for over 30 years, and who devotes her life to charity. She is Mrs. Bella Cooke, and was left a widow quite young, with several little children. She visited the poor in their homes, and the sick in the hospitals, at a time, too, when it was most unusual for women to engage in such work, and to make up for the time spent in this way she sat up at nights to work for her children. She was very feeble in health, and one day fell on the hospital steps, since which time she has been bedfast with an incurable spinal disease. In spite of long years of pain and suffering she is still a beautiful woman, with dark hair and eyes and unwrinkled brow, the fine spirit shining through its physical veil making her look much younger than she really is. Her small bedroom is prettily furnished, the bed is draped with snowy white; glasses of flowers stand here and there, and the windows are bright with growing plants. In this room Mrs. Cooke receives anybody who cares to see her, no one is refused, and for all, rich and poor alike, she has good advice and sympathy. To those who need it she can and does give money as well as kind words. She has a little book in which are entered the names, addresses, and other particulars of poor people whose rent she helps to pay, and every year at her bedside she gives away 500 garments and provides ten new-born babies with their first outfit.

About 25 years ago, when preparing some comforts for some poor friends, she was visited by a wealthy lady, who asked her if she would like to send each person a turkey on "Thanksgiving" Day, which was approaching. Of course Mrs. Cooke was delighted, and the turkeys were bought and sent off. The offer was repeated next year, and every year since. It takes three days to distribute the turkeys now, and each one has a verse from the Bible written on strong paper and tied round the neck; these verses are selected to suit the family the gift is intended for, and Mrs. Cooke says: "It is wonderful how many people have told me that the first impulse towards a better life was given them by the holy words inscribed on a turkey necklace! There is no use in offering salvation to people with empty stomachs; it is the full soul that can be led to usefulness." This lady is not the only one who has made the invalid lady a dispenser of bounties. They have faith in her discrimination as well as in her sympathy. The poor look upon her with affectionate gratitude.

An American newspaper, in describing this life, which is so remarkable a protest against the force of circumstances by which less heroic spirits would have been crushed, says:—"Long experience of helplessness has led her to devise a number of little contrivances by which she is able to draw within reach the various things she constantly needs without calling for her attendant. She moves on her pillows by clinging to thick, soft woollen cords suspended from the ceiling. There are curved trays that swing in front of her at a slight touch, and contain writing materials, books, etc. One is her dining table. She is not strong enough to uphold a book longer than a few minutes, and so cannot read very much, but from nine o'clock in the morning until six at night—her office hours, as she playfully calls them—visitors, representing all sorts and conditions of men, leave her little time to deplore this inability, and not only do the poor and unfortunate come through that narrow passage-way, cross the stone paved court, and enter the serene presence, but many women of the highest station, whose faces and names are familiar in the world of fashion and who figure in the gayest society scenes, go to that humble house, hidden behind tall tenements over on Second Avenue, and spend hours by the bedside of Mrs. Bella Cooke, learning a wonderful, gracious lesson of benevolence, patience, peace, and godliness from the gentle woman whose works do praise to her."

Poor Anne Bronte, the pulses of whose strong and faithful heart were so early stilled by death, felt both the bitterness and the resignation of those who are called to endurance when their souls are eager for action. She says:—

I hoped that with the brave and strong,
My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high;
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well;
I said so with my breaking heart,
When first this trouble fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-tossed—
Can I but turn to Thee:
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

If Thou shouldst bring me back to life.
More humble I should be,
More wise, more stengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee:
Should Death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow:
But, Lord, whatever be my fate,
O, let me serve Thee now!

Let those girls to whom the blessed heritage of health has been given guard it sacredly, and

use it as a precious gift from heaven, to be used for benefit and succour. And let those whom physical weakness or painful disease makes prisoners take heart, remembering

> "How sublime a thing it is
> To suffer and be strong,"

and learn that even the poorest and barest sick-room may be a temple of sweet resignation and of active good works. The thin, puny hand even of an invalid girl may go forth to the ends of the earth, bearing in the frail white fingers gifts of love and peace.

HEREDITARY LONGEVITY.

By Dr. A. J. H. Crespi.

AN American physician of some eminence, Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, Massachusetts, remarks that "The influences of hereditary descent have as yet received but little attention, compared with their importance, even from the medical profession. In the matter of life insurance, a thorough knowledge of these hereditary influences is of the utmost importance."

The most remarkable instance of hereditary longevity which the writer has heard of, is that of David Jenkins, born September 27th, 1782, and deceased January 6th, 1884. A friend of the writer, Dr. W. Abbotts, a well-known London physician, has given the following particulars. Dr. Abbotts first became acquainted with this case in 1873, when he visited him professionally as a matter of charity—he being at that time ill and in necessitous circumstances. Upon visiting him, he found him a singularly healthy-looking person for his age, although evidently suffering from debility, due rather to insufficient nourishment—a small weekly pittance from the St. Pancras parochial authorities being the only means of subsistence which he and his aged wife had to depend on—and to excessive cold, than to any actual disease, although he was then in his 92nd year. None of the usual signs of decay from old age were present. Until shortly before his illness he had picked up a trifle occasionally by doing odd jobs, such as mending chairs, and carrying parcels; for the old man was fairly sound in wind and limb, and could walk many miles without fatigue.

Dr. Abbotts interested Lady Burdett-Coutts in the case, and, for a considerable time, she allowed him ten shillings a week. As his wife became feeble in intellect, making it unsafe for her to be left alone, an effort was made to get them into some almshouse, but, failing to find any institution for which they were eligible, it was decided that the only thing which could be done was to remove them to the St. Pancras Parish Infirmary for old people, and David Jenkins remained an inmate up to the time of his death. Being the oldest of 1,700 aged persons domiciled in this institution, Jenkins received special privileges, and freely availed himself of opportunities for long walks; he often spoke gratefully of the Superintendent and the other officials. When he completed his century, Mr. Nathan Robinson and some other kind-hearted guardians entertained the old man at supper, in celebration of the event.

David Jenkins was born at Swansea, where he passed the first fifteen years of his life; he subsequently went with his parents to live at Bath, where he learned the business of a chair and cabinet maker; and, during the forty years before Dr. Abbotts first knew him, he resided in London, being at one time a master-tradesman with a good amount of business.

The main point of interest in the case, is that David Jenkins was the great-grandson, though the links hardly seem long enough, of the famous Henry, or, as the *British Medical Journal* gives it, Herbert Jenkins, who is reputed to have lived to the patriarchal age of 169 years. The best account of this modern Methuselah is given by Mrs. Saville, a lady of quality, who resided at Bolton, in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins also had his home. "When I came to live at Bolton," she says, "I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins, but I believed little of the story for many years." One day, however, he happened to call at her house, to ask for assistance, when Mrs. Saville "desired him to tell her truly how old he was. He paused a little, and then said that, to the best of his knowledge, he was 162 or 163; and I asked what king he remembered: he said, 'Henry VII.' I inquired what public event he could longest remember: he said, 'Flodden Field.' I asked whether the king was there: he said, 'No, the king was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was general.' I asked him how old he might then have been: he said, 'I believe I might have been between ten and twelve; for,' added he, 'I was sent to Northallerton with a horseload of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them.' All this agreed with the history of that time, for bows and arrows were then used, the earl named was general, and King Henry VIII. was away at Tournay. It is observable that Henry Jenkins could neither read nor write. There were several old men in the same district, some reputed to be nearly one hundred years old, but they all said that Jenkins was an elderly man ever since they knew him. He told me, too, that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountains Abbey very well before the dissolution of the monasteries."

Henry Jenkins died December 8th, 1670, at Ellerton-on-Swale, in Yorkshire. The Battle of Flodden Field was fought September 9th, 1513, so that, assuming he was twelve years old at that time, he lived to the "amazing age of 169," as was stated on a monument erected to his memory by a subscription amongst the inhabitants of Bolton, and thus lived sixteen years longer than "Old Parr."

We need not discuss whether he really reached the great age of 169, or died a few years under that age; it is sufficient that he lived longer than any other person whose case has been

recorded since the commencement of the Christian era.

Of Henry Jenkins's descendants, the particulars are, as might be expected from their humble position, only slight, but there is no room for doubt that they were all long livers. David Jenkins related that his grandfather was a very old man at the time of his death, and that his father died at ninety-three, from an accident through over-exertion in his work as a chair maker. Had it not been for this, he would probably have become a centenarian ; and we see that, despite poor David Jenkins having to contend with bitter poverty, made none the less poignant from having in middle life succeeded in raising himself to a position of comfort and independence as a master tradesman, which he lost later through a series of unavoidable misfortunes, he attained, within a few months, the ripe age of 102, in full possession of his faculties, and with the free use of his limbs, until almost the last day of a more than usually long life.

There is enough to show, in the history of this family, that Dr. Allen was not mistaken in his opinion of the importance of heredity in connection with longevity, or, as Lord Chancellor Bacon so happily styled it, "long-lasting."

THE HISTORY OF OUR OPIUM TRADE WITH CHINA.

J. J.

IN a small pamphlet issued for the purpose of rousing public opinion, and enlightening the political conscience of England, Mr. Maurice Gregory gives a brief history of "Britain's crime" in this wicked traffic, and it is well to recall the facts in order to understand the subject and form a correct opinion.

Opium was scarcely known a century ago in China. The trade was strictly prohibited, and was only carried on by smuggling, under English influence. The chief pirates were the East India Company, chartered by the English Government. The British ambassador to China requested the Emperor to legalise the traffic, but his reply was an honour to a heathen ruler, and a brand of shame to Christian England—

"Nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."

In spite of this noble reply to our unrighteous request, the trade was still carried on, the trading vessels which conveyed the drug being armed with cannon and shot, to overawe the petty Chinese officers at the small ports where the poison was landed.

The Chinese Government did their best to put down the traffic within their own borders. They made it a capital offence to use the drug; but under the fostering care of British merchants, protected by British arms, the trade rapidly increased. The large profits brought increasing facilities for obtaining the poison ; and with the ease of obtaining the poison the demand for it grew, until in 1839 the trade had reached enormous proportions.

So terrible and ruinous had the evil become, that in the same year the Chinese Government determined at all risks to put down the importation of opium. A noble memorial was addressed to the British Government, stating that "the poison flowed out through every province." To smuggle the article into the land "regardless of the injury it inflicts on the people, is to do that which the principles of heaven disapprove, and which the feelings of mankind publicly reprobate. Upon what principle of reason do your merchants, by a poisonous commodity, pour their injuries upon our people ? Coveting such vast profit that they become regardless of the calamities they entail upon men. Let us ask, how can there exist in their hearts that moral principle implanted by heaven ? . . Hitherto we have understood that you cherish a heart of expanded benevolence, and therefore you must naturally be unwilling to have done to yourselves that which you do not desire to do to others. You ought determinately to put a stop to the evil, and yours would be a highly benevolent administration, which High Heaven would assist and the gods bless, and prolonged would be your years and perpetual your prosperity."

That year the Chinese Government destroyed 20,283 chests of opium, delivered up by the English Superintendent of Trade at Canton, and pledges were given by English merchants that they would no longer deal in the drug. But these promises were broken, and in 1841 war commenced, which ended by China having to pay twenty-one million dollars of "indemnity," to cede Hong Kong to the British Government, and to open the four ports of Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai. These ports soon became the open door, through which the evil was rapidly spread into the interior.

For fourteen years after this first Chinese war, the English Government did not cease to press upon the Emperor the advantage of legalizing the trade for revenue purposes. The second war with China followed, through the continued smuggling of the opium, under the protection of the British flag ; and was, in its unrighteousness, even more disastrous for the poor Chinese.

There is no chapter in our history more disgraceful and iniquitous than our dealings with China in the opium trade ; compelling by force of arms the introduction of misery and moral degradation, against the national will, simply because this traffic in sin and death was a profitable system to English merchants and Indian commerce.

The only thing to be done in the future, is the enforcement by the British Government of the total suppression of the trade, and thus prevent the continuance of the dishonour which has been our shame in the past.

"ONE man gives another a cup of poison, a thing as terrible as death ; but at the same time, he tells him that it is a cordial, and so he drinks it off, and dies."—*South.*

Pebbles and Pearls.

A SAD dog: One who tarries long at his whine.

"LOVE," says an amorous writer, "is an internal transport." An exchange remarks, "The same might be said of a canal boat."

MY BARBER.

My barber's a peculiar man,
With emphasis I say;
For though he's not sarcastic,
He has a cutting way.

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.—"What did Miss Leftover do when she awoke and found the burglar in her room—scream?" "Not much. She transfixed him with her cold, gray eye, pointed to the door, and hissed; 'Leave me!'" "What did the burglar do?" "He explained that he had no notion of taking her."

A PAMPHLET by Bishop T. H. Gregg, D.D., M.D., on "Drink; what it costs," contains the following paragraph:—"There are in the Sunday schools of our land about 4,000,000 scholars. Out of 10,361 inmates of chief prisons in England, Scotland, and Wales, 6,572—that is, more than three out of every five—were formerly in Sunday schools, and in nearly all, their downfall was due to drink."

THESE facts should stimulate all Sunday school teachers to get full information on the important subject of Temperance, and use their influence on the safe side by showing their scholars the physical and moral results which arise from the use of alcohol.

DRINK AND HOME MISSIONS.—The Rev. Peter Thompson, of the East London Wesleyan Mission, directly attributes the immorality, crime, poverty and wretchedness of this district to the liquor traffic. He says: "I have over forty ladies and gentlemen who work with me in this mission, and we are unanimous in this judgment and feel intensely upon it." At this centre alone there are 300 on the Temperance books, and since last June 500 have signed the pledge in the Band of Hope.

"THE liquor traffic is so pernicious in all its bearings, so inimical to the interests of honest trade, so repugnant to the moral sense, so injurious to the peace and order of society, so hurtful to the homes, to the Church, and to the body politic, and so utterly antagonistic to all that is precious in life, that the only proper attitude toward it for Christians is that of relentless hostility. It can never be legalised without sin. No temporary device for regulating it can become a substitute for Prohibition. Licence, high or low, is vicious in principle, and powerless as a remedy."—*American Methodist Pastoral.*

"ABSTAIN from all appearance of evil."—1 *Thess.* v. 22.

WINE robs a man of himself, and leaves a beast in his room.

IT is easy to keep the castle that was never besieged.

DR. NORMAN KERR says: "A study of organic chemistry will disclose the fact that all the alcohols are poisonous, whether contained in cheap, coarse, new spirits, or in highly-priced, old, mellow wines."

"WHY, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little person in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies—not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

"MAJOR, I see two cold brandies carried to your room every morning, as if you had some one to drink with." "Yes sir; one brandy makes me feel like another man; and, of course, I'm bound to treat the other man."

IDLENESS.

"I WALKED by his garden and saw the wild briar,
The thorn, and the thistle grow higher and higher."—DR. WATTS.

IDLE boys and girls always give themselves the most trouble, for the work that is slurred over in the fancy that of its being thus easier done, invariably has to be done again.

COUNSEL for Prisoner: You say that the wall is 8 feet high, and that you were standing on the ground—not mounted on a ladder or anything?" Witness: "I do." C. for P. (triumphantly): "Then, perhaps, you will kindly explain how you, a man of little over 5 feet, could see over a wall 8 feet high, and watch the prisoner's actions?" Witness (calmly): "There's a hole in the wall!"

"YOU see the wine when it sparkles in the cup, and are going to drink it. I say there is poison in it, and therefore beg you to throw it away. If you add, It is no 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 it also. Why should thy strength occasion thy weak brother to perish for whom Christ died?"—*John Wesley, M.A.* (vol. vii.)

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Juvenile Rechabite—Reformer—Western Temperance Herald—Bond of Union—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Graham's Temperance Worker—Methodist Temperance Magazine—True Templar—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger—Sunday Closing Reporter, &c.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed—Editor of ONWARD, 124 & 126, Portland Street, Manchester. Business communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: Mary M. Forrester, J. G. Tolton, Mrs. M. A. Paull-Ripley, Dr. A. J. H. Crespi, Rev. J. Johnson, A. J. Glasspool, Rev. Carey Bonner, Sophie Haddow, William Hoyle, T. F. Weaving, &c.



You Song-Birds of Summer.

By B. Magennis.

YOU song-birds of summer, how tender and thrilling,
Your sweet notes re-echo the wild woods so green;
Our souls with a flood of soft melody filling,
And enraptured our hearts with each ravishing scene!
Sing on, for your songs tell of joys that have perished—
Of hopes and of pleasures that once o'er us shone,
That so fondly in youth's sunny days we have cherished,
But like bubbles on life's stream for ever are gone.

You song-birds of summer, what dreams you are waking,
What visions of happiness felt long ago,
That through time's dim shadows so fitful are breaking,
As down on its waves all unceasing they flow;
Sing on, for you bring back the green shady bowers,
On memory's retina, clear outlined once more,
While methinks I inhale e'en the scent of the flowers,
That perfumed my pathway in days that are o'er.

You song-birds of summer, whose voices ascending,
Soar high 'midst the blue vaulted arches above,
And seem, with the blest choirs of angel hosts blending,
As if speeding a tribute to God of your love;
You too, have a soul that is brimful of feeling,
As gush forth your strains so melodious and clear,
In nature's pure accents to heaven appealing,
A foretaste of its music to give us while here.

You song-birds of summer, the bright joys of Eden
Seem wafted upon us as sweetly you sing;
While the soft zephyr breezes with perfume are laden,
And more than earth's bliss to the ravished soul wing;
Sing on, while I drink in those melodies flinging
Enchantment around me wherever I rove,
Still nearer my heart up to God ever bringing,
And flooding my soul with His infinite love.

July, 1891. *All rights reserved.*

Cap and Gown.

By M. A. Paull (Mrs. John Ripley),
Author of "Vermont Hall," "The Little Quartermaster," &c



WHEN I was very young, I read, with intense and abiding interest, the lives of two Cambridge students, which are well worth reading by every boy and girl; the one was a poet, Henry KirkeWhite the other a missionary, Henry Martyn. Cambridge, to-day, has a tablet to the memory of the young poet in the College Church of St. John's, to which it was removed from the old church of All Saints, when the site of the latter was changed and the edifice rebuilt. There is a hall erected to the memory of Henry Martyn, which is used for religious and philanthropic meetings.

Cambridge is one of the most interesting and charming towns in England. Its association, for centuries, with some of the noblest names, famous in all classes of learning, ought to be, and I hope is, an inspiration to very many wearers of the cap and gown, which look so picturesque as the owners flit about the streets of the delightful old place, or glide past you in the venerable cloisters of their colleges, or occupy the seats of their college chapels, or the benches in their lecture halls.

The first time I visited Cambridge, I was only there for one bright beautiful day in May, I was delighted with all I saw; the collegiate buildings are poems in stone, the "backs" of the Colleges, as they are called, are like most lovely parks, with venerable trees and pretty bits of garden and shrubbery, and the beautiful river Cam flows through several of them, with pure white swans gliding here and there on its waters, across which are thrown graceful bridges, besides which are placed comfortable and restful seats. But on that first day, I was exceedingly amused to see scores of students walking about in such fantastic costumes, that I could only compare them to mountebanks, and was puzzled beyond measure to know why young men of good family and education, while supposed to be studying for their various professions and occupations, should appear in public, attired in scarlet jackets and white trousers, others in brilliant crimson and gold, chocolate and blue, white and claret, black and yellow, orange and blue, black and white, cherry and white, and many other striking hues.

It was evident that they were dresses in which they indulged in various games, but the costumes had no meaning to me, until now that I have been privileged to pay several visits of much longer duration to Cambridge, and to learn a great deal more than I used to know about the life that is lived by young England when it dons the cap and gown. The costumes are those of the various boating crews, for Cambridge believes in aquatic sports, and each college has its boats. This afternoon we have seen the University boat go out for practice upon the river Cam, the oars tipped with light blue, the University colour, as most people know, and the occupants handling their oars in splendid style, with sure and steady stroke, preparing for the race against their rival, Oxford, on the Thames a few weeks hence.

Beside what is familiarly called the 'Varsity Boat, there were a great many other college boats practising, so that the scene, with the picturesque garb of the oarsmen, was very animated and pretty in the early spring sunshine on the sparkling river. Along the bank, by every such boat, there rode on horseback, or ran on foot, the "coach," who shouted to his pupils, the oarsmen, directions for their pulling, and it was no small exertion to those of them who ran, to keep up with the swiftly bounding boats, most of them eight oared, and to make themselves well heard by the occupants.

We watched them round a bend of the river, and then saw the specks of bright colour, running or riding along the bank, and the boats and the rowers in the stream itself beyond.

It makes us very glad to meet, as we not unfrequently do, a student wearing the blue ribbon in his coat, that shows he practices here, where it must often be difficult to do so, the grand principle of Total Abstinence.

But I have so much to tell my readers about Cambridge, that I must soon send another paper.

THE VALUE OF WATER.

"WATER serves as the medium by which all alimentary material is introduced into the system; for until dissolved in the juices of the stomach, food cannot be truly received into the economy. It is water which holds the organizable materials of the blood either in solution or suspension; and thus serves to convey them through the minutest capillary pores into the substance of the solid tissues. It is water which, mingled in various proportions with the solid components of the various textures, gives to them the consistence they require. And it is water which takes up the products of their decay and conveys them, by a most complicated system of sewage, altogether out of the system. . . . *No other liquid can supply its place.*"—*Dr. Carpenter's Manual.*

THE TRUANT.

By Uncle Ben.

PERCY ROGERS went out one morning, just as the hay season was beginning, and as he was a little late for school, he made himself later by dawdling about and watching the operations of the haymakers in the sweet-scented meadows through which he had to pass. The day was very fine and bright, and to the youthful mind of Percy it seemed a great shame to be shut up in school on a day like this.

Lazy people always like to see other people busy. Where men are at work within sight of the British public, there will always be a crowd of loafers standing around and looking on. There is something very gratifying to human nature in seeing other people busy, while we take it easy ourselves.

Percy, being of the lazy and idle turn, thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle of seeing the mowers toiling and sweating away beneath the hot sun. He lingered so long under the interesting spell of the picturesque scene, that he felt sure he would be too late for school, or so late that he would have a taste of the cane, and, therefore, he deemed it fitting to make a morning of it, and enjoy himself to the full.

It seemed to him a pleasant and harmless adventure, and one about which he could make a pleasing boast to his schoolfellows, when he should tell them of the jolly time he had while they were stewing in school.

But the way of the truant is not always the way of pleasantness, and, like the way of transgressors, is hard, before the end is reached. At first it was all Percy could desire, and as nice as anything could be, except for the uneasy feeling inside.

The early part of the morning passed rapidly, but, after a little, the time began to hang heavily; it was rather dull to be alone; he asked the time from several people, but did not like to get near the high road, lest he should meet someone he knew, and then he might be discovered, and there would be trouble at home, as well as a little difficulty to settle at school.

He made out the morning as best he could until the boys came out of school; he met some of them at a judicious distance from the seat of learning, and filled their souls with envy by a glowing account of his doings while they were under the master's eye, busy at the desks. Then he played about until the time he usually went in for dinner, so that no suspicion should be roused. But it happened that his father, rather unexpectedly, returned, for on market days he did not generally come home for dinner in the middle of the day. No sooner did Mr. Rogers see Percy come in, as if from school, with his bag and slate, than he said:

"How was it, my son, you were asking the time by Colehook's meadow about eleven o'clock?"

"Because I wanted to know what o'clock it was," said Percy, colouring very red.

"Mr. Deanthorp walked into market to day from Overton, and said you asked him the time, or a boy did that must be very like you from what he said; so coming along I asked Jim Goulden, who was haycutting, if he had seen you about there, and he said he had. Hence I concluded you had been playing truant. Did you go to school at all this morning?"

"No, I got late in starting, and more late still in looking at the grass mowing, and then thought it was hardly worth going."

"Well I am glad you have spoken the truth, but you will go to school this afternoon with a note from me, and I shall say you played the truant and will not go to school for a day or two; instead you shall go out all day long from the first thing in the morning until evening, and if you come in before sunset you must go to bed. Your mother will do up your meals before you start. You shall have enough of playing the truant."

This did not seem so bad a punishment, except going to school with the note. This was decidedly unpleasant, but when the master read the note he smiled and said nothing. Then when the boy had been expecting the cane all the afternoon just when school was over the master called him and bade him stay in for an hour and gave him some work to do that kept him busy all the time.

The next morning was fine and beautiful; his mother cut him plenty of bread and butter, and put it in a basket and made him wear his school satchel to let everybody know he was a schoolboy not at school. He felt dreadfully ashamed, and feared to meet any of his schoolfellows, for he knew they would not forget to tease him. So he wandered off far away by himself, and felt so lonely and miserable. He never thought the morning would end; he didn't feel hungry and couldn't eat much of his bread and butter. The afternoon was longer than the morning; so long before sunset he came back, but had no welcome, and was thankful to creep into bed.

The next day his father started him off early, before breakfast, so as to give him a long day in the fields, with only bread and butter again, and a small bottle of milk, as the day was hot, and he said he had been obliged to drink of the brook, and beg a mug full of water at a cottage, for the stream didn't taste very nice. If the first day seemed solitary, this one seemed desolation indeed. The silence was terrible, the heat oppressive; he dreaded meeting anyone, and feared to be alone. At last he sat down on a hay-cock and cried, from very wretchedness of having nothing to do, and the feeling of being in disgrace. He had enough to eat, but had no appetite. He longed for home and school as he had never done before.

In the afternoon of the second day, a shower came on, and he sought shelter in a barn, and tried to employ the time making friends with a cat, and giving her some of his bread and butter. Two or three people had spoken to him; one



asked him if he were lost. Someone who knew him told him he had better go to school, or go home. Then he burst into tears again, and was obliged to confess he might go anywhere but to school or home, and that he was being punished for playing the truant.

He felt better after this confession of his real state of affairs; and the friend, who was a neighbour, bade him go home, and say he was sorry, and promise never to run away from school again.

On the strength of this word of exhortation, he rose up and ran home just as his father and mother had finished tea. He felt ready for bed, or any punishment except wandering about like a guilty vagabond, with nowhere to go and nothing to do, and ashamed to speak to anyone.

His father's enquiry was: "What! ready for bed so soon?"

Then Percy began to cry, and say he was sorry, and would not play truant any more. He did not mind anything, so that he might go to school and come home as he had always done; but to be shut out from home seemed more than he could bear.

Mr. Rogers saw the repentance was real; that the chastening had done its work. He told the boy that the worst thing in life was to have our own selfish way; that rebelling against school or discipline was misery; to fly away from the Father's will, like Jonah, who played the truant, was only to come into worse trouble; and the most terrible punishment was for the heavenly or an earthly father to say to his child: "You are free to go your own way, and do your own will. Go, continue to play the truant from my school and home. 'Depart from me.'"

So Percy was forgiven, and the next day returned to school, and never more was a truant.

FATHER MATHEW.

J. J.



THEOBALD MATHEW was born of a county family, on October 10th, 1790, near Cashel, in Tipperary. He had a happy home, a loving mother, and a bright childhood. It was his mother's influence that led him into the Church. For 24 years he spent an uneventful life at Cork, where he worked hard and became greatly beloved by all who knew him. He lived in poverty and great unworldliness, exemplifying his favourite texts, "Blessed are the merciful," and "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."

His ministry among the poor was so devoted that he became known as "the friend of sinners." He soon saw that drink was the chief cause of vice and misery that beset the people among whom he laboured. He became associated with a small band of Quakers, who had formed a Total Abstinence Society that came to be the laughing stock of the city. One of these Quakers said to him, "Theobald Mathew, thee hast a mission from God to do this work."

These words rang in his ears as he went about his daily work until, once kneeling alone in his oratory, he made up his mind that it was his duty to take up the cause and to preach total abstinence.

He then told the Friends that he would join them, called a meeting at his house, and, after a brief address, said, "Here goes in the name of God," and signed his name to the pledge, April 10th, 1838. He began his mission at once, wonderful results followed, and in less than three months 25,000 had taken the pledge through his instrumentality. His earnestness and eloquence seemed daily to increase as increasing crowds continually gathered to hear him. He travelled all over Ireland, and everywhere the same wonderful results followed. Thus at 49, after one short year of labour, he became known as "the Apostle of Temperance," and his name was a household word throughout the length and breadth of Ireland.

After one of his meetings in the South a new recruit said, "If ye knew what I am you wouldn't be after blessing me."

"What are you then?"

"Father, I'm an Orangeman."

"God bless you; I don't care if you are a lemonman," was the reply.

He went to Ulster to receive from the Protestants the warmest welcome, and the Orangemen knelt to receive the pledge and to accept his blessing. Thus the grain of mustard grew till it overshadowed the land.

His work brought him in contact with all public men. Daniel O'Connell, who was a teetotaler, became a fast friend. On one occasion, when O'Connell was Lord Mayor of Dublin, he came to Cork at the annual temperance demonstration and walked side by side with Father Mathew in a procession of 10,000 abstainers, and then knelt to receive the blessing at the end of the work from the hands of the good priest.

After four years of service the number of criminals decreased from 12,000 to 8,000; capital sentences from 66 to 20; the spirit bill from 12 million to 5 million, and out of 8 million people 4 million were pledged abstainers. Two years later (1844) there were 5½ million names on the register of pledges, and many more whose names were not enrolled.

Father Mathew visited Scotland and did much good there. Then he came to England and worked in the East End of London, was the lion of a London season, and introduced to Wellington and the pick of society. Carlyle heard him in Liverpool, and Mrs. Carlyle went to one of his great meetings in Whitechapel never to forget the influence of the man and his mission. He met with a favourable reception everywhere, but his chief success was among the Irish Catholics. Protestant prejudice and opposition to Catholic emancipation hindered his efforts of usefulness, and led him to say, "We should pray for common sense; when the English get common sense to give us justice, and we get common sense to be content with it, and we stop quarrelling among ourselves there will be fair days for the old country yet."

Father Mathew had many sides to his character. His kindness to dumb animals was great; he had many dogs, his favourite was a fierce, but faithful brute he called "Sober;" but his chief pet was a sparrow named "Peter." He was poor, though he had reason to believe that he should inherit plenty; this led him into extravagance, for his generosity was boundless. He incurred heavy debts to carry on his temperance work in view of his expectations, but on the death of the lady who had promised him her money he found she had made no will, and thus instead of coming into wealth he was left with seven thousand pounds in debt, and was accordingly arrested. While he was in prison friends were moved to sympathy, meetings were held in England, and the money was raised and his debts were paid mainly by public subscriptions. This blow he felt bitterly, but the effect of the Irish famine he felt even more keenly than his personal trouble and imprisonment. The suffering throughout the country was terrible. To organise relief Father Mathew worked day and night.

The picture of this man as "the friend of sinners," "the apostle of temperance," in the midst of the starving people, giving his all to feed the hungry and help the distressed, is perhaps the finest scene in his career—as it certainly is the most pathetic.

When hope once more revived and this black night of suffering had passed away, one third of the population had perished.

As a slight reward for his public service—after Rome had refused to ratify his nomination to the Bishopric of Cork—through the influence of Lord John Russell, the Queen granted him a civil list pension of £300 a year.

He continued his temperance work with more heroic efforts than ever, but the nation had been crushed by the famine, and the best of its remaining life poured out in emigration.

The sorrows of his country and the misery of the people he loved was killing him. He was struck down with paralysis. In time he rallied from this illness, but he knew this stroke was the beginning of the end.

Early in 1849 he visited America and met with a grateful and enthusiastic reception, though in the North he did not satisfy the Abolitionists, and in the South he did not please the slave-owners; but at Washington he was received by the Houses of Legislature with honour; the only foreigner who had received this distinction before was Lafayette. He returned from this tour—leaving half-a-million more disciples pledged behind him—jaded and weary to the old land, but his face was toward the new and heavenly country. When he came back to Ireland, for him the battle was almost ended and the march nearly done, he went to live with his brother but still carried on his work.

Daily he rose at five and spent the time labouring for the cause or welcoming "his children"—the poorer and more wretched they were the more they were welcomed, and the prodigal children were the most welcome of all.

In 1854 he had another stroke, recovering sufficiently to resume work at Cork; but the next year he had to seek rest in Madeira. On his return he once more tried to work, but broke down again, and this time he had no need to seek rest, it came peacefully and painlessly by the hand of the Great Angel. Fifty thousand people followed him to the grave, but beyond that mighty multitude there is following, and will continue to follow, that life of heroic toil and self-denying service an influence and a blessing for which the English-speaking race will be grateful till drunkenness be no more.

[The book from which this sketch is taken is the admirably-written biography of "Father Mathew: his Life and Times," by Frank J. Mathew. Published by Cassell and Co.]

AN INFATUATION.—"Is it not a fearful infatuation? Is it not our national madness to spend so much wealth in shattering our nerves, exploding our characters, and ruining our souls?" —*Rev. Dr. Hamilton.*

National Waste and National Want.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.



NATIONS are governed in the long run by the same economic and ethical laws that affect individuals. "Waste not, want not," is an injunction for the community as well as for the family. "Wilful waste brings woful want" alike to nation and to the men of whom it is composed. Even in the wealthiest streets of the wealthiest cities of the world, there may be seen men and women in sordid rags. The great banquets of London are famous for their costliness and their ostentatious display of rich plate and rich viands, yet every year there are deaths from starvation in this centre of the world's wealth and civilisation. How thin, in reality, is the veil that separates the sumptuous feasters from the misery and wretchedness of London's poverty. How does England recognise this proverbial duty, "Waste not, want not?" The late Mr. William Hoyle, of Tottington, estimated that there was wasted every year in this country — by fashion, £80,000,000; by unnecessary Government expenditure, £20,000,000; by the game laws, £10,000,000; by the land laws, £30,000,000; by extravagance in food, £25,000,000; and, by the expenditure on intoxicants, £136,000,000. This last item alone is of the most serious import. In 1820 the national drink bill was, £50,440,565, or £2 3s. 6d. per head; in 1870, it was, £118,736,279, or £2 8s. 6d. per head; in 1880, £122,279,275, or £3 10s. 11d. per head; in 1890, £139,495,470, or £3 13s. per head.

The nation spends this money, and in return has an enormous mass of pauperism, crime, misery, disease, and death. The liquor traffic wastes the wealth of the nation. The regular consumer of alcohol, whether a moderate drinker or a drunkard, has nothing to show, at the end of ten or twenty years, for his expenditure. Had he invested it in land, or buildings, or trade, he would have helped to pay wages and to increase the productive industries of the nation.

But no manufactures give so little to labour as brewing and distilling. Had the drinker spent his money on better food, or clothing, or household accommodation, he would have had a return in greater health, comfort, and respectability. People sometimes say, foolishly and falsely, that if the money circulates it does not matter in what channel it is flowing. But that money should run in the right channel is really

the essence of the question, and it is most imperative on working men and women, who desire the prosperity and welfare of their own class, to remember that wise spending is as much a duty as industrious getting. There is a useless, as well as a useful, expenditure of money. Let it be employed to increase the comfort and brightness of home, to raising the standard of life, to adding those things that will widen the intellectual horizon and deepen the spiritual emotions. These are not to be found in the public-house, which, too often, offers to those who "have laboured like the horse" only the baser "pleasures of the stye." Intemperance is not a class vice, and those who speak of it as though it were confined to the poor, must be curiously colour blind to the sins of the rich. This destroyer is no respecter of persons, and may be seen at work in the castle of the noble as well as in the cottage of the peasant.

From the loftiest heights to the deepest valleys of English society we can see the waste and want that results from the liquor traffic. There is a constant waste of wealth. The sum spent upon intoxicants is large; but that is the least part of the real cost, for it impairs the productiveness of labour, and injures trade and industry at every turn. There is a constant waste of comfort, for every year decent homes are denuded of their household gods, which are sold to swell the gains of the publican. There is a perpetual waste of happiness, for peace and contentment are impossible in the house where even one member, whether husband, or wife, or son, or daughter, has fallen into the temptation of drink. There is a constant waste of character. The moral fibre is weakened, the moral sense dulled and obscured, by the indulgence in drink. How many men has it taken from positions of trust and emolument, and thrust into the low lodging-houses, the workhouse, and the jail? How many has it led to the fatal scaffold? The liquor traffic causes an enormous waste of health.

"It is appalling," observes the *Lancet*, "to find that the drink bill of 1890 amounts to £139,495,470 —an increase of £7,282,194 over the sum of the previous year, all common sense medical science notwithstanding. It is said to be equal to one-twelfth of the estimated income of all persons, to one-fifth of the national debt, and to be eight times more than the income of all the Christian churches. It is not our business to moralise on this expenditure. To us it means so much cirrhosis, Bright's disease, gout, rheumatism, insanity, etc.; disabling employment, taking the pleasure out of the life of families, and bread out of the mouths of children."

The liquor traffic leads to a constant waste of human life. The experience of the Rechabites and the other teetotal friendly societies, and of insurance companies, demonstrate the importance of abstinence as a factor in health and longevity. How many child-lives are sacrificed by the carelessness or cruelty of drunken parents? How many more are stunted and deprived of that brightness and pleasure which is the birthright of infancy and childhood? Thousands of men and women die in each year who could and would live happily if alcohol were excluded from the public-houses. What a sight each cemetery would be if "Slain by drink" were written over every grave where a victim of the liquor traffic lies buried.

If we would stop this constant waste of life, character, and happiness, and if we would remedy the constant national want that accompanies the national wealth, we must urge forward the Temperance movement, both by moral suasion and by legislation. Give to each community the power to exclude the evil from its midst, then shall we have better days for our working people, who will spend upon themselves the wealth they now squander upon the publican. Economy is a virtue, and, though it may not be the highest of the virtues, yet saving may be sanctified by its objects and ennobled by its uses.

Humanising and civilising agencies can be bought at a cheaper rate than the sordid joys of the beerhouse and the ginshop. Rightly considered, the liquor traffic is not a mere question of whether Jack or Tom is to have or not to have a pot of beer; it is a problem affecting the comfort and well-being of the community. Those who are seeking to overthrow the liquor traffic are looking to a loftier ideal of life, and working for purer, brighter, and wiser days than these.

A very remarkable book has been written by a woman of remarkable talent—Olive Schreiner. It is entitled *Dreams*, and this is one of them:—"I dreamed I saw a land, and on the hills walked brave men and women hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid. And I saw that the women also held each other's hands. And I said to him beside me, 'What place is this?' And he said, 'This is heaven.' And I said, 'Where is it?' And he answered, 'On earth.' And I said, 'When shall these things be?' And he answered, "IN THE FUTURE.'"

There will be no intemperance in *that* future, and no liquor traffic to feed and maintain itself on the blood and tears of women and children. Let us each work for that future, and do something to hasten that day

By gifted ones foretold,
When man shall live by reason
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

"But what can you expect of national education conducted by a Government which for twenty years resisted the abolition of the slave trade, and annually debauches the morals of the people by every possible device, holding out temptation with one hand and scourging with the other? The distilleries and lotteries are a standing record that the Government care nothing for the morals of the people, and all which they want is their money."—*Wordsworth's Letter to Archdeacon Wragham*, 1808.

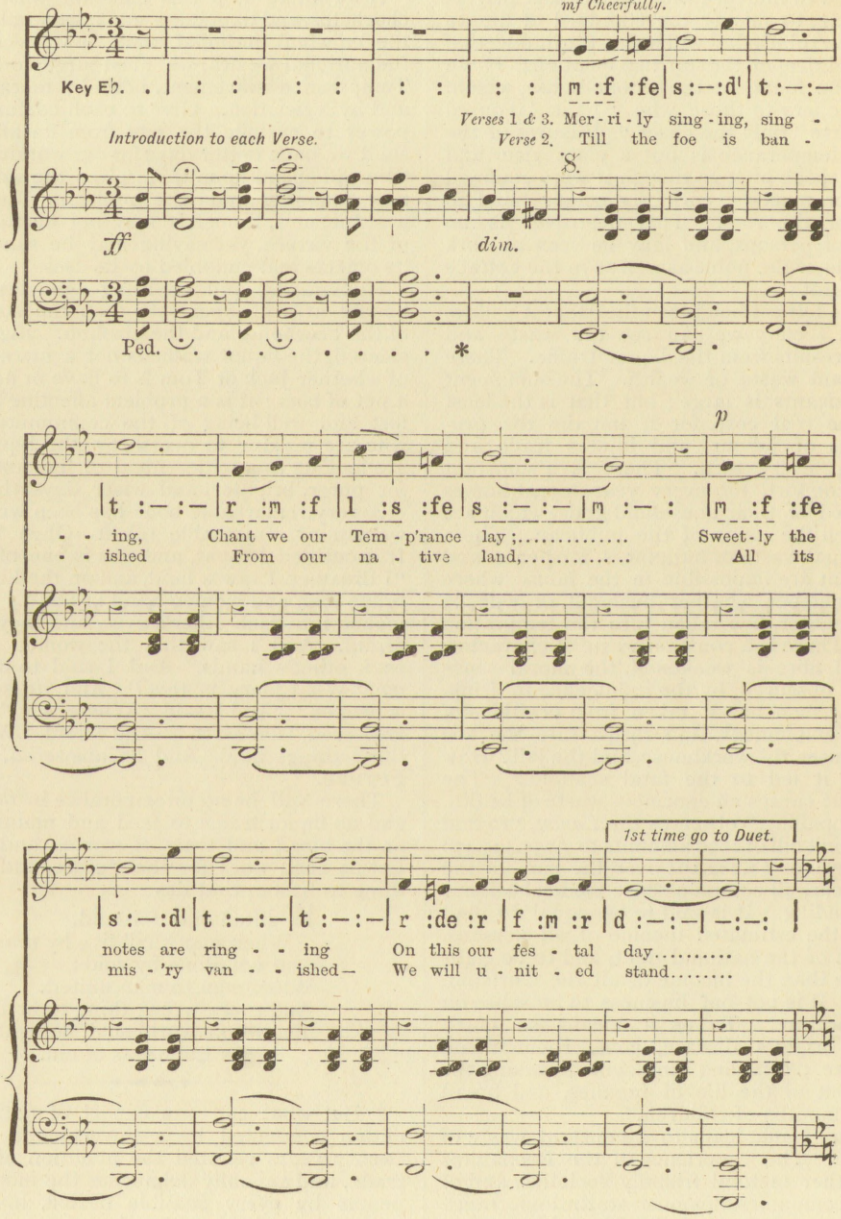
MERRILY SINGING.

(Vocal Waltz.)

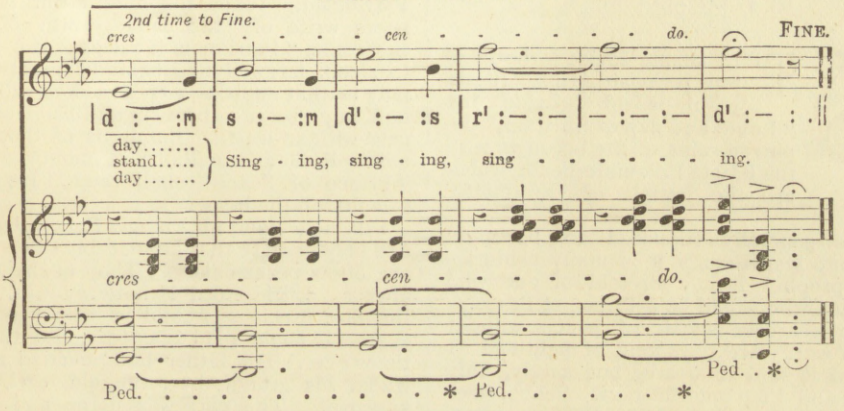
Words and Music by W. CHANDOS WILSON.

S. VOICES IN UNISON.

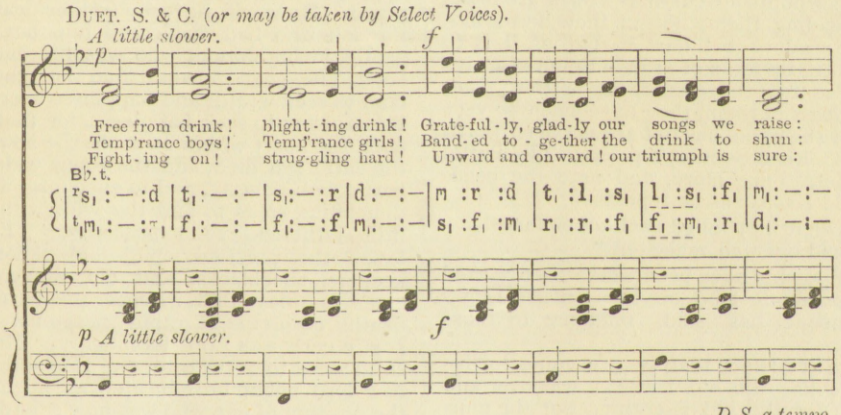
mf Cheerfully.

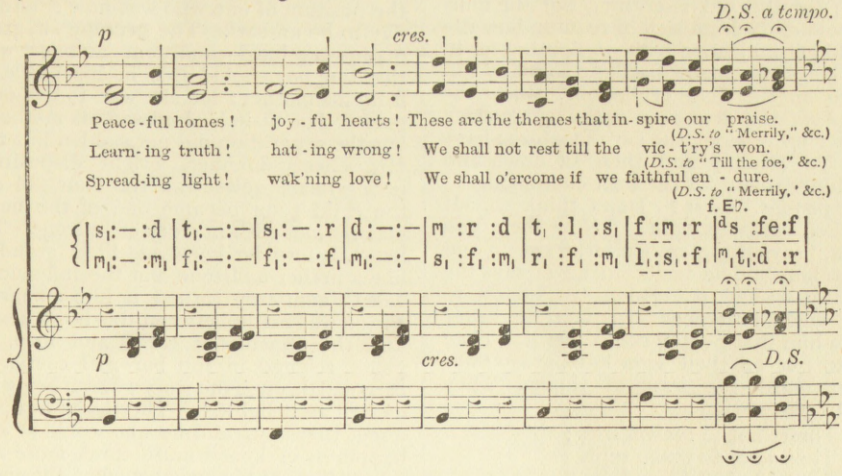


MERRILY SINGING.



DUET. S. & C. (*or may be taken by Select Voices*).





"Princeps Pacis."

(PRINCE OF PEACE.)

By J. G. Tolton.



THIS simple device is the Preston Borough Arms. It is a plain shield bearing the "Lamb and flag of St. John," the patron saint of the borough, with the letters P.P. underneath, which are the initials of the motto, *Princeps pacis.*

Peace is generally supposed to be more modern than war, though it is many centuries since the prophet Isaiah foretold of one who should come, who would be a Prince of Peace.

We can scarcely speak of peace without thinking of war. Are boys fond of fighting? I have heard it said they are; but surely, only *some* boys, and they not the best. School-tales teem with accounts of combats; boys are interested in reading them, but in their better moments the readers feel how barbarous it is to settle disputes by force of arms. Some histories are little else than the records of battles. But, to say the least of them, they have been so very costly, that the game has not always been worth the candle. Read Southey's poem, "The Battle of Blenheim," once more, and note the head-shake of old Kaspar as he repeats—

"But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out."

Millions of pounds have been worse than wasted because somebody trod on the British Lion's tail. Someone has said, referring to those fighting days:—

"If the new history that we are going to live in is to be like the old, I wish it was over and done with; for the old is nothing but the murdering of soldiers. I am sick of reading how the world could get no justice without fighting for it. So many kings; so many battles; so many soldiers fallen on the field of honour. Blow the trumpets; beat the drums; see, the conquering hero comes; bring along the car of victory; have a solemn Te Deum; and then sit down and make all things ready for the next campaign."

Did the people like it? Don't think so. It was not their wish to fight. "Now then, you drilled men," says King or Kaiser, "get up and kill one another." The historian never says the people really wished it. He is too honest to make any such pretence. In fact, it never occurred to him that people could like it. They were told to put on their iron hats, grasp their pikes, and make the best of things. They obeyed with resignation:

"Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs but to do and die."

Their fathers had done the same thing; they had been taught that war was one of the sad necessities of life—that, and pestilence, and famine; you had to fight, just as you had to work, or to be born, or to die; the sword was an emblem of fate.

But there are two sides to the question of war, considered nationally. It is often spoken of as Patriotism. When the din of war is hushed, poets write of "the canker-worm of peace." Say some, "Patriotism is asleep. If it continues to sleep, farewell to England's greatness." It may be that one day men's wisdom will discover how to preserve patriotism and England's greatness without wasting hundreds of thousands of men's lives and millions of money. But the "Prince of Peace" shall reign. He ought to rule first in the home.

P.P. may stand for *Precious Peacemaker.* Everyone may deserve that honourable title. Children are often peacemakers. They ought to be so always. Little Lord Fauntleroy was, perhaps, the most precious of child peacemakers. I wish everyone could read his story, and that many times over. His father had married a lady of whom his grandfather, the old earl, did not approve. The earl was fierce and bad-tempered. He would have no further dealings with the son who had displeased him, nor with the gentle, loving woman who was his daughter-in-law. The young people had left their native land to seek wealth and happiness over the seas. Perhaps not to seek happiness, for that depends upon the heart within one. In the new country, the earl's son died, and the young widow had to battle with poverty, and to encounter all sorts of difficulties, so as to find the wherewithal for her little fatherless son's necessities. Everybody loved the precious child—old sailors, storekeepers, shoeblacks, and old women. News came one day, that, in consequence of several deaths occurring in rapid succession, the little boy in curls was Lord Fauntleroy. Mother and child were to return to old England, that the new lord might be educated as might become the position of one who was now a lord, and one day to be an earl. The grumpy old grandfather made very hard conditions, amongst which was, that the boy should live in his castle, separate from his mother; for she was to live outside the park. The little lord missed his mother greatly; but the separation did not sadden him too much. His cheery manner, bright disposition, and loving heart quite won the sour old earl; and the child soon became one of the best peacemakers met with in story or in song. The earl's heart, before he knew his little grandson, was like a nether millstone, but the influence of little Lord Fauntleroy turned it into a heart of flesh. Peace was made between the boy's dear mother and the conciliated earl; and love, joy, and peace reigned in the baronial castle. No one can read through the story without being improved as well as delighted. There was nothing selfish about that boy; and he who would be a Prince of happiness of Peace must think more about the others than of his own benefit. By such means we come to have some conception of what is meant by "the peace which passeth all understanding."

"Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

Oh, to be a Country Lass!

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

OH! to be a country lass,
In the summer weather;
Watching cloudlets as they pass
O'er the purple heather.
Oh, to live one happy hour
Far from city shadow,
Where the clover's fragrant flower
Scents the verdant meadow.

Oh! to feel the fresh cool air,
O'er the green hills blowing;
Just to wander idly where
Wildflowers sweet are growing—
Where the river wends it way
Through the stately rushes,
Where the wild-birds woo the day,
From the hawthorn bushes.

Oh! to be a country lass,
With no thought of sadness;
Tripping through the dewy grass,
Full of rustic gladness;
With a spirit free and bright,
Thoughtless, gay, and simple:
Dancing where, beneath the light,
Singing streamlets dimple.

Where, with drowsy hum of bee,
Every breeze is laden;
Where, beneath the lilac tree,
Wander youth and maiden.
Far away from busy life,
Nature for my neighbour—
With no sound of weary strife,
With no thought of labour.

Oh! to be a country lass!
Ah! what hopeless longing!
While the dreary moments pass
Shades are round me thronging.
Not for me, the country free,
With its bright skies beaming;
Nature's gems I may not see,
Only in my dreaming.

But arise, my lovely heart!
Still each throb of hunger;
In life's battle take thy part—
Braver! purer! stronger!
Though the skies above my head
Have no smile of beauty,
Heaven its brightest smile will shed
On the path of duty.



A Thorn in the Flesh.

By Uncle Ben.

"OH, mother, mother," said Leonard in a high voice, as he came hurrying home from school, "I have got such a thorn in my finger."

Mrs. Patten was sitting at the open window with her work, as her son came down the garden walk in the warm sunshine of a bright June day. As he entered the room, throwing his straw hat on the floor, his mother exclaimed, "And how did you get the thorn into your finger."

"As we passed by old Bramwell's garden, a man had been cutting and trimming the hedge, and there is going to be a bonfire when the work is finished, so we boys gathered a lot into a heap, and when we come out of school this afternoon, all will be ready to blaze away."

Mrs. Patten rose and looked at the afflicted hand, got a needle, then forthwith proceeded to extract the thorn by the help of a little tiny pair of nippers. Leonard bore the operation very patiently, and stood quietly watching the undertaking until his mother showed him the small black object that had caused him so much pain, and said, "I wish every thorn in the flesh could be as easily removed as that one."

"It must be very bad when one can't have them taken out; a boy at our school said he had one in for a week, then he had to have his hand poulticed, and it was awful bad."

"There are some thorns that never come out, that people carry all through life."

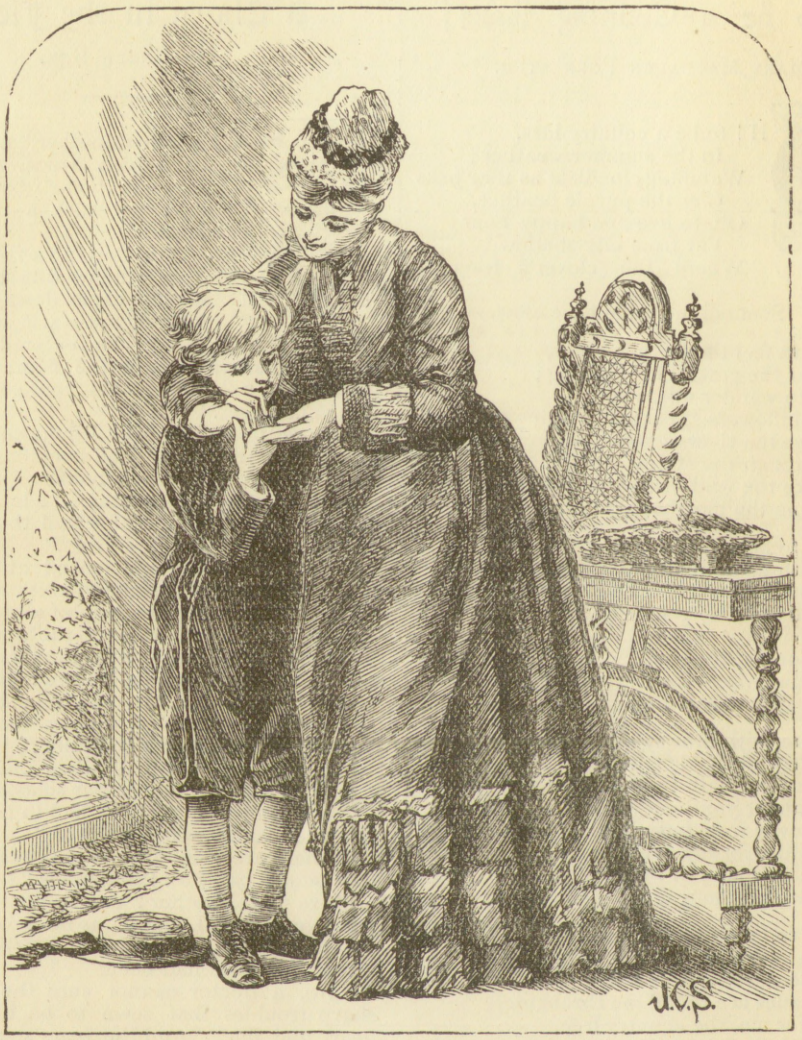
"Are there, mother? can't a doctor take them out?" enquired Leonard, as he sucked his finger to remove a spot of red that marked the place where the thorn had been.

"No, a doctor cannot cure them; they are sharp troubles that seem to be buried in the heart and life." And the tears started to Mrs. Patten's eyes.

"Oh, mother, you haven't got a thorn like that, have you?" said the boy, as he put his arms round his mother's neck and kissed her.

"You may run away and play till the bell rings," and Leonard was off into the sunshine, but as Mrs. Patten sat down again to her sewing the silent tears fell thick and fast. For in that home of comfort, midst many blessings and prosperity, Mrs. Patten bore the pang of a secret grief she hoped to hide from all the world, and, if possible, from her children and servants. This sorrow was the daily fear that her husband's increasing love of drink should bring him home one evening helplessly, hopelessly drunk. She lived day by day and night by night in a growing agony of anxiety and shame.

She seemed unable to do anything but pray, for years she had lived in dread of her husband's habit of taking drink. He was a commercial



traveller, and away a good deal and exposed to many temptations, living constantly in hotels, and making it a practice of doing business through drinking with his customers. He said his orders depended on his taking and giving drink. No words of hers had the slightest influence on him in regard to this. He believed he could control himself. But this was a vain delusion, once he might have been able to do so, but now the habit held him.

Mrs. Patten knew this, and felt sure the day would come of public disgrace, loss of situation and ruin.

When Mr. Patten came home, rather unexpectedly, the evening of the day when Leonard had had the thorn taken out and the afternoon had brought the hedge-clipping bonfire, the boy had plenty to tell his father, who seemed much absorbed and distressed, and did not pay any attention, until the lad said:

"Mother said some people have a real thorn that can't be taken out. Have you got one? I think mother must have one, for she almost cried while she was talking about it; I thought it was hurting her then; has she got one, father?"

Mr. Patten's look of distress deepened, he glanced at his wife, half in surprise and anger, and did not answer Leonard's searching question.

"Father, if mother has a thorn like that, couldn't you take it out for her? Have you ever tried?"

"What does the boy mean," asked Mr. Patten.

"I only mean, father, that mother said some thorns in the flesh got so buried in that a doctor even can't take them out, and if she has one I thought you could take it out before it got like that. Mother took out mine with little nippers, after she had poked about with a needle, and then there was just a drop of blood, and look, it's all right; see, if you look close, you can tell where it was."

"Well, it's nearly your bed time; you can go, and I'll talk to your mother about this thorn of hers," said the father with a nervous voice.

Leonard kissed both his parents and said, "Mother, you'll let father take this thorn out; I am sure he wouldn't hurt you if he could help it."

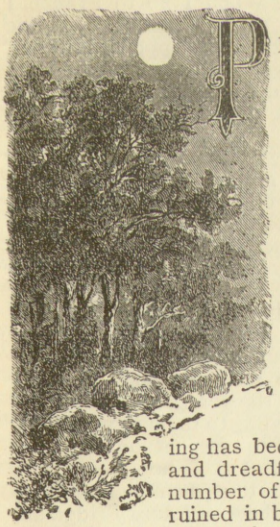
As the door closed, Mr. Patten knit his brows and groaned aloud, and said "The firm have given me notice to-day, and I have brought it all on you and the two children, all I can do is to drive the thorn into your heart more than before."

"I am not surprised at it," said his wife, "I expected it; I do not mind about our punishment, I share that with gladness, it's the sin that is the worst pain to bear."

Long into the stillness of that June night sat husband and wife hand in hand. They talked through the darkness until the light of morning gleamed in upon a man bowed and penitent, with a broken and contrite heart, and a woman humble and happy, with a heart almost bursting with love and thankfulness, because some unseen and divine hand had taken away the thorn and healed the wound.

COLERIDGE AND OPIUM.

By A. J. Glasspool.



PERHAPS you have never seen any opium, then, let me tell you that it is the dried juice of a species of poppy cultivated largely in Asia, but very seldom found in Britain. Often a piece of this opium is eaten, or smoked in a pipe; but more often a tincture of opium is prepared called laudanum, and under this form it is very largely used. In China, especially, opium-smoking has become such a universal and dreadful habit, that a large number of people have become ruined in body and mind by the practice. Unfortunately even Englishmen have fallen into this habit, and some of our finest writers have recorded how much they suffered in consequence by its indulgence. One of these was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a great poet and a master of the English tongue. Coleridge was born on the 21st October, 1772; when he was seven years old his father died, and young Coleridge was sent to Christ's Hospital. By his constant habit of reading he stored up such a quantity of knowledge that in after years men and women sat spell-bound to listen to his marvellous conversation.

Coleridge was very fond of swimming, he used to go to the New River, and there stripping in the warm sun, he tells us, he and his companions would wanton like young dace in the stream. In these excursions he took so little care, that in after life he suffered greatly from rheumatic pains. He was always fond of reading medical works, and it was in the course of such reading that he learned that laudanum had been successful in a case like his. In a letter dated April, 1814, he says:—

"I was seduced into the accursed habit, ignorantly. I had been almost bed-ridden for many months with swellings in my knees. In a medical journal I unhappily met with an account of a cure, performed in a similar case, by rubbing in laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally.

"It acted like a charm—like a miracle. I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned, the supposed remedy was recurred to—but I cannot go through the dreary history."

Poor Coleridge soon found that the charm passed rapidly away and left him worse than he was before if he did not increase the dose. How sad to see a full-grown man, possessing one of the finest intellects the world has ever seen, his mind stored with every kind of knowledge, and yet, having once tasted the deceitful opium, he feels himself quite unable to give it up.

Perhaps the worst feature of this habit was that it so influenced Coleridge's moral powers that he learned to be deceitful, and to act a lie.

Coleridge felt himself quite unable to take care of himself, so much so that in 1816 he placed himself under the care of a medical man at Bristol, living in his house, and Coleridge was so convinced that he was powerless to master the habit without help, that he begged his protector that at least for the first week he should not be allowed to leave the house alone.

Soon it appeared as if Coleridge was conquering the habit, his friends congratulated him, but all the time he was drinking secretly as large doses as before. How miserable this habit made him we can understand from the following extract from a letter: "Conceive a poor miserable wretch who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain, by a constant recurrence to a vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him!"

What an example for us to take warning from! How carefully we should watch that we fall into no bad habit from which we shall not be able to escape.

As Band of Hope members, we have determined to free ourselves from the habit of drinking alcoholic liquors—a habit which, like that of eating opium, takes away all power of the drinker over himself and leaves him a poor miserable wreck. The first step may be a sad step for us; let us never take this step; let us under no circumstances break our Temperance pledge.

THE GIRLS' CORNER.

BLIND, DEAF, AND DUMB.

By Sophie Haddow.



IN the Perkin's Institute for the Blind, Boston, Mass., there lives a little girl of eleven, who can neither see nor hear nor speak, and yet is able to write an exceedingly legible letter, well expressed and correctly spelled. Helen Keller, for that is her name, when born was a healthy baby, but before she was two years old she had a severe illness, which left her blind and deaf and dumb. At this age she had not learned to talk, and until she was about seven years old, poor Helen did not know that people could tell their thoughts to one another and did not even know that things have names. The difficulties in teaching such children as Helen, for she is, unfortunately, not the only one afflicted in this way, are very great, but not insurmountable. It requires a great deal of patience, both on the part of the teacher and the pupil. Happily, many of the children are bright intelligent creatures, and very willing to be taught. It will be best to tell in the teacher's own words her method of educating little Helen. A new doll was placed in her hands which greatly interested her.

"When her curiosity was satisfied," says her teacher, "I took her hand and passed it over the doll. Then I made the letters d-o-l-l slowly with the finger alphabet, she holding my hand and feeling the motion of my fingers. I began to make the letters the second time. She immediately dropped the doll and followed the motions of my fingers with one hand, while she repeated the letters with the other. She next tried to spell the word without assistance, though rather awkwardly. She did not give the double l, and so I spelled the word once more, laying stress on the repeated letter. She then spelled doll correctly. This process was repeated with other words, and Helen soon learned six words, doll, hat, muff, pin, cup, ball. When given one of these objects she would spell its name, but it was more than a week before she understood that all things are thus identified."

The rapidity with which she has learnt to talk with her fingers, and to read from raised type, has been astonishing as the following letter, which was written before she had been three years in the institution will show:—

"Inst. for the Blind, So. Boston, Mass.

"My dear Mr. Murray,—I thank you for your kind letter, and for your love. It gives me very great pleasure to know that good friends in far-away countries think of me and love me. I was so glad to hear about your dear little girls. I should be delighted to receive a letter from them some time. You did not think to tell me their names. I hope if they write to me they will tell me something about Montreal, and I should be pleased to know what they study in school. Boston is a beautiful and very large city. I like to live here very, very much. I learn many new things every day. I love all of my studies greatly. Geography tells me about the beautiful earth, and the countries which are upon it. Arithmetic tells me about numbers, and I like it exceedingly. Botany tells me interesting things about the flowers that I love so dearly. I miss my flowers very much. I have none to take care of here. Do your little girls have a pretty garden? Zoology tells me very curious things about animals. I think my dogs and kitties will laugh when I tell them that they are vertebrates, mammals, quadrupeds, and that a long time ago they were wild, like the wolf and the tiger. They will not believe it, I am sure. I am studying French, too. Je pense à vous, et à votre bonnes petites filles. When I go to France, I shall speak French to my new friends. J'ai une belle petite soeur; elle est s'appelle Mildred. Now I must say au revoir. Please kiss the little girls for me, and write to me again some day. With much love and a kiss from your little friend,

"Helen A. Keller."

There are not many children of nine, with all their faculties, who could write a letter like that. Surely the attainments of Helen Keller, under such great disadvantages, should be, if not a reproach, at least an encouragement to girls who are blessed with all their faculties to make a more diligent use of them. Just now Helen is greatly interested in a little blind and deaf boy named Tommy Stanger, whose father cannot afford to send him to an institution. She has written a long letter to the young readers of the *Montreal Witness*, appealing to them to save their pennies and send them to be spent on the education of this little boy. Let us hope her efforts will be successful, and that Tommy Stanger's name will be added to those of Laura Bridgman, Oliver Caswell, and Mary Bradley—all blind, deaf mutes, whose lives were brightened and made pleasant by the light of education. The most famous of these is Laura Bridgman. She was seen by Charles Dickens, and the description of her case in his "American Notes" was read with amazement and with some incredulity. She lost her hearing at the age of two years and one month; she was also blind, and the senses of smell and taste were defective. When she became an inmate of the Perkin's Institute for the Blind, Dr. Howe took great interest in her, and determined to make an attempt to teach

her. The difficulties were, of course, very great, but when once she had learned the correspondence between things and their names—a first step of great difficulty—her progress was rapid. Afterwards she had a teacher of her own, and, under her guidance, learned to write and to sew, acquired the elements of a good education (including instruction in geography, history, algebra, and other subjects), and attained to a power of deep thinking on the problems of life and destiny.

Mary Bradley was even more unfortunate in her original circumstances, for she had been abandoned by her mother in a damp cellar, when suffering from some virulent disease, which left her without sight and hearing. She was taken to the workhouse schools, and there, whilst being teased and buffeted by the other children, she was observed by the late Mr. Andrew Patterson (master of the Old Trafford Schools for the Deaf and Dumb), who took pity on her. When admitted to the schools, she had no knowledge of signs of any kind, and her only way of calling attention to any want was to shout and scream. Mr. Patterson could not give so much time to her case as was devoted to Laura Bridgman, and at first the attempts to make her understand the relation between things and their names was a failure. At last, after four or five weeks of unsuccessful effort, her face one day brightened, and the look of pleased intelligence showed that she had found the key to the mystery. Putting her hand on the various objects, the book, the pen, and the slate, she signed on Mr. Patterson's hand the name of each in the alphabet he had been trying to teach her. She made good progress, but her health was not good, nor were her intellectual endowments as great as those of Laura Bridgman. She lived for more than twenty years in the Schools, and died there in June, 1866. Mr. George Wallis has well observed, "That she realised important truths—that a disposition naturally impulsive, passionate, and even aggressive, was subdued by education into calmness, resignation, and peace—is one of those triumphs of education and sound religious training which ought to teach us never to despair; whilst it reflects credit on the admirable institution which sheltered this 'shorn lamb,' and the persevering teacher who allowed no difficulty to stay his efforts, and spared no labour to open her mental eyes and ears, so as to supply the lack of speech to this waif of humanity, cast by Divine providence under his care and protection. The labour was doubtless great, especially in combination with other pressing duties; but he had his reward in the results of a noble usefulness." And surely, in these darkened lives made bright by patience, endeavour, and resignation, there are lessons for those who, with full endowment of their faculties, do not make the best use of them. Let us all beware, lest having eyes we see not, and having ears we hear not.

—o—

Occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

ALCOHOL AND THE CIRCULATION.

W.C.W.

"THE Blood is the Life." To keep it ever nourishing the various parts of the body, to ensure the removal by its agency of all waste and decaying substances, and through it to provide for the warmth of the body, is the work of what is termed the Circulatory System. This consists of the Heart, and the Blood Vessels, which vary in size from some as big round as the thumb, to others so small that two or three thousand would lie on the space of an inch.

These blood vessels are muscular and elastic, so that, by contracting or expanding, they can hold less or more blood. They are of two kinds, Veins, which convey blood to the heart, and Arteries, which carry blood from the heart. Generally speaking, the blood in the veins is darker and more impure than that in the arteries.

The Blood is kept circulating through all parts of the body by the Heart. This organ has four chambers, two on the right and two on the left. Through those on the right venous blood passes, thence to the lungs, from which it returns, purified, to traverse the left chambers of the heart, prior to circulating through the body as arterial, pure blood.

To keep the blood stream in motion, the heart is continually pulsating or "beating." In youth it beats quicker than in old age. In middle life it averages 72 strokes per minute, or about 100,000 beats a day. This represents a work equal to the lifting of 120 tons one foot high every day.

By the use of Alcohol however, this work is increased. From careful experiments it has been ascertained that (according to the *Hospital*) one ounce of alcohol (contained in a pint of porter) adds to the work of the heart at the rate of 4,000 beats, or 5 tons, in 24 hours; 2 ounces (contained in a pint of strong ale) 8,000 beats, or 10 tons while a pint of port wine (containing 4 ounces of alcohol) adds 13,000 beats, or 10 tons to its work.

Thus, then, it will appear evident that alcohol overworks the heart, which must eventually be weakened thereby. Further, intensified pressure is put upon the blood-vessels, some of the lesser of which at times become ruptured and burst—this being especially the case in connection with the blood-vessels of the brain. "From this cause," says Dr. Richardson, "more often than is generally supposed, does apoplexy succeed."

Speaking at the British Medical Association Meeting in Birmingham in 1890, Dr. Thomas said: "Alcohol acts first as a stimulant, afterwards as a depressant, and ultimately, by its presence in the blood, produces a disease of the blood-vessels, the heart, and other organs."

Dr. Drysdale, M.D., senior physician to the Metropolitan Hospital, said: "Excesses in alcohol were frequent causes of palpitation and rapid pulses. He thought the best treatment of such cases consisted in removing the cause."

Pebbles and Pearls.

TEACHER: What is a synonym?—Bright boy: It's a word you can use in place of another one when you don't know how to spell the other one."

"DON'T you know, prisoner, that it's very wrong to steal a pig?" "I do now, your honour; they make such a row."

"To what do you attribute your great age?" was a question to which Von Moltke replied, "The grace of God and temperate habits."

SIR WILFRID LAWSON repeated a story recently of a little boy who ran into a public-house and told the landlord, "Your sign has fallen down." The publican, hurrying out, found a drunken man on the ground.

THE Rev. J. J. Mackay, M.A., Glasgow, said recently, that "intoxicating drinks should be swept entirely from the Lord's Table; that the whole traffic, root and branch, should be swept outside of the Church of the living God."

LADY-LECTURER on woman's rights, waxing warm: "Where would man be if it had not been for woman?" After a pause, and looking round the hall—"I repeat, Where would man be if it had not been for woman?" Voice from the gallery: "In Paradise, ma'am!"

THE Autumnal Meetings of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union will be held at Bristol, September 12th to 16th. From recent returns it is estimated that there are in the United Kingdom 17,449 Bands of Hope and other Juvenile Temperance societies, with a membership of 2,112,079 young people.

THE following paragraph is taken from *Golden Gates*:—"A North-countryman, supposed to be perfectly insensible, was being treated by an ambulance pupil to brandy *ad lib.* Showing no sign of returning consciousness, the pupil remarked to a bystander that he thought they had better desist, as the man seemed in a very serious condition. What was his astonishment to hear from the lips of the *insensible* patient, 'Gang on, hinny, you're doin vara (very) canny!!'"

THE two great religions of India—Induism and Mohammedanism—prohibit the use of alcoholic drink in every shape and form.

CHRISTIANITY AND ALCOHOL.—The crowded audience assembled recently in Memorial Hall, to hear Dr. Norman Kerr give an address, showed, unmistakably, their approval of Dr. Kerr's denunciation of the custom of "giving the holiest place" in the service of the church to a "brain poison." Until the churches repudiate alcohol, progress must necessarily be slow in the Temperance reformation. "The Word of God," says Dr. Norman Kerr, in "Wines, Scriptural and Ecclesiastical," "was never meant to teach us chemistry or dietetics," and we may conclude, with some satisfaction, that the churches are beginning to see that "it is a degradation of the Bible to go to it for that information which it is the province of chemistry, physiology, and pathology to furnish."

ONLY.

ONLY a pot of snowdrops
Brought by a woman poor;
And the little love-filled action
Made me stronger to endure.

Only a bunch of daisies,
Gift of her little child;
And the weary way-worn mother
Felt half her toil beguiled.

Only a passing love-word;
And seed-germs sprang up ripe
Of good and noble actions,
To latest hours of life.

Only a baby tender
We gave unto the skies;
And a flower for ever blossomed
For us in Paradise.

Only a heart, dear Saviour,
With nothing of rich or rare,
But ready for Thy possession,
And *that* will make it fair.

Only to know Thy goodness!
Only to share Thy love!
Only to walk with Thee daily!
This only, and all things above!

ANNIE CLEGG, *Southport.*

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, and be not troubled
Should some other better do;
If your work should fail to please you,
Don't give up, but strive anew.

Do your best, for slighted labour
Ne'er can satisfaction bring;
Do it quickly, time is passing,
You must seize it on the wing.

Many duties lie before you,
Trials oft your strength shall test;
But you need not fret nor worry
If you only do your best.

Do your best when in the schoolroom;
Do your best at work and play;
Do your best whate'er befall you—
Do it bravely day by day.

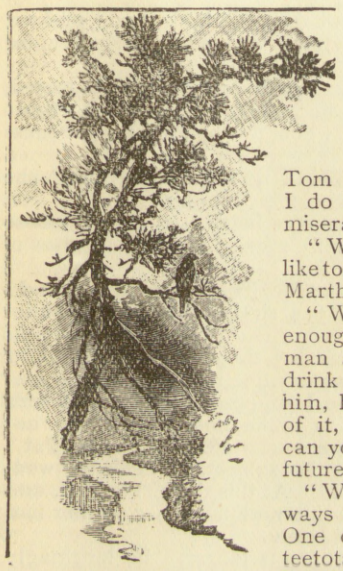
Do your best; get not disheartened,
Though the task seem hard and long.
God is ever near to help you;
He can make the weakest strong.

"THE publicans, as a class of men, seem very comfortably placed in the world. With all their other advantages to back them up, they die so much faster from diseases caused by alcohol than the rest of the people, that in England, as the public record tells us, 138 publicans die in proportion to 100 of the whole of the community who are employed in 70 leading occupations. For eighty deaths of gamekeepers there are one hundred and thirty-eight deaths of publicans. Even railway drivers and servants, who are exposed to so many dangers, die at the lower rate of one hundred and twenty-one to one hundred and thirty-eight publicans."—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

Martha's Delusion and Awakening

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c., &c.



"Well, Martha, you must please yourself, you are of age; I can't say you shall *not* marry Tom Greenwood, but I do say you will be miserable if you do."

"Why? I should like to know," answered Martha, indignantly.

"Why! reason enough; if a young man always smells of drink when you go near him, he must be fond of it, and if so, what can you look for in the future but misery?"

"Who says he always smells of drink? One of those bigoted teetotaler's stories, just like them. I hate such narrow ideas; I'm thankful I'm not one of them, and I'll take care I never am."

"Oh! Martha, Martha, you are a self-willed, obstinate girl; I am afraid you will live to repent your conduct; but I can't talk any more, there is all Mrs. Neale's ironing to be done yet. I wish you would stay and help me a bit before you go out."

"I can't, indeed, mother, Tom is waiting for me now; I am to meet him at seven at the concert room," and away the selfish, headstrong girl went, shutting the door with a bang that made her poor, overworked mother's nerves quiver, and her heart ache.

Mrs. Linton was a widow, and Martha was her only child. Poor woman! she had known only too well, by sad experience, the depths of misery that can be sounded by having a drunken husband. She had married with a fair prospect of happiness, her husband had been coachman in several gentlemen's families, and in nearly every situation in which he had lived, he had been allowed dinner and supper beer, and to this, on his deathbed, he attributed his downfall. For two or three years all went well, then by degrees, very gradually, and almost imperceptibly, he took to drinking, and lost one situation after another, until nothing but the workhouse stared his wife and little girl in the face. One after another of Martha's pretty wedding presents were sold or went to the pawn shop, until she was driven to the verge of despair. At last, through the kindness of a former master of her husband's, she was offered the washing of two or three families; this offer she gratefully accepted, getting a neighbour to look after her child, who was now nearly five years old. By this means she kept herself and little girl, but it was a hard struggle, and none but God knew the dark hours through which she passed. In spite of her trials, she never lost faith in a Divine Father; many times she was tempted to give up in despair and cry with one of old: "My soul is weary of my life. I will speak in the bitterness of my soul." Whenever thus sorely tempted she would look at her child, growing into a bonny, bright-faced girl, and think of the comfort she would be to her in future years, and take courage.

When Martha—or Pattie as she was generally called—was about ten years old her father was brought home, as it proved, to die. In one of his drunken fits he fell down and broke his leg, and erysipelas setting in he had no chance of recovery. This is invariably the case with people who take alcohol, when illness or accident comes they are in no state to meet it, the body being weakened and ruined by it. His wife nursed him patiently and lovingly, and before he died she had the joy of hearing him say:

"Martha, I die trusting in the merits of a Saviour, whose forgiveness to such a sinner as I have been seems *wonderful*, and it is *your* forgiveness and patience with me that have made me believe in, and realise a Divine love. Oh, my wife, may God reward you for all you have done for me."

They buried him in the little cemetery, under a large oak tree, and sometimes in an evening Martha would take her little girl there and tell her what a good father hers had been until he began to take the dreadful drink; how it ruined homes, made good fathers into bad ones, and kind mothers into cruel ones, and that she hoped her daughter would never touch it.

Thus the years had gone on, until Martha was nineteen or twenty. Before this age, she had caused her mother many an anxious hour. She had grown into a strong self-willed girl, and all her mother's loving counsel and good example seemed to have no effect on her. Since she was fourteen she had worked in a cotton mill, and had there made the acquaintance of a young man named Tom Greenwood. He was time-keeper at the mill, and earned fairly-good wages, and was rather an attractive looking fellow, always wore a chain, and a blue necktie, and a soft felt hat, not a cap, as most of the workmen did.

These outside attractions, combined with a rather off-hand manner—which many of the girls thought a sign of superiority—rendered him, in the eyes of the mill girls, a "catch," and when it became known that he was paying attention to Pattie Linton, she was envied by many.

"Oh! the pity of it!" that young women are so easily caught by outside show, and do not look more at what is in the man. Girls! character is the thing to marry, and no man, unless he has the foundation laid of a good,

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honest character, that will bear the strictest investigation, will ever make a good husband, however attractive the outside appearance may be. Martha, like many another headstrong young woman, thought she knew as well as her mother, and against all advice continued to let Tom Greenwood pay her attention. There were times though when her heart misgave her, as she thought of her mother's loving anxiety, and wondered if her future really would be happy with Tom, but it was not often she allowed herself time to reflect.

On the night on which our story opens he was outside the concert hall with a flower in his button hole, the pink of perfection, waiting for his sweetheart.

"Well! Pattie, you've been a long time. What has kept you?"

"I was talking to mother, she was on about my keeping company with you. I suppose you've been to the 'Eagle' whilst you've been waiting, and had a glass of beer?"

"If I have, what's that to you? A fellow can't stand half-an-hour with his hands in his pockets. So your mother's been on to you because I take a glass of beer, has she? interfering old thing."

Now, Martha really loved her mother at the bottom, and to hear her spoken of in that way by Tom, roused all her better feelings.

"How dare you speak of my mother like that?" she answered, hotly.

"Come, come, Pattie, I only meant that nobody, not even your mother, must come between you and me. Once let us get married and settled in a little home of our own, we shall be as happy as the day's long. Let us come into the concert now or we shan't get a seat."

The momentarily tiff was over directly, and the two lovers passed a pleasant evening. Pattie's conscience smote her on her return home, when she found her mother still ironing, and looking very worn and tired.

"I'll finish, mother," she said.

"No, thank you, Martha, I've only two collars to do now, but I feel quite done up, so weary like. You might get a bit of supper for yourself; I can't eat anything to-night."

For a long time after this Mrs. Linton never mentioned Tom's name, and Martha hoped she was growing more reconciled to the idea of her marriage.

One day Martha overheard part of a conversation when she was getting her dinner in the mill that was not intended for her ears at all.

"He may be good looking, but I'd rather have a plain, straightforward man than the likes o' him; do you believe as Pattie Linton knows as he goes regular every night, after his parted wi' her, to the Royal, and sits there till closing time."

"No, I don't; for she told me not long since he only took his dinner and supper beer."

"Dinner and supper beer," replied the other girl, scornfully; "he may tell her so, but she'll find it's more than that when she comes to marry him; but there's the bell. Come on, Mary, or we shall lose our first quarter."

Martha sat on with an aching heart behind the screen which had sheltered her from her companion's sight, and the first quarter-of-an-hour was lost in painful thought, and she did not stir until the second bell recalled her to her senses.

Walking home with Tom that night she said very quietly—

"Tom, what would you think if you and me were to sign teetotal, and begin housekeeping in that way."

Tom laughed. "Sign teetotal! You may if you like, Pattie, but not me; teetotal's for those that don't know when to stop; thank goodness I do."

"And you wouldn't do it to please me," she replied, looking coaxingly into his face.

"I'd do a lot for you, Pattie, but I see no sense in asking a fellow to give up a harmless glass of supper beer."

"Is that all you take, Tom? I've heard, and I may as well tell you straight, that you go a lot to the Royal."

"Come, Pattie, now do you believe that? I have been in two or three times when I've met with a friend, and I suppose somebody has seen me, and wants to make mischief between us; don't you believe such tales, and, I say, Pat," adroitly changing the subject, "when's the wedding day to be?" At this the girl smiled, and said she could decide nothing, as her mother had been very unwell lately.

"I can't wait much longer," he laughingly said, as they parted at the turn of the road which led to her house.

"I don't belief half the tales," she said to herself, "and if he *is* fond of a glass, I'll soon get him out of it when I'm always with him; they're jealous of me getting him, that's the truth."

When she entered the house she found her mother very ill; for days she had been ailing, and had at last broken down completely.

Pattie was very much alarmed, and, after getting her to bed and tidying up a little, she went for a medical man. He prounonced it congestion of the lungs, brought on by cold and over anxiety. Then Martha realised how dear her mother was to her. How often is this the case—until our blessings are likely to be taken from us we do not appreciate their value.

Now came a very trying time for Martha, and now came the time to test Tom Greenwood's love. Day and night she waited most tenderly on her mother, and all that a daughter's love could give she gave in the way of unselfish devotion. At first Tom came and sat with her a little in an evening, but he soon found the atmosphere of a sick house did not suit him. Once or twice she asked him to do errands for her, but she fancied he did not do these as willingly as he might have done, so it was not often she troubled him.

That he smelt of alcohol in some form or other frequently, she could not deny, and she thought of the future with many a misgiving in her heart.

One day, when her mother was progressing slowly towards convalescence, Tom's name was

mentioned for the first time since the illness commenced. "Mother," said Martha, "sometimes I feel a little anxious about Tom, and I think I shall ask him, if he really loves me, to become an abstainer; since you have been ill things have looked so different to me, and I know now, if I never did befo e, what a good, unselfish mother you have been to me, and oh, I will be a better daughter to you, mother, indeed I will!"she added, kissing her affectionately. Mrs. Linton's eyes filled with happy tears as she put her arms lovingly round her daughter and said :

"Pattie, I knew you loved me, but I did so long for proofs sometimes, and I thought perhaps God was going to let you pass through some great sorrow to draw you to Himself, and now my illness seems to have been the means of doing it; has it, my child?"

"Yes, mother; I can't talk much of it, my heart is too full, but I do mean to let my *life* speak for me."

That night she met Tom Greenwood by appointment, and told him how differently her mother's illness had made her see things. "Mother's has been the right life, and ours has been the wrong, self-willed one, Tom : let it be so no more."

"Yours may have been a wrong one, Pattie, if you choose to think so, but I don't see much amiss with mine, and if you mean we're to be canting teetotalers, then you'll have to be one by yourself. I certainly won't join you at it."

"Do you mean we must part?" she asked, with tears in her eyes.

"If you say we must be teetotal, then decidedly we must."

"Very well, then, perhaps it is better we should. I thought you cared a little more for me, Tom, but I think you'll see things differently some day."

"It's entirely your own fault, Pattie; it's not my wish to part; only I'll not be teetotal for you or anybody else."

"Very well, good-bye, Tom," and she held out her hand.

"Good-bye,Pattie; it's very hard to come down on a fellow in this fashion," and with this parting salute he walked away.

For many months after this, life seemed very hard for Martha, she missed Tom's cheery ways and little presents, and the entertainments to which he often took her, but she knew she had acted rightly, and the reward came in her own conscience, and in seeing her mother gradually restored to health and her happy, contented face; she looked years younger, and as if a weight had been lifted from her heart.

Seven years had passed away, Tom Greenwood had left the neighbourhood soon after his engagement was broken off, to take another situation he said, but others said it was because he could no longer retain his present one, his habits had become so loose, and nothing had been heard of him since the day he left.

Martha still lived with her mother, and during the years that had come and gone, she had been her right hand. She is an earnest advocate of total abstinence, and has succeeded in getting a large number of the girls with whom she works to join the Temperance society. Better than all this, she is an earnest Christian, and what Martha Linton says and does is quoted as an example of what ought to be said and done. She often gets teased, and friends tell her she will be an old maid, to which she laughingly replies, she will be a cheerful, bright one, for God will find her plenty of work.

One day on her return from work, she found an old woman waiting to see her.

"I've come from Melton, miss," she explained, "on purpose to see you, and give you this parcel with my own hand. It's from a young man who lodged with me for the last few months, who died a week ago; he often talked of you and your mother, and asked me to give you this, and he paid my fare so as to deliver it up safe."

Martha opened the tiny parcel with trembling fingers, and found it contained Tom Greenwood's locket, his Bible, and a note written in a very tremulous hand. In the letter he begged her forgiveness, saying how many times he had regretted not following her advice, but that even then he loved the drink too well to give it up, and it had been his ruin. "God has been very merciful to me during the weeks I have lain on this sick bed, and by the help of the little Bible I send you I have been enabled to trust in Christ for salvation," was one of his concluding sentences. Martha was much moved when she read this note, coming, as it did, from one now gone out of this world, but she and her mother thanked God that the wanderer had returned to his Father.

Martha is a woman of thirty-three or four now, and unmarried, but she has never ceased to be thankful that she was awakened from her delusion before it was too late.

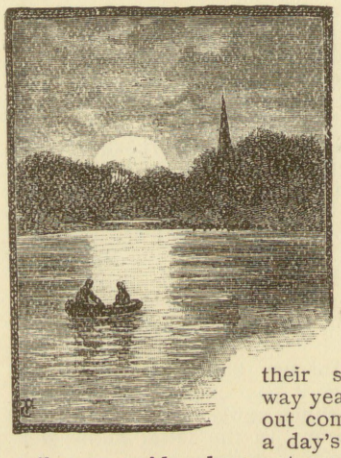
OATMEAL AS FOOD.

THE appetite often craves food which is at first disliked, but continued persistence develops liking. Nor is it the quantity of food that is nourishing, but the quality. Since oatmeal has become a delicacy, and higher-priced, though not necessarily better, qualities can be obtained, people of wealth add it to their *cuisine* as a valuable breakfast dish. Carlyle said of Lord Macaulay, "Well, any one can see that you are an honest, good sort of a fellow, made out of oatmeal." If oatmeal can make such men as Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, and Lord Macaulay, we may well heap high the porridge dish and encourage our children to eat it. One thing we do know—it is far better for the blood and brain than cake, confectionery, and the score of delicacies on which many pale children are fed by their fond and foolish mothers.

HAPPY is the man advanced in years who can look back upon his former life with satisfaction.

AN INTELLIGENT HOLIDAY.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



NO doubt many of our readers are anxiously looking forward to that glorious period of the year when they shall enjoy a few weeks' holiday. In this respect we are very different to our forefathers; they went on their slow monotonous way year after year without complaint, and even a day's relaxation from toil was considered a great event.

In modern days we have to work at so high a rate, so much is expected of the most humble individual, that it comes to be a matter of the greatest necessity that the wheels of one's life should have a season of quietude.

Now, it should be our object to utilise these resting days, so that they may become genuine sources of pleasure, and the means of storing up useful knowledge for future use.

The way in which many young men spend a holiday would lead us to imagine that a holiday to them meant nothing but idleness and dissipation.

The best part of the day is employed in lying on the sands, the pipe always in the mouth, the chief interruption of the day's idleness being visits to the public-house; in the evening some theatre or music-hall is visited, and the day is finished by the exhibition of that rough horse-play, and the utterance of those hideous noises with which some young fellows disturb the peace of quiet folks at the sea-side.

The end of such a holiday is often a disturbed liver through too much smoking, an extravagant expenditure of money, and a doctor's bill in the bargain. One has only to visit such a place as Yarmouth to see that hundreds of young men have not the smallest idea how usefully to employ a fortnight's holiday.

It should always be borne in mind that the best kind of rest is a change of occupation. The clerk, broken down with too close occupation in the counting-house, may gain strength by a judicious walking tour; while the over-worked and tired shop-girl will gain the same by pleasant drives in the country air, or by sailing on the sea.

Our first endeavour should be to decide how we mean to employ our time, and then to use our ears, eyes, and common sense in trying to make our holiday not only enjoyable, but also instructive. If you are going to some ordinary sea-side resort, study a map of the county you are visiting, try to get some knowledge of its hills and valleys: a taste of geology will do you no harm. How many thousands of persons who have spent their holiday at Margate, know nothing more of Kent than just that spot where the jetty is found, or where the promenaders stroll and lounge.

If you are going across the Channel to Boulogne or to Paris, don't start without any knowledge of the geography and history of the place you are visiting; don't spend the best part of your time in cafés and theatres, and return home with an empty purse and a serious attack of indigestion.

The pleasure of a holiday is always vastly increased when we have the power of *observation*. If we are able to employ this talent, a single walk along one of the charming lanes of England will prove not only a pleasant exercise, but also a delight to the mind and the spirit.

A man who greatly excelled in the power of observation was the late Charles Darwin. It will do any young person good to read Darwin's *Voyage of a Naturalist*. It will there be seen how intensely interesting becomes the smallest insect and the most barren plain when there is a genuine love of nature; and most of us are able to exercise this power of observation if we will only endeavour to cultivate it.

Many persons wisely think a walking tour the most enjoyable of all holidays: for by this means we are able to use our eyes and intelligence to understand any spot we are visiting. The modern custom of rushing through the country on a bicycle, no doubt, gives great enjoyment, and a large space of ground is covered in a little time; but, let us beware, so much of this bicycling exercises the muscles at the expense of the brain; our future young men will excel rather in the size of their calves than in the power of their intelligence.

How much may be enjoyed in a tour round the Isle of Wight; a ramble among the hills of Wales, the lakes of Cumberland, or the mountains of Scotland. Walking in moderation is very beneficial to the health, and, when the holiday is properly planned, it is astonishing how much enjoyment can be obtained for a little money.

Most of us will find pleasure in carrying a pocket microscope by means of which insects and flowers can be examined. Such a simple instrument, showing the animalculæ in water and the mites in cheese can be purchased for a shilling.

We may also carry with us a small bottle, having a cork perforated with a small piece of glass tubing. In this bottle we can bring home water from the ditches and ponds. We shall find a world of amusement in the evening watching the animalculæ and examining the specimens we have collected during the day. A butterfly net, a pair of forceps, and an old pickle bottle or two, will give us opportunities of gathering many objects, thus helping us to see beauties and wonders where we never before thought they existed.

There are two books that all who are anxious to make a holiday thoroughly enjoyable may read before starting, and carry with them on

their journey. They are Wood's *Common Objects of the Sea-shore*, and Wood's *Common Objects for the Microscope*.

Some of us little imagine when we are sitting idly on the sea-shore, finding the time long, and suffering from what the French express by the well-known word *ennui*, that close at our feet is a world full of enchantment; the birds flying over our heads or swimming on the sea: all have some wonders to relate in the way they live, how they rear their young, and their habits in general. The star and jelly fish; the charming sea-weeds; yea, even the tiniest crab may excite in us a pleasant interest.

Young abstainers ought to be intelligent travellers, having the foresight to store up a few pounds, they should know how to expend this money properly, and so be able to return to their duties strengthened in mind as well as body.

Be sure of this, all things are increased in value when we see the hand of the Creator around us; and the more we can cultivate such a spirit, the more our virtue will grow, and consequently we shall have more solid enjoyment.

"IN STATU PUPILLARI."

By M. A. Paull (Mrs. John Ripley),

Author of "Vermont Hall," "Blossom and Blight," etc.

BOYS and girls who learn Latin (which is a very useful language to know something about), can easily translate for themselves the words I have taken for my title, and they will make a shrewd guess, as they say to themselves, "in the state or position of pupils," that I am about to continue my sketch concerning Cambridge and the students who flock to it every term, and so greatly increase its population during the greatest part of the year.

There is not nearly room enough in the colleges themselves to lodge all the young men who wish to study, so a great many occupy lodgings, just as they do at Edinburgh and all other cities and towns where there are universities. All undergraduates and Bachelors of Arts and Law are "In statu pupillari." There are many wise and useful regulations passed for them. No student may go to classes without his cap and gown; nor may he appear in the streets of an evening without wearing them; nor may he go to a place of worship at any time without them; nor may he leave them off at all on Sundays. He is liable to be fined if he goes without them at these times. Though you not unfrequently meet students spoiling their personal appearance by carrying cigars and pipes between their lips and puffing out clouds of smoke, like other foolish boys and men, yet smoking is not allowed, and if a proctor (whose especial business it is to keep the students in order) were to meet them, when smoking, he would stop their doing so, or report them for a breach of discipline. We wish the same rule was in force respecting strong drink, which is even more injurious. It is sad to know how many young men, who come to Cambridge with the avowed object of studying and fitting themselves for life's duties, spend their hours in as little as possible of sensible employment, and as much as possible of mere pleasure. But it is also a grand and honourable memory for Cambridge that she has such noble names amongst her list of students, as Lord Bacon, Macaulay, Cranmer, Isaac Newton, Wordsworth, William Wilberforce, Alfred Tennyson, and Robert Browning. These men, and such as these, shed a lustre around college life. If any of our readers ever enter it, "in statu pupillari," may they nobly fulfil the purposes of the founders of these colleges, and strive to make the world and themselves better, because of their opportunities of obtaining knowledge.

One Sunday morning, by the courtesy of the Dean, we were enabled to attend the service at Trinity College chapel. All the students wore white gowns, and it seemed like a flock of beautiful white birds as they all, at least two hundred of them, rose in their flowing surplices, or sat down, or knelt at prayer. Looking at them, I wondered how many would rise to eminence for goodness, for learning, for eloquence, in that group, "in statu pupillari," and leave their mark for ever on the world's history. Among the students are several Indians and Africans, and men of other foreign nations.

The curfew is tolled at the University Church of St. Mary the Great—generally called in Cambridge, "Great St. Mary's"—at nine, not at eight o'clock, but no one now troubles to put out either fires or lights when they hear it, unless it suits their own convenience.

At a very little distance from where I write this, is Hobson-street, called after the carrier and stable-keeper, Hobson, who was the originator of the phrase "Hobson's choice." There is also "Hobson's conduit," or fountain, to the erection of which he contributed, when it was put up in the market-place; it was removed to another part nearly forty years ago. It is said that when the students and others came to hire a horse of him he insisted that they should take the animals in order as he had them placed in the stable and not as they chose themselves, and if they did not like to follow this plan he would not lend a horse at all, so "Hobson's choice" came to mean "that or none," because he was so arbitrary towards his customers.

We have been amused as we have watched the students engaged in their various amusements of football, hockey, boating, or whatever it may be, to see how heartily and how hardly they *work* at play; work till they perspire as freely as if they were digging or hewing.

If only they study as earnestly, what grand success will come to them, and with what pride will their "Alma Mater," Cambridge University, look upon her sons, "*in statu pupillari*."

ALCOHOL IN TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

By Dr. A. J. H. Crespi.

THE wife of a Wimborne solicitor asked me the other day whether her Cocaine wine was a temperance drink; she had heard it was, of course she could not be expected to know that she might as well have asked if a stiff glass of gin and water was a suitable beverage for a Band of Hope child. Unfortunately the market is flooded with compounds professedly non-alcoholic or, at any rate, suitable for abstainers, which are highly charged with alcohol. The chemist to the Board of Health of Massachusetts published a report on some investigations recently made by him into the tonics and bitters advertised and used in the States. Forty-six out of the forty-seven examined were found to contain alcohol in quantities varying from 6 to 47·5 per cent., the average being 21·5 per cent. One advertised as "not a rum drink" contained 13·2 per cent.; a "coca beef tonic," said to contain some sherry, actually contained 23·2 per cent., while pure sherry contains only from 18 to 20 per cent. Another, described as a purely vegetable extract, "a stimulus to the body without intoxicating," contained 41·6 per cent. of alcohol, although whisky and brandy only contain 50 per cent. This particular tonic is specially recommended to inebriates struggling to reform, because "its tonic and sustaining influence on the nervous system is a great help to their efforts." Another tonic, said to be distilled from seaweed and quite harmless, contained 19·5 per cent. of alcohol; and certain "German bitters," advertised as purely vegetable and free from alcoholic stimulants, had 26·5 per cent. Certain "sulphur bitters" contained no sulphur, and, though advertised to contain no alcohol, actually contained 20·5 per cent. One maker's, "concentrated sherry-wine bitters" contained 27·5 per cent. of alcohol; while another "stomach bitters" contained 42·6, and a third, 44·3 per cent of alcohol. Of the whole forty-seven tonics and bitters one only was free from alcohol, and the average alcoholic strength was greater than that of sherry.

This deplorable state of things is not confined to the States. I have heard of a distinguished teetotal clergyman, famous on the temperance platform, recommending and taking a certain hop bitter, which on inquiry was found to be as strong in alcohol as an unfortified wine. Unless you are sure that a beverage is free from alcohol regard it with suspicion, and on no account drink it until you have been assured that you can safely do so.

—o—

The Safest Plan.—"No physicians of experience, we might imagine, can for a moment suppose but that the total abstinence from alcoholic liquors is infinitely safer than even the so-called moderate drinking which takes place in our day."—"*Medical Press and Circular*," *September 15th*, 1875.

MARGUERITE.

Mary Magdalen Forrester.

SEE, where our little darling stands,
'Midst flowers and grasses tall;
With tiny feet, and dainty hands,
The fairest flower of all.
The sun its brightest radiance flings,
The beauteous maid to greet,
The bird its sweetest anthem sings
To welcome Marguerite.

A glittering fringe of tangled hair
Across her forehead lies,
In golden radiance, wondrous fair,
Above her sunny eyes.
A zephyr stealing from the south,
With odours faint and sweet,
Doth softly kiss the crimson mouth
Of dainty Marguerite.

The noonday sunlight, slanting down,
Doth spread its waves of light
Upon her simple, graceful gown
Of pure, unsullied white.
The wildflowers droop their petals fair
Against her tiny feet,
And fling their fragrance to the air
Around our Marguerite.

Our Marguerite, our opening flower,
Our pearl most pure and white,
Though fate's dark clouds above us lower,
Obstructing fortune's light,
Protected, still, by One above,
Her life is bright and sweet,
For angels shed their smiles of love
Around our Marguerite.

Her life beneath their tender care,
In beauty doth unclose,
And casts its sweetness to the air,
Like summer's op'ning rose;
Her sinless heart becomes a nest
Where doves of virtue meet
To fold their wings within the breast
Of white-souled Marguerite.

And so, no cloud bedims her sky,
No thorn obstructs her way,
As in her simple modesty,
She walketh day by day—
One of those stars, by angels given,
To make the world more sweet,
And light the narrow way to Heaven,
Is sinless Marguerite.

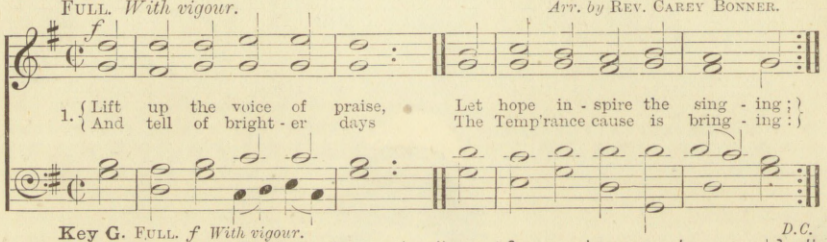
Alcohol and Health.—Dr. Webster, who has banished alcohol from the great St. George's Infirmary, with a saving of more than £500 a a year to the ratepayers, says: "So far no bad results have been manifested: on the contrary, several good ones are apparent."


Davidson Knowles

LIFT UP THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

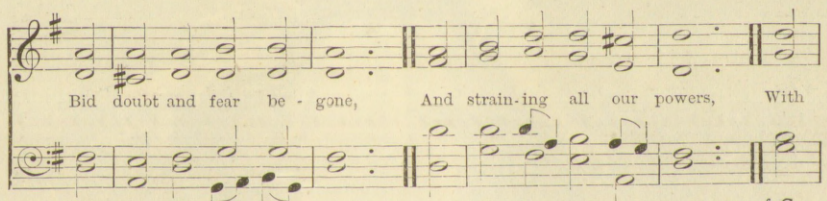
[1st and 3rd Verses to be sung by the Audience and Choir; Verse 2 by Choir only.]

Words by ROBERT WALMSLEY. *Music from* JOHANN CRUGER (1653).
FULL. *With vigour.* *Arr. by* REV. CAREY BONNER.



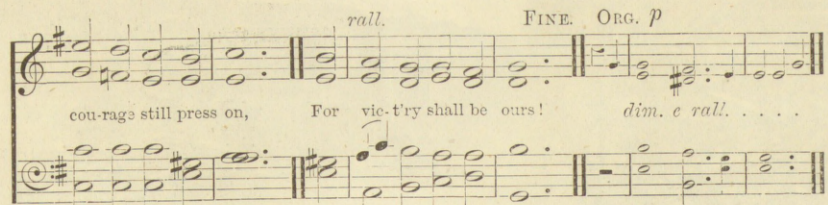
Key G. FULL. *f With vigour.* D.C.

3. Yet lift the voice of praise, Let hope in - spire the sing - ing;
Faith sees the bright-er days, With shouts of con - quest ring - ing!



D.t. f. G.

To- day with all our powers, Let us main-tain the fight; And



rall. FINE. ORG. *p dim. e rall.*

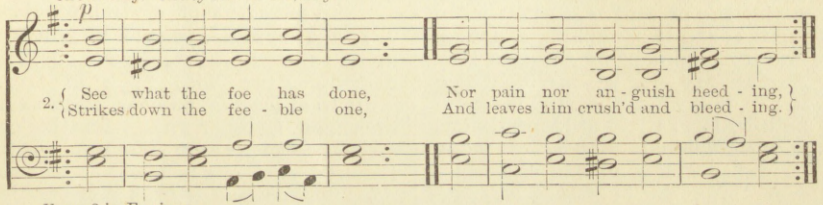
vic - t'ry shall be ours, For God will speed the right!

LIFT UP THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

Ver. 2 in E minor.
CHOIR only. *Slowly and mournfully.*

p

2. { See what the foe has done, Nor pain nor an - guish heed - ing, }
{ Strikes down the fee - ble one, And leaves him crush'd and bleed - ing. }

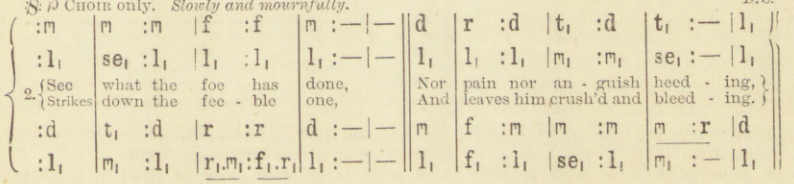


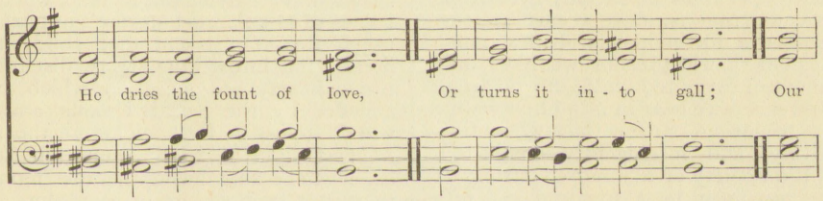
Verse 2 in E minor.
S: p CHOIR only. *Slowly and mournfully.* *D.S.*

:m	m :m	f :f	m :—|—	d	r :d	t_1 :d	t_1 :—	l_1
:l_1	se_1 :l_1	l_1 :l_1	l_1 :—|—	l_1	l_1 :l_1	m_1 :m_1	se_1 :—	l_1
2. { See	what the	foe has	done,	Nor	pain nor	an - guish	heed -	ing, }
{ Strikes	down the	fee - ble	one,	And	leaves him	crush'd and	bleed -	ing. }
:d	t_1 :d	r :r	d :—|—	m	f :m	m :m	m :r	d
:l_1	m_1 :l_1	r_1.m_1:f_1.r_1	l_1 :—|—	l_1	f_1 :l_1	se_1 :l_1	m_1 :—	l_1

He dries the fount of love, Or turns it in - to gall; Our

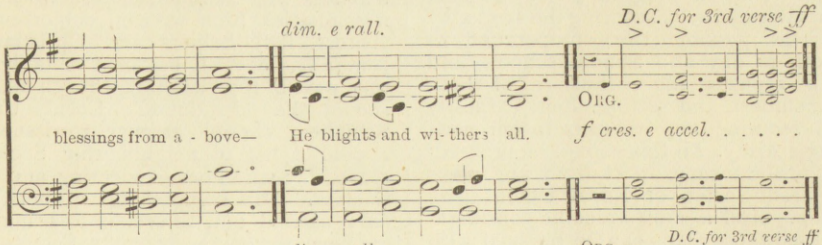
:t_1	t_1 :t_1	d :d	t_1 :—|—	t_1	d :m	m :re	m :—|—	m
:m_1	m_1 :m_1	l_1 :l_1	se_1:—|—	se_1	l_1 :l_1	l_1 :l_1	se_1:—|—	l_1
He	dries the	fount of	love,	Or	turns it	in - to	gall;	Our
:r	r :r.m	m :m	m :—|—	m	m :d	d :d.l_1	t_1 :—|—	d
:se_1	ba_1 :se_1	l_1.t_1:d.l_1	m_1 :—|—	m_1	l_1 :l_1.s_1	f_1 :f_1	m_1 :—|—	l_1

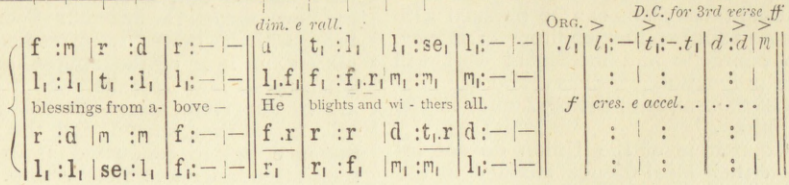




dim. e rall. *D.C. for 3rd verse ff*

ORG.





blessings from a - bove— He blights and wi - thers all. *f cres. e accel.* . . . . .

dim. e rall. ORG. *D.C. for 3rd verse ff*

f :m	r :d	r :—|—	d	t_1 :l_1	l_1 :se_1	l_1:—|—	.l_1	l_1:—|	t_1:-.t_1	d :d | m
l_1 :l_1	t_1 :l_1	l_1:—|—	l_1.f_1	f_1 :f_1.r_1	m_1 :m_1	m_1:—|—		: | :	: |
blessings from a-	bove —		He	blights and wi - thers	all.		*f*	*cres. e accel.* .	. . . .
r :d	m :m	f :—|—	f .r	r :r	d :t_1.r	d :—|—		: | :	: |
l_1 :l_1	se_1:l_1	f_1:—|—	r_1	r_1 :f_1	m_1 :m_1	l_1:—|—		: | :	: |

THE MILLION MORE SCHEME.

THE effort to secure a fifty per cent. nett increase of our membership during the present year—that is, to increase the two millions of to-day into three millions by the next May Anniversary—is, we are delighted to say, being most heartily taken up both by local Band of Hope Unions and individual Bands of Hope throughout the entire kingdom, and the Committee are now maturing the necessary arrangements in connection with their share of this gigantic but supremely important undertaking. As we have previously endeavoured to impress upon those who manage the local Societies, the successful accomplishment of the task before us must result in the main from their own efforts, for the end in view can be best and indeed only achieved, if each Band of Hope will contribute its own share towards the great total. Or, to put it once more very simply, each society of fifty members to-day must be seventy-five strong at the year's end; that is, must secure at least one new member a fortnight—surely not much when we consider that at present we have only enrolled two out of every ten children who are in our midst, and when we bear in mind how willing children are to attend our meetings when they are attractively and intelligently conducted. Then again, the Society of a hundred strong at the present time, must be a hundred and fifty strong this time next year, and so on. We are certain that, in the very great majority of cases, more than this can be done, if the meetings are well and pleasantly conducted, if managers of Societies use suitable means to make them known to all the children in the neighbourhood, namely, by visiting the parents and leaving with them a neatly-printed programme of the next quarter's arrangements by securing the sympathy and as far as possible the co-operation of teachers both in day and Sunday-schools, and best of all, by arousing the enthusiasm of those at present members, and setting them earnestly to work in securing new recruits to our great Band of Hope Army. All this should be proceeding at the present time, apart from any plans which the Parent Society or Local Unions may set in motion. And a most valuable consideration is that all these plans can be pursued with but little or no additional expenditure of money, whilst such energetic and intelligent work will result in the prevention of misery and degradation in tens of thousands of British homes in the not distant future.

But the Committee of the Union do not intend to leave their local friends unaided in the accomplishment of the important task before us, but to devote a large amount of money, time and effort themselves towards the development of the scheme. We, however, earnestly appeal to our friends not to wait to learn how they can co-operate in any proposals which, in due time, may come from head-quarters, but to proceed to work at once in their respective neighbourhoods, and to use every possible means to add to their present membership. This understood, we at once proceed to state what steps the Committee themselves propose to take.

VISITATION OF A MILLION HOMES.

The Committee have already decided to invite the Local Unions and Societies, to heartily unite with them in arranging for visits to at least a millions homes on Saturday afternoon, October 17th. For this purpose, the assistance of twenty thousand visitors will be required, each of whom will be requested, where possible, to have a brief conversation with the mother or father of each family visited, and to leave a copy of a well-printed, illustrated, and forcible Appeal to Parents, urging upon them the importance of allowing their children to become members of a Band of Hope. The towns and districts will be mapped out by the managers of the local Unions, and each visitor will be expected to make about fifty calls. Such a complete visitation is no untried experiment, for a similar house-to-house visitation was most successfully carried out in 1886, when a million copies of Mr. Samuel Morley's appeal to parents, urging them not to send their children to public-houses for intoxicants, were distributed. The same hearty co-operation which was then afforded by the Local Unions and Societies, will doubtless be forthcoming for the new effort. At first sight it might seem too sanguine to expect to be able during the next month or two to secure such an army of visitors, but when we remember that we have upwards of 17,000 Societies, it will at once be seen that there should be no difficulty whatever in obtaining even a greater number if required, for many who do not help us ordinarily will doubtless be ready to assist in this special work. Besides the managers of our own Societies, officers and teachers in Sunday-schools, town and city missionaries, Bible women, colporteurs, district visitors, lady helpers and Christian workers generally, may all be most suitably invited to take part in the visitation, though all who do so should be abstainers. Local Unions and Societies, should arrange to issue with the appeal a list of neighbouring Societies, with place, day, and hour of meeting and other particulars. This comprehensive effort, if successfully carried out, is certain to bring thousands of new members into our Societies. It will bring with it, however, corresponding responsibilities, for it is of the utmost importance that when these new recruits, well trained as they are in our elementary schools, present themselves, that they should find the Societies and the meetings so conducted as to be worthy of their attendance and membership.

THE MEMBERS' OWN RECRUITING SCHEME.

The second great effort which the Committee propose to organise in connection with the Million More Scheme is a general system of recruiting by the members themselves. It will

at once be seen that if only half of the individuals now forming the present membership of two millions obtained one new member during the entire year, the additional million onwhich we have set our hearts would be secured by this means alone. To assist in developing this part of the Scheme, the Committee intend to print a million copies of a Special Address to the Members of our Societies urging them to do their utmost during the year to obtain new members. Attached to this neatly-printed Address will be forms for filling in the names of those who, with their parents' consent, are willing to join our Societies. The young recruiting member will induce those whose names he obtains to accompany him to the next meeting, when the usual parents' certificate form will be given to the new recruits seeking membership, and only those will count as secured who ultimately, with their parents' consent, sign the pledge, and remain members for at least three months. With proper encouragement, our present members can be made enthusiastic in this recruiting business, and that without looking for any reward. It should not be necessary, and it is not desirable, to offer rewards of any intrinsic value for securing new members; 200,000 Special Card Certificates of Honour, however, will be printed by the Committee for presentation to all who obtain three *bona-fide* members, whilst small Badges of Honour will be given to those who obtain six or more new members. If our friends will work this part of the Scheme properly, it may be made to produce marvellous results. But in conjunction with this part of the Scheme, as with the House-to-house visitation, it is of the first importance that the most painstaking efforts be made to render the meetings attractive to those who will thus be induced to attend them for the first time.

The Address to Members will be ready for distribution about the middle of November, a month subsequent to the House-to-house visitation, and will be distributed to Societies through the various Local Unions.

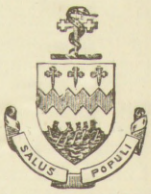
New Year's Enrolment of Teachers and Scholars in Sunday-schools.

The final effort towards obtaining the million additional adherents is to be made through the Sunday-schools. It is intended to place in the hands of 100,000 Sunday-school Teachers a Special Appeal on behalf of our work. On the back of the appeal provision will be made for (1.) The Teacher's own signature, or the record of the number of years he has been an abstainer. (2.) The names of abstaining Scholars and length of abstinence. (3.) The signatures of those not previously pledged. Of the three or four million young people in our Sunday-schools, between seven and fourteen years of age, large numbers are happily members of our societies. But tens of thousands are not thus guarded, though we believe the majority would be willing to sign if pointedly requested to do so. They might at the time of signing have but slight conviction as to the importance of the step taken, and would in many cases sign simply "because teacher asked them." But the formation of the habit of abstinence would be commenced, and a conviction of the wisdom of entire abstinence would come with increasing force with each succeeding year of life. In this simple way, therefore, we may, with the hearty co-operation of the teachers, whose sympathies are now for the most part entirely with us, enlist in our ranks thousands who, but for this timely invitation would probably remain non-abstainers, and many of whom would as a result become in the future, deplorable victims of alcohol. This last item in our programme would be carried out on the first Sunday in the New Year, the appeals to the teachers being distributed a week or two previously, in order to afford time for the subject to be properly understood, and for the young people to consult their parents. It is thought that the first Sunday in the New Year will afford a most appropriate time for this general enrolment in the Sunday-schools, for the signing of the pledge may surely be regarded as a most excellent New Year's Resolve.

We have thus given a summary of the intentions of the Committee. If our friends heartily unite with them in carrying out these three great items of work, we shall, with the Divine blessing, exceed the task which we originally set before us, and before the year closes have secured even "More than a Million More."

"SALUS POPULI."

By J. G. Tolton.



THIS is the official motto of a popular health resort on the English coast. The town is beautifully and tastefully laid out with gardens and streets that might be termed boulevards, providing, as they do, such pleasantly-shaded seats. The shops are the delight of the ladies and children, who *appear* to form the majority of the inhabitants. The explanation of this lies in the fact that many gentlemen, during business hours, are making money in Manchester. At eventide they are with their families, in a far serener clime.

Altogether our "*Salus Populi*" town is a desirable place to live in. Once the sea used to wash over the promenade, carrying with it health, vigour, and excitement; but the briny has made some alteration in its arrangements (only temporary, let us hope), and the sea maintains now an attitude of respectful deference, and does not become too familiar. A cruel wag once quoted, concerning this town, the words of the Psalmist—"The sea saw it and fled;" but too much notice must not be taken of a man (or a boy either) when he is trying to be funny. We fear next time this witty person wakes up he will say, "And there shall be no more sea." But our business just now is with the borough motto. The Latin words may be translated: "The

health of the people." But *salus*, without any twisting, is connected with safety and salvation. Our motto for this month, then, suggests to us three propositions, which may be well known, but yet are often forgotten.

1. Temperance promotes the HEALTH of the PEOPLE.

The health of the people is supposed to be under the special superintendence of doctors of medicine. Yet the very best quality of health is that with which they have had nothing to do. It does not come from the surgery in medicine bottles or pill boxes, but from the fresh breezes over the ocean and mountain top. This health-giving breath is often called ozone. Most children are born healthy, and some of the remainder might be, if the parents thought more about health, and the means of retaining it.

Intoxicating drink is very injurious to the body, and so is dangerous to health. Medical men are expressing themselves thus more and more frequently. Hundreds of thousands of people under medical treatment owe their disorders almost entirely to their consumption of alcohol. It is not necessary to drink to intoxication, before the organs of the body become deranged. Men who have never been "the worse for drink," as the phrase goes, have come to an untimely end through the ravages which liquors have made upon their stomach, liver, or kidneys. Then, again, people cannot both eat their cake and have it; and if they spend money with the publican, they cannot afford to live in respectable and healthy dwellings; nor can they buy proper food. The amount of sickness and deaths in the slums of London, Liverpool, and Manchester is frightful, and drink is very largely the cause. Total abstinence from drink will generally enable working people to live amid decent surroundings, and to buy food and clothes that are not "cheap and nasty."

Besides this, when money is not wasted on intoxicants, it is often possible to find the means necessary for a visit to the seaside in the summer, when a stock of health may be laid in. Numbers of thrifty people find the expenses of seaside visits less than doctors' bills; and total abstainers are more likely to possess the necessary finances for such pleasures than those who waste money on beer and wine.

2. Temperance promotes the SAFETY of the PEOPLE.

The safety of the people is largely the province of government and doctors of law. The vast machinery of police, magistrates, judges, barristers, and solicitors, is all going towards the manufacture of safety. But just as doctors labour for the restoration of health, so law doctors work for the restoration of safety. But there would be no need for restoration if the safety had not first been destroyed. What, then, is the chief agent for destroying public safety? What but intoxicating drink! That finds employment for the larger proportion of policemen, jails, and that kind of thing. Judges themselves have often said so, and they ought to know.

Then lunatic asylums are erected for the safety of the people, so that the poor demented may not injure themselves, or hurt sane people. Who fill the asylums? The majority of the inmates are the victims of drink. It is difficult to prevent statistics being dry, uninteresting, and tedious, especially to the young, but I hope all who read these words will, some day, look up the figures on this matter. Total abstainers do not often run into danger. They do not require, after the public-houses are closed, police assistance to procure for them a night's lodging in a public institution, not too comfortably furnished. Public safety is jeopardised in many ways by people who take drink. Great fires have often been caused by people not sufficiently sober to know what they were doing. Shipwrecks, many times, are the result of captain and seamen having too much grog. Railway disasters are often closely connected with the consumption of alcohol; while women and children have been run over and seriously injured by vehicle-drivers too much under the influence of drink to be able to drive safely. Mothers have imperilled the lives of their little children while their reason has been clouded by gin, and they have frequently administered poison to a suffering infant, in mistake for a soothing draught.

3. Temperance promotes the SALVATION of the PEOPLE.

This is also the domain of doctors, but doctors of divinity, not of law or medicine. The form of evil which causes ministers of religion most anxiety is strong drink. It makes fearful havoc in the Sunday school and the church.

I cannot believe that all of us realise how insidious and dangerous this drink-foe is. Good people have played with this enemy, feeling sure that there was no fear of disaster, but they have lost the game after all. A young minister was brought before a council of enquiry for the investigation of an alleged case of drunkenness. The young man established his declaration that he had only partaken of one glass of wine. Ordinarily, no ill effects from one glass might be observed, but the peculiar state in which he was at the time,—stomach empty and nerves highly wrought—permitted the wine's power to assert itself. Surely "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise." People, not by any means friendly to Bands of Hope and Adult Temperance Societies, are constantly asserting that those who cannot take their wine without taking too much, should be teetotalers. What is this but our principle? Abstinence is the salvation of the people. We are not confusing the *salus* of the motto with the salvation which is by Jesus Christ, yet in a very real sense, total abstinence is the salvation of many. Was it an Irishman who advised his friends to stop drinking before they began? Irish or not, this is a principle we are anxious all young people should adopt. *Never begin!* We know the children are *safe* from the personal effects of alcohol, while they are faithful to the Band of Hope pledge. Every Temperance Society in existence could very fitly adopt our title motto "SALUS POPULI."

THE GIRLS' CORNER.

IN THE COUNTRY.

By Sophie Haddow.



FOR the last week or two I have been staying at a farm-house in the country, not far from Manchester. It is a pretty district, and at this time of the year, just before the clover is cut, looks delightfully green and fresh.

The house itself is a substantial ivy-covered building, with a certain air of quiet repose about it that is very pleasant. In front is the lawn; beyond that is the garden, which, in its glorious profusion of old-fashioned flowers, is lovely. The rhododendrons, now nearly over, serve as a background, and then come the richly-coloured peony, the beautiful sweet-smelling pinks, the pretty pansies, the Canterbury bells, and the blue lupins, and a whole host of others, not forgetting the time-honoured lad's love and sweet William. The reign of the roses is just commencing, and the scent of the mock orange fills the air, suggesting to feminine passers-by the bridal wreath and bouquet.

Further on is the orchard, a rather forlorn-looking place, overgrown with tall grass and the beautiful "silver spoon," which shimmers gracefully in the breeze. But in garden and orchard alike there is a brightness and joyfulness shared by tree and flower, as though they join mutely in the merry song of the thrushes and larks. May we not say of England what Bryant has said of America?—

Is this a time to be cloudy or sad,
  When our mother nature laughs around;
When ev'n the deep blue heavens look glad,
  And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground.
There the notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
  And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
  And the wild bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
  And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
  And there they roll on the easy gale.
There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
  There's a titter of winds in that beechen-tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
  And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-fac'd sun how he smiles,
  On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,
  Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

In front of the house, all is quietude, but at the back noise is avenged in the usual liveliness of a farmyard. The hens clucking and strutting about proclaiming to the world the advent of further eggs, are a source of some anxiety to my hostess; her fowls *will* lay away, and they *will* eat their eggs as soon as they are laid. Perhaps they think they are as much entitled to them as human beings. Farmhouses always seem to swarm with cats, and this one is no exception. In the first days of my visit there was a little black kitten, very pretty, but quite blind. Its affectionate mother used to bring it out of the stable to sit in the sun. This it enjoyed greatly, but the poor little thing must have been very delicate, for one day we found it lying dead in the yard, and the mother sitting by and watching it with a mixture of anxiety and wonderment.

Vic, the fox-terrier, has two little pups that are always in mischief. They caper about the yard in fantastic style, jump into their water-tin, and run away in a great fright when it upsets. One has just learned to bark, and stands practising his new accomplishment before his mother until she loses her temper and chases him as far as her chain will allow. I am afraid Vic is not a model mother, for she gets very cross with her puppies sometimes, and refuses to have them in the kennel. As fast as they get in, she turns them out head first, and as fast as she turns them out they scramble in again. But they do not seem to be distressed by the maternal rebuffs, and on the whole lead a happy, merry life.

The boys of the house are members of a cricket club; one in fact is the captain, and I got quite interested in the game which, like Ah Sin, "I do not understand." How excited we all were when "our" side was in: how pleased when one of "our boys" reached top score, and how sorry when our best batter was caught out at the second ball. Cricket is a thirsty game, and at the finish—and long before the finish too—there was a great demand for gingerbeer and Eccles cakes.

There are some delightful walks through the fields and meadows, and the hedgerows in the lanes are full of common wild flowers and overhung by trees. A willow plantation near the

farm is almost alive with song-birds, and along its edge runs a little stream in which the fishes gaily disport themselves.

To see the country at its best one should stay there at least a week, and see it under various conditions. Rain, that is so disfiguring in a dirty town, improves some landscapes, and always gives a brighter colour to the fields and trees, and if the sun comes out immediately after a shower the effect is splendid. Very little can be seen of a place by going on a trip for half a day. Villages apparently most insignificant are full of interest to those who, staying there for a few days, will keep their eyes open, and make the most of their opportunities. The little village in which I stayed is within ten miles of a great smoky city, and yet is as truly rural as if it were a hundred miles from a town. What a contrast is this pretty health-giving spot to the bustling town with its grimy slums and disease-laden air! Well has the poet Cowper said:

"God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?"



"I WILL."

By Uncle Ben.

"OH, Miss Jessie, I saw you in the garden, so I came up. I meant to come in to-night to tell you all some news. I am going away; there's so little chance of doing anything as an architect in England. Every place is full of half-starved men in our line, cutting one another's throats to get a living; so I have secured an opening with a firm in Australia, and I am off as soon as I can get ready," said young Appledore.

"Are you glad to go?" asked Miss Jessie.

"I am glad to get the prospect of doing something, and shall be glad to see a little of the world, for I have, like you, lived at Langford, and seen nothing except the sea-side and London; but, of course, I am sorry to leave all my friends."

"I can't ask you in now, for they are all out, and I am just cutting a few flowers, and going to take them to Mrs. Liddle, and do some shopping."

"Poor Mrs. Liddle! Is she no better?"

"No, I am afraid not. She has a sad life. Her affliction is bad enough, but her husband drinks, and that's what is slowly killing her; and when she does go, one might write on her tomb, 'Respectably murdered through drink.' I do wonder people with any conscience can ever touch it."

"Now, that's very hard and uncharitable, particularly when you know I take it."

"Mr. Appledore, you know how I loved your sister Alice; and I am sure the one thing she would have asked you to do, had she been here, before you went abroad, would be to sign the pledge and go as a teetotaler."

"If there was one soul on earth that had no need to be an abstainer, it was dear Alice. Beside, we have all iron wills, and drink is no temptation to any of us."

"But iron wills are bent by temptation, and often broken. Heat will melt, and frost will crack iron things; so with our strongest purposes."

"If I were to sign the pledge, I should do it against my will, or else it would be bent or broken to do it. I do not see why I should give up my will and my liberty to anyone."

"It would be of little use your signing the pledge against your full and reasonable consent. Conscience must persuade your will. I should only wish you to sign the pledge because you felt it was right, not even because your dear sister or best friend desired it."

"Would you like me to do it to please you?" he said, half laughing.

"No, indeed," she replied indignantly. "Response to the call of duty, or obedience to the highest demand of love, which is unselfish service for others, is the only power that should persuade our wills, or, in other words, it is our answer to the Voice Divine within, 'Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.' It is first response, then submission, that brings perfect obedience to God's will in all things, small or great."

"Thank you for this address. I'll think about it, and, to show you are not vexed at my reception of it, give me some of those flowers, and I'll not hinder you any more."

"*I will*," she said pleasantly; and with that she made him a little bouquet, and handing it to him, she said:

"You must come up to say good-bye to us all before you go."

"I will if I have time, but I shall be very busy. You can say good-bye for me. I almost think this had better be our parting."

"Then God be with you," she said.

He spoke no other word, took the offered hand for a moment, and was gone.

The mention of his sister's name touched him, and he did not forget the words of her best friend. He knew something of the noble spirit and fine Christian character of Jessie Croydon. The message went home, the word sank deep into his heart. He felt he could sign the pledge or anything else to please her, but he would only do it at the stern dictate of reason and conscience. The more he thought about "the address," as he in joke had called her earnest, simple utterance, the more he felt a response to her appeal; so that he did not touch any strong drink again, and before he landed in Australia his mind was made up, and he surrendered to the highest good for others, and said secretly, in answer to the call of duty, conscience, reason, and God,

"I will."

A few years passed away and the young architect returned to England. He did not forget to see Miss Jessie. He told her he had kept the flowers she had given him, and also the pledge which he had taken, because he felt it was the right thing to do. Then he said he came on purpose to ask a pledge from her that could only come of response, submission, and surrender to the voice of love and duty, but he was not in a position yet to offer her the home he wished. But if she would yield to his message and appeal he would try and make a home and life worthy of her acceptance. She knew the pleader well, and had never ceased to think of him and pray for him since she had known and loved his sister. She had cared for him and his welfare in her earnest quiet way more than for anything else in life, both for his own sake and also for his sister's. Now he had asked her to become his wife the proposal startled her, she took time to think over the all-important answer, to say "Yes" would involve many sacrifices, but the more she considered the matter, to say "No" was impossible to the truest interests of her heart and life. So there came first the inward response, then the ready submission, and finally the perfect obedience born of love. Before many days were over she said, from the fullness of surrender,

"I WILL."

Soon after, he sailed away with a new hope and joy in life, and in two years from the time of their engagement the home in the far-off land was ready, and a fair prospect waited her. All the cost and sacrifice of leaving so much that was dear to her were made easy and touched with an infinite gladness.

Miss Jessie went out to Sydney, and immediately after her landing and welcome, one bright morning 'mid sunny skies the lovers stood together in the presence of a few friends, and the welcome words were spoken and the answer given:

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health, and forsaking all other keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live."

"I WILL."

The mutual promise was made and ratified in heaven.

LET us give our opponents credit for being honest and sincere in their use of strong drink, and then by force of reasoning lead them to the conviction that they have been mistaken as to its character and quality.

Pebbles and Pearls.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior.

Some men are like hotel towels; they have only to absorb a small amount of moisture to be made useless.

Timothy's Complaint.—"So, Patrick, ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" said one Irishman to another. "Indade and I have," replied Patrick, "and glad indade am I that I've taken it." "But," said the other, "didn't Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, and his often infirmities?" asked the dram drinker. "Faith, and if he did, what's that to do with me? My name isn't Timothy; and I haven't got any stomach ache; and since I left off whisky I haven't got any infirmities; what do I want wine for?"

FLOWERS.

"Strange that such difference there should be!"
We smile when maiden's cheek we see
All blooming with the rose;
But then we smile another way
When man we see, as garden gay,
With blossoms on his nose.

A Scientific Experiment.—Dr. B. W. Richardson says he was once enabled to preach an effectual temperance lecture by means of a scientific experiment. An acquaintance was singing the praises of wine and declared that he could not get through the day without it.

"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" asked Dr. Richardson.

The man did so.

"Count it carefully. What does it say?"

"Seventy-four."

The physician then went and lay down on the sofa and asked the gentleman to count his pulse again.

"It had gone down to sixty-four," he said in astonishment. "What an extraordinary thing!"

"When you lie down at night said the physician, "that is the way nature takes to give your heart rest. You may know nothing about it, but the organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon the rate, it involves a good deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is six hundred; multiply it by eight hours and, within a fraction, there is a difference of five thousand strokes; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of life during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when I take wine or grog, I do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes. Instead of getting repose, the man who uses alcohol puts on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and he rises quite unfit for the next day's work."—*Temperance Record.*

The lobster is not noted for its bashfulness; but it turns red on getting into "hot water."

LIFE IS A SHADOW.

(From the Talmid.)

Life is a shadow—So the great book says—
Is it the shadow of a tower or tree?
Ah no! the shadow of a swift-winged bird
—It flies and then no bird nor shade we see.

W. E. A. A.

No Spare Hours.—Mr. Hayseed, arriving at the city hotel: "I s'pose I kin hear the gong here when it rings for dinner, can't I?" Clerk: "We have no gong. We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from twelve to six, supper from six to eleven." Mr. Hayseed: "Jehoshaphat! How am I to git time to see the city?"

The following ten rules of conduct in business were compiled by the late Mr. Barnum and practised by him with great success as we all know.

1. Select the business that suits you.
2. Let your pledged word be sacred.
3. Whatever you do, do thoroughly.
4. Abstain from all intoxicating drink.
5. Be hopeful, but not visionary.
6. Do not scatter your powers.
7. Engage proper employés.
8. Advertise your business well.
9. Always live within your income.
10. Be self-reliant.

The Annual Report of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, just issued, shows the following difference between the two sections, consisting of total abstainers and non-abstainers respectively:—Temperance section, expected deaths, 314; actual deaths, 225. General section, expected deaths, 382; actual deaths, 389. The same statistics for the last 25 years are as follow:—Temperance section, expected deaths, 4,856; actual deaths, 3,386. General section, expected deaths, 7,277; actual deaths, 7,034, This is 69·9 per cent. in the Temperance section against 96 per cent. in the general section, a difference of 26·9 per cent. in favour of the teetotalers.

HAPPINESS.

Il n'y a qu'un bonheur; Le Devoir. Il n'y a qu'une consolation; Le Travail Il n'y a qu'une jouissance; Le Beau.—Carmen Sylva, "Pensées d'une Reine" (the Queen of Roumania).

Man has one happiness below—
The happiness of Duty,
He has one consolation—Work,
And one enjoyment—Beauty.

The beauty of the earth and hearth,
The work that conquers strife,
The happiness of doing good,
So may Man fill his life.

William E. A. Axon.

Brewers and Tied Houses.



A PARLIAMENTARY Blue-book (returns relating to on-licences) was issued in December, 1890, dealing with a subject of great importance and interest to all who study the drink question. It is in effect a detailed statement of the number and ownership of all the "tied houses" in England and Wales; in other words, of those licensed premises where the owner and occupier are different persons. The information contained in this Blue-book is valuable, and ought to be brought within the reach of all Temperance workers. It will show them the size and position of one of the worst blots on the bad system of this drink traffic. Having made a careful study of this document, we are in a position to lay before our readers some of the more striking facts which it contains.

The arrangement of the book will be understood from the following extract taken at random :—

Essex.				
Ongar.	18	2	Percy Hargreaves	3
			A. Fielden & Co.	4

Column 1 contains the name of the county and licensing district.

Column 2 gives the number of on-licences where the tenant and owner are different persons.

Column 3 gives the number of persons who are on the register as owners of two or more licensed premises.

Column 4 gives the names of such persons.

Column 5 gives the number of licences attached to each name.

The extract just given means, therefore, that in the county of Essex, licensing district of Ongar, there are 18 tied-houses; that there are two persons (or firms) each owning two or more than two licensed houses; that of these, Percy Hargreaves owns three, and A. Fielden & Co. own four such premises.

The counties are taken in alphabetical order, first those of England, then those of Wales. In each county the licensing districts are given, also in alphabetical order, and in each district the names of all owners of two, or more than two licensed houses. After the counties have been disposed of, the boroughs are similarly dealt with.

On the very first page of the book is a note by the Secretary of State, which needs very careful attention. It is to the following effect:—"The Secretary of State has reason to doubt whether this Return is of much practical value, as he believes that in many cases, for which the magistrates' clerks are not responsible, the registers do not contain accurate records as to the ownership of licensed houses." Unless the real meaning of that is clearly understood, it may be used to disarm any attack upon the system of tied-houses, based upon this return. But, in point of fact, although there is much inaccuracy in the keeping of the registers*, it does not affect the main results as regards the number of licensed houses owned by individuals, except to an unimportant extent. An example or two will make this clearer. Many owners have licensed premises in more than one district, and it frequently happens that the name of the owner (especially if it be the name of a firm) is differently spelled or described on the registers of different districts. Thus, in Wisbeach district, C. S. Lindsett owns three licensed houses, but he is unquestionably the same as C. S. Lindsell, who owns a total of 85 such houses in different districts. Or again, the Kingston Brewery Company is sometimes described as "Hodgson and Company," and thus the fact that 98 licensed houses are owned by the same firm is concealed.

It is not always easy, or even possible, to show such identity between owners in different districts. Thus, when the name is a common one, such as Smith or Robinson, it is open to question whether the Smith of one district is the same as the Smith of another, the probability that this is the case depending on the nearness of the licensing districts where the names occur. But where the name is a well-known one, the possibility of error is very small indeed, and the chances of confusing them with another firm are *nil*. There is only one firm "Greenall and Whitley," only one "Steward, Patteson and Company;" of these we shall learn more presently.

The warning of the Secretary of State amounts to this, and to nothing more, that it is not possible to say with *absolute accuracy* what number of licensed houses are held by any given owner. But, nevertheless, it is possible to come so near the truth as to get valuable information. Whether one owner holds 203 or 207 licensed houses is of comparatively small account, when it is certain that he holds somewhere about 200. The evil of the tied-house system, as worked by the brewers, is not affected by an error of 1 or 2 per cent. in the number of licences held.

In the statements, which will presently be made, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not guarantee the *absolute accuracy* of the figures, but we are confident that they are so near the truth as to furnish valuable evidence of the extent to which the tied-house system is carried on in the interest of the trade.

The lists of owners contain the names of many besides brewers. All the great land owning peers have licensed houses on their estates.

*On page 66 of the Return, 15 licensed houses are said to be owned by the "Colchester Brewing Company, Limited," deceased

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The Earl of Derby has about 70 up and down the country. So, too, the Queen has several. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have 66; while the various Charities, Hospitals, and Cathedral Chapters have 160 amongst them, St. Bartholomew's Hospital holding 23. Now whatever one may think of the fitness of charitable institutions owning public-houses, it is obvious that such ownership must be judged very differently from ownership by persons directly interested in the sale of drink. If public-houses are good at all, it may be well that they should be owned by persons not directly interested in the drink traffic. Where the real evil of tied-houses is found, is in the cases where brewing firms have bought, or taken them on long leases, for the express purpose of forcing the sale of their own beer. By so doing they are enabled to create an artificial demand for drink, especially in crowded city slums; and also by the employment of managers liable to dismissal at short notice, they are able to entirely evade the control of the magistrates, as expressed in the endorsing of licences, for disorderly conduct. There is abundant evidence in the Return before us to show the extent to which this system is carried by the brewery companies.

Such evidence we now proceed to lay before the reader. We have gone through the whole of the lists for England (the system is very much less extensive, and comparatively unimportant in Wales), taking from each district list the names of the brewing firms, and the number of licensed houses, and adding up the totals for each firm. We have omitted doubtful cases, where it was not clear whether a firm holding licences was identical with a firm of the same name mentioned elsewhere. We have also omitted licensed houses owned by executors of deceased brewers, because it is conceivable that such executors would not tie the houses to the brewery, whose former owner they represent. On the other hand, we have included licensed houses owned by the several members of a family, when the head of that family is a great brewer, as it is presumable that they are all interested in the same concern. We have also omitted those firms of which it was uncertain whether they were brewers at all, such doubtful firms never holding more than a few licences. The figures given below are founded on the case of firms holding 20 licences and upwards.

From the investigation conducted on these lines, the following figures result:—

A. Persons holding 20 licences, but less than 100	320
B. Persons holding 100 licences and upward	61
Total	381
No. of licences held by class A.	15,621
„ „ B.	9,846
Total	25,467
Average No. of licences held ...	66·84

To give the list of the 61 who hold more than 100 licences each, would take up too much space; but the names and numbers of the first 10 on the list will suffice to show what is being done by the "enterprising brewer."

Name.	Locality.	No. of licences
Greenall & Whitley	S. Lancashire	573
Steward, Patteson & Co.	Norwich & district	476
George's	Bristol	341
Colchester Brewery Co.		268
Hall & Co.	Oxford and district	266
Truman, Hanbury, & Buxton	London	259
Bullard & Sons	Norwich and district	232
H. & G. Simonds	Reading and district	226
Pickering, Phipps & Co.	Northampton	212
Peter Walker & Sons	Liverpool	197

The above are the most flagrant examples of the abuse of the tied-house system. But they need to be supplemented by other figures, showing that it is in the towns where the largest number of licences are held by brewers. A few of the more striking figures relating to borough licences, held by brewers, will next be given:

Town.	Owner of tied-houses.	No. of licences.
Blackburn	D. Thwaites	132
	H. Shaw & Co.	65
	T. Dutton & Co.	56
	J. Cunningham & Co.	24
Besides others holding a less number.		
Bristol	George's & Co.	287
	Bristol United Breweries, Ltd.	86
	D. Sykes & Co.	47
	R. W. Miller & Co.	39
	Wiltshire Brewery Co.	32
	Ashton Gate Brewery Co.	
	C. Garton & Co. and others.	24
Norwich	Steward, Patteson & Co.	141
	Bullard & Sons	104
	Youngs, Crawshay & Co.	83
	Morgan's Brewery Co.	65
	Grunmer & Co. and others.	25

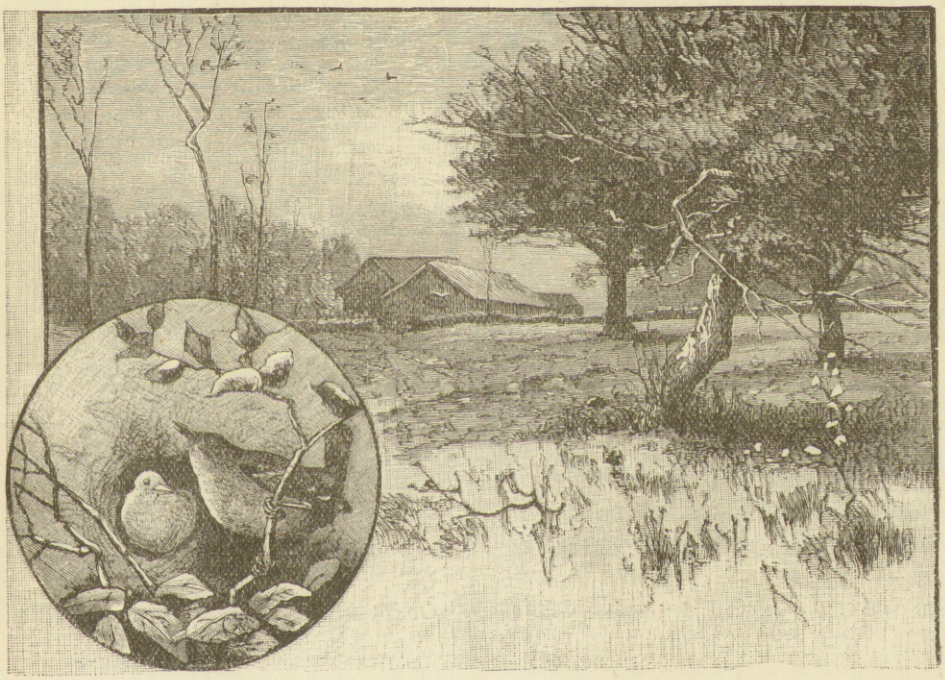
Many other specimens might be given, indeed almost every borough licensing district in the country would furnish instructive figures.

To give the total number of houses whose owner and occupier are different in any one district would be somewhat misleading, because on the whole, the larger proportion of these are not held by brewers. But it may be noted

that in the borough district of Liverpool, 30 brewers own 887 licensed houses, out of a total of 2,008 such houses, while in Manchester (county and borough districts) an equal number of brewers hold 460 houses.

As a set-off against the above statements, it may be of interest to note the districts where there are no persons, whether brewers or not, who own more than one licensed house. They are, N. E. Cornwall, Stratton, Trigg, Keswick, Appletree, Woodbury, Bradwardine, Bromyard, Hawkshead, Christchurch, Monmouth, Skenfrith, Holt, Bradford-Newport, Chirbury, Albrighton, Condover, Blackbourn, Blockley, Evesham, Bodmin, Penrhyn, Stamford, while in Falmouth and Monmouth (borough) there are actually no tied-houses at all.

The above are some of the more important of the facts revealed by this very valuable Parliamentary paper, and we earnestly commend them to the attention of temperance workers everywhere. R. T. HERFORD.



THE DISCONTENTED DAISY.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

A WHITE daisy lifted her bonny round face,
At the foot of an old hawthorn tree,
And she lived and she flourished in sweet simple grace,
As gay as a daisy can be.
The great, giant tree, with his tall, burly form,
Bent low o'er the shy, happy flower,
And he sheltered her closely from many a storm,
And the glare of the fierce noon-day hour.

How wondrous the tales that the old tree would tell
To the crimson-tipped daisy beneath,
When the mystical shades of the night softly fell,
And the dew-drops were bright on the heath;
For he loved the wee flower with his great tender heart,
And his dear little friend she had been
Since the hour when he first saw her waxy leaves part,
In her soft, easy cradle of green,

How happy she was in that cool, shady place,
With the long waving branches o'erhead,
Though so many—ah, me!—of the sweet daisy race
In the meadows, were withered and dead.
But she was protected from heat and from storm,
And was happy as happy could be,
Living on in her nest, so secluded and warm,
At the foot of the old hawthorn tree.

But, ah me! for the daisy, a sunbeam one day,
Who had been a great rover I'm told,
Fell down on the boughs of the hawthorn to sway,
Like a sprite in an armour of gold;
And he saw the fair flower lying deep in the grass,
Though the tree would have hid her from view,
But the sunbeam was bold, and, alas! Oh, alas!
Right down to the daisy he flew.

He touched with his kisses her sweet rosy lips'
And he lay on her soft golden heart,
He dried with a smile, the bright dew from her tips,
As he told her "they never could part!
For there never was wild-flower as pretty as you!"
He whispered right into her ear:
"I have sought you so long—for, ah, little I knew,
That such beauty could hide itself here!"

Then the tree cast a look of such withering scorn
On the gay little flatt'rer below,
That the poor daisy trembled, and hastened to warn
The beam of his dangerous foe,
But the child of the sun shook his bright golden wing,
For he had not a care or a fear,
"Heed not pretty wild-flower, that gloomy old thing,
He is jealous, dear love, that is clear.

"He will keep you away from the sweets of the earth,
From the joys that the sunlight doth hold,
You will die, and there's no one will know of your worth,
Hid away from the gaze of the world!"
So he flattered the flower all the long summer day,
While he rocked in her innocent breast,
And he kissed her again, e'er he fluttered away,
To his home in the far, crimson West.

Then the daisy, she lifted her wee, silly head,
And she frowned at the poor, sighing tree—
"You're a nasty, cross grumbler!" she poutingly said,
"And you're as jealous as jealous can be.
Take your arms from around me! I want to behold
The hills and the mountains so high,
I am tired of your shade, let me see the great world;
Let me bask in the light of the sky!"

The poor tree, he answered her never a word,
But his sorrow was great and profound,
And he trembled so hard, that a little wild bird,
Saw her nest flutter down to the ground.
He looked at the flower and he mournfully sighed,
He was wounded and sad as could be,
But he drew himself up, with a gesture of pride,
And the vain, silly daisy was free.

Now the evening was combing her long dusky hair,
Far away on the top of the hill,
And beneath her deep shadows the earth seemed less fair,
While her breath had grown suddenly chill.
The daisy looked up to the sweet azure sky,
But no bright sunny beam met her view,
One pale little star blinked its soft, sleepy eye,
In the midst of the wonderful blue.

The flower shivered on through the long weary night,
For the wind had grown boisterous and cold.
And she longed for the rays of the warm sunny light
Once again to fall down on the world.
But the wind grew more rough, and it tore at her bed,
Till the daisy grew pallid with fear,
And wistfully raising her poor drooping head,
She looked at the branches so near.

"Oh, take me once more 'neath your shelter," she sighed,
"For I love you, you darling old tree."
She pouted no more, she had lost all her pride,
Oh, so meek and so humble was she!
Then the old tree, he laughed—but his heart was so kind,
That he tenderly over her bent;
He kissed her, and sheltered her safe from the wind,
And the daisy again was content.

On his old wrinkled trunk she lay resting her head,
Looking out on the pitiless storm,
"Never more will I leave your dear shelter she said,
For your arms are so loving and warm!"
"There are others far wiser than poor little flowers,"
Said the tree as he bent o'er her head,
"Who go seeking the light of this false world of ours,
And then sigh for the peace of the shade.

PICKLES AND I.

By Old Cornish.



POOR PICKLES! He always reminded me of the little boy, who, when he was asked his name, invariably replied: "My name is Villiam, but my brudder calls me Bill."

No; Pickles was not the name in which he was baptized; nor was there any register in which such could be found. Still, Pickles was the name by which he was always known, and to which he would have answered had he been called up in the dead of the night. From the moment he placed his foot on the deck of the great ship in the Thames, he was known by that most savoury name; and when in Australia he descended the gangway, and plunged himself and his belongings into the veriest shanty of a cab, they hurled the old sobriquet after him in a right-down ringing, "*Good-bye, Pickles*—Good-bye!"

Yes, he was a fine young fellow was Pickles; and I—well, no, I was not old—but still, truth to tell, I was older than he. He had light, sandy hair, not to say red, and a round rosy face, which was the very picture of health; and I—well, to put it mildly, had hair a bit touched with grey, and cheeks that were neither rosy nor round, for I had just recovered from an illness which had left me uncomfortably weak and thin.

Our first meeting place was on board one of those great Australian liners which was to take us both to the land of the sunny South. I was in my cabin arranging my berth—putting away portmanteaux, stowing away boxes, and making couch and cot as comfortable as I could—when in walked Pickles, hat box in one hand and rug in the other, and with, "How d'ye do? And so this is our nest. Well, well, it's splendacious!" he began to deposit his belongings, and to appropriate to himself his portion of the room.

"Come, come," said I to myself, "he'll do." For I was contemplating a voyage of six weeks at sea, and was, I must confess, a little bit fidgety as to the character of my cabin companion, and was glad enough when I found that he was not a crabbed, crooked, cantankerous old man, as I was led somehow at first to suspect; but that he was a young, healthy, and, I was going to say, rather a handsome young fellow, forgetful for the moment that my wife always asserts that I am no judge of beauty. So, as I always bow to her decision, I will say no more about his looks, excepting this—that I still have a lurking sort of suspicion that he was, after all, what would be regarded as a fine, handsome young fellow.

There, there, that does seem, after all, as if I would have the last word, which is a thing I very much dislike—in others, I mean. Still, never mind; somebody must have the last say, and why shouldn't I?

It was a fine summer's afternoon, in one of the hot days of July, about two, I believe, after the dog days had begun, when, anchor weighed, "Steam ahead!" was telegraphed from the bridge to the engine room, and the great, massive screw in the stern began to churn old Father Thames into cream, and steadily but surely the great ship forged her way ahead, when we realised at once we were "Outward bound;" and before nightfall found ourselves abreast of the Downs, going down the Channel at the rate of—well, I forget how many knots an hour.

Oh, that first night at sea! How lovely it was! And how the great stars came trooping out overhead, as if all the hierarchy of heaven were desirous to see us off; whilst the grand old phosphorescent sea seemed to vie with the very planets as it sparkled and shone. Why, it seemed from very self-respect we must spend the night on deck. But nature clamoured for rest, and, as the day had been somewhat exciting, I descended to the saloon, and from thence to my cabin, to dream of loved ones and home, and to commend them, as well as myself, to the tender keeping of their God and mine.

Well, I had no sooner got safely ensconced between the sheets, than in came Pickles, and, divesting himself of his "togs," planted his foot on the side of my berth, and with a flying sort of a leap sprung into bed.

"Hullo!" said I to myself, "is this to be the game? No occasion for prayer? No cause for gratitude to God? What! like the beasts of the field, to lie down and sleep! Surely the sensible young fellow will mend his manners in the morning."

But, alas! when morning came, and the sun came streaming in through the port-hole on to the cabin floor, my young friend sprang from his bed into his pantaloons, and, staying neither to read nor pray, rushed away on deck, leaving me to muse on my surroundings, and to wonder what sort of a chap he really was, whether he had the impression that God has too much to do on shore to be bothered about looking after him at sea.

Yes, a straw tossed upon the bosom of a river will tell how the stream flows. A feather flung into the air will tell how the wind blows. And the neglect of a known duty, or the indulgence in a flagrant sin, will stamp a character at once and for ever. And for the life of me, I couldn't get rid of the idea that a fellow who can so far forget God as never to bend the knee to Him in prayer, may also forget his manners some day—his honesty, his integrity, aye, and all those things that have in them the making of a mighty man—he may forget them all.

Nor had I long to wait for the fulfilment of my

fears, for we had not been many days at sea, when in walked Pickles into the cabin, in a towering rage.

"What is the matter?" said I, as I read the devil in his face.

"Matter!" he exclaimed, "matter! I am indignant, sir! I have been insulted by that scoundrel of a captain—that cursed cur—and I'll have my revenge, *I will!*"

Seeing that there was no use to speak in such a storm, I kept my tongue to myself, and my temper too. At length, when the tumult had somewhat subsided, and I thought that the severity of the storm had passed, I quietly observed: "Now, what *is* the matter? Come, tell me what is *amiss?*"

"Amiss, sir!" he exclaimed, "amiss! Very much is amiss. That confounded fool of a captain has insulted me. Never so insulted in my life, sir—*never!* I will write to the owners—so help me God, I will! And if I, a first-class passenger, am to be treated in this kind of way, by Jove, as sure as my name is what it is, I'll make him rue the day."

Seeing that there was no immediate chance of getting to know the rights of the case, and remembering the words of the old song, "Wait till the clouds roll by," I prayed for patience, and asked God to direct me to a few suitable words that should still the tempest in this young man's soul.

At length the opportunity arrived, and, placing my hand upon the shoulder of this thoughtless youth—for, after all, he was but a youth—I said: "Now, my friend, what is the matter? Come, just tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Well, well, I'll be blest," he emphasized with a smile, "if that doesn't sound like an echo from one of the old courts of law. However, 'yer honour,' I'll tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Well, do you know," he began, "I was on deck with those two pretty girls from the second saloon—handsome girls, those, sir!—fine, tall, and regular toppers, you know! and travelling alone. Well, I was with them on deck, watching the fellows bringing up the boxes from below—for the girls were wanting a change of toggery, you know—and so I just put my hand around the waist of the finer one of the two, and gave her a bit of a squeeze, when that big brute of a captain—I didn't know the fellow was near—rushed upon me like a bear, and before the whole of the company commanded me to leave the deck at once, and never to cross the gangway to the second saloon again. The devil! the brute! To think that I should be disgraced in the presence of the passengers and crew! It makes me mad to think of it, and by Jove! if I don't make him regret it, and apologise to me, I am not my mother's foolhardy son."

"Now stop, my young friend," I said, "stop! Perhaps the captain was in the wrong, and if so, I'll venture my word of honour he'll do his duty, as every sea-captain should. But perhaps *you* were in the wrong, and of course you will make the *amende honourable* at once if you can. Whether you are, as you term it, your mother's foolhardy son, it is not for me to say; nor will I attempt to determine which one it was that disgraced you in the eyes of both passengers and crew—whether the captain or yourself. But this I do most emphatically assert, it was an unwarrantable liberty for you to take with any young lady in this or in any part of the ship, and as a wise and honourable young fellow you should apologise and explain."

Thanking me for the advice, he said he would; and going on deck shortly after, I found he had put his promise into practice, and was actually engaged in an earnest conversation with the captain, just abaft the bridge.

The fact was, as I afterwards heard, poor Pickles was sadly in the wrong. This was but one of his many escapades on deck—he had exceeded the bounds of propriety again and again—the poor purser, who was at his wits' end to know what to do, had reported him to the captain, and he, watching his opportunity, had swooped down on his prey in the manner that Pickles himself had so graphically described.

Poor Pickles! He so often reminded me of the lad who, when asked for his character, said, "Please, sir, teacher said I should be better without one." In fact, he was a perfect puzzle to me, and how he had managed to get into the position of a traveller for a respectable firm in the Midlands was indeed a mystery I could not solve.

Yes, he was clever at whist—at least, so he said; and as to billiards and bagatelle, why, they were child's play to him—at least, so he affirmed; and nothing pleased him better than a good rollicking round of cards, no, not even going to church, was his remark, with a sly wink at the parsons who were on board. And so, reminding me of the words of the old rhymster:—

"Will you walk into my parlour,
Said the spider to the fly,"

he trotted off one evening arm in arm with the gamblers to the smoke room, and there to indulge themselves in the highly intellectual enjoyment—a game of cards!

"Eh, mon," said a Scotchman to me the morning after the event, "that poor laddie will be wracked, the gude-for-noothin' fools will strip him of his shirt. Eh, noo, sir, do tak him yoursel in hand, and see whether ye canna save him from the gambling gang."

Nothing loath to comply, I promised him I would, though I felt that Pickles was a weathercock, which the least puff of wind would turn. So biding my opportunity, I found him at last in a penitential frame of mind. No, he was not feeling well. He had sat up rather late last night. He had spent his time in the smoke room at a game or two of cards.

"Cards!" I exclaimed, "you surely don't play at cards?"

"Alas, sir, I do," was the reply, "but I would to God that I didn't."

"Why would that you didn't?" I enquired.

"Because," said he, "I have lost all the loose

cash I had, and by George, if those rascals of fellows haven't stripped me to the skin. I shall land, sir, in Australia, a ruined man."

This he said with such emphasis that, for the life of me, I couldn't scold; and so, pouring out all the heart that was in me, I strove to comfort and advise that respectable, but miserable wretch of a man.

Aye, how little do some of us know what our boys may become. And how important that, when we send them forth into the world, we should send them forth equipped with principles that shall withstand the strain of temptation and sin.

Yes, I hate the drink as I do the devil. But, oh! the gamblers and the gambling! my soul loathes them with a loathing more keenly felt than described. Rather than a child of mine should become a shuffler of cards—rather than he should be the cleverest in the world at the casting of dice—rather than he should be regarded as the most skilled and cunning in the game of baccarat—let me bury him with the burial of the innocent and the just.

Young men, for God's sake, I beseech you, avoid the paths of the gambler, and spurn as contemptible and mean his abominable ways. What right have you to take advantage of another man's ignorance, or lack of skill, or to deprive him of his money for nothing in return? Yes, Charles Kingsley was right when he said that "Betting and gambling of every kind is in itself wrong and immoral;" that "Gambling, like drinking, grows upon some men, and upon the very finest natures too;" and that "Gambling is almost the only thing in the world in which the bad man is the stronger by very virtue of his badness, the good man the weaker by very virtue of his goodness. The man who will not cheat is no match for the man who will." And I would to heaven that every young man in the world would lay these other words of Kingsley's to heart:—"I have known men possessed of many virtues, and surrounded with every blessing which God could give, bring bitter shame and ruin, not only on themselves but on those they loved, because they were too weak to shake off the one passion of betting and gambling. And I have known men mixed up in the wicked ways of the world, and too often yielding to them and falling into much wrong doing, who have somehow steered through at last, and escaped ruin, and settled down into a respectable and useful old age, simply because they had strength enough to say—'Whatever else I may or may not do, bet and gamble I will not!'"

Ah, that's it! and I would to God that every young man in the world would form that resolve; and that, lifting his right hand to heaven, he would say:—"*From henceforth and for ever, I will never touch a card.* So HELP ME, GOD!"

"So help me, God!" aye, ring it out,
And loud, and louder let it swell,
Till Heav'n's courts echo with the shout,
And echoing shake the gates of hell.

"So help me, God!" Ah, strength is there,
Not in thyself, but God's right arm;
And he who trusts need never fear,
Though earth and hell combined alarm.

"So help me, God!" Well said, well done!
God's gracious help is always given
To each—to all—withheld from none,
Who swears for God, for Christ, for Heav'n.

Twenty Pleas for Alcohol.

FIRST—Alcohol is as much a promoter of digestion as it is a protection against murder.

Second—It is as much a tonic as the tongue of slander is a promoter of peace and harmony.

Third—It is as much a prophylactic of disease as a runaway engine on a railway track is a preventive of collision.

Fourth—It has as much influence in quenching thirst as facts and evidence have over an obstinate juryman.

Fifth—It increases the appetite as strongly as a political caucus promotes piety.

Sixth—It strengthens the memory as an eclipse lights up the sun.

Seventh—It is as conducive to the growth of the intellect as a runaway horse to the pleasure of a carriage ride.

Eighth—It is as essential to the purity of thought and honest practices as a knowledge of gambling is to a successful preacher.

Ninth—It is as requisite to a man's usefulness in society as a licensed house is to the comfort of the wives of its patrons.

Tenth—It is as indispensable to the promotion of truth and virtue as a good moral character is to a drink-seller.

Eleventh—It is as important to a bright and sunny disposition as a thunderstorm is to a perfect hay-day.

Twelfth—It creates as much warmth in the body as a prosy sermon on a cold Sunday.

Thirteenth—It is as indispensable to an Arctic traveller as lightning is to a powder house.

Fourteenth—It is as much protection against cold as a camp-meeting is against the measles.

Fifteenth—It is as great a promoter of strength as is a seat on a hornet's nest.

Sixteenth—It is as instrumental in preserving life as a row at the polls of a political election.

Seventeenth—It is as necessary to the promotion of health as a mad bull is to the safety of a china shop.

Eighteenth—It is as efficacious in strengthening the reasoning powers as a clip from a policeman's club.

Nineteenth—It is as nourishing to the human body as the kick of a mule is to amiability.

Twentieth—It is as indispensable to the peace, quiet, and comfort of a family as a ham sandwich is to the success of a Jewish picnic.

—:o:—

THAT state of life is most happy where superfluities are not required, and necessaries are not wanting.

THE SHEAF OF GOLD.

Song with Chorus.

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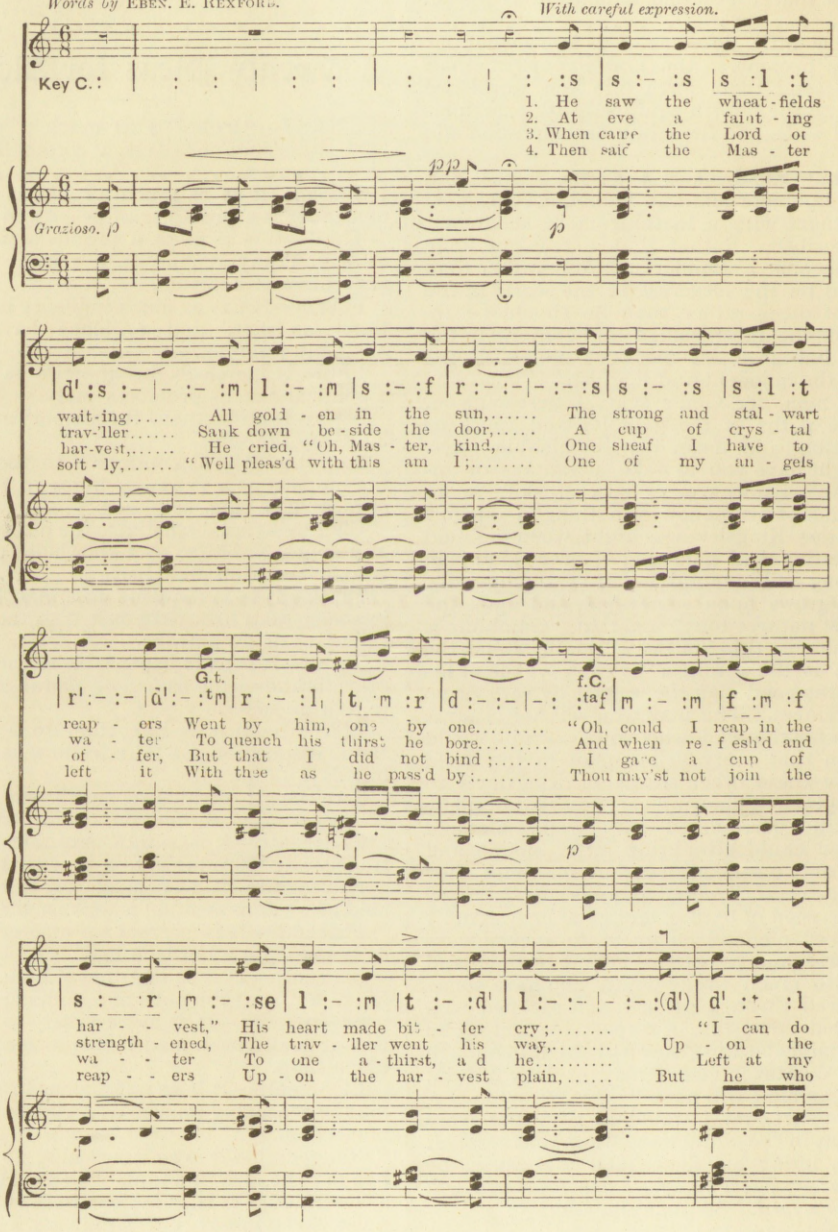
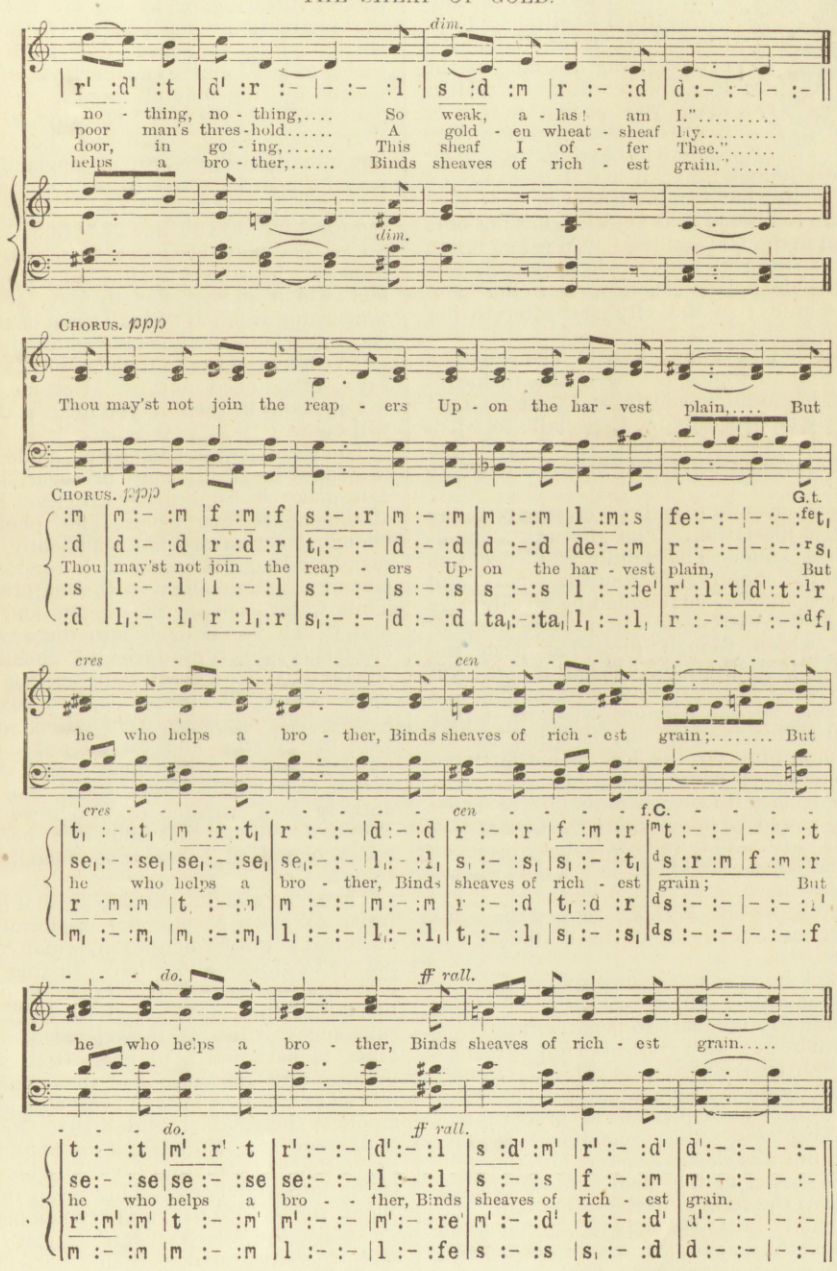
Words by EBEN. E. REXFORD. *Music by* CAREY BONNER.

With careful expression.



THE SHEAF OF GOLD.



SAPERE AUDE.

J. G. Tolton.



WE should scarcely expect such a motto as this from a cotton-spinning town. Yet from Oldham it comes. The meaning of the two Latin words is, "Hear that you may know," or freely translated, "Knowledge cometh by hearing." We might more naturally look for such a statement from a University city, but coming from the quarter it does, we are reminded that knowledge is not only to be found in the Universities. "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the street. She crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates; in the city she uttereth her words."

And that ye may know, hear! The value of knowledge on all topics has been the theme of preachers, lecturers, novelists, and statesmen. It can scarcely be over-rated. Especially so, when the knowledge is of a practical kind. The relation of a simple incident will better illustrate what we mean.

One of our juvenile friends received a birthday present from his father. The gift was a handsome pocket knife. The family residence was situated in the country, far from the smoke and din of towns, and was surrounded by an extensive garden. At the extremity was a deep, disused, dry well, which though protected from the danger of a boy dropping himself in, was not sufficiently covered to prevent him dropping in a pocket knife. So, one evening, when the father returned from his daily labour, he found his son in tears, mourning for the loss of his birthday gift. The mourner knew where his knife was, yet had to declare it lost, reminding us of Davy Jones, who stated he knew where the bucket was but it was lost. The sailor's superior officer declared the bucket could not be lost if its whereabouts were known.

"Yes! it can be lost, and is," replied the witty sailor, "for the bucket is at the bottom of the sea."

The pocket-knife was not quite so far gone as the bucket, and the kindly father of the sorrowing lad, bade him dry his tears to begin with.

"You cannot see with your eyes full of tears," —a fact worth remembering in sadder circumstances than those of losing a knife. The tears dried, the boy was requested to procure two pieces of long cord and a candle-stick. The illuminated dip was slowly lowered into the well, so that the glisten of the steel blades was observed even at the top. To the other cord the father attached a horseshoe magnet. After some little dodging, the magnet attracted the steel and held it in its embrace, while the cord was carefully drawn up. As the smiling boy recovered possession of his prize, the father pleasantly remarked, "Knowledge is power, my son, knowledge is power."

The knife-owner did not soon forget his practical object-lesson in magnetism, and found that many things he had learnt at school had a daily value to a thoughtful youth.

Hear! be attentive! that you may know.

The old Romans obtained most of their knowledge by hearing, or, as we say now-a-days, by oral instruction. For books were rare and very costly. But, somehow, that kind of teaching seems to last longer than portions of knowledge which we dig out of books. So we want our youthful readers literally to hear that they may know. And to hear profitably. Sometimes, in the North of England, a mother may be heard calling to one of her children. She receives the reply "Yes, mother, I hear."

"Aye! but do you heed?" rejoins the parent. So *heeding* may be more than *hearing*. Many things are heard, yet not heeded. Amongst many facts which we hear day by day, are the facts concerning alcohol, the evil spirit of strong drink, But these facts are not very generally heeded.

"Yes, but facts about alcohol are so dry," you say. They need not be. Let me say a few words about it, then if you hear and heed you will know.

The statement is sometimes made that there is alcohol in grain, fruit, or sugar, because we can make it from those articles. But such a statement is not true. The phenomena of chemical action are not sufficiently studied, or people would not make such random remarks. Chemical action changes the nature of things. Thus water consists of oxygen and hydrogen, and it can be changed into these two gases by electricity, which produces the chemical action. This action does a great many curious things. It makes water, oil, and potash into soap, which is a very different thing from either water, oil, or potash. Water and oil do not mingle. But putting potash with them starts a chemical action that finally unites them, and makes an entirely new substance, which we call soap. People do not say that there must be soap in oil, water, or potash, because we make it from these things.

Then why should they say alcohol is in grain, fruit, or sugar? Alcohol is formed by the chemical act of fermentation, which changes the nature of things altogether. In this process of fermentation the sugar is taken to pieces, and the things that make it go to form two other substances. One of these is alcohol, and the other is carbonic acid gas. Both are deadly poisons, and no more like sugar than soap is like oil or water. There never was any alcohol amongst the good creatures that God gave us. Man made the alcohol, but no man is able to prove that it is anything but mischievous when taken into the body. This scrap of chemistry ought to be known and remembered. But we used the word "*heed*" just now, and said it went further than "*hear*." In the same way, "*wisdom*" goes beyond "*knowledge*." Wisdom is said to be the right use of knowledge, so we may not only say "Hear that you may know," but also "Heed, that ye may be wise." Vast piles of knowledge may be stored up, but it only becomes useful when it is put to practical purposes and used.



The Story of the Lost Prince.

By Uncle Ben.

DURING the summer holidays, Freda and Gerard loved to be out in the fresh air—in the most solitary places they could find. They were away most of the year at boarding schools, and only saw one another in the vacations. They made much of each other when together, and, though brother and sister, they were inseparable friends and cared for no other companions.

Their chief delight was to get away in the most lonely spots they could find, and then imagine all kinds of unlikely adventures. Here they built castles in the air, and lived for a little time in a fairy place—king and queen of the wonderland around them. Their enchanted bower was only a tangle of shrubs and trees with grass and flowers, at the end of a small wood by a sluggish stream. But here, in the sunshine and shade, 'mid the hum of the insects, the flight of the dragon-flies and damoiselles aad the fluttering of lazy butterflies, these two children would bask in a realm of pure delight. On warm fine days to this retreat they came, and made it their home. Gerard would bring a book and read some favourite story or familiar piece that helped to lead their imagination to visions of glory. Nothing pleased them better than old legends and fairy tales.

They had given them a book of parables and fables. It was really a birthday present to Gerard (for what one had the other always enjoyed) from his father and mother, and they told him that many of the little stories had beautiful meanings which, if he could not find out, they would explain.

One fair day they carried the new and treasured volume to their favourite haunt, and when they

reached their secluded and shady shelter they threw down their hats, and in their wild leafy summer-house gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the book and the place.

Gerard lay down and read while Freda picked flowers and listened. He opened on an old story of Hindoo lore, which told how once "there was a king's son who, in infancy, was lost from his father's palace and his native city. He was found by a forester and brought up as one of the free wild children of the woods. He grew to manhood, knowing nothing of his royal parentage and birth, and imagined himself to belong to the fierce barbarous race of hunters with whom he lived. It happened one day, on a certain excursion, when he travelled near to the ancient city which was his home, though all the land wherein he had strayed and lived was still his father's realm, he was met by one of the king's ministers, who recognised him by a certain mark borne by the children of the king, and revealed to the lost son who and what he was. He told him he was a minister and messenger of the king of that country, and then made known that he was the king's own son that had been long lost from the royal house. Thus the misconception of his character was removed, and he, the wanderer of the forests, knew himself to be a prince."

When the tale was ended, Freda said, "What do you think that means?"

"I don't know for certain; but I should think it means that God is the Father King. Yet, I can't quite make out the rest."

"We had better ask mother when we get home," said Freda.

When they returned they did not forget, and the first thing they said was, "Tell us all the meaning of the story of the 'Lost Prince.'"

Then their mother explained the fact hidden in the fable. Thus the soul born of God wanders from its true Father and home in the wild jungles of this world, and knows not whence it came and to whom it belongs, until the King's servant or messenger, which is the Holy Teacher, finds it, and reveals the truth; then the wanderer knows that he is a child of the Heavenly Father and King, a son of the Ruler of the land in which he has lived, and also that his home is not in the jungle with the beasts of the forest, but in the Palace and the City of the King.

CHARLES DARWIN.

By Alfred J. H. Crespi.

Charles Darwin revolutionised modern scientific thought and shook the commonly accepted theology of the evangelical school to its foundation, but perhaps the last word has not yet been uttered. His fame has gone forth into all lands, and, for good or evil, his authority carries weight. His capacity for work was boundless, and he got through more literary undertakings of a high order than most ordinary people could find time to read in a year. His habits and opinions necessarily command general attention, hence my apology for mentioning him here. His life, recently given to the world by his son Francis, promises to take rank among the few great biographies of the language, such as "Boswell's Johnson," and "Lockhart's Scott." Robert Darwin, the great-grandfather of Charles, was a strong advocate of Temperance and a foe to learned women, judging from a queer and irreverent litany which he composed, running as follows:

"From a morning that doth shine,
From a boy that drinketh wine,
From a wife that talketh Latine,
Good Lord, deliver me."

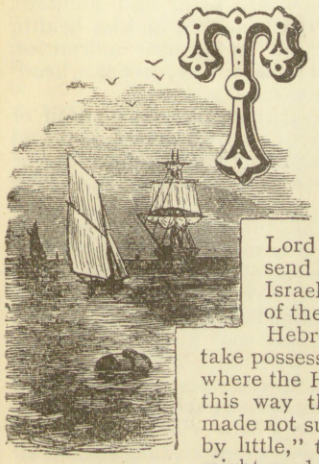
At Cambridge, Charles Darwin took great pleasure in wine, card parties, and "high jinks," but in later life he saw the dangerous character of such amusements. Francis Darwin says that his father "drank very little wine, but was much revived by and enjoyed the very little he did drink. He had a horror of drinking, and constantly warned his boys that *anyone might be led into drinking too much.* I remember, in my innocence, as a small boy, asking him if he had ever been tipsy, and he answered very gravely that he was ashamed to say he had once drunk too much at Cambridge. I was much impressed, so that I know now the place where the question was asked. He only smoked when restless, whereas snuff was a stimulant, and was taken during working hours. He took snuff for many years of his life, having learnt the habit at Edinburgh when a student. He generally took snuff from a jar on the hall table, because having to go this distance for a pinch was a slight check. The clink of the lid of the snuff-jar was a very familiar sound. Sometimes when he was in the drawing-room it would occur to him that the study fire must be burning low, and when some of us offered to see after it, it would turn out that he also wished to get a pinch of snuff."

Mark those significant words, "Anyone may be led into drinking too much." There lies the Temperance question in a nutshell. With wise teetotalers the greater economy, better example, and sounder health of total abstainers are not the foremost questions: their contention is that wine is so seductive that he who drinks a little may be led to drink what all the world admits to be too much, and as long as it is in the nature of alcoholic stimulants to overpower the prudence, self-respect, and good resolutions of hundreds of thousands of amiable men and women, total abstinence is incomparably better than strict moderation.

My attention has of late been directed into rather a new channel—finding out and writing upon the habits at table of some of our foremost writers and thinkers, and it is lamentable to find how many of them shortened their days and disgraced themselves by excessive indulgence in what are called, by a strange mis-use of terms, the pleasures of the table. Surely a melancholy warning.

"LITTLE BY LITTLE."

By JOSEPH JOHNSON.



THIS is how God does great work, and how God promised that the enemies of the children of Israel should be driven out from the land of Canaan. The Lord said He would send hornets before the Israelites to the people of the land, so that the Hebrews might easily take possession of the country where the Hittites dwelt. In this way the conquest was made not suddenly, but "little by little," that God's people might gradually take the land and occupy it—thus the nation would grow strong, filling up the land as the enemies were forced out of it.

Little by little the foes decreased; the bad influences lessened; the heathen power vanished; and the children of God gained slowly, surely, and gradually the beautiful inheritance that God had promised them.

This is how God has done the great work. Thus He formed the earth; thus He changed the great forests of ferns and pine into coal; thus the beautiful marble was made, and pearls and precious stones were formed; thus was the fine sand on the sea shore prepared, where children like to play and dig; thus comes the dew, and the rain, and the snow; thus the flowers bloom, and the trees open their leaves, and the green grass grows; thus the seeds are sown, and so the mighty harvest comes, that feeds the whole world with bread—all "little by little."

In New England it used to be the custom in the spring-time for the boys and girls to have holidays from school, and help at the sowing time by dropping the grains of wheat into the ground; so the little people and the little helpers have their place in bringing about the harvest of good.

Small things have work to do in the great world. A daisy once grew near a big oak tree in a large forest, so a poet sang. The little daisy grumbled, and was discontented that she could not grow as big as the oak. She didn't like being so near the ground, and wished to be tall and grand, and look over the tree-tops, and be the king of the forest.

Then the noble oak tree was supposed to speak to the little discontented daisy, and say that it had taken more than 100 years to grow, and that once it was a tiny acorn. It had borne many rough winds and storms, and there was no one to shelter it. When people came to the forest they never took much notice of it, but they always loved the daisies and children picked them.

"But," said the old oak tree, "no one picks me; I am only of use when I am cut down and dead and gone. Oh! little daisy, be a bright flower, and open every morning your sweet eye to the light of day, as your name means, and be thankful you are not an oak, for God has made you what you are, therefore be good and happy, dear daisy."

After this the daisy was content. When she looked round on the forest, and saw all the flowers and leaves, she knew that it was each one in its right place that made the world so fair and beautiful. If all the leaves were glad only to be bits of green things blown about by the wind, why should not she? She noticed the thousands of insects all round her on a sunny day, she knew that God must care for the little things as much as for the big. She saw also that it was the many little things together that made the great world, and filled it with beauty and wonder. And as long as she lived little Daisy was glad to be and do what God desired.

God gives us all something to be and do for Him in this world, and the way God still does His wonders is little by little. So great victories are wrought, and mighty conquests are made.

"Little by little" the evil is to be driven out of the world. Learning something every day will make us scholars at last. Reading half an hour daily will help us to know much. If we would play the piano well, we must practise each day. God never trusts us with great things till we have been faithful in the little; to be true in the few things is the best preparation for possessing the many things. God gives us all our lessons to learn, our sums to do, our sewing, or drawing, or music to master, just as He set the Israelites to conquer Canaan, or the insects to help them, or good men to write the account that has come down to us in the Bible.

We have to conquer ignorance little by little, and, by God's help, go in and possess the land of knowledge. But we all have a more difficult task to do than that; first, to overcome sin and evil in our own hearts, and then to help to subdue the whole world to God.

If we do not, little by little bad habits and evil influences will conquer us. Shall we, little by little, sow the good seed and begin good habits, which grow stronger as the days and years go on, until self and sin are mastered? We can gain no victories for others until we have conquered self.

Little evil will bring great ruin and destruction. If we are not living for God and doing His will and work, the hornets may come and drive us out. In Egypt and North Africa swarms of locusts come and devour all vegetation. In South America, a ladybird, called the Colorado beetle, will come at first only by two or three, but will multiply so quickly that even in a few days they will destroy whole fields of potatoes. Some years ago, in Switzerland, a plague of caterpillars eat up miles and miles of fine forest. So disease will spread until suffering, sorrow,

and death have passed over a home, or town, or country. Such an evil is drunkenness. It has passed over our land like a blight and plague, and entered almost every family, and made a victim in almost every home.

The only way we can conquer this great evil, and cure this national curse, and drive out the foe from every home, is by each one keeping clear of the poison for themselves and helping others to do so also. Little by little, progress is being made. Little by little, the triumph is certain.

Thus, little by little, as the moments come, as the dead leaves fall, as the grain is gathered, so one by one individual hearts are conquered for Christ, and each life will go on to conquer for Him, until all the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"WOE TO DRUNKARDS."

A TEMPERANCE SERMON OF 219 YEARS AGO.

W. E. A. A.

THE Rev. Samuel Ward, B.D., of Ipswich, was a famous preacher of the 17th century and his sermons are still sought after by collectors for the vigour and quaintness of the language and for the information which they convey as to the state of thought and social condition of that now far-off England. One of them lies before me as I write; it is rather a bulky pamphlet, printed in the year 1624, but was first printed in 1622, and is called "Woe to Drunkards." The title page, now yellow with age, is ornamented with a wood-cut which shows the preacher's sense of the dissoluteness of his own days as compared with the "good old times." We see the strong foot of a knight in a stirrup, his hand grasping a lance, an open Bible—"Thus of ould." For contrast appears a courtier's slim leg with a silken garter and rose-fastened shoe; a pack of cards, a pair of dice, and a hand grasping a tobacco pipe and a wine cup—"Thus now." Such is the contrast pictorially shown on the title page. And on looking closer at the wine cup we see in it the form of the deadly cockatrice referred to in the text chosen by Samuel Ward, the preacher of Ipswich—"To whom is woe? To whom is sorrow? To whom is strife? &c. In the end it will bite like a serpent, and sting like a cockatrice." The growth of intemperance had alarmed him; it was no longer secret, but open and unabashed. "Drunkenness," he says, "I mean that hateful nightbird which was wont to wait for the twilight, to seek nooks and corners to avoid the hooting and wonderment of boys and girls; now as if it were some aglet to dare the sunlight, to fly abroad at high noon in every street, in open markets and fairs, without fear or shame, without control or punishment, to the disgrace of the nation, the outfacing of magistracy and ministry, the utter undoing (without timely prevention) of health and wealth, piety and virtue, town and country, Church and commonwealth." With very little hope of making an impression on the habitual drunkard, Ward warns them, not in the words of "any ordinary hedge priest," but in those of the royal preacher of Israel. His warnings are plain and pointed: "You pretend you drink healths and for health, but to whom are all kind of diseases, infirmities, deformities, pearled faces, palsies, dropsies, head-aches, if not to drunkards?"

He speaks of the rarity of the reclamation of the habitual drunkard; his own observation and inquiry only bringing him a knowledge of one or two at the most. Here we see the value of the Temperance reformation, for whilst we have still to lament at times the relapse of those who have once been drawn out of the snare, there are happily thousands of men sober now who have been drunkards. Yet there is still too much truth in this description:—"Would it not grieve and pity any Christian soul to see a towardly hopeful young man well natured, well nurtured, stung with this cockatrice, bewailing his own case, crying out against the baseness of the sin, inveighing against company, melting under the persuasions of friends, yea, protesting against all enticement, vow, covenant, and seriously indent with himself and his friends for the relinquishing of it, yet if he meet with a companion that holds up but his finger, he follows him as a fool to the stocks, and as an ox to the slaughter-house, having no power to withstand the temptation, but in it he goes with him to the tippling house, not considering that the chambers are the chambers of death, and the guests the guests of death; and there he continues as one bewitched or conjured in a spell, out of which he returns not till he hath emptied his purse of money, his head of reason, and his heart of all his former seeming grace." One unhappy feature of intemperance is thus denounced:—"The chiefest pastime of a drunkard is to heat and overcome others with wine, that he may discover their nakedness, and glory in their foil and folly." Why is drunkenness not forbidden in the Decalogue? "Because it is not the single breach of any one, but in effect the violation of all and every one of them; it is not one sin, but all sins, because it is the inlet and sluice to all other sins."

The preacher then cites a number of cases of sudden death and other calamities arising from drinking. Some of these he evidently regards as "judgments." "A butcher in Haslingfield, hearing the minister inveigh against drunkenness, being at his cups in the ale-house, fell a-jesting and scoffing at the minister and his sermons. As he was a-drinking, the drink, or something in his cup, quackled him, stuck so in his throat, that he could neither get it up nor down, but strangled him presently."

Two cases where drunkards had murdered their own mother, and one where a man, after attempting to kill his father, had burned down his own barn, are then cited. The preacher appeals to the drinker: "O, thou vain fellow, what tellest thou me of friendship, or good fellowship, wilt thou account him thy friend or good fellow, that draws

thee into his company, that he may poison thee, and never thinks he hath given thee right entertainment, or showed thee kindness enough, till he hath killed thy soul with his kindness, and with beer made thy body a carcase for the bier, a laughing-stock and a loathing-stock, not to boys and girls alone, but to men and angels." Clever and witty men drink it is urged, "but thanks be to God," says the preacher, "who hath reserved many thousands of men, and without all comparison, more witty and valorous than such pot-wits and spirits of the buttery; who never bared their knees to drink health, nor ever needed to wet their lips with wine, or arm their courage with pot-hardness."

Samuel Ward calls upon parents and guardians to be zealous, and exhorts preachers and teachers in the same direction. "I hate and abhor to mention this abomination, to alter the proverb 'As drunk as a beggar,' to a gentleman is odious, but to a man of God, to an angel, how harsh and hellish the sound is in a Christian's ears." Then, as now, magistrates failed in their duty, "Who sees and knows not that some one needless alehouse in a country town undoes all the rest of the houses in it, eating up the thrift and fruit of their labours; the ill manner of sundry places being there to meet in some one night of the week, and spend what they have gathered and spared all the days of the same before, to the prejudice of their poor wives and children at home; and upon the Lord's day, after evening prayers, there to quench and drown all the good lessons they have heard that day at church. . . . They speak of draining fens, but if this evil be not stopped, we shall all shortly be drowned with it."

The doctrine of total abstinence was not known in the seventeenth century as a matter of public advocacy, but we see from this sermon that the dangers threatened by intemperance, both to the individual and to the nation, were forcing the attention of the thoughtful and the earnest. And for this reason we may claim Dr. Samuel Ward as one of the fore-runners of the great temperance reformation of to-day.

The Dell where the Daisies Dwell.

IT is the dell where the daisies dwell,
Where tottering grasses blow,
I loved to play, at the close of day—
There I never more shall go.

In gloaming hours I culled the flowers
When school for the day was done,
Till the stars at night shed their quiet light,
When sank the evening sun.

It was the dell where the daisies dwell
That I loved again to walk;
A friend came there and sweetened the air
With words of a lover's talk.

I stood by his side a smiling bride,
With my heart too full to think:
All that was glad in my life grew sad
The year he took to drink.

From bad to worse by the terrible curse
He fell, again and again;
Then, from my hand to that unknown land,
He left me in sorrow and pain.

Now I am old, and the winter is cold,
And the snow lies over all;
There in the dell where the daisies dwell,
How thick the snowflakes fall!

But the grass will spring and the birds will sing,
The children will go to play
In that dear dell where the daisies dwell,
As I went at the close of day.

For them alway to the Lord I pray
To save them from sin and shame;
By the pledge of truth in the dew of youth
They may keep a spotless name.



Pebbles and Pearls.

DENYING a fault doubles it.

HE that runs fast must not run long.

HE that has no shame has no conscience.

A CYNIC remarks that it is always pleasant to be told the truth—about other people.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

AN indolent man once declared that he could not find bread for his family. An industrious neighbour replied:—"Nor I. I have to work for it."

CURATE (reproachfully): "And I'm afraid you've taken more beer to-night than is good for you, Giles." Inebriated rustic: "Surely, sir, dare say I could a' carried it hom' easier in a jar!"

A TOPING bookseller presented a cheque at a banking house in London, and when the cashier put the usual question, "How will you have it?" replied, "Cold, without sugar."

"THERE now, miss, I think there's nothing more that you can want," said an attentive matter-of-fact nurse to her charge. "Oh, yes," said the little loving girl, "one thing more; would you please to smile on me?"

JUDGE: "Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner: "Well, all I've to say is, I hope yer honour 'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy."

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

IN a clever paper read before the Actuarial Society of Edinburgh, the following striking facts are given. The death rate amongst the following classes:—

Licensed grocers	...	18·9 per 1,000
Hotel keepers	...	26·8 ,,
Publicans	...	33·4 ,,
Ordinary Englishmen	...	10·12 ,,

Well might we raise the cry to all engaged in this deadly traffic, "escape for thy life."

SPRINGS OF HEALTH.—There is another good creature of God, about which I have no doubt whatever, and which I, for one, prefer, and that is water. The great sea rolls its pure fresh waves inviolable, and the tropic sun vapours them, and they are distilled in the sweet laboratory of the air, and they are winnowed by the wings of the wind, and, freed from all impurities, they steal down softly in the dew and in the silvery rain, and they gladden the green leaves, and they slide gently into the bosom of the high hills, and then they trickle the fresh soils of earth; they are made the pure crystal of fountains, and they bubble in the rivers and rivulets, and flow back again into the great eternal sea of God; and God points to these hidden springs of health; and to the pure sweet natural taste that is enough; it delights in those pure diamonds of God.—*Canon Farrar.*

"LAPSUS LINGUÆ"—OR THE DANGERS OF IMITATION.—A gentleman's servant bringing into the dining-room (where a dinner party was assembled) a boiled tongue, tripped on the floor, and caused the tongue to roll off the dish. The master of the house, not the least affected by the accident, soon removed the embarrassment of his guests, as well as of the servant, by saying with much good humour, "There's no harm done, gentlemen, it is merely a *lapsus linguæ*." This fortunate *jeu-de-mot* excited much merriment.

A gentleman present, struck with the happy effect of this stroke of wit, was determined to let off the joke himself. He invited a large party, and when they were all assembled he directed his servant to let a piece of *roast beef* fall on the floor. "Never mind," cried the host, "it is only a *lapsus linguæ*."

POEMS UNWRITTEN.

THERE are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were penned,
Poems that wait for an angel's tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.

There are poems that ripple thro' lowliest lives,
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the depth where the beautiful thrives,
Fresh as the flowers in the air of May.

There are poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold;
Felt, tho' unseen by the beings that love us,
Written on lives in letters of gold.

Then sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest,
Read me the poem that never was penned,
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest,
Fresh from thy spirit, oh, beautiful friend!

A GOOD PROOF.—I find that I have been very ill all my life, without knowing it. Let me state some of the good arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors. First, sweet sleep, having never known what such sweet sleep was; I sleep like a baby or a ploughboy. If I wake, no needless terrors, no black visions of life, but pleasing hopes and pleasing recollections. Holland House, past and to come! If I dream it is not of lions and tigers, but of Easter-dues and tithes. Secondly, I can take longer walks, and make greater exertions, without fatigue. My *understanding* is improved, and I comprehend political economy.—*Sidney Smith.*

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY UNCLE BEN.

"The Comforter is come."

ADELINE WALKER was a little girl that used to go and stay with an uncle and aunt in a smoky north country town, much given up to manufacturing interests. This uncle was a doctor of the old-fashioned sort, but quite as good as the brand-new ones. He was one of those medical men who dispensed medicine for the soul as well as for the body, and many of his patients had from him words of counsel and comfort, and often passages from the best Book; and sometimes he would kneel beside the suffering and dying, and ask for grace and help when human skill could avail nothing.

Dr. Reeve and his wife were kind and good-hearted; they did much good in a quiet way, giving away to the needy food and clothes, and often putting "paid" to bills they sent in, when they knew their patients could not afford to pay them. They had no children of their own, and thus they made quite a fuss when Adeline came to stay with them. They were so afraid the child might find their home dull without playfellows, therefore, they did so much to make her happy, that her visit was one of the greatest pleasures her girlhood knew.

One of Adeline's special treats was to go with her uncle when he went his rounds to see patients, but, as he usually went every morning with his own horse and gig, there was not room for her, as the man servant always had to go; but, if the Doctor was busy, he would of an evening go a second time to see the more important cases, and if there were many, or at some distance, he would have a cab to save time, and, on these occasions, Adeline was allowed to go with him. These rides were a great delight, and she always waited with much impatience at the window, ready dressed, looking for the arrival of the cab. When it appeared, she would call out—"The cab's here, Uncle."

Soon after, she and the Doctor would step in, and off they would drive. Then, while her uncle went in to see the sick people, she would remain in the cab till he returned. Sometimes he would interest her by telling about the sufferers, and awaken her sympathy. One incident she never forgot, and often thought about it; in fact, the Doctor, too, long remembered it, and used to speak of it.

The evening was advancing; it was the last place the doctor had to call at. He was gone some little time, and, when he came back, Adeline could see the tears were in the kind eyes of her uncle. He said:

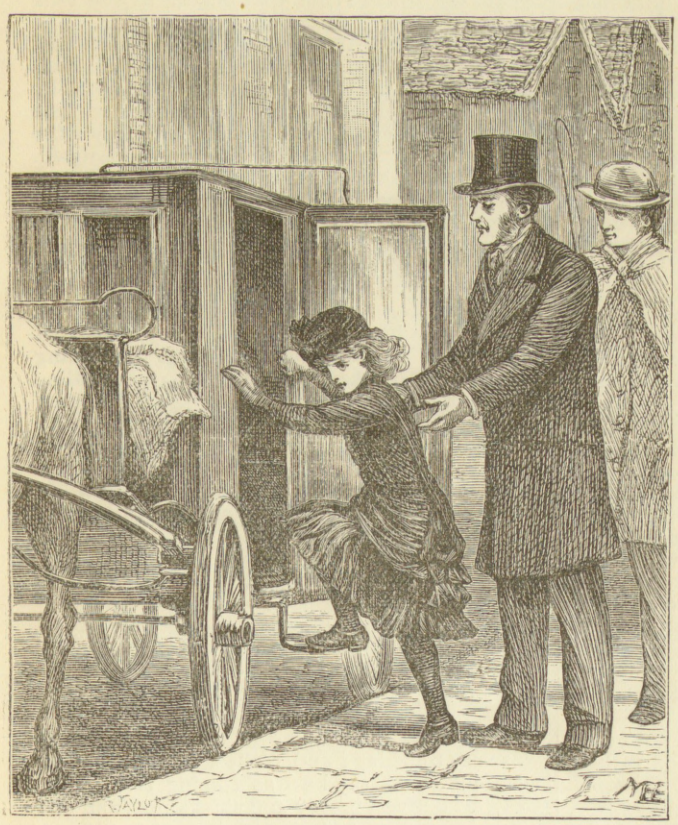
"I have just left a good old man whom I do not think I shall see again on earth. He has worked in one mill all his life, and he has been an earnest Christian as well as a faithful citizen, perhaps a bit too much of a Radical for me, but he has been always right as a teetotaler, and now he has come to his last illness and certainly will not be here long. As I entered the sick room to-night, although suffering much, his face looked so calm and bright, I sat down by him and took his hand to feel his pulse, and said, "How do you feel to-night?"

His reply was simply, "Oi feels so coomfortable inside."

"That's right," I replied, "I am glad to hear you say so; it's a grand thing to be able to feel comfortable within in the midst of weakness and pain."

"Eh, Doctor, oi do no think I shall clog agin, but I can na moind fur a do feel so coomfortable inside loike."

"There was little for me to do, but I stayed and gave what directions I could for the brave, good man's ease. And it seemed to me unspeakably beautiful, with death coming, and the last parting just at hand, to be able to look up and say, 'I feel so comfortable inside.' When, dear Adeline, you and I have to leave all earthly things behind, and face that last solemn certainty we call death, looking



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back on the past and on into that mysterious future beyond this life, may we be able to say the same."

The words, as the doctor repeated them in the accents of provincial speech, seemed most pathetic and made a great impression on Adeline's heart. The little incident was still deepened in her memory, when the next morning, Dr. Reeves returned from his round and told her and his wife at lunch, that in the night God had taken the waiting spirit to Himself, and after he had left the family who nursed and watched beside the dying man, they could get nothing else from him but the same cheering words, the last to those who loved him best, "It's all reet, oi feels so coomfortable inside."

NELLY'S SECRET.

BY ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL.

(Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c., &c.)



NELLY GRAY had a secret, and before she had had it a week, every one in the school knew that "Nelly had a secret"; but she was a wise little maiden, and would not tell them what it was, although the girls tried by various inducements to get her to do so. Some asked her to have a walk; others invited her to tea; and some of the knowing ones bought sweets and shared them with her—but all was of no avail, not one of them could get Nelly to divulge her secret.

She lived alone with her father and mother in a pleasant little cottage, and they were a very happy family, except "When father got drunk," which, alas! he was beginning to do pretty often when our story opens.

Nelly was a Band of Hope girl, and, naturally, she was very anxious to get her father to join "her side," as she called it; but, so far, her efforts had met with little or no success, and she and her mother often felt discouraged. One day, she returned from school with suppressed excitement in voice and eyes, and, when her mother asked what was the matter, she only laughed gaily, and said, "You'll know soon, mother, but you must please not ask me, or I shall have to tell you, and I don't want to because it is a secret."

"Oh! then I won't ask you, but it seems a very happy secret whatever it is."

"I hope it will be, mother, but I'm not quite sure if it will," and the little face looked rather pensive, but, suddenly brightening up, she said, "Yes, I think it will."

About a week or so after this a grand magic lantern entertainment was given at the school which Nelly attended, and she had an invitation ticket given her for her parents.

"Now, father, you really must come; the pictures are *so* lovely, and music to be played soft when the lights are low, and a story to each picture, and cakes and oranges to be handed round at the finish," pleaded Nelly.

"Well, I'll think about it, Nell; it sounds very nice."

"Oh, father, it's really grand! and I'd rather you'd go than mother or anyone."

"Why, little one?"

"Oh, because"—(here Nelly became rather confused). "Well, you see, you don't often go with me anywhere, and teacher said our fathers were specially invited."

"Well, I must try. When is it?"

"In three days. To-day is Monday, so it will be on Thursday."

"All right, then, I must get home early from work."

"Yes; and I'll come and meet you," said the little diplomatist; "then he won't go to the public-house first, if I am with him," thought the child.

How long those three days seemed to Nelly!—but Thursday came at last, and a happier, prouder little girl than Nelly Grey, there was not in the whole room that night, as she took her seat between her father and mother. The views were undoubtedly very fine, and all that was told about them very interesting; but it was to the second part of the programme, that Nelly looked forward with breathless interest. The scenes represented one continuous story: the story of a drunkard, and how he was saved. The lecturer showed by the aid of his pictures, how his home gradually became poorer and poorer, until one picture represented the drunkard, his wife, and three children, sitting before an empty grate, and no furniture in the room. Every now and then Nelly cast a furtive glance at her father, to see the effect it was having upon him; but his face betrayed no sign of any sort. Then came a picture of the turning point in the drunkard's career. He was standing outside a little Mission Hall one night, cold, wet, and hungry, when he heard voices singing; and whilst this picture was on the screen, a choir of Band of Hope boys and girls, sang, in their sweet childish voices, the beautiful hymn, to which the drunkard was supposed to be listening, commencing:—

Are you coming Home, ye wanderers,
Whom Jesus died to win;
All footsore, lame, and weary,
Your garments stained with sin?
Will you seek the blood of Jesus,
To wash your garments white?
Will you trust his precious promise?—
Are you coming home to-night?

The effect of the singing in the semi-darkness was very touching; and Nelly's father began to wish he could say he was coming Home, for, truly, he felt very weary and sin-stained, and oh!

how long he had stood outside; he did not like to think, as he sat there, of the many long years he knew the Saviour had been calling him to follow Him.

The next picture represented the man no longer a drunkard; but clothed, and in his right mind, sitting with his little girl in a place of worship. Many happy pictures followed, and at the close the little choir sang again, "Why not to-night?—thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?"

Then the lights were turned up, and the lecturer said "he should be so glad if any persons present would put their names in his pledge book, and decide to lead a new life."

Nelly held her breath, but she just prayed five words, "Jesus, help father to sign;" and Jesus helped father to do more than sign, though that was a grand thing; for that night he gave his heart to the Saviour, and entered upon a new life.

No words can describe Nelly's great happiness that night, and, when she was getting into bed, she said, "Mother, *this* was my secret."

"How, darling? I don't understand."

"Well, you see," explained Nelly, "ever since I became a Band of Hope girl, my teacher has always been so anxious we should get our fathers and mothers on the temperance side too, and she's been so kind to me, and one day, when she was talking about it, I couldn't help crying, thinking of father. So, after all the other girls had gone, I told her about father, and she said she would pray for him, as well as you and me, mother,—then there would be three praying—and God would answer in some way, though perhaps not just as we wanted. Well! a long time after this, she told me about this gentleman coming with the magic lantern, and how he told the story of the drunkard being saved. 'Now, Nelly,' said she, 'we will keep this a secret between you and me: you must not tell anyone what the story is about, or it will get out, and someone will tell your father. I want him specially to come, and, if he knows there's going to be anything said against drink, he won't come; so you must tell him what nice pictures and singing there will be. Can you keep a secret?' Of course, I said I could, but, oh! it's been awful hard work; I felt sometimes, mother, as if I must tell you."

"My child! so this was your secret was it? It has, indeed, turned out a happy one for us all. May God bless your dear teacher, for the part she took in it; but, already you both have a rich reward."

Nelly has kept many secrets since the one that was fraught with so much happiness to them all; but, now she is grown up, she says, "No secret has ever given me as much pleasure, or been such an unmixed joy to me, as the Magic Lantern Secret."

"THERE is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto; and he heartily added, "I'm glad there isn't."

FLOWERS.

By DAVID LAWTON.

SWEET, modest flowers, bright gems of earth,
So spotless and so wondrous fair;
They seem to me of heavenly birth,
Come down to whisper what is there.

Flowers have a holy mission here—
For not in vain their life, though brief;
They deck the dull dark earth and cheer
Life's path till hearts forget their grief.

They please the weary sufferer's eye,
When tossing on a bed of pain;
Direct a thought, lift up the sigh
To Him who never hears in vain.

How skilful is the Hand that made
These matchless forms that bloom around;
Infinite wisdom is displayed
In every flower that decks the ground.

How bounteous is the love that gave
And scattered free on every side,
Such treasures for the king and slave—
Sweet fragrant flowers to none denied.

How we should miss them had we none;
Bare would the hills and dales appear,
Were buttercups and daisies gone,
And green unbroken everywhere.

Fit emblems of our human love—
These gifts of love all wise Divine;
Oh, that our lives could worthy prove
Like these fair types, Great God, of Thine!

WHY JOIN THE BAND OF HOPE?

The Band of Hope we all should join,
For good the goal in sight;
And what is good is surely wise,
And what is wise is right.

Right good it is to keep our health
Free from disease and pain;
And strength is far the greatest boon
We for our bodies gain.

Most wise are they who boldly shun
Cigar and foaming glass;
And wiser they with self control
Who let the wine cup pass.

'Tis good and right to help the weak,
The sad and fallen raise;
Both wise and right God's laws to keep,
His ceaseless blessings praise.

Now, what is good and wise and right
Is just the life for me,
And so I've joined the Band of Hope,
And try to be all three.

Swansea. JOHN STUART.

TREWIN FARM.

(A TRUE STORY.)

By Louie St. Ives.

TREWIN Farm, in South Cornwall, is pleasantly situated on a hill-side. The house itself is surrounded by tall trees, and on one side of it is a large orchard and well kept kitchen garden. In front, the fields slope gently down to the edge of a winding creek, between whose wooded banks it is pleasant to sail to the open sea.

A stranger passing by and beholding the natural beauty of hill and creek, wood and pasture, in the height of summer, could not fail to be impressed by it, and would be led to exclaim—

"What a lovely scene!—so peaceful, so calm! Surely happiness must dwell here."

"Where hills and dales to nature's song resound,
Here, if indeed at all, will happiness be found."

But other matters, even more interesting than the scenery, now demand our attention.

It is late in the autumn, that saddest time of the year, when falling leaves, chilling mists, and moaning winds sing the dirge of the departed glory of summer. That time of which the poet Shelley has written—

"The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying."

Even Trewin Farm looks sad and drear at such a time, and the workers thereon, their day's labour ended, gladly seek the comfort and warmth of the large kitchen, and gather around the blazing fire, while Mary Rowe, the farmer's only daughter, bustles to and fro, preparing a good warm supper for her brothers and the labourers, after their arduous labour in the fields. Usually, merry laugh and chat occupy the waiting time, for, if it is dreary without, there may be comfort within. But not so now; all wear troubled looks, and ever and anon anxious glances are turned towards the staircase leading to the bedrooms.

Something must be wrong. Even Mary, the light and sunshine of the house, still active as ever, cannot stifle repeated sobs nor prevent her tears.

The cause is soon discovered, for the voice of a man, shrieking in affright, is heard to exclaim, "Look, Katie! See him; there he is in the corner, Look how he gibes and grins at me. He is coming nearer! Stop him! Oh, no! I will not go, I will not go, I——."

Then all is still, save for the gentle tones of a woman's voice, calming the troubled one. Mary's tears start forth anew. The men have lost their appetite, and one by one depart, leaving the supper untasted.

Upstairs terrified indeed, but outwardly courageous and brave, as only a true woman can be, Mrs. Rowe stands at the bedside of her husband, watching over him, cooling his brow, and endeavouring to soothe him, by assuring him his fears are groundless.

"William, no one is coming for you, I am with you and will keep you, none shall hurt you while I am by."

On the bed, huddling among the clothes for protection from his supposed persecutors, lies Farmer Rowe, his giant-like form convulsed with terror. Only for a moment does the quiet endure. Again the hallucinations are awakened, and it requires all the strength of his wife and her two sons, whom she has summoned to her aid, to keep him from breaking from the room and escaping—Heaven only knows where.

Years before, William Rowe, a young man with the prospect of a useful, prosperous life before him, had inherited Trewin Farm, and thither had brought the pretty Kate Williams to be its mistress and his wife.

Times were happy then, ne'er a shadow crossed their sunny path. But, alas, for their peace and joy. William nursed a serpent in his own breast, only to find it sting most bitterly. A jollier man than he you could scarcely have met in a day's march. Frank and generous, mirth-loving and true, he had no lack of friends. But herein lay an avenue to his ruin. William was fond of his glass, and although "he had never taken more than was good for him," as his wife urged in his favour, still he never could go to market without joining with other farmers at "The Bell," just to take a social glass. Alas! that this very idea of preserving friendship should still continue to the ruin of so many precious lives. "Just for friendship's sake," has prematurely hurried many a soul into an awful eternity.

For a while, William contented himself with the social glass. But strong drink creates a craving for itself. The one glass was succeeded by another, and another, 'till in process of time, market days became for him "drunken" days. And then, so insatiable became the desire, he could not wait for market days, but must needs neglect his farm, his home, and on the Sabbath the chapel in which he had formerly taken the liveliest interest, in order to drink, drink! No man who drinks need expect prosperity, for it is a waster of time, brains and money. Ere long the old farmers, who oft had joined him at "The Bell," shook their heads when they saw him reeling through the Market-place, and said, "William Rowe is a ruined man." And they were right; in the prime of life, his inheritance much diminished, lies he upon his bed in the awful agonies of *delirium tremens*. Ah, William, well had it been for thee if thou hadst listened to the words of him, thy friend, who years before, bade thee renounce the cup, saying, "I tell thee, lad, 'twill be thy ruin yet."

This was the cause of the melancholy sadness at Trewin Farm, the daughter's tears, and the mother's woe. But now he sleeps, the wearied frame is exhausted, and the watchers steal quietly

from his bedside, turn into an inner room, and pray that God will restore him to his sober mind, and bless him, for is he not their father? The minutes pass by. Still he slumbers sweetly. They peep in upon him—his brow is calm, no trace of the former agony remains, and gently down the stairs they creep for a minute or two.

But what was that? A stifled cry? And then a crash as of broken glass? Up the stairs they speed, and into the room; William Rowe is not there! Across the fields in the dusk, they see a white figure rushing madly on towards the creek. 'Tis he! they all follow, sons, daughter, wife. If they may but overtake him! They close fast upon him. They are almost up to him, but, alas! too late! With one superhuman effort he darts forward, shrieks a maniacal laugh, makes a mad plunge and then the calm quiet waters of the creek close the record of that ruined life.

With breaking hearts the bereaved ones retrace their steps, robbed by strong drink of the kindest of fathers and the truest of friends.

* * * * *

But even out of trouble, howsoever dark and dire, may lasting good arise.

From that day forward, strong drink was banished from Trewin Farm. Farmer Rowe's two sons undertook the management, and though the memory of that fearful deed will never be obliterated this side of the grave, happiness once more reigns, and no farm in Cornwall is more prosperous, and no family more worthily respected, than that of the Rowe's of Trewin Farm. To-day it is what it might have ever been, but for the terrible soul and body-slaying drink.

Strong drink is no respecter of persons. It minds not the brillance of genius, the solidity of reason, the security of wealth. Wherever it finds an entrance, mischief is sure to follow.

Scarcely a home is there in all this great nation, but has felt its blighting powers. And, to-day, thousands are being ruined by it, spiritually, morally, financially; and widows and orphans raise their lamentations to heaven for loved ones hurried to their graves through the drink. No one can be sure that it will not harm them while they take it. There is only one way of certain escape from it, that is, never to take it. Let the children of to-day band themselves together to save souls from the ruin, homes from the misery, and bodies from the evil, wrought by this monster, and with a holy pledge exclaim: "If God will, strong drink shall never harm us, for we will never! never take it."

——:o:——

THE VIRTUOUS POOR.

IN a letter, Mr. Bright said to Dr. Whitelaw: "The great whisky question is one which your friends may consider with some advantage. If all the ministers of the Scotch churches were to banish whisky from their houses, and the consumption of it from their customs or social habits, they would do much to discredit and to withdraw one fertile source of poverty and suffering in Scotland. Many of what you term 'virtuous poor' suffer much from the evils of whisky in connection with members of their families."

THE LARK AND THE LINNET.

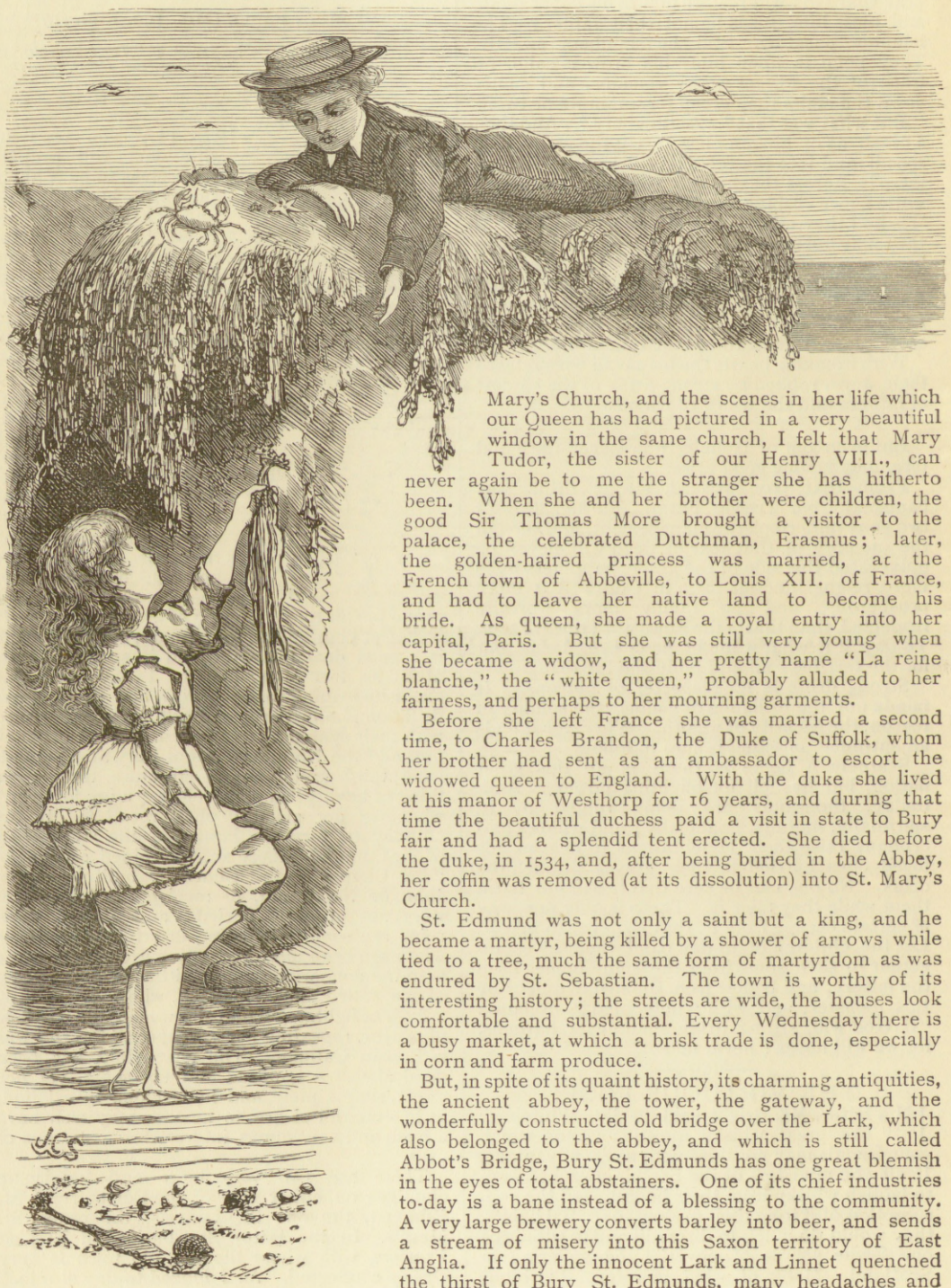
By M. A. Paull (Mrs. Jno. Ripley).

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Running from Home," etc., etc.

DIRECTLY you read my title you will prepare yourselves to hear about two birds, but this Lark and this Linnet are rivers that flow by the grand ruins of the wonderful old abbey of St. Edmund in the Suffolk town that bears the name of the saint as part of its own name, "Bury St. Edmunds."

There are many more interesting things to be told of this place than I can find space for. There is a very beautiful gateway into the Abbey ruins built more than 500 years ago, and not very far off there is a still more beautiful Norman tower 800 years old, built as "a grand portal to the Church of St. Edmund." It is 86 feet high and 36 feet square, but the ground is a good deal raised around it, so that it loses about six feet of its height. I have seen the exquisite leaning tower of Pisa, and the fine Arc de Triomphe in Paris, and felt my eyes satisfied with their symmetry as I gazed. To them I shall now add the Norman tower at Bury St. Edmunds as a third architectural structure that is "a thing of beauty" and, therefore, "a joy for ever," whenever my memory shall recall it. In the churchyard, formerly known as the "Cemetery of St. Edmund," there are the ruined remains of "the Chapel of the Charnel," built by Abbot John de Northwold, to receive the bones that were not properly buried; and around these ruins are some interesting inscriptions to those who have been more recently buried here. One is to the memory of a dear little girl, nine years of age, called Mary Haselton, who was killed by a flash of lightning while she was in the attitude of prayer, repeating her "Vespers," for she was a Roman Catholic. The dear child has been dead almost a hundred and six years, yet her sweet, simple piety and her sudden translation, as in a chariot of fire, to heaven, may well have a fresh and continuous interest for every one of us.

There are two very large and handsome churches on either side of the Cemetery of St. Edmund, the one St. James's, the other St. Mary's. In the latter lies buried an English Princess, with whose life this old town is very closely connected. As I looked to-day at a lock of her fair, reddish golden hair in a locket in the museum, and recalled her quiet grave in St.



Mary's Church, and the scenes in her life which our Queen has had pictured in a very beautiful window in the same church, I felt that Mary Tudor, the sister of our Henry VIII., can never again be to me the stranger she has hitherto been. When she and her brother were children, the good Sir Thomas More brought a visitor to the palace, the celebrated Dutchman, Erasmus; later, the golden-haired princess was married, at the French town of Abbeville, to Louis XII. of France, and had to leave her native land to become his bride. As queen, she made a royal entry into her capital, Paris. But she was still very young when she became a widow, and her pretty name "La reine blanche," the "white queen," probably alluded to her fairness, and perhaps to her mourning garments.

Before she left France she was married a second time, to Charles Brandon, the Duke of Suffolk, whom her brother had sent as an ambassador to escort the widowed queen to England. With the duke she lived at his manor of Westhorp for 16 years, and during that time the beautiful duchess paid a visit in state to Bury fair and had a splendid tent erected. She died before the duke, in 1534, and, after being buried in the Abbey, her coffin was removed (at its dissolution) into St. Mary's Church.

St. Edmund was not only a saint but a king, and he became a martyr, being killed by a shower of arrows while tied to a tree, much the same form of martyrdom as was endured by St. Sebastian. The town is worthy of its interesting history; the streets are wide, the houses look comfortable and substantial. Every Wednesday there is a busy market, at which a brisk trade is done, especially in corn and farm produce.

But, in spite of its quaint history, its charming antiquities, the ancient abbey, the tower, the gateway, and the wonderfully constructed old bridge over the Lark, which also belonged to the abbey, and which is still called Abbot's Bridge, Bury St. Edmunds has one great blemish in the eyes of total abstainers. One of its chief industries to-day is a bane instead of a blessing to the community. A very large brewery converts barley into beer, and sends a stream of misery into this Saxon territory of East Anglia. If only the innocent Lark and Linnet quenched the thirst of Bury St. Edmunds, many headaches and heartaches would be spared.

Noble amongst the Noblest.



ONE of the bravest and noblest lives of modern times has been passed over with too little public notice, namely, that of Alexander Mackay, of Uganda, in Central Africa, the pioneer of the Nyanza Missions.

The facts of his life are as insignificant as his character and work are superlatively good and great. Born in an obscure village in Scotland, son of a Free Church minister and pious mother, whose dying gift was his father's wedding present—her Bagster's Bible. He studied, first in Edinburgh, and then, at the age of 23 or 24, went to Germany as an engineer to acquire the language. While in Berlin he made this entry in his diary, May 4th, 1874. "This day last year, Livingstone died—a Scotchman and a Christian; loving God and his neighbour—in the heart of Africa. Go thou, and do likewise."

The next year the command was fulfilled; he had heard the still small voice, and he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

He gave up important worldly prospects, and offered himself to the London Missionary Society for Madagascar, but his services were not accepted. Nothing discouraged by this unexpected blow, he was content to wait. But it was not for long. He saw Stanley's letter describing his visit to Mtesa, king of Uganda, who desired the presence of Christian missionaries. Directly Mackay saw this challenge to the Christian Church, he was the first to offer himself to the Church Missionary Society, and they had the wisdom promptly to devote him to the proposed new mission near the Victoria Nyanza.

From that time his brief but great work commenced. At 27 he left all behind him that most people call dear, and went out as a lay worker, the youngest of a band of eight. At the farewell meeting, April 25, 1876, he was called on to speak, and none who listened to his thrilling words could forget them; in profound silence his appeal made a deep impression. He said: "Is it at all likely that eight Englishmen who now start together for Central Africa, will all be alive six months after? One of us at least—it may be I—will surely fall before that. When that news comes, do not be cast down, but send some one immediately to take the vacant place." These words were too true, for, within three years, seven out of the eight had fallen at their post, or had gone home invalided, and Mackay alone survived.

On reaching Zanzibar, many discouragements, delays, and sickness, beset the little pioneer band, and more than two years elapsed before the shore of the great lake was reached. Disaster awaited them; two of the party preceded Mackay with the little steamer "Daisy," but were treacherously murdered, and the ship injured. Mackay went, at great peril, to the scene of the tragedy, and made peace with the chief and the murderers, and returned to his companions.

At the beginning of his work, Mackay found drink to be the curse of these heathen people in Central Africa. Everywhere people of all ranks and ages, men, women, and even children, from the king or chief downwards, all were demoralised through alcohol. The natives made it from grain and fruits, and the traders brought it up from the coast. By the scenes he witnessed, he was compelled to be an abstainer, and maintained that little could be done for the civilisation of these tribes and nations till this curse could be stayed.

Towards the close of the year 1878, Mackay arrived on the west coast of the great lake at the capital of Mtesa, in Uganda. This was his desired destination. The "Daisy" was wrecked, and two months occupied in her repair; then Mackay was down with a dangerous illness. It was with wonderful hope and courage he commenced his work, but success was hindered, first by the Mohammedan, and then by the arrival of the Romanists. After four years of labour, 'mid difficulties and dangers innumerable, the first converts were baptised. But, though Mackay did all he could to teach the people, and restrain the violence of Mtesa, he could not mitigate the horrible cruelty of the king, who, on some occasions, would order the slaughter of as many as 2,000 innocent victims in one day.

When Mtesa died, the son that succeeded him, began the persecution of the Christians. Three converts were taken from Mackay and his friend, Rev. R. P. Ashe, first tortured, and then burnt alive. After this, many martyrdoms followed. For nearly a year Mackay was left absolutely alone in the power of the cruel tyrant. What he must have endured through these 11 months, no tongue can tell. He was, at length, relieved by two new missionaries coming, and removed to Usambiro, where there were six brethren, and it was here, in 1888, Stanley met Mackay, and stayed 20 days at the mission station. Gordon's testimony to the greatness and influence of Mackay, by an offer to become one of his lieutenants, soon after his settlement on the lake, shows how keenly he valued his character. Stanley saw in him "the best missionary since Livingstone." Emin Pasha saw his worth, and in highest praise acknowledged his services.

He was urged to come home, having been out more than 12 years. Stanley did his best to persuade him. His reply was: "Come home? Surely, now, in our terrible dearth of workers, it is not the time for any one to desert his post." There he remained until stricken down with fever, and, after a brief illness, at the age of 40, passed homewards to his great reward, Feb. 8, 1890, after 14 years' noble and devoted service.

His name will live, for his work will follow him. His influence, as saint and hero among that first pioneer band, will endure as an inspiration to many, for he lives among the white-robed throng in the eternal home and city of God.

MEN OF ENGLAND!

Words by DAVID LAWTON.

Music by T. PALMER.

(Before each verse.)

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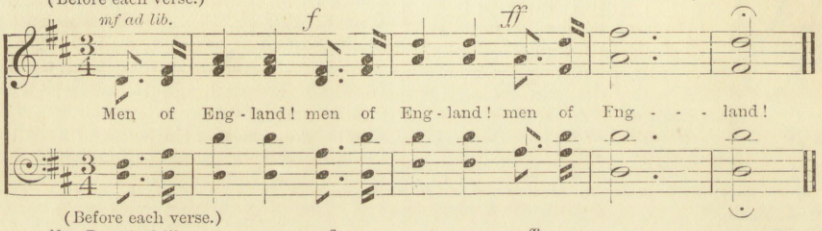
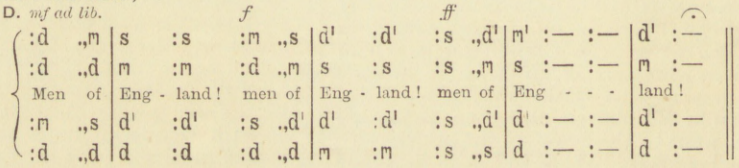


(Before each verse.)

Key D. *mf ad lib.* *f* *ff*



With vigour.

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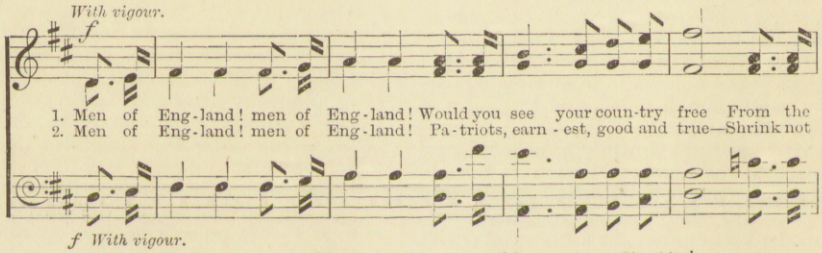

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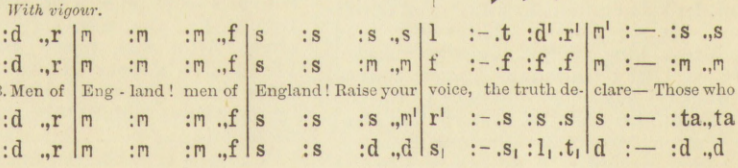

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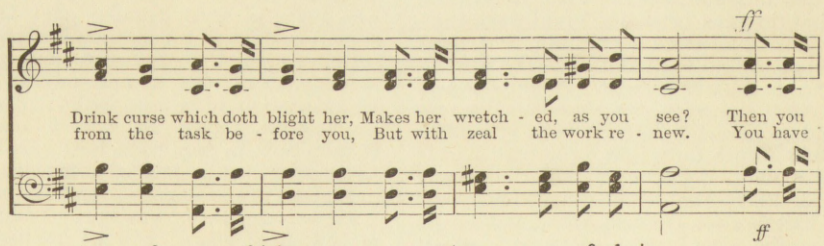

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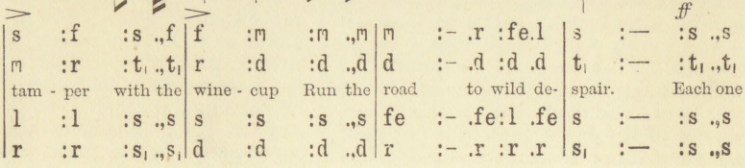
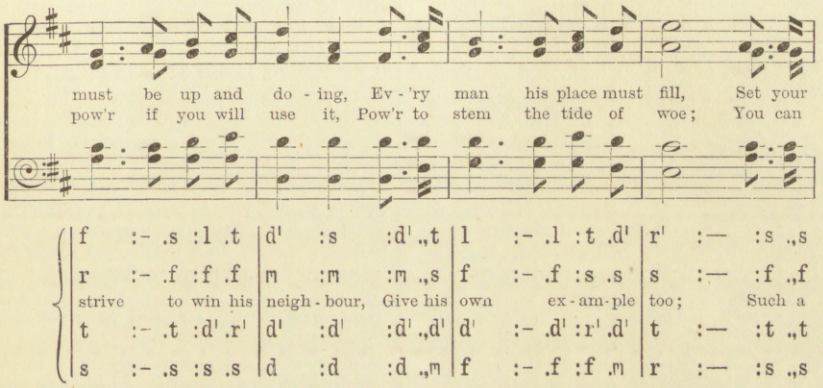


MEN OF ENGLAND!



THE GIRLS' CORNER.

DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX.

BY SOPHIE HADDOW.



"DOES it seem to you that the age of heroism is gone by, that the time for saints is in the days of old? In all the calendar of saints, among all the revered women of all the world, so far as my knowledge extends, I do not know of one who, in a private station, and as the result of her own initiative, the result of her own tireless devotion, accomplished anything like such a work in the alleviation of human suffering—'the delivering of the world from wrong' is what a minister recently said in a sermon about Dorothea Lynde Dix. She was a most remarkable woman, and the results of her work are simply marvellous. Her energy was the more surprising, as she was always in delicate health. She was born in Hampden, Maine, U.S.A., on the 4th of April, 1802. Her childhood was very gloomy and apparently neglected. On this point she was always extremely reticent, but the fact that she, of her own accord, left her home at the age of twelve to live with her grandmother, at Boston, speaks for itself. Madam Dix was a very puritan, and much of the best of that tone of thought was instilled into her granddaughter's mind. Dorothea, at the age of 14, kept a school, and in order to look older and command the respect of her pupils, she dressed in long gowns made in a style more suited to one double her age, than to the mere child she was. Ill-health caused her to give up this school, and she entered the home of the famous Dr. W. E. Channing, of Boston, as teacher to his children, and with them went eventually to the tropical island of St. Croix, where she regained some of her strength. At the age of 28 or thereabouts, she was again in Boston at her grandmother's house, where she founded a day and boarding school, which was a great success, both from an educational and a financial point of view. She was not satisfied with this, and started, in addition, a free school in a room over the stable, for poor and neglected children. But the strain was too much for her delicate frame, and she broke down completely. Being ordered a sea voyage, she came to England, and arrived in Liverpool so ill as to be unable to proceed further. Dr. Channing had given her a letter, introducing her to Mr. William Rathbone, of Liverpool, and this gentleman insisted on her removal to his house, where for months she was a helpless invalid, tended by Mrs. Rathbone and her family. She recovered to a certain extent, and, though always very delicate, her strong will compelled her to do things many would not undertake in robust health. In 1841, when she was again in America, a student of the Divinity School, in Cambridge, asked Miss Dix's advice about giving Sunday school instruction at the House of Correction, at East Cambridge. Her heart was touched and she promised to help the student and his friends herself, and in this casual way began what proved to be her life work. Now-a-days, when we take the greatest care of the insane, and they are treated with as much kindness as they would be if they were suffering from some physical instead of mental disease, it is almost incredible that only 50 years ago they were subjected to great harshness, and, in very many cases, to horrible cruelty. Miss Dix found that the asylum at East Cambridge had in it persons so afflicted, and, when once her interest was aroused, she travelled throughout Massachusetts, and visited every lunatic asylum in the country, and found things generally in a disgraceful condition. In some instances, where the lunatic was considered, and not always with justice, to be violent, he would be placed in a small stone cage, with no light, no ventilation, and no fire, with an iron collar round his neck, from which an iron chain would be attached and fastened to the floor; his food would be pushed to him through a hole in his cage, and here he lived, sometimes for years. Those who were not violent were confided to the care of one who would keep them for the least money for a year, and he could practically do as he liked with the poor wretch committed to his mercies. When she had visited all these places, she drew up a memorial, and appealed to the Legislature for help. In spite of great opposition, she persevered and gained her end. The lunatic asylums of Massachusetts were reformed. This was the first step, and she travelled from Maine to Texas, and from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, until she had revolutionized the treatment of the insane poor throughout the land. She then came to England for rest, but, finding things no better here, she obtained the appointment of a royal commission and worked a reform in the British Isles. On one occasion an important opponent of reform was being sent from Edinburgh as a deputation to the Home Secretary, but, whilst he was preparing, Miss Dix, with no more luggage than her handbag, went by the first train that was available, and reached the Home Office some hours earlier than the Scotchman, who was mortified to find that she had converted Sir George Grey to her way of thinking. In the railway race the woman won. Miss Dix visited France, Italy, Greece, Austria, and Russia, winning her way everywhere. At the outbreak of the American war, in 1861, she offered her services as nurse, and was given, by the War Department, the charge of all the women nurses in the national hospitals in and

around the capital. In recognition of this work she would accept, at the close of war, nothing but a pair of U.S. flags, which, at her death, she bequeathed to Harvard College. For many years after the war, Miss Dix continued her work for the insane, and many other philanthropic movements claimed her attention, till, at eighty years of age, she retired to the asylum at Trenton, the first one she had established and endowed by State aid. For five years she lingered, the guest of the asylum, and then the end came in 1887."

It is not every girl who has the gifts of Dorothea Dix, or who is called to do her work; but every girl, however humble her attainments, and however small her sphere of life, may, within its narrow circle, show the same spirit of energy, thoughtfulness, kindness, and obedience to the call of duty.

HOW ROLLO FELL IN THE STREAM AND OUT WITH HIS MOTHER.

BY UNCLE BEN.



THERE was a stream that flowed through a little country village, and then ran into the Lodden, and so into the Thames. Now, to two inhabitants of this same village, the stream had a strange fascination. The said inhabitants were Rollo and Janet. Often had they desired to see where the stream came from and how it managed to run into the sea.

The stream had many attractions: boys fished in it, paddled in it, even bathed in it in one or two places after heavy rains. Girls came to its bank to pick long grass and reeds and rushes, forget-me-nots, and other flowers; but perhaps at blackberry time it offered most tempting inducements of delight.

It was not big enough for boats, or even for a canoe; nothing larger than toy vessels had floated on its current near the village. It was very shallow during the summer unless there was much rain, but even in the winter it hardly ever over-flowed its banks. In every way it was small, quiet, and insignificant, an infant river, and almost as useless as a baby, and always on the move. The cattle in the meadows drank of it; the children played by it; and lovers strolled on its banks.

The stream, some distance beyond the village, was widened out and turned into a water-cress bed. After that, it became a more respectable rivulet, and gained sufficient power to turn a mill; but, between the water-cress bed and the village, the stream was only famous for the splendid blackberries that grew near it in autumn time, and for a few tall rushes that flourished in one part.

It was at this season that Rollo and Janet begged of their mother to be allowed to go on an expedition for gathering blackberries. So, one fine Saturday afternoon, the brother and sister obtained a reluctant permission from their mother, and with many words of warning the two children started down the stream. Rollo carried the basket, which they intended to fill with the delicious fruit.

The weather was beautiful; the autumn tints were lovely; steel lights flashed upon the stream from the broken grey sky. They talked of the multitude of blackberries they would pick; of the few they would eat; and of the pies and jam that would be the result of their labour. They were a little disappointed to find that either some one had gone before them, or else the berries did not grow as thickly as they expected. The best always seemed to be high up, or in such difficult places that they were obliged only to look and long. At length they came to a more lonely place, where they found clusters rich and ripe, large and luscious. They shouted for joy at the discovery, and then for some time picked away most industriously. The easy ones were soon gathered. Rollo left the lowest branches for Janet to clear, and plunged into the brambles to get the harder ones.

Presently he cried out—"Oh! there are a lot of beauties by the stream the other side the fence."

"Mind!" said Janet. "Do be careful and do not fall into the water."

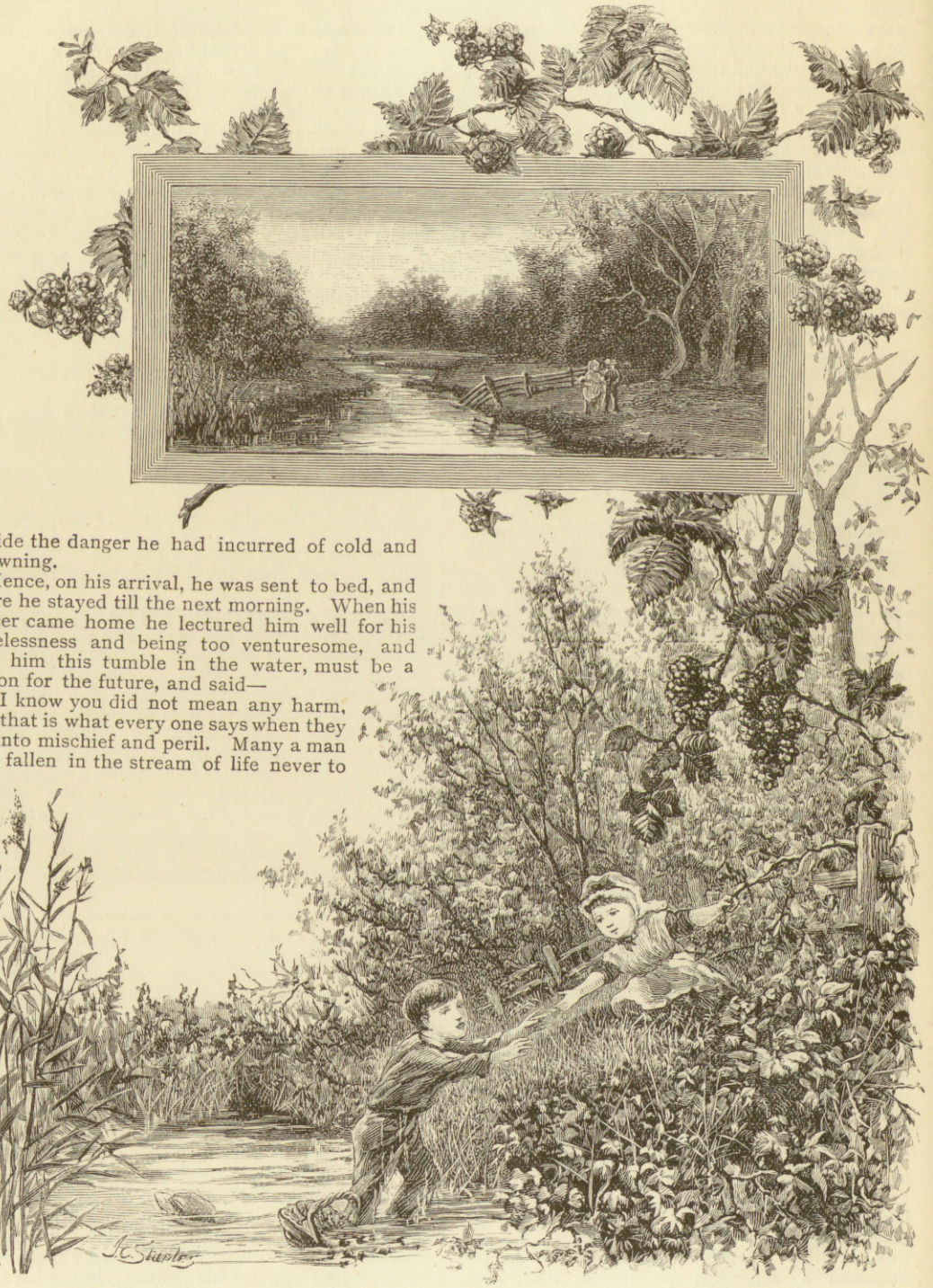
"I'll be all right; don't you fear," replied Rollo.

They had come upon the place of plenty; but still it seemed that the best hung in the most awkward spots.

As their success increased Rollo got more daring. Just over the stream, and all along the bank, trailed the ladened branches. He could not resist the temptation. The bank of the stream was so treacherous, Rollo could scarcely see where it ended. All of a sudden—how, he hardly knew: whether his foot slipped, or he over-reached himself, he could not tell—in he went, right into the stream! Such a sousing he got! Off went his hat; down went the basket. The water was so cold, it made him catch his breath. Poor Janet was very frightened: she did not cry, but, taking firm hold of a branch of alder, she stretched out her hand to help Rollo to the shore.

But what were they to do about the basket and the hat? Rollo resolved he would rescue these from a watery grave. The stream was not deep, though the bottom was muddy. While collecting himself after his immersion, his hat floated some little distance; so, after first securing the basket, and what remained of the blackberries, which were soaked by the stream, Rollo went after his hat, which made off for deeper water. After staggering about and wading into a big hole, that almost threw him down into the stream at full length, in answer to the pleadings of Janet, he gave up the attempt to get his then all dripping hat, and they made for home as fast as their legs could take them.

Rollo knew that his falling into the stream would be the occasion of his falling out with his mother; and so it was. She was very displeased at his folly: spoiling his clothes; losing his hat;



beside the danger he had incurred of cold and drowning.

Hence, on his arrival, he was sent to bed, and there he stayed till the next morning. When his father came home he lectured him well for his carelessness and being too venturesome, and told him this tumble in the water, must be a lesson for the future, and said—

"I know you did not mean any harm, but that is what every one says when they get into mischief and peril. Many a man has fallen in the stream of life never to

rise again, who didn't mean any harm—but that is not enough. We must keep out of harm's way by resisting temptation that leads us into treacherous and dangerous places. There is a young man I know to-day, if he had only kept to the Band of Hope, he would be safe and sound. He didn't mean any harm, only thought he could find a foothold somewhere between temperance and intemperance; but he could not, and is now drifting down the current of ruin and despair."

"VILLA CARDIFF."

By J. G. Tolton.



THE borough of Cardiff is undoubtedly the metropolis of Wales. It is of very ancient origin; so ancient, that one is afraid to attempt to tell the history of it. The crest of the boro' not only bespeaks age, but respectability. Not that all old things are consequently respectable, but the two often go together. The crest also indicates many honourable connections, for the same device may be seen on the most ancient stained glass windows in the Chapter House of York Minster; in the Cathedrals of Lichfield, Worcester, and Gloucester; in the town of Liege, in Belgium; in Temple Church, London; on the tomb of Strongbow, in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. It was discovered in Neath Abbey; in the ancient Abbey at Tewkesbury, recently restored; and last, but not least, it may be seen on Magna Charta as the seal of one of the signators of that great historical document.

The device originated from the celebrated Norman family—the De Clares. Whether they brought it with them from Normandy, or whether the De Clares adopted it, after settling in Wales, from the Welsh chieftains, cannot now be positively decided. Our readers might not be interested in chasing this device from Burgundy to Wales, and in learning how Richard de Clare married Amice, a descendant of a Prince of South Wales. It pleases us the most to find the crest as a seal upon the Magna Charta, for that document is the Great Charter which proved to be the foundation of our British liberty. We are glad to know Wales had something to do with it, and so made the Charta British.

It is said English history is very imperfectly taught in public elementary schools, so we make no apology for reproducing what is perhaps the most important page of all our school-books.

John was king, and a number of men from France, who had been allied with the English King in former days, sought an asylum in England. Adroit and insinuating, they were received with favour at the Court, and speedily supplanted the old aristocracy in the royal graces. The King distributed among these favourites all the offices and favours at his disposal. The new courtiers, by their exactions and overbearing conduct, soon rendered themselves as odious to the English citizens as they were to the nobles of Norman origin, and thus the two races that inhabited England were brought together by a common feeling. At this juncture, a leader arose in the person of Stephen Langton. At a great Council, held in St. Paul's, in 1213, the Cardinal Archbishop laid before the assembled prelates and barons an old charter, granted by Henry I., which had been swept utterly out of memory by the storms of a changeful century. On this revived fragment the Great Charter was to rise.

When, in the first week of January, 1215, a stern band of patriots entered the King's presence and laid their well-considered demands before him, John's pale lips could hardly ask for time to consider the petition. The continued pressure brought to bear by the resolute Englishmen was at last successful. On a narrow strip of green meadowland by the River Thames, called Runnymede, there was witnessed, in that 13th century, as great a sight as England ever saw. Pouring, with the rising sun, from the gates of Staines, a long cavalcade of barons, headed by Fitzwalter, their general, wound across the field and halted in the meadow beside the river Thames.

And there, with some show of objection, John took pen in hand, and affixed his royal signature to Magna Charta—the Great Charter of English freedom. This document ensured the rights of the clergy and the barons; but its most striking feature lies in its provisions for the mass of the people. This Charter is the most precious heritage of every Englishman, and it is his duty and privilege to see to it that it shall ever stand inviolate.

"Thirty-two times," says Sir Edward Coke, "have the Great Charter and the Charter of the Forests been confirmed by Acts of Parliament."

And temperance men and women, in the spirit of that same Charter, believe that no legislation should continue which is not for the good of the masses of the people. Surely, no one contends that it can be for the ultimate good of the nation that the Government should permit hundreds of thousands of houses whose business is to poison the people with alcohol. This permission granted simply because the brewers and landlords pay something for the privilege. We want this subject to be thought about by members of Bands of Hope and of every Temperance organization. The history books tell us that among the party which stood by and resolved that the King should give redemption to the English people was the Master of the English Templars. Those Ancient Knight Templars are represented to-day by Templars all over the world, whose watchward is, "Total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks for the people, and total prohibition of the manufacture and sale, for the State."

I PUT outside my window a large box, filled it with soil, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up?—A policeman, who ordered me to remove it.

A Pleasant Hour at Experimental Science.

BY ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



"I DON'T believe a word you say, you are always making some extraordinay scientific statements; I wish you would have a little more cricket and rowing, instead of so much science."

"Your wish can be easily gratified. I believe I am quite your equal in both the cricket field and on the river; you know I like to cultivate both muscle and brain. Whether you believe it or not, the fact remains the same, and cannot be altered."

"Do you really mean to say that the air presses upon every square inch to the weight ot nearly fifteen pounds?"

"Certainly I do; and if you can give yourself a little leisure for a few simple experiments, I think I can soon prove to you that the air has considerable weight."

This was the conversation carried on by two brothers, Alfred and John Meadows by name; Alfred was only a couple of years older than his brother, but there was a vast difference in their mental powers.

Alfred had a happy method of making even his outdoor pleasures teach him important scientific lessons, while John, or Jack, as he was usually called, would not give a thought to anything but bats, balls, bicycles, or rowing boats.

"Look here, Jack, you can't go out on your bicycle this evening, the roads are too heavy; won't you spend an hour with me in my study, and I will try to show what a deal of pleasure is to be obtained out of simple science."

"All right, old boy, but don't give us too many crack-jaw names."

"Well, I need not tell you that there is air all around us. You have seen the soles floundering about in the sand in the Aquarium at the Crystal Palace; you can understand that there is a great weight of water above them. In just some such way we are walking at the bottom of a sea of air, and, consequently, the weight of air is pressing us down."

"Do you know how many miles the air extends?" asked Jack.

"Yes; the air is supposed to extend some hundred miles in the form we have it; it may extend, however, another hundred miles in a rarer condition."

"And you mean to say that a great weight of air like that, is pressing upon us?"

"Yes. Now look here; I will show you a simple experiment." Then Alfred, taking a penny, not much worn, out of his pocket, rubbed it quickly on his coat sleeve, and then, placing it on the smooth surface of the woodwork of the book-case, he left it there, and it remained without any support. I suppose, Jack, you couldn't tell me what makes the penny stick on the woodwork in that extraordinary way?"

"Yes, of course, I can; you put some cobbler's wax on the other side of the penny, you sly old dog."

"No such thing," then, taking the penny down, Alfred proved his words. "No, Jack; it was the weight of the air that kept the penny in its place. When I rubbed the penny on my sleeve it became warm. Placing it in this state on the flat surface of the woodwork of the book-case, the air behind it, becoming warm from the warmth of the penny, expanded, a partial vacuum was created, and the pressing on the other side of the penny kept it from falling."

"Well, Alfred, that is wonderful, and very interesting; but, after all, not much pressure is required to make a penny stick up in that way."

"Well then, Jack, I will try another experiment. Here is a tumbler, I will fill it with water. You must admit that water has considerable weight. Here is a sheet of notepaper; I press it round the rim of the top of the tumbler. I hold the tumbler in my right hand, then, placing my left hand on the top of the tumbler, I turn the tumbler upside down. I draw my left hand away, but the water does not come out. You cannot suppose that the sheet of paper has enough power in itself to keep the water in, there must be some other power at work to bring this about."

"You are right, Alfred; a thin sheet of paper cannot keep the water from coming out of the tumbler."

"The fact is, Jack, the weight of the air outside the tumbler is greater than the weight of the water inside, and that is the reason why the water does not come out."

"Thank you, Alfred, I am much obliged."

"Let me claim your attention again; here is a soup plate, I place some water in it, and on the water float a little saucer. Here is a piece of candle, I place it on the saucer and light it. See, I hold this tumbler over the candle a minute, and then place it in the plate. You see that the water rises up in the tumbler. The air in the tumbler expanded by heating; when cool, it contracted. The weight of the air on the water in the plate pushes the water into the space formerly occupied by the air."

"That is very good, but I must go now, Alfred."

"Don't be in a hurry, Jack. Go and ask Mary to boil an egg hard, then bring me a decanter, and I will show you another experiment."

The hard-boiled egg and the decanter were soon ready. The egg, stripped of it shell, was placed on the mouth of the decanter, after Alfred had buried some pieces of paper in it. Jack was astonished to find that, by some unseen power, the egg was forced inside the decanter.

"The same action is at work here, the air is partly exhausted in the bottle. This gives an opportunity to the air outside to force the egg in."

"Now, look here, Alfred," remarked Jack, "I see the air forcing the egg into the decanter. How is it that the air does not force us down? I should imagine that this great weight of air pressing upon us would prevent us moving about."

"That is a very sensible question, Jack, and it shows you have understood what I have been saying. You must remember that the air presses every way, downwards, upwards, and sideways. Now there is air inside our bodies, just as there is air outside, and the air inside helps us to overcome the pressure of the air outside."

"Thank you, Alfred, but I can't stop another minute, the hour is up, and I must feed my rabbits before supper time."

"Well, I think you will see that science is not so dry and uninteresting as you have before imagined."

"You are quite right, and on some other miserable evening, I shall be glad to have a little more."

Before Alfred could say another word, Jack was gone; and I must tell you that, when the boys were seated round the supper table, Jack could not help trying experiments with the water and the tumblers. Alfred almost choked himself with laughing when a tumbler of water fell, swamping a clean tablecloth, and bringing a frown of displeasure on the face of their rather particular mother.

Prohibition in Maine.

AT the Health Congress recently held in London, one or two speakers declared that the Maine Law was a failure. This drew from Professor F. C. Robinson, a member of the State Board of Health and State Assayer of Maine, a very valuable testimony as to what the "failure" we so often hear of amounts to. Professor Robinson, said that he wished to correct some mistakes he had listened to in the papers and discussions in reference to the "Maine Law." In the first place, it had been stated that liquor could be sold, imported from foreign countries in original packages; such is not the fact. The recent law of Congress covers that point perfectly. Again, he had heard it said that the law was a failure, that it was not executed or supported by public sentiment. Such statements were common from those who do not live in Maine, but let any one who thinks so go there and attempt to sell liquor, and he will change his views very soon. According to his observation, and he had special opportunites for knowing, the facts are, that in the smaller towns and villages no liquor is sold; the public sentiment is such that a man might as well engage in highway robbery as in liquor selling; children grow up there without seeing a saloon. He would not say that no one drank in such places, for a man can get liquor for personal use by sending to a neighbouring State, but such a man, even though otherwise popular and perhaps rich, is looked upon as exerting an evil influence, and cannot expect to hold high office in the town. There are, of course, exceptions, but such is the rule. In the cities the conditions are different. Large foreign elements—French and Irish—have no sympathy with the law, and seek every means of evading it, and, unfortunately, some native citizens assist them. "Bottle selling," and back-alley shops, where vile concoctions can be had warranted to "knock down at sight" almost, are by no means unknown, and their number depends upon the efficiency of the officers. At the present time these are at a minimum, owing to the effect of the new law making imprisonment the penalty for the first offence. In the cities of Portland and Lewiston, the two largest in the State, the law never was so well enforced as now, and the difficulties of purchasing a drink of any intoxicating liquor are very great. In fact there is increased activity all over the State, and a determination that the traffic, even small as it is, shall be completely suppressed. He said he was not a member of the "Temperance party" so called, nor a "temperance worker;" had indeed never spoken at a temperance meeting but once in his life, and then only to answer professionally questions as to adulterations, but he could not hold his peace when reference was made to his own State, for he believed that the Maine Law was a just and an honest attempt to meet the great problem of intemperance, and had achieved a success far beyond the general belief of students of Hygiene.

IS IT RIGHT?

IS it right to build churches to save men, and license shops that destroy them?

Is it right to license a man to sell that which will make a man drunk, and then punish the man for being drunk?

Is it right to license a man to make paupers and then tax sober men to take care of them?

Is it right to teach your boy not to drink, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to drink?

Is it right to teach your boy to be honest, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to gamble?

Is it right to teach a boy to restrain his passions, and then vote to license a place where his worst passions will be inflamed?

Is it right to care for your boy, and vote to license a place which will ruin your neighbour's boy?

Is it right to preach justice and charity, and then vote to license a thing which robs the widow and orphans of their bread?

Is it right to go to the polls and vote without having studied this question seriously and carefully?

Pebbles and Pearls.

AFRAID TO VENTURE.—Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady, at dessert, if he would venture upon an orange. "Madam, I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

LOCAL SYMPATHY.—A melting Good Friday sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man, who being asked why he did not weep as well as the rest?—"Oh!" replied he, "I belong to another parish."

"SMOKING"—AN EXPLANATION.—"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a young lady to her lover. "Why not smoke, as well as your chimney?" "Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order."

A GALLANT SCHOOLBOY'S CLEVER TOAST.—The Girls! May they add charity to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply genial affections, divide time by industry and recreation, reduce scandal to its lowest denominator, and raise virtue to its highest power.

IT is recorded of a young fop who visited one of the Rothschilds, that he was so proud of his malachite sleeve-buttons, that he insisted upon exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them, and said, "Yes, it is a pretty stone; I have always liked it. I have a mantelpiece made of it in the next room!"

AN APPRENTICE AND EARLY RISING.—An industrious tradesman having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you, but I never eat anything during the night."

WAR.

"Ez for war, I call it murder—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

"'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it—
God'll send the bill to you.

"Wut's the use o' meetin'-going
Ev'ry Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go a-mowin'
Feller-like like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trainin' round in bob-tail coats—
But it's curus Christian dooty
This ere cutting folk's throats."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

A GOOD RESOLVE.—To give away more than I spend on myself.

ARCHBISHOP EGBERT said: "Let him that collecteth immoderate wealth for his want of wisdom give a third to the poor.

"My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof." "But I don't live on the roof," was the prompt reply.

THE Lord Mayor of London has added the weight of his testimony to the connection between drink and crime. He declares that 90 per cent. of the cases that are heard at the Mansion House are due to drink.

(1) BOY: "We are going to the Forest for our Sunday school treat!"
(2) BOY: "Ah, you go to chapel. We are going to the seaside."
(3) BOY: "Ah, you go to church. I am undenominational, I go to both."

A BROAD-CHURCH chaplain of a workhouse found among the patients of the infirmary a poor woman who was a Nonconformist. As she was hopelessly ill he felt sorry she should not have the consolation of her own spiritual adviser. When he told her that if she would like to see her own minister he would be happy to send for him, the woman said: "Well, sir, I be like God, and I no respecter of persons, you'll do as well as he."

Notice of Books.

DAISY BALLADS AND RECITATIONS, by William Hoyle. Published in London and Manchester. Price 1s. 6d. One of the "ONWARD" Series.

All friends of temperance, and especially those of our Bands of Hope, will be glad to welcome this volume of verses, which contains a well-chosen collection of the poems of the poet of the Band of Hope movement.

Mr. William Hoyle has sung over the cradle of this Christian and philanthropic work. His melodies and songs have been the marching music to the Children's Temperance Army, to these strains the host has been drilled and trained, gone forth to a glorious war, and, by these inspiriting notes the first victories have been won.

The book contains a good likeness of the Author, who for many years was editor of "The Onward," in the volumes of which appeared a number of the pieces, several illustrations, and a pleasing variety of poems that are very well arranged.

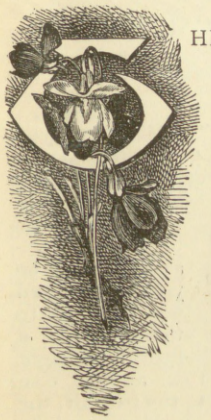
It is impossible to go through all these poems in a brief review, and it is almost invidious to praise any specially, but in them all there runs the beautiful spirit of love to nature, man, and God, which is the highest inspiration for the best prose and poetry.

The tones of the poems go from sad to gay, humour and pathos find an echo in the heart, but in almost every page the key note is—trust in God and hope for man. These Daisy Ballads ring out the blessedness of homely ways and simple life, they are the songs not only of a Temperance advocate, one who "loves the cause of temperance" with a loyal heart and true, but one who loves his country, and, loving God, loves also his fellow man.

We wish the poems and the author every success, and hope that these flowers of song may long abide and have a perennial influence for peace and praise.

Gunpowder Plot.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



THE fifth of November is a day very dear to all school boys, and there are not a few girls who look forward with equal pleasure to the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot; for pretend as they may that they dread the popping of crackers and the explosion of gunpowder, it is quite certain they are just as pleased to see the fireworks go off as their brothers.

In days now happily passed away Guy Fawkes day was a time for bitter feeling, for angry words, and often hard blows; some, indeed, who professed the sacred name of a Christian, thought it right to insult others who held different religious opinions to their own, thus they imitated, in spirit if not in action, the bad deeds of those whose conspiracy was to have borne fruit on the fifth of November. In these days we associate with our guys, torch-light processions, bonfires and fireworks, very little of the incidents which gave rise to these displays; we have laid down our enmity, for we are convinced that Roman Catholics as well as Protestants are alike loyal subjects and wish long life and happiness to our beloved queen.

What these incidents were no doubt most of my readers know, let us therefore only glance briefly at the facts.

James I. and his Parliament did not please the Roman Catholics; they had expected many favours of the King because they had helped him to the throne, instead of which they found that the severe laws of Queen Elizabeth were again put into force. Some of the leading Catholics thought that the King and his Parliament ought to be punished, and that the best way to bring this about was to explode a quantity of gunpowder in the cellar or vault under the House of Lords, on the 5th of November, 1605, for on that very day the King, the Lords, and the Commons would all be assembled, and thus at one blow their enemies would be destroyed.

Robert Catesby, it is said, suggested this plan, others joined the conspiracy, and at last it was decided to hire a vault under the House of Lords; Fawkes took the name of Johnson, hired the vault and pretended to be Thomas Percy's servant. Gunpowder was stored in the vault, and was carefully covered with wood, then Fawkes waited for the hour when the mine should be fired. Ten days before the day appointed for meeting of Parliament, Lord Monteagle, who was a Catholic, and a friend of some of the conspirators, received an anonymous letter, which warned him not to attend the opening of Parliament, for, said the letter, "Though there may be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them."

This letter was shown to the King, and the result was the vaults were searched, Guy Fawkes was taken, the gunpowder discovered, and the terrible crime prevented.

Now, as Band of Hope members, can we get any ideas suggested to us by this short reference to history, which may stimulate us in our good work against the evils of intoxicating drinks? I think we can.

If we search the vaults of the public-houses we shall find something that has done a great deal more mischief to the human race than all the gunpowder which has ever been made.

We shall find a number of barrels; they contain a great variety of liquids, having many names, but they are all alike in one respect: they contain a poison, called Alcohol. It is against this that we raise our voices, for we believe what the Duke of Albany once said, "The drink is the only enemy which England has to fear."

We have no hard words to say against those who make, sell, or drink alcohol. We believe that when people are properly educated in its true nature their own common sense will tell them to give up the use of it. Our duty is plainly to make every one clearly understand the true character of the drink, and constantly warn and encourage people not to take it.

The one aim of the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot was death; they were no respectors of persons. King, princes, lords, and the humblest commoner were alike to be hurried into eternity.

This is one of the complaints we make against alcohol; of course, brewers and publicans do not plan the death of their customers; some of them, indeed, are very anxious for people to drink moderately; but we are told by learned doctors who have made alcohol a particular study, that even taken in small quantities it does tend to shorten life. We are quite certain that thousands of people come to an early death through alcohol every year. We want all young people especially to bear this in mind, because if they never begin the habit, they will never feel any desire to do so. But the nature of alcohol is that while it does not in many cases kill a man entirely it kills part of a man, and that is often almost as bad.

Suppose alcohol causes impure blood; suppose it makes the drinker's liver unable to do its work; suppose it injures the heart or sends the drinker into a mad asylum.

In so far as the man receives injury, in such a degree is the man murdered. Now, you remember what Paul said to the Philippian jailor, "Do thyself no harm." We repeat these words with regard to alcohol. The safest way, then, is to have no dealings with alcohol at all.

There is another lesson we may learn. Like all conspirators, Guy Fawkes was obliged to act the hypocrite. No doubt, he told many a lie when questioned as to the use of the vault he had hired; he pretended to be what he was not.

This is just what alcohol does. Intoxicating drinks have many high-sounding names, we are

November, 1891. *All rights reserved.*

Invited to drink *nourishing stout* and *invalids' port*; even intelligent people, who are wise on most matters, are often deceived by these names, and some of them when they are stimulated by the alcohol are so far deceived that they actually believe they get good.

Solomon says, "Wine is a mocker." If the wine he knew was a deceiver, how much more must the strong-branded wines of the present day deserve such a title?

Do not be deceived,

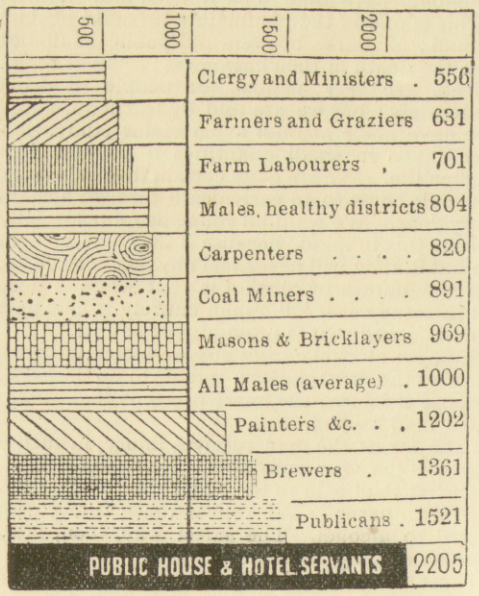
"There's a serpent in the glass,
Dash it down!"

The more we search the vaults, the more we get to understand how intoxicating drinks are made, the more we learn about the mischief they do, the more we shall find out their true character, and then, if we are intelligent Band of Hope members, the more determined we shall be to be life abstainers.

Let us laugh and shout as we burn the effigy of old Guy Fawkes on the fifth of November, and let us be just as earnest in getting rid of the still worse Guy Fawkes—King Alcohol.

Comparative Mortality Table.

Compiled from the 45th Annual Report of the Registrar-General for England.



The Registrar-General says—"The death-rate undoubtedly depends more upon the extent to which people are brought into contact with drink than upon anything else whatever.....The mortality of men who are directly concerned in the Liquor Trade is appalling."

Little Susie's Plea; or a Change for the Best.



"COME here, you urchin," was a call made to a little boy by a man who was, to judge by his appearance, about 60 years of age, and who appeared to think he had a little more right than anyone else to the free air, the sunshine, and to all the other enjoyments of this life, of which he had no small number. He had the great blessing of good health and strength. He resided in a nice large house, commanding a splendid view over many miles of a very fertile country, with a beautiful garden and lawn in front of it, and splendid surroundings, in a nice little village about 20 miles off the city of London. He had servants to wait on him and his family; he had a pair of good horses and a fine carriage, and plenty of money—this he got by being a very successful business man—his business was that of a corn merchant, which he had followed about 40 years. And now he thought he would enjoy himself for the remainder of his life, so he came to this beautiful little spot in the country. And still anyone could read on the lines of his face, by his downcast look, and by his irritable manner, that he had not attained to that degree of happiness which he dreamt he should have, when he had what he now possessed. His disappointment in this way led him to indulge a little more freely in the use of the wine cup, and in the company of those who, like him, were fond of the "glass." It was just as he stepped outside his gate to start on his way to the public-house, to meet some of his friends and have an "evening's enjoyment," as he called it, that he saw the little boy that we introduced in the beginning of this story, who was making away as fast as he could when he heard footsteps, for he had thrown a stone over the wall into his garden. He threw it at a little bird that was perched on the top of a shrub which was growing close to the garden, and it was then with a very gruff and stern voice that Mr. Franklin shouted out the first tour words of our little story, "Come here, you urchin," which so much frightened the little boy and his sister (whom he had now overtaken), that they stopped until he, Mr. Franklin, came up to them. Then the little boy, full of trembling, and with a blushing countenance, looked up at the stern figure which now stood before them, and who frowned down on the poor little fellow, and asked him very pitifully to

please to forgive him, but he, with a very gruff voice, demanded of him what business he had to throw that stone over there?

The poor little fellow, trembling still more, said, "Please sir, I on'ny shied en at a sparra, I didn't mean for en to go in there, sir." "Well," he said harshly, "you had no business to throw it in there, you hadn't, you little rascal," and now raising his walking cane to lay it across his shoulders, he said, "I'll give you a cut or two, to make you remember it, I will," when little Sissie Jones, the little boy's sister, stepped in front of her brother and said, "Please sir, do forgive him this time, and I'm sure he'll not do it again, oh, do forgive him sir, please." This plea was uttered with such earnestness, and in such a pitiful manner, that Mr. Franklin, though such a stern man and so angry with little Harry, was obliged to curb his temper (he had already lowered his cane), and he said, with a tone somewhat milder, "look here my little man, now if you won't do it any more, I'll forgive you for your sister's sake." Little Harry, almost afraid to look up at him, said, "I'll never do it again, sir.' Little Susie, now so full of joy to think that she had prevailed on Mr. Franklin to forgive her brother, thanked him over and over again, and said, just as he was passing away, to her brother in a rather low tone, "We'll pray that God will bless Mr. Franklin, won't we Harry?" This Mr. Franklin heard—for he was quick of hearing—and it sent a hundred thoughts through his mind in a moment of time. He then, half unconscious of it, turned round and asked little Susie where she had learnt to pray, and, with a sweet, clear voice, she answered, "At the Sunday-school sir, and our teacher told us that we could pray for other people as well as for ourselves, and God would hear and answer us if we asked believingly." "And do you think He will take any notice of a little girl like you?" "Yes," she said, smilingly, "I do, for Jesus loved little children when He was upon earth, and took them up in His arms, and blessed them; and our teacher told us last Sunday that Jesus was just as loving, and willing to bless now as He was then, and that if we would come to Him and ask Him, He would bless us just as freely as He did little children when He was upon earth." This had a wonderful effect on the man's mind, for it sent him back, in thought, to the time when he was a boy and scholar in the Sunday school. He could now stay no longer; he appeared to be quite overcome, so he wished the children "Good day," telling Harry to "mind and be a good boy."

Could he now go to meet his companions as he had promised? Could he now go and drown his senses with drink? Could he go on the same old course that he had been pursuing?

These and many more questions he asked himself as he was going slowly on his way towards the appointed meeting-place. No, he could not; he again thought of the Sunday school; the teacher that he used to listen to taught him the same things that this little girl had been telling him about; then, on thinking upon the little girl's words, "let us pray for Mr. Franklin, and ask God to bless him," he thought of his mother's prayers, and oh! what a power there is in a mother's prayers, none can tell. It was very likely, nay, we think we may say it *was* an answer to his mother's prayers that was leading him to God—for thus he was being led; yes, and not only his mother's prayers, but also his loving wife's unceasing prayers. He had been taught to pray in his early days, but, oh! he "hadn't time" when he was in business. Ah, how many there are, alas! who "haven't time," no, not until it is too late. Happily it was not too late for Mr. Franklin. Can we not trace God's hand here in dealing with this man in this way? For was it not His spirit that was causing these thoughts to pass through his mind? Was it not God's spirit striving with his spirit, to bring it back from its lost condition, into fellowship with the Almighty? Certainly it was. By this time Mr. Franklin was walking very, very slowly, and now he could not go any farther, he turned round, and retraced his steps. Then he thought to himself what would his friends think of him, and say of him? They would laugh at, and make fun of him. But then he remembered what Jesus had suffered for him how He was mocked, scourged, spat upon, and spoken ill of on numberless occasions, and more than all this He was crucified. And not until now could he (Mr. Franklin) see that it was for him.

He left His home on high
To come down here below;
To suffer, bleed, and die,
That we to heaven might go.

Mr. Franklin was walking on at a good pace towards his home, still reflecting on what had happened, and wishing from the depths of his soul that he had peace with God.

As he entered his home, his wife met him in the hall. She was very much surprised, seeing that her husband had returned so soon, and that he looked so sad. She enquired of him what was the matter. He related the whole story to her, which filled her eyes with tears—not tears of sorrow, for she had already learnt to love the Saviour. So she sympathised with her husband, and directed him, to the best of her ability, to the same Saviour that had washed her sins away. She prayed with him, and read portions of the Scriptures to him.

But, oh! his past life, on looking back upon it, brought him great sorrow instead of gladness. He was ashamed to offer to God the few years, at most, of his life that he could expect to live here on earth. He sorrowed greatly to think of the sins of his life, both of omission and commission, which now appeared like a great mountain for size before his mental eyes. Then he thought of that passage of Scripture where it says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Ah, he thought, he was heavy laden if anyone was. He now said in his heart, "I will come unto Thee, thou blessed Saviour." He then and there knelt down, and prayed—yes, though he had not

prayed since he was a boy, and not then from his heart. It was a very awkward thing for him to do. He thought of the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner"; and so he earnestly used the same language, and then he asked God for Christ's sake to take away his burden of guilt. And whilst he was asking, he felt the burden pass away, and from that time he was able to rejoice in the love of the Saviour, and began to live a noble, useful life. He proved to be a valued helper in the cause of Christ; for he not only devoted himself and his time, but also his money, and all that he had, to the noble work of serving the Lord.

Susie and Harry Jones became adopted children into Mr. Franklin's family, and grew up to be useful labourers in the Master's vineyard.

G.

The Prayer of Mary, Queen of Scots.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE following prayer is given in Schlosser's "Kirche in ihren Liedern," and it will be seen that the rhyming Latin admits of almost literal translation.

O Domine Deus, speravi in te:
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me.
In dura catena,
In misera poena
Desiderio te:
Languendo,
Dolendo;
Et genu flectendo
Adoro
Imploro,
Ut liberes me.
Oh Lord, my God, I have hoped in Thee:
Oh, Saviour dear, now make me free.
In hard chains,
In misery's pains,
I have desired Thee.
In anguish
I languish;
On my bended knee
I adore
And implore
Thou wilt make me free.

AT the annual gathering of delegates from the various Christian Endeavour Societies, held in Minneapolis, last month, at which there were at least 12,000 delegates, the following resolution was adopted:—"Since the liquor traffic is the implacable enemy of righteousnes and purity of Christ and the Church—Resolved, 'That we condemn intemperance in every form; that we stand for total abstinence, for the suppression of the saloon, and the annihilation of the power of the whisky ring in the politics of this nation.'"

A QUAINT TEETOTAL PLEDGE.

(264 years old.)

THE following is a copy of a quaint teetotal pledge taken by a preacher of the gospel 264 years ago. The Rev. Clarence Chambers met with it in the report of Rushden Temperance Society, Northants, and has sent us a copy thinking that our readers would be interested in it.

"The pledge of good old Robert Bolton, B.D., and preacher of God's Word at Broughton.

"From this daye forwarde to the end of my life, I will never pledge anye healthe, nor drink a whole carouse in a glass, cup, bowle, or other drinking instrument whatsoever, whosoever it be, and from whomsoever it come, except the necessity of nature doe require it.

"Not my own most gracious kinge, nor anye the greatest monarch or tyrant on earth, not my dearest ffriende, nor all the goulde in the world, shall ever enforce or allure me, not an angell ffrom heaven (who I know will not attempt it) shall persuade mee, not Satan with his old subtleties, nor all the powers of hell itself, shall ever betraye me. By this verye sinne (for a sinne it is, and not a little one), I doe plainly ffind that I have more offended and dishonoured my great and glorious Maker and most merciful Saviour than by all other sinnes that I am subject untoe, and for this verye sinne it is that God hath often been strange unto mee, and for that cause and no other respect I have thus vowed, and I heartily beg my good ffather in Heaven, of His great goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ, to assist me in the same, and be favourable unto me for what is past. Amen.

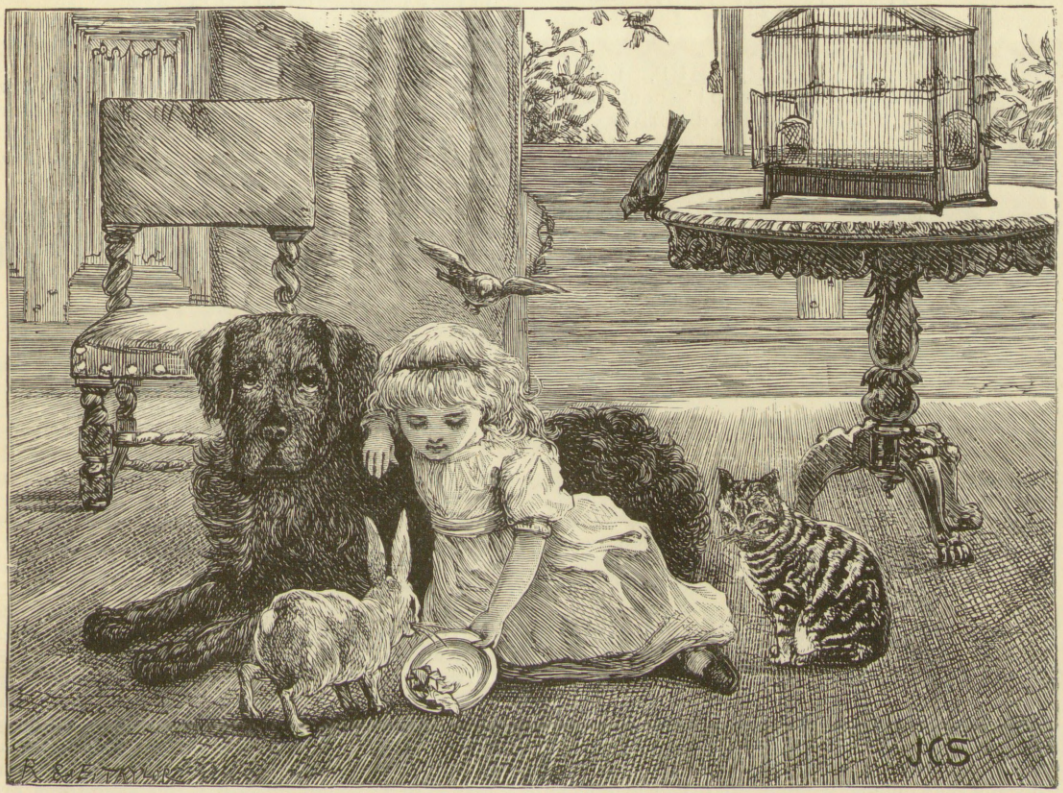
"R. BOLTON, Broughton.
Bond of Union. "*Aprl* 10, 1637."

MY PETS.

BY UNCLE BEN.

MOLLIE GORDON was an only child, and because she had no brothers and sisters, and few friends and playfellows, her father and mother allowed her many pet animals; in fact, she had quite a small menagerie, and on the whole they were a very respectable and well-domesticated family. They were the "O" family. The dog was called "Nero," the cat "Dido," the white rabbit "Albano," the two birds were "Columbo" and "Domino."

Nothing delighted little Mollie more than to have all her favourites around her and teach them to live together in harmony and peace. They were all very tame and gentle, but Albano would never be still unless he was being fed. Nero never seemed to desire to hunt the rabbit, and Dido never appeared to wish to taste Columbo or Domino. They were all well cared for, and thoroughly practised total abstinence. Almost



every day, for a little time, the "happy family" were brought together, but it was only when Mollie, or someone else was there to watch them.

One day it happened that Mollie left the room; she had not gone long when she heard a noise. Jane the servant heard it too. Both hastened to see what was the matter, when lo! as they opened the door, a scene of great confusion met them. The cat Dido, was rushing round as if afraid, and trying to get out of the way; Albano was skuttling about from corner to corner; and Nero was bounding after him in play or in earnest. The birds were terrified, Columbo was fluttering his wings on a picture frame, and poor Domino was flying against the ceiling and top window panes, as if seeking to escape from the discord and strife below. The moment the door was opened, out scampered bunny, and Nero rushed after his victim, nor did he stop until he had chased Albano and caught him, then dragged him back again, shaking him like a rat, and laid him mangled and bitten at Mollie's feet. Such was the consternation that both Jane and Mollie forgot to shut the dining-room door, so that Domino took advantage of the opportunity and flew out into the hall, and, as if to look after Nero's doings, floated by the open front door into the garden, and seemed so pleased with the change that he never returned to see how Columbo fared, or what became of Albano. It is sad to record that this was the end of "the happy family," poor Albano was so much injured by this adventure that he had to be killed; and it is not known to this day who began the unpleasantness that ended so tragically, or whether Nero's conduct was only play.

Columbo was seldom allowed outside the cage after this, and Dido did not always behave well. Sometimes she would set up her back at Nero and even swear at him, and he would never let her have his place on the hearthrug before the fire. Dido always had to give in to him because he was so big and strong. Since there was no real love in the family the peace could not last long.

Mollie's mother would not let her try another "happy family" after this one was broken up, because, she said, there was no "happy family" where there was selfishness and greed, only love brings lasting happiness. Besides, there was a tendency in the nature of the animals that made it almost impossible for peace to continue without constant control, and the best way to avoid quarrels was not to put the temptation of disagreement in their way.

This lesson we may all learn, first to keep away from temptation, then, when we are tempted, to keep a strong control over our tastes and evil tendencies, that by watchful care we may conquer ourselves. To do this successfully we need the Grace Divine.

"I'ER HUP!"



"I'ER HUP, Bill, i'er hup!" shouts a red-faced driver of a London 'bus as he tries to edge his horses up to the pavement behind a line of 'busses at the corner of Piccadilly.

"I'er hup! i'er hup!" said a bobby, with a cool nod of his head and then a wave of his hand as he stopped the carriage and horse traffic to let the foot passengers go by. Those getting down had hardly time to get clear of the 'bus before there was a fresh scramble and rush for places, and ere a lady could get off and one or two inside were prepared to squeeze down, the bobby had dropped his hand for the vehicles to resume their transit. Then came the cry "I'er hup!"

"I'er hup, Jim!"

"I'er hup, you 'bus with the flag!" and all those about to find seats on the top and inside received the usual jolt and found more use for their hands than their feet, except a stout gentleman who sat down on two who were pressing close together to make room for him on one side.

Then the next 'bus coming in line is spoken to by the policeman, "'igher up, driver!" and the driver shouts on "i'er up, you there!" "conductor, just shove your blooming white bathing machine two inches 'igher up."

"Father," said a country lad, "what do they mean by all saying 'i'er hup?'"

"They mean go higher up, so as to leave room for those who are coming behind," replied the man spoken to.

"We never stop anywhere," said the boy, "but two or three bawl out 'higher up;' I wonder who knows who's to go higher up, for our driver sings out 'higher up,' and then the one behind and one or two cart or waggon drivers bawl out the same thing."

"All are wanting to get on, and so to keep them moving on in front, in order that the street may not be blocked, those in the rear call to those before them, go higher up or further on to leave room for me."

"I see now, no one ought to hinder anybody else getting on; those who start first or go fastest must not get in the others' way and keep them back."

When the boy got home that evening after his excursion with his father to the great city from the country village where he lived, he told his mother about all his doings and the things he had seen and heard, among them he did not forget to repeat the drivers' cry, "higher up."

His mother said it would be a very good motto to take for school or play and on the high road of life; learn never to get in anyone's way, help others, don't hinder; make room for those that are coming up behind; keep a good lookout ahead, always be going higher up; never go back, always let it be upwards and onward, until we have reached the top and are safely landed "higher up," there beyond the city and the smoke, with its noise and din—in the incorruptible home.

The Waste & Injury caused by Tobacco.

By A. J. H. Crespi.

WITH regard to tobacco, it is calculated that about fourteen millions are annually spent on it and on pipes in the United Kingdom. Tobacco has only been used since 1560, and in the United Kingdom very little is still used. Its alkaloid nicotine is a virulent poison, nearly equal to prussic acid in potency, and its ill effects are speedily enough shown in many constitutions, while perhaps no one is entirely unaffected by it.

When tobacco is smoked, other alkaloids besides nicotine, such as pyridine, are given forth. These are soluble in the saliva, and are absorbed into the blood in small quantities, causing, when tobacco is first used by the smoker, much disturbance. Tobacco is, like alcoholic poisoning, of two kinds: acute and chronic. In the former, the patient sometimes dies after smoking a large number of cigars for a wager; whilst serious symptoms of constitutional disturbance are not rare. In chronic poisoning, the symptoms are palpitation of the heart, weakness of vision, sore throat, cancer of the lips, tongue, or throat, and sometimes complete blindness, with dyspepsia of all degrees; and every experienced medical practitioner is familiar with instances of the sort. Usually as soon as the vicious habit is broken through, the health improves; but to ask the confirmed smoker to give up his pipe is like urging the drunkard to sign the pledge and keep it.

In the State Factory of Austria, Dr. Kistral has found that young men fall sick soon after entering the works, and present the following symptoms:—pallor, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and inflammation of the eyelids. The infants of the female operatives suffer greatly.

Sir Benjamin Brodie used to say that if men *and* women smoked the race would rapidly degenerate. Miller attributed paralysis in many cases to tobacco; and Joly has urged that much insanity in France is caused by the use of tobacco. Bertillon, in 1855, showed that smoking greatly lowered the intelligence among the students of the Polytechnic School of Paris, so that a large proportion of the prizes were carried off by non-smokers.

In Turkey, where alcoholic disease is so rare, diseases from tobacco are extremely common.

Hitherto women have been so controlled by public opinion that they have not used tobacco, and this is fortunate for the health of their children;

but there are signs that even well-educated women may, occasionally, before long, become slaves of the cigarette and the cigar. This, Dr. Drysdale concluded, would be a terrible evil to the human race; and he is inclined to agree with Count Tolstoi, that tobacco is apt to weaken the strength of the conscience, and tends to slovenly thinking and lazy contemplation. The use of tobacco is a mistake of modern times, and hygiene can only condemn it as a cause of disease and of many other evils.

My readers will agree with me that Dr. Drysdale spoke out plainly, and thoroughly to the point. He is a genial, good, earnest man, whom I often meet, and whom I have known now for many years. Fortunately for our cause—although we have a perfect army of virulent and unscrupulous foes arrayed against us, who are not afraid of trying to overwhelm us with atrocious falsehoods, and, in their detestation of Temperance, to garble any figures and distort any facts to suit their purpose—we have also a small and noble band of devoted workers, who are not afraid to proclaim the truth, although by so doing they become the laughing stock of the world, and earn scores of pounds only where less wise and upright men would earn hundreds. But, since the Master and nearly all the early disciples were put to a violent and cruel death for righteousness, must not zealous medical abstainers, in like manner, boldly face contumely and poverty, and see with composure and resignation even well-to-do abstainers thronging the doors of those rich and unscrupulous physicians and surgeons whose fame is bruited forth in all the world, and who, because they ride high on the crest of the tide, are credited with a skill and judgment which they would be the very last to claim for themselves. But the world has never recognised its greatest sons till too late, and I suppose never will.

KEEP OUT OF TEMPTATION.

"GO the other way! go the other way!" cried Mr. Grace, a thoughtful neighbour, as Samuel Hawkes was about to get over the fence into Mr. Benson's orchard. Sad complaints had been made of the boys for pelting the fruit trees, and Mr. Grace would have felt ashamed of any Sunday scholar who would dare to take what belonged to another. Mr. Grace had a good opinion of Samuel Hawkes, for he was a steady lad, but he thought that the temptation might be too much for him, so he persuaded him to take the other path.

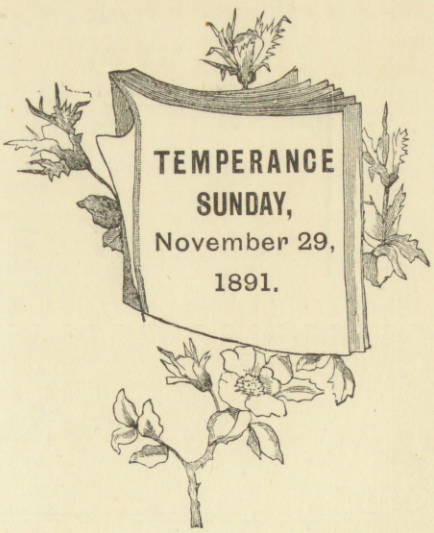
"Samuel," said he, "listen to me. I once saw a man running from the door of a public-house, while two or three other men were hallooing after him. 'Aye,' thought I, 'this fellow has been drinking, and is running away without paying for his liquor.' Presently after, however, I overtook the man, and asked him what made him run away so fast from the tavern door."

"Why, sir," said he, "not a very long time ago I was a sad drunkard, my wife and children were in rags, and I was about going to jail, when a good friend stepped forward and agreed to save me from prison, if I would promise never to drink another glass of spirits as long as I lived. Up to this hour the promise I then made has not been broken. Having walked a long way to-day, I called at the door of the public-house yonder for a draught of water; but no sooner had I drank it, than an old companion of mine came up, and offered to treat me with a glass of gin. Having drank my glass of good pure water, and seeing the landlord pour out the gin, I fairly took to my heels, for I know too much of my own heart to trust myself. If I were to pause, and stop to talk in a place of temptation, it would be too strong for me; but so long as I can run away from it I am safe."

"Well," thought I, "I must take example from this man, and run away from temptation whenever it approaches me. Now, it will be a good thing if you will do just as he did; for a boy is as likely to be tempted by a cherry-cheeked apple, as a man is by a glass of gin."

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

THE EARTHEN POT AND THE IRON.—The matrons of society are complaining of the gross want of politeness exhibited by the young men of the day who, it seems, as a rule, ignore the "R.S.V.P." of invitation cards, and leave the hostess in doubt as to the number of guests she may expect. One of these insolent youths received a neat rebuff when, on drawling forth as the excuse for not having written, "Oh, you know, now men don't answer!" he was met by the remark, "No, men do not answer, but gentlemen do."

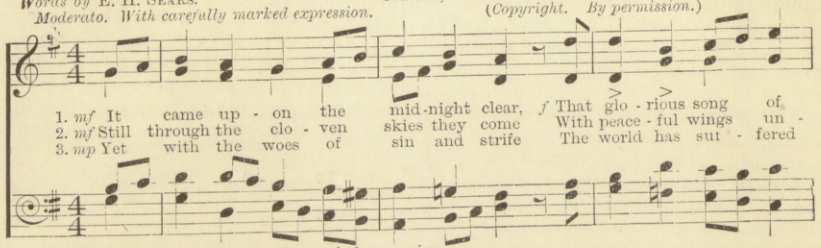


OH, HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

A Christmas Carol.

Words by E. H. SEARS. Old Air, *Harmonized and Arranged by* CAREY BONNER.

Moderato. With carefully marked expression. (*Copyright. By permission.*)



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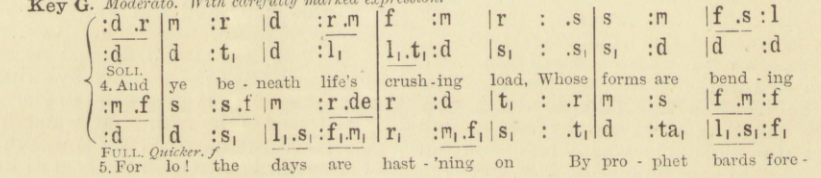

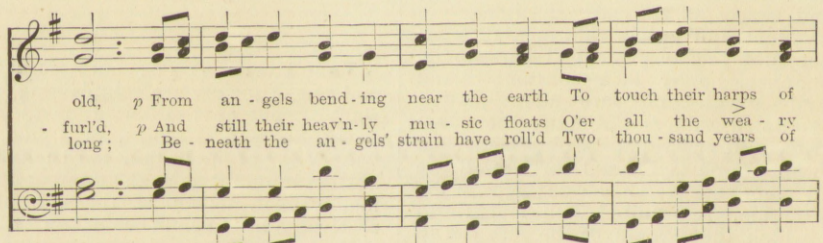

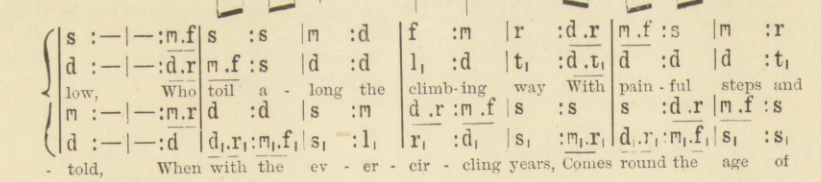

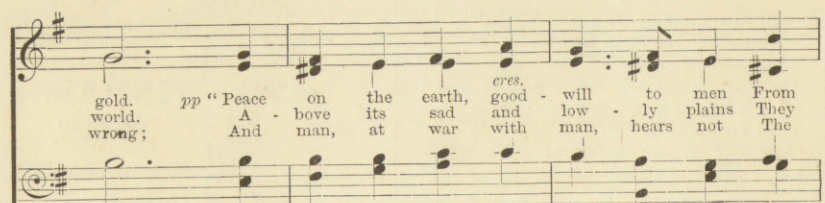

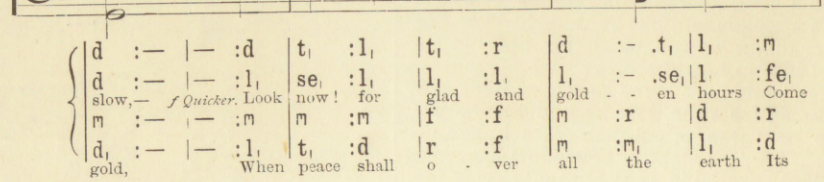

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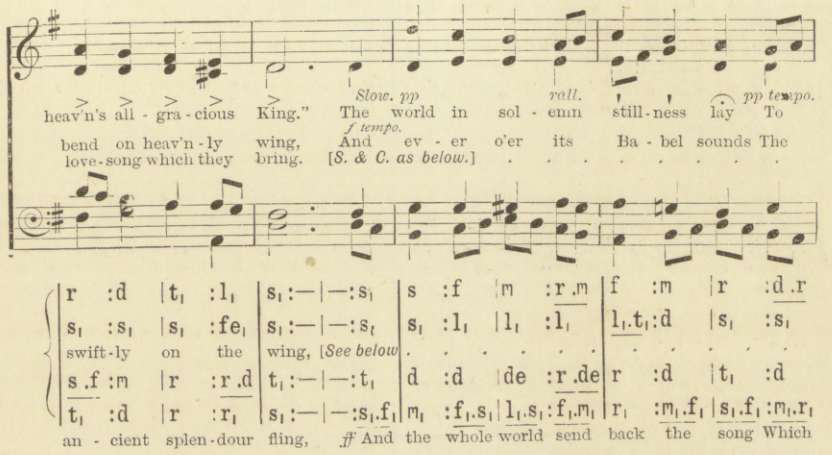
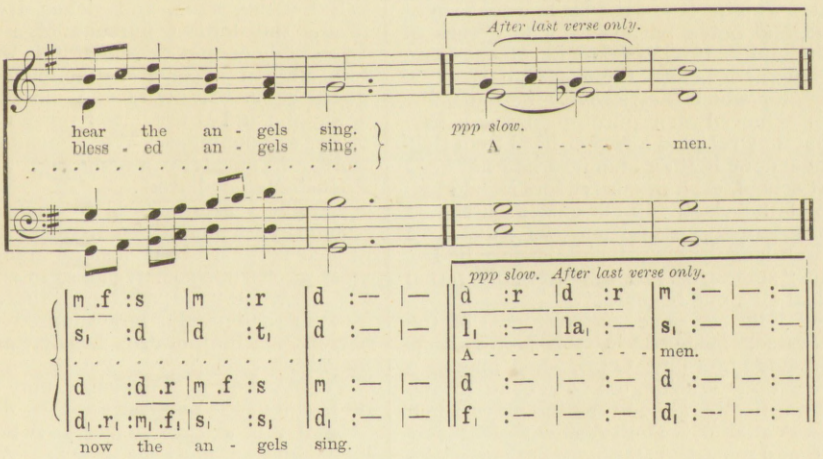
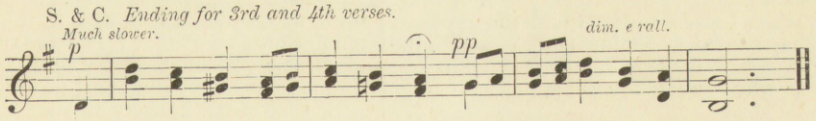


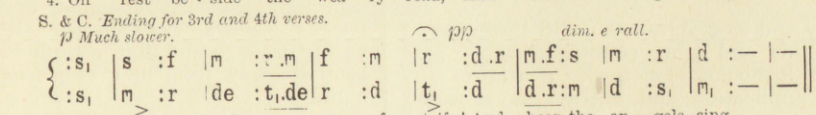


S. & C. *Ending for 3rd and 4th verses.*



3. Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife! And hear the an - gels sing.
4. Oh rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.

S. & C. *Ending for 3rd and 4th verses.*



3. Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife! And hear the an - gels sing.
4. Oh rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.

ALTE VOLO.

BY J. G. TOLTON.



"I FLY high," "My aim is lofty," "I cannot be satisfied with low pursuits, or with mean companions." All this, and more, lies behind the Latin motto under our consideration. We will not stay to enquire what particular reason there was for Heywood to choose the above fine motto for its borough coat of arms, nor will we ask if the town has carried out its intention. We admire the thought, and believe it to be one of those ideas which, when found, we should make a note of. We need not attempt to defend the principle of reaching out to high things, for the very form in which we are created indicates that man was made to look up. It is the beast whose eyes are ever downwards.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." This is the scriptural way of putting it. The heroes of the Bible were men of lofty aims, and noble purposes. The heroes of every age and nation were made of the same stuff. They had before them a high mark of excellence, for which they strove. Perhaps, few altogether achieved their purpose in every particular, but they reached a higher level than they would have done if their standard had not been high. At school, each of our readers should aim to be top of the class. In our games we should strive to secure success for our own side. If a lad gets well hold of this principle before he has passed his "standards," he will probably retain a lofty ideal all along his career.

Andrew Johnson, once a President of the United States, believed in the motto "*alte volo*" and acted up to it. Once, when making a great speech at Washington, someone in the crowd sarcastically alluded to the days when Johnson was a tailor. The President pleasantly noticed it, and remarked: "Some gentleman says I have been a tailor. I am rather proud of that fact; for, when I was a tailor, I had the reputation of being a good one; my work was of admirable fit. I was always punctual with my customers, who never found fault with my tailoring."

And so, if I am to be a workman in any mechanical occupation, my work should be perfect.

History and biography teem with instances of men, in this and other countries, who aimed high and hit the mark; men who, by dint of persevering application and energy, have raised themselves from the humblest ranks of industry to eminent positions of usefulness and influence in society. So numerous are these instances, that they have long ceased to be regarded as exceptional. Indeed, competition has become so keen in every business and in all the professions, that only the very cream reaches the top, and the word mediocrity has come to possess a very undesirable meaning. To be only middling is to be condemned with faint praise There is but small chance for the man of medium ability.

The first nations of the earth have been made what they are, not by men who have been satisfied with mediocrity, but by men who have been ambitious in their aims, and have carried out their ideas with patient purpose, resolute labour, and steadfast integrity. They have been found in all ranks and conditions of life, cultivators of the soil and explorers of the mine, inventors and discoverers, manufacturers, mechanics and artisans, poets, philosophers, and politicians.

Among the latter will ever be remembered one who made an unsuccessful attempt to gain the ear of the House of Commons. The members coughed and hemmed, and so discouraged the new beginner, that he had to acknowledge himself, for the time, beaten. As he sat down, he half-prophesied and half-threatened, "Gentlemen, the day will come when you *shall* hear me." The day came, and Benjamin Disraeli rose to be leader of his party in the House of Commons, and more than once the Queen's chief minister. His motto was *Alte volo*.

But name, fame, and riches, are not by any means the loftiest pursuits of a young man. Everybody cannot be rich in this world's goods, but all can achieve distinction in the art of doing good. Mentally and morally we should aim high; and at the outset we should be careful of our surroundings. We remember some wise words of Thackeray, a name high on the roll of English men of letters.

"Might I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life, that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what great men admired; they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly."

These words of Thackeray may fitly be compressed into the two Latin words, *Alte volo*.

Lastly, if we are to get anywhere near our high aim, we must be brave. A courtier in Elizabeth's reign, once fixed his eye on a very high mark, but addressed it thus: "I would climb to thee, but that I fear to fall." This fear of falling will have to go. "Nothing venture, nothing have." "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Be sure of the honesty of your aim, then leave no stone unturned to accomplish the desired end. We shall need, amongst other things, this especially, a clear, unclouded brain, uninjured by the paralyzing effects of alcohol, "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish," and keep it away from him whose motto is, "I fly high."

A HOLY man of old summed up the life of the soul in three words—Flight, Silence, and Rest. Flight from all that would lead the soul from God; Silence, internal and external, that it may hear His voice; Rest of the heart and mind.

PROVERBS

By Frank Fairhall.

"WORDS ARE WISE MEN'S COUNTERS, BUT THE MONEY OF FOOLS."



COUNTERS are little round flat pieces of ivory or bone, worth next to nothing themselves, but taken to represent something of value. They are not coins, but they are counted as coins. The gambler uses them in some of his games as a sort of make-believe for the stakes he plays for, so that, although a counter has next to no value, it may stand one day for a penny, another day for a shilling, and another day for a sovereign or more.

But money has a value of its own. It not only represents so much wealth, but it is worth intrinsically—that is, for its own sake—the price of the metal of which it is made. You cannot buy sovereigns, as you can counters, for a few pennies. The gold in them is too valuable. A watch-case could be made out of sovereigns, or a silver pencil out of shillings. So, the difference between a wise man and one who is not wise is, that when a wise man uses words he knows that they are not money, but counters, and worth next to nothing in themselves, but only what they stand for. For instance, if I promised to give some little girl a new doll's house, the mere words of the promise would not be of much good to the little girl, but only the thing the words stood for—the doll's house itself. And if you have signed the temperance pledge, and think that signing it is everything, and forget that you have to keep it as well, you are giving counters instead of money, reckoning the promise as of the same value as the performance. Or, suppose some night you have been out to see some friends, and stayed very late. When you come home you find mother and father very tired, and sitting up for you. You may say, "I am sorry to be so late"—and it will be only right for you to say so—but an apology only accounts for that which it does not alter. Saying you are sorry is but giving a counter; coming home early in future is the money the counter represents. And how easy it is for some—though not all—people to express sympathy for those who are in trouble. But that may be a very cheap kind of consolation. It may be giving what costs us next to nothing, not a coin, but only a counter. To try and help the troubled one, to refrain from making his burden heavier, to take some pains to understand why it is a burden to him and when it falls hardest upon him, is better than a great deal of that common-place consolation which consoles nobody. "I do feel so for him," said a man once of a friend in distress. And a quaker, who heard the remark, replied, "Friend, hast thee felt in thy pocket for him?" Now, seeing that we must give an account of every idle word we speak, is there not good reason why we should think twice before we speak once, and avoid all empty promises, vain apologies, hollow professions of sympathy, and weak, windy boastings? Do all the good you talk of, but talk not of all the good you do. "Know chalk from cheese, and talk from deeds."

There is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. One of the first things a child learns is to talk, and one of the last things he learns is not to talk. For silence is a great and beautiful gift, so great and beautiful that it was once proposed to erect statues to silence, just as statues have been erected to other gifts, Courage, Wisdom, or Philanthropy. "Speech is human, silence is divine." The greatest works have been done quietly, as Solomon's temple was built without sound of axe or hammer. The trees strike deep their roots, the flowers unfold themselves, the stars shine, the worlds revolve without any noise that we can hear. And the greatest works in us, the victories that have been won over self, the best purposes that have been formed, the clearest visions of new truth or duty, have been given in the blest hour of quiet meditation. "In silence and stillness," as Thomas "Little-hammer" said, "a religious soul advantageth herself, and learneth the mysteries of Holy Scripture." Thought and virtue both work in silence.

How often is mischief made and injury done by mere talking! "Many a man's tongue strokes out his master's undoing." How rare is reticence! Hence the Scottish proverb, "Three may keep counsel if twa be awa," while the English say, "If you don't want your secret known to an enemy, don't tell it to a friend." A man who can hold his tongue, it seems to me, can hold anything. When I want a friend, give me one who is "tight-hooped," and who does not do like Deborah Woodhouse, in "John Ward, Preacher," of whom it was said, "She trickles—there is no other word for it—everything. She couldn't keep a secret to save her life."

Talking, too, though meant kindly, often irritates. When Job's three friends found him a ruined and desolate man, "they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great." It was the wisest and kindliest thing recorded of them. When they tried to comfort Job, he only cried out, "How long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words?" "O, that ye would altogether hold your peace! and it should be your wisdom." For there are sorrows

> "That only silence suiteth best,
> Words weaker than your grief would make
> Grief more."

There is a silence that is more comforting than speech. A clasp of the hand, a friendly glance, a mute gesture, quietly standing by ready to help, patiently hearing but not answering an irritable speech, may do more to soothe and heal than the most eloquent sympathy or the most gentle and persuasive reply. "Do you love her still?" asked

a judge of a man who was complaining of his wife's conduct. "Yes, my lord," was the reply, "but the trouble is that she never is still."

Not that we are to be always dumb. There is a time to speak as well as a time to be silent. The counters of words are worth not nothing, but next to nothing. "A man may hold his tongue in an ill time." We must give an account of idle silence as well as of idle speech. And there are times when to say nothing—to allow evil to pass unrebuked, or a misunderstanding to arise for want of a frank explanation, or an opportunity for bearing witness for the truth to slip by unused, or to withhold the utterance of sympathy that requires utterance—is to be cowardly and cruel. Silence, at such times, is not golden, but guilt. We should learn both arts—the art of speech, as well as the art of silence. For if it be true that "many speak much that cannot speak well," it is also true that many speak not at all who might speak well. "For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time . . ." "And who knoweth whether thou art come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?"

DOOM BAR.

By M. A. Paull (Mrs. John Ripley).

Author of "The Light of the Home," "Is that All," etc., etc.



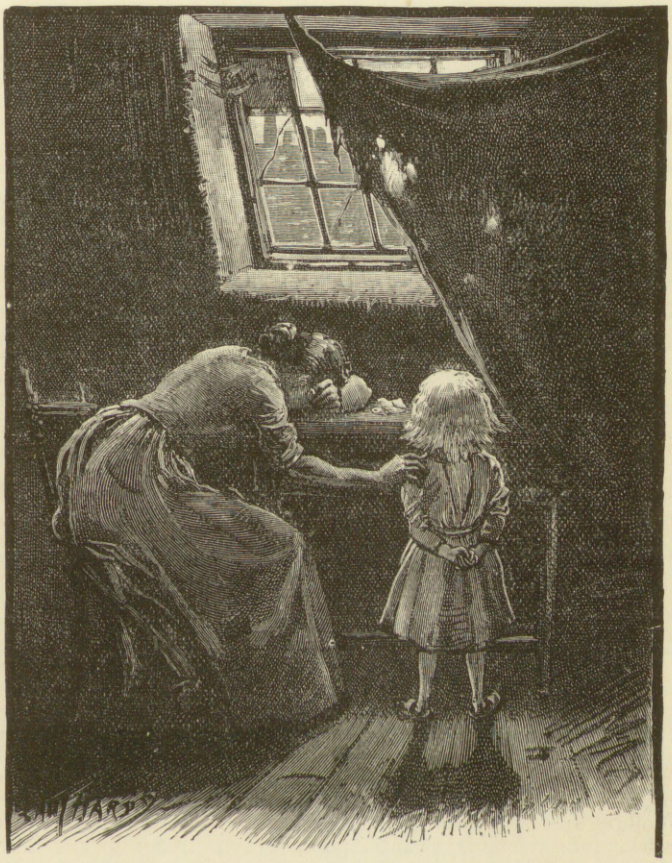
"SACRED to the memory of Christopher Bartlett, mariner, of Brixham, who was unfortunately drowned on the Dumb Bar, on the 2nd of March, 1824, aged 30 years." This is what we read yesterday on a tombstone in the churchyard of the church of St. Enodock, almost within sight of the Doom Bar, popularly called Dumb Bar, at the entrance to Padstow harbour. Padstow is a quaint little seaport town, on the northern coast of Cornwall, and the lord of the manor, Prideaux Brune, Esq., lives in a fine old castellated house, called Prideaux Place or Palace, with an extensive park containing deer, and a rookery tenanted by hundreds of rooks. I am glad to say he is doing some temperance work in Padstow, for when a lease of one of the public-houses on his estate expires, he will not allow the licence to be renewed.

The sands, which bound the river Camel as it passes Padstow on its way into the sea, are of the most lovely golden hue, and at the mouth of the harbour they form a long bar, visible at low water, which is so dangerous to vessels that it has gained the name of Doom Bar. Yesterday we went in a ferry-boat across from Padstow to a roughly fashioned little jetty near the village of Rock, then we climbed up amongst the sand-hills and along a narrow path towards the mouth of the river. The long, reedy grass, amongst which we walked, grows in the sand; then we came to a little stream full of flag-flower roots and bulrushes, and crossed the stream by means of what we call a "clam," that is, a lightly constructed wooden bridge, and so on again to the sand-hills, and soon before us was the little church we had come to visit, which was at one time embedded in the sand, and which, even now, is so low down that as you walk along the trench in which it stands, a tall man can touch its roof. People in Padstow remember when they could walk on to the roof from the churchyard, because of the sand, with which all of it except the spire was covered, and rabbits from the neighbouring warren used frequently to find their way into the church. The yard is walled round very securely, and on the top of the wall grows luxuriantly the beautifully green and feathery tamarisk tree, which is said to have been brought into this neighbourhood from Palestine, by one of the family of the lord of the manor, a very, very long time ago.

It was in this little churchyard, where there are many inscriptions on tombstones testifying to the danger of this rocky coast to our brave seamen, that I copied the one I have given you; beyond, as we gazed, we could see the waves dashing white and beautiful over the bar on which this Brixham mariner, in his prime, had met his doom, and I think you will not wonder that we, who know so well the misery that strong drink causes, found in the very name Doom Bar, a fit title for the drink bars of our land, at each of which, day by day, and almost hour by hour, some human being finds his awful doom, and is swept into the dreadful vortex of intemperance.

Forming a little avenue to the church on each side of the path from the gate, stand at intervals six granite basins, rather larger than a chemist's mortar; and quite close to the door of the church is a very old white cross about five feet high. Leaving the church of St. Enodock, we went a little further towards the sea and then descended to the splendid sands for our walk back towards the ferry. All children who like to make sand castles would enjoy a visit to Padstow, and we said to each other how lively a thousand poor little London boys and girls, with spades in their hands, would make that quiet spot, and what a paradise it would seem to them.

Beside the sands, waiting for us, was our worthy ferryman sitting in his boat, who, with the help of his companion, rowed us, as speedily as he could against the tide, to the foot of a rock, as near to the town of Padstow as we could get, for Padstow is a place where we are compelled to learn the truth of the old proverb, that "time and tide wait for no man."



ONE COLD NOVEMBER NIGHT.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

ONE cold November night,
When children gathered round the ruddy glow,
Of cheerful fires; when wierdly to and fro
The thin, bare branches swayed; when o'er the height
Of dim, grey hill, the winter moon arose,
The sweet, pale moon, so beautiful, so cold,
That like a lost soul wanders o'er the world,
Wanders and waits for heaven to unclose.

One cold November night,
When lamps were lit and candles glimmered dim,
When happy voices sang some holy hymn,
When English homes were glowing, gay and bright;
When mothers crept unto the little beds
Where slept their priceless treasures, safe and warm,
When loving hands caressed each little form,
And smoothed the pillows round the baby heads.

One cold November night,
Within that half-way house to death and hell,
Where from men's lips fierce oaths in torrents fell,
A man stood drinking in the glaring light.
He joined the drunkards' song, he "quaffed the bowl,"
Nor thought of her whose stricken womanhood
Was crushed by him; his child's loud cry for food
Awoke no sorrow in his hardened soul.

One cold November night,
Within the darkness of a squalid room
A woman sat, and watched the deepening gloom
Gather around her, wretched, wan, and white;
Upon her arms she bowed her weary head,
While o'er the winds that whistled loud and wild,
She heard the plaintive sobbing of a child—
A little child, that cried aloud for bread.

One cold November night
This weeping mother, this neglected wife,
Waited for him, whose dark, degraded life
Had poisoned all her days. Before her sight
There 'rose her child's sad face—pale, cold, and thin—
That little face, that made her bosom ache.
Oh, outraged wives! whose hearts thus burn and break,
Ye are the victims of the drunkards' sin!

THE GIRLS' CORNER.

DOLLS.

BY SOPHIE HADDOW.



ALL children are fond of dolls, boys as well as girls, but boys soon outgrow this liking, and, as a rule, take to ruder sports than that of nursing a baby of rags, or wood, or wax. With the girl it is often a sort of apprenticeship to the work of life, and in playing with her doll, in dressing it, in giving it air and exercise, caring for its imaginary wants, in soothing its imaginary sorrows, and in providing for its imaginary pleasures, she is often only rehearsing in girlish games the duties which will fill the greater measure of her life as wife and mother.

The taste for dolls is universal. Among the savage, as among the civilised races, the child everywhere desires and possesses these little statuettes. Girls who have themselves outgrown the need for dolls may still take a lively interest in those of their younger sisters and friends. The mind of the child in its earliest stages needs an image to help it to form ideas, and around this image, however imperfect, it groups a thousand associations and fancies. The power of "make-believe," as it is sometimes called—that is to say, the power of the imagination exercising itself in a world still full of wonders and mysteries—needs something to secure it, and the doll is a sort of anchor which keeps the child's mind moored, and prevents it from sailing away into stormy waters and over dangerous deeps and hidden rocks.

The doll is, then, not only an amusement, but an education—indeed, the greater part of the formation of character is perhaps more dependent upon the amusements and playtime occupations of the young than upon the formal teaching they receive in school.

Dolls are amongst the oldest of human inventions. Our English word is of uncertain origin, but may possibly come from idol. a word meaning an image, and itself derived from the Greek *eidolon*—that which is seen. In most of the other languages of Europe the name for doll is taken from the Latin *pupa*, which means both a girl and a doll. This connection of ideas is found in various countries; perhaps most curiously so amongst the Bechuana tribes of Africa, where even the married women carry a doll until the advent of their first baby gives them something more responsive upon which to lavish their motherly kindness.

Dolls are found in the graves of Egypt buried with the little hands that played with them, and the tender lips that kissed them, and the young hearts that loved them so many ages ago. The human race seems but a shadow when we see before us the toy that formed the delight of some child who was born before our royal Alfred reigned, before the Roman conqueror had set foot on English soil—nay, it may be even before Moses had led the children of Israel from their Egyptian captivity.

The Romans had ivory dolls with joints in the arms and legs, so that the little creature could be made to move its limbs in the same way that now causes so much pleasure to our English children. In the Middle Ages we read both of dolls, and of dolls' cradles. Nuremberg was a great seat of the toy industry in mediæval times. Now they are made in France, in the Netherlands, in various parts of Germany, and in England. There are about forty doll factories in London alone, and in Paris there are said to be nearly 500 places for the manufacture of toys, giving employment to 3,000 workpeople, and representing a yearly trade of, perhaps, six millions of francs. In the mountains of the Vosges, as in many other districts, the manufacture of toys fills up the leisure time of the peasants, who can thus add to their resources when other forms of labour are impossible. It is said that Rousseau had an idea that dolls of an ugly and monstrous form were the best, but this notion is not a common one, and dolls in resemblance to nature and in pleasing and beautiful appearance, have made a great advance in recent years. It is a good thing that children can enjoy even the poorest and most misshapen doll of rag or wood, but it is surely better that they should have pretty things than ugly things, and that even their playthings should be of a character to awaken in them a sense of artistic enjoyment.

Among the notable dolls mentioned in history is the toy bedroom given by the great Cardinal Richelieu to a little lady of the famous family of Condé. This contained six dolls representing a lady, her baby, her nurse, two servants, and the grandmama. These were undressed and put to bed each night, and dressed each morning. They "made believe" to feed the dolls and to give them medicine when it was necessary! One day the young princess wanted to put them all in the bath, and was with difficulty restrained from a proceeding that would probably have

injured their constitutions irreparably. Still more remarkable was the costly game invented for the Dauphin of France, the son of Louis XIV. This was a cardboard army of horsemen and footmen for which Henri de Gissey was paid 28,963 livres, and a livre in those days was worth about two francs of the present day. It was in 1670 that the royal child of France was thus taught, even in his play, the art of battles.

"War is a game at which, were subjects wise,
Kings would not play."

Dolls are now regularly made the messengers of fashion, and are dressed in all respects like miniature ladies of rank and wealth. This is, indeed, an old custom, for as long ago as 1391 the King of France sent over to the Queen of England a number of dolls with all their dresses and accoutrements. This custom continued for centuries, and though it is perhaps no longer usual for these models of the latest costumes to be sent from friends to friends, the fashion-dolls still make their journeys from Paris, to show the leaders of society in England and in America what are the latest commands of the mysterious powers who decree the successive changes in the clothing of women and girls.

Victor Hugo, the great French poet, was exceedingly fond of children, and, above all, of his grandchildren. In the terrible year when Paris was besieged by the Germans, he went out, then an old and worn man, in the bitter cold and snow, and through the shower of falling shells, which the assailing army were throwing into the doomed city. And what do you suppose was the object of this dangerous excursion? Simply to buy for little George and Jeanne some dolls for their amusement. He took back with him a grotesque figure of Punch, and the young children and the old poet joined in making him shake his bells and bid defiance even to the miseries of war.

I hope this gossip about dolls may lead you to see that there is a good deal to be learned about them and from them. And remember that girls who have plenty of dolls, and can, and do have fresh ones from time to time, should see that their discarded favourites go to make happy some poorer children who are not so fortunately placed.

—:o:—

WATER IS BEST.

W. E. A. A.

In the British Museum there is a Limoges enamel representing peasants resting. It was painted by Henry Poncet about 1609.

The legend is—

[Vn verre de simple eau est plus delicivx
Lorsque l'on a bien soif que le nectar des dieux.]

A glass of pure water is better by very long odds,
When one is thirsty, than the nectar of the gods.

THE SEA SHORE.

W. PROCTOR.

THE seaside is never dull; other places may soon tire us, but we cannot always be admiring scenery though ever so beautiful, and nobody stands gazing into the fields and hedgerows for hours together. But we can and do stand watching the sea, the changes of the tide, and the ever rolling, breaking and retiring waves are so much like the phenomena of life that we look on with an interest and expectation akin to that with which we watch the proceedings of living things. It has been said the best elixir of life is a run into the country, luxuriate in the green fields and woods, to yield ourselves to the influence of pure air, and the charms of natural scenery. But give me the sea shore, where the waves come rolling on the beach, where we may pick up shells and pebbles and feel like children again, and at the same time cultivate a higher taste and prepare for a manlier discharge of the duties of life. And when a brisk wind springs up, and the waves chase each other along the surface of the deep, growling and roaring until they spend their passion in streaks of foam upon the beach. Then you are accosted at every step with "going for a sail, sir!" "nice day for a sail, sir!" and you jump into a boat, up go the sails, and for two or three hours you enjoy a pleasure which cannot be surpassed. I remember on one occasion going out in a little skiff at Blackpool, just as the sun was dropping (or seemed to be) into the sea. It was like sailing on a sea of gold; the distant hills were radiant in glory, and every little crested wavelet tipped with crimson. The beauty of that sea lives with me to-day. A great Scotch writer said that "the beautiful is the shadow of God's loveliness," and I feel that one cannot witness scenes like these without being brought nearer to Him in whom we move and have our being. It was by the sea our Saviour stood and called to the weary fishermen, after their night of fruitless toil; and said to Peter, lovest thou Me; then follow Me! And Jesus is still calling from the heavenly shore. He does not say wait for others; but follow Me thyself! He does not say to-morrow, or by and by; but follow Me now. And every step we take in obedience to His call will bring us nearer to the eternal shore, where Jesus himself waits to welcome His own, after they have been tossed upon life's sea, where storms of affliction have overtaken them, but the hand of Jesus has ever been near, and strong to save. Then let us take Christ for our guide, place implicit trust in Him, and we cannot fail to reach the heavenly shore.

"Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied slowly; "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared to yours."

Pebbles and Pearls.

A GOOD resolve—To give away more than I spend on myself.

AN old monk once concluded a funeral sermon by saying, "You will find no pockets in your shrouds."

ARCHBISHOP Egbert said: "Let him that collecteth immoderate wealth for his want of wisdom give a third to the poor."

"OH, you are such a bothersome boy!" said mother. "But, mother, ain't you glad I was not born twins?" was the response.

"PAPA," said a little boy of six, "where's atoms?" "Atoms? I don't know, my boy; you mean Athens, probably." "No; I mean atoms, the place where everything is blown to."

SHERIFF WHITE, chairman of the Norwich School Board, declares that out of 1,400 parents summoned in that city for non-payment of school fees, *there was not one teetotaler.*

"BRILLIANT and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or if they don't have 'em they're apt to get 'em, if they're too impulsive."

ON September 10th, a member of the British Women's Temperance Association, while at Hastings, watched a public-house for fifteen minutes, during which time twenty-six women and children, the latter apparently under ten years of age, went in for drink.

1ST BOY: "We are going to the Forest for our Sunday School treat."
2nd Boy: "Ah, you go to Chapel. We are going to the sea-side."
3rd Boy: "Ah, you go to Church. I am undenominational. I go to both."

THE Recorder of Manchester says:—"The principal cause of crime in this city is intemperance, and I would once more urge the importance of providing for the working classes some places where they might enjoy themselves, without having the temptation to drink exposed to them."

A LITTLE fellow at whose home hens have been kept for but a few weeks, visited a neighbour's to find a playmate, when he was informed that his young friend was suffering from the chicken-pox. The lady asked the little fellow if they had the chicken-pox over at his house. "No," replied the youngster gravely, "we haven't had our hens long enough yet."

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—During the last month the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children investigated 651 complaints of cruelty, affecting the welfare of 1,600 children. In 370 cases warnings were given; 87 cases were of so gross a nature as to necessitate prosecutions (83 convicted, 4 discharged), and the remainder were dealt with in other ways. It would be interesting to know how many of these cases arose through indulgence in strong drink.

A LITTLE girl, on being asked what dust was, replied that it was mud with the juice squeezed out.

THE OBJECT.—"In the sentence, John strikes William," remarked a school teacher, "what is the object of *strikes?*" "Higher wages and less work," replied the youth.

TEACHER: "Have animals a capacity for affection?" Class: "Nearly all." Teacher: "Correct. Now what animal possesses the greatest attachment for man?" Little girl: "Woman!"

"WHY," asked a governess of her little charge "do we pray to God to give us our *daily* bread? Why don't we ask for four or five days, or a week?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

"MR SMITH," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in the pulpit; do you mean that you preached?" "No, sir; I held the candle for a man who did." "Ah, the Court understood you differently; they supposed that the discourse came from you." "No, sir; I only throwed light on it.

"I THINK the intimacy which is begotten over the wine bottle has no heart. I never knew a good feeling come from it, or an honest friendship made by it; it is only a phantom of friendship and feeling, called up by the delirious blood and the wicked spells of the wine."—*Thackeray.*

DR. MACLAREN, at the recent meeting of the Baptist Union, in Manchester, said:—The gospel of Jesus Christ had a message in relation to municipal matters, and he would plead with Christian men and women to remember that the tendencies of the times were evidently to throw into some form or other of the municipal authority, which in the last result was determined by their will, the manner of dealing with the devil's chosen instrument in this city, and he asked Manchester Christians to be true to their Master in any future conflicts that they might have to wage with that demon. There would be work enough for them to do in reference to it, and the longer he lived the more he felt that whatever might be their ways of formulating their theories, *the plain clamant duty lying upon all Christian communities and individuals* who would fight with the miseries in our cities that might make angels weep, was to set themselves against the damnable drink traffic.

Review.

"*The Quiver*," published by CASSELL & COMPANY. The vol. for this year is out. The illustrations were never more attractive; the staff of writers never more representative and able. Every feature is well sustained. The "Short Arrows" are admirable; the religious tone healthy and broad. Among the shorter stories are some from the pen of Mrs. Sarah Pitt, who used to contribute to *Onward;* most excellent and characteristic are "Two Tiny Pilgrims," and "Eunice's Offering."

CHRISTMAS TIME.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of the "Band of Hope Companion," "Snatched from Death," etc., etc.

HOW strangely we feel towards anyone who tells us that he does not love Christmas. We feel that with such an individual something has gone wrong; there must be some sorrow pressing him down, holding his heart from rejoicing, when all around seem to invite the saddest and the poorest to be happy.

Christmas is the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour. On his birthday we ought to rejoice; it was then the angels sang their song to the shepherds of Bethlehem; it was then that "peace and goodwill" came into the world. We are right in being happy at Christmas; we are more likely to obtain this if we seek to make others happy at the same time.

Christmas is especially a happy time for the young. How delighted the children are with the Christmas tree; how they listen for Santa Claus, who is said to fill their stockings, and to place near each little sleeper the most beautiful of presents. When the rooms are decorated with holly and ivy, when the mistletoe is hanging in just the right place, so that cousins, sisters and sweethearts may make the proper use of it, when the fire is burning brightly, the roasted chestnuts on the bars, the piano sending out lively strains, who shall prevent us from laughing, singing, and enjoying all that we mean by "A Happy Christmas?"



Christmas brings joy to all kinds of people. The pauper and the prisoner have a little extra fare on this day. The children in the hospitals forget their pains for a time, while they amuse themselves with the toys kind hands have distributed. The beggars in the street find a more liberal supply of money falling into their hands, for the most stingy, miserly man can hardly resist being a little charitable at this season.

To the thoughtful abstainer, however, Christmas is always associated with sorrow. It is a sad fact that many persons will save a small part of their hard earnings week by week, for several months, in order that they may have a plentiful supply of intoxicating drink at Christmas time.

The noisy streets, the crowded public-houses, the constant quarrels, all these make the heart ache when we know that they are the only methods many thousands of persons have of keeping the birthday of the Saviour of the world.

An old writer of the seventeenth century expresses the common belief in the following lines of the necessity of calling in the aid of alcohol to help our Christmas joys:—

"So now is come our joyfulst feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

"Hark! how the wags abroad do call,
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling,
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound,
Anon they'll find the house go round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry."

Another writer of the thirteenth century expresses this idea in still stronger language. He says:—

"Lordlings, Christmas love good drinking;
Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou,
English ale that drives out thinking,
Prince of liquors, old or new.
Every neighbour shares the bowl,
Drinks of the spicy liquor deep;
Drinks his fill without control
Till he drowns his care in sleep."

This miserable idea has taken a strong hold upon many Englishmen. They shudder when they think of Christmas without its port wine and nuts. They can't imagine how plum pudding can be eaten without brandy sauce, and they wonder how any poor miserable teetotaler can spend a happy Christmas.

December, 1891. *All rights reserved.*

It should be the earnest desire of all abstainers to show that the happiest, merriest Christmas can be spent without any kind of intoxicating drink.

How shall we spend the sacred day?

This is the day for making presents. Let children deny themselves some little pleasures, so that they may give their parents some little gift. Let parents think what their children would most love, and let them give presents of books, of writing desks, of paint boxes, and any useful article. Try to make smiles on the faces of the children. Don't forget the poor. If, while you are eating your roast turkey, you can think of some deserving poor family who have had their table spread by your bounty, then your dinner will be all the sweeter. Think of the widow and the orphans. Do as Alfred Crowquill tells us:—

"All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes;
The loaf is never all your own—
Then scatter out the crumbs."

We should not allow Christmas Day to pass without remembering whose birthday it is, for who would think of celebrating a birthday without thinking of the one we desire to honour?

It is not out of place here to utter just one or two words of warning. Don't let anyone persuade you to break your pledge at Christmas time. Alas! this is the time when many fall away; let it not be the case with you. What sort of a man or boy are you if you cannot stand a little temptation!

Firmly, politely, and persistently refuse to touch one single drop of alcoholic liquor. Show by your smiling face, your contented heart, that you are quite happy enough without alcohol. No matter who asks you, be it relative or friend, you have a character to maintain. Be brave, and come out of the temptation like a true soldier of the Cross.

If we thus act consistently others will respect us; our own consciences will approve our behaviour, and our Christmas will even be increased in its pleasures.

ACROSTIC.

By Annie M. Lainson.

A—Merry Christmas, dear friends;
M—any of them too,
E—ver as the years revolve
R—ender praise anew.
R—evel in the angel's song,
Y—ule-tide comes for you.

C—hrist is born in Bethlehem,
H—ail the sacred morn!
R—ing out, merry Christmas bells,
I—n joyous peals at dawn.
S—ound over hill and valley
T—hese strains of glad cheer:
" M—ay your Christmas gleam brightly,
A—nd all the new year
S—weet peace banish fear."

THE WATERS WEAR THE STONES.

By Uncle Ben.

ALL our lives are subject to change. There is continual alteration going on in our bodies, even when we have ceased to grow; time and circumstance have their effect upon us whether we feel it or not. Every day leaves us different to what it finds us. We can never again be what we were yesterday. This same process is going on in our characters, we are being moulded and influenced by every impression we receive, by the people we meet, by the joy and sorrows that cross our path, by the books we read, the teaching we hear, by the examples we see. And in our turn we are having an effect in making or marring the lives of others. Every word and action are leaving their result for good or evil, both directly and indirectly, on the characters of those about us, and through them on others.

The force of the action of wave and storm on rock and shore is singularly illustrated in one place on the south coast, where the sea has washed right through the sandstone cliff. At one time there may have been a cave, but the repeated beat of the billows has made a passage through, and left an arch standing, into which the rising tide roars and rushes and the tempest beats in wildest fury, and around which, in low tide, the children play.

We see the result of the power of the water that has washed out and carried away all that could be shaken and removed, and also the mighty strength of the rock that has withstood the force of the surging sea for ages.

We mark the power of resistance, but this only shows us more clearly the wonderful influence the force of the sea has, that can wear away not only the stones and earth, but eat the very rocks themselves.

As the waters wear the stones in rains and floods, in streams and rivers, in seas and ocean, by tide and storm, so does the continual action of all we come in contact with change and alter the life of man.

This work is done very *slowly*, often imperceptibly, until, after long years, we may stand on the sea coast and see the shingles and stones lying on the beach; every wave is changing them a little, the incoming tide and the outgoing tide leave them somewhat different. As they are being rubbed together they smooth each other, the big and tiny ones all receive their share of friction, and in the course of ages, as this action goes on, they are ground, as in a mill, smaller and smaller, until the result is the fine sand the children delight to play upon. The process from rock and stone to shingle and sand is very slow, but very mighty. Just this same kind of slow, steady change is going on with us all under the tide of events, or the stream of circumstances, and the storms of trouble.

Now as the waters wear the stones slowly, so do they *surely*. We may see the inevitable result



of this in the great fall of water at Niagara, where the torrent of water tumbles over the precipice of rock, and plunges down 156 feet into the deep pool below, bringing with it much of the bed of the upper river, mud, stones, soil and earth, that is all carried down by the force of the moving water. The power with which the water pours into the abyss is such that the soil and rubble become pulverized into such fine atoms that when the spray rises it is impregnated with invisible dust finer than the spray, so that in winter time, when the spray condenses and is frozen into a mountain of ice beside the fall, it is not white, but discoloured by this once invisible powder in the veil of mist. Just as surely will the same process be going on in every cataract and waterfall on a smaller scale, and just so is the wear and tear of the forces and troubles around us reducing and changing our lives to certain change.

As the waters wear the stones by this sure and slow process in ocean and cataract, so is the same work going on, *continually and gradually*, in the tiniest rills, or by the constant dripping of drops of water. By this quiet, unceasing dropping, slabs of rock have been worn away and hollows made in large stones, The frequent dropping from a tap, or from a roof gutter will leave its indelible mark in the course of time. Streams will force their way through mountains, and saw their way by the steady work of ages till they make a smooth path for themselves. The repeated dash of the waves will polish the rough and jagged granite rock, or undermine the cliff until there is a great landslip and the face of the country becomes entirely altered; and just as the pebbles in the brook are rounded and shaped, smoothed, and often made bright by the perpetual flow of the water, and the friction caused by the running water, so are our lives shaped and polished, the corners rounded off, and the rough edges smoothed down by the friction of circumstances, and our contact with men.

This change is *inevitable and irresistible*, as with the stones that are under the influence of the action of the water, be they few or many, large or small, so with our human nature. We are all exposed to the wear and tear of time and circumstance. It is impossible to escape this process. The question with us is, shall it be a blessing or an injury? Shall it correct our follies and polish our character? Shall it be a training and education? Shall our contact with the world add to, or take from, the good or bad? Shall our friction with people improve us, or diminish our usefulness? This is part of life's discipline, how shall it affect us? With some it is a process of waste, a lessening of the best, a deteriorating conflict. With others it is a refining, beautifying process, by which they are made bright and beautiful, more like gems than stones, whereby nothing that is precious is lost, and only that which is worthless is removed.

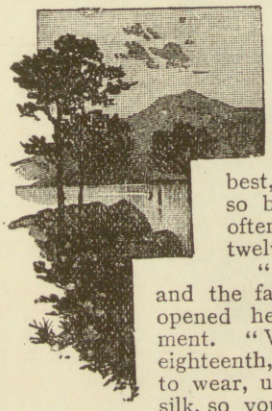
What, on the other hand, is the result of our contact and influence on others in the rush and hurry of life? Are we helping to smooth the life of others, and is their touch upon our nature a blessing or a curse to them? Will it be for those who oftenest come in close connection a bane or blessing? Shall it be an ennobling, purifying, and redeeming influence we exercise? We must either help to make or mar every life that touches ours.

There are streams of influence and grace washing over us, shall we be finally as polished precious stones to glorify the city of God, or shall we be as the stones of stumbling, and the rock of offence, that must be ground to powder on the millstone of Divine Judgment?

THE CONTRAST.

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

(Author of "Our Jennie," etc., etc.)



"NOW, Miss Hilton, I may depend upon you to have my dress done by the 17th, may I not?"

"I will do my very best, Miss Aston, but I am so busy just now, I am often working until after twelve o'clock at night."

"Are you, really?" and the fashionable young lady opened her eyes in astonishment. "Well, the ball is on the eighteenth, and I have nothing to wear, unless I get this new silk, so you *must* get it done."

"I cannot promise, because I hold a promise binding, but I will do my utmost; I think you said you would have lace on the sleeves and neck, did you not?"

"Yes, it is soft and pretty, and it will clash with no colour I may wear."

"Very well, then, Miss Aston, I will endeavour not to disappoint you."

"Thank you, very much, good morning." And away went the spoiled beauty, to decide some other momentous question concerning her dress and the forthcoming ball.

Miss Hilton was a hard-working dressmaker in a country town, a truly conscientious, good little woman, and very much respected by all who knew her. She had an invalid mother, who was entirely dependent upon her, and, frequently, she had a hard struggle to make ends meet. But she was a true Christian, and knew where to go with her trials, and many a time help had come from a source she little expected.

Miss Aston was a thoroughly fashionable girl, with plenty of money at command, parents who gratified every whim, and her one idea seemed to be, how to get as much pleasure out of life as possible.

A greater contrast than her life and that of the little dressmaker could not be imagined; one lived entirely for self and pleasure, the other to do good to her fellow creatures, and make the lives of those with whom she came in contact, brighter and better.

Some may say, "What opportunities could a dressmaker have of doing good?"

Ah! to every one, however humble the position, God gives opportunities, and the one talent may increase and multiply a hundred-fold. If we look out for work, it generally lies very near to us. We need not search long for "lonely hearts to cherish, or sad ones to cheer;" they are all around us.

The night of the ball arrived, and Miss Aston, in her new silk, which Miss Hilton finished in time for her to wear, looked very lovely. Her friends told her she had never looked better.

The assemblage was a very fashionable one, and the dancing and fun were in full force, when a piercing cry was heard from one of the anterooms; the music ceased, and the crowd rushed to the spot from whence the noise proceeded, and there, lying on the floor, with the blood oozing from her mouth in a continuous stream, was Miss Aston, the belle of the room.

She was lifted tenderly on to a couch, and, several medical men being present, help was at once at hand. The opinion was unanimous that she had broken a blood vessel.

As soon as she was able to be moved, she was taken home, and when she regained consciousness her first words were:—

"I want Miss Hilton."

"Oh! she's wandering," said her mother, "that's the little dressmaker."

"No, I'm not, mother, but I'm going to die, and I know she can help me if anybody can. But oh! nobody can. My life has been a dead failure, I see it all, every bit of it comes up before me—Oh! send for Miss Hilton," she moaned.

Before long, the dressmaker was by her bedside, telling her in loving tones of the Saviour's marvellous love, and how He *never* turned a deaf ear to the feeblest cry. Poor girl, how empty and worthless her life appeared when compared to the humbler dressmaker's, and her longing was to get better, so as to live to some purpose, but God willed differently.

Every day Miss Hilton spent a little time from her busy life with the sick girl, and from her she learnt how her unselfish, self-denying life had been a constant reproach to her.

"It was not that you ever said anything, it was just yourself and your life," Miss Aston said, a day or two before she passed away. Little did Miss Hilton think of the unconscious influence for good she was daily exercising.

The end came when Miss Hilton was with her, and there was "light at eventide," for Miss Aston died murmuring those beautiful words:—

"I will give you rest." Yes, Jesus has given even me rest.

Thus, the two lives, which in life presented such a contrast, when death came, were united indeed by the love of Christ.

QUOCUNQUE JECERIS STABIT.

J. G. Tolton.



EVERY reader will at once recognise the device as belonging to the Isle of Man. We scarcely ever look upon it without recalling a stout little fellow of our acquaintance,—a member of a Band of Hope. He was "but eight years old, he said,"

yet he undertook the journey from Manchester to Douglas without any companion or assistance, and arrived at his destination as if divinely led. His mother had been in the island some time, and her little son was to join her. Sometime after his return, he was questioned as to his method, and this was his plain, unvarnished tale: "It was easy from Manchester to Liverpool, because you only had to stop in the train till it got to the far end. I went out of the railway station the same way the other folks went. In the street I asked a policeman the way to the boats. I had to go straight on till I saw them. I got there right enough."

"Yes, but how could you tell which was the proper boat?"

With an amount of childish scorn in his tone that was infinitely amusing, he rejoined—

"Why, anybody can tell the Isle of Man boat, because there's the three legs o' man on the flag."

He was a smart lad, that, and will doubtless make his way in the world. We have no hesitation in prophesying that the Manx motto will suit that youth to a nicety. "Throw me any way you will, and I shall stand!" Some people always fall on their feet. It is a way they have, and a good way too. Would that more people were so! It has been stated that man is a creature of circumstances; but a more enlightened thinker says that the best man makes his circumstances. If he does not make them, he makes them bend. If his conditions are faulty, so much the worse for them, not for him. Reliance and perseverance, in time, knock a hole through the stone wall of adverse circumstances.

> Lives of great men all remind us,
> We may *make* our lives sublime.

How do they do it? One thing, they were trained in early youth to make their own way. Their parents did not remove all difficulties for them; they left some for the boyish muscle to fight. Some people, on the other hand, show their love for their children by treating them as babes always. Especially is this so with people who are comfortably off; who have fought the battle of life and won. Children of such comparatively wealthy people are often ruined by parental kindness.

Take a sample case. A hard-headed business man was making money fast. So absorbed was he in his pursuit, that he gave little practical thought to the educational needs of his daughters. Everything of the costliest kind was provided for them, nothing was home-made. No cheese-paring calculation, no domestic contrivance was there. When it did occur to the father that the feminine showy accomplishments which had cost so much, were worth so little, having nothing thorough about them, the bill-payer consoled himself with the reflection: "I have made enough for us all, and expect to make much more."

But unforeseen financial disaster came. Blow fell on blow, till the last stroke completely ruined the family, and also carried off the husband in a fit of apoplexy. The daughters had swiftly to choose between work and the poorhouse. Then the most passionate of the orphan daughters gave voice to the feelings of them all in these bitter words—"I don't know how to work. I never did anything useful in my life that I know of. What right have parents to bring up girls in this way, unless they make it a perfect certainty that they will always be rich. (Ah! who can make such a certainty?) Here we are, helpless as babes. We have not got enough to keep us from starving more than a week at most. Just to think of it! Men are speculating and risking all they have every day. Ever since I was a child I have heard about the risks of business. I know some people whose father's failed and they went away, and hid somewhere, to suffer as we have perhaps; and yet girls are not taught to do a single thing by which they can earn a penny if they need to. I repeat, it is a burning shame to bring girls up so that they do not know how to do anything, if there's any possibility that they must. And it's a worse shame that respect and encouragement is not given to girls who earn a living. Mother says that if we become working-girls, not one of our old, wealthy, fashionable set will have anything more to do with us."

Thus the girl, left helpless, falls anyway but on her feet. When shall we rise to the common-sense of the ancient Hebrews, who deemed it a sin to permit children to grow up without being taught to work for a living? Give a child, boy or girl, a trade or profession, then, throw them whichever way you will, they will stand.

Again, any parent who desires his lad to stand, however awkwardly circumstances may throw him, should certainly eschew intoxicating drink in all its forms. The child who sees the decanter on the dinner-table, or who, in a humbler position in life, is sent to the nearest public-house for the dinner beer, will not fall on his feet in after life. He will be almost certain to meet with disaster. The modifying *almost* depends on some friendly hand removing the weeds due to parental thoughtlessness or folly. Thousands of men, who had prosperity, and, perhaps, fame opening up before them, have seen everything bright fade out, all because the love of drink had been contracted at home, and the craving grew till nothing could withstand it. And when parents make light of the use of alcoholic drinks, and even in the presence of their children advocate the practice, how hard it is for teachers and others to uproot the evil, and give antidotes to the bad examples of home.

A youth trained in the principles of religion and total abstinence, having mastered the means of earning a livelihood, may snap his fingers at the fear of the future, and stoutly assert:—"Throw me how you may, I shall drop right side up."

A YOUTH being cautioned the other day by an affectionate parent against sunstroke, replied that he had no dread of a sunstroke—it was a father-stroke he had most cause to fear.

THE GIRL'S CORNER.

THE END OF THE YEAR.



ANOTHER year, dear girls, is drawing to its close, and many of us, I do not doubt, will be asking ourselves whether we have turned the time that has gone to the best account, and be making good resolutions for the future. It is much easier to frame such resolves of well-doing than to carry them out. In one year the never-tiring earth makes a circuit of 580,000,000 miles. Ever since that wondrous day of creative energy, when the morning stars first sang together for joy, our globe has made this round of five hundred and eighty million of miles in every year that has flown. Of course the word year is really intended to mark that period in which the earth performs its journey round the great central light of our solar system. The average velocity of the earth in this progress is 66,000 miles per hour, and we may, if we like, draw a lesson from the swiftness, the regularity, and the constancy with which the earth does its share in the wonderful and complicated movements by which the great universe is bound together in its harmony of perfect work.

It is worth while to try to realize exactly what we mean by the flight of time in a single year. We can run off quite readily a description of the contents, so to speak, of a year. It contains twelve months, or fifty-two weeks, or three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours, and nine minutes. But let us pursue this thought a little further. Place on the table before us a watch with a seconds' hand. This patient chronologer has made a great journey in the past twelve months. Look at the minute hands first. The year contains eight thousand seven hundred and sixty-six hours, and as each hour is made up of sixty separate minutes, the yearly number of them in the year is five hundred and twenty-five thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine; but each minute contains sixty seconds, so that the seconds' finger on our watch has actually had to point to the passage of thirty-one million five hundred and fifty-eight thousand one hundred and forty of these small fragments of time. Small as is the space of a second, it is not too short for either good or evil to be done in it, and the whole of our lives are but a succession of brief seconds, employed either wisely or foolishly, well or ill.

We may put these calculations numerically, so that they may be seen at a glance.

1 year contains :

52 weeks, or
365 days, 6 hours, and 9 minutes, or
8,766 hours, or
525,969 minutes, or
31,558,140 seconds.

It is then of these small intervals of time that the whole of our lives are built up, and it is the things we do in these tiny portions of our existence that shape our characters and make us useless or useful, good or bad, well-doers or evil-doers. Whatever we do must have its influence in one direction or another. Let us be careful then that our voices and our lives shall be a witness for the right.

It is as easy to be kind as unkind ; it is as easy to be thoughtful as to be careless; it is as easy to be prompt and punctual, as to be dilatory, and to keep people waiting. Don't you think so? If you find it difficult to be kind, and it is hard to think that there are girls who find a real difficulty in being kind, if you find it difficult to be prompt and punctual, there is something wrong which should be put right at once and without delay. Delays are dangerous at all times, and most of all when character and disposition want mending. Perhaps you may say "I am naturally hasty, and say and do things for which I am sorry afterwards, but I was born so and therefore I cannot help it. I inherited it from my great aunt Betty." Well, even if this be true, it is time that you gave a fresh direction to the family activities. Set a guard upon your lips, and be sorry for the words before they are spoken instead of after—when, alas! it is too late to undo the mischief they have wrought. Every angry word unspoken will sweeten and purify, and, from lack of exercise, the angry thoughts will cease to rise. Every time you make an effort to be prompt and punctual will bring you nearer to the time when accuracy, promptitude, and punctuality will be so much a part of the texture of your character that it would need an effort for you not to be exact in the performance of your duties.

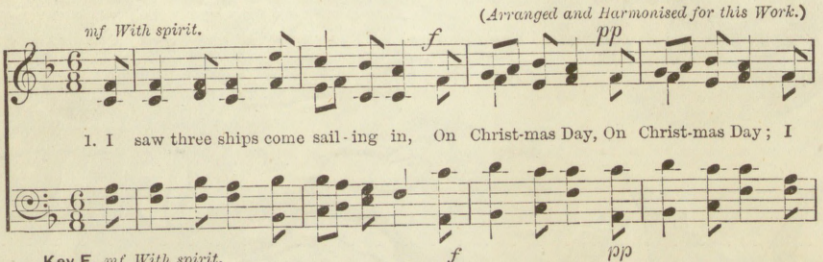
Take then as a motto alike for the dying year, and for the year that is at the birth, those words of the German poet, Gleim :—

Roses blossom, bud, decay,
Morrow never cometh,
Let no hour slip away,
Fast old Time's sand runneth.
To delay a kindly deed
Oft hath wrought sore rueing,
Live this moment, take good heed—
Time is ever doing.

I SAW THREE SHIPS.

Old Carol.

(*Arranged and Harmonised for this Work.*)



Key F. *mf With spirit.*

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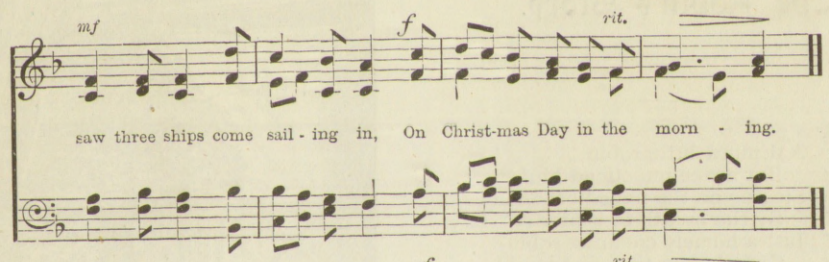
1. I	saw three ships come	sail - ing in, On	Christmas Day, On	Christmas Day; I		
:m	m :- :f | m :- :f	f :m :r | d :- :s	l :- :s | s :- :s	l :- :s | s :- :m		
:d	d :- :d | d :- :f_1	s_1 :l_1 :t_1 | d :- :m_1	f_1 :- :s_1 | d :- :m_1	f_1 :- :s_1 | d :- :d		



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saw three ships come	sail - ing in, On	Christ-mas Day in the	morn - ing.			
m :- :f | m :- :f	f :m :r | d :- :m	f :s :s | s :f :m	f :- :s | s :-			
d :- :d | d :- :f_1	s_1 :l_1 :t_1 | d :- :m	f :m :r | d :s_1 :l_1	s_1 :- :- | d :-			

Trebles only.

2. Pray, whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Tenors and Bass in Unison.

3. O they sailed in to Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Full.

4. And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Trebles only.

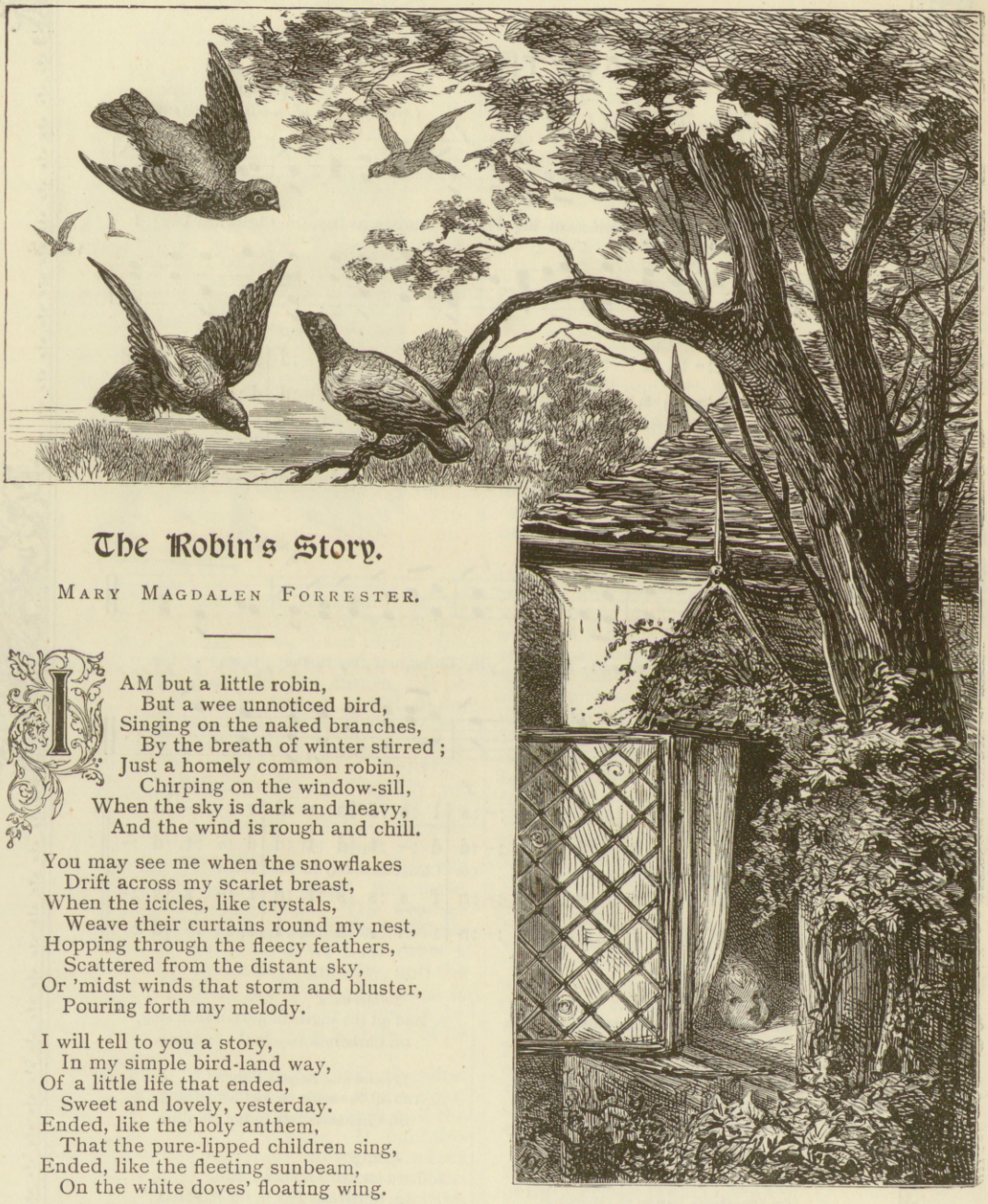
5. And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Tenors and Bass in Unison.

6. And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Full. ff

7. Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day in the morning.



The Robin's Story.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

I AM but a little robin,
But a wee unnoticed bird,
Singing on the naked branches,
By the breath of winter stirred;
Just a homely common robin,
Chirping on the window-sill,
When the sky is dark and heavy,
And the wind is rough and chill.

You may see me when the snowflakes
Drift across my scarlet breast,
When the icicles, like crystals,
Weave their curtains round my nest,
Hopping through the fleecy feathers,
Scattered from the distant sky,
Or 'midst winds that storm and bluster,
Pouring forth my melody.

I will tell to you a story,
In my simple bird-land way,
Of a little life that ended,
Sweet and lovely, yesterday.
Ended, like the holy anthem,
That the pure-lipped children sing,
Ended, like the fleeting sunbeam,
On the white doves' floating wing.

Just a little cripple maiden,
Weak in limb, but strong in heart,
Like a frail bird, feebly fluttering
In the rough world's noisy mart,
Like a pensive ray of moonlight,
Shadowed at its very birth,
Like a garland trailed by angels
O'er the darkness of the earth.

When the skies began to deepen
Into Winter's sombre grey,
When a breeze, with mournful whisper,
Blew the leaves along the way;
When the heather drooped and withered
On the summit of the hill,
Then with joyous song I fluttered
To a little window-sill.

I am always bright and merry,
Howsoe'er the winds may blow;
There is gladness in my warbling,
And my breast is all aglow;
So I sang in loud, gay numbers,
Till a hand so thin and white,
Opened wide the little window,
With a quiver of delight.

"Sing again! oh, sing!" she whispered—
For the children understand
All the quaint mysterious language
That is used in "Robin land"—
"Sing again, wee bird! and tell me
Of the scenes you've left behind,
Where the pretty waving branches,
Float like banners in the wind."

And although I'm but a robin,
But a wee, unnoticed bird,
To that little heart I whispered
Strangest stories ever heard,
Till the white face glowed with pleasure,
And the dim eyes softly shone,
And her voice grew sweet with music,
Borrowed from some angel's tone.

Every day I sought that window,
Every day that sweet, sad face
Lit the snow-filled air around me,
With its pure, pathetic grace.
Every day those fragile fingers,
Thinner, whiter, than before,
Fed me with a tender kindness
I shall meet with nevermore!

'Twas the eve before the Christmas—
Oh, that happy, happy eve!—
When the gay grow bright and brighter,
And the sad forget to grieve;
By the window still I hovered,
Still the sweet, sweet face was there,
Shining like the face of martyr,
Sad and patient! pure and fair!

Maybe I was full of sorrow,
For that day I could not sing,
Though a tiny ray of sunlight,
Fell to warm my shiv'ring wing.
I could only sit and watch her,
As she struggled with her pain,
Watch the cheek grow white and whiter,
That would never blush again.

"Sing! oh, Robin, sing!" she murmured,
"What has hushed your pretty lay?
You are very sad and silent,
Though the world is bright to-day;
Just one song, dear little robin!
It will cheer this hour of care,
And I'll take it up to Heaven,
To the birds that warble there!"

So I sang and sought to cheer her,
Though my heart was in my throat,
And there was a kind of sobbing,
In each little wailing note;
For I saw the fair head drooping;
And the dim eyes softly close,
While the pale lips ceased to quiver,
As my last, sad note arose.

Oh, how hard; I tried to follow,
But the angel spirit flew
Swifter than the flight of sky-lark,
Through the wondrous heights of blue,
O'er the clouds, and o'er the planets,
Swept the stainless soul along,
Bearing on its snowy pinions,
Fragments of a robin's song.

CAN YOU TELL IT TO YOUR MOTHER?

MY DEAR BOYS, there is something you all need very much—you need to have the backbone to say "No" to anybody who asks you to do wrong, and the courage to do right when it is ever so hard to do it. Don't let anybody laugh you out of doing the right thing, or into doing what you would be ashamed to have your mother know. If every one of you will take this promise-pledge the first day of this new school year and keep it all the way through, you will be ever so much stronger and better when the year is done:—"I promise, by the help of God, that I will not do, say, or listen to anything that I cannot tell my mother."—*Union Signal.*

TRUE MANLINESS.

THOSE who have read that capital book, "Tom Brown at Rugby," will remember Tom's bravery when he knelt down in the dormitory and said his prayers in the presence of the other boys. The *Youth's Companion* mentions a similar incident which occurred in a school near Boston. Two strangers who were assigned a room together spent the first day pleasantly in arranging their new quarters. When night came the younger boy modestly asked the other if he did not think it a good plan to close the day with reading the Bible and a prayer. His companion bluntly objected. Said the other, "I suppose you don't care if I pray by myself?" The other one retorted, "I don't want any praying in this room, and I won't have it." His mate arose slowly, walked to the middle of the room, and standing on a seam in the carpet, quietly remarked, "Half of this room is mine; I pay for it. You choose your half, and I will take the other and pray in it, or get another room." The older boy was completely conquered by the true manliness which claimed as a right what he had boorishly denied as a privilege.

THE BIRD.

[From the French of Victor Hugo.]

Be like the bird that on a trembling spray
Alights and sings;
Beneath his weight should it give way,
He spreads his wings.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Pebbles and Pearls.

BLUE ribbon is better than blue ruin.

ALL men are frail, but thou shouldst reckon none so frail as thyself.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

PUBLISH a Revised Version of your life; correct the errata, add a supplement, and alter the type.

LITERARY ASPIRANT: "I can write about anything." Bored Publisher: "Then please right about face."

AN editor closes an article on the corn crop with the remark:—"We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair of magnificent ears."

A GERMAN saloon-keeper in America says the letters W.C.T.U. (Women's Christian Temperance Union) mean "Women constantly torment us."

"It doth make a difference whence a man's joy is."—*S. Augustine.*

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure.—*Tennyson.*

"DOCTOR," said a patient, "do you think a little spirits, now and then, would hurt me very much?" "Why, no, sir," replied the doctor, "I do not know that a little, now and then, would hurt very much; but, sir, if you don't take any you won't be hurt at all."

DR. JOHNSON'S DEATH-BED DECLARATION.—The *Eclectic Review* of this age in estimating the religious opinions of our distinguished lexicographer, records the following sentiment as uttered in the prospect of dissolution:—"I will take anything but inebriating drinks, for I wish to present my soul to God unclouded."

BOBBY has been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father has got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed, Bobby," replied the minister indulgently; "and what will he do with the old set?" "Oh, I s'pose," replied Bobby, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

A WORKING-MAN, who had been persuaded to sign the pledge, heard of the "whisky-cure" for influenza. One hot and dusty day he told his foreman that he was afraid unless he had influenza very soon the Total Abstinence Society would lose one of its members.

AN eminent surgeon gives the following opinion:—"Few people outside the medical profession have an idea of the large number of deaths which occur every year, and are certified according to the organ or organs principally diseased, but which are in reality attributable to alcohol. The loss to the country of persons in the prime of life from this source is enormous. Fatty degeneration of the tissues of the body, or, as it might otherwise be called, premature old age, is one of the most frequent physical results of taking alcohol, even when taken in what some might call moderation."

WHAT the puppy learns the dog will do.

IF you don't touch the rope you won't ring the bell.

WEEP more for the lives of the bad than the deaths of the good.

A NATIVE newspaper in India remarks, "Our liquor traffic begins by hanging a sign over the door and ends by hanging a man on a gibbet."

TEMPER is a weapon that we hold by the blade.

"ALIKE in the high-born and the lowly
The will is weak and passion strong."
—*Longfellow.*

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, the conqueror of Scinde, addressing a body of soldiers, said: "Soldiers, if you love your lives do not drink. Forty-four of us were on one occasion suffering from sunstroke, and the only one of those 44 to escape was myself. The secret was I did not drink. The sun found no ally in my brains."

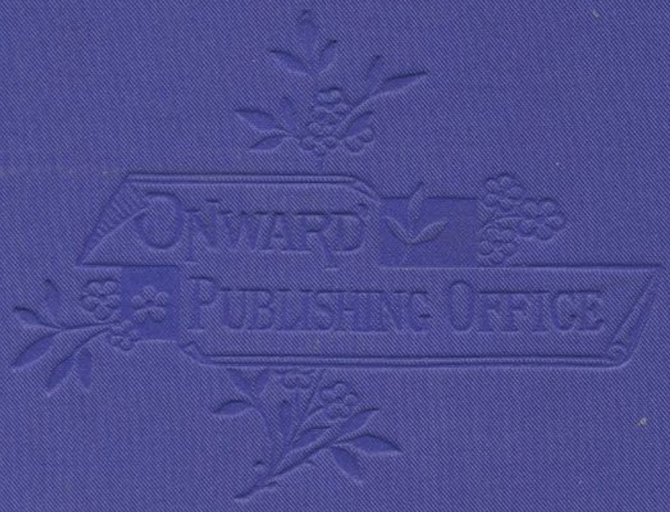
LITTLE HOWARD had been told that he must be punished, but that he could choose between a whipping and being shut up in a dark closet. After a moment's painful thought he said:—"Well, papa, if mamma'll do it, I guess I'll be whipped, but if *you* are going to whip me, I guess I'll be shut up."

MAMMA (to Edie, aged four years, just home from her first morning at the kindergarten): "Well, Edie, how do you like it?" Edie: "I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat and she never gave me the present."

"MAMMA, what are we going to have for dessert?" was the customary remark of a young man of scarcely four summers before he had finished his first course. After impatiently waiting, his favourite jelly appeared, which the young hopeful apostrophised as follows: "You may tremble, but we's goin' to eat you all the same."

"I HAVE tested the matter for myself, for I have now treated 40,000 cases of disease entirely without alcoholic liquors. I never prescribed it to that extent to make men drunkards, and I am thankful to say that for the last three years I have not prescribed a single spoonful of any intoxicating liquor for any purpose whatever."—*Dr. J. A. Brown, Preston.*

STARTLING FACT.—"It is a melancholy fact that a very large number of those who are permanently injured by drinking are of those who rarely or never drink beyond the stage of slight excitement, or even halt before that point. For one man who is injured by being drunk often, there are twenty or more who are seriously njured by drinking and never approaching the verge of intoxication. A man may drink in such a way as never to feel consciously excited or embarrassed, yet ruin his health, and cut short his days more speedily and surely than the man who is dead drunk every Saturday night."—*Dr. W. S. Greenfield's "Health Primer on Alcohol."*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