ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE

1880

"And there, just where I bid him stand,
I found my faithful Rover."—p. 156.

ONWARD.

A

BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE,

AND

FAMILY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XV., 1880.

LONDON:
S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MANCHESTER:
"ONWARD" OFFICES, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street;
JOHN HEYWOOD, Ridgefield.

HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY,
PRINTERS,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

Contents of Vol. XV.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE BROKEN BEER-JUG.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man:
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Wordsworth.

"OH! Oh!!" screamed a boy, and then burst into a flood of tears as an angry mother struck him two or three heavy blows, saying in a loud and hasty voice—

"I'll teach you how to be more careful another time. You deserve a downright good thrashing, and if I was to be a-telling your father, he would give it you. To think a great big boy like you, now twelve years old, can't go to the public-house and back without spilling the beer and breaking the jug. I know what it is, you have been up to your larks and games. Why, you been time enough gone to pretty nigh brew the beer. I'll learn you how to be more careful. You shall only have dry bread for supper to-night, and you shan't go to fair to-morrow—there now, that you shan't." And with these impressive words Mrs. Linden gave her son a smart cuff on the head and concluded her maternal discipline.

The boy went out slowly, saying as he went, "It wasn't my fault this time, mother, indeed it wasn't."

"It wasn't your fault, wasn't it. It never is anybody's fault when anything's broke as I ever heard of—it allus slips from your fingers, or comes

Mrs. Temple, it would be productive of much good."

"Oh! thank you," broke in one of the girls impulsively. "It was hard for mamma at first. People made derogatory remarks, you know—called us stingy and mean. Fred Winton called to-day, such a promising young man he used to be; well, he was just so intoxicated he staggered into the room. He almost sneered when mamma offered him coffee instead of wine. Oh, it was simply disgusting."

"Painful, you mean, dear," gently interjected the elder sister. "What, must you go! Bye-bye, then. Give our love to your mamma."

Half an hour later Harry found himself standing with a quickened heart-beat in front of Colonel Carlyle's handsome residence. As he was ushered in he met a gay party of young men just leaving, and caught their admiring comments on Ada Carlyle, the belle and beauty of her set.

She was standing alone in the centre of the long reception-room as he entered. The cold winter sunshine was excluded by costly lace curtains, and a flood of brilliant gaslight streamed over her as she stood there, a radiant vision of youth and beauty. She was barely eighteen, our Harry twenty-one; both handsome, both gifted, both favourites of fortune. What wonder that both hearts throbbed a little faster as he bowed over her hand and offered the compliments of the day.

"Thank you. Such wishes are most welcome from you," she murmured with inimitable grace, then, laughing lightly, "you must pledge me in a glass of wine, Mr. Mercer."

He coloured and hesitated, then answered bravely, "I thank you, Miss Carlyle, but you must excuse me, I do not drink anything at all."

"But you won't refuse me?" her voice was low and winning. "Do you belong to any order of temperance?"

"I do not."

"I cannot excuse you then," she said wilfully. "A glass of wine will not harm you. I have tasted it several times to-day, and my head is quite clear. See, I will drink a glass with you."

"Indeed, Miss Ada, you will have to excuse me. I am not afraid it will affect me, but," he stammered, half ashamed of the admission, "I promised mother I would not drink to-day."

She laughed musically. "Promised mother! Are you still tied to your mamma's apron-strings, Mr. Mercer? You need only taste it, then, in compliment to me."

The taunt that rung in her voice hurt him a little. He was very sensitive, but he could not be angry with her—she was so young, so fair, so unconscious of evil. As she held the swimming glass toward him the loose sleeve of pale blue silk and creamy lace fell back from her white arm and showed the dainty curves and dimples of childhood still lingering about it, and Harry Mercer thought impulsively that the fair, ringed hand could not hold destruction in its tiny grasp. One moment he gazed in silence at the pleading face of the girl he loved, then tremblingly drained the proffered glass, and felt himself rewarded by her dazzling smile of triumph.

He remained half an hour, chatting brightly and socially with the young beauty, and before he left was gracefully beguiled into taking another glass. Totally unused to such a stimulant, he soon felt its effects, and meeting Fred Winton at this inauspicious hour, was easily persuaded to finish the day in his company.

That night a drunken man staggered home to the mother who had trusted the promise of her son in vain.

"Mother," he said next morning, when partially sobered, "You can't think what temptations a man meets, how everybody drives him half mad urging him to drink. But I will not drink again."

And the grey-haired mother lifted her streaming eyes to heaven in her anguish: "Oh, God, why do men, and women too, put poison to the lips of their fellow-man and urge him to drink it?"

He did drink again. Temptation found him an easier victim when once he had fallen. In vain were the mother's tears and prayers over her only child; in vain the efforts of friends to stay his course on the downward path. The thirst for strong drink grew into such a passion that respectability, fortune, friends, and home were sacrificed to its mad indulgence. To-day the most degraded drunkard that walks the streets of that city is called Harry Mercer.

One day as he staggered down the street he shook his fist at a carriage rolling past. A sweet face looked out at him a moment, with deep remorse in its violet eyes, and this was what he said:

"Beautiful temptress, *you* made me a drunkard!"

It was the old story of the Garden of Eden, "The woman tempted me." A woman's white hand, potent for good or evil, had been lifted—not to point the way to paths of pleasantness and peace, but to push a strong man forward on the broad road that led to eternal ruin.

THE first thing in a shoe is the *last*.

WHAT is that that has a mouth yet never speaks, and a bed in which it never sleeps?—A river.

"This poor boy began life in a very humble way as a newsboy."—p. 10.

BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

WITH BLACKBOARD ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

HEALTH.

H eart injured.
E nfeebled Muscles.
A diseased Brain.
L ungs destroyed.
T he Blood poisoned.
H ealth ruined.

[In giving this address the teacher will first write out the plan, and after exercising the children in learning the lines, rub out each line as the lesson proceeds.]

TO be healthy is to be whole; the Anglo-Saxon word *hael* means whole; from this word is derived our English word, Health. To enjoy good health the various organs of the body must be in a perfect condition. The heart must beat with regularity, the muscles must do their proper work, the brain must be able to think, the lungs must absorb the oxygen of the air, the blood must be pure and carry nutriment and strength to every part of the human frame. Health is a priceless blessing, more to be desired than wealth or earthly honours; without it the rich man is poor, and the successful man unhappy. We ought to use every precaution to preserve this precious gift. Let us learn how intoxicating liquors injure the health.

HEART INJURED.—You know if you put your hand to your left side you will feel something beating, this is the pulsation of the heart. Over this beating you have no control, it commenced at the moment of your birth, and it will continue till you die. Night and day it is always at work; while you are engaged in your daily duties you may be unconscious of the heart's action; under severe exertion, such as running along steep ground, the beating increases very much, and you can almost hear the throbbing. The heart is about the size of the closed hand of its possessor; in a full-grown man it beats between sixty and seventy times a minute. Intoxicating liquors increase the beating of the heart very much, and by this means the proper action of the heart is much injured. Dr. Richardson tells us that three wine-glasses of whisky, or two ounces of alcohol, make the heart beat in twenty-four hours 6,000 times more than it naturally should. This beating caused by alcohol is equal to lifting a weight of seven tons a foot high, or a seven-ounce weight 35,480 times. Intoxicating liquor has injured the heart: let us rub out this line, the drinker has partly lost his health.

ENFEEBLED MUSCLES.—The arm is divided into two parts; if you place one hand on the front of the upper part of the other arm, you will feel something rising up under your hand. This is the muscle which enables you to bend the arm. The muscles have the power of shortening, or contracting, and by this means all bodily movements occur, as well as all the movements of the internal organs. In health the muscles obey the will, and at once perform their various duties. Look at a man under the influence of intoxicating drinks: you lift the arm, it falls like a dead weight; the drink has robbed the muscle of the power of contracting, it cannot obey the will of its owner. Those persons who indulge for a long time in much drinking often lose the entire control of a limb; the muscles are paralysed, and the limb hangs as a dead and useless encumbrance, or it moves without the desire of the unfortunate possessor. Health to heart and muscles is now gone.

A DISEASED BRAIN.—At the top of the skull there is a mass of matter which consists of nervous tissue and blood-vessels. In a full-grown man it measures about ten or eleven inches from front to back, in breadth about seven inches; the weight varies from thirty-four to sixty-five ounces. All over the body are little white, soft threads. These are called nerves, they come from the brain or the spinal column, and bring messages to the muscles; they tell the arm when to move, and the tongue when to speak. A healthy man must have his brain clear and intelligent; if the brain is diseased the man speaks and acts without reason. Intoxicating drinks affect the brain at once; two or three glasses will make a wise man perform the most foolish actions, and say words for which he will afterwards be ashamed. A drunken man is really, for the time, a mad person; while under the influence of the drink he may commit the most dreadful crimes, for which afterwards he will have no kind of memory. Hundreds of persons every year,

in consequence of their love of strong drink, lose all controle over themselves, and they are obliged to be placed in asylums for the insane. Heart, muscle, and brain are injured by the drink.

LUNGS DESTROYED.—The lungs are the breathing organs of the body. About the middle part of the neck is the windpipe ; at the end of this are two branches ; these are named bronchial tubes. The lungs consist of numberless fine tubes, in which the divisions of the windpipe branch off, and continually divide themselves just as the branches of a tree divide into fine twigs. The air fills out the lungs like bladders, which is drawn into the lungs from fifteen to twenty times every minute. In winter it is important to preserve the lungs from the cold air ; in coming out of a hot room we should close the mouth, and breathe through the nostrils, the fine hairs of the nostrils cleansing the air and warming it at the same time. Those persons who take intoxicating liquors to keep them warm, render themselves liable to much injury ; the drink deadens the nerves, and thus the drinker, not feeling the cold, takes no precaution against its effects, but all the time the drink is doing him the same injury. A man sleeping on a lime-kiln is lulled to sleep, and cannot feel the pain of the limb being burnt; but when he is aroused from his danger, he finds how much he has endured. Intoxicating drinks act in the same manner ; they perform the mischief while they render the sufferer dead to their dreadful effects. Heart, muscle, brain, and lungs are injured.

THE BLOOD POISONED.—Prick your finger, and out will come a little drop of red blood. Put a frog's foot under the microscope, and you will see the numerous blood-globules racing along at a great speed. The blood acts as a kind of scavenger to the body—it carries away much that is impure ; when it comes up to the lungs it releases its impurities in the carbonic acid which we breathe forth, at the same time receiving the oxygen of the air, which purifies the blood and changes its dark colour to a bright red.

For good health we must breathe pure air, our blood must be supplied with plenty of oxygen. Intoxicating drinks cause injury to the blood in the fact that the drinker loses the power of absorbing the oxygen of the air, consequently the blood is not purified, and in time becomes really poisoned.

The effects of the drink on the blood may be seen in the colour of the hands and faces of spirit-drinkers, they are of a dark red colour. Solomon asks the question, " Who hath redness of eyes ? " and the answer is, " They that tarry long at the wine." Heart, muscle, brain, lungs, and blood are all injured by the drink, the awful results of which are told in the sentence left on the blackboard.

HEALTH RUINED.—No tongue can describe the painful sufferings of the man who is a slave to the drink. The safest and wisest course is to consider our health while young, and determine that our drinks shall be the natural drinks given by the Creator to man, or those innocent beverages which leave no such dreadful results. What has been said of intoxicating drinks cannot be said of water and milk ; these give strength, they impart vigour to the muscles, give intelligence to the brain, and purity to the blood.

MAN OF TOIL.

MAN of Toil, wouldst thou be free ?
Lend thine ear to Reason's call ;
There's folly in the drunkard's glee,
There's madness in the midnight brawl—
The ribald jest, the vulgar song,
May give a keener sting to care ;
The riot of a reckless throng
May lead to ruin and despair ;
Let truth unloose thy fettered soul,—
There is no freedom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, wouldst thou be wise ?
The paths of moral right explore ;
Pierce the human heart's disguise,
And track its motives to the core :
Creation's boundless beauties scan,
Observe its wonders—search its laws ;
Look on the vast harmonious plan,
And learn to love the Eternal Cause ;
Let truth illume thy darkened soul,—
There is no wisdom in the bowl.

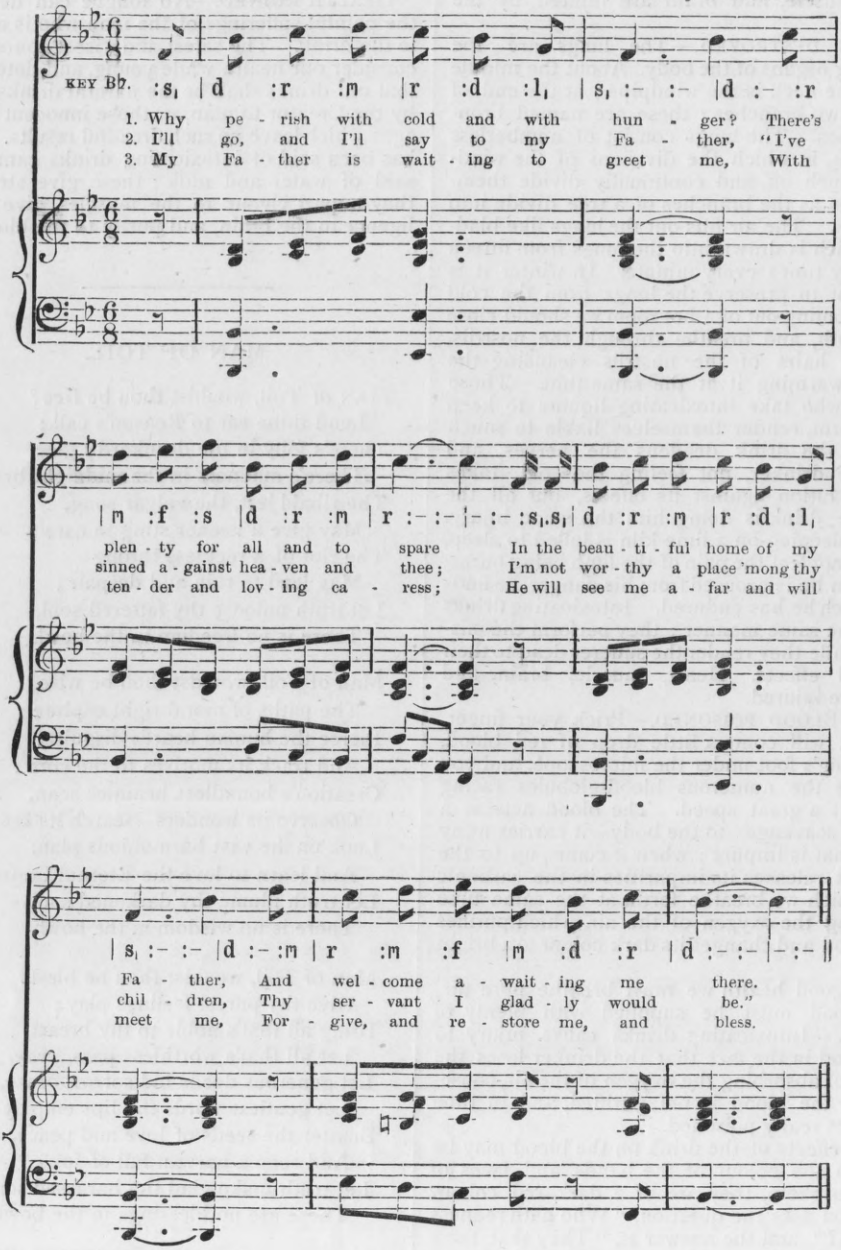
Man of Toil, wouldst thou be blest ?
Give thy purest feelings play ;
Bring all that's noble to thy breast,
Let all that's worthless pass away.
Let generous deeds bid sorrow cease,
Let gentlest words thy lips employ ;
Scatter the seeds of love and peace,
And reap a harvest full of joy ;
Let truth make glad thy harassed soul,—
There are no blessings in the bowl.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

WANDERER, COME.

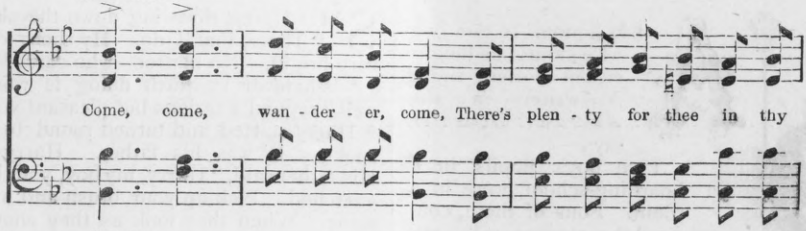
SOLO AND CHORUS.

Words by MISS M. A. BAKER. *Music by* H. R. PALMER.



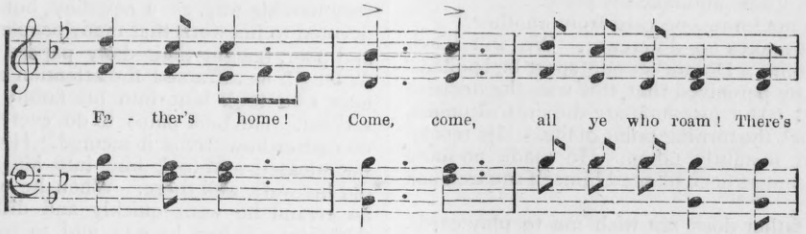
WANDERER, COME—*(continued).*

CHORUS.



CHORUS.

d	:-	:-	r	:-	:-	m	:r	:d	s,	:-	:s,	l,	:t,	:d	d	:t,	:d
m,	:-	:-	f,	:-	:-	s,	:f,	:m,	m,	:-	:m,	f,	:s,	:l,	fe,	:fe,	:fe,
Come,		come,				wan-	der	- er,	come,		There's	plen -	ty	for	thee	in	thy
d	:-	:-	t,	:-	:-	d	:d	:d	d	:-	:d	d	:t,	:l,	l,	:r	:r
d,	:-	:-	s,	:-	:-	d	:d	:d	d,	:-	:d,	f,	:f,	:f,	r,	:r,	:r,



m	:-	:r	r	:-	:-	d	:-	:-	r	:-	:-	m	:r	:d	s,	:-	:s,
s,	:-	:s,	f,	:s,	:f,	m,	:-	:-	f,	:-	:-	s,	:f,	:m,	m,	:-	:m,
Fa	-	ther's	home!	....		Come,		come,				all	ye	who	roam!		There's
d	:-	:t,	t,	:-	:-	d	:-	:-	t,	:-	:-	d	:d	:d	d	:-	:d
s,	:-	:s,	s,	:-	:-	d,	:-	:-	s,	:-	:-	d	:d	:d	d,	:-	:d,

l,	:t,	:d	r	:m	:f	m	:-	:r	d	:-	:-						
f,	:s,	:l,	f,	:s,	:l,	s,	:-	:f,	m,	:-	:-						
wel	- come	and	love	in	your	Fa	-	- ther's home.									
d	:t,	:l,	l,	:r	:r	d	:-	:t,	d	:-	:-						
f,	:f,	:f,	r,	:r,	:r,	s,	:-	:s,	d,	:-	:-						

A MANLY ANSWER.

ALL honour to the boy who cannot be laughed out of doing right. A writer in the *American Messenger* says—

Five boys, pupils in a boarding-school, were in a room. Four of them, contrary to the express rules, engaged in a game of cards. The fifth was not standing and looking on to see how the game would go, but engaged in some work of his own. One of the players was called out.

"Come," said the others to their companion, "it is too bad to have the game stop in the middle. Come and take his place."

"I do not know one card from another."

"That makes no difference. We will teach you. Come. Do not let our sport be spoiled."

The boy perceived that this was the decisive moment. Ah! just such are the critical points, sometimes the turning-point of life. His resolution was instantly taken. He made no more excuses, but at once planted himself square upon principle.

"My father does not wish me to play cards, and I shall not act contrary to his wishes."

This ended the matter. It did more. It established his position among his companions. It compelled their respect, and preserved him from temptation for the future.

Such a boy inspires confidence. The incident may seem small in itself, but it gives promises of the future, better than thousands of gold. Three sterling qualities are manifested: a conscientious regard for the wishes of parents, superiority to the fear of the ridicule of his companions, and decision. These qualities form a shield and a buckler in regard to all temptation. Happy the boy who is possessed of them. You would expect that his career would be honourable and successful.

Years have passed. That boy has become a man. Various and trying have been the scenes through which he has been called. Severe have been the temptations to which he has been exposed. But he has come forth as gold. No parents weep, no friend blushes for him.

Are you a son, rich in youth, rich in hope, rich in a good conscience? *Always regard the wishes of your parents.*

THOSE who are most crooked in their way are often most straitened in their circumstances.

DO IT WELL.

SAID Harry, throwing down the shoe-brush, "There, that'll do. My shoes don't look very bright. No matter—who cares?"

"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," replied a serious but pleasant voice.

Harry started and turned round to see who spoke. It was his father. Harry blushed. His father said, "Harry, my boy, your boots look wretched. Pick up your brush and make them shine. When they look as they should, come into the library."

"Yes, pa," replied Harry, pouting; and taking up the brush in no very good humour, he brushed the dull boots until they shone nicely. When the boots were polished he went to his father, who said to him—

"My son, I want to tell you a short story. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the proverb, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." This poor boy began life in a very humble way as a newsboy, but he was so devoted to his work that many people, both rich and poor, bought their daily papers from him. At length he attracted the attention of a gentleman who took him into his family to be his servant. He took pains to do everything well no matter how trivial it seemed. His employer was pleased and took him into his shop. He did his work well there. When he was sent on an errand he went quickly and did his work faithfully. When he was told to make out a bill, or enter an account, he did that well.

"This pleased his employer so that he advanced him step by step until he became clerk, then a partner, and now a rich man, and anxious that his son Harry should learn to practice the rule which made him prosper."

"Why, pa, were you a poor boy once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to go into a family and black boots, wait on the table, and do other little menial services for a living. But doing those things well, I was soon put, as I have told you, to do things more important. Obedience to the proverb, with God blessing, made me a rich man."

Harry never forgot the conversation. Whenever he felt like slighting a bit of work he thought of it, and felt spurred to do his work well. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well" cheered him in his daily duties.

There's work for all to do,
Let's do it while we can;
Work with a will and purpose true
To bless our fellow man.

LITTLE JACK FROST.

BY T. H. EVANS.

THE oddest of torments our path ever crossed
Is that imp of annoyance, "Little Jack Frost."
Each year, we believe, since the world first began,
This rogue has been up to his antics with man,
First chapping our lips, and then stinging our nose,
Annoying with chilblains our fingers and toes.

This mischievous elf—is he portly or thin?—
Is often as dangerous as brandy or gin;
For he comes in the morning, ere it is light,
And makes all our taps and our pump-handles *tight!*
And if o'er a stream or a pond he doth pass
He makes it appear as if covered with glass.
He is active and quick—invisible quite—
Can work in the dark just as well as the light.
He enters our rooms in the dead of the night—
I guess through a chink in the door, like a sprite;
When, lo! on the window some graceful device
Is tastefully fashioned, or frosted in ice.
You there may behold almost just what you please—
Yes, meadows and rivulets, mountains and trees;
Wee children, and angels, and odd-looking flowers,
We've never seen growing in this world of ours.

But where does he go in the spring of the year?
When once more the snowdrop and crocus appear;
When cowslips, sweet violets, and primroses too,
Unfold once again all their charms to our view?
Go ask the bright sunbeams, they know, I daresay,

For they always chase him each spring-time away.
Then saucy Jack Frost has to leave Flora's bowers—
Yes, when the sun's kissing our pretty-faced flowers.
Oh! yes, when the sunbeams first peep o'er the hills
And find Jack's imprisoned the musical rills,
And stripped every leaf from each beautiful spray—
Nearly all our sweet flowers, too, frightened away—
They after him go, over hedges and fields,
And run as he may, they keep close to his heels.
The snow-drop, pale beauty, peeps out her meek face,
And calls her friend crocus to witness the race;
The violet peers forth from her moss-covered ledge,
And laughs out her fragrance from under the hedge;
All nature, in fact, seems enjoying the fun
To see what a race little Jack has to run;
For, cheered by the songs of the birds and the trees,
The hum of the insects that sport in the breeze,
They never give in till they've driven poor Jack
So far that it takes him a year to get back.
And thus once again, for a season, we've lost
Our frolicsome, fun-loving, little Jack Frost.

THE READY RECKONER.

NELLIE.—Father, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?

FATHER.—Yes, my child. What of it?

NELLIE.—Do you remember that mother didn't get the two dollars?

FATHER.—Yes. And I remember what little girls don't think about.

NELLIE.—What is that, father?

FATHER.—I remember that we are not rich. But you seem in a brown study. What is my daughter thinking about?

NELLIE.—I was thinking how much one cigar costs.

FATHER.—Why, it costs ten cents—not two dollars by a long shot.

NELLIE.—But ten cents three times a day are thirty cents.

FATHER.—That's as true as the multiplication table.

NELLIE.—And there are seven days in a week.

FATHER.—That's so by the almanack.

NELLIE.—And seven times thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents.

FATHER.—Hold on! I'll surrender. Here, take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her I'll do without cigars for a week.

NELLIE.—Thank you, father; but if you would only say a *year!* It would save more than a hundred dollars. We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet and lots of pretty things.

FATHER.—Well, to make my little girl happy, I will say a year.

NELLIE.—Oh, that will be so nice; but wouldn't it be as easy to say *always*, then we would have the money every year, and your lips would be so much sweeter when you kiss us.

THROUGH FORTY YEARS.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

WE'VE jogged along together, John,
Through days of storm and shine,
Through forty hoary winters, John,
Without one glass of wine.
No drunkard's drink has passed our lips
Since we've been man and wife;
And we to-day our thanks can raise
For many joys of life.

Hard work has never killed you, John,
Though many said it would
Unless you drank some ale or stout
To help your daily food.
You heeded not such idle words,
And, blessings on your head,
You look as fresh and handsome, John,
As when we first were wed.

Through forty years we've jogged along—
What changes we have seen!
The tales would fill a volume, John—
Enough to show the Queen.
Our eyes have seen such misery
Through drinking long ago,
T'would penetrate the stoutest heart
To tell such tales of woe,—

Of some that called you simple, John,
And on you turned a jeer,
Who long since, in a drunkard's grave,
Ended their sad career:
Their children, some are on the street,
Half-naked and half-fed;
And some—'twas well they passed away—
Are sleeping with the dead.

Some said you magnified the pledge,
Neglecting higher things;
But let such look at our dear home,
And see what temperance brings.
What is there any man can do
In humble walks of life
Which you have not promoted, John—
Who better knows than wife?

There never was a blessing, John,
Enjoyed by man and wife
But some would try by false report
To stir up doubt and strife;
But heaven knows the truth, my love,
Whate'er the world may say,
And we can leave it all with God,
Our Refuge and our Stay.

'Tis solemn thus to glance along
The path which we have trod;
But, bless the Lord, He gave us grace
And led us all the road,
They say God helps the earnest soul,
The man of purpose true,
And often as I watched you, John,
I said that man was you.

Some say they are unfortunate,
And never can succeed;
But we have every comfort, John,
And more than we shall need.
To all His creatures God is kind,
But this we must confess:
If people drink and bring a curse,
God will not stoop to bless.

Through forty years we've jogged along—
The years we can't recall,
But if we could, we ne'er would take
One drop of alcohol.
Enough to see the ruin wrought
By drink's destroying hand;
Enough to pray and speed the time
When God shall save our land.

You did not lead an army, John,
Against a foreign foe;
But you have won a brighter fame
By firmly saying, No!
The greatest monarch on the earth
Deserves no richer crown
Than he who nobly tramples all
The powers of evil down.

Through forty years you bravely strove
For children, home, and wife;
And, blessings on your silver locks,
They crown a well-spent life.
Then let us pledge our love anew
On this our wedding day;
We're older grown, but love is fresh
As fairest flowers in May.

I wish that every wife could say
What I can tell of you,
Soon hope and joy would fill each breast,
And tears be far and few;
And soon would many happy pairs
Recall each wedding day,
And bless the Lord for guiding them
Along the good old way.

"Their children, some are on the street half-naked and half-fed."—p. 12.

JOHNNY'S DREAM.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

"DO dreams ever come true, mamma?" said little Johnny Westmere to his mother, who was watching anxiously by what should have been his bed, but was little better than a bundle of old rags.

"Yes, my darling, sometimes; but why do you ask?"

"Because I dreamt last night that I saw Jesus standing near my bed, and He told me I should soon be free from want and suffering, for He would take me to Himself, and that little Jemmy would not cry for bread any more, for He would make father good and sober as he used to be. Oh, I do so wish it would be true." Here the little sufferer sank back exhausted, the effort had been too much for him. By-and-by he rallied again, and childlike he prattled on to his mother who was never weary of listening to her darling's words.

"Do you know, mamma, I was thinking to-night, before I fell asleep, when I heard the clock striking twelve and remembered that the old year was past, that very soon I should be gone like the year, never to come back. Do not cry, mamma, I shall be where they do not hunger any more, and I shall pray to Jesus to make father sober again as He said He would, and you will all be so happy together again."

"Hush, darling," said Mrs. Westmere. "Mamma does not want to lose her Johnny."

"But Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,' didn't He? And you will not forbid my going to Him, mamma dear." Here the sweet child voice was hushed into silence, for the angel messengers were already waiting to bear the little lamb safe into the arms of the Good Shepherd, and he sank into unconsciousness, and so passed away. What a blessed release it was for him, to be taken from a home cursed and blighted by the demon Drink to a home of blessedness and purity, where the inmates never say they are sick, and where all sorrow and sighing are for ever done away.

With a heart well-nigh broken Mrs. Westmere gazed on the form of her dead darling, and in thought she went back to the happy New Year's morning, ten years ago, when he was born, and she remembered how proud and happy she was then, how her cup of blessedness had seemed full to overflowing when he, her firstborn, was placed on her breast and she realised the joy of motherhood. Little did she think how soon everything would be changed. Then her husband, John Westmere, was all that a husband should be, sober, attentive to his business, affectionate, and considerate—it seemed to be the object of his life to make his home a happy one. But alas! in an evil hour he formed the acquaintance of a few designing men, who, discovering that he was fond of being social, lured him by degrees into their company and habits, till by-and-by he became as bad as themselves. In spite of the loving entreaties of his wife and the upbraidings of his conscience, he went on from bad to worse, till at last he was ruined, and his creditors, exasperated at the treatment they had received at his hands, showed no mercy, and all his possessions were sold to satisfy their claims.

Tears came at last to the stricken mother, and her poor throbbing, weary heart unburdened itself in prayer, and remembering her dead darling's words, "I shall pray to Jesus to make father sober as He said He would," she pleaded long and earnestly for her husband at a throne of grace, feeling that her prayers too should be mingled with those of her Johnny's, whom she fondly hoped was kneeling now a ransomed spirit in the more immediate presence of the King.

* * * * * *

On the last night of the old year, in a dark corner of the bar parlour of the "Three Crowns," a man was seated with bowed head and dejected mien. Evidently, from some cause or other, he was very much depressed. Buried in his own thoughts, and half stupefied by the liquor he had been drinking, he had not observed that the rest of the company had left, it being the time for closing, till the rough hand of the landlord was laid upon him with no gentle force as in a gruff voice he said, "What, you here yet, Westmere? Come, get out at once, or I'll kick you out like a dog."

"Is that the way you treat one who has spent all his money at your house?" said John Westmere, rising.

"Spent your money, did you say? Yes, you have spent your money, I know; but we don't want people who *have spent* their money, but those who *have* money to *spend*. So be off you drunken good-for-nothing, before I call the police and have you locked up."

In another minute John Westmere found himself outside the "Three Crowns" and heard the door sharply bolted behind him as he sat down on the cold step to collect himself. Somehow

the landlord's words had roused a spirit within him which had been lying dormant for a long time.

"'Drunken good-for-nothing,'" did he say? Well, well, it serves me right for being such a fool as to spend my money and time at his house, when I ought to have been looking after my business, or at home with my family.

"Good-for-nothing though I am, I was once as prosperous and as happy as he is—aye, and more so. And why shouldn't I be so again? John Westmere, you have been a fool; but surely you are coming to your senses at last," he muttered to himself. Just then the town clock struck twelve, and he remembered that he stood on the threshold of a new year. "Surely," he went on, talking aloud to himself, "this is just the time for you to mend, and begin a new and better life with the New Year. What is it the poet says?—

> "'Trust no future, howe'er pleasant—
> Let the dead past bury its dead;
> Act—act in the living present,
> Heart within, and God o'erhead.'

"Aye, 'Let the dead past bury its dead'; would that I could undo much of what I have done—but let it be. I have drunk my last drop of liquor. God helping me, I will try to live a different life," he murmured, looking reverently upward; and then, as if his new resolution had put fresh vigour into his limbs, he rose and went homewards. He entered so quietly that his wife, who was on her knees beside their dead child, did not notice him till she heard him sob as he realised the fact that his firstborn, the darling of his heart when he was sober, had passed away for ever. Then he knelt beside his wife, and with a voice full of anguish, he poured forth all his sorrow and remorse into the ear of Him who is ever ready to welcome the returning prodigal, and give him a Father's blessing. He rose from his knees a new man, and when the light of day dawned into his home, he went forth to seek the assistance of good Christian men, who would fain have helped him before if he had only shown a desire to be benefited, and by their kindness little Johnny was laid in his last resting-place, and John Westmere was enabled to find suitable employment.

Five years have passed since that sad New Year's morning; and now let us take another peep into John Westmere's home. It is New Year's Day once more, and in a pleasantly situated villa, just outside the busy town of S——, great preparations are going on, guests are arriving, and happy greetings are exchanged as old friends meet around the festive board of Mr. and Mrs. Westmere. Somehow the brightness and blessedness which come from well-doing seem on the present occasion to overpower the sadness of the past with its associations, for in that happy company none are happier than Mrs. Westmere herself, as she thinks with gratitude of all the blessings which have been given to her since she lost her eldest born, and fondles with true and motherly pride the bright curls of a two-year-old little Johnny at her side, who has come to fill the place of the one she has lost.

"What are you thinking about, my dear?" said her husband, as he came to her side after noting the changing expression of her face.

"I was thinking of all the blessings which have been crowded into the past few years, and how——"

"Ah! I know," he said, stooping down to kiss away the happy tears which glistened in her eyes. "You were thinking of our Johnny's dream?"

"Yes," she said, smiling up into his face, "I was thinking that at last it had all come true, as he so much desired."

BOYS WANTED.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify—
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil or the farm,
Wheresoever you may be—
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

IT is a thin excuse for a young lady to lie abed until nine o'clock in the morning because this is sleep year.

PROSPERITY has its "sweet uses" as well as adversity, for no sooner does a man come into a little property than he instantly learns the number of his friends; whereas, if he remained poor, the chances are that he would have died in perfect ignorance of the fact.

A PRESBYTERIAN minister, while marrying a couple of the rustic parishioners, felt discouraged on his asking his bridegroom if he were willing to take the woman for his wedded wife by his scratching his head, and saying, "Ay, I'm wullin', but I'd rather hae her sister."

A RAGGED little urchin came to a lady's door asking for old clothes. She brought him a vest and a pair of trousers, which she thought would be a comfortable fit. The young scapegrace took the garments and examined each; then, with a disconsolate look, said, "There ain't no watch-pocket."

TWO sons of the Emerald Isle paid a visit to Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, recently. Looking on with amazement at the great turbine wheels while in motion, one exclaimed to the other: "Faith, Pat, the Americans must be quare people; they must have their wather ground before they can drink it."

ONE of Mark Twain's funny stories is that of a Scripture panorama, the proprietor of which engaged a pianist to play appropriate music. The musician, when the picture of the "Prodigal Son" was passing, struck up "When Johnny comes Marching Home!" which excited the indignation of the moral lecturer.

"BENJAMIN," shouted Mrs. Toodles to her husband, who was going out of the gate, "bring me up five cents' worth of snuff when you come." "Snuff! Mrs. Toodles, snuff!" he ejaculated, as he paused with his hand on the latch. "No, no, Mrs. Toodles, the times are too hard to admit of such extravagance: you must tickle your nose with a straw when you want to sneeze."

MR. DARWIN tells a story, as an example of the reasoning powers of a monkey that was scratched by a pet kitten. At first "Jocko" was immensely amazed. Recovering from his surprise, he set at work to discover the location of the claws. After a severe tussle he got the four feet of the kitten within his clutches, saw the nails thrust from their guards, and with the broadest grin of satisfaction he proceeded deliberately to bite the points off of each one.

DICKENS always believed in spiritualism after asking at a *seance* the attendance of the spirit of Lindley Murray, and being answered by the spectre to whom he put the question, "Are you the spirit of Lindley Murray?"—"I are."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Anti-Tobacco Journal—The Coffee Palace and Temperance Journal—The Temperance Record—The Western Temperance Herald—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Worker and Band of Hope Conductor—The Dietetic Reformer—The British Temperance Advocate—The Coffee Public-House News—The Social Reformer—The Quiver.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Sought and Saved." By Miss M. A. Paull. Published by Nelson and Sons. A capital story, with a pleasing variety of incidents, showing forcibly the sad effect of drink on the homes of England. The scene is laid in the pretty Devonshire town of Tavistock, on the borders of Dartmoor. The best feature of the book is the way in which it sets forth the redemptive influence of children. "Sought and Saved" can hardly fail to help the cause in whose interest it is written.

"Lionel Franklin's Victory." By E. Van Sommer. Published by Nelson and Sons. This and the above story are the two prize tales of the Band of Hope Union. The interest of this story centres round the life of the hero, Lionel, who is introduced as a crossing-sweeper in the streets of London. The tale is told with feeling and earnestness: the usefulness of Band of Hope work is never lost sight of. We recommend both books to all Sunday-school libraries.

"The Temperance Witness-Box." By Rev. Charles Bullock. A very useful little hand-book for the Band of Hope speaker, very much in the same spirit and line as a series of articles in ONWARD, on what the poets and excise, ministers and judges say about the drink question. Mr. Bullock has called twelve witnesses into the box, and their testimony is most invaluable.

"The Orations by J. B. Gough," revised by himself. Published by Morgan and Scott. There are eleven orations, and they are of greater value, being the only authorised editions of J. B. Gough's remarkable efforts during his late visit to England.

By the same publishers, an "Assorted Packet of large-type Illustrated Gospel Temperance Tracts," selected from the orations of J. B. Gough. They are attractive in form, and the name they bear needs no recommendation.

From Ward, Lock and Co. we have a packet of tracts in pamphlet form, on the "History and Mystery of Intoxicating Drinks," by the author of "Buy your own Cherries."

"Graham's Annual Temperance Guide and Almanack for 1880," well edited by Rev. F. Wagstaff.

"The Yorkshire Band of Hope Union Report" for the past year, giving an account of good work well done.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

II.—GOING TO THE FAIR.

"And at the town there is a fair kept, it beareth the name of Vanity Fair. This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing. And moreover there is to be seen juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, knaves, and rogues."—*John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."*

AS soon as Jenny lost sight of her friend Billy, she entered his home, and being known to Mrs. Linden, told her in a few disconnected sentences how Billy and she had been sent on the same errand to the "Hen and Chickens," to fetch the evening beer. On coming out of the public-house, Tom Keeble had hissed his terrier dog, so that it began to snarl and growl close against the legs of the children. Jenny was frightened, and dreading lest she should spill the beer, resigned her jug to Billy's offer, and impeded his progress by keeping very near him, dodging the movements of the terrier. At length the boy put down his jug, taking up a stone to throw at the dog, and Jenny, fearing the result of the missile on the temper of the beast, in her terror and hurry to find close protection in her defender, knocked over the beer, thus breaking the handle of the jug. Tom Keeble, pleased with the mischief done, and seeing the growing anger of his dog, called him off, with the pleasing assurance that if he caught young Billy Linden a-stoning his dog he would set the terrier on him or give him a good thrasning.

Mrs. Linden having heard the explanation of the accident was, however, immovable upon the point of Billy's not going to the fair. To all Jenny's entreaties she replied, "I have said he shan't go, and he shan't. There ain't no good in fairs—the boys learn wickedness enough in the village, without going to Symchester to pick up any more bad ways; besides, I allus abide by what I says." So Jenny went away discomfited, glad she had told the truth, but hurt that justice was not going to be done to her protector.

Before long Billy returned home, with no thoughts of heroic endurance. He did not know that he had done Jenny any kindness; all he thought of in the matter was, that he had been punished for what he did not do, and he accordingly made up his mind to go to the fair "whether his mother would let him or no."

When he came in he ate his dry bread for supper in silence, and without much delay went early to bed.

The father had already returned, and was compelled to eat his evening meal without the usual beer, the absence of which was explained and replaced by tea, as the whole of Mrs. Linden's domestic administration was regulated by the policy of strictest economy. The repast being gone through with many grumbling observations, the father started out for the "Hen and Chickens," to make up for deficiency incurred by the accident to the beer.

John Linden was head shepherd and sort of bailiff to Farmer Knaggs. He was well known in the village, and generally looked up to and respected by all, from the parson down to the clerk, the highest and lowest dignitaries of the parish, with this one mental reservation, that occasionally he took a drop too much. He was the father of two sons: the elder one, who bore his name, had been out at work for a year or two; while Billy, the younger, was still at school. They all lived together in a comfortable cottage, well thatched without, and clean and tidy within, thanks to the perpetual industry of Mrs. Linden, and withal picturesque, if such an artistic idea ever entered the minds of the people of Selford.

After Billy had gone to bed, his brother John joined him. But Billy had not gone to sleep, he had lain awake in the darkness plotting and planning how he could get to the fair to-morrow. He confided his scheme of action to his brother and begged his help. John thoroughly sympathised in his younger brother's disappointment, and though he warned him that most probably when he came back he would catch it, still he was quite willing to help Billy for a bit of a spree. The following course was the one resolved on after much consideration.

It was John's custom to rise very early, as he had to be at his work in the town by six o'clock, so he was often off before his father and mother were about—a bit of bread and butter, with a drink of milk, generally started him for the day. So it was determined that the two should go off together, that Billy should be back at the usual time school was over and be in to dinner. And as he had sometimes risen with his brother before the others were up, his early absence from home might pass off unnoticed.

All night long there was no sleep for Billy, he kept thinking of the coming adventure, of the probability of his disobedience being found out, and of the trouble that would ensue. Then his thoughts would turn to the shows and roundabouts, the swings, and the bright stalls, with all the other delights that the fair possessed for him. And again honour and conscience would seem to chide him for his deceit. He did not like to deceive his mother—in fact, it was against his whole nature "to act the liar's part," but an evil inclination seemed to whisper, If you don't go now it will be because you have not pluck to go—and most likely you will never be found out. As these changing thoughts passed through his mind he could hear the old clock ticking downstairs, and after long dreary waiting he was startled by its striking hour after hour—so loud and strange did it seem, that he wondered it did not wake his brother who was sleeping soundly by his side.

At length John awoke and said he fancied it was about time to be stirring. Very quietly indeed and very quickly did Billy dress himself, his teeth chattered in the chill of the early morning. It was not light yet, all looked grey and misty as he watched from the window while his brother more slowly completed the operation of dressing. Not a word had been spoken between them since they had turned out of bed, only the younger lad had thought John had been longer that morning than he had ever known him before, though the whole performance had not really taken more than a few minutes. At length John whispered in a cheerful undertone—

"Now, Billy, I'm all serene. Don't make a noise, or it will be all up if father comes out and wants to know where you're off to."

Noiselessly the door was opened, and softly went their feet down the somewhat creaky stairs as they descended through the stillness, carrying their boots under one arm and feeling their way against the wall with the other. Billy could almost hear his own heart beat, and now he wished with all his soul he had never made up his mind to go to the fair. But it was too late to go back now. They arrived safely downstairs—Billy trying hard to repress his excitement, and longing to be as cool as his elder brother. They shared the bread and butter and milk between them, put on their boots, undid the door, and to the intense relief of our little hero, glided safely out into the raw cold October air.

The daylight was growing over grey sky and misty land, the hedges were covered with a fine tangled network of cobwebs hung with thousands of drops of moisture. The highway was wet and sloppy, the pools lay all along the road like sheets of bright steel reflecting the early morning light. The promise of the rainbow was to be fulfilled, for the day soon grew brighter, and before they reached the town the sun began to break through the clouds. On the way several market carts passed them, and a string of cart-horses, with their manes plaited and their tails twisted and tied with straw. They overtook a few small droves of sheep and cows, and several tramps, who seemed as if they had been walking all night. As they neared the town sounds of activity and traffic increased. It was just six o'clock as they came into the market-place where preparation for the pleasure fair was rapidly going on. Here John bade his brother good-bye, telling him to take care of himself and be sure and be back in time; before leaving he gave him a few coppers to enjoy the morning with and buy himself "a fairing."

So Billy was left alone in the midst of a strange new scene to him, with Vanity Fair growing up around him. But above him the Maker and Builder of the Eternal City was

watching the footsteps of the boy, because He knoweth the way the pilgrims take even in the "far country." *(To be continued.)*

THE BRAVE GUIDE.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

A PARTY of four young men were travelling in Northern New England, intent upon making the most of limited vacations from business and study. They rode or walked as circumstances dictated, turning aside from the usual thoroughfares wherever there was promise of pleasure. They had heard of a newly-discovered waterfall in the depths of the forest, and looked about for a guide who would lead them there.

"Guess Forrest Graves 'll go 'long with you," said an old farmer of whom they made some inquiries. "Come to think on't, 'twas him that see the fall fust of anybody. You go right up the road quarter of a mile or so, and then turn off into a lane, and keep on till you come to a house. There's where Mrs. Graves lives, and if you can find her boy at home, he'll tell you more 'bout outdoor things than anybody else round here. Strange, youngsters want to go tramping round that fashion," muttered the speaker, as the company walked on in the way he had indicated.

The plainest house, and yet everything around it bespoke the refinement and taste of its occupants. Vines draped the small windows, climbing to the very eaves, and creeping over the moss-grown roof. A plot of ground devoted to flowers bore witness in its arrangement and blending of colours to a true artist's hand.

"We are looking for a guide to the waterfall," said the young man who had knocked at the cottage door, removing his hat in the presence of one whom at the first glance he recognised as a lady.

"My son has guided a few parties," was her reply. "I will call him."

A single bugle-note was answered with a shout, and directly the boy came in view. "Thoroughbred" was the comment made by one, and never was this term used more fittingly.

Forrest Graves' services were engaged, and the party being already provided with food for the day, they set out at once, the guide walking in advance with a quick, elastic step which was the envy of his companions. He did not intrude upon them. He was simply acting as their guide, and spoke only when addressed, or when necessary, to give them some direction. He led them to the desired point, when he withdrew to a short distance, yet standing where he could see the glancing of the water.

He looked up and around to note the position of the sun, and said, "In about ten minutes a rainbow will span the fall."

They waited expectant. Gradually the arch grew to perfection before their gaze, and then as gradually disappeared.

"Anything to be seen up-stream?"

"Nothing to be compared with this," replied Forrest. "You'll find it hard climbing, but you'll need no one to show you the way. I'll wait for you here, and keep guard over your haversacks."

They were not long gone, returning half famished, as they protested, and glad to find that tables and plates had been improvised for the occasion.

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked their guide.

"You can assist in finally disposing of our provisions," was the hearty reply.

"Thank you, I have my own lunch," and again the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each with a stimulating draught, Forrest Graves was called.

"You must drink with us if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask and the most reckless of the party.

"No, sir, thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I shall *insist* upon it."

"You can do as you please, and *I* shall do as *I* please."

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of another.

"Now, you are bound to try my brandy. I always rule."

"You cannot rule me." These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream, where the clinking of glass betrayed its utter destruction. Then a clear defiant tone rang out—

"I did it in self-defence. You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honourable man, but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live, to keep me away from liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I've promised her a hundred times I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise."

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I was as brave as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, Forrest Graves, nor the lesson you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and seeing his error, apologised frankly.

How many boys need to be kept from strong drink; and also, how many men and women!

Who dares tempt them? Let it not be you nor I.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

THE good ship *Albion* sailed away
One summer's afternoon,
Upon her deck a youth there stood—
His mother's only son.

From childhood taught to know and fear
The God of rolling tide,
He grew a brave devoted youth,
His mother's hope and pride.

One loving kiss, one fond embrace,
One prayer to God alone ;
One tender, lingering, last farewell,
And she parted with her son.

The sailors sang in merry mood,
The ship sailed for the West,
And gaily passed the hours away
Upon the ocean's breast.

Ere many days the sun went down
Beneath an angry wave,
And every gallant tar well knew
The token which it gave.

Pale moonbeams struggled thro' the clouds,
Now gathering thick and fast :
Still darker grew that dreadful night,
And fiercer howled the blast.

Now carried high upon the waves,
Now dashed in furrows deep,
The good ship 'mid that fearful sea
Strove hard her course to keep.

The captain gave the stern command—
"All hands the ship to save!"
The mocking waves swept o'er her deck,
Each feared a watery grave.

Save one—that mother's only son—
Familiar to the sea ;
Firm to his post he stood, and spake—
"My mother prays for me!"

Swift through the darkness of that night
He saw, with eye of faith,
Her arms outstretched to God in prayer,
And never thought of death.

Like heroes struggled one and all
In vain the ship to save ;
It ne'er could live in such a sea,
Despite all efforts brave.

"Now lower the boats!" the captain cried,
"Our ship we cannot right,
She sinks beneath the furious waves—
Lord, save us all this night!"

The boats were lowered by willing hands,
All faithful to the last ;
But—oh, the mocking giant waves!—
All hope of life was past.

Like demons leaping from the pit
All eager to devour,
Boat after boat beneath the waves
Went down in that dread hour.

Each seaman struggled with the deep,
True heroes to the last ;
The surging billows o'er them rolled
And held each victim fast.

At length the spirit of repose
Stole o'er the troubled deep,
And calmly rolled the waves where low
Those mariners did sleep.

Then softly from the golden east
Spread forth the morning light,
The scene of that sad wreck appeared—
The mast was still in sight.

There, guided by an unseen hand,
Lashed to the mast was he,
That only son, who nobly spake—
"My mother prays for me!"

God's angels silently came down
In answer to her prayer,
And stayed the madness of each wave
That rolled around him there.

She from her cottage on the beach,
By the pale moon's glimmering light,
Looked out upon the storm-tossed sea
All through that dreadful night,

And on the cold deserted shore,
While waves rolled mountains high,
Upraised the prayer of faith to Him
Who hears the earnest cry.

Ere many days that mother saw
Her son before her stand :
A passing ship took him on board
And brought him safe to land,

Safe to his mother's fond embrace,
To tell the wondrous tale
How angel hands unseen can make
A mother's prayer prevail.

O mother, mighty in thy love!
O mother, strong in faith!
The memory of thy name can cheer
In danger and in death.

CHARITY would lose its name were it influenced by so mean a motive as human praise.

"Upon her deck a youth there stood—his mother's only son."—p. 20.

THAT BOY OF MINE.

A DIALOGUE. BY DAVID LAWTON.

MR. LOVEDRINK.
TOM, *his son, a young scapegrace.*
MR. ABSTINENCE, *friend of Mr. Lovedrink.*
MR. CRINGLE, *merchant, Tom's employer.*
SCENE, *Home of the Lovedrinks.*

LOVEDRINK THE ELDER *pacing to and fro in great agitation.*

Enter Mr. Abstinence.

Mr. Abstinence. Good evening, Mr. Lovedrink; you look ill, and seem to be in great trouble. Whatever is the matter?

Lovedrink. Matter enough, Mr. Abstinence—matter enough, indeed! That foolish boy of mine has nearly ruined me already. What with his drinking and gambling, he has driven me to my wits' end lately; and now, to crown all, he has gone and committed forgery.

A. You don't say so! Alas! what a pity—and so young too!

L. I don't know whatever I am to do; for only a week ago I had to part with all my spare cash to save him from the consequences of his last spree; and now, unless I can find £50 to satisfy his employer, Mr. Cringle, at once, he will be lodged in jail as a felon this very night.

A. Will Mr. Cringle let him off if the money is found?

L. He said he would when I saw him about an hour ago; but what's the use? I have not got one quarter of it, and do not know where I could borrow it.

Enter Tom Lovedrink.

Tom. Well, guv'nor, have you got the tip? Old Cringle says he won't wait much longer, so you had better fork out the *yellows*, or I shall have the *blues* after me in no time; and then I may have a long journey at the expense of the Government.

L. You young dog! Is that the way you talk? But you have been drinking again I can see.

Tom. (Angrily.) Well, and what have you got to do with it if I have? I am only following your example, I suppose.

L. My example, indeed! When did you ever see me drunk, I should like to know?

Tom. (Mockingly.) Come, come, now; that's too good. See you drunk, indeed! Well that's not bad for you, guv'nor—but when were you *sober*, I should like to know?

L. Don't insult me, sir!

Tom. Insult you! I should think not; but I'll be bound that you drink more every day than would make me drunk twice over—and you know it.

L. (Passionately.) I know that you are an ungrateful young dog. Be off with you, before I kick you out of the place.

Tom. (Chuckling.) Kick me out did you say? I should just like to see you at it, if it was only for the fun of the thing, you know.

A. (Sternly.) I say, young man, have you no reverence for parental authority? And no respect for your own father? I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself! and the more so that you have brought him and yourself into disgrace and trouble.

Tom. I must have something to respect first. If the guv'nor had not drunk so much himself and taught me to drink, I might have been different, you see.

A. But whatever your father is, or may have been, that is no reason why you should treat him with disrespect now. And besides, have you no feelings of shame for what you have done? I understand that you have committed a forgery, and that even now you are in danger of being arrested.

Tom. Oh, I don't care a great deal about it. Of course I would rather not be, but if the guv'nor will not fork out, I guess I shall have to go.

L. I cannot "fork out," as you call it, you impudent young puppy. Where is the money to come from, do you think? It was only last week that I paid £20 to some scamp or other who had fleeced you at play. And here you are in another mess, and you must get out of it as you can.

Tom. All right, guv'nor; if you don't care, I don't. *Enter* Mr. Cringle.

Mr. Cringle. Is the money ready, Mr. Lovedrink?

L. No, Mr. Cringle, it is not. I could not find £50 to-night if it would save my life. That young scamp (pointing to Tom) has cleaned me out completely.

Mr. C. Well, I suppose you know what to expect. (To Tom.) When I leave here I shall communicate with the police; and mind, if you attempt to run off, I will have you hunted up, if you have to be followed to the world's end and back.

Tom. No fear of that! I might as well go to gaol as not. What does it matter?

Mr. A. to Mr. C. How much has this young man robbed you of?

Mr. C. About £50 as near as I can tell. He forged my signature to a cheque for that amount about three days ago. And if I had not happened to examine my banking account this morning, it might not have been discovered for some weeks to come, as I intended to leave town to-day for a month, but was prevented by this unfortunate affair from doing so.

Mr. A. Could you not be prevailed upon to overlook it this time, and let the young man have another chance?

Mr. C. Sir, this is the third time I have been robbed by my clerks during the last twelve months, and I am determined to put a stop to it.

Mr. A. What do you think is the cause of so much dishonesty among young men?

Mr. C. Drink, sir, drink—and the company it leads them into. The young men of to-day are too fond of drinking, gambling, and fast living, and too much afraid of honest work, to come to any good. When I took Tom here into my employ I thought I would give him a chance of making a man of himself. He told me he was so disgusted with what he saw at home in the case of his father, that he was determined he would have nothing to do with the drink if I would only take him into my employ. Well, sir, I took pity on him, for I thought if he really wished to do better he should have an opportunity, and for a while he did very well. But I understand that he began to frequent the "Green Tavern," and keep low company, and this is what it has brought him to at last.

L. You have been very good to the young good-for-nothing, I know, Mr. Cringle, and I am sorry he has turned out so badly.

Mr. C. In my opinion, sir, you have only yourself to blame.

L. (Indignantly.) Indeed! And how am I to blame, I should like to know?

Mr. C. To be plain with you, sir, you have never set your son an example worthy of his imitation, you have been a drinker all your life; and what more natural than that your son should follow your example? Believe me, sir, if you want a child to grow up to a good and useful manhood, you will have to live the precepts you seek to inculcate. Depend upon it, if you preach one thing and practise another, your child will be far more likely to follow your *practice* than your *preaching*.

L. (Scornfully). Just so, lay all the blame upon me! Say that I taught him to forge and gamble! Go on with your insults—you have the game in your hands and can say what you like. But if things were only different I would make you smart for your impudence.

Mr. A. Don't forget yourself, Mr. Lovedrink. Remember your position, and try to keep cool. Pardon me, but I should like to ask if it never struck you that your drinking might prove a snare to your son?

L. Well, it may have crossed my mind sometimes, but I never thought it would bring him to this.

Mr. C. You have been sowing to the wind, Mr. Lovedrink, and now you are reaping the whirlwind. If you had led a sober, religious life yourself, and endeavoured to train your son in the principles of sobriety and religion, he would never have brought disgrace upon you in your old age.

Mr. A. Mr. Lovedrink, as an old friend of yours, I have a proposition to make if you are prepared to listen.

L. I am all attention. What is it, pray?

Mr. A. If you will promise to give up your drinking habits for the sake of your son, I will lend you £50, and I hope Mr. Cringle will so far overlook the past as to give your son yet another chance of redeeming the past.

L. Thank you, Mr. Abstinence, with all my heart. You have often befriended me before and I should be an ungrateful wretch indeed to reject your generous offer.

Tom. If the old man gives up his drink, I will, anyhow.

Mr. A. And now, Tom, I must have a word or two with you. I do not like to hear young men speak of their fathers as "the guv'nor," "the old man," and other such objectionable phrases. You may think that it sounds big to talk slang and use disrespectful language to your elders; but it is a lowering to any young man in the eyes of all sensible people. I would advise you to give up bad company, burn your cards and dice, leave off swearing and smoking, and resolve from this day forward, that you will live a new and a better life. You are young and may live many years, and you have talents and abilities which, if rightly used, will make you a useful man and a good citizen in your day and generation.

Mr. C. Come, Tom, what say you? Are you willing to try to redeem your character?

Tom. (Penitently.) Yes, sir, I am; and if you will only let me come back to you again, sir, you shall never have cause to regret it. I have often thought lately that I was a fool for doing as I did, and but for the drink and the company it led me into I should have been a better servant and a wiser man no doubt.

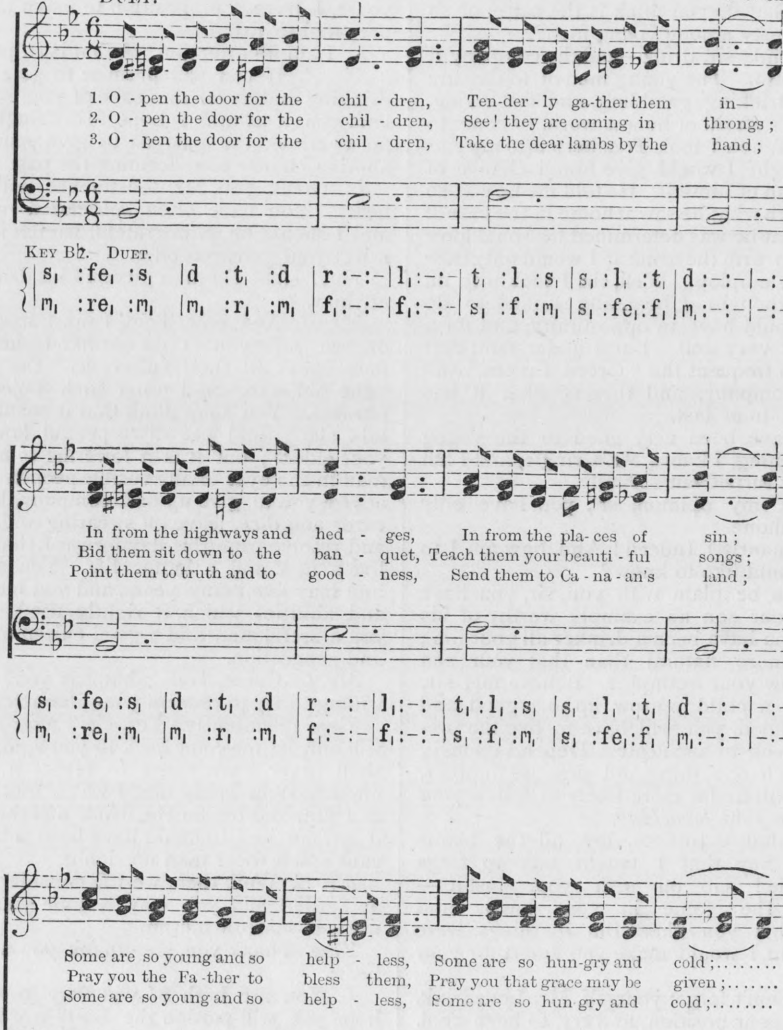
Mr. C. Well, then, we will consider this affair as settled, and you may resume your employment to-morrow morning.

Tom. Thank you, sir—thank you with all my heart.

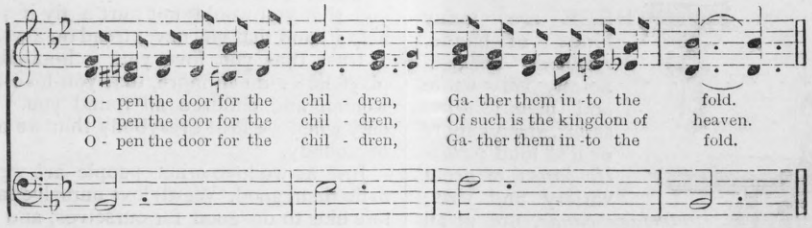
L. You are both of you very good; and I hope you will pardon the hasty words which I uttered just now. I see plainly that what you said, was said in kindness. My life hitherto has been a mistake; I have done wrong in the past, but by God's help I hope I shall be able to do better. I hope it is not yet too late to undo some of the mischief I have done; and with your kind assistance, gentlemen, I will endeavour in the future to set a better example than I have done in the past to that boy of mine.

OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

C. C. CASE.

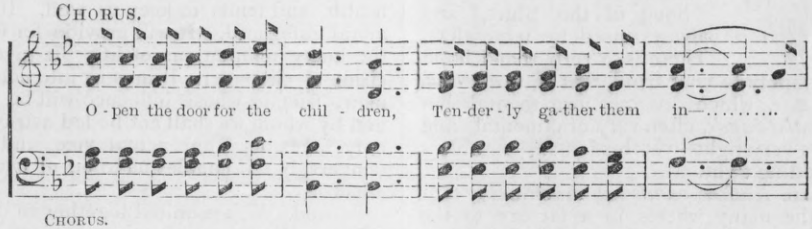


OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN—(*continued.*)



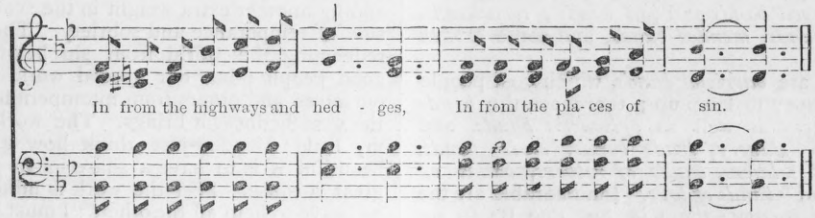
s_1	:fe_1	:s_1	|d	:t_1	:d	|r	:-:-	l_1:-:-	|t_1	:l_1	:s_1	|s_1	:l_1	:t_1	|d	:-:-	|-:-:-	‖
m_1	:re_1	:m_1	|m_1	:r_1	:m_1	|f_1	:-:-	|f_1:-:-	|s_1	:f_1	:m_1	|s_1	:fe_1	:f_1	|m_1	:-:-	|-:-:-	‖

CHORUS.



CHORUS.

r	:r	:r	|r	:m	:f	|m	:-:-	|d :-:-	|l_1	:l_1	:l_1	|l_1	:t_1	:d	|t_1	:-:-	|-:-:l						
s_1	:s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:-:-	|m_1:-:-	|f_1	:f_1	:f_1	|f_1	:f_1	:f_1	|f_1	:-:-	|-:-:-						
O - pen		the	door	for	the	chil	-	dren,	Ten-der - ly			gather them			in ;								
t_1	:t_1	:t_1	|t_1	:d	:r	|d	:-:-	|d :-:-	|d	:d	:d	|d	:t_1	:l_1	|s_1	:-:-	|-:-:-						
s_1	:s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:s_1	:s_1	|d_1	:-:-	|d_1:-:-	|f_1	:f_1	:f_1	|f_1	:f_1	:f_1	|s_1	:-:-	|-:-:-						



s_1	:fe_1	:s_1	|d	:r	:m	|f	:-:-	|l_1:-:-	|s_1	:s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:l_1	:t_1	|d	:-:-	|-:-:-						
m_1	:re_1	:m_1	|m_1	:f_1	:s_1	|l_1	:-:-	|f_1:-:-	|m_1	:m_1	:m_1	|f_1	:f_1	:f_1	|m_1	:-:-	|-:-:-						
In	from	the	high-ways		and	hed	-	ges,	In from the			pla - ces			of	sin.							
d	:d	:d	|d	:d	:d	|d	:-:-	|d :-:-	|d	:d	:d	|r	:r	:r	|d	:-:-	|-:-:-						
d_1	:d_1	:d_1	|d_1	:d_1	:d_1	|f_1	:-:-	|f_1:-:-	|s_1	:s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:s_1	:s_1	|d_1	:-:-	|-:-:-						

BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

BY UNCLE BEN.

THERE are many kinds of bands. *Parson's bands*, generally very white and prim; *brass bands*, always more or less loud; *elastic bands*, of great variety and size; *marriage bands*, not at all elastic, yet thought a good deal of by most people; *hat-bands*, sometimes very deep, but not always significant of grief; "*the gusset and band*," made famous by Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and always used by teetotalers. There is a verb that I hope will never apply to your band, that is, to *disband*. *Saddle-bands*, which are not ornamental but useful; *waist-bands*, often very ornamental, and sometimes very tight—yet this is a very harmless way of getting tight.

There are *leather bands* for machinery, that connect the many wheels in a factory to the motive power that drives the whole mill; *silver bands*, much employed by pagans of ancient times, and by heathens of our own day, for their arms and wrists; *gold bands*, small and circular, very popular with young unmarried ladies, who are anxious to have them placed upon the third finger of the right hand; also *iron bands*, never appreciated by the wearers, and seldom if ever worn by abstainers.

There are other *strong bands*, and many *weak bands; good bands* and *bad bands; torn bands*, *severed bands*, *mended bands*, and some *broken* for ever.

There are *barrister bands*, which cost people much money to keep up; there are the *bands of prisoners* as well as *prisoner's bands*, and *bands of slavery*, *trade bands*, *civil bands*, *bands of soldiers*, *bands of robbers*, *bands of music*, and "*bands of love*." Innumerable are the bands of sorrow; there is but one BAND OF HOPE, and that is a good band indeed, the best band of all, except the "bands of love" in the divinest sense.

Our Band of Hope is a union for doing good, and of all the beautiful and blessed things in this life, the most beautiful and the most blessed is the power and privilege of doing good. We all like to do good when we can do it easily, when it does not cost us very much, when we can have the pleasure of it without the trouble of it. I hope you are all kind to dumb animals, love horses and dogs and cats, and never tease or hurt the kittens or birds. Could it be said of you that you would not hurt a fly if you could help it, and that you never tread on a worm? But I trust that you love your schoolfellows and playfellows much more, that you love men and women and children all round you. For it is only when we love everybody that we are afraid of nobody.

Just as we love other people are we anxious to do them good. We all love ourselves and therefore like to do good for ourselves, and those we love most we like to do most for. And love is the only power that makes obedience implicit and service always easy.

Our Band of Hope is a band of members united for doing good in the most hopeful way.

First. Each member does good to himself. Our temperance pledge is sure to improve our health, and tends to keep us well. It will be a moral safeguard. It will provide for us against the many temptations of life. It gives us decision of character. Brings us into contact with many friends whose influence will be for good, and by whom we shall not be led astray. It not only saves us from actual vice and possible dangers, but it enables us to be of use to those about us.

Second. We are united together to do good to others. We are protesting against the great national vice with something more than mere words, by our actions, which, if every one else adopted, the evil would be seen no more.

Thus we are setting an example not only in a passive way, by avoiding the cause of so much ruin and misery, but actively, by preventing the danger from spreading. Besides, our example is an attack upon the foe in the most powerful way. Every one who joins our movement is adding another extra weight in the scales on the side of temperance and sobriety. The work of redeeming the world from sin belongs to all good people; but our special work is to save ourselves and others from intemperance and all the wretchedness it brings. The work is yours, my little friends—just think how grand and beautiful it is to have a share in so good and great a cause. Feel the work is mine. I must be brave to help all the others; I must be faithful and true to have my part in the victory; I must be earnest to win the glory of doing good. We cannot all be great heroes like some of the famous leaders, nor all great orators, like Mr. Gough, nor all great writers—nor yet even speakers and conductors; but we can all be earnest and faithful and brave, constant at the meeting, ready to bring others, trying to make *my* society a great success. It would not do to have all the army composed of officers and

trumpeters; the strength of every regiment is in the discipline, order, and courage of the individual soldiers. And He who saw the widow give her two mites in the temple, and who always sees in secret, will openly reward those who have been faithful in the few things. If the cup of cold water given to the thirsty shall in no wise lose its reward, we may be quite sure that the patient service and humble effort to stay the great curse of our fair land, will receive at last the smile of the Father's face. My little friends, what need we more than that to help us in our good work?

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up, children; don't say "I won't," or "I can't," but instead, say "I'll try, any way, and succeed if possible." Don't be like the negligent schoolboy who takes his book to work out a problem, but soon throws it down, saying, "I can't understand that, why do I try? I cannot waste my precious time here, I ought to be out of doors, snowballing." And so off he goes, feeling very much injured that his teacher should wish him to destroy his health by studying arithmetic when he ought to be exercising in the open air. Yes, there is the excuse—a worn one, by the way—that scholars often make to themselves, to crush down their conscience, which *will* sometimes rebuke notwithstanding.

Don't surrender at trifles. I suppose you have all read of the prince who went to seek his fortune once upon a time, and was obliged to hew down masses of rock as high as mountains that lay in his pathway; but he succeeded, building castles and founding cities, because he never gave up, and at last was made king of the world.

Now if you will hew down the rock "I can't," and build up the castle "I'll try," never fear but that you will be made king, not of the world, but of yourself, which I think is much better. You will not then be likely to throw your books into one corner, while you sit in another, feeling very unreasonable, and ready to fly into a passion at the slightest provocation, all because you have said "I can't learn my lesson, and what is more, I won't try!"

Don't be dismayed at obstacles. They are things that *will* come up before us, and they *must* be *overcome*. Remember with what small means great things have been accomplished, and remember, too, that it is within your power to do nearly, if not quite as well, providing that you will say "I will never give up!"

A NURSERY SCENE.

I PEEPED into my nursery
So quietly one day,
And there I saw five pairs of hands
All busy at their play.

They did not see me enter,
Fixed was each childish gaze
Upon their work of ruin,
Which filled me with amaze.

There Josephine, the eldest,
Looked almost fit to cry
Over her vain endeavours
In her doll to fix an eye;

While Reginald, much younger,
At shearing tried his skill,
By plucking wool from off a lamb
I gave to little Will.

The twins, George and Georgiana,
Both of inquiring mind,
The bellows were dissecting,
To see whence came the wind;

While little Willie's chubby hands
Were tugging at the mane
Of horse already tailless,
Already blind and lame.

I glanced around the chamber,
And saw a motley sight—
Wrecked sailors, wounded soldiers,
Headless ladies, black and white;

Broken cups and saucers,
Ships minus sail and mast;
A train without an engine—
All come to ruin at last.

My first thought was to chide them,
But soon I thought, Ah no!
Such lessons must they often learn
As on through life they go:

Nor are their early playthings
The *only* broken toys;
Fond dreams will fade—to bitter grief
May turn their brightest joys.

Perchance this childish mischief
May wiser lessons teach—
To cope with disappointment,
Which soon their path may reach;

To show how much of sorrow
Is mixed with earthly joy,
And point to yon fair heaven,
Where is no broken toy.

HARRIET SLADE.

"TRY AGAIN."

W. P. W. BUXTON.

"I CAN'T climb up that high wall," said a young ivy-shoot as it peeped out of the ground.

"Have you tried?" asked its wise mother.

"Yes, I've tried very hard," replied young Ivy.

"Then you must try again."

"But it is very discouraging when you keep on trying and don't succeed."

"True," answered the mother; "but when I was young like you I tried until I did succeed; and when you begin to try in earnest, you will soon climb to the top of the wall."

The young ivy then stretched out its tendrils and began to climb, but it had not gone far when a strong gust of wind came and cast it down to the earth again; and next morning, when the sun peeped above the distant hills, the young ivy might have been seen bathed in tears of dew, and saying very angry words against the wind.

"What!" exclaimed Mother Ivy, as soon as she opened her eyes; "and are you down there again? Dear-a-me, what a lazy child you must be! I wish you would get out of the way, for you do so annoy all my other children, and prevent them from climbing."

"I'm sure I can't help it, mother," whimpered young Ivy.

"It is because you won't," answered its mother.

At this speech young Ivy was very much annoyed, and began to climb in earnest, and now it has succeeded in reaching the top of the wall. How happy it looks! The sun smiles upon it a look of encouragement, whilst the ivy nods its head in the breeze with a self-satisfied air, as much as to say, "I've succeeded at last."

My young friends, there is nothing leads to success in any cause like trying—trying to conquer little sins or to cultivate little virtues; trying to make others happy by a kind word or a cheerful smile; trying to make drunkards sober, and prevent others from becoming drunkards; trying to lead sinners to a footstool of divine mercy. Every weak endeavour, and every faithful effort God will surely bless. Remember,

"There are golden crowns in glory;
We may wear them—*let us try.*"

ONLY A GLASS OF WINE.

"ONLY a glass of wine!"
And the red lips prettily pout
As the jewelled fingers, white and fair,
The juice of the grape pour out.

Ah! maiden, did you but know
What woe doth the wine-cup hold,
You would cast it into the ocean deep,
Though each drop were molten gold.

"Only a glass of wine,
Sparkling, rosy, and bright;
Drink, for I kissed its crystal rim,
And dream of me, love, to-night."

Oh, woman has power to bind
The noblest hearts in thrall—
"Only a glass of wine" was quaffed—
Ah, God! would that were all!

Only a wretched form
Staggering through the night,
Leaving on wife and child unborn
A withering deadly blight.

"Only a glass of wine" at first—
Ah me! what a potent spell
Must lie embalmed in the fragrant wine,
Ennobling thoughts to quell!

Only a drunken brute
Found in the gutter, dead,
While a famished wife and new-born babe
Are dying from lack of bread!

"Only a glass of wine?" No! no!—
Away with the tempter's thrall!
For wine is a demon dire that robs
Of God, and manhood, and all.

SPRING FLOWERS.

ON the evening of creation,
God, from His throne in heaven,
Saw that no worldly blessing
Was unto man ungiven.

He gazed upon the beauteous earth,
And where His glances fell
There sprang the sweet spring flowers
That children love so well.

He made them all so beautiful
In the fulness of His love,
That by their gentle influence
Young hearts might turn above;

They twine around the being
Of childhood's earliest years,
And mingle with its brightest hopes,
And chase away its tears.

The sight of long-forgotten flowers
Will call the spirit back,
When years have travelled over us,
To many a woodland track—

We are in the pleasant meadows,
By the water-brook once more,
And the old, old love of flowers
Creeps on us, as of yore.

Men have their golden treasures,
With what such treasures bring ;
And little children—what have they ?—
The flowers of the spring. M.

DEATH OF THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

SHE fell asleep upon a doorstep cold,
The night-wind's moaning was her lullaby ;
The snowflakes fell amongst her curls of gold,
And kissed her fair brow softly, silently.

Did her wan face reflect the smiles so sweet
Of the bright forms that hovered o'er her head ?
Angels can linger in the dreary street
As well as round the snug, white-curtained bed.

What was it made the white lips quiver so ?—
Had some strange dream the little one beguiled ?
Or had an angel-mother, bending low,
Tenderly kissed her lonely, sleeping child ?

The clock struck one ! The echoes died away,
And the broad street was silent as before ;
And still in sweet forgetfulness she lay
Sleeping outside the stately mansion's door.

She did not hear the policeman's heavy tread,
She was not startled by his loud, stern tone ;
And when he laid his hand upon her head
The blue eyes opened not—she still slept on !

His strong arms bore her from the dreary street,
He laid her down upon a workhouse bed ;
But ah ! the little heart had ceased to beat.
Help came too late ! The drunkard's child was dead !

Upon the puny arms and shoulders bare
Were purple marks, which told their own sad tale,
And drops of blood from 'neath the shining hair
Had flowed, and dried upon the cheek so pale.

'Tis not an idle tale, 'tis not a dream,
'Tis not a thing which seldom doth occur ;
Howe'er incredible the fact may seem,
It is a living truth, that year by year,

Hundreds of drunkards' children, far too frail
To battle with harsh blows and poverty,
Live for a while, till strength and courage fail,
Then, worn with constant strife, they droop and die.

MINA E. GOULDING.

A YOUNG MAN'S HISTORY.

THE *Temperance Banner*, a well-conducted monthly paper, gives, from a contributor, some thoughts on the history of a young man that all young people would do well to ponder. Read and ponder.

"I first saw him at a social party; he took but a single glass of wine, and that at the earnest solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been introduced.

"I next saw him, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire created by his indulgence, and he thought there was no danger.

"I next saw him, late in the evening, unable to walk home. I assisted him thither, and we parted.

"I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

"I saw him once more. He was cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting-place. In the small procession that followed every head was cast down. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow; his mother wept that she had ever given birth to such a child.

"This is a sad story, dear children. When a boy, our poor friend was as bright as any of you. More than once, when students together, did he sneer at my teetotalism; when I urged him to sign the pledge he laughed at me, and scouted the bare suggestion of danger. Poor Fred! his father had the glass on the table, and there the appetite was formed. Beware of the first glass."

LITTLE TOM, THE ABSTAINER.

IT is a most lamentable and discouraging fact that many who sign the pledge break it for the slightest reasons. Often through the prescriptions of their medical adviser they are led to take intoxicating drink as medicine, and afterwards become enslaved by its alluring properties. On the other hand, it is most encouraging and gratifying to hear of the noble examples which have been set us by many of our young people—examples which ought to stimulate all to work on with renewed zeal, and to cause those who are weak and wavering to hold fast to their pledge.

Many are the beautiful instances in which the young members of our Bands of Hope have strictly maintained their temperance principles in opposition to the entreaties of their thoughtless parents, the scoffs and sneers of their friends, and the unwise commands of their doctors.

Some time ago the father of a young boy, a member of the —— Band of Hope, desired some beer for his supper; so calling his son, he said—

"Tom, take this jug, and bring me a pint of beer from the 'Raglan.'"

The young abstainer looked up into his father's face, and in a very entreating and modest manner replied—

"Oh, father! please don't send me, for I have signed the pledge, and I do hope you will not ask me to bring your beer: I'll do anything else you want me."

"What! do you mean to disobey my orders? I am not obliged to those who have taught you such foolish notions. I shall have my beer when I want it, and I'll make you go—that I will!"

"John, dear, don't force the lad," said his gentle wife; "for I am sure he means to do right."

"But I will have him go; for if I give way here there's no telling what he will be doing next. Come, be off with you, sir!"

"Oh, but father—dear father, please don't send me."

"No, no! that won't do. You must go. I can't be done in that manner; so begone, without any more of your nonsense."

"Just wait one minute, father," said Tom, and diving his hand into the depths of his pocket and drawing something out, he began quickly to unfold some paper, and at last, holding a bright shilling before his father's eyes, said—"See, I have saved this from coppers given me, and if you will be so kind as not to let me go, you shall have it all, although I was saving it for Christmas."

"Well, if that isn't the richest thing I ever heard of!" said the astonished father. "You'll give me your shilling to let you off?"

"Yes, I will, and gladly, if you will not ask me to go."

The man was completely overcome with his

son's earnestness and the readiness with which he offered up his savings to be freed from doing that which his young heart told him was wrong; so holding out his hand, he said with a smile—"Well, give me your shilling, and you shall not go. I will have no beer to-night."

"Oh, here it is, father! I am so pleased you are not having any beer to-night."

One evening shortly afterwards, the father returned home with a beautiful pledge-card, in letters of gold, encircled in a golden frame; and writing down his own name, and those of his wife and his noble boy, he hung it over the mantelpiece, as an abiding pledge that no drink should ever again enter their happy home.

Thus the boy was saved from doing what his conscience told him was wrong. His father became a stanch teetotaler, and is now a very useful and hearty supporter of the cause of temperance.

THE EXACT TRUTH.

TWO young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick, discovered it was a little thicker on one side than the other.

His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth is truth,' and ever so little an untruth was a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh," said Ben, "but I am not lying, and have no intention of doing so."

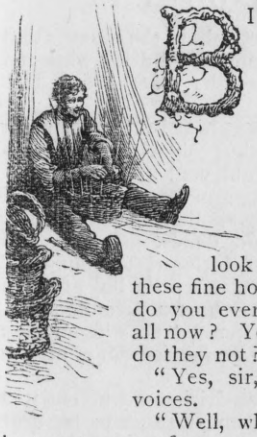
"Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere read that a lie in one's work, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher till the close of the day, when they quitted work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume work, when behold, the lie had wrought out the result of all lies! The wall, getting a little the slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last in the night fell to the ground, obliging the masons to do all their work over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character: it grows more and more untrue, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin. Tell, act, and live the exact truth always.

"US BOYS."



BILL ROSS, a temperance lecturer at Rushville, Illinois, was preaching to the young on his favourite theme. He said—"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who own them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be twenty years from now?"

"Dead," shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now, tell me, did you ever, in going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging around the public-house door, waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be drunkards then?"

"Us boys."

Billy was thunderstruck for a moment, but recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

WHAT SHALL THAT BOY DO?

WHO will tell? The boy who reads this, what will he do? When he becomes a man, will he do many things? Will he read, and so be intelligent? Will he bring the powers of mind and body into exercise, and so be healthful and strong? Will he pray and be pious, good—of a noble and virtuous soul? Will he write, and so be graceful in speech, ready in communication, and of a strong influence? Say, my boy, what are you going to do? What you like to do now, you will be very likely to do by-and-by. Do you swear now? Do you cheat, deceive, lie, steal? Do you do dishonourable things? Are you respectful to, or do you disobey your parents and teacher? Remember the boy makes the man. If the boy is bad, the man will be. If he is idle now, he will be idle when a man. What will you be?

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

ADVICE.—Eat oysters only in the months that have an "r" in their names, and drink wine and whisky only in the months that have a "k" in their names.

DAVIE DRYSDALE was heard the other night outside a public-house thus soliloquising, "Half-a-croun awa' an' no' drunk yet!"

IF a lawyer is in danger of starving in a small town or village, he invites another, and both thrive.

"COME and play and dance, my dear, and choose one of these pretty little girls for your wife," said a lady of the house to a little boy of seven years, who kept by himself at a juvenile party. "No," said the young cynic, "no wife for me; do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

WE have heard of an Irishman who enlisted in the Seventy-fifth regiment so as to be near his brother, who was in the Seventy-fourth.

SCHOOL BOARD ABSTAINERS.—The replies to the circulars issued by the Scottish Temperance League, to ascertain the number of abstainers on Scottish School Boards, show that 275 temperance candidates were returned, and that in addition to these, 227 are in favour of temperance truths being taught in Board schools.

"NOW, my hearties," said a gallant Yankee captain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone, then run! I'm a little lame, and so I'll start now."

A TRAVELLER stopped at an inn to breakfast, and having drank a cup of what was given to him, the servant asked, "What will you take, sir—tea or coffee?" "That depends on circumstances," was the reply. "If what you gave me last was tea, I want coffee; if it was coffee, I want tea—I can't drink what I had before."

"I DID not say, your honour, that the defendant was intoxicated—no, not by any means; but this I will say, when last I saw him, he was washing his face in a mud-puddle, and afterwards I saw him drying it on a door-mat."

A KENTUCKY lawyer on a circuit was asked to dine with a judge. At the table the judge, as was his custom, asked a blessing, and shortly after took from the sideboard a bottle of old Bourbon, of which he asked his friend to partake, partaking freely himself, as was also his custom. After dinner the lawyer said—"Judge, will you permit me to ask you a question?" "Oh, certainly," replied the judge. "What is it?" "I observed," replied the lawyer, "that after you had asked a blessing, you set on the bottle. Now I wish to ask whether you are ashamed to ask a blessing on the liquor, or whether you thought it good enough without it?" The judge took the case under advisement.

THISTLES IN THE HEART.—A few years ago a little boy told his first falsehood. It was a little solitary thistle-seed, and no eye but God's saw him as he planted it in the mellow soil of his heart. But it sprung up—oh, how quickly!—and in a little while another seed dropped from it to the ground, each in its turn bearing more and more thistles. And now his heart is overgrown with a bad habit. It is as difficult for him to speak the truth as it is for a gardener to clear his land of the ugly thistle after it has once gained a footing in the soil.—*Lytle.*

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Anti-Tobacco Journal—The Coffee Palace and Temperance Journal—The Temperance Record—The Western Temperance Herald—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Dietetic Reformer—The British Temperance Advocate—The Coffee Public-House News—The Social Reformer—The Band of Hope Chronicle.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Illustrious Abstainers." By Fred Sherlock. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, London. Price 3s. 6d. The book supplies a want which has been felt by many. In its pages we are introduced to the life and character of some of the most distinguished men who have added to their virtues, *Temperance*. The names are well chosen, being thoroughly representative, and one hardly knows which is honoured most, the great names made greater by adopting a good principle, or the good principle adorned by great men. We heartily thank Mr. Sherlock for his labours, and wish his work a wide circulation.

"Unfermented Wine for Sacramental and Dietetic Purposes: What some is, and what all should be." Published by John Heywood, Manchester and London, Price 2d. A brief paper, being a report of the Salford trial under the "Adulteration Acts," which is an exposure of some very unsatisfactory fluid sold as unfermented wine.

From the same publishers, under the title of Health Lectures for the People, price 1d., "Alcohol, and its Hereditary Effects," by Henry Humphreys, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P., Physician to the Children's Hospital, in which some most interesting facts are borne witness to under the light of science.

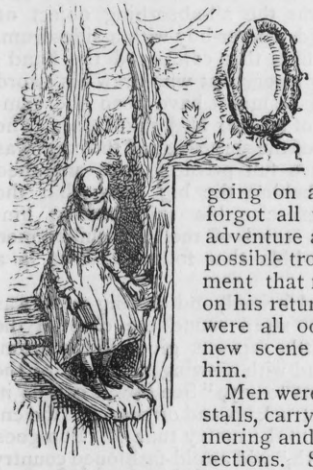
"The People of Pentonby." By Miss Maxted. Published by Partridge and Co. Evidently a book with a purpose, and that purpose a very good one, viz., to exhibit the manifold ways in which drink curses a community. The story is sketchy, and betrays a somewhat inexperienced hand, but the various incidents are well told, and the book contains some very powerful pictures of the ruin which intemperance works. There is good reason to believe that the writer, though young, may exert a strong influence for good over the young by the use of her pen in the temperance cause. The book is very well got up, and contains a good portrait of Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., to whom it is dedicated.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

III.—WHAT CAME OF THE FAIR; OR, A DROP TOO MUCH.

"Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field."
Tennyson.



OUR young friend, whom we left standing alone in the market-place while preparations for the fair were going on around him, soon forgot all the perils of his adventure and all about the possible trouble and punishment that might await him on his return. His thoughts were all occupied with the new scene going on about him.

Men were busy putting up stalls, carrying boards, hammering and nailing in all directions. Some of the stalls were finished, and clean white cloths were spread on which to lay the buns and gingerbreads, tarts and sweets, and other delicacies to tempt the youthful appetite. Here and there a stall was completed, and large letters of gold announced to the world the unrivalled confectionery of Mr. Jones, from Hungerford. Then there were the toy-stores—to watch these being displayed and set in order afforded to the wondering gaze of Billy supreme delight; drums and trumpets, soldiers and dolls, in vast variety of size and beauty. No one could despise dolls more sincerely than our hero, but his heart warmed towards a box of soldiers with patriotic ardour. When he saw a dainty arrangement of female beauty in miniature, he thought of Jenny and the farthing, and wondered if anything in that line could be got for the money. Yet on reflecting that he should have to carry his purchase the generous thought faded like a dream. The crockery stands, with their cheap and gaudy ornaments and brilliant show of glass and china-ware, with a row of looking-glasses behind, did not attract his attention.

One marvel of advanced civilisation caused the country lad to stop and stare for some time, at a man who had a sort of large tin basket on wheels, under which was a bright little fire, and every now and then he opened a little oven-like door and revealed a perfect crowd of smoking hot pies, and shouted at the top of his voice, "All 'ot, all 'ot. Only a penny a-piece. Pies, all 'ot, all 'ot." Slowly the man moved along, followed by several boys and the eager eyes of some dirty, ragged gipsy children. The boy was just about to part with a penny over this miracle of comfort in cookery when admiration was once more arrested in the construction of Loyd's Famous Shooting-gallery and Wide World Renowned Roundabouts; but when he saw the swings were almost completed and ready for the day's trade, his mind was greatly perplexed as to which it should be, either a white horse with two stirrups, or the yellow and red car named the "Flying Fairy" that should draw his first penny.

He elected in favour of the swing upon hearing a boy say he would be the first to go up in the swing, this was the straw that turned the scale, the potent influence of example could not be resisted. It was not long before all things were ready, and he was seated in the "Flying Fairy," holding on with might and main, and cheering with the other boys. The first upward movement of the swing awoke within his imagination a confused idea about the removal of Elijah, concerning whose departure from earth he had learnt in Sunday-school, but the downward motion produced so strange a sensation in the very centre of his bodily frame that all speculation concerning the sacred narrative was annihilated. And when he was finally released from his airy situation, so sick and shaky did he feel for a few minutes that he was sincerely sorry he had not speculated on the white horse. All this soon vanished away as he passed further on to where the shows and Cheap Jacks were making ready their caravans for the noisy entertainment of silly people later on.

The pictures outside suggested to Billy's believing mind unheard-of mystery and wonder. The penny peep-show contained The Panoramic History of Modern Warfare, The Taking of Sebastopol, and the whole of the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny, together with a lifelike portrait of Nana Sahib.

Another show-picture told him that within could be seen the most intelligent pony in the world, the learned pig, the wonderful performing dogs, and the far-famed Wizard of the East; and to add to the external attraction a drum and French horn hung outside the show below the pictures exhibited on high. Many other shows and performances there were, with similar suggestions of brass bands, which, as the day wore on, would draw money from foolish "country Johnnies," as the equally silly townspeople called the lads and young men who came to the fair in

fustian and smock-frocks from all the villages in the neighbourhood.

The fair now began to fill up rapidly, the streets were crowded, the shops displayed their goods to compete with the transient glory of the fair. The drapery establishments were quite a sight to behold. The public-houses hung out flags and bunting, although they needed no outside decoration to beguile that nondescript individual known as the *bonâ fidẹ* traveller, for already the sanded doorways and bars of every beer-house in the town were crowded and reeking with tobacco, spirits, and oaths. Passing one of the larger and commonly called more respectable hotels of the town, Billy thought he saw his father going up to the cattle-market with farmer Knaggs and another gentleman ; for a moment his heart beat so fast and he was so stricken with fear that he did not know what to do, but as they were soon lost in the multitude Billy gradually recovered, but was left with a very uneasy feeling within. His father's presence at the fair was the one thing he had not calculated. Had his father seen him when his attention was engaged? He might come on him again any moment—should he go home at once? These were thoughts that passed rapidly through his mind.

The fair seemed only just beginning ; if he were in for trouble he would make the best of this day, and see all he could. So he turned his attention once more to all that was going on, and tried to forget the anxious thoughts. The excitement was growing with the day, the morning had become midday. The streets were so full it was difficult to get along, the passing of a vehicle caused quite a commotion. Shouting, crowding, pushing, swearing, and here and there quarreling that threatened to end in fighting when a little more beer had been drunk. The air was full with the roar of many voices, the sound of drums, the cries of men selling their wares, and Cheap Jacks bawling "Sold again," "Sold again," the cracking of many whips, and all kinds of street music.

The day wore on slowly, but the noise and tumult seemed to increase ; the pennies and farthings had all gone from Billy's pocket, and he was getting tired and weary of seeing the same things, and frightened at being pushed about so in the crowd.

At intervals during the day a recruiting-party of soldiers paraded the town. They generally used to start from the " Ship Inn," then a low public-house situated in the market-place. This military display was looked on as one of the leading features of interest during the fair. The first time they had marched round the town Billy had almost missed the sight, so now he was determined to see as much of this review of eight soldiers as was possible with the crowd. Long had he watched outside the " Ship," in constant expectation of the grand march past. But it was not till late in the afternoon that the actual muster took place of these brave defenders, with their red coats and ribbons, who were to march about to decoy empty-headed lads and half-drunken men into the army service to repent at leisure. Many a lad has gone to ruin, many a young man has almost broke his mother's heart by enlisting at fair-time in a drunken spree.

At last they came out of the public-house. The real big drum was the all-absorbing object of attraction, and a drummer-boy with a side-drum, three lads with fifes, this composed the band ; they were led by a sergeant who drew his sword and looked as if he might have been the commander-in-chief of all Her Majesty's forces. The army that followed the sergeant and the band was made up of two full privates, who marched sufficiently far behind the big drum that the player might exercise his skill without hindrance from the crowd of reeling drunken men and the noisy rabble that followed close in a seething mass.

When they had formed, and the big drum was hooked on to the strap round the chest of the drummer, one little tap was given to the drum, then another, and with a swing and twist of the hand, as much as to say, " See how I can do it, boys," the band struck up, and off marched the entire detachment to the merry tune of "Pop goes the Weasel." "Ah," said an old-fashioned country bystander, who was trying hard to get out of the way, " them are the boys to play the game, pop goes the money. Beer and powder do make the money go pop, I reckons, and that's all them sogers are after. I wish they'ud dress in black, their trade be black enough."

Then away they marched, Billy struggling to keep as near the big drum as possible, and intending when this display was over to get home as fast as he could. The crowd was so great that he could see nothing and only hear the vibrations of the drum. They came to a corner of the street, and for a moment there was a check in this triumphant march.

A man in a light cart, with a prize sheep, was trying to drive his way home. The horse was restless and disturbed by the crowd and noise of the fair. And just as the band turned the corner they came full in front of the horse, which took fright, and reared and plunged violently. People shouted and halloaed to clear the road, but this was not so easily done as said. One man roared, "Look out there, the fellow driving has got *a drop too much*, he can't hold the horse. Mind the child!—look out!" The crowd by fright and force gave way. Billy, scared and frightened, was left for an instant in wild confusion, not knowing which

way to turn—the horse finding an open space, gave a plunge, released itself from those who were trying to hold the bridle. The man in the cart gave a furious cut with the whip, away went the horse, down went the boy with one shrill scream that rang above the hubbub. Everybody fled to get clear of the galloping horse, and when the crowd closed again it was over the bleeding body of little Billy. And as they raised the boy, one man said, "He's dead, ain't he? take him to the nearest 'pub.'"

(To be continued.)

MIGHTY AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAV'LLER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern:
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart—
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

IN our brief notice of books will be found one entitled "A Lost Laddie," which contains a series of stories and sketches. We are indebted to the publisher for the present excellent illustration of the famous artist, as well as for the substance of this short paper.

The long life of George Cruikshank was one of high and hard work. He lived to be eighty-six, beginning his career as an artist at the early age of eight, thus for nearly fourscore years did this brave genius serve his country. He was born in London, on the 27th September, 1792. His father was a clever draughtsman, and his brother Robert, three years his senior, showed considerable talent with his pencil. But George was the genius of the family, and very soon far outshone both father and elder brother.

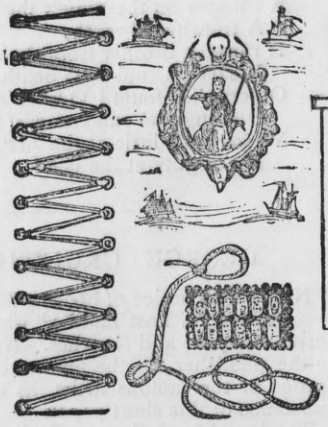
The chief characteristics of his work mark three periods of his life, which divide themselves into the political, social, and special. Before Cruikshank was twenty, his sketches had come under public notice. In 1819, William Hone, the radical and eccentric publisher, brought the young artist into prominence. The woodcuts which then appeared were very telling. All that he satirised and caricatured was deserving the greatest condemnation. His heart and hand were ever ready to aid the truest and best reform. Of the "Political House that Jack Built," upwards of 100,000 copies were sold.

Many other political squibs followed, and were as successful. Hone's pamphlets with the striking illustrations of George Cruikshank became very popular, although the latter only received half-a-guinea each for his drawings.

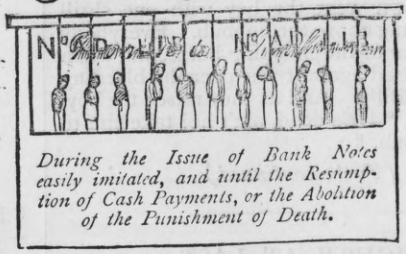
He did not serve a long apprenticeship at this political caricature work, and after about three years turned his attention to more useful subjects in the wider social field. Thus, while he is using his pencil to expose folly and ignorance, scourging cruelty and tyranny, and branding all wrong with eternal shame, he is brought face to face with intemperance.

At this time the genius of the young artist accomplished one of the most memorable feats of his life.

Passing Newgate Jail early one morning he



Bank Restriction.



During the Issue of Bank Notes easily imitated, and until the Resumption of Cash Payments, or the Abolition of the Punishment of Death.

For the Gov^r. and Comp^a. of the BANK OF ENGLAND.

saw several persons suspended from the gibbet, two of these were women who had been executed for passing one-pound forged notes of the Bank of England. He determined, if possible, to put a stop to so terrible a punishment for such a crime; he made a striking sketch as a facsimile of a one-pound note, which he cleverly called my "Bank-note, *not* to be imitated." The sensation it created was extraordinary: when it appeared in the shop-window the police had to be sent for to clear the street. Such was the demand made for it that it could not be printed fast enough. Mr. Hone realised over £700 from its sale, and Cruikshank had the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hanged after this for passing one-pound forged notes.

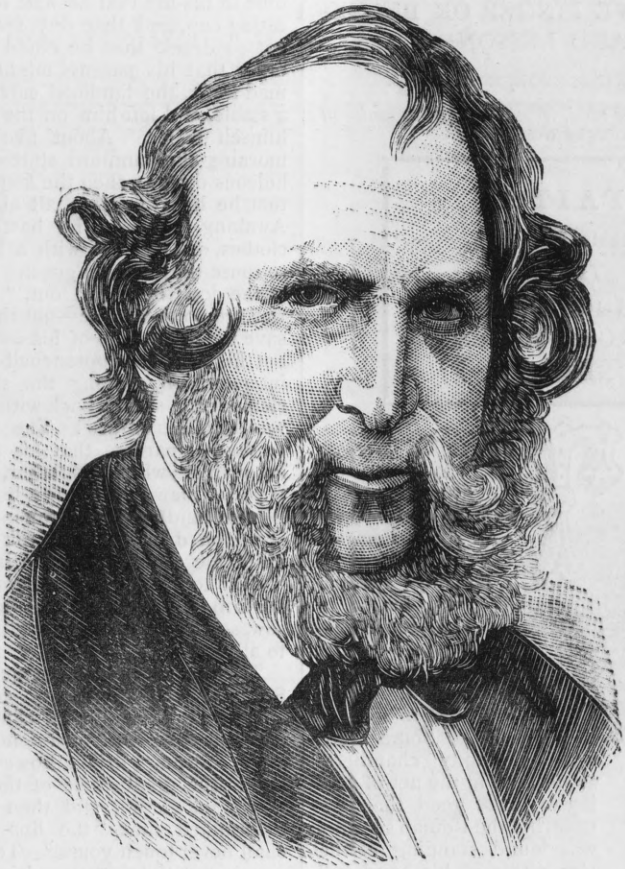
His name and fame were now made, and his work was eagerly sought after to illustrate volumes of light literature. He tried to start one or two magazines, but even with the help of Thackeray, Laman Blanchard, Tom Hood, Mark Lemon, and Gilbert A'Beckett, they were not successful commercial undertakings. Now he became for some little time associated with Dickens, and made the drawings for "Oliver Twist," which are certainly among the most powerful of his achievements. But a still greater one was marked in his life when, in 1847, he produced the eight plates known as "The Bottle." They had a sale in a few days of 100,000 copies at a shilling each. It was the publication of these sheets, which contained the awful but truthful tragedy of drink, that led him to become a total abstainer. For many years he had used his talents to reprove the vice of excessive drinking. But at last he found out it was no use preaching without setting an example, so he became a teetotaler and remained one for thirty years. And from 1848 to the day of his death he became a champion of temperance, not only by example and the power of his genius as an artist, but by speaking and writing. His temperance tracts occupy a prominent position, and place him side by side with the many talented and excellent men who have been for years trying to diminish "the national vice, which is the national curse."

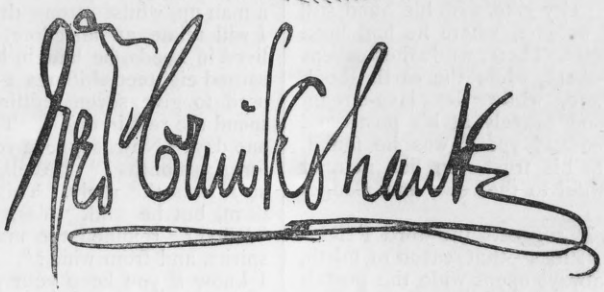
The "Story of the Bottle" was dramatised at eight London theatres at one time. It has been the illustration for hundreds of temperance lectures. "The Drunkard's Children," another series of plates, followed, teaching the same lesson. His work after this became incessant. Illustrations to tales, books of humour, and periodical literature followed in rapid succession. His work for the temperance cause has been great, his engravings have been numerous and are now wonderfully scattered broadcast throughout the land by the various temperance organisations.

Of late years, Mr. Cruikshank turned his attention to painting, and exhibited in the Royal Academy and British Institution. In 1863, he exhibited to the Queen, at Windsor, his marvellous picture "The Worship of Bacchus," which has now become the property of the nation, and hangs in the National Gallery.

He was a man of many sides, large sympathies, and passionate earnestness. Those of us who have heard him can never forget the strength and fervour of his utterance. Even in old age his force seemed unabated: the last time the present writer saw him was at a brilliant gathering at one of the Society of Arts' *soirees*, he was then laughing and chatting with a bevy of young ladies; the old hero, nearly eighty, seemed as charmed and fresh as the English maids of high life by whom he was surrounded.

He was an officer in the volunteers, and with





three oranges he endured a long field-day with ease and pleasure, while his beer-drinking soldiers were exhausted and wearied.

At the advanced age of eighty-five he passed away, and was borne to his rest on earth in Kensal Green, February 9th, 1878, followed by some of the most famous men of the day in art and letters, by distinguished statesmen, noblemen, and warriors, and by the gratitude of thousands. His name and fame will not be forgotten so long as Bands of Hope exist who shall love and cherish the memory of the great and good in the temperance cause; and while England still knows the men who gave their genius for her welfare, and who in loving God loved their brothers also.

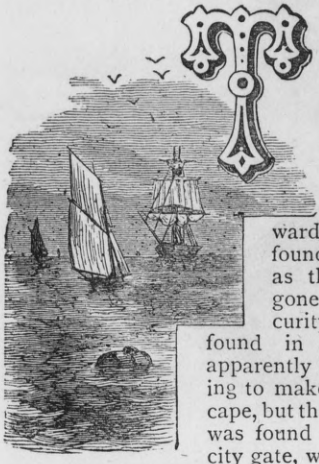
ILLUSTRATIVE FINGER OR BLACK-BOARD LESSON.

BY W. P. WILBERFORCE BUXTON.

(If a blackboard be used, it will appear as under at the close of the lesson.)

FAITH.

F IRMNESS.
A BSTINENCE.
I NDUSTRY.
T RUTHFULNESS.
H ONESTY.



THERE is a lesson to be learnt from my text, F, A, I, T, H. When Pompeii was destroyed, many people were buried in the ruins. Afterwards some were found in deep vaults, as though they had gone thither for security. Some were found in lofty chambers, apparently in the act of trying to make good their escape, but the Roman sentinel was found standing at the city gate, with his hand still grasping the war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain. There, while the heavens threatened him—there, while the earth shook beneath him—there, while the lava-stream rolled, he had stood bravely at his post—and there, after a thousand years, was he found. He was faithful to his trust. In like manner should we be faithful to the vows and pledges we have taken.

Our first letter, **F**, suggests the word FIRMNESS. One Christmas—that season of mirth, when John Bull always opens wide the portals of his genial heart, and unloosens the strings of his capacious purse—a youth returned home from college, to spend Christmastide with his parents. He was a bright, joyous, intelligent youth, but lacking in firmness. For want of this one virtue he was induced to take a glass of wine with an old playmate, and that one glass kindled a thirst for more. That was the first time in his life that he had touched the intoxicating cup, and that day, for the first time, he got so drunk that he could not stand; and in order that his parents might not know of his mad freak, the landlord carried the youth into a stable, and left him on the cold flags to sleep himself sober. About five o'clock the next morning the landlord started up from a most hideous dream; then the fact dawned upon him that he had forgotten all about his customer. Awaking his wife, he hastily donned a few clothes, and hurried with a lamp to the stable to rouse the youthful guest. Creeping softly up to the door, he called out, "Frank!"—for that was the youth's name—but there was no answer save the faint echo of his own words. Picking out his way, he approached the body, with the intention of shaking the sleeper out of his slumber, but shrank back with horror—for Frank was a lifeless corpse! The shock was so great to Frank's parents, that his mother died a raving maniac; whilst his father, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, blew out his own brains. I would not be that landlord for all the money that has been spent on drink; but Frank would have been safe if he could only have been firm, and said "NO" to the man who tempted him to ruin. Be firm, lest your last end be like his. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," is a truth which applies to all.

The next letter, **A**, suggests the word ABSTINENCE—and I, of course, mean total abstinence from all that can intoxicate. Whoever heard of total abstinence making a drunkard? Strong drink, however, makes many, and is the great curse of the country. It first kisses its victim, and then betrays him. Be determined that "the lips that touch liquor shall never touch yours." Total abstinence lifts a man up, whilst strong drink sinks him down. I will relate an anecdote. When Dean Hook lived in Leeds, he had in his parish a man who earned eighteen shillings a-week; out of this he used to give seven shillings to his wife, and spend the rest in drink. The dean said to him one day, "Now, suppose you abstain altogether for six months?" "Well, if I do, *will you*, sir?" was the reply. This was a poser for the dean, but he said, "Yes, I will, if you will!" "What?" rejoined the man, "from beer, from spirits, and from wine?" "Yes." "How shall I know if you keep your promise?" "Why," said the dean, "you ask my missus, and I'll ask yours." It was agreed they should both abstain for six months, but they afterwards renewed the agreement. One became Dean of Chichester, and the other a happy and prosperous man of business in St. Petersburg; so that, owing to total abstinence, both were blessed and became a blessing to others. The Bible tells us that

"the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags," therefore, by your influence and example, be determined that you will put no stumbling-block in the way of any, but say with St. Paul, "I will drink no more, lest I cause my brother to offend." The country will never grow peaceful and virtuous until we close the breweries, the distilleries, and pull down the publicans' signs, that we may lift up the homes and purify the hearts of the people. If the present generation will not bring about this great change, wait until the young people under training in our Bands of Hope and Juvenile Temples grow up to years of maturity, then, by voice, and vote, and pen, they shall, by God's help, sweep away that great curse which for so long has been the source of England's weakness.

We now come to the letter **I**, which shall stand for INDUSTRY. A gentleman once engaged an artist to execute a piece of sculpture for him. Visiting his studio after an absence of several weeks, it seemed to him that the artist had made but little progress. "What have you been doing?" asked the gentleman. "Working on this figure," replied the artist. "But I see nothing done since my last visit!" "Why," answered the artist, "I have brought out this muscle; I have modified that part of the dress; I have slightly changed the expression of the lip." "But these are trifles," said the gentleman. "True, sir," replied the artist; "but perfection is made up of trifles." Perfection of character can only be gained by treasuring up little virtues, and resisting little sins. In any cause, it is only the industrious and persevering who succeed. A minister was once much disappointed because he saw no result from his incessant labour among his people. He was about to change his avocation, but one night he had a dream. He dreamed that he was a poor man seeking employment, and he at last found an employer who handed him a sledge hammer, and told him to hammer upon a certain rock until he had split it in pieces. After hammering some time, he remonstrated that the work was impossible. His employer replied, "That is nothing to you; I shall pay you for doing the work. Whether you succeed or not is no concern of yours." Upon this he redoubled his blows, and was on the point several times of laying down his instrument. Still the employer said, "Keep to your work. Smite the rock!" And he kept on smiting until the rock was rent asunder. The pastor continued in his old sphere, and shortly afterwards had a glorious harvest of inquiring souls.

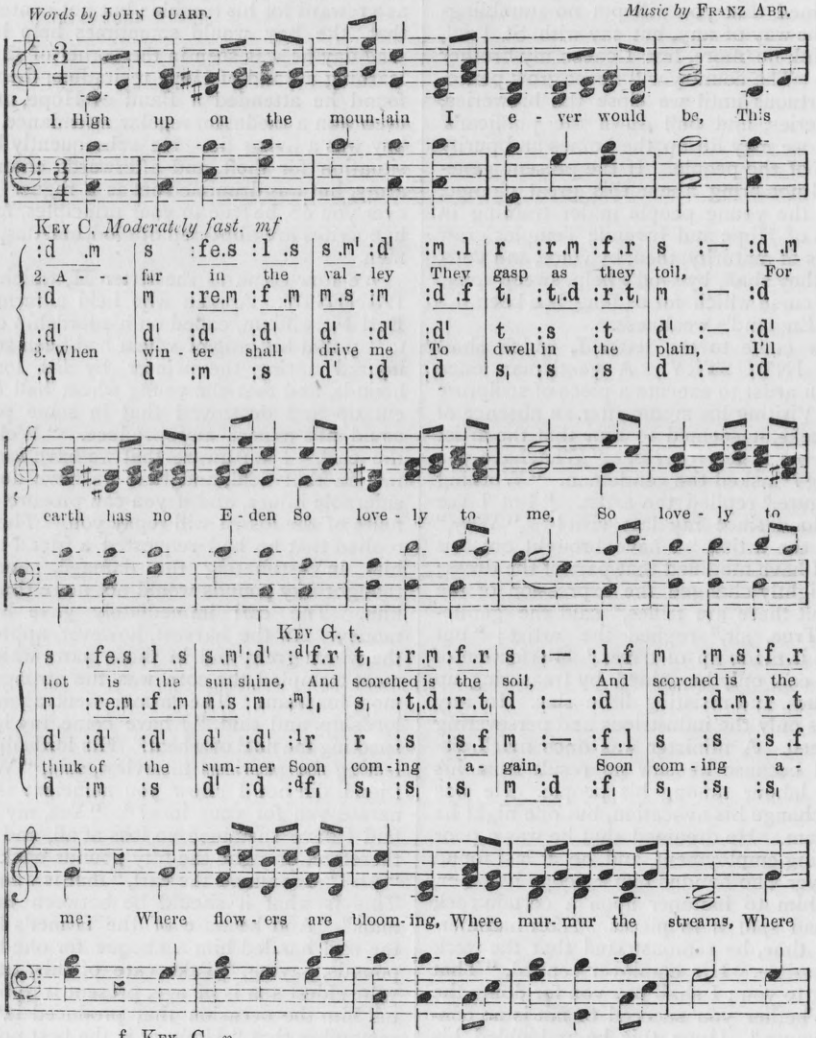
We now come to the letter **T**, which we will call TRUTHFULNESS. One may be untruthful in deed as well as in word. Once, a youth, employed in a Government office, was frequently called upon by the clerks to fetch them beer for lunch, and they would leave him a little as a reward for his trouble; but not content with that, the boy would sometimes help himself. One day he was seen in the corner of the office learning a Band of Hope recitation; then it was found he attended a Band of Hope, and had even won a medal for regular attendance. That boy was a living lie. He subsequently lost his situation for theft, and afterwards entered the army, but was drummed out as a rogue. Whatever you do, be true to your principles, for lying hypocrites are abhorred of God, and despised of men.

We now come to the letter **H**, which begins HONESTY. A man who held a farm under Earl Fitzwilliam, called on his lordship one day to say that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured during the winter by his lordship's hounds, and that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not expect any produce. "Well," said the earl, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury, and if you can procure an estimate of the loss, I will repay you." The farmer replied that he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought fifty pounds would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts which were most trampled, the corn was the strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and said, "I have come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat." His lordship, recollecting the previous interview, said, "Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord: I find I have sustained no loss at all, and I have, therefore, brought the fifty pounds back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the earl, "that is what I like. This is what it should be between man and man." And because of the farmer's honesty, the earl handed him a cheque for one hundred pounds, saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it." Ever remember that "Honesty is the best policy."

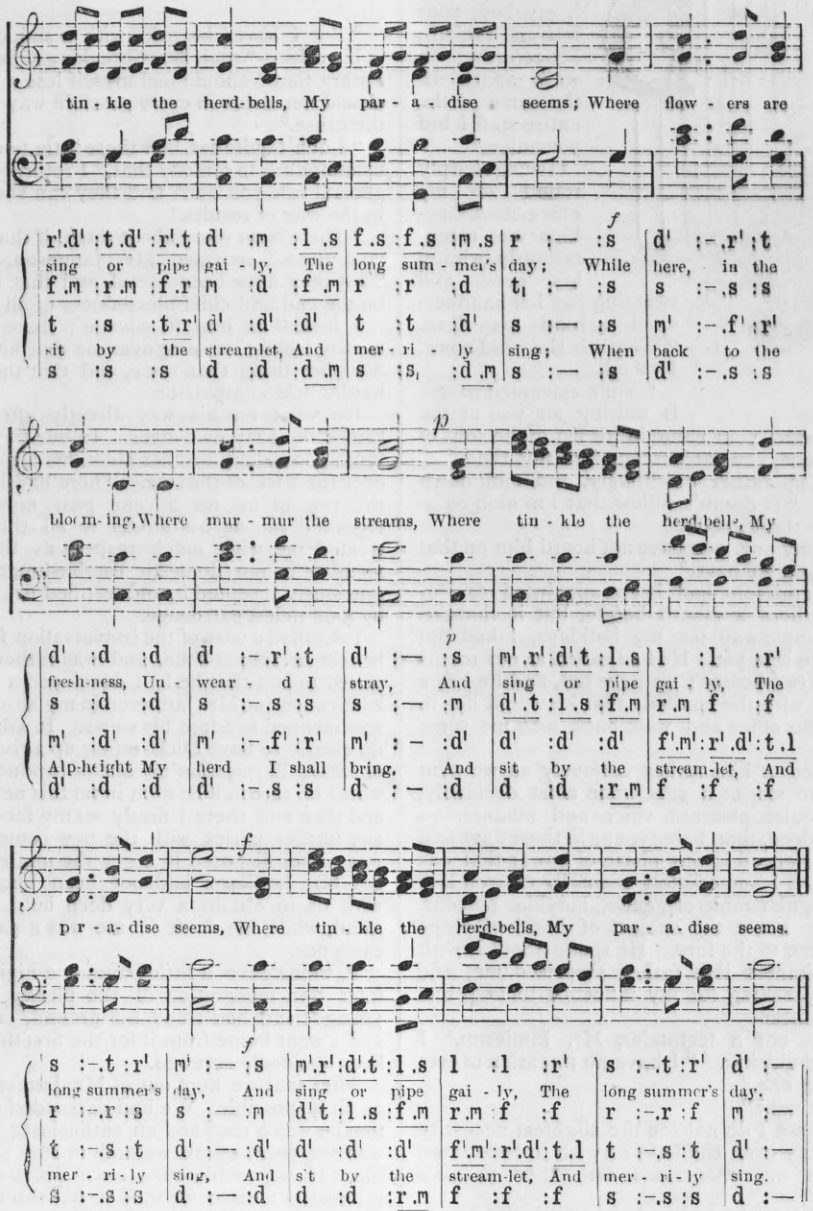
In conclusion, see that your faith be planted in the rich soil of God's divine grace, and rooted in His love. "May you so fight the battle of life for yourselves and for others, that in the end you may be able to say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have gained the victory, and an eternal crown, studded with stars, is mine for ever.'"

THE HERDBOY'S SONG.

Words by JOHN GUARD. *Music by* FRANZ ABT.



THE HERDBOY'S SONG—(*continued.*)



DICK, JUNIOR.

"DICK, my boy, your fate is sealed; henceforth we walk apart. In the name of the entire staff I bid you adieu."

I swung sharply round on my office-stool. Pawkins was ostentatiously wiping his eyes and wringing out his handkerchief behind his desk. "What's in the wind now?" I asked.

"Your esteemed pastor is waiting for you at the door to enrol your name in his list of the sons of temperance, you can't escape him this time."

I rose up rather unwillingly, and took down my hat. "It doesn't follow that I'm obliged to do all he thinks right."

"Ah, my boy, you have not heard him on that subject yet, *we* have."

Mr. Jamieson had been appointed to our church about a month before, but it chanced that, being away for my holidays, I had not spoken to him yet. He had called at our rooms a day or two before; we were out, and he left a message with the landlady that he would like to call at the office and walk back with me some evening.

I looked at him rather curiously as we went down the steps: a gentleman most decidedly, with a quiet pleasant voice and manner—so quiet, indeed, that, being young in those days and not experienced in any phase of power that was not showy, I immediately mentally classed him in the regular rank of gentle, ladylike parsons. Half-way home the subject of Band of Hope work came to the fore. He spoke about it with an earnestness that rather surprised me, and ended by asking for my influence to help him in the matter

"I am not a teetotaler, Mr. Jamieson," I answered quickly, "I have no intention of ever becoming one."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not see the slightest necessity for it in my case, and have no wish to be fettered by rules or restrictions for other people's benefit."

"Don't you think a case that begins and ends with yourself rather a narrow one?" suggested Mr. Jamieson. "Have you ever looked into the right and wrong of the question—come into close quarters with the results of it?"

"No," I answered, hesitatingly—"not specially."

"But I have," he said, with a sudden quiver in his voice—"such heart-breaking suffering and misery that I should feel myself less a man if I should not strive in every possible way to lessen the cause."

"I don't quite see how these little temperance meetings are to remedy that," I returned. "As a general rule you don't find they can show much in the way of results."

"There is no glory about them, if that is what you mean," returned Mr. Jamieson, quietly; "but they have been useful, and that I take to be the end and chief blessedness of all work."

I looked at him in silence; there was an uneasy feeling creeping over me that his life was a higher thing than mine, and that they would hardly bear comparison.

He went on his way directly after, and I turned in at my own door. In our tiny sitting-room I found my brother Dick, his legs hanging over the back of the sofa. There had been only the two of us for a year past now. Dick regarded me as his model in all things, and treated me with much respect as the senior member in our domestic establishment, and I graciously accepted it, and testified my approval by a dignified patronage.

I detailed a part of the conversation for Dick's benefit at supper-time, and was rather disconcerted to find that he had developed a profound admiration for Mr. Jamieson in my absence, and was inclined to adopt his views. It would never do clearly to have Dick setting up a rival shrine, or calling in question my line of conduct, and he would be sure to if he went in for this new theory, and then and there I firmly set my face against any further parley with the new comer. Dick was rather disposed to argue the matter at first, but Mr. Jamieson had not been long enough with us to obtain a very deep hold upon his mind, while his faith in me was a part of his existence.

Pawkins gave a little banquet a night or two later "in recognition of the plucky way our young friend had stood his ground," and Dick and I went home from it for the first time in our lives decidedly screwed.

After that we kept out of Mr. Jamieson's way as far as possible. We had persuaded ourselves that he was a muff and an enthusiast; but there was one point where we had to stop short—his life. If we could once have discovered any interested motive for it, if it had brought him any return in the way of profit, reputation, or status, we should have understood it and been satisfied. As it was, though none of us would

have acknowledged it, we felt in our hearts that his earnest, unselfish life was a continual rebuke to ours, and spoke with greater force than any sermon he ever preached.

Before that winter was over I began to notice that Dick was gradually getting into the way of stopping out in the evenings and coming back in anything but a sober condition. He was a light-hearted youngfellow, with a ringing baritone voice that made him an addition to any gathering, so I did not wonder that he found attractions outside. Nevertheless, in my character of elder brother, I called him to account pretty sharply for it. Dick retorted that on the whole he took less than I did.

"That has nothing to do with your capacity for it. I could take three times the quantity and be no worse, but if you can't take two glasses without making a donkey of yourself, you must be content with one."

Dick vaulted lightly over the sofa. "Easier said than done now, old fellow."

"Besides, it's bringing our name into ill-favour," I went on. "Your governor came into our place this morning and looked as grim as a thundercloud at me."

Dick paused in his gymnastic exercise. "I dare say he did, and I met Mr. Jamieson last night; he looked ready to weep over me. Upon my word, Will, I don't know if it would have been such a bad thing for us if we had gone in for his doctrines."

I rose up then with much dignity. "Dick, I wish you would learn to talk like a reasonable being, instead of always flying off at a tangent. Go and put yourself into Mr. Jamieson's leading-strings if you prefer his company to mine; but I have no wish to be mixed up with a set of rabid teetotalers."

Dick flung out of the room without a word, and we never resumed the discussion. He was a little more careful to keep within bounds the next few months, and of course during the summer we were more out of doors, and so out of the way of supper parties.

One close sultry evening towards the end of August, it chanced that the office closed a little earlier than usual, and six of us had taken a boat for a long pull down the river. The tide was against us all the way out, but we counted upon its helping us back, and pulled out stiffly for four or five miles; then Pawkins, who was steering, suggested that we should land somewhere and get some bitter beer. It was agreed to unanimously. We fastened the boat to a stake, and Pawkins led the way up a slippery winding flight of steps cut in the side of the cliff: the river washed over them at high water, and they were slimy with seaweed. At the top there was a title public-house, with a stretch of grass before it. We flung ourselves upon it; we were hot and thirsty, the beer was strong and cool, and there we stayed till Dick was in a wildly excited state, while even I began to feel hazy, and Pawkins to consider the advisability of setting our faces homewards. He turned into the bar to settle the score, and I descended the cliff to unfasten the boat. There was perfect silence at the bottom, except for the plash of the tiny waves at my feet, and a big yellow moon was brightening the whole river into gold. Presently I looked up and saw Dick coming unsteadily down the first flight. "Tell them to make haste," I shouted, "we shall miss the tide."

He came to the edge to look down at me instead. I saw his face full in the moonlight for an instant, and then there was one little cry and a dull crashing thud on the stones beside me, and I stood there, with the soft night breeze stirring the hair on my hot brow, and rippling the shining curls over the white dead face of my only brother.

* * * * * *

The grass has grown green and thick above his grave these many years, but its shadow has stretched across them all. I have stood at Mr. Jamieson's side in his struggle against the selfish sin and misery ever since, and I read in the old parable how the Master did not despise the servants who came late to work in His vineyard; but, ah me! the blessedness of those who began in the early morning. And at times when I sit alone at night, when the house is still and the raindrops pattering against the windows, I feel that my life would be but a light price to redeem the bright young spirit that went out in such utter darkness for the want of a helping word that I might have spoken, a hand that I might have stretched out.

E. R. O.

MY DARLING BOY.

GOD bless him! he's my darling boy;
He tears my books, I never mind:
He calls me pa—I feel the joy,
My heart o'erflows with feelings kind.
When home I come, he pulls my hair,
Takes out my watch, upsets my tea;
He calls me pa—why should I care?
My boy is all the world to me!
They tell me he is like his pa,
His eyes so blue, his flaxen hair,
And all that's beautiful in ma
They say my darling boy will share.
But what he'll be when he's a man—
The thought oft steals across my mind:
My darling boy! I'll strive and plan
To make him noble, true, and kind.

W. H.

FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

I TRAVELLED over mountains
And over arid plains,
I crossed the rolling ocean,
In search of worldly gains;
I wandered in fair cities
Which charmed me for awhile,
But soon I grew dejected,
And could not wear a smile.

I courted public favour,
I helped to guide the State,
And thought that to be happy
Was surely to be great;
But soon the seat of honour
Gave little peace and rest,
The world's uncertain praises
Were hollow sounds at best.

I tried the fields of science,
I travelled far and wide,
And found in rock and forest
New lights my soul to guide;
But longing stronger, deeper,
Soon entered in my breast—
I sighed for something higher
To give me peace and rest.

I struggled with conviction,
My soul was full of pride;
I read about religion,
But cast it all aside.
In vain I searched for comfort—
What new thing could I learn?
And in my doubt and sadness
I knew not where to turn.

While musing thus one morning
I travelled by the rail,
A little maid beside me
Began her simple tale.
"Oh, sir, do you know Jesus
Who lives beyond the sky,
And once, for love of sinners,
Came down on earth to die?"

I said, "My little maiden,
What you in faith receive
About a dying Saviour,
I never could believe."
"Oh, sir, but Jesus loves us,"
She tenderly replied;
"For if He did not love us,
He never would have died."

I said, "My little maiden,
You may not tell me so—
I've lived in many countries,
And many things I know.

"God bless him! he's my darling boy."—*p.* 43.

This talk about a Saviour
To you may truthful seem,
But all such idle stories
To me are like a dream."

"Oh, sir, but Jesus loves us,"
She meekly still replied;
"For if He did not love us,
He never would have died.
If we are only faithful
And serve Him to the last,
He'll take us home to heaven
When earthly days are past.

"My sister's gone to heaven;
She died last Christmas Eve—
Oh, sir, if you had seen her,
I'm sure you would believe.
She saw the angels coming,
So bright and fair were they;
She told us all about them,
Then sweetly passed away.

"She passed away to Jesus,
And bade us all prepare
To follow her to heaven,
And be so happy there.
I know that Jesus loves us,"
Again she meekly cried;
"For if He did not love us,
He never would have died."

I could not give her answer
While thus she spoke of death,
Of Jesus and of heaven,
With simple, trusting faith.
Her last words I remember:
With look of love she said
"I'll pray for you to-night, sir,
Before I go to bed."

It was a simple story
Told by that little maid,
But Heaven in mercy sent her,
And she the call obeyed.
My doubts and fears were scattered,
New feelings filled my breast;
For Jesus sweetly whispered—
"Come unto Me and rest!"

WATER, SPARKLING WATER.

WATER, sparkling water,
Water give to me,
Laughing in the fountain,
Ever bright and free.
Flashing in the dewdrop,
Glist'ning in the rain,
Bick'ring down the valley,
O'er the drooping plain.

To the thirsty cattle
Giving cooling drink
From the rippling waters
Of the streamlet's brink.
To the tired traveller
In the leafy dell
Sweet refreshment giving
From the mossy well.

Madly o'er the cat'ract
See the waters flow
In a rage tempestuous,
Roaring as they go.
Heaving in the billows,
Bounding light and free,
Gleaming in the white foam
Of the stormy sea.

Whisp'ring to the flow'rets
Bending o'er the stream,
Lulling tinkling harebells
In a pleasant dream.
Giving life to Nature,
Birds, and fields, and flowers;
Winding in and out 'mong
All her beauteous bowers.

Then water, sparkling water,
Water give to me,
From the crystal fountain,
Ever bright and free.
Thanking the great Giver
For His matchless care,
For the bounteous riches
Scattered everywhere.

CHARLES H. BARSTOW.

MY FATHER'S LOVE.

IN gentle sleep and sweet, refreshing rest,
In home, and friends, and food, and raiment fit,
In every creature-good with which I'm blest
I see the Father's hand that gives me it.
And in the earth beneath on which I tread,
Whose beauty yields an ever fresh delight;
And in the sky adorned, high o'er my head,
With sun by day, and moon and stars by night,
I see and recognise my Father's love,
Though undeserved, so boundless, rich, and free.
But Calvary's scene, all other things above,
Doth prove how deep and strong His love for me,
And here I pause, and wonder whom am I,
That God should give His Son for me to die?

DAVID LAWTON.

WHAT SPEAKERS SAY OF TOBACCO.

COMPILED BY W. P. W. BUXTON.

DR. ARNOT.—I don't smoke; I never smoked; God helping me, I never will. The practice drains the life-sap out of the smoker's cheeks.

J. QUINCY ADAMS.—I have often wished that every individual of the human race afflicted with this artificial passion, could prevail upon himself to try but for three months the experiment which I have made, sure that it would turn every acre of tobacco-land into a wheat-field, and add five years of longevity to the average of human life.

DR. BEMAN.—I know a man in the prime of life, who is probably an incurable paralytic, whose disease, in my opinion, was either caused or greatly aggravated by the excessive use of tobacco. I am utterly disgusted with those boys and fops who are endeavouring to make rapid strides to gentility and manhood by extending their cheeks with tobacco, and puffing their cigars at the corners of all the streets. Save us from a race of tobacco-worms!

P. T. BARNUM.—What applies to tobacco, applies equally to alcohol. The more a man drinks, the more he wants to drink; and the more a man smokes, the more he wants to smoke.

SIR B. BRODIE.—One or two drops of oil of tobacco placed on the tongue, will kill a cat in the course of a few minutes.

REV. C. H. COLLYNS, M.A.—I hold that the truth concerning this mischievous habit should be taught to our children—that the effects of tobacco upon the human system, its poisonous nature, and the waste of money spent upon it, should be brought before our young people in their earliest years.

CAMPBELL FOSTER, Q.C.—Strong, grown-up men, habituated to smoking, may not be conscious of much harm from an indulgence in the habit; but, nevertheless, in the end they will find out—in dyspepsia and all its evils, in accelerated age, in loss of both mental and physical vigour, and in an enfeebled constitution—what a daily dose of narcotic poison has done for them.

DR. J. GIBBONS.—The use of tobacco tends to vitiate the sense of taste and to create unnatural and morbid thirst, which craves some other means of gratification than the pure and wholesome beverage provided by the Creator. In this way it leads to the use of strong drink, and becomes the stepping-stone to intemperance.

DR. J. HAMILTON.—Extinguish the pipes, and you will go far to shut up the public-houses.

PROFESSOR KIRK.—How little does the boy smoker think he is, perhaps, smoking himself a miserable slave for life!

HUGH MASON, J.P.—I pay none of the voluntary taxes upon alcohol, nor can I economise in my tobacco. I think if there are two things which a man can do without in this world, they are alcohol and tobacco.

BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.—The habit of smoking among young boys is an evil which I have often observed and deplored. Whatever may be the right of the habit of smoking generally, I believe that the medical authorities are universally agreed that it is physically most mischievous to young people.

DR. C. J. RUSSELL.—I affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that no unnatural practice in which men and youth indulge is fraught with more mischief to body and mind than the habitual use of tobacco. To the young in particular, no poison that has found its way into every-day use has done, or is doing, more mischief.

THE Committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union have received an assurance that, in the event of their deciding to hold a fête at the Crystal Palace, the Directors will be prepared to fully accede to the wishes of the Committee in relation to the non-sale of intoxicating drinks, apart from the Committee paying any sum for so-called "compensation," and without any guarantee as to the number of visitors. This satisfactory state of things results from the deliberations of a conference held at the close of last year, in response to an invitation from the Committee of the Union. The Conference was influentially attended by representatives of the National Temperance League, Independent Order of Good Templars, and the Band of Hope Union, when resolutions were adopted which were afterwards endorsed by the Committees of the three organizations. They all agree that the fêtes shall be arranged under the entire control of the three organizations in turn, and in the following order, viz., in 1880, the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union; in 1881, the Independent Order of Good Templars; and in 1882, the National Temperance League; each organization undertaking, without pledging itself to details, to do all in its power to render every fête successful. The result of this combined action is a proof of the value of perfect unanimity in our counsels, and we feel confident that it will afford gratification to temperance friends throughout the kingdom. The Crystal Palace Company are disposed to make the most liberal arrangements in every respect, and providing suitable arrangements can be made with the railway companies—respecting which there is little or no doubt—the next fête will take place on Tuesday, July 13th.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A WOMAN named Weiss attired herself in man's apparel on February 26th, in Newark, S. J., and undertook to thrash a Mrs. Miller, when Mr. Weiss, her husband, came along, and discovering a man beating a woman, interfered and gave his wife a sound whipping before he discovered who she was.

"MY opponent, Mr. Speaker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor," said a Yankee parliamentary orator. "Whether this is so or not, I shall not inquire. All I have to say is, whether he is entitled to the floor or not, he'll get floored if he interrupts me again." Here the gentleman pulled up his sleeves and took his necktie off.

A MAN in Philadelphia, who heard a thief breaking into his house the other night, took a bottle of soda water, and immediately upon the robber making his appearance, he cut the string, aiming the bottle at the thief's face. The cork hit his mark, and the thief, thinking the soda-water—which followed the cork—was blood, fell on his knees and begged for mercy.

THE *Daily News*, in an interesting article on divers, suggested by the examination of the ruins of the Tay Bridge, says, "Wise, experienced divers are careful about what they drink. Many of them are absolute teetotalers, and think it the height of unwisdom to stimulate themselves with alcohol when at work."

CUSTOM-HOUSE Returns show a decrease in spirits delivered for home consumption in 1879 of 897,786 gallons as compared with 1878, and in wine of 1,327,202 gallons. On the other hand there was an increase in tea of 2,960,425 lbs., in coffee of 1,303,008 lbs, and in cocoa of 131,364 lbs. The revenue from these sources showed a corresponding decrease on spirits of £473,205, and on wine of £146,723, and an increase on tea of £74,013, on coffee of £8,136, and on cocoa of £547.

GEORGE A. SALA describing, in the *Daily Telegraph*, the mode of living in American Hotels, says—"I noticed that the almost exclusive beverage partaken of at dinner was iced water. Symptoms of beer or of wine were almost altogether wanting; and whatever may be the modes, and whatever the times of the Americans sacrificing to Bacchus, it is certainly not at their meals that they seek to propitiate the rosy god."

A YOUNG scapegrace threw the ball at his sister, and hit her on the back of the head so hard that the *bawl* came out of her mouth.

THE two important events in the life of man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his dead and sees the hair going.

A FRENCH military student home for his Christmas holidays, wished to do a little shooting. Accordingly he possessed himself of his father's gun, dog, and *permis de chasse*. He was accosted by a local Dogberry, who demanded to see his license. He at once produced that of his father. "But," read the official, "seventy-two years old! You are wonderfully well-preserved." "Oh! that's a characteristic of our family." "Then I see certain peculiarities indicated—wears a wooden leg." The student burst into a laugh: "You don't suppose," he cried, "I should put on my wooden leg when I went shooting?" "Oh! to be sure," returned the other. "It would, doubtless, impede your movements. Good-bye, sir, and good sport."

THE people of Caracas, in Venezuela, are a canny and far-seeing race; they might have the blood of the Macfungus in their veins. They resolved a short time ago to erect a statue to the President of the Republic. But, having in view the fact that the President changes about as often as the moon, they have had the head made so as to unscrew, if required. The same body and the same horse—it is an equestrian affair—will do for any number of Venezuelan Presidents.

Pat: "Do ye buy rags and bones here?" *Merchant:* "We do, sir." *Pat:* "Thin, put me on the schkales."

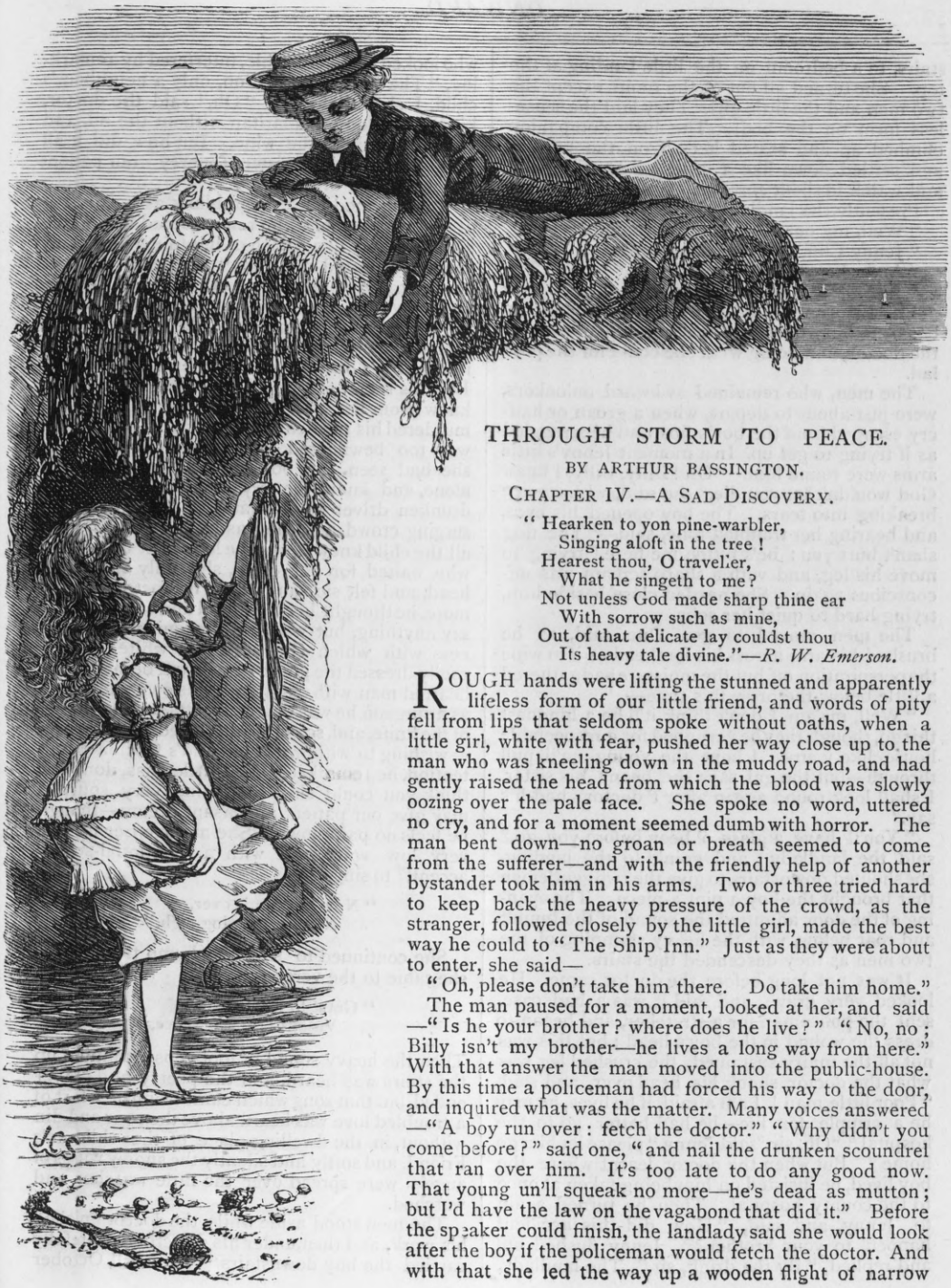
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Temperance Record—The British Temperance Advocate—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Western Temperance Herald—The Social Reformer—The Coffee Public-House News—The Dietetic Reformer.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"The Little Captain." By Lynde Palmer. Published by the National Temperance Publication Depôt, Strand, London, 1880. A short Temperance tale told with somewhat of superior skill. The interest of the story gathers round the sorrows of a once happy home, marred by drink, and the work of the little captain of the Cold Water Army, who did not live to see that his labour was not in vain. There are many touches of fun and pathos that lend a pleasant charm to the book.

"A Lost Laddie, and other Tales in Prose and Verse." By Louisa Crow, Geo. R. Sims, Frank Barrett, and other popular writers. Illustrated by Charles Green, D. H. Friston, and other artists. A Temperance Annual for 1880. Price One Shilling. London: John Bursill, Lambeth, and all booksellers. The book is dedicated to Mrs. J. B. Gough, is full of illustrations, startling stories, and verses well suited for recitation. We think the paper cover a mistake, as the book would otherwise be of value to Band of Hope libraries.



THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

CHAPTER IV.—A SAD DISCOVERY.

"Hearken to yon pine-warbler,
Singing aloft in the tree!
Hearest thou, O traveller,
What he singeth to me?
Not unless God made sharp thine ear
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
Its heavy tale divine."—*R. W. Emerson.*

ROUGH hands were lifting the stunned and apparently lifeless form of our little friend, and words of pity fell from lips that seldom spoke without oaths, when a little girl, white with fear, pushed her way close up to the man who was kneeling down in the muddy road, and had gently raised the head from which the blood was slowly oozing over the pale face. She spoke no word, uttered no cry, and for a moment seemed dumb with horror. The man bent down—no groan or breath seemed to come from the sufferer—and with the friendly help of another bystander took him in his arms. Two or three tried hard to keep back the heavy pressure of the crowd, as the stranger, followed closely by the little girl, made the best way he could to "The Ship Inn." Just as they were about to enter, she said—

"Oh, please don't take him there. Do take him home."

The man paused for a moment, looked at her, and said—"Is he your brother? where does he live?" "No, no; Billy isn't my brother—he lives a long way from here." With that answer the man moved into the public-house. By this time a policeman had forced his way to the door, and inquired what was the matter. Many voices answered—"A boy run over: fetch the doctor." "Why didn't you come before?" said one, "and nail the drunken scoundrel that ran over him. It's too late to do any good now. That young un'll squeak no more—he's dead as mutton; but I'd have the law on the vagabond that did it." Before the speaker could finish, the landlady said she would look after the boy if the policeman would fetch the doctor. And with that she led the way up a wooden flight of narrow

stairs, to a bedroom on the little landing at the top. She turned all out of the room except the two men and the little girl. They laid the senseless form on the bed. The little companion climbed up and seated herself on the bolster, and settled down like a guardian angel to wait and watch in silent sorrow.

Presently the landlady said—

"Well, my dear, what is your name?"

"Jenny Cliff," was the short reply.

"And where do you live?"

"At Salford," was the answer.

Little more was said just then, as the landlady began to busy herself in making preparation for the doctor, and doing what she could for the poor lad.

The men, who remained awkward onlookers, were just about to depart, when a groan or half-cry escaped from the boy's lips, and he struggled as if trying to get up. In a moment Jenny's little arms were round him. "Oh! Billy, Billy, I knew God wouldn't let you die," she said, with a voice breaking into tears. The boy opened his eyes, and hearing her troubled tone, said—"The dog shan't hurt you: he's bitten me here," trying to move his leg, and with a sharp scream was unconscious again. She nestled close beside him, trying hard to quiet her sobs.

The men moved to go. One said, as he brushed his arm across his forehead as if to wipe the perspiration off, but the moisture had gathered a little below the brow this time—

"Well, ma'am, I don't think it'll be a hinquest this go, though they be very good for a respectable house like yours. I hope the young un'll pull through—but the gal says she bean't his sister. I shall look round agean after t' doctor's had his say."

"You'll have a glass o' beer before you go," said the landlady; and going to the landing, she shouted downstairs to give the two gentlemen that brought the boy a pint a-piece. The opening of the door admitted the sound of the tumult and roar below, with the heavy stamping of the two men as they descended the stairs.

It was not long before the doctor came. He looked very grave, and said it was a bad case, sent the policeman for a stretcher, and began to dress the wound in the boy's head; but this was not all the injury sustained, the crushed leg was what the doctor shook his head over, and said, "Poor little man! I am afraid, if he lives, he may be a cripple for life—he had better go to the hospital." "Oh, sir," said Jenny, "please let him go home." But when the doctor learnt where the boy lived, he insisted on him being taken at once to the county hospital. Then he turned again to Jenny, and said, "How did this accident happen to your brother?" Jenny flushed up, and replied, "By the drink, sir." The landlady, who looked uncomfortable, interfered by remarking, "The girl is no relation, only a neighbour's child, I should think." "Oh," said the doctor, kindly, "a good Samaritan without the oil, and certainly without the wine. But how did it all come about, my little sister of mercy—our patient was surely not drunk?"

Jenny opened her eyes in blank astonishment at this suggestion. She remembered the whole scene, it came like a flash of lightning—for many years she would not forget it. She and her mother came to the fair as the day was so fine, and arrived at the corner of the street just as the fifes and drums came up. She recognised the cart as the crowd divided, she knew the driver—it was Billy's own father; she knew he was drunk. But this secret she would never tell, none should know from her that Billy's father had all but murdered his own child. She knew her mother was too bewildered to notice anything. Only she had seen the boy right before the horse alone, and knew the cry was Billy's, and the drunken driver was his father. Then came the surging crowd, and she was by his side, that was all the child knew; so as she looked at the doctor, who waited for her reply, she only shook her head, and felt sick and ill. The doctor said no more, he thought her too dazed and frightened to say anything, but noticing the quivering eagerness with which she eyed him while he very coolly dressed the ghastly gash, and being a kind-hearted man with children of his own—although as a surgeon he was devotedly attached to the use of the knife, and, scientifically, loved "a bad case"—wishing to withdraw the child's fascinated attention, he remarked, "Well, little miss, don't you think you could sing something very softly, it may give our patient a pleasant dream—though he feels no pain now." She at once began, in a very low voice, and with a "national-schoo accent," to sing—

> "Now the day is over,
> Night is drawing nigh."

She continued to sing the hymn through she came to the verse—

> "Grant to little children
> Visions bright of Thee,"

Then the heavy sound of footsteps tramping up the stairs was heard, and the poetry and prayer ended, but that song which came from the heart of a troubled love was heard above the roar and din without, in the dwelling-place of the children's Friend, and softly and silently the snowy wings of angels were spread over the little watcher and watched.

The men stood aside while the doctor finished his work, and then, under his directions, carefully carried the boy downstairs. The chill October

twilight was coming on. The doctor hurried off, as he had to see another serious case before dinner, to which a friend was coming, to whom he had often observed, "One cannot help death and sickness, but one can avoid having the soup cold or burnt."

It was a mournful procession, two policemen bearing the stretcher with the injured boy, and Jenny following, taking tight hold of the last policeman's coat. An excited and curious crowd had grown very dense outside "The Ship Inn," and it was with great difficulty the men could proceed. Jenny took no notice of anything, neither of the rough sympathy, nor of the heartless indifference of others, nor of the vulgar interest in any scene of bloodshed and accident which some are sure to exhibit.

After some trouble they came to the hospital, a dreary red-brick building. They entered the gate and passed into the hall, and into a room; all looked dreadfully clear and bare and desolate. The policeman took Jenny by the hand out of the room to the hall, where he and the porter, gold band round his hat, asked her a great many questions about herself and Billy, and his father and mother; then they asked her if she saw the accident. She told them, as the crowd divided she saw Billy in front of the horse and cart, and then heard the scream. When they asked her what kind of cart it was, all she said was that "it was like any other cart," and beyond this she would not go; to all particulars she only shook her head. The porter said she might wait till the doctors had seen the boy, then she must go; but he said she mustn't leave before she was told, as the doctors might want to ask her some questions. She waited, as it seemed to her, ages and ages; the porter went back to his office and watched her through a window, the policeman disappeared. At last a nurse came out and spoke to her kindly; the nurse's dress so black and tidy, and the clean white cap, made an unconscious impression on Jenny; she liked the nurse, and tried to remember all she said. Briefly the nurse told her she need not stay, but had better go home quickly, and tell mother the boy would be well taken care of—he was insensible still; and if she came at eleven o'clock to-morrow, his mother could hear how he was. She took the child to the gate, and then said "Good-bye, I dare say I shall see you, for you may come and see him if he gets better." And then Jenny was left alone with these terrible words ringing in her ears—"if he gets better." The darkness was coming on, the distant noise of the fair was quite audible—the daylight had gone. Now she had nothing to do for Billy. It was not so hard to bear when she could see him and was near him, now she could not even watch, only bleak blank grief was before her: she sat down on the first doorstep and burst into tears. And as the evening stars shone out, who shall say whether they smiled ruthlessly or pitifully on the sobbing child? Munificent charity had built the hospital, but only love divine can heal the broken-hearted, and those far-off lights above the suffering children of this sinful world were His.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT IT COST.

"MOTHER, may not I have one more glass? —it's my birthday."

"I think one is quite sufficient, Laurie, for any little boy of ten years old."

"I'm always called a big boy when there are any lessons to be learnt. Just half a glass, then? it's only for once, mother."

"Mother" laughed as she rose up and poured out the half glass, and Laurie bore it away in triumph to the little feast he was holding on a distant window-seat.

His mother looked after him fondly as she took up her interrupted conversation. "Don't you think he is growing into a fine little fellow?" she proudly asked.

"Indeed he is," her friend answered warmly, "but, Mrs. Dale, if I were you, I would not let him touch wine at his age. Are you not afraid of what that liking for it may lead to?"

Mrs. Dale laughed again. "Afraid of a glass of ginger wine! That is a very harmless decoction."

"Not if it stopped at ginger wine," said her friend earnestly, "but you cannot guarantee that, it is such a dangerous taste for a boy to acquire."

Mrs. Dale looked slightly annoyed. "You must excuse me, Mrs. Barry, if I cannot agree with your views on these matters. I should be very sorry to think there was any necessity for me, or any one belonging to me, to be bound by the rules and restrictions you advocate; they may be useful in the case of poor people, who, I believe, have a natural tendency to drink, but I certainly think that in our class they would be quite superfluous."

Mrs. Barry was a total abstainer; she was also a lady, so the argument was pursued no further, and shortly after she left for her own home.

They were acquaintances rather than friends, and after that evening it chanced that some years went by before they met again. Mrs. Barry went with her husband, who was a sailor, to the South American coast. She came back to the old neighbourhood some eight years later, with her two little sons; but he and his ship had gone on the last long voyage. There would be no coming back for them into any earthly port. Mrs. Dale, a really kind-hearted woman, renewed

the old acquaintance, and sympathising with her as only another widow could, tried in many ways to cheer her darkened path.

Laurie had grown into a tall, handsome lad of eighteen, the pride of his mother's heart, who denied him nothing he wished for. Mrs. Barry watched them together often with admiring eyes, longing for the time when her little ones should be the same delight to her; but she soon noticed also that Laurie had passed far beyond the ginger wine stage; many a night, sitting with his mother, their quiet talk would be broken up by his appearance, flushed, noisy, and excited. It was not an easy matter to influence him now. Naturally quick-tempered and impetuous, Laurie considered himself a grown man, and promptly declined any interference with his line of conduct. His mother never mentioned it, but Mrs. Barry felt sure that she had many uneasy misgivings about it.

There came a time at length when the silence could be kept no longer. The authorities at the bank wrote, formally declining Laurie's further services. There had been rumours for months of careless work, irregular hours, and complaints from head-quarters, but his mother had refused to credit them, and this came upon her with a terrible shock. Mrs. Barry tried to comfort her, prophesying that it would be the very lesson he had needed, that this downfall would be a safeguard to him ever after—would be a stepping-stone to a higher, steadier career altogether. Alas! "The downward path is easy, but there's no turning back." Laurie had slipped out of his place in the world's work, and with that cloud upon his name it was not easy to regain it. He hung about the city week after week, gradually making less and less effort to retrieve himself. He was fast losing his self-respect, a woful loss for any one, and, perhaps to deaden his feelings and the remembrance of his mother's disappointed tears, he drank deeper and oftener.

"Oh! if I had only that time over again," sobbed his mother one night, "I would have brought him up so differently. My poor boy! it is more my fault than his. What can I do to help him?"

"Have you a strong attachment to this neighbourhood?" asked her friend, after a long silence.

"Yes; I have lived here ever since I was married," returned Mrs. Dale. "Why do you ask?"

"I think, if I were you, I would go quite away, to another part of the country entirely, and give him a fresh chance, where the past is not known."

The shadow on the mother's face lifted for a minute, and then darkened down again. "If he only would; but he does not seem to care to make any effort now. It would be the same thing over again, and amongst strangers, who would not make allowances for him for his father's sake."

"Don't look at it in that way," pleaded Mrs. Barry; "we have no right to say it is too late for any one in this world, especially at twenty-one; the change will rouse him—he may be your greatest comfort yet."

Laurie came into the room as she spoke. He shook hands warmly with her. He had a great admiration for her, notwithstanding her objectionable principles. His mother explained something of their conversation to him. To her surprise he took up the idea eagerly. "I should like it above all things, mother; I am tired to death of this place—let us go by all means."

They sat and talked about it for an hour, then the clock struck, and Laurie started up.

"Stay at home this one night, Laurie," implored his mother; "let us settle this matter now."

"I can't, it's an engagement. Will you lend me a sovereign, mother? I'll pay it back one of these days."

She gave it to him reluctantly. He bent over her chair and kissed her. "There would be lots of time for talk to-morrow," he said, and went. Mrs. Barry stayed a little longer with her friend, then she went too.

Standing beside her children's beds that night, she thought of the time when she had envied that other mother her grown-up, handsome son. Now it seemed to her that it would be easier far to lay the rosy, childish faces away under the coffin-lids, than see them what that same poor mother's son was now.

Early the next morning there came a messenger from Mrs. Dale's: "The mistress was in great trouble about Mr. Laurie. Would Mrs. Barry go and see her?" Mrs. Barry wrapped a shawl round her shoulders at once, and went back with the maid. She heard the story on the way. Mr. Laurie had never come back the night before, and the mistress had sat up by herself. A constable had come just as it was getting daylight. There had been a drunken fight with a policeman in the street. The man was not expected to live, and Mr. Laurie and another were in custody for it. Then they reached the house, and Mrs. Barry went into the darkened room where the poor mother sat alone with her sorrow. "I have been heavily punished for my mistake," she cried out once, but for the greater part of the dark dreary days that succeeded she sat in utter silence. Mrs. Barry stayed with her through them, and they tried to hope against hope till the day of the trial, six weeks later, and in those six weeks the man died.

"Laurie came into the room as she spoke."—p. 52.

People talk yet of the broken-hearted mother who sat in the court-house that morning, never once looking away from the judge's face, who was to decide her boy's fate. It came at last. He spoke at some length of the evils of drinking; how it had been the sole cause and origin of this wretched deed. Ah! some of his listeners had learnt it by a deeper experience than any words of his could reach. And then, through the dead silence, came the sentence—

"That you, Laurence Dale, be transported beyond the seas, and there kept in penal servitude for the term of fourteen years."

And there the story ended. His mother's proud hopes and his own fair future blasted for all time, and he a wretched convict, wearily working out the best and strongest years of his life to pay the bitter cost of one evil habit.

E. R. O.

CANON FARRAR ON MODERATION.

(Extract from his recent speech at Liverpool.)

LET us glance for a moment at the remark that moderation is a higher virtue than total abstinence. That is an argument which a young friend of mine, who is a total abstainer, tells me always irritates him beyond all endurance —because he is thus constantly subjected to the patronage of a moral superiority which consists simply in people drinking a thing which they like—a practice which may be perfectly lawful and perfectly innocent, but, as he very pertinently observes, if it be a virtue to drink something which you like, it is at any rate an exceedingly cheap virtue, and one to which any fool can attain. One used to be told in old times that—

"Broad is the path of evil—broad and straight,
And ever teeming with the hosts of sin;
But the immortals placed at virtue's gate
Toil, as the janitors of joys within."

But if the poor total abstainer, who for conscience sake and to help others has given up something (although it is most reprehensible of him if on that account he censures others), yet surely if on that account he is to be looked down upon as adopting a low standard, because he quietly exercises his little self-denial, it seems to me a very cheap way of earning moral superiority. Why should a man be considered more virtuous than I because he drinks that which does a great deal of harm, and I drink something which never yet did harm to any one? A great heathen philosopher said that virtue was hard, that it was a hard thing, and not so easy as it seems, to do good; but it is an uncommonly easy thing, if one of the elements of virtue is to be henceforth defined as drinking, because you like it, an agreeable drink. Then I think a great many of us will soon be able to congratulate ourselves upon being exceedingly virtuous. But if our only ground of virtue is our moderation in the use of alcohol, I think we may set aside the argument, and say, that to put moderation above total abstinence is to talk egregious nonsense. I want you to look at the matter a little more closely. *What*, I want to know, is this special fluid which, because they like it, affords to so many people this easy field for the exercise of virtue? We all know that the chief ingredient of that fluid is alcohol. We are all agreed that the special property of that ingredient is to cause intoxication. We all know very well that it is as dangerous for many men to drink alcohol as it would be to stand upon the edge of a precipice. We all know, further, that to many men, because they like alcohol, life has become an utter ruin. We all know that it is extremely doubtful whether it be a food even in an infinitesimal degree. We all know that for healthy persons it is demonstrably needless, that for many healthy people it is demonstrably injurious, that some £150,000,000 of our national wealth is annually spent upon it, and no one knows how much more of our national resources is wasted upon it. We know that it is a fruitful source of disease, lunacy, crime, and pauperism; that tens of thousands of lives are yearly sacrificed to it; that since its introduction in the form of ardent spirits in the seventeenth century it has been the "nameless curse" of English civilisation. But that is not all we know about it. We know further that intoxication, which is only another name for empoisonment, has been, on the almost unanimous testimony of our 20,000 clergy, the most fatal hindrance to the work of the Church at home; and on the almost unanimous testimony of our missionaries that it has been one of the most fatal hindrances to the efficacy of our mission work abroad. We know more than that. We know that we, the people of England, have —to our shame—simply girdled the globe with a zone of drunkenness, and that throughout our vast dependencies we stand forth—if I may quote the very terrible language of the Archbishop of York in Westminster Abbey—as the helots of the world. If we knew so much and no more of the one specific ingredient of that Circean cup, which the magic of moderation may render comparatively innocuous, but which is to so many a cup of swinish degradation, I, for one, would rather not drink it. I would rather say—

"It is a magic, but a fatal circle,
Upon whose crystal rim a thousand devils
In hidden form sit tempting innocence,
And beckoning early virtue from its centre."

MUSIC.

THAT which I have found the best recreation, both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stand in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both my body and soul; especially when I play myself, for then methinks the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument, the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind; and so, not only fits me for business, but fills my heart with pure and useful thoughts; so that when music sounds the sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest in my mind. And hence it is that I find my soul has become more harmonious, by being accustomed so much to harmony, and so averse to all manner of discord that the least jarring sounds, either in notes or words, seem very harsh and unpleasant to me.

LET'S MAKE A NOISE!

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

HURRAH, my boys! let's make a noise,
'Twill make our hearts the lighter;
Our myriad foes are full of woes
To see our cause is brighter.

They've had their day through error's sway,
And soon must they surrender
To public right, and temperance light,
Our nation's true defender.

The day is near, our hearts to cheer,
The landlords see it coming
With lightning speed—the signs they read—
See how their rage is foaming!

With voice and pen they ply their men,
And marshal all their forces;
Well may we laugh, and water quaff,
Which runs in limpid courses.

As well they might shut out the light,
Or stop the rain from heaven,
As stay the time, that blessèd time,
Which unto us is given.

They gather here, assemble there,
In public feasts and dinners,
And bring Lord Drake, or Marquis Blake,
To plead for them—poor sinners!

Such froth and cant is all aslant,
It will not square with reason,
And in their sleeve these men believe
'Tis little short of treason.

Hurrah, my boys! let's make a noise,
To waken all the nation;
The Queen shall hear, and every peer
Help on the reformation.

The parliament—too often bent
On schemes good sense offending—
Will measures pass, to every class
A thousand blessings sending.

As mighty waves from ocean caves,
The voices of the people
Will shout the knell of drink's farewell,
Like bells from every steeple.

Farewell, farewell! no more to sell
The curse to sons and daughters:
More life and light, more truth and right,
More health from healing waters.

Farewell to tears and orphan fears,
Farewell to rags and tatters:
More love and grace in every place,
More work for cooks and hatters.

Farewell to chairs with squeaking airs,
To broken cups and tables:
More cheerful grates and tempting plates,
More true hearts, strong as cables.

Farewell to strikes and all dislikes,
Farewell to drink's disaster:
More cash at call, more trade for all,
Fresh hope for man and master.

Farewell to crime and wasted time,
Farewell to crowded prison:
More broad lands tilled, more churches filled,
More souls to new life risen.

Hurrah, my boys! let's make a noise
To rouse the British lion!
Small foes abroad, with fire and sword,
He ever keeps his eye on,

But snores in state from morn till late
Where evils roll like thunder,
Where death and hell their victims tell
Till distant nations wonder.

Huge, lazy beast! he loves to feast
And pride himself on glory—
With words of fire let's rouse his ire,
And shame both Whig and Tory.

Alas, alas! poor Balaam's ass
Would speak if it could see us.
A land of fools, besotted tools!
Will no one rise to free us?

An ocean wide of drink, beside
An army vast of paupers;
A mint of gold, and wealth untold
Removed by landlord-robbers!

While fathers stand with idle hand,
A million mothers weeping:
No work nor bread, no children fed,
Nor home that's worth the keeping;

While parsons pray, and judges say
Strong drink brings all the evil,
We pass the laws—vile drinking laws—
Which lead men to the devil!

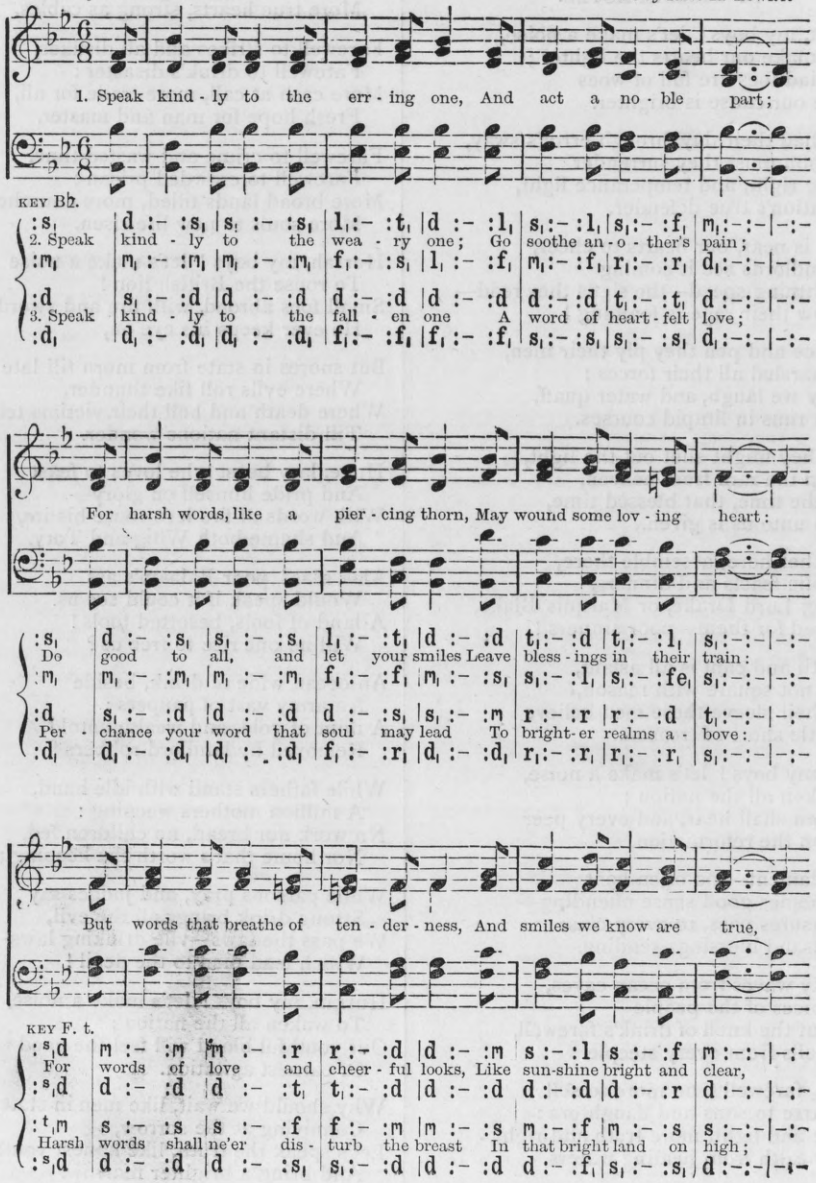
Hurrah, my boys! let's make a noise,
To waken all the nation;
Our youthful blood will feel the good
Of earnest agitation.

Why should we wait, like men in state,
Conniving at the sorrow,
Let's speak the truth, like honest youth,
And bring a brighter morrow.

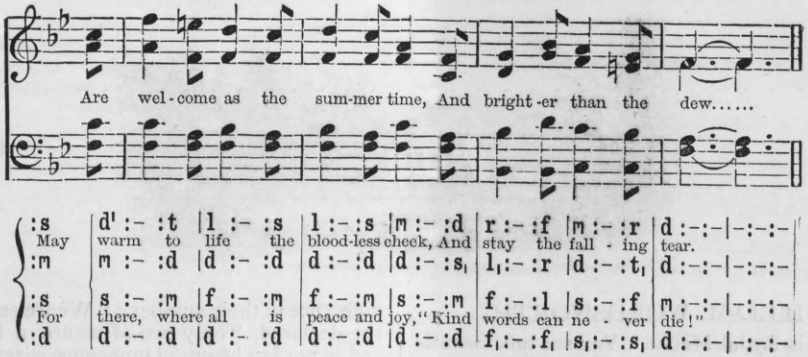
WHAT is the prime object of a soldier's drill?—
To make holes in the enemy.

GENTLE WORDS.

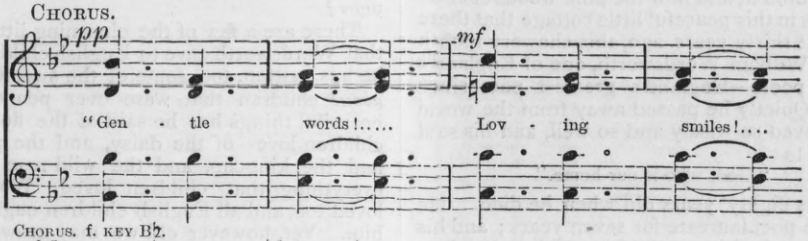
Words by W. P. W. Buxton. *Music by* Rev. R. Lowry.



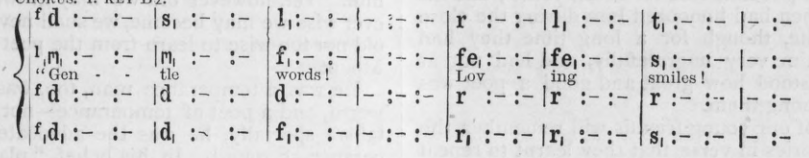
GENTLE WORDS—*(continued).*

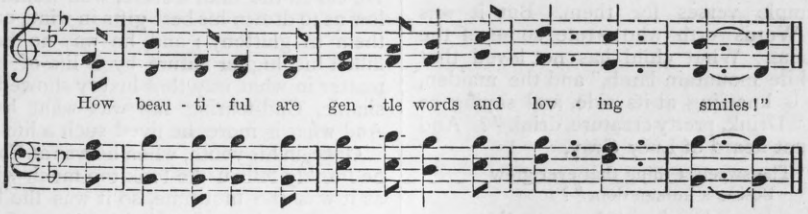


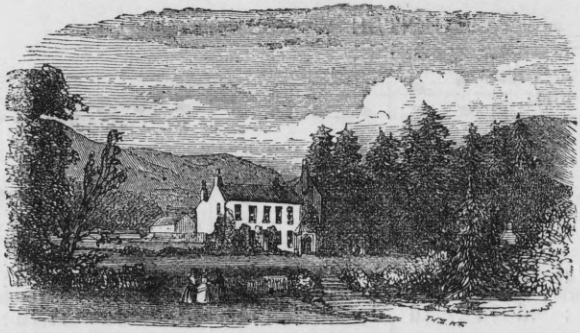
CHORUS.



CHORUS. f. KEY B♭.







WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THIS is Rydal Mount. You see how beautifully the hills—Rydal Fell and Nab Scar—rise behind it, and how the pine woods enclose it. It was in this peaceful little cottage that there died, just thirty years ago, this showery month of April, William Wordsworth, one of England's greatest poets—England's greatest poet since Milton. Quietly he passed away from the world he had loved so wisely and so well, and his soul returned to

"God, who is our home."

He was eighty years old when he died. He had been poet laureate for seven years; and his countrymen had honoured him during the close of his life, though for a long time they had treated him very ungratefully, and had not at all understood how great and good a poet was living among them.

Most of our young friends will remember the pretty stories in verse, that they learnt to repeat almost as soon as they could talk. Perhaps they may not have known who wrote these sweet simple verses for them. But it was William Wordsworth who wrote some of the best of them. What child has not loved that "snow-white mountain lamb," and the maiden, too, who is kneeling at its side, and saying so lovingly, "Drink, pretty creature, drink"? And who has not heard of Lucy Gray,

"The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door"?

Who has not wandered with her over the moor, and shivered when the snow-storm came on, and trembled when her little feet drew near the narrow wooden bridge; and sorrowed with the poor father and mother who could only trace her footprints to the plank, and then saw nothing of their darling any more? And that other "little cottage girl," too, who could not understand that since two of her brothers and sisters had died, and were lying under the green grass in the churchyard, it should really make any difference in their number: "We are seven," still she declared, "only two of us are in heaven;" and is not her beautiful innocence wiser than the wisdom of many of the world's "prudent" ones?

These are a few of the charming little stories that Wordsworth gave to English children. And he has written, too, some of the sweetest words *about* children that were ever penned. And beautiful things has he said of the flowers that children love—of the daisy, and the primrose, and the kingcup, and the wild rose. Indeed everything that children loved, Wordsworth loved too, and all English children ought to love him. Yet, however old we may grow, or however wise we may become, we shall never be too old nor too wise to learn from the poet of Rydal Mount.

He was a temperance man, too, was Wordsworth, and a poet of temperance—not of teetotalism specially, he was the advocate of temperance all round. In his belief, "plain living and high thinking" generally went together. He called the man a slave, who would stoop so low as to drown his best gifts in wine, or smother them in gluttony; and he was no better who killed his higher nature by a life of luxury, no matter in what way that luxury showed itself. A simple, God-fearing life was what he taught. And what is more, he lived such a life himself.

Once, in his youth, when he was at Cambridge, he frankly tells us he took too much wine. But as it was the first time, so it was the last. He was at a wine-party in the rooms of a fellow-student, and these rooms happened to be the very ones once occupied by John Milton. They drank Milton's health, to the detriment of their own; and Wordsworth rightly felt that the spot where Milton, that "temperate bard," had lived, was desecrated by such an act of folly. One mistake of this kind hardly ever comes alone, and as a consequence of this carousal, he had to rush headlong through the streets, trying to struggle into his gown as he ran, that he might

reach the college chapel before "prayers" were over. I fear he was not then in a fit mood for worship. But this was not like Wordsworth. It was once in a lifetime, and he was heartily ashamed of himself over it. Addressing his friend Coleridge, after thinking of this foolish time, he says—

"Empty thoughts!
I am ashamed of them; and that great bard,
And thou, O friend! who in thy ample mind
Hast placed me high above my best deserts,
Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,
In some of its unworthy vanities
Brother to many more."

Wordsworth showed the people who lived among the mountains around him an example of temperance, frugality and piety. Some of us may think he carried his frugality to the point of excess; but we must remember he was for much of his life a comparatively poor man, and it is the truest and the bravest thing, to give your friends who visit you what you can afford to pay for. This, at any rate, Wordsworth determined to do. An American who knew him thought the following story a crowning example of English pluck. Wordsworth always gave his visitors bread and the plainest fare; if they wanted more they must pay for their board. (This was at the time when he lived at Grasmere, and before he came to Rydal Mount). Sir Walter Scott was staying with him on one occasion, and found the plainness of the fare provided by his host rather trying. So under pretence of a walk, Sir Walter used to slip out about eleven o'clock, and run into the "Swan" inn for "a cold cut and porter." One day, however, when he and Wordsworth were walking past the "Swan" together, his stratagem was detected, for the landlord happened to step out at the moment, and asked Scott whether he had come for his porter. No doubt they had a hearty laugh over it.

Wordsworth believed that, next to the help of God (and along with the help of God), there was nothing so sure to save a man from making shipwreck of life as to love the woods and the hills and the flowers. Their beauty and purity would redeem him from the love of what is base and degrading. In the spring-time that is now bursting upon us the fresh gladness of the earth should bring a blessing of gladness to us, and it will, Wordsworth tells us, if we will open our hearts to it a little, if we will not crowd it out by such poor matters as money-making and gossip. "There is a blessing in the air," he writes, one bright spring day—

"One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason;
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season."

SPRING AND THE CHILDREN.

LIFT up the curtain and let in the light,
Spring, spring is here in her glory,
Softly in whispers to blossom and tree
Telling her beautiful story!
Coaxing the slender green blade from the mould,
Wooing the pansy with kisses—
Sending sweet zephyrs o'er mountain and hill—
Heralding summer's sweet blisses!

Come out, my children, when robin doth call,
Spend not the morning hours sleeping—
Come, for the violet tender and shy
Will soon from her cradle be peeping!
Crocuses, too, in the woodland and dell
Venture to meet the sun's glances;
While pretty hyacinth, shedding her balm,
On to fruition advances.

Gone is the snow from the sides of the hills,
Jolly old winter is over—
Soon you may race with the fleetest of rills
Knee-deep in blossoming clover.
Soon you may join in the butterfly chase,
Clamber the hillside for berries;
Soon will the precious old trees in the field
Groan with their fair freight of cherries.

Sing, oh, my children, the song of the spring,
Lift up your jubilant voices,
High in the treetops her banners are hung—
Sing, for all nature rejoices!
This much remember, my boys and my girls,
While you seek innocent pleasures,
Always keep green budding spring in your hearts,
Garnering thus richest treasures!

M. A. K.

SINGING.

SINGING is a great "institution." It oils the wheels of care, supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart in his bosom. Such a man not only works more willingly, but works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much again in money as one who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing, throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, and August of its meadow-larks. Singing promotes health, strengthens the voice, the organs of the throat and lungs, and prevents or cures consumption. Singing is an excellent agent for promoting mental hygiene.

THE WANDERER.

ACROSS the bleak and treeless wold
The north wind drove the blinding sleet,
And over path, and field, and fold,
The snow lay like a winding sheet.
Oh! bitter was the night, and biting cold!

Oh! bitter was the winter night!
A night to make the poorest home
Unwontedly seem warm and bright!
A night when none would care to roam [light.
And leave the hearth, flushed with the red fire-

The shepherd piled the logs of wood,
Till all the cottage was aglow;
And round the blazing chimney stood
Five chubby children in a row, [food.
Watching their mother warm their evening

The fire had burnt each ruddy face,
When by their smoking porridge-bowls
They at the table took their place,
And clamoured, hungry little souls,
Until their father came and said the grace.

With horny hands clasped on his breast
The shepherd raised his eyes to heaven,
And prayed, "Kind Saviour, be our guest,
And may the food that Thou hast given
To us, though most unworthy, now be blest."

"If He should come," the youngest cried,
"I'd give Him some of my nice bread."
"I'd ask Him to sit by my side,"
A large-eyed little maiden said—
"I'd give Him up my bed, if He'd abide."

One set for Him an empty chair,
Another fetched a bowl and spoon,
And all bestowed what they could spare
Until the bowl was brimming soon.
The guest would have by far the largest share.

Their father from a word forbore,
Fearing to mar their infant zeal:
Their mother looked upon the floor,
A smile of pleasure to conceal:
When some one knocked—knocked at the cottage door!

A knock! and silence deep as death!—
No sound, except the ticking clock!
And whilst they, startled, held their breath,
There came another feeble knock!
"'Tis Jesus!" whispered little 'Lizabeth.

The shepherd rose, and from the thatch
Took down the key, with eager hand
Unlocked the door and raised the latch,
And hurriedly the traveller scanned,
Then bid him enter with all despatch.

The stranger was way-worn and old,
The blood had left his wrinkled cheek,
His teeth were chattering with the cold,
His frozen tongue refused to speak,
And down his clothes the melting snow-flakes rolled.

They led him to the blazing fire,
They dried his dripping cloak and hat,
And from his shoes they scraped the mire,
Whilst in the chimney-seat he sat
And warmed and feasted to his heart's desire.

"It can't be He, so old and thin?"
The eldest to his father said;
"Look at his hair and shrivelled skin!"
The shepherd answered, "You have read,
'I was a stranger, and ye took me in'?"

"Your meaning, father dear, I see,"
The boy said, climbing on his knees,
"In every stranger He may be,
For as ye did it unto these,
Our Lord will say ye did it unto Me."

TOMMY AND HIS DONKEY.

MY little children dear, if you listen unto me,
A story unto you I now will tell:
There was a little boy, and his name was Tommy Lee, [well.
And he loved his old friend "Neddy" very

At seven every morn little Tommy would arise,
And off with his friend Neddy he would go;
He trotted o'er the green while the lark was in the skies,
And the music of the brooklet whispered low.

One day, some foolish boys thought to play a wicked trick:
They got a can to hang on Neddy's tail;
But Neddy was too wise, for he made a sudden kick, [mail.
And he scampered off with Tommy like the

The boy in mischief first got in such a dreadful plight,
They had to bring the doctor to his aid;
But the neighbours only laughed, and they said it served him right,
For he never cared to do what father said.

And now, my children dear, this lesson is for you:
Acts of love and kindness practise while you may,
Doing what your parents teach, ever dutiful and true,
And your pleasures will be brighter every day.

W. H.

"At seven every morn little Tommy would arise,
And off with his friend Neddy he would go."—p. 60.

FIDELITY TO THE PLEDGE.

DIALOGUE. BY EMILY MAUDE PRICE.

Characters.

ALFRED JOHNSTONE } *Band of Hope Boys.*
WILLIAM WALTERS }
CHARLES BREWARD, *A Non-abstainer.*

Enter ALFRED *and* WILLIAM, *from opposite sides of the platform.*

William.—Good evening, Alfred, you're quite a stranger; I have not seen you at our meetings this long time.

Alfred.—Well, you see, William, I have not much time for that sort of thing now I go out to work. I suppose you have left school?

W.—Oh, yes, I am apprenticed to Mr. Goodman, the draper; but he lets me off in time for the Band of Hope meeting. But you have not told me where you work, Alfred.

A.—I am errand-boy to Mr. Black. I have to run errands and serve in the shop, and I have four shillings a week.

W.—What! Mr. Black, the wine and spirit merchant? Do you mean to say that you, a Band of Hope boy, earn money in that way?

A.—I did not much care about going at first, but father said I must not refuse so *good* an offer. I have one shilling a week more than I had at Mr. Perkins', and the work is easier.

W.—Well, I think it is very inconsistent, to say the least. If the persons to whom you take the wine knew that you were a Band of Hope boy, they would not think much of our principles or of *you.*

A.—But they don't know; so there is no harm done that way.

W.—You cannot be sure that they do not know. I should think it strange if some of them have not seen you in the processions. If they have, they must think either that you have broken your pledge, or that you are a great hypocrite. But even supposing they do not know, *you* do, and so do your companions, so you injure yourself and them.

A.—How ever do you make that out? Certainly my basket is sometimes pretty heavy, yet I should think it is lighter any way than some of those great parcels I have seen Mr. Goodman's apprentices hauling about.

W.—It is not the weight of the basket I speak of; let that be never so heavy, it could hurt no one but yourself (unless you carelessly let it fall on some poor body's corns, when it might cause a slight twinge); I was thinking of the moral effect. You know there is a proverb which runs thus—"Evil communications corrupt good manners."

A.—Come now, I think that is too bad. I don't think any one can say that I have become ill-mannered since I went out to work. My master is most particular that we should be polite.

W.—That is all very well, but I can recollect a manner you once possessed, which, if I mistake not, is very much corrupted. I refer to your manner of giving temperance recitations, and writing temperance essays.

A.—I don't know about that. I think I could give a recitation on temperance now as well as ever I could.

(*Enter* CHARLIE BREWARD.)

Charlie.—What! the wine and spirit merchant's apprentice teaching temperance? Well, if that is not good! What shall it be? Oh, I know—

> "Now that Bands of Hope are waking,
> Drink will get such a shaking,
> That they'll soon give over making
> Whisky, wine, and beer."

A. (*rather vexed*).—I wonder what you know about it? Why, you're not even a teetotaler!

C.—Would you like to hear what I know about it? Well then, I know this, that I should think myself a mean, contemptible creature, if I could get up in a temperance meeting and run down the drink dealers, and then go and receive money for taking out their goods.

A.—But I don't do that.

W.—That won't go down with what you said about being as ready now as ever to give a temperance recitation. But I hope you see now the truth of my remark, that you may injure others. If Charlie had been of a different disposition you might have set him dead against temperance.

C.—That's true enough. When Ben Harris told me that Alfred Johnstone was a teetotaler I said, "Well, if that's your teetotalism, save me from it."

W.—Ben Harris is an abstainer, is he not?

C.—Oh yes, and it vexed him when I spoke like that. He said he hoped I should look well into the subject, and not set it down as worthless because of the inconsistency of one of its advocates.

A.—I tell you what it is, I begin to wish I had never seen you fellows. I suppose you will give me no peace until I give up my place.

W.—I wish we could bring you to that decision. By the way, Alfred, did you ever consider that by delivering these things you are breaking your pledge?

A.—Go on, Will. You will try to prove next that I am committing suicide by walking near the river!

W.—There is not the slightest comparison between the two. Our pledge reads, "I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and to

discountenance their use in others." If you are not to violate that pledge, every time you serve a customer with wine you must speak something after this style: "Here is your wine, madam. Very much obliged. Anything more we can do for you? Shall I bring it for you, ma'am? I will do so if you like, though it is against my principles. I am a teetotaler, and do not think it is right to use wine or spirits at all."

C.—If Mr. Black heard him talk like that, I think he would not be behindhand in showing him the door.

A.—I never looked at it in that light, William. Indeed, I do not know that I ever noticed the pledge particularly. According to that rule, a teetotaler must not provide drink for his friends.

W.—He will not desire to do so if he is a principled abstainer, and understands what he is about.

C.—So Ben Harris remarked. He said if it was not a good thing for himself, he should not think of offering it to his friends.

A.—I don't feel comfortable in staying after what you have said. I wish I had talked to you before I took the situation. But I fear father would be averse to my leaving now.

W.—If that is your only difficulty, I do not think it need trouble you much. If your influence is not sufficient, we will ask our superintendent to visit him. And in the meantime try to persuade Mr. Black to let you off an hour earlier on Monday evenings.

A.—I will try, but I think there is not much chance of that. But I must go. Good night to you both, and I hope if you receive me again into your society, I shall no longer be known as an advocate of a principle which I do not practise. I am ashamed of that character.

W.—I am very glad to hear it, old fellow, and you may rest assured that I shall not be at all sorry to welcome you back to your old place among us. Good night. [*Exeunt.*

A YOUNG LADY'S INFLUENCE.

IT is related of the distinguished Wm. Wirt, that shortly after his marriage to his first wife he became so much addicted to habits of intemperance, that it hastened her to a premature grave. Instead of reforming, he indulged still more in strong drink, so much so that his friends expostulated with him against the injury he was doing to himself. They advised him to get married again, with a view to correcting his habits. Accordingly he began to pay his addresses to a Miss Gamble. After a proper time, he asked her hand in matrimony. She replied: "Mr. Wirt, I have been aware of your intentions, but I cannot yield my assent until you make me a pledge never to taste or handle any intoxicating drinks."

He was deeply chagrined at her conditions. After a few weeks, he again solicited her hand, but her reply was the same as before. He becoming indignant, regarded the terms insulting to his honour, and vowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin. One day while lying in the outskirts of the city (Richmond), near a grocery or grog-shop, dead drunk, Miss Gamble was passing that way to her home not far off, and beheld him with his face upturned to the rays of the scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name upon it, and placed it over his face. After he had remained that way for some hours he was awakened. His thirst being very great, he went into the grocery to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, at which he looked. The name was on it. After pausing a few minutes, he exclaimed, "Great God! who left this with me?" No one knew. He dropped the glass, exclaiming, "Enough! enough!" He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst, but not the debauch, the handkerchief, or the lady, and vowed, if God gave him strength, never to touch or handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss Gamble again was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in her carriage, or on foot, he would dodge around the nearest corner. She at last addressed him in a note under her own hand, inviting him to her own house, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her, if she still bore affection for him he would agree to her own terms. Her reply was, "My conditions are now what they ever have been." Then the disenthralled Wirt said, "I accept them." They were soon married, and from that day he kept his word, while honours and glory gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame, whilst his deeds, his patriotism, and renown live after him with imperishable lustre. How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine-hearted Miss Gamble.

A LITTLE BOY'S SPEECH.

THEY thought I couldn't make a speech,
I'm such a little tot;
I'll show them whether I can do
A thing or two, or not:

Don't be afraid to fight the wrong,
Or stand up for the right;
And when you've nothing else to say,
Be sure you say—"Good night."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

AN article is going the round, treating of the best method of putting away potatoes. A family of about eight, including three strong boys and three healthy girls, can put away potatoes about as successfully as is necessary.

AN Irish cadet, on being asked what was meant by the word "fortification," instantly replied with the utmost confidence, "Two twentifications make a fortification."

"IS there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish servant. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

"SARAH, this going out incessantly I cannot have: next Sunday you must stay at home all day."—"But, ma'am, I have promised my aunt to spend the afternoon with her."—Sonny (interceding): "Do let her go, mamma. Her aunt has been made a sergeant, and has got a new coat with stripes on it, and a great long sword."

"LOOK here," said a fault-finding husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual.

"NEIGHBOUR JONES, you occupy a position of very great trust in this community?"—"Yes, neighbour Smith, I find that I have to trust almost everybody."

ONCE there was a run on a bank in South Wales. Small farmers jostled each other in crowds to draw out their money. Things were at low-water, when the manager, in desperation, bethought him of a resource. By his directions a clerk, having heated some sovereigns in a frying-pan, paid them over the counter to an anxious applicant.—"Why, they're quite hot!" said the latter, as he took them up.—"Of course," was the reply, "they're only just out of the mould; we're coining them by hundreds as fast as we can."—"Coining them," thought the simple agriculturists. "Then there's no fear of them running short!"—Their confidence revived, the panic abated, and the bank weathered the storm.

AN aëronaut complains of the hard times this year—says he has not made ascent.

THE *Cincinnati Commercial*, in speaking of an orator, observes that "he spoke an hour-and-a-half, and was sensible to the last."

A FELLOW who wrote a wretched hand, and made almost as bad a fist of spelling and grammar, gave as his excuse for the deficiencies of his education, "that he never went to school but one afternoon, and then the master had gone a-fishin'."

"MY boy," said a pompous old gentleman, "don't be too prolix. You'll always find truth in a nut-shell."—"I don't know about that," responded the boy: "I most always find a worm in 'em."

A FRIEND said to a grocer who had retired from business, "Why, my dear fellow, you are looking thin! Idleness does not agree with you."—"Well, no," responded the grocer, "I don't *weigh* as much as I did."

DRIVING through Sackville Street, in Dublin, some time ago, on a car, the wretched appearance of a horse suddenly struck a passenger, who said, "Pat, you ought to be taken up for cruelty to animals, driving such an old horse as that."—"Sure, sur," was the quick reply, "if I didn't dhrive that I'd be taken up for cruelty to a wife and six children."

MAMMA: "Why, Poppet, all these apples are bitten! Have you touched them?"—Poppet: "No, ma. But it froze last night, and p'rhaps—p'rhaps—they're frost-bitten."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Temperance Record—The British Temperance Advocate—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Western Temperance Herald—The Social Reformer—The Coffee Public-House News—The Dietetic Reformer.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

"A Complete Catalogue of Temperance Literature." Published by the National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand. It is a most useful and valuable list; all Band of Hope officers should have a copy, especially every Sunday-school librarian.

"Temperance Landmarks," 1829 to 1879. By Rev. Robert Maguire, D.D. A narrative of the work and the workers. The twelve little chapters are a series of interesting articles which appeared in "Home Words." An admirable little book, giving an interesting account of the rise and progress of temperance work; but we miss any very prominent reference to the Band of Hope movement, which has now become one of the most important organisations of the great Temperance Reformation.

"Studies in Life." By Rev. H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. Published by Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. The volume contains eight lectures delivered for the Young Men's Christian Association, London, and is dedicated to Hugh Matheson, as a loving tribute to Christian worth. The subjects are briefly, Life: its Characteristics, Origin, Variety, Records, Natural History, Enemies, and Results. The lectures are useful and instructive, and will be of great service to all thoughtful young men. The chapter on the origin of life is a clear and simple exposition of modern views, which is most valuable.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

CHAPTER V.—HOW THE FAIR-DAY CLOSED WITH A DARK NIGHT.

"Thou art the man."—*The Bible.*
"And then it started, like some guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons."—*Horatio, in "Hamlet."*

AS the day wore on at Selford, Mrs. Linden's suspicions were awakened when Billy did not turn up for dinner; and as the afternoon began to wane, these suspicions were more than confirmed. She threatened, in her heart, to give her son one of the soundest thrashings he had ever received. And being far from a novice at this exercise, matters promised painfully for the boy, had he returned. But before the evening had settled down, her husband came in, still flushed, and very unsteady. No sooner had he entered than she turned on him, and said, in an irritable tone of voice, "You ain't very late! I should have thought for once you might have been soberer than that," as he stumbled into a chair. "Have yer seen anything of Billy? Yer haven't brought him from fair, but I'll warm him when he do come."

Mrs. Linden was busy, and did not notice the startled look of her husband for one moment.

"No!" he shouted, in a half-drunken way, "I should 'a seen 'im had 'e bin there. I was all over the place. He's not bin to fair," and laughed. "I am not sober, ain't I? Don't you tell me I'm drunk—sober as a judge. Came home purpose to keep all straight."

Then a few angry words crossed between.

Every now and then he sat looking very queer and restless. Just as tea was ready, he got up, and with many angry words about his wife's tongue, he went out with an oath.

Directly he was gone, she was sorry that she had not done more to keep him, for she knew quite well he had now gone to the public-house, and would come back much worse.

An hour or two passed slowly on. Mrs. Linden's wrath was rapidly cooling in growing anxiety about the truant. While she was thinking over her many cares and anxieties after all she had done to keep the place clean and tidy for her husband and son, and believing herself to be the most worried and troubled wife in the parish, in rushed Mrs. Cliff, saying, "Have you seen my Jenny?" "Lor, bless us, no! Whatever is the matter?" suddenly starting when she saw Mrs. Cliff's consternation. "Why," replied the excited mother of Jenny, "I hate them fairs. But she bothered and bothered, being so fine, that I took that gal, as I had half-promised afore; and just as we was a-coming away, we met them sojers a-making a fine to-do, a-frightening a horse and cart. There was a deal of shoving, and some one or other got run over. I heard a scream. Then Jenny, who was a-holding tight to my skirt, was pushed off by the crowd, and I couldn't find her again. Then I thought, she's got afeared, and gone on home; but when I gets back, she ain't nowheres about, and I'll be bound she's a-hunting for me in that there fair, and will be nigh frightened out of her wits."

While the two women were continuing the conversation, the elder brother, John, came home from work. He was sorry indeed, and surprised, to find Billy not back yet. To many questions his mother asked, he did not acknowledge the share he had taken in the early morning adventure. He merely told his mother that Billy got up about the same time, and went out with him, and likely enough went to the fair directly he went to work. Feeling somewhat conscience-stricken, he promised, directly he had had his tea, he would go back and look for both the children. This somewhat relieved both the mothers' minds. They sat and talked over their own troubles, and their neighbours' affairs, till long into the darkness. The wind had risen, and the night was very dark and wet. Occasionally one would go to the door to listen.

John went back to the town as fast as he could, and reached the fair, and then commenced a long and useless search for the two children. About the time John had returned to the noisy and flaring market-place, Jenny was sitting down near the hospital, crying as if her heart would break. She heeded nothing, neither the passers-by, nor the rain that had now begun to descend, making the miserable night still more pitiless. The gathering clouds had shut out the last star, and all was hopeless as the black sky above. After a time the policeman passed who had carried Billy to the hospital, and noticing the child, stooped down, spoke kindly, and offered to take her along with him, but she only begged and prayed him to let her be where she was. And when she found she must go with him, she asked to go home, saying if he would only show her the road, she knew she could find the way. And as the road went directly to the village, he knew that if she only walked on, she would come there right enough. He took her into a street which led on to the high-road to Selford, told her Billy was doing well, and would be all right soon, and she must tell his father where he was. With many injunctions not to stay, he bought her a penny bun, and told her to keep her heart up like a brave little woman, and then vanished as she walked slowly on in the direction of her home. It did not seem so dark and lonely as long as the gaslights of the town continued, but when the last one was passed, it seemed like walking on into black space. By degrees her

eyes seemed to get accustomed to the night, and by-and-bye she could discern the two hedges, and by that means she tried to keep in the middle of the sloppy road. The way seemed terribly long and dreary; often she felt frightened—afraid when she heard the sound of vehicles or passers-by, and still more lonely and fearful when nothing was heard but the patter of the rain, with the noise of her own little feet on the muddy road.

Wearied and exhausted she reached the village, and seeing the light in Mrs. Linden's cottage, she went there first. On opening the door, surprise and gladness made her mother forget all else in her safe return. When the first greeting was over, Mrs. Linden asked the dripping child where Billy was. In a moment Jenny burst into a flood of tears, and, with the help of a few questions, told most of what she had seen, except that one secret, who had done all the mischief—how she knew it was Billy when she heard the scream, and not finding her mother by her side as the crowd closed to see what was the matter, she naturally followed to look after him. Before the child had finished the briefest outline of events, Mrs. Linden exclaimed, "I wish master was here. What shall I do? My poor boy! my poor boy!" Jenny repeated all the comforting things the nurse and policeman had said, and then asked where Mr. Linden was. On being told, she said at once, "Shall I go and fetch him?" "No, no, child; the public-house is no place for you this time of night." "There, there—don't take on so," said Mrs. Cliff. "Yes, you run and tell Mr. Linden he's wanted very particular; something wrong at home—only don't tell 'em all out in the bar parlour. They'll hear it soon enough, and I'll wait a minute; then you run home, and I'll be there by the time you are—there's no need to come back here—then git your wet things off. There, make haste."

The bar parlour was well filled that wet night, and most had more drink than could be soberly carried. The talk was on the fair and its doings, and all the gossip of the neighbourhood. A late comer had been speaking about the accident. He said it was the talk of the whole town; he was by when it was done, and he said, "as how I heard another chap say the boy be dead." "Dead be he?" said another, "that goes akward-like for the fellow as run over 'un." "Do they know who it was?" asked the landlord, as he brought more ale into the room reeking with beer and smoke. "No, not exactly," said the man. "I am told the p'lice 'as got a notion. Some one told me the horse and cart came out of town in this direction." One man, sitting in the corner, in a half-drunken sleep, heard this: in his muddled brain this ran like burning fire—"The boy be dead," and "the p'lice 'as got a notion." For some few minutes he sat on in silence, the cold sweat breaking out upon his forehead; the heat of the place seemed to be stifling, he could scarcely move; a ghastly fear made all his limbs tremble. "Why hadn't Billy come back?" was getting fixed in his mind.

In a little time the landlord returned, and called out, "Linden, you are wanted very particular." With that the drunken man tried to stagger to his feet, and the landlord, noticing the strange expression on his face, said—"Well, what's the matter? only the missus wants you." Two or three shouted, "He's only had a drop too much; that's all, governor," and as he stumbled out into the passage, some one started "For he's a jolly good fellow," which was soon caught up in a boisterous chorus. At the door of the inn, underneath an oil-lamp which had helped to light many of the poor villagers on the road to ruin, stood little Jenny Cliff. He would not have been more surprised had it been a policeman—what could she want with him? She waited till Linden had stepped on the threshold, then she said—"Billy's been run over at the fair." The light from the lamp fell on both their faces, and the murky darkness made a terrible background to the picture. The man reeled against the side of the door, and gasped, in a hoarse, drunken whisper—"But who dun it? Who dun it?" For a moment Jenny paused—the song was still going on within, outside the rain-drops pattered, and the wind moaned—one guilty soul, one innocent but bleeding heart then looked up into those bleared and drunken eyes, now almost started from the sockets, and said, in a quivering whisper—"You did it!"

He needed no other words of doom. The charge was murder, and all the world knew it. She held out her hands to him to lead him home. Another moment, and he would have known the whole truth, but he thrust the child from him with such violence that she fell, and he rushed forth into the outer darkness of that black night, to bear for many long days the curse of Cain, branded from within upon his life.

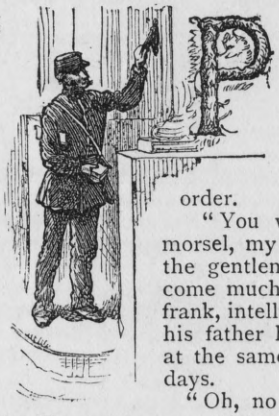
(To be continued.)

OUR attainments, our qualities, our value can be judged only relatively. It is only as they compare with those of other people, or with some imaginary ideal, that they can be called strong or weak, good or evil, high or low.

A HUMAN soul without education is like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it.

A TRUE TEETOTALER.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.



"PUDDING, with wine sauce," said Mr. Goodwin to the waiter.

"Pudding, without sauce," was Harry Wayne's order.

"You will find it a dry morsel, my little friend," said the gentleman, who had become much interested in the frank, intelligent lad who with his father had occupied seats at the same table for several days.

"Oh, no; I will make sauce of milk and sugar, which will be very nice." And he proceeded to do so.

"I think plum pudding is very poor without wine sauce," remarked Mr. Goodwin, as he took a generous mouthful.

"I know it tastes better, and I should like to have it; but I'm a teetotaler, and I never eat anything with liquor in it if I know it," said Harry.

"I am a teetotaler also," said Mr. Goodwin, displaying the badge of a well-known temperance organisation; "but my pledge says nothing about using it in food."

"Nor does mine," replied Harry. "But I can't be a true teetotaler if I eat liquor, any more than if I drink it."

"Well, my little friend, I must say you are very conscientious. What are your reasons for being so radical?" asked the gentleman, wishing to hear more.

"The first is that if I use food that contains wine and brandy, I may learn to like the taste so well that I may want to drink it some time. The second is, that as I am fighting against the liquor traffic because it causes so much trouble and crime, I can't afford to help it along—even the smallest mite. If it is put in food, some one has to make it, some one has to sell it, and some one has to buy it; and if all the Christian people and the temperance people will stop using it in this way, I am sure the temperance cause will march on much faster than it does. But I wish father was here; he can talk about these things and explain them much better than I can."

"I do not think he could make the question more plain or convincing than you have done, my boy," was the admiring reply. "I confess with shame that, to gratify my taste, I have been aiding and encouraging the enemy I profess to fight, and hundreds are doing the same thing. But henceforth I shall be consistent—I shall be, like you, a true teetotaler."

When Harry ran upstairs to his sick father, with eyes shining and cheeks aglow with pleasure, and told his story, it pleased the old man exceedingly to know that his boy's adherence to principle was exerting so good an influence, and he said lovingly, "Always be as firm in regard to everything that is right, my son, and you will be happy yourself and be a blessing to others."

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOUR.

AT the holy hour of twilight,
When all is hushed and still,
And the sunset's glow of crimson
Brightens yon western hill;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
While peace broods over all,
There floats to my ear a murmur
Across the quiet hall.

I listen with bated breathing,
To sounds that come and go;
For it is my little neighbour
Who sings so soft and low.

My fancy pictures her sitting,
Her baby on her breast,
Crooning her little lullaby,
To soothe him into rest.

And I clasp my arms, so empty,
Close to my aching heart,
And envy my little neighbour
Her fond, maternal part.

For my sweet blossom was taken
To other arms than mine,
Ah, God! Thou knowest my anguish;
Yet not my will, but Thine.

I've a store of worldly treasures,
My neighbour has her hands:
But what are dollars and jewels,
Or houses, stocks, and lands,

To the touch of baby fingers,
The sound of little feet,
And the thousand joys that daily
A loving mother greet?

I'd gladly exchange my riches
For my neighbour's humble part,
Could I but hush, at twilight's hour,
A babe upon my heart.

L. O.

IN THE BRINY DEEP!

HURRAH for a splash in the briny deep!
Where over each other the wavelets leap,
Where all the poor fish have to live and sleep,
In their home 'neath the foam
Of the restless deep.

Hurrah for a splash in the briny deep! [creep,
Where thousands of funny things crawl and
Where the sea-weed grows in a tangled heap,
Far from land, 'mong the sand
Of the wondrous deep.

Hurrah for a splash in the briny deep!
Where death a rich harvest doth often reap;
For some of our loved ones are now asleep
In their graves 'neath the waves
Of the mighty deep.

Hurrah for a splash in the briny deep!
Over whose bosom those wild winds sweep,
That have made so many poor orphans weep
For the lost who have crossed
The cruel deep.

Hurrah for a splash in the briny deep!
Whose busy waves many great secrets keep;
For treasures lie hidden where none can peep,
In the caves 'neath the waves
Of the foaming deep.

Hurrah for a splash in the briny deep!
But near to the shore be careful to keep, [sleep
Or else 'mong the shells and the rocks you may
In those graves 'neath the waves
Of the briny deep. T. H. EVANS.

LITTLE POLLY.

LITTLE Polly from the city,
Fond of every living thing,
Went to play in grandma's farmyard
One bright morn in early spring:

Filled her pinafore with chickens—
She would take them home, she said.
Grandma told her that she'd better
Leave them mother-hen instead.

They were all so very little,
She might injure them, and then
She could never tend and feed them
Half as well as mother-hen.

So the little city maiden
Gently laid the chickens down,
Though she dearly wished to take them
With her back again to town.

Her young heart was true and tender,
"Little chickies, go," said she;
"God is kind to all His creatures,
And I must not cruel be."

Children, like dear little Polly,
Try to bear this truth in mind,
"God is kind to all His creatures,
And to all you should be kind."

DAVID LAWTON.

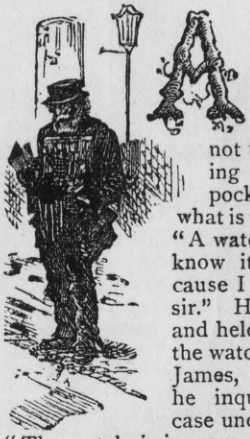
ILLUSTRATIVE FINGER OR BLACK-BOARD LESSON.

BY W. P. WILBERFORCE BUXTON.

(If a blackboard be used, it will appear as under, at the close of the lesson.)

WATCH.

W ATER.
A LCOHOL.
T EMPTATION.
C OMPANIONS.
H ABITS.



A CLERGYMAN once tried to teach some children that the soul would live after the death of the body, but they could not understand him. Taking his watch from his pocket, he said, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?" "A watch, sir." "How do you know it is a watch?" "Because I see it, and hear it tick, sir." He then took off the case and held it in one hand, and the watch in the other. "Now, James, which is the watch?" he inquired, as he put the case under his hat out of sight. "The watch is in your hand, sir, for I hear it tick," said James. "Well now, you see the watch can go and keep time when the case is off; so your body is nothing but the case, and when buried in the ground, the soul lives just as the watch can go." But a watch is of no use unless it will keep correct time, so the body is of little use if the heart, which is the mainspring, does not perform its functions regularly and properly.

Watch is a good temperance word. All Band of Hope members should keep a good watch always going—a regular, a punctual watch against all temptation.

Very well, from the word WATCH we may learn certain important truths. **W** shall stand for WATER, which, we all know, is the gift of God, and the only drink provided by Him for man and beast, yet with some people there is no liquor so much despised as cold water. Everything we eat or drink has a proper proportion of water, and this drink is in every way suited to man's requirements, and adds greatly to his comfort and health. It does not in any way interfere with the proper working of the various organs of the human system as intoxicating drinks do. It dissolves many substances, helps the digestion of our food, and when used externally, it helps to keep open those wonderful pores through which the perspiration comes. It has also healing properties in cases of inflammation, sprains, and bruises, and is extensively used by hydropathists as a remedy for most of the ailments to which the human frame is subject.

A stands for ALCOHOL, which is an invention of man. It is not found in any of God's gifts. It is a spirit produced by fermentation. Large doses of this spirit kill, therefore small doses must cause proportionate injury. Dr. Percy once injected two and a half ounces into the stomach of a dog, and the animal immediately dropped down dead. When alcohol is taken into the body it causes a disturbance throughout the entire system. It cannot give warmth, neither can it give strength. If you were to put your finger in the fire, the heat would soon stimulate you to take it out; and so alcohol may stimulate for a time, but it does this in the same way as a whip would stimulate a horse. The greater exertion leaves behind it complete exhaustion; for instance, were a full-grown man to take a wineglassful of whisky three times a day, the alcohol would increase the beating of the heart by six thousand times in twenty-four hours, which is equal to lifting seven tons weight one foot in height. Strong drink is bad for the body, and bad for the soul, therefore have no dealings with it. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," then you can never become drunkards.

T stands for TEMPTATION. Nothing tempts people to mischief like strong drink. It causes more loss, misery, and crime than any other evil. A Christian was once asked by a companion to visit an alehouse. He declined, saying, "I am a brand plucked out of the fire." His companion could not understand this, so he explained himself thus: "Look you," said he, "there is a great difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark flies upon a brand that has been partly burnt, it will soon catch fire again; but it is not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the fire, and I dare not venture into the way of temptation, for fear of being set on fire again." If you be tempted to touch the intoxicating cup, boldly answer—NO! One of the kings of France once promised a Protestant subject a governorship, if he would conform to the Romanist faith. "Sire," replied he, "if I could be persuaded to betray my God for a marshal's staff, I might be induced

to betray my king for a bribe of much less value."

C stands for COMPANIONS. Solomon says, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." A father once would not allow his grown-up children to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. One daughter complained that her father must think her very childish if he imagined she would be exposed to danger. The father took a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "Take it, my child," said he, "it will not burn you." She did so, and her beautiful white hands were soiled and blackened, and her dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said the daughter. "Yes, truly," replied the father. "You see, my child, the coals, even if they do not burn, can blacken: so it is with the company of the vicious." Beware of evil companions, lest they should entice you from your total abstinence principles, and from everything else that is good and pure.

H stands for HABITS. Success in life can only be attained by the cultivation of good habits. They are the foundation on which true perfection of character is built. Be not discouraged by trifles. Go steadily forward. Be sober, industrious, and honest. Be kind, and "do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." If you do not prosper in life so rapidly as some whom you know, depend upon it, you will be happy. Once establish your mode of life on a sure foundation, and your feet will be on sacred ground. Learn to say "No" with decision, and "Yes" with caution. "No" with decision when it means temptation, and "Yes" with caution when it implies a promise. It is impossible to exaggerate the evils of drunkenness, "when it draws its slimy length across your homes, and twines itself around some loved one." "*Watch* and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Fight heart and soul to put down the traffic in strong drink. Work on, pray on, and by the blessing of God, the day of victory shall come, when our beloved country shall be free.

THROW THE PIPES AWAY!

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

LET'S throw the pipes away, boys,
Let's throw the pipes away!
We want no smoke to crack a joke,
Or garnish what we say;
Our minds are cast in finer mould,
Our thoughts supremely higher,
But pipe and bowl enslave the soul,
And stifle pure desire.

The quacks who sell tobacco, boys,
What are their statements worth,
Who always place the smoking race
The happiest upon earth?
With lies they push their trade, boys,
What care they for the truth?
They never stay for reason's sway,
Or pray to save our youth.

Though many good men smoke, boys,
From early morn till late,
What then, shall *we* lose dignity—
Their follies imitate?
No, no! though all the world, boys,
Be lost on error's track,
We've won a name, undying fame,
And never can turn back.

Are smokers better men, boys?
What is there in the weed?—
A poison rife, a foe to life,
A drug we never need.
It never paints the youthful cheek
With tints of rosy bloom,
But many a slave gets near the grave
With vile tobacco fume.

Some call it but a trifle, boys—
A harmless luxury;
But hidden there lies deep a snare
To manacle the free.
The smallest streams that murmur low
To mighty oceans run,
And darkest deed, through lust or greed,
By trifles is begun.

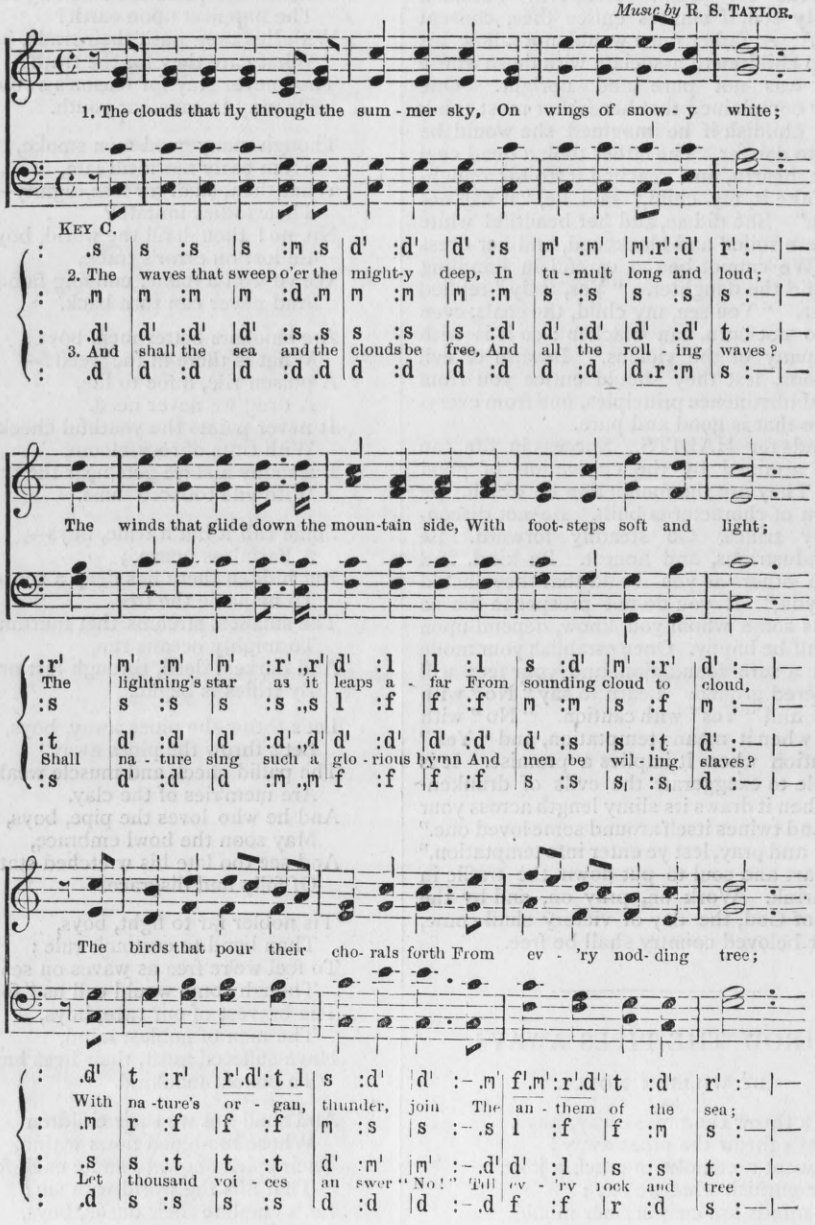
Let's throw the pipes away, boys,
Let's throw the pipes away!
The pallid cheek and muscle weak
Are mem'ries of the clay.
And he who loves the pipe, boys,
May soon the bowl embrace,
And see too late his wretched state
Of folly and disgrace.

'Tis nobler far to fight, boys,
Than bend to custom's rule;
To feel we're free as waves on sea,
Though some would call us "fool!"
The bravest of our race, boys,
The men of noblest mind,
Have suffered most, their lives have lost,
To benefit mankind.

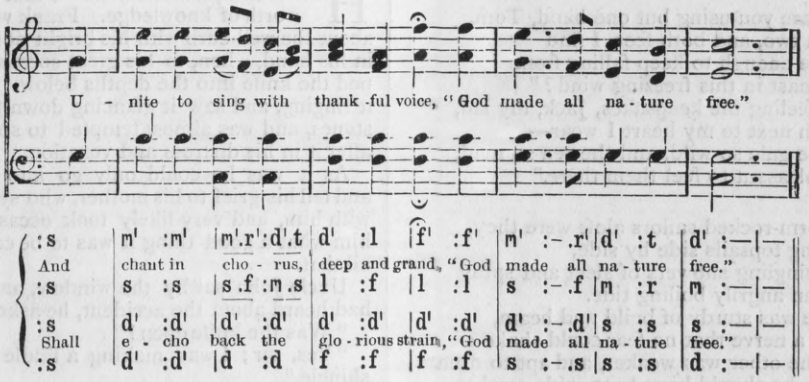
And shall not we their children
Whose life-blood flows within,
Their spirit show, to smite each foe
That fills the world with sin?
Let's emulate their deeds, boys,
With one united stroke,
And write our name on the scroll of fame—
"The boys who would not smoke!"

GOD MADE ALL NATURE FREE.

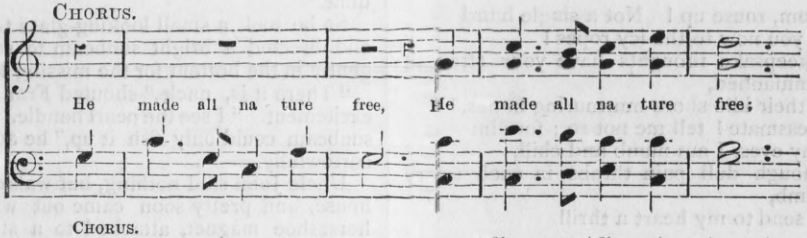
Music by R. S. TAYLOR.



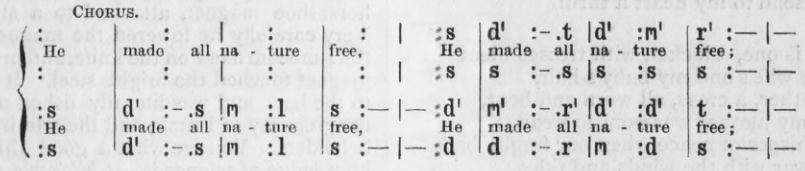
GOD MADE ALL NATURE FREE.—*(continued).*

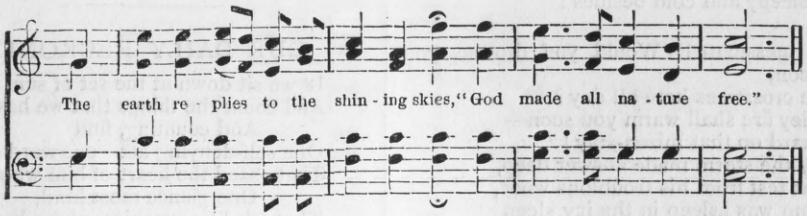


CHORUS.



CHORUS.





A SAILOR'S KEEPSAKES.

"WHY are you using but one hand, Tom,
When two, and both feet, I find
But little enough to keep falling from
The mast in this freezing wind?"
"I am feeling the keepsakes, Jack, my lad,
Which next to my heart I wear—
With the gale so wild, and the sea so mad,
It is pleasant to feel them there."

Two storm-rocked sailors aloft were they,
Reefing topsails side by side,
Amid mingling showers of sleet and spray
O'er an angrily boiling tide.
And one was sturdy of build and beam,
With a nerve that no fear could shake;
While the other was weaker, and apt to dream
When he should have been wide-awake.

"Ho, Tom, rouse up! Not a single hand
Have you now to the icy ropes!
Those keepsake thoughts have your strength unmanned,
With their idle shore-murmuring hopes."
"Ah, messmate! tell me not so; for dim
Are my eyes, I am numb and chill,
And, though dull pain throbs in each weary limb,
They send to my heart a thrill.

"There is one, a locket, with tresses blent
Of my wife's and my baby's hair,
And another, a cross, all worn and bent,
That my mother was wont to wear.
They whisper of peace when our fragile bark
Is at war with the winds and tides;
They tell me of hope—but all now grows dark,
I am sleepy and cold besides!"

"Hallo, messmate! Would you drowse, you loon,
In the crosstrees here all day?
The galley fire shall warm you soon—
Pull hard on that mizen-stay!"
But only the storm made answer deep,
For, at rest from his troublous woes,
Poor Tom was asleep in the icy sleep
That never a waking knows.

Perchance, one day, to his stricken home,
Those keepsake treasures told
Of his mournful fate on the waste of foam,
O'erborne by fatigue and cold.
But prayers were muttered, heartfelt, not loud,
While whistled the wintry blast,
And deep in the wave, in his canvas shroud,
Poor Tom was at peace at last. D. N.

THE WORTH OF KNOWLEDGE.

HERE is a pleasant incident that shows the worth of knowledge. Frank was playing about the well-curb with his bright new penknife in his hand, when, to his great sorrow, he dropped the knife into the depths below. He heard it ringing, and saw it glancing down the mossy stones, and was almost tempted to spring down after it in his distress and vexation.

As it was he could only go into the house and tell his grief to his mother, who sympathised with him, and very likely took occasion to tell him what a good thing it was to be careful, and all that.

Uncle John sat by the window, and when he had heard about the accident, he asked—

"Was the knife open?"

"Yes, sir; I was making a fiddle out of a shingle."

"Well, don't give up until we see what can be done."

So he took a small looking-glass to the well, and directed a bright sunbeam to search diligently in the bottom for the missing knife.

"There it is, uncle," shouted Frank in great excitement. "I see the pearl handle. Now, if the sunbeam could only fish it up," he added more sorrowfully.

Uncle John said nothing, but walked into the house, and pretty soon came out with a large horseshoe magnet, attached to a stout string. Very carefully he lowered the magnet, keeping the sunbeam fixed on the knife, and presently the magnet touched the bright steel. It clung fast to the bar, and was literally fished up by it, to the great joy of Frank, and the admiration of all beholders. You see what a good thing a little knowledge of science is.—*Children's Hour.*

OUR DAILY RECKONING.

IF we sit down at the set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying act—one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That felt like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But if, through all the live-long day,
We've not eased hearts by yea or nay;
If, through it all,
We've nothing done that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face:
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost
Then count the day as worse than lost.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM PURITAN TIMES.

A FATHER'S COUNSEL TO A SON.

BY DR. THOMAS FULLER.

Anger.

NEVER chide for anger, but for amendment.

Let another man's passion be a lecture to thy reason.

Do nothing in haste and fury, it is like putting to sea in a storm.

Benevolence.

Give to a grateful man more than he asks.

Let a sturdy beggar have a stout denial.

Upbraid not one with a kindness granted, for that turns it into an injury.

Contention.

New favours seldom cancel old injuries.

Envy no man's talent, but improve thine own.

Dispose not thyself to much ease, but to much patience.

Friendship.

Promise little and do much, so shalt thou have thanks.

Let friendship creep gently to its height; by rushing on, it may soon run out of breath.

Be not under too much obligation to any one, but least of all to great men.

Tell a friend his faults, but do not blaze them abroad.

Honesty.

Pay what thou owest, and so thou shalt know what is thine own.

Hate vice, though it be in your best friend.

Weigh thy neighbour in the same balance with thyself.

Pleasure.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.

Dwell not too long on amusements, for while they refresh the weary, they weary the refreshed.

Play with children, but let the saints alone.

Prudence.

Despise nothing because it is weak; flies and locusts have done more hurt than bears and lions.

Value not thyself by what thou hast, but by what thou doest.

Resist at first, and thou shalt overcome at last.

Make other men's shipwrecks thy sea-marks.

Lay up when thou art young, and thou shalt find it when thou art old.

Stand thou upright, though the world should turn upside down.

Since thou art not sure of an hour, do not throw away a minute.

Read not books alone, but men also, and thyself chiefly.

Be always at home with thyself, and master there.

Measure not men by Sundays, without observing what they do all the week.

Look not unto God's decrees, but unto His commands.

Consider not so much who speaks as what is spoken.

Then only doest thou begin to live when thou art above the fears of death.

A BARGAIN WITH THE PUMP.

IT is a queer place to make a bargain, truly; but there's many a harder customer for a thirsty man to deal with than our honest friend the pump, as the following story will show.

A hard-working weaver had saved a guinea for the express purpose of having what he called a week's fuddle. He began on Monday, spending three shillings per day for seven days. On the morning of the eighth day he was burning with thirst, but his money was gone. He went to the back door of the beer-shop where he had spent every farthing of his guinea, to beg a pint on *trust*. The landlady was mopping the passage: he stood looking at her, with his cracked lips, parched tongue, and bloodshot eyes, expecting her to ask him to take just a drop; but she did not, and he requested her to *trust* him for only one pint.

With an indignant look, she replied—

"Trust you! Set a step in this house, and I will dash this mop in your face."

The poor man hung down his head in shame. He was leaning against the pump, and after a little study, began to talk to it.

"Well, Pump," he said, "I have not spent a guinea with thee; wilt *thou* trust me a drop?"

He lifted up the handle, put his burning mouth to the spout, and drank; this done, he again said to the pump—

"Thank thee, Pump; and now hear me, Pump. By God's help, I will not enter a public-house again for the next seven years; and, Pump, thou art a witness."

The bargain was kept, and this man afterwards became a respectable manufacturer, and often said it was a grand thing for him that the landlady threatened to dash the mop in his face.

Are there not many poor fellows who would do well to stop trading at the bar, and try a bargain with the pump?

MY GRANDCHILDREN.

BY GRACE ORA.

HAPPY! I should think they were! so happy that even I, a world-weary old woman, was fain not only to think again on the long-past days of my own childhood, but to submit, in spite of my sixty years, to the tyranny of their coaxing, irresistible child-voices, eyes, and hands, which never failed to draw grandmamma into the merriest of nursery games, the wildest of garden romps. My three little grandchildren, I must tell you, had been taken to the country, for a whole month of frolic and idleness, and very dutifully were the intentions of the elders in that respect carried out, for lessons were never so much as thought about. Of course, to four-year-old Dottie the trials of learning were as yet unknown, that little sunny face had never grown cloudy over spelling-book or slate. Merry, thoughtless Dot! and yet I used to imagine sometimes that those large, deep eyes of hers held some wonderful secret!

And when the boisterous games were over, how pleased the little things used to be to sit round me on the grass, while I told them the almost-forgotten stories of my own young days. Sometimes I used to take my work-box and help Lucy to make clothes for her doll. Dear little Lucy! what a faithful mother she was to that doll, to be sure. How tenderly she held it, and muffled it up, too, in the way all dolls in all seasons seem to require—even though Dolly's mamma had bare arms and head.

How Dottie used to amuse us sometimes by her funny sayings! I remember one afternoon, Lucy and Bertie sat with me under our favourite tree, when suddenly Dottie with a cry scrambled to her feet—"Mind, Cushie, mind! Don't fall in ze water, Cushie!" But it was too late, in spite of Dottie's warning, the grave old cow walked steadily to the very edge of the pond. To the little maid's terror, she not only went straight in, but after placidly enjoying its coolness for a few moments, actually bent her neck and took a long, deep draught. Dottie was amazed. "Oh, gran'ma, gran'ma," she cried, running back, "Cushie's drinking ze pond!" What a source of enjoyment that pond was to the two little girls, as well as to Bertie—but to him it was a perpetual pleasure. There he would play at ducks and drakes until all the smooth flat stones within reach were exhausted; there he delighted to fish for minnows, with a thread and crooked pin at the end of a stick, for an hour at a time. But the best fun was with the boats. There was his tiny fleet of walnut-shells, that danced so prettily up and down, as well as boats of all sorts and sizes. Some that sailed with one side lying in the water, and others that wouldn't sail at all, but went down directly they were left alone. But these were all boats of home manufacture. Bertie's first proper sailer was a real beauty. I remember the day papa brought her from town, a ship in full sail, with her name, "Ocean Wave," painted in red letters on the stern. The launch was to take place in proper style after dinner, in the meantime the children were allowed to have the ship to examine and play with. That wonderful ship! surely never were seen such white sails, such a smooth deck, or such a tall straight mast before! It was perfect—"Fit for ze tween to sail in," Dottie said. Would it sail? What a long time dinner was! would it never be ready? What time is it? Only eleven! Oh, what a time to wait! Bertie could think of nothing else. At last he could bear it no longer: he beckoned to Lucy and Dottie, and without speaking, lead the way into the garden. The two little girls followed readily, never guessing what was working in their brother's mind; but Bertie, holding the ship in both arms, trod on tip-toe, and whispered "Sh! sh!" to their merry chatter.

They arrived at the water, and Bertie knelt down on the bit of plank which did duty for a landing-stage, leaned over, and pushed the ship off. Dottie sat down on the grass and looked on silently with an unwonted touch of sadness on her bright face. Bertie felt rather uneasy, too, for a time, but he soon forgot everything else in his delight at the beautiful ship as she floated so gracefully and steadily along. Certainly she did look lovely, with the bright blue water-mark, and crimson letters of her name standing out so clearly above the water. The two little girls, as well as Bertie, were soon completely absorbed in the pretty sight. Dottie danced round the pond, to admire it from different points of view. And so the moments flew by, quickly enough now, until Lucy suddenly and with awe-struck voice called out—

"Oh, Bertie, the string!"

Ah, yes! the string. Bertie knew well enough the purpose of that little bright ring fixed in the stern, and papa had shown them the ball of strong white cord which was to guide and bring back the "Ocean Wave" at her owner's will. But alas! there she was, sailing far away in the middle of the pond. Oh, Bertie, Bertie, what

"Bertie knelt down and pushed the ship off."—p. 76.

will you do now? But Bertie could do nothing but gaze helplessly at his ship, though somehow she did not seem half so pretty now as she did two hours ago. By this time tender-hearted little Lucy was crying bitterly, even Dolly was thrown aside and forgotten in anxiety for her brother. Well, it must have been a moment of misery both for naughty Bertie and his loving little sisters, though I am happy to tell you that our Bertie behaved very nobly about it.

"Let us go and tell papa," said Lucy, and Bertie did not hesitate a moment.

"We will stay wiz you," said Dottie, consolingly, and indeed the little fellow both looked and felt very miserable. But they started at once, Bertie walking in the middle, holding himself very straight, a little sister clasping each hand, Lucy without her doll, and Dottie with her sun-bonnet on. They did not walk nearly so firmly, they were very much afraid for their brother. So they went right through the garden, into the house, until they came to the room where papa sat writing. Before he had time to say anything, Bertie had begun his confession. He spoke very quickly, and his cheeks were very red. "Papa, I've been sailing the ship, and I forgot about the string. It's in the middle of the pond, and I'm very sorry, papa, but I couldn't wait any longer." There! it was over, and three pair of eyes looked eagerly into papa's face to see what would come next; and indeed it was quite as grave as the children expected it to be, but, as he told me afterwards, the pleading eyes, and poor little Dottie's quivering lips, as she tried to keep back the rising tears, were too much for his firmness. But he talked very seriously and kindly to them, and Bertie, who made sincere promises to try and be more obedient in future, was forgiven, though there would be no launch that afternoon.

It was not until the children were tucked up in their cots for the night that mamma and I heard the whole story, and the thought that rose in my mind, and that I gave to Bertie to think about, was this—I give it to you, too—Never forget the string! Before you undertake anything at home or at school, remember there is a Guide who loves the children, and who will help them whenever they ask Him. A Guide strong and kind, wiser than the wisest, and better than the best earthly guide. And, children, He can never fail you, because He has made you this promise, "The Lord shall guide thee continually."

A VAST amount of labour is lost in this world by people being in haste. They go at an undertaking without any previous reflection how best to accomplish the purpose in hand.

HELPING FATHER TO GARDEN.

"FATHER, you told me to put you in mind when to plant the scarlet beans. It is April now, and the runners should be put in the last week."

"That's right, Tom. I might forget, for I've plenty to think of," said Jacob Smith, in reply to his eldest boy.

"When I was a girl at home, in Leominster," said Mrs. Smith, "we used to plant the scarlet-runners on the May-day, at my father's, and then every Saturday fortnight after, till the end of June, and we had lovely beans up till October for the table; and such a pretty arbour, all covered with them."

"Oh, I do so like them," said Tom; "they're so pretty, the bright green leaves and the scarlet flowers."

"So pretty," said his little sister Fanny, echoing her brother's words without knowing much about it; while Johnnie, the youngest of the three little Smiths, raised a tiny shout of approval at the word "pretty."

"Yes, my boy, they are pretty, and they grow fast, and are very nice, and easy to cultivate. I should like them planted so as to grow up and shade the front windows; and I want to make a porch, like the arbour mother spoke of, over the front door."

"Oh, do, father—do! do!" chorused the children's voices.

"Well, but then I shall want your help, little folks."

"I help o-o," sung out sturdy little Jack, throwing up his chubby arms, and set them all laughing.

"Yes, father, we want to help you," chimed in Tom, eagerly answering for himself and his sister.

"I'm afraid you'll hinder father more than help him," said Mrs. Smith as she looked at the tiny group.

"No, no, they won't hinder me; they'll help, if they only mind to work as I tell them. They must weed carefully all round the house."

Now Tom had thought of planting, and he did not so much like weeding; his father noticed that his face altered a little, and he continued, "My boy, the first thing is to get the

ground clean—that is, free of weeds and stones —and then we can plant."

"Ah, Tom," said the good mother, "we must always root out the bad before the good will grow. You wrote a text about that in your last copy-book."

"Did I, mother? I don't remember."

"Why, you wrote 'Cease to do evil; learn to do well,' and that means the same thing—cast out the evil first, just as you must pluck up the weeds before the good plant will grow."

Now Jacob Smith was a mechanic, and had the great benefit of the Saturday half-holiday, on which he cultivated his little plot of garden ground, and tried his very best to make his cottage look gay with climbing plants and flowers round it. The next Saturday after the conversation recorded, he had come home by the backway, entered the house, taking his simple meal, and put on his gardening hat and waistcoat, and with birch-broom in hand, went out to sweep up his paths, when, coming around to the front of the cottage, there he saw his children all busy pulling up the weeds and tufts of coarse grass that clung about the doorstep and along the wall. The joyful cry as the children, looking up from their work, saw their father, brought the good mother to the door; and Tom, recollecting what she had said, called out with a merry voice—

"We do help, we don't hinder you, father, do we?"

"No, my boy; little hands can help famously if they try."

"Shall you put in the scarlet-runners to-day, father?"

"Not to-day, my boy. I have a deal of clearing up this Saturday; but, Tom, we'll plant the beans on the day that mother says they planted them in her old home, when she was a little one like you."

"But will you be at home, father?"

"Yes, my boy; May-day comes on Saturday this year."

"Oh! on father's half-holiday," said Tom, repeating the fact to his little sister and brother, who had no better way of showing their glee than by commencing to sing the chorus of one of their favourite hymns—

"Oh! that will be joyful!"

and to its simple melody they went on with their pleasant work of helping father to garden, and cheering their mother's heart by their kind, happy ways.

Ah! Jacob Smith, and his wife and family, are a type of many pleasant, virtuous homes where strong drink never enters to blight and destroy, where the family-altar is set up, and God's blessing abides. How sweet is it to think of the glad month of May—the flowery, fragrant May—being welcomed in this year by many a blessing from grateful hearts and busy hands, making wise use of that great boon, the Saturday half-holiday.

In old heathen times there were many floral festivals, with many wicked and foolish rites, to one whom, in their blindness, they called the Goddess of Flowers; and some of the follies of those ceremonials clung to the customs of our ancestors long after the Christian faith was owned and blessed in this land. Intemperance mingled with, and degraded, the ancient festivities of carrying garlands and setting up Maypoles, until good and rightminded people saw the need of putting down what had ceased to be innocent mirth, and had become a heathenish brawl.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, there was such a terrible riot in the City of London, one May-day, that several hapless foreigners were killed by drunken city apprentices; and severe punishments, even to the taking of the lives of the offenders, were inflicted. The Lord Mayor and all the city authorities had to humble themselves to the king, for what was deemed great neglect of duty, in not putting down the rioters in the outset. This was long remembered as "Evil May-day," and led to the putting down of the sports. They were revived again under our Stuart kings, though they never obtained the sanction of the religious and thoughtful portion of the community.

But, while rude, revelling, and boisterous games have passed away, there is a feeling of pleasure in the hearts of old and young in welcoming the crowning month of spring—blooming May-day, that the poet Thomson describes as—

"One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms."

Looking on the flowers, we see God's great goodness as well as His power. Mr. Wilberforce said, "Flowers are the smiles of God's goodness," and all who love them, know that they were sent—

"To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith grows dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him."

A QUAINT old gentleman, of an active, stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Jones," says he, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old man, "you must have met him, for you could never overtake him."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE penny is the most ancient representative of the English coinage. The name first appears in the laws of Ina, king of the West Saxons, who began to reign in 688. The figure of Britannia on our present specimens was copied from a coin of Antoninus. Throughout Norman times the halfpenny and farthing were, as a rule, not separate coins, but halves and quarters of the penny very neatly cut. Though some Saxon halfpence are known, these coins were not struck in any quantity till the reign of Edward the First.

THEY tell a story about a man out West who had a hare-lip, upon which he performed an operation himself, by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken flesh. It adhered and filled the place admirably. This was all well enough, until, in compliance with the fashion, he undertook to raise a moustache, when one side grew hair and the other feathers.

WHAT is always in fashion? The letter F.

A SOUND investment—A telephone.

THEY only have lived long who have lived virtuously.

PLEASURE is like a cordial—a little of it is not injurious, but too much destroys us.

"QUESTION! QUESTION!"

Can refusing an "offer" be called sleight of hand?

Can a hall porter be called a "servant of hall work?"

Can the profits a fisherman makes be said to be always "net" profits?

Can working in a coal mine be properly considered to be labour in *vein?*

A DEALER in musical instruments, in one of his advertisements, declares that his drums "can't be beat." Will he be kind enough to tell us what they are good for, then?

WHEN Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Porter, whom he afterwards married, he told her that he was of mean extraction; that he had no money, and that he had an uncle hanged. The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the doctor, replied, "that she had no more money than himself; and that, though she had no relation hanged, she had *fifty who deserved hanging.*"

WILBERFORCE was once asked who were the two best preachers in the Church of England. He replied punningly, "Hook and I."

"I THINK the goose has the advantage of you," said a landlady to an inexpert boarder who was carving. "Guess it has, mum—in age," was the withering retort.

"WELL, Johnnie," said a doting uncle to his little nephew, who had been fishing all day, "did you catch a good many fish?" "No uncle; but I drowned a good many worms," was the reply.

A TICK-LISH THING.—A watch.

ALWAYS A DRUG IN THE MARKET.—Opium.

KEEPING UP A RUNNING FIRE.—Locomotive-stoking.

THE RUB, AND THE RUB-A-DUB.—A smart youngster, on hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then why don't you buy me a drum, mamma?"

WE have heard of some people who say they could live on music. Then it must be on note meal.

ART receives rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus:—"Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply:—"Er—er, not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."

COMPOUND ADDITION.—Adding insult to injury.

IT is supposed that old Ocean indulges in storms merely for the purposes of wreck-creation.

A MAN may be very well-behaved before marriage, but after the knot is tied, he is inevitably "made fast."

WHO is the best poet for the head? Hood. Who are the best writers for the stomach? Bacon and Lamb.

"THERE is no good substitute for wisdom," says Josh Billings, "but silence is the best discovered yet."

"WHAT must I do," said a mean, selfish man to a neighbour, "to get a picture of the one I love best?" "Sit for your own portrait," was the ruthless reply.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Temperance Record—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Western Temperance Herald—The Social Reformer—The Coffee Public-House News—The Dietetic Reformer—Coffee Palace and Temperance Journal—Irish Temperance League Journal—Juvenile Templar.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Good Things, Made, Said, and Done." This little but useful book contains about 120 good recipes, embracing Cookery, Baking, Confectionery, etc., suitable for a working man's household. The recipes are not like many of our Cookery books, which give recipes requiring expensive ingredients far above the reach of our ordinary working men—for whom "Good Things" are very suitable. It is published by Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., of Leeds, and any of our readers sending them a penny postage stamp for postage can obtain the book free.

Reviews of other books to hand unavoidably postponed.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

CHAPTER VI.—CLOUDS STILL GATHER.

"Rough wind, thou moanest loud,
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells the whole night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are rain,
Bare woods, whose branches strain,
Deep caves, and dreary main,
Wail for the world's wrong."—*Shelley.*

JENNY was not hurt by the fall; she soon picked herself up, only a little staggered and shaken, when she saw Billy's drunken father had vanished in the darkness, and even his retreating steps were lost in the noise that issued from the public-house. Thinking that he had gone home, Jenny hastened to her mother's cottage as fast as she could, where she found Mrs. Cliff anxiously waiting her return. "Lor, child," exclaimed her mother, "what a mess you're in, and wet to the skin! There, get your things off, and jump into bed before you catch your death of cold—which, maybe, you've got already. Well, it's the last fair as ever I goes to while I am a living woman." She still continued to talk while busying herself in making some warm bread-and-milk, which she finally administered to the weary and exhausted child, with many hard words of reproof because Jenny had not come back from the fair as soon as she missed her mother. The meal was not long in being despatched, and the tired child sank to sleep beneath the sheltering wings of the unseen Father's love, and forgot the sorrow and sin, the shame and pain, the weariness and fear that had surrounded her, and had been crowded into that one day, and reflected on or forced into her little life. That day was a miniature picture of a fuller life and larger world. But it came to the close at last, and brought with it sweet and blessed rest to this weary and worthy pilgrim.

When the morning came, trouble was still there. To go to sleep in sadness or disappointment is bad; but to wake to it, and get up to it, to find it still upon us, obscuring everything else—to scan the horizon, and see no relief, no hope, no joy, is worse a thousand times. To come upon our griefs again, to make the sore and wounded heart bleed afresh, is for time to increase rather than heal our sorrow. Life is indeed dark when, in the first return to consciousness, the old truth comes back with such force that the only expectation of comfort is the looking forward to sleep again to forget it.

Poor Jenny! when she rose she felt utterly miserable. She knew not the exact cause, all the events of yesterday were in her thoughts; she did not stop to question or ask herself what it was, and which experience of yesterday had made this indefinable feeling of entire sadness in her young life. But her cup of sorrow was not full yet.

Mrs. Linden had been in to see Jenny many times very early, but her mother would not have the child disturbed until she woke. The reason of Mrs. Linden's increased anxiety was that she had seen nothing more of her husband. After Jenny went to tell him to come home, she waited for a long time in momentary expectation of his return, and finding that he did not come, just before the public-house closed she went herself to inquire, and found to her astonishment that he had left the "Hen and Chickens" when summoned by Jenny, but no one had seen him since—in fact, she could learn nothing there, so she returned, to wait until he should come. Many times did she go out that night to seek him, every sound she heard she fancied that it must be his approaching steps. Strange thoughts passed through her mind in answer to these questions she kept repeating to herself—What could have become of him? Where could he be? At last she tried to make herself believe he must have gone off to the town at once, to make all inquiries about the accident, and, if possible, to see Billy; no doubt he had gone to the police, to find out all particulars, and learn who had caused all this trouble. With such conjectures she sat through that long and dreary night, getting a doze every now and then for a few moments, awaking with a start only to think the same troubled and anxious thoughts over and over again, and going to the door occasionally to look out into darkness, but all in vain.

Toward daybreak John returned, saying he had hunted over the whole town. Seeing nothing of the children, and hearing of the accident, he had made what inquiry he could, and learnt from the police-office, beyond a doubt, that the boy in the hospital was his brother, and that a little girl who was near when the accident occurred was evidently Jenny. With this information he arrived home, to hear his father had not come back after Jenny had gone to fetch him.

He was quite certain that he had not met his father, and felt sure that, even in the dark, had

he passed him, he should have known him. All that could be suggested was, that being very likely drunk, he had fallen down, or might, perhaps, have reached the town before John left.

As soon as Jenny was up and dressed, she was questioned again and again by her mother and Mrs. Linden, as to what took place at the public-house. All they could get from her was, that when she told Billy's father of the accident he seemed in a terrible way about it, and she made sure when he left her at the door of the "Hen and Chickens," he was going straight home, "For if I hadn't a-thought it, I should 'ave brought 'im home meself, or come and told you," and with that she concluded her statement.

Poor Mrs. Linden was sorely perplexed and troubled. "Well, what is to be done? What will become of me? What shall I do? There, there, I be blessed if I knows which way to turn next." This was said with heartfelt sincerity.

"'Adn't you better go and see the parson, he's like able to advise you a bit." This suggestion of Mrs. Clift's was kindly meant, not because she loved her spiritual shepherd, but because her husband had been a bell-ringer for many years, and she looked upon ministers and churches as places of refuge, and useful institutions in times of domestic crisis, such as churchings, baptisms, marriages, and funerals, and other family troubles.

"No, no," said Mrs. Linden, "I 'ave allus been to church once a Sunday, and never wishes to speak harm of my betters, but parsons is such a helpless lot; I know our parson beant more of a soft than the others. They can do nothing for themselves, and they can't do anything more for a body than other people can. It ain't their fault, it's their misfarchun; it's because they 'ave to do so much talking, and folks as is allus a-talking can't never do anythink. When I am that woritted as I be now, I likes to have some one about me as can keep a quiet tongue in their head."

"And maybe ye 'ave not got so far to look, cause I know as how the Book says that the secret of the Lord is wi' 'em that fears 'en." This was quietly and earnestly said by Jenny's grandmother, a nice clean, old-fashioned, comfortable body, who had found her way into the heart of most sorrows that the villagers of Selford had known during her lifetime. She continued, "You go off and see how Billy's a-doing in the 'orspital, maybe yer master will 'ave turned up there. I know'd it's of no use a-telling of you not to mind, and all that; you can't help a-minding on it, any more than, when you 'ave had no victuals, you're hungry. And when you are fair beat with a day's harvesting, it's no good anyone a-saying to you that you shouldn't feel tired. It's poor comfort to tell you not to take on about it; of course you wouldn't mind it if you could help it, but it's good comfort to feel there's One as minds all about it, a mighty deal more than we do."

Mrs. Linden took the kind advice, and went off to see her son; but it's not so easy to see when and how people take comfort, all we can hope is, that this sincere sympathy helped to soothe her sorrow. She returned in the afternoon with the news that she was allowed to see Billy after having been kept waiting until, as she said, "she was nigh as mad as a March hare," and then it wasn't for long, and they would hardly let her speak to him, but told her he was doing well, and if he continued to mend, she might see him again to-morrow.

The village was all talk and excitement about Billy's being run over and taken to the hospital; but increased anxiety, curiosity, and general interest was felt at the strange and unaccountable absence of Mr. Linden.

Many of the women of the village, as they leant over the garden gates and talked, or gossiped at their back doors, said, "they knew how it would be, it was that tongue of his wife's, clack, clack night and day—and such a temper too, no man could stand it; she had driven him to the public-house, and now she had driven him out of the village. They didn't wonder, no angel could stand it." But the mystery of mysteries was, who was it he had run away with? The men who discussed the matter were chiefly of two opinions, either that he had gone away on the spree, to teach his old woman a lesson; or else that he was ashamed of himself for having been so drunk the night before, and that he did not like to show his face, and had gone off for the day.

But matters received another complexion altogether when, in the course of the afternoon, Farmer Knaggs came down to see Mrs. Linden, the result of which interview may be briefly told. Mr. Knaggs came back to make inquiries of the wife, because of not having seen her husband the first thing in the morning, as he expected. He explained to Mrs. Linden that he did not want to add to her trouble, but that her husband ought to have from £10 to £15 in his care, which was the balance on the sale of some sheep, which he transacted the day before. Knowing that he would have this money, the farmer urged his leaving the fair early, as he knew that of late he had begun to fall into habits of intemperance. He expected him to bring the money up to the farm in the evening, but he heard that he had gone into the public-house, and was probably tempted to spend the rest of the evening there until it was too late to come to the farm. But now, if nothing had been seen of him, as was the report, after he left the house, where

was the money? Could Mrs. Linden tell him? Poor woman, she was overwhelmed at this news, she almost fainted as the farmer, in plain blunt language, told his story. He said he had always trusted John Linden more than any other man about the village, and bar his having a drop too much at times, there was not a better man in the place. He could not think John Linden had meant to go off with the money, but it was very odd neither he nor the money were to be found, and he was very much afraid neither would turn up again in a hurry. However, he said, he wouldn't be harsh, but would wait a day or two, and with a very solemn and important air left the cottage.

What was to be the end of all this? Could it be her husband had really run away and robbed Farmer Knaggs of nearly £15? Now indeed the evening shadows were closing round that little desolate home; was there only ruin and poverty before her, who had always thought so much of their respectability in the village?

Was her son to be a helpless cripple? was her husband a thief? She sank down with one heart-breaking sob, which is more eloquent than whole forms of prayer in the ears of Him who knows the secrets of all hearts.

(*To be continued.*)

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.

THIS great fête (see advertisement on cover) is to take place on the 13th of July, at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. The two other organisations, namely, the National Temperance League and the Independent Order of Good Templars, give their hearty support, and co-operate in the arrangements; but especially on the Band of Hope Unions will the success of the day depend. London is to furnish 10,000 singers, while a chorus of 5,000 is to be sent from the country. Bands of music are to contest for prizes to the value of £80. The Normal College for the Blind, one of the best schools of music in the kingdom, and a strictly temperance institution, has consented to give a concert during the day. The whole programme is the most interesting and attractive, and the most representative of its kind that has ever been before the temperance world.

Bands of Hope from far and wide would do well, indeed, to make it their annual excursion, as the railway facilities give a great advantage for a magnificent demonstration.

A full-page announcement of particulars will appear in next month's ONWARD.

THIS WORLD.

THIS world is a strange combination,
From beggars to princes and kings,
Each filling some calling or station—
What changes and chances it brings!

Each man in his own way inscribing
His part in the drama of life;
Some nobly and earnestly living,
Some slain ere they enter the strife.

Some pleased like a child with a rattle,
With little possession and care;
Some marching like giants to a battle,
Ne'er dreading defeat or despair.

Some finding new secrets and wonders,
To comfort and gladden the earth;
Some crowding their days with sad blunders,
And shaming the place of their birth.

Some sighing and ever complaining,
With eyes that can only see ill;
Some wisely a brave heart maintaining,
They let the world jog as it will.

Some learning from other men's losses
Their own heavy burden to bear;
And some with but trifles for crosses
Are sinking in doubt and despair.

This world is a strange combination—
To-day we are merry and glad,
To-morrow a storm of vexation
Will make us unhappy and sad.

But what is the use of repining,
The darkness that's frowning to-day
Will help us to see the sun shining
When trouble is out of our way.

'Tis not what we have in possession
That makes pleasure lasting and sure,
But minds that are filled with discretion,
To shape our lives honest and pure.

A little, with skilful contriving,
Is better than mountains of wealth
Where life is a round of bad living,
Destroying all virtue and health.

Then let us not frown upon labour,
The humblest may conqueror be;
More glorious than warrior with sabre
Are hearts that are noble and free.

Life simple and pure as an angel,
No matter how lowly our birth,
Is ever the sweetest evangel,
The happiest state upon earth.

WILLIAM HOYLE.

TOM LINTON.

TOM LINTON was a temperance boy,
With heart so blithe and free,
He got a holiday one day
And climbed into a tree.
He listened to the birds on wing,
And plucked the blossoms gay,
While in a cheerful voice he sang
This merry temperance lay—
"The little birds that fly and sing,
So happy, blithe, and free,
Are water-drinkers every one,
Teetotalers true, like me.
The lovely flow'rs that bloom so bright,
In hues so rich and rare,
Drink only water from the skies,
And I their drink will share.
The trees that grow so tall and strong,
And spread their branches wide,
All quench their thirst from dews and showers,
They, too, are on our side.
Yes, birds, and flowers, and stately trees,
And beasts that walk the sod—
All nature's with us, and our cause
Is blest by nature's God."

DAVID LAWTON.

"Mothers, let your children frolic."—p. 87.

SAFEST AND BEST.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO YOUTHS.

BY ROBERT HARLEY LORD.

SCENE.—Band of Hope room, shortly before the commencement of the meeting. Enter two youths, James and Henry, of whom the former is an active member of society, the latter a non-abstaining friend of James.

Henry.—Well, James, and so this is the room where you hold your meetings, is it?

James.—Yes, you see there is a fair number here already, but I expect more still, as our programme for to-night is very attractive.

H.—I should think it must be so, to judge by the number present; but they are rather meanly dressed, I should not like to associate much with such as these. I declare I would rather stay at home than come here and place myself, as it were, on a level with this class of children.

J.—But don't you see, my dear fellow, that it is not for self-benefit or self-gratification that we officers come here from month to month, but that we may excite in the minds of these children—who, by-the-bye, belong to the class which suffers most from drunkenness—a love and respect for the temperance cause, so that they, as we, may enjoy the benefits of abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

H.—Well, all that you say may be true, but, judging from the experience which I have had of children, I do not think it likely that they would care to listen to dry speeches and long, uninteresting recitations, and therefore I should say that much of what is said and done is lost upon them on account of their inattention.

J.—You speak, my friend, like one who has not attended *our* Band of Hope very often, for the speeches which *we* get are anything but "dry," and our reciters are pretty well drilled. But however that may be, if you knew one or two of the facts with which I could make you acquainted, you would not say that our efforts were lost. You see that little boy in the corner there? To judge by his face you would not think that he was particularly troubled by anything just now—he looks, in fact, the picture of contentment. Well, that boy has been a member of our Band of Hope for upwards of a year. I am happy to say that I was the means of bringing him into the society. At the time that he joined us his father was a drunkard, and his poor mother found it hard to make both ends meet. At length the little fellow succeeded in persuading his father to come to one of our meetings, and he was so convinced by what he heard there of the folly and wickedness of the course he was pursuing, that he signed the pledge there and then and from that hour became an altered man. Now his children are well clothed and fed, and his wife has plenty of money allowed her for the household expenses, and is not subject to the abuse which formerly fell to her lot. In short, the family is now happy and prosperous, and all owing to the efforts of that boy, who, I suppose, would be a type of your inattentive child.

H.—Well, I agree with you, that such organisations as temperance societies, Bands of Hope, etc., are very good for people of the class to which you have just referred. But really these teetotalers seem to me to be somewhat fanatical in their views, for they say that those who drink water are far more healthy than those who indulge in ardent spirits. Now what I have to say is this, we are not teetotalers at our house, but I should like to know where you can find a healthier family than ours, or one more free from all the evils which abstainers say cluster around the use of intoxicating stimulants. I like my glass of wine, I confess, but I am sure that I should not so far forget myself as to take too much, thereby bringing disgrace on my respectability.

J.—Now you must allow me to analyse that speech of yours, and try to answer it bit by bit. In the first place, you accuse us of being fanatical, because we maintain that water-drinkers enjoy better health than those who use intoxicating liquors. You bring up what you think is an argument against that view, by saying that your family are as healthy as any you know. Now in such a question as that of temperance, we ought to take abstainers as a whole, and non-abstainers as a whole, and then compare the health of these two great divisions in the aggregate. We look upon the question thus: We say, and we can prove our assertion, that alcohol is a poison, that it exists in all intoxicating drinks, and that therefore we must inevitably suffer in a more or less degree when we use those liquors. Therefore, since the use of intoxicating liquors is injurious both to mind and body, it is very evident that every one, be he prince or peasant, would do better without them. Do not suppose that position and respectability will deter a man from over-indulgence in alcoholic drinks. That is a very erroneous view. I have known many lamentable cases of men who held an honoured position in society, and whose character was otherwise blameless, falling a prey to the demon drink. When once it had tightened its grasp on them, neither the love of their families, nor the fear of losing their good name had any effect to stay them in their fatal career, and down they went swiftly and surely to their doom. The crimes caused by drink are fearful and appalling! Do let me advise you to give it up once and for

ever, and to join the noble ranks of temperance.

H.—Well, you have certainly given me food for reflection, and I promise you that I will give the subject my earnest consideration.

J.—Do so, and I am sure that when you have carefully weighed all the evidence for and against the use of stimulants containing alcohol, you will come to the conclusion that total abstinence is by far the safest and best plan, and will render you more happy and prosperous in this world, and more fit for the world to come.

LET THEM PLAY.

PARENTS, when you hear your children
Laugh and shout in childish glee,
Do not let the noise annoy you,
Even though you harassed be!
There are hours in every life-time
When we feel confused, I know,
By the hurry and the worry
Of life's tangling ways below!

Such times, hearts are vainly longing
For a calm and quiet hour,
Then disturbances from children
Come with strangely vexing power.
Oh! subdue that angry feeling,
Let no word their joys dispel,
But be glad you hear their voices
And are sure that they are well.

I have seen the eyes of parents
Wild with tears they could not shed,
Bending in distracting sorrow
O'er a darling's suffering bed;
Oh, could they but hear such laughter
From the lips so pale with pain,
They had thanked God for the token
That their child was well again!

I have heard the broken heart-sighs
Bursting from a mother's breast,
As she neared the green enclosure
Where her little children rest.
Silent was her lofty mansion,
Boyish shouts no more were there,
Not a laugh or kiss awakened
Her lone heart from deep despair.

Mothers, let your children frolic,
Let them run and jump and play;
Bear their noises, do not check them
In a stern and angry way.
Oh, thank God that in the hurry
Of life's work, from wood and dell,
Cot and palace, come sweet noises,
Telling that each child is well.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

How shall I dress thee, my daughter,
To stand by thy chosen one's side?
Ah me! 'twill be hard for thy mother
To send thee away as a bride!
What would best suit thy complexion,
What would best form thine attire?
Speak, child, my care and affection
Shall seek to fulfil thy desire.

What costly jewels, my darling,
Would'st thou that I should bestow?
None like thy bright eye can sparkle,
None like thy rosy blush glow;
But I would give them as tokens
How thou hast been through thy life
Loving and true as a daughter:
Be thou the same as a wife.

White for my bridal, dear mother,
Simple and unadorned white,
Such are the robes of the ransomed
Thronging the mansions of light;
Such be my dress, dearest mother,
Emblem of fair purity,
Stainless and clear as my white robe
Oh, that my spirit may be!

Flowers for my bridal, sweet mother,
Wet with the dews of the morning,
Glowing from His matchless pencil
Who the glad year is adorning.
True, gems are His workmanship also,
His are the silver and gold;
But though brilliant, they live not, they die not,
They are sparkling and dazzling, but cold.

The roses and lilies entwining
Shall speak of my Father on high,
And e'en when decaying, declining,
Shall whisper that I too must die.
Oh, give me thy prayers and thy blessing,
Sweet mother! as thou hast of yore;
Thy love and God's favour possessing,
I ask thee to give me no more.

* * * * *

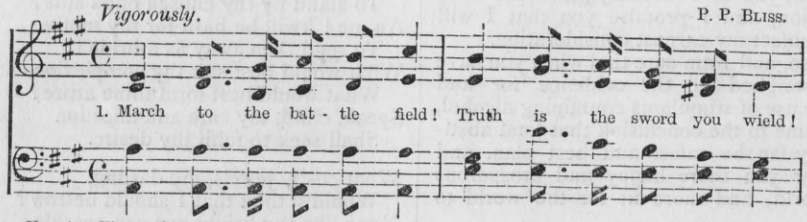
The bridal morn, long looked-for gladly,
Rose bright o'er the eastern hill-side;
But the bridegroom mourned lonely and sadly,
For alas, death had stolen his bride!
There, wearing the white robe and wreath,
She lay in her beautiful rest;
She had left sin and sorrow beneath
And had soared to the realms of the blest.

E. C. A. ALLEN.

UNDER our greatest troubles often lie our greatest treasures.

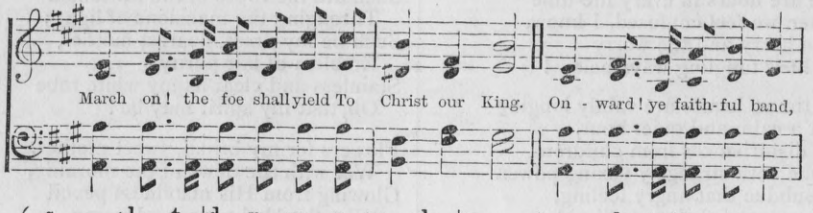
VICTORY! VICTORY!

Vigorously. P. P. BLISS.

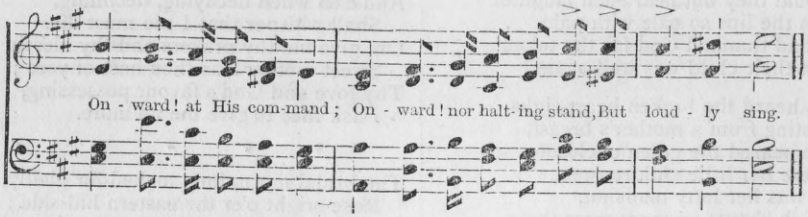


KEY A. *Vigorously.*

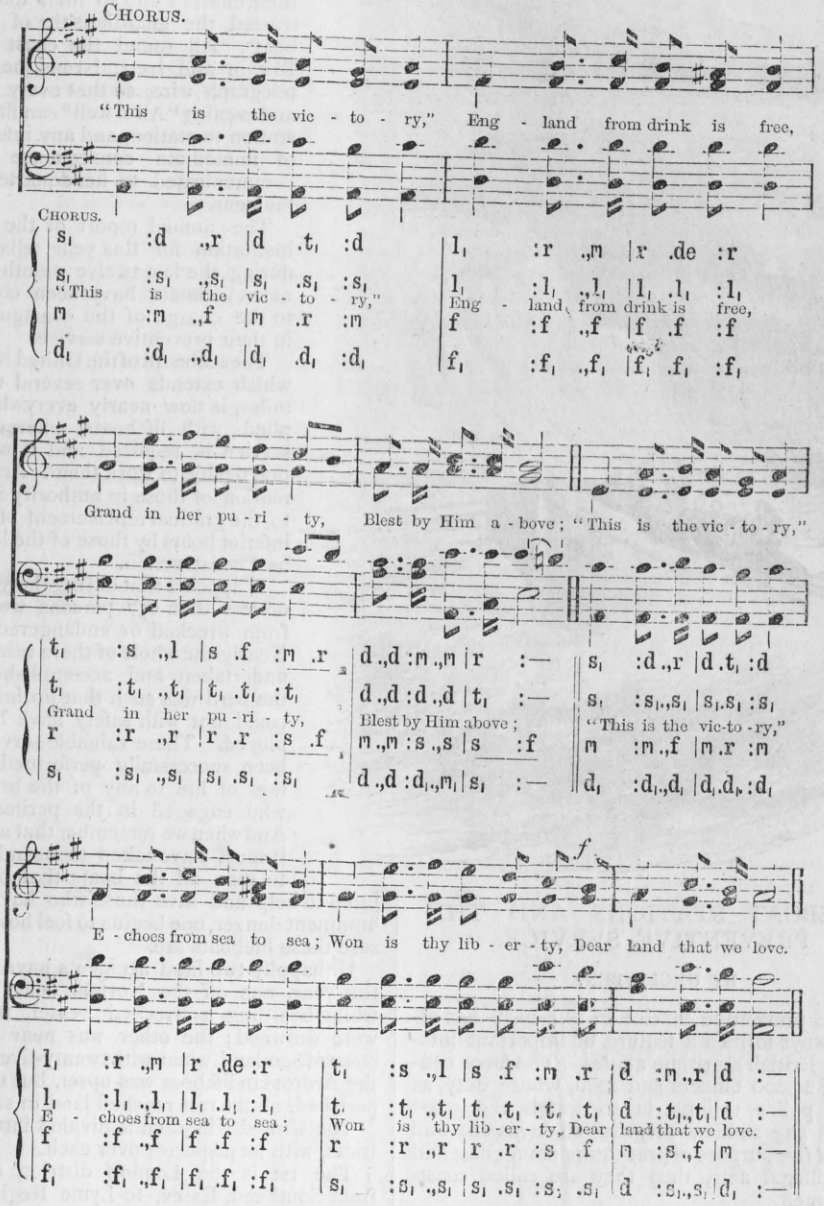
2. Stand firm a - gainst thy foes; Stand, though a host op - pose;
3. Fight, though thy foes in - crease; Fight, till the dawn of peace;



Stand! well our Lead-er knows Our con-flicts all. "Fear not," He says to thee,
Fight, till the war shall cease; Then shout and sing! Shout then triumphant-ly!



"Fear not, but va-liant be! Fear not, but trust in Me! The foe *must* fall.'
Shout, shout the vic - to - ry! Shout, "Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord, our King!"


CHORUS.
"This is the vic - to - ry," Eng - land from drink is free,
CHORUS.
"This is the vic - to - ry,"
Eng - land from drink is free,
Grand in her pu - ri - ty, Blest by Him a - bove; "This is the vic - to - ry,"
Grand in her pu - ri - ty,
Blest by Him above;
"This is the vic-to - ry,"
E - choes from sea to sea; Won is thy lib - er - ty, Dear land that we love.
E - choes from sea to sea;
Won is thy lib - er - ty, Dear land that we love.

LIFEBOAT STATIONS AND THE PREVENTIVE SERVICE.

BY UNCLE BEN.

THE preventive service in our navy has always formed a feature of important interest in British maritime affairs. The force consists of 25,000 officers and men, whose duty, as armed police sailors, is to watch the coast against any sudden surprise of invasion, and also for the purpose of preventing smuggling and other illegal acts, thus they are called coast-guardsmen.

But besides preventing danger and robbery, they do a very brave and noble work, taking care of the lamps in the light-houses, and, at times of shipwrecks, looking after and trying to save those who would otherwise perish without their efforts; and to their duty is entrusted the guardianship of the life boats. All round the coast of Great Britain and Ireland runs the electric telegraph wire, so that every morning and evening "All's well" can flash from station to station, and any information of immediate consequence can be communicated to headquarters in a moment.

The annual report of the lifeboat institution for this year tells us that during the last twelve months twelve new lifeboats have been committed to the charge of the coastguardsmen in their preventive service.

The seaboard of the United Kingdom, which extends over several thousand miles, is now nearly everywhere supplied with lifeboats, wherever their service is required and it would be practicable to work them. And the attention of those in authority is turned to the gradual replacement of old and inferior boats by those of the latest and best construction.

It appears that during the year 1879, no less than 637 persons were saved from wrecked or endangered vessels. Nearly the whole of these rescues were undertaken and accomplished when the peril was such that ordinary boats could not with safety have been employed. These valuable services have been successfully performed without loss of life to any of the brave men who engaged in the perilous work. And when we remember that altogether it must have taken thousands of men to man all the boats that have ventured to help and save those who have been in imminent danger, one begins to feel how safe and sure these lifeboats are.

Unhappily two fatal accidents have occurred this year, one off the Norfolk coast occurred while boarding a wrecked vessel, when two were drowned; the other was near the west coast of Scotland, when, with twenty-five on board, the Ardrossan lifeboat was upset, but only three perished, all the rest reached land in safety.

The United Kingdom is divided into five districts, with an inspector over each.

The 1st is the London district, extending from Southend, Essex, to Lyme Regis, Dorset, with thirty-four lifeboats.

No. 2 district is that of Bristol, comprises all Wales, and reaches from Sidmouth, South Devon, to Rhyl, Flintshire, the lifeboats being seventy.

No. 3, the Dublin district, includes all the Irish coast and the north-west of England, with forty-eight lifeboats.

No. 4, the Edinburgh district, all Scotland and north-east coast of England, fifty-three lifeboats in charge.

No. 5, the Hull district, embraces the east coast, and contains sixty-four lifeboats. This gives an entire fleet of 269 lifeboats in the United Kingdom, that are always ready to go out.

The number of shipwrecks in the year, according to the official return, was 4,436, with the loss of 892 lives; the number of lifeboat launches was 206, and, as we have stated, the result, 637 lives saved.

In addition to the lifeboat service, we find that 218 were saved by shore boats.

Among this unprofessional and volunteer work is the name of Miss Ellen Brune, who, with her three sisters and a lady friend, rendered brave and prompt help, at considerable risk of life, through a rough sea, in a small rowing boat, to a sailor who had been capsized by a squall of wind off Bray Hill in Cornwall, on the 9th of August last. When the accident occurred the ladies' boat was being towed astern of a fishing smack. Miss Ellen Brune, with great courage, asked to be cast off, and with her companions proceeded with all possible haste to the rescue of the drowning sailor. Bravely and well was their work done, and they returned in triumph with the man they had saved from a sudden and terrible death. It was reported to the authorities at the time, that all the ladies showed great presence of mind and skill in the management of their little boat, and ran great risk in getting the man into it, on account of the strong tide and sea which was then running high. The gallant deed was not allowed to pass unnoticed. The silver medal of the institution, and a copy of the vote, inscribed on vellum, have been presented to Miss Brune and the four ladies.

Many deeds of heroism could be told about the lifeboat service. Altogether the number of lives saved during the fifty-six years from the establishment of the institution to the end of 1879, either by its lifeboats, or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards, is 26,906.

This is a noble work to have been done by strong arms and brave hearts, and any share in such work is worthy and good; to help in finding money, to be a builder of these boats, to aid in the launch even when one cannot take an oar is well and honourable. This thought much impressed me once on the coast of Cornwall, on hearing from a coastguardsman that the lifeboat at his station was bought, sent to them and entrusted to their care for the benefit of shipwrecked mariners, by some inland town in the midland counties. Yes, I thought, that is the right spirit—here were people who lived in no danger or peril from the sea, dwelling far away in safety from the sometimes angry and treacherous deep. But in their inland seclusion and safety they can hear the cry of the widow and orphan of the sailor, they feel for those in danger, they do more than even pray "for those in peril on the sea," for they can make some sacrifice to save, they can give up something to help others, they can send the lifeboat though others man it. This is just the principle of total abstinence for those who feel themselves far removed from the dangers of intemperance.

As Band of Hope workers and members, we all belong to the preventive service, and we have charge of the only lifeboat that can save the drunkard. We want a station in every town and village throughout our land, with crews always ready for action, and then to have constant intercommunication, that "All's well" may be often flashed all along our line. Much has been done, but more remains to be accomplished; all hands can find employment, there is room for young and old, because there is work for all to do, to guard our dear old England from the dangers of strong drink, and to save the lost upon this stormy sea of life.

MIND WHOM YOU MARRY.

MIND, girls, *whom you marry:* yes—you may laugh, but I say again, *mind whom you marry!* You are young, life is before you; and no doubt, whatever others may say to you, you *do* think about sweethearts, and you will. 'Tis not because I believe that this is wrong or unnatural, that I say mind whom you marry. I believe it's right for you to look forward to a state which God instituted in Paradise, and at which our blessed Lord worked His first miracle; but I give a word of warning, because I know you may be tempted to give your heart's young love, with all its purity, freshness, and womanly energy, to some villain, who hides beneath good looks and sunny smiles, thoughts and purposes dark as night, and too horrible for words to tell. You look serious, my dears, and depend upon it, sweethearting is a serious piece of business. It's an easy thing for the moth to burn its wings in the flame of the candle, but it's not so easy for it to fly away after it has learnt its danger; it's an easier thing for the little frolicking fish to get the hook stuck in its gills than to swim back again to its seaweed home; and the fly, in spite of warning, that will get entangled in the spider's web, mustn't be surprised when it finds its wings will no longer serve to escape. So I say, girls, mind first whom you fall in love with. The man that significantly squeezes your hand or touches your face with his lips means something by it;

"The man that significantly squeezes your hand."—p. 91.

and every girl—I mean, of course, a right-hearted and true one—will understand what is meant. If you say nothing is intended, never let it be repeated, my dears: never deserve the name of a flirt; never be the plaything, or something worse, of an ignorant or a villainous young man. Never mind the colour of his eyes, the beauty of his lips, form of his nose, the style of his whiskers, or the cut of his coat; never mind the flattery he pours into your ears, the attentions he pays to you, and the vows he makes of love that will never die out; never mind who he is, or what he is, or what he is to be, or where he comes from, or anything else that belongs to him; if his character is not good, take my advice, girls, cut him at once and for ever. I've no faith in the reformation or conversion of a man beginning to make love to a steady and Christian

girl, and I've no faith in the promises of a rejected lover, although he should swear a thousand times a day that he would break off his evil companions and still more evil ways. Girls, there are young men who work well, look well, and dress well, young men who are smart chaps with bewitching eyes and glib tongues, but who secretly spend their evenings at the public-house. You are free now—at least, I suppose you are; but how long you may be I can't tell. Well, when it comes to your turn to give the trust and affection of your nature to the young man who asks it, find out where he spends his evenings, and if he is in the least degree given to drink—I say, if he's in the least degree likely to turn out a tippler, 'twill be a thousand times better for you to starve in a garret alone, than to be tied to a man who is a slave to drink. I know there are young women who have an awful dread of being *old maids*, but, let me tell you, there are hundreds of states worse than that. There have been old maids, who instead of being sour as vinegar, are happy and useful creatures, glorifying God and doing their daily work of lowly love with a heart full of content. If you would see woman in her true wretchedness, with an eye leaden by melancholy, cheeks pale with incessant grief, lips that never smile, hands that hang down despondingly, a heart crushed, bruised, and broken by a state more cruel, more brutal, more tyrannical, and more hope-extinguishing than that of the Hebrew children in Egypt, you must not fancy for a moment that this representation of miserable womanhood belongs to the old maid: no, 'tis the portion of the drunkard's wife. She took the selfish wretch in holy matrimony for better or for worse; but she's never had the better, it has always been the worse: worse when in work, from the thought of what he might give her of his earnings; worse when out of work, because he would pawn for drink; worse when drunk, because her life was in danger; worse when not drunk, in the morning, because of his wretched temper, maddened by the aching of the head and the trembling of the hand, which shows if there's pleasure in getting drunk, there's no pleasure in getting sober. Believe me, my dears, when the right man is come, with hands that will work for a wife, with a heart that will love her, and with a soul sincere and true to heaven and earth, then give him all the trust and confidence you possess, making yourself worthy of his affection, and retaining by all the unselfishness a Christian woman ought to have, the love of one who will expect to find in a wife a refuge in life's storms, a cheerer in life's disappointments, a counsellor in life's difficulties, a strengthener in life's temptations, and a helpmeet in life's pilgrimage.—*From "Mind Whom you Marry," by Rev. C. G. Rowe. S. W. Partridge and Co.*

THE LITTLE SHOES.

SOME months ago, I need not mention where,
There was a meeting in a temperance hall,
And many working men assembled there.
Among them sat a man, well-dressed and tall,
Who listened anxiously to every word,
Until one spoke unto him, saying thus:
"Come, William Turner, I have never heard
How that you changed so much; so tell to us
Why you gave up the public-house. Ah! few
I'm sure, can tell so strange a tale as you."

Up rose William at the summons,
Glanced confusedly round the hall,
Cried, with voice of deep emotion,
"The little shoes—they did it all!
One night, on the verge of ruin,
As I hurried from the tap,
I beheld the landlord's baby
Sitting in its mother's lap.

'Look here, dear father,' said the mother,
Holding forth the little feet;
'Look, we've got new shoes for darling!
Don't you think them nice and neat?'
Ye may judge the thing was simple—
Disbelieve me if you choose—
But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me
Such a blow as those small shoes.

And they forced my brain to reason:
'What right,' said I, standing there,
'Have I to clothe another's children,
And let my own dear child go bare?'
It was in the depth of winter;
Bitter was the night, and wild;
And outside the flaring gin-shop
Stood my starving wife and child.

Out I went and clutched my baby,
Saw its feet so cold and blue:
Fathers! if the small shoes smote me,
What did those poor bare feet do!
Quick I thrust them in my bosom—
Oh! they were so icy chill,
And their coldness like a dagger
Pierced me—I can feel it still.

Of money I had but a trifle—
Just enough to serve my stead;
It bought shoes for little baby,
And a single loaf of bread.
That loaf served us all the Sabbath,
And I went to work next day.
Since that time I've been teetotal:
That is all I've got to say."

THE TEMPERANCE OF THE CHINESE.

BY THE REV. E. DUKES.

MISSIONARY speech or an article on mission-work, that fails to present to the Christian public the virtues as well as the vices of a heathen people, does a large measure of injustice to immense numbers of our race who are endeavouring to live up to such light as they possess. Heathen men and women are not so utterly depraved in some countries of the world as we should suppose unless we made ourselves acquainted with the facts. This is notably true of the Chinese people, who in many aspects of their national and social life, deserve to receive considerable praise for their public morality.

Our readers possibly are aware that the Chinese are not so addicted to drunkenness as the Saxon and Sclavonic races, but they probably do not know that it is quite a rare thing to see a Chinaman under the influence of strong liquors. When the former ambassador to this country, Kwo Tai-jin, was in London, the Rev. Professor Legge asked him what he thought of England. "Oh," he said, "yours is a fine and intelligent land; your public works and streets are well constructed; you are a very ingenious people; but in point of morality you cannot compare with us who belong to the Middle Kingdom." Dr. Legge asked the ambassador what fault he had specially to find with us. "Well, think of what a drunken people you are, for instance," said Kwo. The learned doctor states that he was compelled to confess that in this matter at least "the heathen Chinee" could claim to be our superiors; "for," said Dr. Legge, "in walking for a quarter of an hour in the city of Glasgow I have seen more drunken men than n thirty years' residence in China."

The present writer has spent some three years and-a-half in very intimate intercourse with the Chinese, at the treaty ports and in inland towns and villages, but on only two occasions did he ever see a drunken Chinaman. Of these, one was in the employ of a European as house-servant, and had doubtless been tempted to help himself to his master's wine; and the other had been feasted inordinately by persons who, in the excess of their gratitude, pressed him to take more gin than he could comfortably contain.

At Chinese feasts a strong fermented liquor is always placed upon the table; but we people of the West, who are accustomed to see large decanters and wine-glasses, would be very much surprised at the diminutive metal jar and the tiny earthenware cups of the Chinese. A wine-cup holds only about three thimblefuls of liquid. It is true that this is filled many times in the course of the meal, but nevertheless the quantity taken is very small, and it would be thought a disgraceful thing to drink immoderately. It is said that when a Chinaman is so foolish as to determine to take as much of the gin distilled from rice, which is commonly used at feasts, as would render him intoxicated, he goes to bed first and concludes the silly business there. For a man to reel in a helpless condition through the streets, or to become violent and abusive in his own house, through drunkenness, would be to subject himself to the sternest criticism from public opinion.

From this it will be inferred that there is no need for total abstinence societies, and that they do not exist. The vicious indulgence of the Mongolian race lies in another direction, that of smoking opium; that is a vice, however, which, though terribly destructive of the physical constitution, and bringing in its train innumerable moral infirmities and defects, does not excite to the commission of crimes of violence. Under the soothing influence of the sense-benumbing drug, a man loses to a large extent his active interest in life. When he has become confirmed in the habit of using the pipe, his energies are curtailed, his habit lethargic, and his eagerness to get cash, with which to buy opium, so irresistible, that he will dispose of lands, house, furniture, and even his children sometimes to obtain the drug; but he does not murder his wife, assault his neighbours, and make himself a nuisance to all about him, as drunkards too often do. On the contrary, as an opium-smoker, he is a more peaceable member of society, if possible, than he was before, and except that he wastes his strength and time and property, and becomes an unproductive and unprofitable member of society, his smoking opium does not render him a criminal.

It may be that the temperate habits of the Chinese result chiefly from characteristics of race, that they have not the same tendencies to excessive use of strong drink as the members of the numerous nationalities that own the north of Europe as their ancestral home. But it seems to the writer a matter worthy of consideration as to whether the fortunate dislike of intemperance, that is a national trait in the Chinese, is not largely due to the admirable ethics of Confucius, and his very notable disciple, Mencius. The idea that runs through the whole of the

teaching of these apostles of morality, and specially through that of Mencius, is that men should be temperate, moderate, avoiding excess of every kind. Temperance in act, temperance in speech, these are the distinguishing traits of "the superior person." "He who is moderate is perfect," Mencius would say. "Do not lose your temper, for that is ridiculous ; avoid strong language, for that is unbecoming ; be temperate in your eating and drinking, and in all your doings, or else you disgrace yourself, and annoy and injure those about you ; the way of the superior man is the way of moderation." This idea has become, in the course of centuries and millenniums, as much an integral part of the Chinese habit of thought, as the doctrine of filial piety has become part of their national and social life.

We may remark that this doctrine of moderation in the writings of the Chinese ethical philosophers bears a striking analogy to that favourite moral dogma of St. Paul, represented by his constantly-recurring word *sophron*, variously translated in our English version, but most frequently rendered by the word *sober*. The Greek term recommends temperance not merely in the use of intoxicating drinks, but in all the purposes, pursuits, and actions of life, and Paul, as well as "the prophets and righteous men" of the olden days in China, maintained that to be "temperate in all things" is one of the highest virtues. It is the pleasant duty of those who know the Chinese common people intimately, to testify that they have to a very appreciable and praiseworthy extent learned to obey the precept of their ancient teachers.

NOT FOR ONCE.

"GO with us to-morrow, Hal?" said Fred Bean to Harry Lane, as they passed up the street amid a group of schoolboys.

"Can't afford it, Fred," replied Harry, as fine a looking lad as you will often see.

"Poor boy ! *Out of cash?*" sneered another boy, whose name I don't know, and don't wish to know, I am sure.

"No," answered Harry, good humouredly, "I have got two pounds, all my own earnings."

"Stingy, then !—worse still."

"No, sir," answered Fred. "You don't know Harry Lane. There isn't a stingy bone in his skin. Come, Hal, why not go?"

"I told you, Fred, I could not afford it, and I cannot," said Harry, with an air that plainly said, "I've told you all I want to about it ; now leave me alone." But they were not satisfied, and Fred continued—

"Come, Hal, there won't be any fun without you. Go, just for once. This whole thing, dinner, wine, and all, won't cost more than five shillings. I'd rather pay myself than not have you go."

"I can't, Fred ; it would cost me a *guilty conscience*," said Hal in a low voice.

"Why, he's pious!" said the sneering voice again, in a most aggravating tone. "Let the saint alone, boys."

"Hold your tongue!" said Fred quickly. "Pity *you* hadn't piety enough in your composition to give you a little manners!" Then turning coaxingly to Hal, he said again, "Come, Hal, just for once!"

"No," said Hal firmly, "*not for once.* I don't go to any place where liquor is sold, if I can help it, *not for once.*"

The victory was won. Harry's firmness won it ; and though some of the boys called him "Saint," he was never urged again to go to any of their foolish frolics. Boys, when "sinners entice" you, set your foot down firmly against the very first temptation. Say with brave little Harry Lane, "*No, not for once!*"

GOD IS LOVE.

A PIOUS naval officer
Was in a storm at sea,
The ship was tossing to and fro,
The waves roared angrily.
But fear within that Christian heart
Found no abiding-place,
Impending danger could not mar
That calm and happy face.

His loving but affrighted wife
Addressed him thus—"My dear,
Why, how is this, you're not afraid
When danger is so near?"
He took her hand and rushed on deck,
Then, speaking not a word,
He seized her roughly by the arm
And drew his glittering sword.

And at her breast he pointed it,
But ne'er a doubt or fear
Disturbed that true confiding heart
The shining blade drew near.
"Why, how is this, you're not afraid
While thus I threatening stand?"
"Because I know," she sweetly said,
"That sword's in your dear hand."

"Then know, dear wife, He whom I trust
Can stay at His command
The angry waves, He holds them in
The hollow of His hand.
'Mid all our trials and troubles here
We have a friend above,
So when inclined to doubt or fear,
Remember, '*God is love!*'" T. H. EVANS.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

MAINTAIN dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something to everybody, and everything to some.

IT must be conceded that hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching lies down by the wayside, and he is generally overlooked or forgotten.

THE TWO READINGS.—A noble lord, as proud and fond as a man should be of his beautiful young wife, was just about rising to speak in a debate, relates a contemporary, when a telegram was put into his hands. He read it, left the House, jumped into a cab, drove to Charing Cross, and took the train to Dover. Next day he returned home, rushed into his wife's room, and finding her there, upbraided the astonished lady in no measured terms. She protested her ignorance of having done anything to offend him. "Then what did you mean by your telegram?" he asked. "Mean? What I said, of course. What are you talking about?" "Read it yourself," said he. She read—"I flee with Mr. X. to Dover straight. Pray for me." For the moment words would not come; then, after a merry fit of laughter, the suspected wife quietly remarked, "Oh, those dreadful telegraph people! No wonder you are out of your mind, dear. I telegraphed simply, 'I tea with Mrs. X. in Dover Street. Stay for me.'"

NO books are so legible as the lives of men, no characters so plain as their moral conduct.

WHY is a writer more free than a king? Because he can choose his own subjects.

WHY HE WANTED TO GET INTO THE HOUSE.—"Are you a Home Ruler?" was asked of one of the candidates at a late election. A voice from the back seats answered, "No; but his wife is."

COOK'S GUIDE.—Her nose.

A GOING CONCERN.—A sale by auction.

MEN OF LETTERS.—Postmen and compositors.

DRESS, to be really beautiful, must fit the whole character and circumstances as well as the form; and its entire attractiveness depends upon the ease and unconsciousness with which it is worn.

NINE-TENTHS of the worry of life is borrowed for nothing. Do your part; never leave it undone. Be industrious, be prudent, be courageous. Then throw anxiety to the winds. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; therefore do not borrow any for to-morrow.

WHEN you bury an old animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

WITHOUT earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men—he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it depths of shadow.

A DRUNKARD'S MOTTO.—The pewter-ful for ever.

PERSONS OF ABANDONED HABITS.—Dealers in old clothes.

A LITTLE boy of four was sleeping with his brother, when his mother said, "Why, Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed! What will poor Harry do?" "Well, ma," he replied, "Harry's got both sides."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Temperance Record—The Social Reformer—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The British Temperance Advocate—The Coffee Public-House News—The Temperance Herald—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Coffee Palace Journal.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Witton's Main, and other Stories." By Miss Fanny Surtees. Partridge and Co., London. The little book contains three stories. "Over There" and "Little May" have a special purpose, which the author aims to make prominent, as in other tales which she has written, and that is, to show the evil effect of *treating* people to drink. It is a custom which is most harmful in its tendencies, and in her warfare against it we wish her great success.

"The New Testament Commentary for English Readers," Part I. Edited by Bishop Ellicott. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. From this first number we may judge that the work will be very useful to Sunday-school teachers, and a help to home-readers of the Bible.

"Katie's Counsel." By a Clergyman's Wife. Published by the National Temperance Depôt. The title of the book is the first of six short stories, simple and well-told, all advocating the good cause of temperance.

"Dr. Hayman, Bible Wines, and the Temperance Bible Commentary." By Rev. Dawson Burns. Published by the National Temperance Depôt. A series of papers in pamphlet form, which were written in reply to an article which appeared in the *Church Quarterly Review*, on "Bible Wine."

Also, by the firm, a very interesting Temperance Lecture on the "Pitcairn Islanders." By Rev. R. Isherwood, M.A. Published by the Church of England Temperance Society.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

CHAPTER VII.—WAGES.

"The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth."—*The Bible.*

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."—*Shakespeare.*

"My sin is ever before me."—*The Bible.*

WHEN John Linden staggered and reeled away in the darkness, after he had thrown Jenny, bewildered by the news he had heard, terrified by the new sense of guilt which ran in his drunken brain as the words echoed and echoed again and again, "You did it!" he knew not what to do or which way to turn.

At first he went forward, too drunken and besotted to know why or where: he dreaded to go home. Scarcely conscious of the direction he took, he wandered with unsteady footsteps from one side of the road to the other, until he fell into the ditch, where he remained for some little time unable to get up. He slept, but not for long; awoke to find it all dark, and himself wet and cold. The shock he had received had helped to sober him. He feared to go home: his wife must know since Jenny knew, and he could not meet her gaze; besides, before long the police would be sure to seek him—now, while he had time and opportunity, he had better escape. The night was dark and rough with wind and rain. After some hasty reflection he made up his mind to walk, at least till daylight, on the way to London, and to gain the main turnpike-road which led to the great city he had only to go down a short country lane and avoid all the main part of the village, and be in the opposite direction to his cottage and the market town. The very thought of his home seemed to turn him almost sick and faint. He journeyed on through sleeping

villages and quiet hamlets hour after hour of the dark and dreary night: as he became more and more sober the voice of conscience grew more acute. The shame, and the fear, remorse, and bitter regret stung him more sharply than any pain he had ever felt before. He carried the guilt of murder in his soul, every footstep startled him; he paused again and again, thinking he could hear people pursuing him, the sound of the wind had a new terror, and when the morning came his sin seemed over the whole earth. He shrank from every passer-by, cowered before the children going to school or at their play, every horseman or vehicle behind brought the perspiration to his brow. All the world looked strange: his only desire was to escape the eyes of men, and flee from his punishment and doom, but he could not escape from himself. What made all human life his enemy was only the evil of his own heart. A burning thirst was in his throat, but he dare not stop to quench it at any of the public-houses which he passed. At length he came to a little stream where water-cress was growing beside the way; in a clear part he stooped to drink, but in the calm water he saw himself reflected, a wild, haggard, drunken coward, the murderer of his own boy. With that shadow in the brook he could not even lave his hot hands and parched lips, he hurried on as if a serpent had sent its hissing face close to his eyes. Would that after every sin in life we could see ourselves reflected as we are, even though we see ourselves at the very worst. Of old two disciples played the traitor to their Master—and what is murder, but infidelity and treachery through want of love? The one saw his sin in the sad eyes of the Saviour's compassion, the other only in the horror of his own guilty soul. Both went out beneath the paschal moon and the stars of a Syrian sky, the one to weep out bitter tears of repentance, and the other to a hell of remorse and the field of blood. At present all that John could realise was the terrible conviction that he had killed his son. Men might call it an accident, but the accident was caused by another sin, and that of drunkenness, which only augmented the condemnation. He was a wretched outcast from man and nature, and life and all the future seemed only one dead hopeless blank.

Hunger at last made him pause at the shop door of a small village baker's; he pushed the little gate open, which rang the bell, announcing the presence of a customer. He stood by the small deal counter and waited a few seconds, then the baker's wife appeared, with skirt pinned up and her sleeves rolled back, inquiring in a sharp and loud voice, "What's for you?"

"Some bread and cheese," was the brief reply. While the woman was getting the bread and cutting the cheese, with the careless indifference of preoccupied attention, he put his hand into his pocket to pay, and then, for the first time, remembered that he still had the money which he ought to have given to Farmer Knaggs. An uncontrolled exclamation of surprise escaped him, the blood rushed through his veins, he felt as if his heart had poured out its full flow and then ceased to beat. The woman looked up and gazed at her customer in amazement, and said with a puzzled expression, "Why, what on earth is the matter, master? You look as guilty as if I had caught yer helping yourself—maybe yer ain't well, or in trouble. You are a stranger to these parts?"

He was too bewildered and tongue-tied to make reply; he put down a coin, took his provisions and the change, and instantly left the shop, nor did he pause again until the village was far behind him.

When the baker's wife recounted the incident to a neighbour while peeling the potatoes on the following day, she concluded by saying that, "if he 'adn't looked that respectable in his clothes, she should have sent for Higgings," who represented the entire force of the county constabulary of that district. But "maybe," she added, "he was soft in his 'ed, as I never saw any man that scared before." This explanation of her customer's conduct became the more evident since she had not missed a single pennyworth of anything.

Weary and exhausted this wretched man pressed on, afraid to stop, and almost as afraid to go forward; the discovery of this additional burden to his load of guilt was almost more than he could bear. What was he to do? To return it now, seemed only to give a link and clue to the police to find him out. He would wait until he was out of England, then he would send it back with interest. He would go abroad, to Australia, or America, or any English-speaking colony; he would not use the money, he would keep it and work his passage out. This intention grew more and more definite. But the money that was not his own became a greater burden. An evil voice whispered, "Use it, spend it; no one will find you out now, and if they do, it can't matter much. After what you have done, a few pounds spent of Farmer Knaggs' gold won't hurt him, he can afford it well enough; and if it came to a question of wages, why you have never been fully paid for all the time you have served him."

When he was quite alone he took out the notes, put their number down in his pocket-book where he had entered the transactions of the four days' sale, and put them in the pocket of the little old-fashioned book, and made up his mind, that come what might, he would die before

he spent a penny of the money. He would not add to his weight of woe and retribution. He had never meant to do his boy any harm—he might not have been the best of fathers, but he would not be a thief; he had fallen low, and though before the whole world he was a drunkard and a murderer, he would be an honest man to the last. This determination was the first thing that put any spirit or pluck into him, and some courage to face the future came with this resolution.

After the next night, which he spent in a shed, dozing only at times into terrible dreams, and waking to cold, and loneliness, and fear, he began early again his dreary tramp through the suburbs of London. He reached the mighty city about noon. At first the hurry and rush, the crowd and traffic, occupied his attention, and for a little time he seemed relieved and even safe. At any rate, anything was better than the wakefulness or the dreams of the night. But when he inquired his way to the docks, and people noticed him and seemed to mark his country accent, and the sudden novelty of all things wore off, he shrank from his fellow-creatures. He wandered long through that wonderful labyrinth of ships and shipping on the north of the Thames, inquiring as often as he dare about the vessels which were going out, and how he could work his passage and get abroad. In several to whom he spoke he feared that he had awakened suspicions about himself. The first day closed on fruitless exertion. He sought a night's shelter in an obscure lodging-house in a low part of the East End, it was a new and terrible experience—drunkenness, squalor, and filth seemed to abound everywhere. There seemed no release from drink and crime and misery. The next day passed, but no chance offered; none would take him, he had no experience as a sailor, and so was useless, while many Jack Tars were seeking employment. The little money he had was nearly gone. His ignorance of London and the docks, his fear at asking questions and attracting notice, were all against him; at last he inquired of a man who stood by a door as timekeeper, some questions about "how he could work his passage abroad to Australia." The man stared at him, and said, "Well, governor, you asked me that question yesterday. One would think you were mighty anxious to get out of the country cheap." He left the man, and would have fled anywhere to escape this shame within his soul. He wandered about, his last shilling was nearly spent. What should he do? The dark night was coming up, the swift tide and river were rolling past, the water gurgled in eddies, the gaslights were reflected here and there upon its gleaming surface as the river surged onward to the sea. A voice from its depths seemed to say, "Spend that last shilling in brandy, and then one plunge into this black water, and none can ever wrench the secret from you—you will be beyond the power of man. You must die once, why not now? In the sludge and mud none will find you. End your life of misery, for is not this worse than death?"

(*To be continued.*)

HELPING HER OVER.

DEAR heart, I think that of all the times
In our courting days together,
From coy beginnings to wedding chimes,
In all sorts of wind and weather,
The best were those where the fences drew
Their lines around wheat and clover,
And, as you could seldom the rails creep through,
I so willingly helped you over.

What a beautiful armful then you were,
As, a space on the top-rail halting,
You fluttered, too modest to idly stir,
And too heavy for careless vaulting!
And how softly your cheeks from pink to pale
Grew under your hat's broad cover,
As I reached for you to that crooked rail,
And lovingly helped you over!

Then the first kiss stolen, as rightful toll,
Amid blushes, and curls, and laughter,
And the low vows, murmured from soul to soul,
That were breathed in the lane soon after!
Ah! you but a simple milkmaid were,
And I but a humble drover,
But what poesy came, amid sweet heart-stir,
In just helping you softly over!

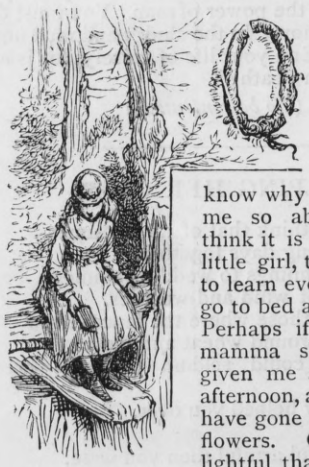
Now the silver threads in your dark hair lurk,
But how often the debt you have paid me
Since, hand in hand to the village kirk,
Such a happy man you made me!
For long ere I bought these farm-lands, wife,
So rich with our wheat and clover,
There was many a stiffed-barred fence through life
That you kindly helped me over.

Now our cottage nestles our fields among,
Our children are blithe around us,
And true love seemeth as fresh and young
As when there in the lane it bound us;
And other kisses as sweet there are
On the lips that you gave your lover,
When, reaching for you to the topmost bar,
He so lovingly helped you over.

N. P.

WHAT THE FLOWERS TOLD AMY.

BY GRACE ORA.



"OH! I do wish I hadn't to go to school," said Amy to herself as she walked very slowly along. "I don't know why mamma teases me so about it. I do think it is horrid to be a little girl, to have lessons to learn every day, and to go to bed at eight o'clock. Perhaps if I had asked mamma she would have given me a holiday this afternoon, and then I would have gone to the wood for flowers. Oh, how delightful that would have been!" And then Amy thought, as it wanted quite half an hour to school-time, that at least there was no need to hurry. So she turned down the lane that led to the wood, intending to go only just a very short way down it. But it seemed as if the flowers had made up their minds to keep Amy late for school, for the prettiest were always growing just a little further on. How she wished she might go on into the wood! And the thought' would keep coming into Amy's mind, "Oh, if I had only asked mamma to let me stay from school this afternoon! I am sure she would have let me, if she had known how very much I wished it." Still Amy didn't turn back, but kept wishing and wishing, and looking towards the wood, until at last she persuaded herself that it couldn't be wrong to do what mamma had many a time allowed, and would surely have allowed to-day if only she had been asked. So she put away as far as possible the thought of school, and in a very few minutes was out of the lane and fairly in the wood. I wonder if Amy found it as pleasant as she expected? because I know that when little girls are doing anything which they know is not quite right, they don't feel really happy about it. However, she rambled on and on, and when she had gathered her pinafore quite full of flowers she sat down to rest upon a hazel-shaded bank that was as bright now in July with its crimson poppies and foxgloves, as it had been with its golden primroses at Easter, and its royal-blue hyacinths at Whitsuntide. Oh, how delightful it was here in the wood! how much nicer than in the hot schoolroom where Amy used so often to envy the bees that sometimes buzzed in through the open window. The air was full of the scent of sweet-briar and wild roses, and musical with the glad song of linnet, and thrush, and blackbird. And the warm evening sunshine streamed through the trees, for it was getting late now. And still Amy sat on, for she felt a deal more tired now than before the flowers were gathered. And the blackbird began his evening hymn to the sun, and the moths and cockchafers flitted up and down rejoicing that the day was nearly over; and a large yellow butterfly fluttered past Amy wearily, for he had been on the wing all the hot day, and now he was looking for a flower to make his bed in. And now that the fun was over Amy began to wonder what mamma would say, and almost, I believe, to wish that she had not played truant; for running away in the sunny afternoon to play is a very different thing to going home to confess in the evening. However, at last the tired little girl gathered her flowers together and was beginning to think that very soon it would be time to go home, when she heard a sudden rustling among the flowers that made her stop to listen. And then, what do you think Amy heard? Why, the softest, clearest, most silvery little voice in the world calling her name! "Amy, Amy, what are you doing here?" I can't imagine how Amy knew that the voice came from a tall speckled foxglove close beside the hedge. But she did know; and what is more surprising still, she was not at all astonished.

"Oh!" she answered, "I have been playing in the wood all the afternoon."

"Playing! Oh, you idle little girl!" said the foxglove, waving its bells reproachfully.

"Yes, indeed," broke in a poppy sleepily, "it is a pity you could not find something better to do."

Now Amy thought this was very unkind of the poppy, who, she supposed, had done nothing itself all day, and was now lazily covering its pink cheeks for the night. But the poppy had been doing its work, although Amy, like some older people, didn't understand that anything could be work that was not making a noise or a show of some sort.

"Well," she said, rather crossly, "*you* have nothing to say, *you* never do anything. I'm sure I don't know what flowers are for, except to look pretty. What can they do?"

"Oh! have we not amused you all the afternoon?" cried a dear little forget-me-not that was lying in the heap of plucked flowers. It spoke in a very faint voice, for it had been carried in Amy's hot hand, and the poor thing was thirsty and drooping.

"Yes, indeed," said a little pink-tipped daisy. "Surely it is something that all the children

"A large yellow butterfly fluttered past Amy."—p. 100.

love us so, and we love them too. Why, hundreds of us give our lives every day to make the children happy. My sisters and brothers, who were larger than I, all went to make a daisy-chain for a dear little baby's neck. Oh, yes! we have our uses. Ask the butterfly, he knows a deal more than I do."

"You are right, golden-eye," said the big yellow butterfly, which had at last fixed upon a sheltered fern-leaf under the hazel-tree, "you are the most obliging little creatures in the world, with your sweet honey and your cups of dew fresh every morning. As for my friend the bee, I don't know that he could exist without you."

"No, that I couldn't," said a brown humble-bee, which had just stopped on his way home to pop into a cowslip-bell. "But I can't stop to talk," he said, popping out again, "this is a very busy season with us. Good evening." And off he flew.

"I didn't know that flowers and insects had anything to do," said Amy, in surprise. "I thought it was only people—I mean grown-up men and women—who had to work."

"Oh, no! we are all very useful one way or another, and have our work too," said the cowslip. "I don't know who gave it us, or how we came here, but we find it very pleasant."

"Oh! but I know," said Amy. "God made you grow here, and He sends you the sunshine, and the showers, and the beautiful summer."

"Oh, how very good He must be!" said a lovely pale rose overhead. "And what has He given you to do, little girl?"

Amy hung her head. I'm sure I don't know what she was going to answer, for just at that moment a pair of strong arms lifted her from the ground, and she heard papa's voice say, "Fast asleep! Why, Amy, wherever have you been all this time?" And Amy shivered and said, "Oh, papa! the wild rose was just asking me——" "What! dreaming still? Come, my little girl shall finish her dream in her own warm bed."

GENTLE WORDS.

GENTLE words, how sweet they sound!
Joy they give to all around;
Words of love, what peace they bring!
Happiness to everything.

Gentle words will reach the heart—
Balm to sorrow they impart:
Loving words are sweet to hear,
Joining hearts to others dear.

Gentle words then freely give—
They will teach you how to live,
They to you are freely given—
Angels whisper them from heaven.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS AND ONE GIRL.

BY W. P. W. BUXTON.

Arthur (*addressing John*).—Why, John, have you been buying another new book?

John (*holding up book*).—No; it is one I have had lent to me.

Kate.—Pray, what is the title of it?

J.—Oh, it's only the story of "Jack the Giant Killer."

A.—Ah! but there is another Jack, who has killed more giants than the one mentioned in your book; in fact, he is now slaying probably one hundred thousand people every year.

J. (*surprised*).—I never heard of that giant killer. I wish you would lend me the book which tells about it; it would be so interesting.

K. (*laughing*).—You don't appear to understand, John, to what giant killer Arthur refers.

A. (*to Kate*).—There you are right. (*To John*).—I allude to John Barleycorn, better known by the name of Strong Drink.

J. (*smiling*).—Oh, what foolish ideas you teetotalers do get into your heads! I don't think I should care much to read of that giant killer. I don't see so much harm in a little strong drink.

A. (*jokingly*).—Ah, John, what you know of the matter, and what you don't know, would make a goodly-sized book.

J.—Just so. After all, I think I should like to know more about this giant killer, or as you choose to call it, Strong Drink. My opinion is that men who have hard work to do cannot live without taking a little now and then.

K.—John, it is simply nonsense. Why, the strongest man did very well without it, and I am sure other people can.

J.—I presume you allude to Samson?

A.—Of course; for when locked up in a walled city he got up during the night, walked off with the city gates on his back, and left them on the top of a hill for the people to look at when they got up the next morning.

K.—Again, look at those three Hebrew children who formed themselves into the first Band of Hope, of which Daniel was the president. I wish, John, you would "dare to be a Daniel," for the drunkard is a most costly article.

J.—Father says, and he should know, that men who perform heavy work, as he does, must take beer if they mean to keep up their strength.

A. (*emphatically*).—My dear fellow, it is simply nonsense. If it gives strength, as you say, how is it that the more people drink, the weaker they get? Why, there are scores of abstainers at the Sheffield furnaces, and they can do more work, and endure more fatigue, on oatmeal and water than on beer.

K.—And how deceitful strong drink is! It first kisses and then betrays you. Dr. Adam Clarke says: "It is not only the devil's way into man, but man's way to the devil." The surest way to lose your health is to keep on drinking other people's. It is a good sign to see the colour of health in a man's face, but a bad sign to see it all concentrated in the end of his nose.

A.—There is certainly nothing in drink to make a man strong.

K.—Strong! Suppose, for instance, a pint of ale weighed 16 ounces. It would contain, alcohol 1¼ ounces, acetic acid ¼ ounce, colouring matter ½ ounce, and water 14 ounces. They who drink a pint of ale act just as a man would do who went and bought a mutton chop weighing 16 ounces, and which contained, gristle 1¼ ounces, skin ¼ ounce, meat ½ ounce, and bone 14 ounces. You would not be long in deciding that such a chop would be very expensive, and anything but ample to satisfy a hungry man.

J. (*surprised*).—Dear-a-me! What you say sounds very reasonable; but of what is beer made?

A.—Barley, of course.

J.—And is not barley a good thing?

K.—Yes, John, when you get it; but you see the brewers are always careful to see that you get as little barley as possible. They only give you the broth.

A.—Let me explain more fully what Kate means. Suppose you were to buy a leg of mutton. You put it in a pan of water. Would you not think it very foolish, so soon as the water got warm to throw away the mutton and drink the greasy water? That is just like what all brewers do.

J.—That would be very foolish. But how do you make out that the brewers do this?

A.—Oh! any one who knows anything about brewing will tell you that out of every 100 pounds of barley, 20 pounds are lost in making it into malt, 40 pounds in making it into sweet wort and grains, 20 pounds by fermentation, 10 pounds in fining, leaving only 10 pounds of slops which a brewer's dog would not touch.

K.—Why, you can purchase more real food in oatmeal, costing 3½d., than you would get in a firkin of the best Burton ale.

A.—And look at the mischief this drink does—how many giant minds it dethrones; how many homes are made miserable, and how much crime it engenders. Truly "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

J.—Well, I now see clearly what you mean by John Barleycorn being a giant killer; but what are these Bands of Hope we hear so much about.

K.—In our Bands of Hope we promise to do four things, namely, to abstain from intoxicating liquors, tobacco, gambling, and profane language.

A.—Yes, and we are banding ourselves together by thousands to slay the great giant killer, Strong Drink, which is making so much havoc in our midst. It makes men commit many crimes, and fills our prisons, workhouses, and lunatic asylums with its victims. I and Kate intend, God helping us, to keep firm to our pledges, for "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

K.—Strong drink shortens human life, and makes that life wretched and miserable beyond description. You'll join us, John, won't you?

J.—I must own you have the best of the argument. I will throw in my lot with you, and help to slay the great giant killer which stalks about the land. Now I will sign the pledge, and may God give me strength to faithfully keep it to the end of life. [*Signs.*]

J. (*to audience*).—Let me ask you kindly and faithfully to come and help us to slay the great giant killer, Strong Drink.

THE TWO HOUSES.

OFT have I passed a house
Where the doors were open wide;
Where a living stream flowed in and out,
And a red lamp shone outside.

A man inside there stood,
Behind a counter bright,
And he laughed to himself as the people came
To quaff his liquors each night.

His name, or place of birth,
Why should I care to tell?
Enough to say, this public-house
Was the very gate of hell!

Oft have I passed a house
Where the doors were open wide;
Where a living stream flowed in and out,
But *no* red lamp shone outside.

A man inside there stood,
His words were words of prayer,
And he breathed them forth to the throne of heaven,
As he gazed on the worshippers there.

O not in vain he prayed—
To souls were blessings given;
That house it was the house of prayer,
The very gate of heaven.

But the fiend of drink went forth
As an angel robed in light,
From the house wherein the red lamp shone,
To the saints of God by night.

And he spake of the Christian life,
And the joys which God hath given;
Till, alas! they thought this fiend of drink
Was a messenger from heaven.

And he told of the rich vine fruit,
Of which King David spake;
Of the marriage feast in Galilee,
Where Christ did good wine make.

Then he led them forth to the house
With the red lamp over the door,
And he bid them taste of the crimson cup:
They drank and called for more.

"Hurrah!" said the fiend of drink,
"These souls are mine at last;
I care not who may preach and pray,
While the wine-cup round is pass'd!"

But they heard not what he said,
Nor saw they when he laughed;
And they came each night where the red lamp shone,
And the crimson cup they quaffed.

The tide of time flowed on;
And I went to the house of prayer,
But many a saint I was wont to meet
No longer worshipped there.

And I heard the good man tell
Of many a sire and son,
That were pillars in the temple of God,
Who now to heaven are gone.

And he spake of many that went
To the house where the red lamp shone,
And were lost amid the hopeless throng,
Ere the wheels of life had run.

I passed where the red lamp shone—
A new company was there;
And some came again from the Sabbath-school,
And some from the house of prayer.

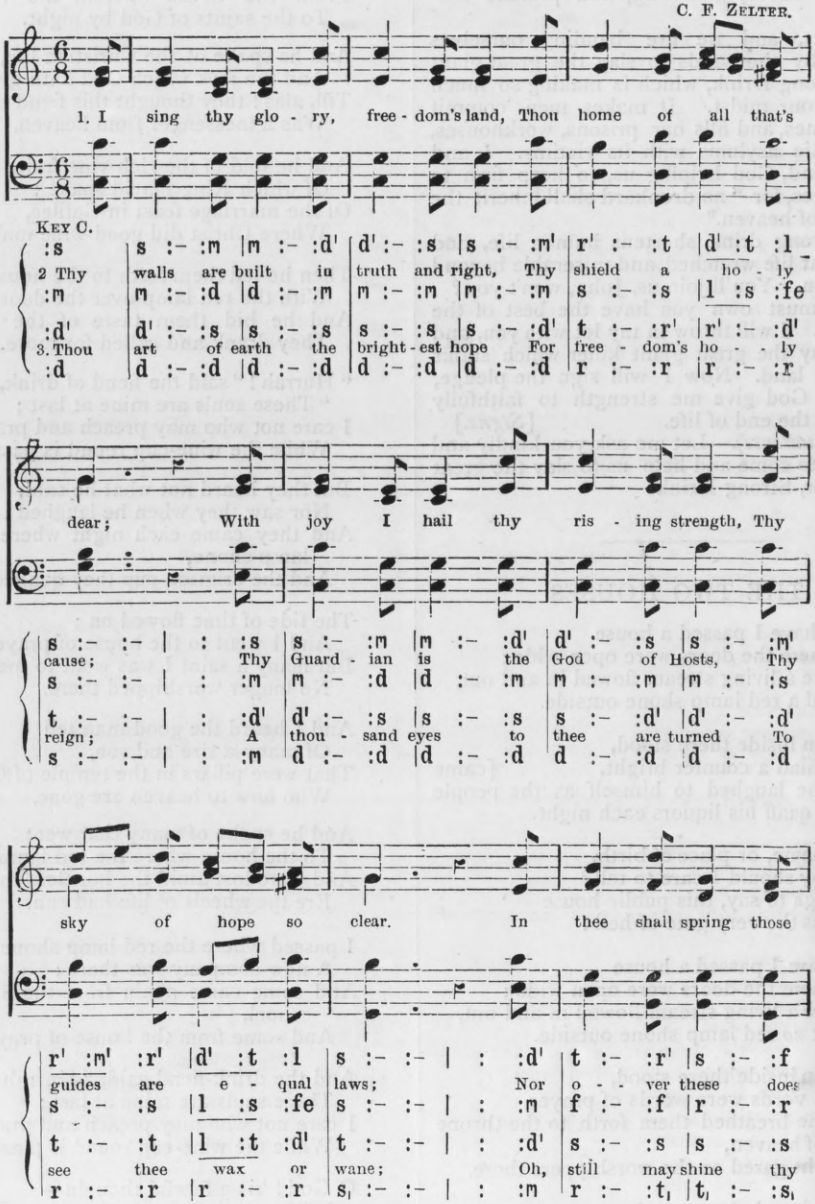
And the drink-fiend said, "Hurrah!
These souls are mine at last;
I care not who may preach and pray,
While the wine-cup round is pass'd!"

O God! 'tis a fearful thought—
While good men preach and pray,
The drink-fiend walks abroad each night
Thy worshippers to slay!

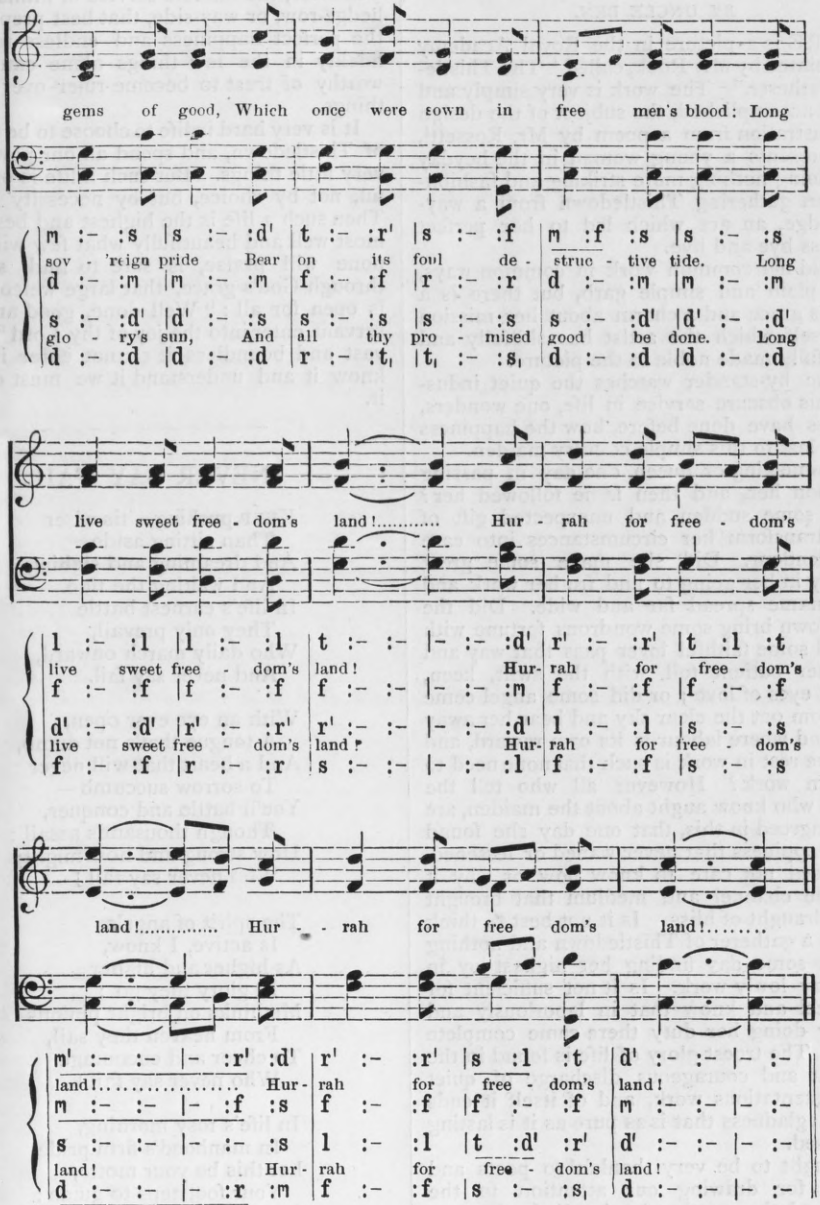
W. HOYLE.

FREEDOM'S LAND.

C. F. ZELTER.



FREEDOM'S LAND—*(continued).*



A WORD FOR GIRLS—THE END OF SIMPLE SERVICE.

BY UNCLE BEN.

THERE is a picture in the Royal Academy painted by Mr. Rook, called "The Thistledown Gatherer." The work is very simply and fittingly accomplished, the subject of the design is an illustration from a poem by Mr. Rossetti, and represents a young woman in the heyday of life doing nothing more striking and fashionable than gathering Thistledown from a wayside hedge, an act which led to her perfect happiness bye and bye.

She did her common work in common ways, clad in plain and simple garb, but there is a nameless grace and a charm about her mission and herself which the artist has skilfully and thoughtfully made noble in the picture.

As the by-stander watches the quiet industry of this obscure service in life, one wonders, as others have done before, how the happiness came at last to this simple country maiden.

Did some king or queen one day in passing smile upon her, and then fame followed her? Or did some sudden and unexpected gift of wealth transform her circumstances into ease and splendour. Did she make some great discovery in her going to and fro her work and so her name spread far and wide. Did the Thistledown bring some wondrous fortune with it? Did some faithful lover pass that way and watch her patient toil with the swift, keen, constant eyes of love; or did some angel come to her from out the clear sky and bear her away to the land where labour is its own reward, and where the rest in work is such that none need to rest from work? However all who tell the story, or who know aught about the maiden, are entirely agreed in this, that one day she found perfect happiness that never waned or lessened.

We need not care to know how or why it came, the channel and medium that brought her the draught of bliss. Is it not best to think of her as a gatherer of Thistledown and nothing more, as some day finding her highest joy in this weary lowly work. Is it not sufficient for us to feel and know that in laboriously and faithfully doing her duty there came complete delight. The truest glory of life is found in the persistent and courageous discharge of quiet and unostentatious work, and of itself it ends in a great gladness that is as pure as it is lasting and blessed.

We ought to be very thankful to poets and painters, for drawing our attention to the beauty, and the worth of quiet lives that are content to fill a little space that God may be glorified. And are ready to dwell in the shade and never be known beyond the daily round of common-task. It is the drudgery in secret, the endurance of the hot days in weariness and weakness, the humble service or ministry by the hedge-row, or way-side, that best prepares us for the perfect happiness and endless rest. It is fidelity in the few things alone can make us worthy of trust to become ruler over the many things.

It is very hard in life to choose to be a gatherer of Thistledown, and spend all our powers about very little things. But such a life is often needful, not by choice, but by necessity and duty. Then such a life is the highest and best. To do most well and beautifully what few will see and none will praise, is sure to find, some day, through God's grace, that large welcome which is open for all: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord"—a joy so vast and boundless it cannot enter into us, to know it and understand it we must enter into it.

NEVER SAY FAIL.

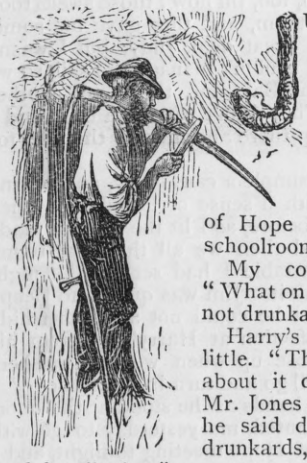
KEEP pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail,
Who daily march onward,
And never say fail.

With an eye ever open,
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb—
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail:
How strong and how mighty
Who never say fail!

The spirit of angels
Is active, I know,
As higher and higher
In glory they go:
Methinks on bright pinions
From heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage
Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto,
Your footsteps to guide:
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

IN THE "PRUDENCE."



"JUDY, will you go out with me to-morrow night?"

"Yes, if I've finished my work. Where to?"

"The Band of Hope meeting in the schoolroom."

My countenance fell. "What on earth for? we're not drunkards!"

Harry's face flushed a little. "They were talking about it on Sunday, and Mr. Jones asked me to go; he said drunkards or no drunkards, it was the safest road for all of us."

"I think Mr. Jones might have shown a little more confidence in us," I tartly remarked. "No, Harry, I won't go, and you won't either, if you take my advice."

Harry took up the boat-cushions and went out, shutting the door rather sharply after him. I stood at the window and watched him down the cliff, our tiny cottage was at the top; he crossed the wet shingle to the boat, and began to dry the seats, and I turned from the window and took up my lace-pillow for a long day's work.

The first glance showed me that there wasn't nearly enough thread. I looked out hastily, Harry had not started yet; I caught up my sun-bonnet and went down the cliff like the wind to him.

"Oh, Harry, take me into town with you, it'll save me a good half-hour."

"All right, sis, jump in."

Five minutes later we were dancing across the little waves in the fresh morning breeze. I stood at the prow and watched Harry admiringly, such a bright handsome lad he looked, the sun turning his brown curls into gold as he wrestled with the ropes. The boat was not our own, we were not rich enough for that yet, but some day, in the far future, we cherished bright visions concerning her. The "Prudence," the name was painted in brilliant scarlet letters across the rudder, and we laughingly quoted the word to each other whenever we were tempted to any small extravagances. There were only the two of us, we were twins, and perhaps that helped to make us closer friends than I think brothers and sisters often are. It was a lovely July morning, the white sails flitted across the clear, green water, like distant birds, and the cries of the sea-gulls filled all the air about us. It ended all too soon, and Harry deposited me on the slippery jetty, with a merry injunction not to loiter at the shop-windows.

"Don't be late to-night if you can help it," I said, as a parting word.

"Depends on how many customers I get; here they come already. Hurry off, quick."

I hurried off a few yards, and stopped to look at them. Two young men, showily dressed, and wearing a prodigious amount of jewellery; they had a large basket of provisions and bottles, and from what I could make out, were going to have a whole day's fishing. That was better considerably than casual parties for an hour, who generally wanted to beat down the terms, and I went up the busy little seaside street for my thread, very contentedly.

I had a long steady day's work, pondering over Mr. Jones's request about the Band of Hope, rather indignantly at times; if he had recommended it to the Sykes family, who drank up their wages every Saturday night, it would have been more likely, but for us, indeed!

The afternoon wore away to evening, the twilight deepened till I could not see the threads any longer, and I went to the door to breathe the sweet salt breeze and look for any sign of the *Prudence* coming round the corner.

It was nowhere visible. I turned indoors and swept up the hearth and put the supper on the table, then back to the door again. It was very dark now, the sound of the waves breaking far below, and the rustle of the rising wind in the gorse beside me, were the only sounds that broke the stillness. The town was two miles away, and the cliff shut it out of sight completely. There was a light in the Sykes' cottage just below, and in the restless uneasiness that was creeping over me I flung a shawl over my head and ran down to ask them if they had seen anything of my brother. Jim Sykes came to the door with the candle in his hand.

"Why, it's Judy Ford! What's wrong?"

"It's Harry," I gasped; "he hasn't come home yet. Have you seen him to-night?"

"No—I don't remember," answered Jim, hesitatingly; "but I don't think the *Prudence* was in the harbour when I came round."

"Oh," I cried, "do you think anything has happened?"

Jim picked up his cap and came out. "Don't take on, I'll run down and see if she's there, if you like."

"Let me go too," I begged, "I can't wait up here any longer."

Jim, was a big, rough lad about fifteen, the eldest hope of the reprobate Sykes, and I had always looked upon him from an immeasurable

height of superiority, but Harry himself could not have helped me in a kindlier fashion than Jim tried to that night.

We hurried almost in silence down the steep road into the town; it was past eleven when we got there, the visitors had gone indoors most of them, and the streets and promenade were utterly deserted. One or two boats were swinging at anchor in the little harbour, but the first look showed us that the *Prudence* was not one of them. I clung to Jim in an agony of terror.

"Don't fret yourself," he said soothingly, "lots of things may have kept him. He must land here, you know; let's go to the end, and wait a bit."

We crept away to the end of the jetty, and sat down on a block of granite under the big swinging light, straining our eyes for a sight of the little vessel that had gone out so gaily over the dark tossing waters only that morning. It seemed as if a lifetime dragged by as we waited there and the church clock chimed out the hours behind us. Sometimes Jim tried to cheer me by suggesting all kinds of possible and impossible reasons for the delay, but the greater part of the time we watched in unbroken silence. Three o'clock rang out at last, the dawn was breaking in long streaks of grey and pink across the waters, and I rose up sick and cold.

"It's no use waiting now, Jim; he'll never come home any more."

"You shall go home and have a sleep and some breakfast," Jim practically remarked; "it won't feel so bad then."

We went slowly back. It was like going away from a grave. Along the wet, slippery jetty, where the lamps burned dim and yellow in the creeping light, through the silent town, into the steep cliff road. Somebody was coming down it quickly, somebody who looked grey and haggard in the early dawn, but my very heart stood still at the sight.

"There he is!" cried out Jim, joyfully—"that's jolly!"

He was beside us a minute later. I caught his hands in a perfect rain of tears. "Oh, Harry, Harry, I thought you were dead."

"Not this time, sis; come, hurry back, you look like ghosts."

"Have you been capsized? is the *Prudence* lost?" put in Jim.

"No, she's safe enough under the cliff yonder, I brought her straight there instead of going into the harbour. Your father called out that you had gone there with Judy."

"Then what was it kept you, Harry?"

"Just what keeps your father, hours after he ought to be at home."

Jim whistled a long, low, comprehensive whistle.

"Why, I thought *you* didn't go in for that."

"I thought so, too, till now; those swells took a lot out with them, and they gave me some. I didn't take a great deal, Judy, but I wasn't used to it, and I couldn't manage the sail, so we drifted into Sear Bay, and they took another fellow's boat. They didn't pay me a cent, and I went off to sleep there and missed the tide for coming back."

It seemed so simple a cause now, and yet my cheeks burnt with a sense of humiliation they had not known before, as I lit the fire and made some coffee, and then we all three sat round the little supper-table I had set out the night before, and drank it. Jim was quiet and sleepy with his vigil, but he could not altogether hide a gleam of satisfaction at Harry's fall from his pedestal. He rose up when we had finished, "Now I think I'll go and turn in for an hour."

I grasped his hands as he stood at the door. "Jim, Harry wanted me yesterday to go with him to a Band of Hope meeting to-night, and I said I wouldn't, but I am going now, and going to join it, too. Go with us, you've been too good a friend to me to be dropped again: let us stand by and help one another."

I spoke as I felt, very earnestly, I did not feel sure of even myself now, since Harry had been tempted. Jim looked at us doubtfully, he was not accustomed to be considered in the light of a desirable acquaintance, much less to be taken out in the public streets. "I don't know, I'll think about it," he said after a minute, then he went.

And Jim, and Harry, and I went down together to the schoolroom that night, and joined the Band of Hope, and through all the years that have come and gone since then, we have never once regretted it. Harry is the lawful owner of the bonnie *Prudence* now, and Jim is growing up as fine a young fisherman as any about the village.

We know something of the good it has done for us, but, thank God, that one night is all we have ever learnt of the evil from which it may have delivered us.

E. K. O.

WE are pleased to notice the appearance of the Tonic Sol-fa Edition of Hoyle's Hymns and Songs. Mr. Hoyle has rendered immense service to the Band of Hope movement by his beautiful melodies, and we doubt not many friends will be glad to procure a copy of this excellent edition. The entire book has been reset in the best style, printed on good paper, and is a marvel of cheapness. London, Partridge. Price 1s. 8d.

"White sails flitted across the clear green water, and cries of sea-gulls filled all the air about."—p. 107.

TEMPERANCE IN CHINA.

SECOND PAPER.

IN my former paper I gave an account of the abstemious habits of the Chinese people in regard to alcoholic drinks. I will now give some information concerning agencies at work in China to further the cause of temperance among our own countrymen residing there or visiting that land, and the need there is for continued effort.

It will, unfortunately, not be news to our readers that Englishmen do not always carry their morals with them when they go abroad. That they are classed under the generic name of *Christian*, but are not Christian in their habits and opinions, is one of the greatest of all hindrances to Christianity. We gladly and thankfully remember that in heathen countries there are many Christian laymen who uphold the hands of missionaries by their example as well as with their gold, and we also readily acknowledge that there are many more whose lives are outwardly without reproach ; but the bad example of a few is more powerful than the good example of many, and on this question of excessive use of intoxicating beverages we are inclined to believe that in some communities of Europeans the drinkers are the many and not the few.

The *Daily News*, a few months back, related a story of an American Indian who was about to be hanged. The weather being very cold, the crowd waiting to see the execution, cut down part of the scaffold and made a fire. The gaoler brought his prisoner at length, but it was found that the scaffold had been so seriously damaged that it must be repaired before the execution could take place. The hangman wanted to go and get some planks. "All right," said the Indian, "you go ; I'll stay here," and he coolly stood warming himself at the fire. A minister came up to him, and wished to exhort him to pray. "No, no," said the Indian, "I have been ruined by white man's rum, I will not believe in white man's God!" To many Chinese, also, English "fire-wine" and English doctrine seem two irreconcilable commodities. We profess to be a moral nation, and more than moral, we profess to be actuated by the highest principles that ever inspired the human mind, and yet in our British colony of Hong-kong, beer and spirits are procurable at almost every store, while at the Chinese treaty ports highly adulterated liquors imported from abroad may be had at numberless shops near every landing stage. I sometimes wonder what would be the result if the Chinese Government absolutely forbade the importation of alcoholic drinks, as the Queen of Madagascar and the President of Liberia have done in their respective countries. Should we have a "wine and spirit war," as we had an "opium war," and force the Chinese at the cannon's mouth to legalise the traffic?

On one occasion, while living in China, I was going with a party of missionaries to a picnic to the neighbouring hills, and went to some stables to hire horses for the ladies. While arranging the fares, the ostler said, "Are you going to drink wine?" "No ;" I said ; "why, what has that to do with my hiring horses?" "I thought," said he, "that you foreign people never went to that place without drinking wine." In the course of further conversation, I discovered that the term commonly used for *picnic* was *drink wine*, because drinking formed so large a part of the proceedings at picnics.

Of late years matters have considerably changed in this particular in the foreign communities in China, but there is still abundant room for improvement. A native pastor remarked to me once on the notable change at the port of Amoy. Said he, "A few years ago, almost every Sunday afternoon we used to see foreign sailors brawling and fighting opposite the chapel door, and our people standing round, some of them contemptuous, others laughing at them ; but this is seldom seen now." Yet I myself have often been very much ashamed at what I have witnessed, as, for instance, one Sunday when I was walking through the Chinese city, and saw a street very much excited, men and women running into the shops. "What is the matter?" I said to a respectable shopkeeper. "Oh, only some of your barbarian fellows fighting," said he, turning on his heels in contempt. And the "barbarian fellows" were drunk, of course. I can only repeat that this sort of conduct on the part of foreign residents and foreign sailors is a great stumbling-block to mission work, and that those who try in such localities to effect a reformation in the drinking customs of our countrymen, are aiding in no small degree the good cause of making the truth of Christ more palatable to the Chinese and more presumably true.

To effect this, temperance societies have been established at all the larger treaty-ports, and at some there are temperance halls and homes. In Hong-kong, Shanghai, and Tientsin, they have been notably successful. Sailors especially have found them a great boon. "We don't *want* to drink, sir," they say ; "but what can we do? We can't get anything else than bad beer, brandy, and whisky. And where are we to go and sit down on shore, except at places where they sell that stuff?" The larger temperance associations at the places named above, I have not been personally associated with, but at the smaller one in Amoy I have had abundant opportunity of witnessing the beneficial results of

providing a sailor's home and temperance room, open free to all comers. It was placed in the care of a Christian Chinaman of business habits. A good meal, tea and coffee, were procurable at reasonable rates, missionaries and others placed on the table newspapers and magazines which had arrived from their own countries, occasionally a temperance meeting was held, and every Sunday evening two or three missionaries went to hold a singing meeting at eight o'clock. We first had evening worship, just a hymn, chapter and prayer, and then an hour's singing, chiefly of Sankey's hymns and tunes. The difficulty was to persuade the honest tars that an hour and a quarter of singing was as much as we were equal to, after preaching several times during the day. But very many testified that those singing services in the temperance room were happy and blessed times. Religion and teetotalism often go together. Would that it were always so!

A WORD TO BOYS.

THE amount of time spent by boys and young men in idleness, to say nothing of that used in engagements worse than idleness, would be perfectly surprising if computed by a person who can be surprised. There are many boys who cannot be surprised. Their own neglect, their meanness and wickedness don't surprise them. But we are speaking to a better class, those who pretend to be something. Even these squander minutes in every hour, hours in every week, weeks in every month, and months in every year that are totally lost. Among these lost minutes we do not include such as an occasional hour at croquet, or a day at a Sabbath-school excursion. We mean lost hours, when there is no improvement, no rational amusement, nothing but a heedless spending of precious time.

Boys, let us be more systematic. Let us arrange our little duties so as not to neglect any. Let us have hours for reading, hours for work, and hours for play. And let us attend to each at its time. Our parents or guardians will not interfere, especially with our hours for study, when they learn that we have adopted a system. If they are themselves good they will aid us.

If every young person would do this, each at the age of twenty-four would be educated, whether he had been much to school or not, and each would be competent to accept the most lucrative and honourable position.

WHAT did Mary say to her little lamb when she sent it out to grass in the evening? She said, "Ewe go to supper."

THE HAREBELLS.

A SIMPLE tale, by peasants told,
I heard that pleased me well—
The story of young Annie Graeme,
And the little blue harebell.

Now, Annie Graeme a brother had,
And he must go to sea;
So the lassie all day sighed and wept,
And murmured, "Woe is me!

"I've loved him more than all the world,
And if he goes away,
Sadly I shall his absence mourn,
And weep the livelong day."

Young Allan overheard her plaint,
And his heart, too, was sad:
"Come," said he, "to the pleasant fields,
Where the voice of spring is glad.

"And now, dear sister, weep no more—
Pray grieve no more for me;
For ere another springtime comes,
I'll hasten back to thee."

Two little harebells then he picked
From the moss-bed where they slept:
To Annie, one of them he gave,
The other one he kept.

A promise, then, these children made,
Each to look on their flower
When the great sea between them rolled,
Each day at the same hour.

And Allan said, "You will not mourn,
Nor shed a useless tear,
But grandmother attend and love—
Now, won't you, Annie, dear?

"And you will look upon your flower
When the stars begin to shine,
And know I'm thinking then of you?—
For I'll be watching mine."

Next morning Allan went away,
And Annie tried to be
A help to her poor grandmother,
While he was on the sea.

And every evening, when the light
Was fading, pale and dim,
She used to take the harebell flower,
And sit and think of him.

At last the winter passed away,
And the blessèd springtime came—
Then was a meeting—oh, how bright
To Annie and Allan Graeme!

And they would talk in after times
About their little flowers,
And think how those two harebells had
Cheered them in lonely hours. M.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S MOTTO.—There's a medium in all things.

NO woman can be beautiful by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

THOSE who are surly and imperious to their inferiors are generally humble, flattering, and cringing to their superiors.—*Fuller.*

AS continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.

DR. FRANKLIN, speaking of education, says, "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

"CAN you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl. "Yes, sir. It's the whisper of a laugh."

HARSH words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilise the tender plants they batter down.

A PHILOSOPHER being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

EXTRAVAGANCE is merely comparative: a man may be a spendthrift in copper as well as in gold.

HE that can compose himself is wiser than he that composes books.

WHY is a farmer like a chicken?—Because he delights in a full crop.

WHAT man must have his glass before he can do a day's work?—A glazier.

HE that would make real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first-fruits, at the altar of truth.

JUDGE: "Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed upon you?" Prisoner: "No, judge; I had ten dollars, but my lawyers took that."

HAPPINESS is wonderfully like a flea. When you put your finger on him he don't seem to be there, but when you follow him to where he actually is—he don't seem to be there also.

"PAPA," said a sweet little girl to her father, a grim old lawyer, "could you make a pun or a joke on pudding?" "*Suet*" (sue it), said the grim old lawyer.

A JOINT AFFAIR.—Rheumatism.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Knuckles and finger-nails.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF NATURE.—Jumping from winter to summer without a *spring.*

SOMETIMES women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

HOW TO STOP A MAN FROM TALKING.—Cut his said off.

STABLE CREATURES.—Horses.

WELL "POSTED."—The telegraph.

THE PRESENT DAY.—Your birthday.

FULL OF INTEREST.—A long note over-due.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"A Famous Boy." By Frederick Sherlock. A very readable little book. Six shillings per 100.

"By-Way Gleanings," "Home-Spun Stories," "Bric-a-Brac," by Miss Fanny Surtees, are tales told with a purpose; they are interesting and touching, and direct special attention to the evils of "treating" people to intoxicating drinks.

"Peeps at Our Sunday-School." By Rev. Alfred Taylor. Published by **F.** E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane, E.C. Price two shillings. The 159 pages contain some useful observations and hints to all interested in Sunday-school work.

"Told with a Purpose." Temperance Papers for the People. Twelve stories, with illustrations. By Rev. James Yeames. Published by F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane, E.C. Price one shilling. The tales are, for the most part, studies from real life, and are told with simplicity and earnestness. May their purpose in the temperance cause be fulfilled.

"The Converted Shepherd Boy." The true story of the life of a colporteur, James Rennie, the son of a drunken father and good mother, how he became a useful worker. We are glad to see 22,000 of this little book, price one penny, have been sold. Morgan and Scott are the publishers.

"The Human Body and its Functions." A course of lectures delivered to young men. By Dr. Sinclair Paterson. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. Price half-a-crown. These lectures are intended to form an introduction to the study of physiology. They contain the common-sense of simple science, and are full of such practical information as will tend to make life naturally healthy, both in a physical and moral sense. These lectures are useful for all classes of readers, but especially calculated to be of advantage to young men of earnest thought and intelligence.

"When the Ship came Home," and four other stories. By J. W. Dungey. Published by the National Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand. These five stories are thoroughly good temperance tales, simple, and well-adapted for children, and are likely to win their way even with those who do not sympathise with the movement.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Children's Sunbeam—The British Temperance Advocate—The Social Reformer—The Temperance Record—Band of Hope Chronicle—The Irish Temperance League—Western Temperance Herald—Coffee Public-House News—The Rechabites Temperance Magazine — Coffee Palace Temperance Journal.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

CHAPTER VIII.—WINTER.

"But behind the winter is immortal spring."—*Rev. Stopford A. Brook.*

THE autumn changed slowly into winter. With the falling leaves the hopes and expectations of Mrs. Linden sank lower. For many days she waited and watched for the return of her husband with anxious anticipation, looking for the postman with an eagerness she had never before known. Sometimes her heart beat so violently when she saw him coming, she scarcely knew what to do ; and when he passed on hastily, either looking at the letters with absorbed attention, or saying "Good morning" with cheerful indifference, she would feel so depressed by disappointment that it was as if the light had gone from the day. The statement of Farmer Knaggs seemed to account for her husband not re-appearing ; but what had been the cause that induced him to steal the money? that was the puzzle to Mrs. Linden.

The farmer one day called down to see Mrs. Linden, and told her that for her sake he should not attempt any prosecution ; but, of course, after her husband's conduct, she could not expect him to do anything for her. He was very sorry for her, and so forth, yet she must not look to him for help ; the money was a heavy loss to him, and he had a wife and children to protect. And he was quite sure Linden had been going wrong for some time, getting more fond of drink, and though he took "a glass of beer himself," he did not forget to be most severe on Linden's drop too much.

The days grew shorter and the nights longer, and in every sense the hours of darkness seemed to increase around Mrs. Linden's life and home. John's small wages that he earned were not enough to keep both him and his mother. She had to seek work as she could, and a days' washing or cleaning meant for her hard work and little pay. Beside, the days of employment were few and far between. She had never been very popular in the village, because of her hasty tongue, and was generally called "a house-proud woman," who thought herself a bit above her neighbours. Now the few friends she did possess rather shunned her as one on whom disgrace had fallen, and as if her present troubles were the just judgment for her husband's sins. The kind of sympathy she evoked was usually expressed among the gossips of Selford in the phrase by which they always spoke of her, as "poor thing."

Her best friends and comforters were Jenny and her grandmother. The sympathy of the latter was like the love of God, it knew no respect of persons. It was enough for her that some one suffered, that a human heart was troubled. So in the long evenings she would often look in. Coming to the door, she would say, "I thought I 'ud just drop across, feeling a bit lonesome myself."

"Yes, come in," Mrs. Linden would answer, "anybody may well feel lonesome ; there's nothing else but lonesomeness to my thinking."

"Aye, and it would be so allus if the Book did not say that He was a 'very present help in time of trouble.' Some folks is a little for'ard, most on 'em too back'ard, and none on 'em just handy."

"You be about right there, grannie," rejoined Mrs. Linden, as she swept up the scanty fire ; "them's uncommon good words, and very easy to say, but the job is to feel 'em."

"We only got to need 'em, to feel 'em, and when we needs 'em most we learns their meaning best," replied grannie. With such rough and ready words she fulfilled the highest ministry of life, and "went about doing good."

The winter turned out very cold and severe ; at times things went very hard, and every now and then some article had to be sold to pay the rent and provide coals, but the visits of grannie softened these troubles, until fretful discontent became brave and patient endurance.

What grannie did for Mrs. Linden, Jenny in her way was doing for Billy, who was very gradually getting better ; his mother was often allowed to see him, and Jenny was permitted to come every half-holiday. These times were Billy's hours of great delight, the boy looked forward to them with almost as much joy as Jenny did. For so it is in life, one knows not which is most blessed, the comforters or the comforted. They had long talks, when Jenny heard all about the hospital, the doctors, the nurses, and the patients. Billy could chat away to his little friend as he could not do even with his mother, to her he never spoke of his father, lest it might give her pain ; but to Jenny he poured out his whole heart, from her too he learnt all about his going away on the dreadful night which she remembered so well. He inquired from her the whole incident of the accident, concerning which he was altogether unconscious. Often did he ask her how it happened, and who did it. But to the latter question Jenny's reply was always the same, "Some man who had had a drop too much of drink."

Then Jenny told him in her simple way, knowing all the terrible secret which she kept in her heart, what a fearful thing drink was, and how, as long as ever she lived, she never meant to touch a drop.

One day he told her that the doctor had said he might have some wine, but that he would do as she did and never drink it. So he told the doctor. He would ever so much rather not have any, and when the doctor inquired why, and laughed, he said all his pain was only because some man had taken a drop too much, and that was how he had been run over—lest the day should ever come when he might have a drop too much, he would sooner be without it all his life.

To which the medical man replied, "Well, my little lad, I do not wonder, you have suffered enough by it to hate it for a life-time. I wish all who felt its evils would do without it too. We will give you some better things than wine to take," and with a grave, kind smile said, "I hope you will resist every temptation as you have done this one."

Billy had taught the wise doctor a lesson that he knew not of, but one which was not forgotten for many a long day. And so, by being true and faithful, we are always teaching lessons which we are unconscious of, but which cannot die or pass away.

Billy had made many friends during the long weeks he was confined to bed. Several ladies who visited the hospital brought flowers and picture-books and toys, spoke to him whenever they came, and were very kind. He was a little afraid of them, because they were grandly dressed, but the gentle tones of their voices pleased him.

One in particular Billy liked better than the others, with that strange unreasoning fancy that with children is often so true an instinct, born of sympathy and affection. She would stop and talk with him longer than the rest did, and once she sat down and said she was glad he was getting better, by-and-bye he would be out again and see his mother and father. The tears started to his eyes at the remembered thought of home without father, and he shook his head as the tears began to fall. The lady kissed him, and asked him what it was that made him cry, thinking he had lost one of his parents, so kindly and gently, that somehow the boy felt he could trust her, and bit by bit he told her all about his home and Jenny, his going to the fair, then being run over, and how since that day his father had never been home again. But mother and he were sure that, hearing of the accident at the public-house from Jenny, he started off at once to come to see him, but on the way some one must have taken the money from him which belonged to Farmer Knaggs; and mother says, "Being fair-time, it's like enough father had a glass or two of beer, and perhaps had a little drop too much, and therefore thought he was guilty of the loss of the money, and so was ashamed to return, and went away to get work elsewhere, and when he's earned the money again he'll come back to pay it all."

Such was the interpretation affection alone could find for the absence of John Linden. The lady said very little, but was touched by the child-faith that sheltered the sinning father. Her only words were, "And if your father does not come soon you must go and find him and *lead him home again;* won't that be a beautiful work to do?" They fell into his heart like a revelation and became an inspiration; here was a mission, it sank as a seed in good soil, it grew into a purpose that one day should be fulfilled. And next time he saw Jenny he would tell her.

In the meantime the kind lady saw the chaplain and asked him if nothing could be done for the boy, it was evident he would be a cripple for life, and only in a long time would he be well enough to do anything to earn a living. Manual labour was not possible for him, and to be an efficient clerk he must receive a better education; besides, it would be months and months before he could go to the parish school. They talked the matter well over and by the interest they awakened in the case, they determined something should be done, for it was quite plain the father had run away, and to all intents the poor lad was an orphan; his mother could not afford to keep him, it might bring both to the workhouse, or else the poor fare and hard living would not improbably kill the boy in his weak state of health. So it was resolved that he should be sent to a home for little cripples, where he would be carefully educated, and where every suitable comfort would be found for him.

When he first heard about the kind suggestion, he was sadly disappointed, saying, "he would rather go home and be with mother." The thought of a new life among strangers far away was a fresh trouble to him, after he had been looking forward to going back to Selford, and being with Jenny, and Jack, and his mother. But when Jenny came again to see him she saw at once how good it would be for him and that he would get a start in life he never would have without it; beside, she saw the poverty at his home, and knew what a hopeless fight weakness and bodily infirmity make in this world for bread and shelter. She cheered him with the best thoughts and hopes about the future, and declared the home and friends would all be so nice, and coming back to Selford for a holiday would be such grand fun, and though it nearly broke her little heart to say so, she said, "it was the very best thing that could happen."

It was a bitter cold winter's day, the snow had fallen on the earth, and the snow-clouds were all gone from the sky, and the heavens were

bright and clear, the glow of the sunset reflected by the white snow came in through the long windows of the ward and then fell upon the children, the fire flickered and crackled in the large grate, the picture-book had fallen on the floor out of which Jenny had been reading, her lips quivered, she fixed her eyes upon the white-washed wall where the red rays sent their parting gleam, her heart was full ; it was hard to know he would be farther off, and she couldn't see him and comfort him. But Jenny had something of the spirit which makes mothers send their sons as missionaries, and helps sisters to part from brothers for days and years because it's better they should go, and that made the maidens smile through their tears in the ancient days of chivalry and high renown, when they buckled on the sword to their knight's armour, which no hands should ever unloose ; it is by such far-reaching sacrifice that the noblest deeds are wrought by men and the most heroic victories won. Jenny went out before the sunlight quite passed away, but when she reached home the stars were shining like a galaxy of sparkling fire-flies and brilliant diamonds through the piercing air, and the keen wind cut her like the pain she felt at her heart—

"O Wind, if winter come, can spring be far behind?"

(*To be continued.*)

AROUSE YE, MEN OF ENGLAND.

AROUSE ye, men of England,
Who boast your country free,
Arouse ye in the sacred name
Of home and liberty !
There's a treacherous foe among you,
In cottage and in hall,
Binding his million captives fast
In base and bitter thrall ;
Each year by tens of thousands
He lays his victims low—
Then rouse ye, men of England,
And crush your country's foe !

By the cry of hopeless anguish
That rises up to heaven,
From hearths made dark and desolate,
Whence every joy is driven ;
Where the wife sits broken-hearted
In more than widowed woe,
Trembling to hear the footsteps nigh
That brings the curse and blow ;
And the children cower in terror,
Hushing their hunger-wail—
Arouse ye, men of England,
And make the tyrant quail !

By manhood's strength dishonoured,
Of reason's crown bereft,
All that was pure and noble gone,
Only a demon left ;
By woman's form degraded,
Whence the mother's heart has flown,
Deaf to her famished infant's cry,
Deaf to its dying moan ;
By childhood, old in sorrow,
In rags and crime and woe—
Up, haste ye to the rescue,
And lay the enslaver low !

By the sounds of strife and bloodshed
That ring throughout the land,
By the death-shriek of the victim,
And the murderer's gory hand ;
By remorse, all vainly brooding,
In the felon's gloomy cell,
By madness with its fevered brain
And wild delirious yell—
Arouse ye, men of England,
And lay the tyrant low !
Up, ye who love your country,
No quarter to the foe !

By the house of prayer forsaken
For the gilded haunts of sin,
Like gorgeous palaces without,
But dens of crime within ;
By the white robe of religion,
With deeds of evil stained ;
By the holy banner of the Cross
In the heathen sight profaned ;
By all in heaven that's sacred,
Or dear on earth below—
Arouse ye, men of England,
And crush your country's foe !

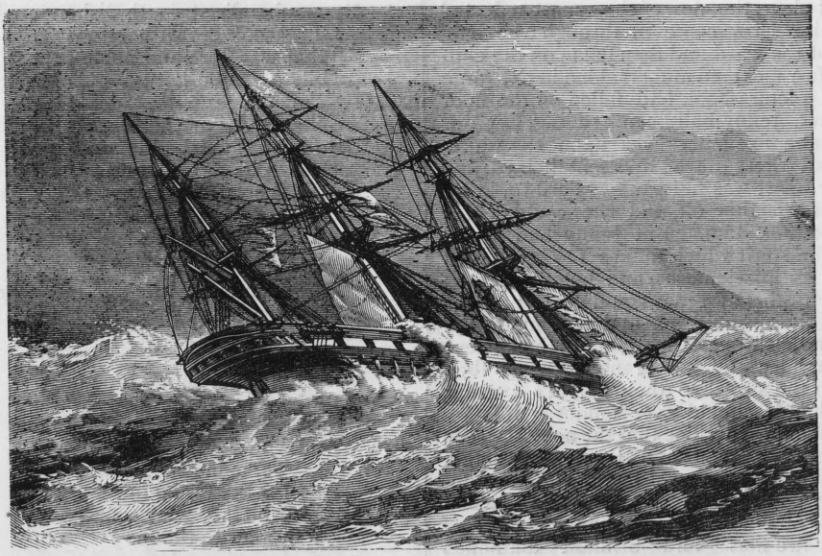
A. L. WESTCOMBE.

NEVER BE A TEMPTER.

BY UNCLE BEN.

JAMES THERWELL was a young middy, and he was one of the jolliest of young tars that ever left the shores of good Old England. His heart's desire from infancy had been to go to sea, his first playthings were boats, water almost seemed his natural element ; so fond was he of being on it and in it, that he could row or dive or swim against all the boys at his school.

When his time came for leaving school his mother wisely chose for him the calling he most desired, only, instead of permitting him to go into the Royal Navy, as the boy in his youthful ardour wished, she would have him enter the more peaceful and useful service of the merchant line. She had a friend who exerted himself for her son's welfare in the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The result was that a good captain



and a fine vessel was found, in which James Therwell was to begin his naval career.

His mother was a widow, and fortunately had some little property in her own right, or else she would have been left penniless to keep herself and educate her son, for the father had been of a gay, lighthearted disposition, generous and kind, a good host at home, a pleasant guest abroad, and always excellent company. But, unfortunately, he had no ballast, no pledge to steady him, no safeguard in time of danger.

From being the pride and joy of his wife's heart and home, he became a curse and a wreck, almost broke her heart, and though she tended and loved him to the end, he slowly but surely drank himself into an untimely grave. She, with an agony of devotion, watched him sink lower and lower, and saw his health giving way before his intemperance.

And when he died her whole life seemed turned to her son, and her heart was fearful for the future, but her mind was bent on the determination to save her boy from the course of ruin that his father had followed. To her precepts and words she added the more powerful influence of her example and her practice.

Never had she allowed James to touch intoxicating drink. But now as he was going away from her watchful care and loving control to be in the midst of new temptations in untried circumstances, she wished the lad to take the pledge with him that he might be all the more bound to temperance and strengthened against the smallest as well as the greatest inducement to drink.

At first he was most reluctant to sign, saying, "Her wish was enough to keep him steady." "Ah, but," replied his mother, "if you cannot take the pledge because I wish it and because I believe it best for you, you will never find strength of purpose strong enough when the trial comes to resist." Seeing the grief his persistent refusal caused his mother, at last he said, "Here goes, and for your sake I will."

The parting was over, the mother's heart was comforted in her sorrow. The day was fair and the sea calm, all looked beautiful as the good ship sailed down Southampton Water, and steered her course along the Solent out to the open ocean.

All was strange and new, the first day seemed so long and yet so pleasant, but the next day the wind freshened and a heavy swell began to roll, James bore this very well for the first few hours, but bye and bye he began to feel very queer, in a little time he felt all the misery of sea-sickness. One of the mates on board, seeing how he looked, said, "Here, youngster, take some of this, and then go down below, you'll be better by-and-bye; we all have to go through the stage you are in, but when you can drink like a jolly tar, you won't be sea-sick any more. Here, take a pull, this'll help to set you right." As he offered him the flask of brandy, James put out his hand and said, "No, thank you, I can't take it."

"Oh, that's nonsense; it'll do you good," was the reply.

It was indeed hard for James to refuse. He thought, if it will do me good, I am sure, when I

"Take a pull; this'll help to set you right."—p. 116.

feel so bad, mother will not mind; then he remembered his pledge, and it was his safeguard.

"No," repeated the boy, "I have signed the pledge and mean to keep it."

"When the other lads hear that, they'll do what they can to tempt you to break it. You know, youngster, you have got to pay your footing and stand grog before the week's out," said the mate, laughing.

Soon after the boy went below in a state of complete wretchedness and misery, and he dreaded the coming ordeal of the mate's prophecy more than tongue could tell. He soon got over the sea-sickness, and without any brandy.

The time of trial came sure enough. Fierce and hot the chaff and persecution became which he had to endure, but his courage and fidelity made another lad a hero who would never have had the courage to stand alone. They paid down their shares of money, which they could ill afford from their little store, to be given for any object the older middies and junior officers decided, but they neither drank nor gave drink to the others.

It was cruel work which these two lads had to suffer from their companions, but it made them firm and fast friends.

When the Queen's birthday came, the cap-

tain and senior officers invited all the ship's crew to drink her health, and grog was served all round down to the lads.

In the state cabin all the officers assembled, and the captain proposed Her Majesty's health, and hoped every loyal man and lad would drink it with three times three in bumpers of champagne.

Looking round he noticed the two boys looking nervous and abashed, and without wine. He said, "Fill up, boys, one and all."

"No, thanks, sir," said James, "we can't. I am a teetotaler for mother's sake; but as there's no water here to drink the Queen's health in, we wish it all the same."

"Spoken like a man," said the captain; and knowing well what teasing the boys would get, continued, "I trust no one will tempt you to break your promise."

That night many on board were far from sober. The mate, who first had been the tempter to James, had a cabin near where the middies slept. In the middle of the night James was awake and fancied he smelt the unusual smell of something burning very near at hand. He quietly and quickly stole out of his hammock and peeped into the mate's cabin and found it full of smoke; he could hardly see anything for the darkness, but in a moment he guessed the lamp had been upset, or by a match, or pipe, or by some means, the blankets and bedclothes were smouldering and in a few moments would burst into flames. He flew quietly along to where he knew buckets of water always hung in rows, hastened noiseless back on his bare feet, and without an instant's loss of time threw its contents on the already lighted flame that was just about to burn into a great flame round the mate, who lay fast asleep in a drunken sleep. James pulled him forth on to the floor of the cabin and deluged the place again and again with buckets of water till all sign of fire was extinguished. The cold water and noise and suffocation from the smoke in the little cabin roused the mate. When he saw how matters were, what a near escape he had had, and from what trouble and danger the whole ship had been saved, and by whom the hand of deliverance had been wrought, he knew not what to say and do.

An inquiry was made into the matter; all was made to appear as light as possible to save the punishment and disgrace that the mate might, most probably would, have incurred. James made nothing of his own conduct, and his account so lessened the very serious aspect of the case, that with a severe reprimand the affair blew over.

But neither the mate nor James forgot it. Soon after the former said one day when they were alone, "I mean to give the whole drink business up, and I won't tempt any more to sin and folly through my example. To be a tempter and lead others astray is being like the devil. You, James, have saved me, and I'll help you to save others. I won't be a Satan among my fellows, I'll be on the right side myself and do what I can to aid and not to hinder others. James, give me your hand, I am going to be an abstainer." And from that day he was. There was soon a marked change in many of the crew, temperance advanced, and James's influence and fidelity had a large reward.

Boys, never be a tempter. It is a cruel, wicked thing to lead others into wrong. It is worse than doing wrong one's self. And generally any one who is base enough to lead us away from right into mischief and evil will be mean enough to run away and let the blame fall on some one else. Those who are brave enough to set a good example will have courage in hours of danger that others know not of.

When James returned home from his first voyage there was a joy in his heart that some of the old sea-kings never knew.

SMOKING.

A Dialogue for Three Boys.

BY W. HOYLE.

Enter Edward. Sits down and reads the paper. Enter George and Thomas, with short pipes in their mouths.

Edward.—Sit down, gentlemen, I've something important to read for you. (*G. and T. sit down, while E. reads as follows.*) "We regret having to announce the total destruction by fire of the house of Mr. Samuel Tottingham, of Greenbank, thereby causing the death of his wife and two children. This melancholy occurrence has been traced to the negligence of the groom, who was lighting his pipe, and threw the lighted match on some shavings."

George.—Bad job, Tom; very bad—very.

Thomas.—It is. The stupid fellow ought to have known better. I'm always very careful in lighting my pipe. (*Presses the weed in his pipe.*)

E.—I dare say if all smokers were questioned, each one would say the same.

T.—But a fellow that sets a house on fire must be very careless indeed.

G.—Of course he must.

E.—It does not follow, for a prudent man may sometimes be the innocent occasion of a disastrous event; but, in a certain sense, I regard all smokers as careless persons.

T.—Do you include me?

G.—And me?

E.—I include you both when I say, "all smokers."

T.—You have made a statement which I, for one, require you to prove.

G.—And I, for another. (*Both put their pipes in their pockets.*)

E.—Well, in the first place, I charge you with being careless of your money. Now, suppose you each spend one shilling a week in tobacco.

G.—I spent 1s. 4d. last week.

T.—It costs me about 1s. 3d. a week.

E.—Well, take 1s. 3d. a week, which makes 10s. a month both together. That sum, if invested each month at five per cent. compound interest, would, in fourteen years, realise £120. Think of that, gentlemen—£120 in fourteen years! That sum would build a comfortable house to live in, or it would pay for two thousand eight hundred and eighty Bibles at 10d. each.

G.—Facts are obstinate things, Tom.

T.—They are; and that sort of reckoning looks rather a serious affair, when one reflects that you and I, if we continue smoking for fourteen years, will puff away the price of two thousand eight hundred and eighty Bibles!

E.—But there are other losses beside the loss of money. You will not say that smoking is a natural habit?

T.—Well, I suppose it is artificial.

G.—Yes, yes, Tom; artificial, that is, acquired, of course.

E.—Is there anything in the structure of the human frame which renders smoking necessary?

G.—I don't know. Tom, what say you?

T.—Well, of course there are thousands who never smoke, and therefore smoking cannot be necessary to health. But there are exceptions. There's my old uncle John says he couldn't live without his pipe; he's troubled so with wind on the stomach.

G.—Very bad, Tom, very; nothing worse than wind on the stomach. Rather have a mutton chop on any time.

E.—But, gentlemen, let me ask you seriously, what induced you to begin smoking?

G.—Don't know. Tom, do you?

T.—Why, of course, we learned by seeing others smoke.

E.—Very true; but did you not find, at first, that nature very emphatically protested against the practice?

G.—Nature protesting!—what's that, Tom?

T.—Why, you know how difficult it was to overcome the nausea when we first began smoking.

G.—Yes, yes, very.

E.—Then, why did you not heed the warning voice of nature, and give up the habit in the beginning?

T.—Why, of course, it looks manly to smoke.

G.—Of course it does, Tom.

E.—Tell me, then, in what true manliness consists?

T.—Why, in doing what a man ought to do.

G.—Just so, Tom; just so.

E.—Then I ask you, gentlemen, seriously, Ought a man, for the sake of a useless indulgence, to spend his money, waste his time, and injure his health?

T.—Why, there's Jonathan Hobbs, sixty-four years old; he's been a smoker since he was fifteen, and he's not dead yet.

G.—Hear, hear, Tom; that's right.

E.—The case may be true enough; but can you say that he and his children have always enjoyed sound health?

T.—Why, no; he has had several attacks of illness, and his children do not appear the healthiest.

E.—You may depend upon it, as true as the sun shines in the heavens, so true is it that every infringement of God's physical laws must be followed, sooner or later, by suffering. In other words, there is no affinity between the human frame and a pipe of tobacco. God never intended man's mouth for a fumigator, and to a right-thinking mind the practice appears extremely absurd, and is, to some extent, an indication of the want of true manliness.

G.—That's saying a good deal, Tom, isn't it?

T.—It is; but you see, you and I, like many other noodles, do things before we ask ourselves the question, "Why do I do it?" It reminds me of the story of the man who went to the doctor.

G.—What story, Tom?

T.—Well, a man went to the doctor to inquire if smoking would injure his brain. The doctor said he was sure it would not. The man then inquired how it was the doctor was so confident about it? "Why, sir," replied the doctor, "I consider a man that smokes can have no brains."

E. (*looking at his watch*).—I must leave you, gentlemen; my time is now gone. Think of what I have said. Remember that smoking retards a man's usefulness; remember, too, that your example helps to extend and perpetuate an idle, expensive, and injurious habit. Think how the boys in the street look at you, and learn to copy your example!

G.—That's just the way I learned, Tom. (*Throws his pipe away.*) There, I'll have done with you!

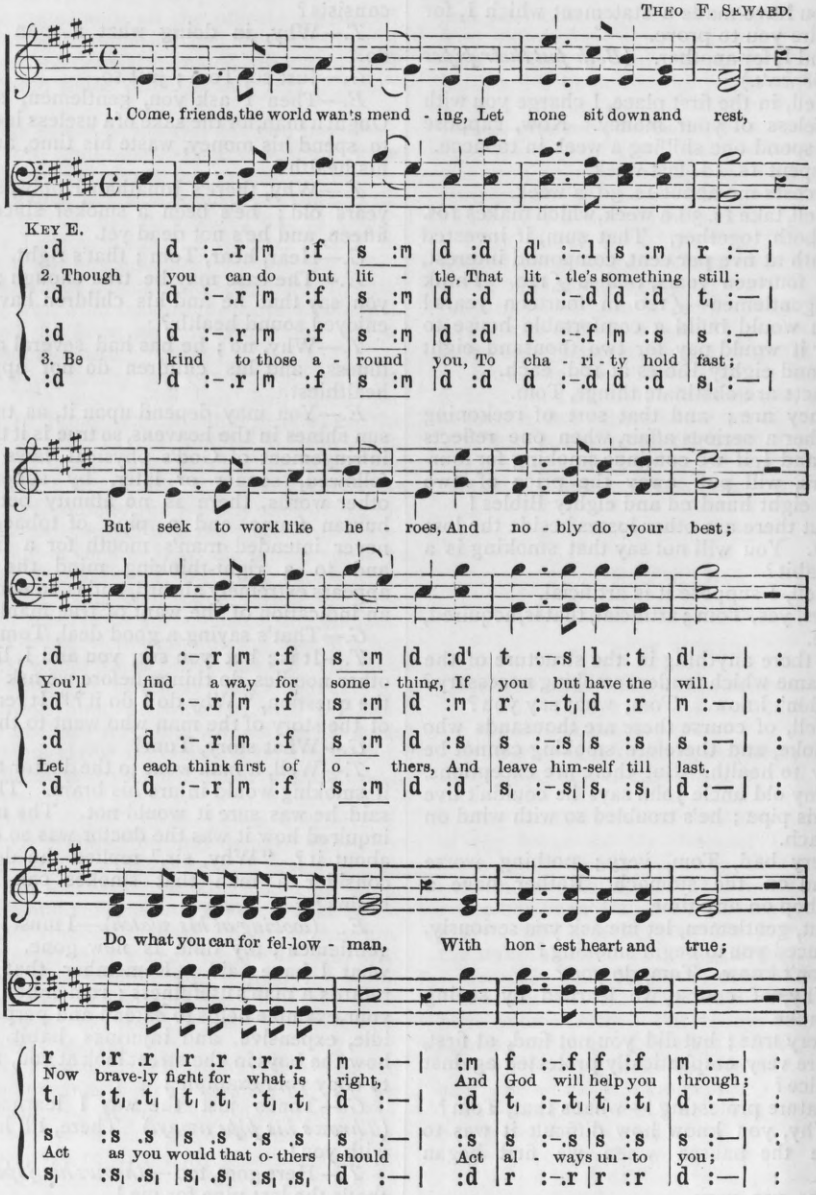
T.—Here goes, too—(*throws his pipe away*)—that's the last pipe for me!

G.—Good day, Tom.

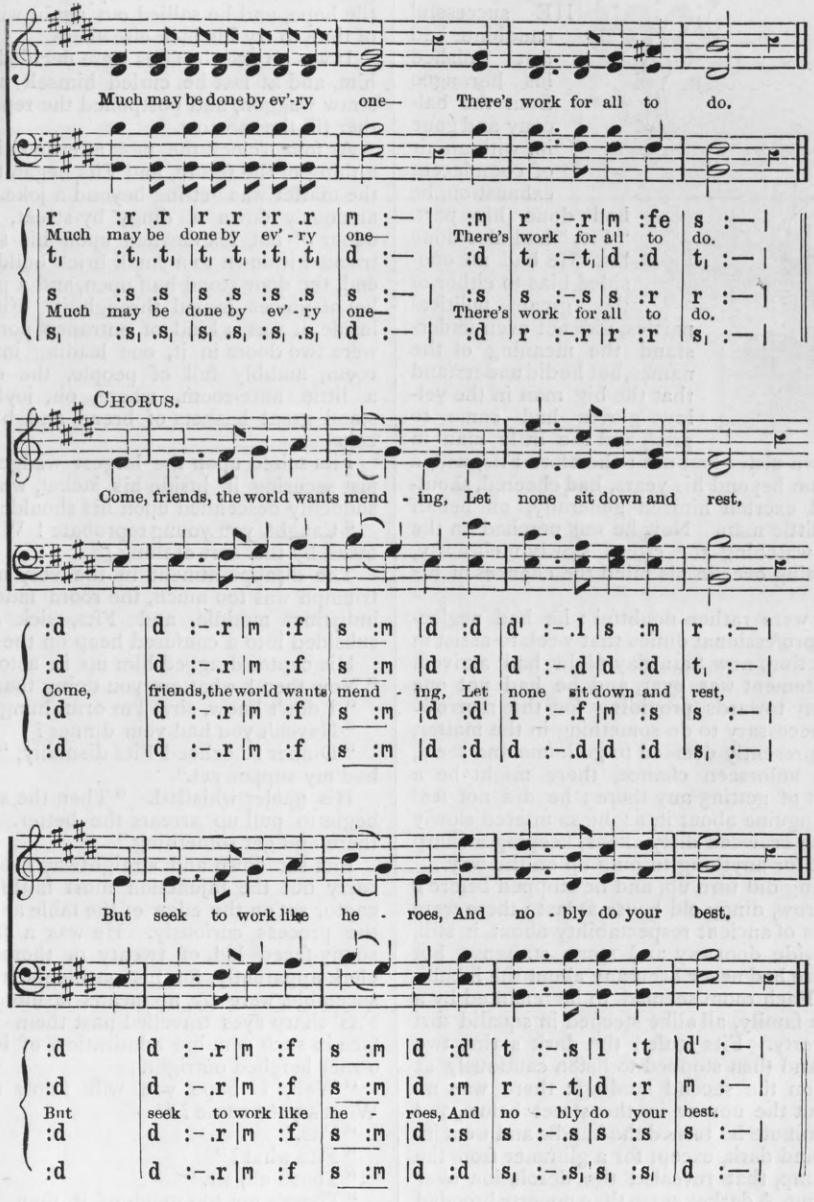
T.—Good day, old fellow; if ever I smoke again, my name isn't Tom!

WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

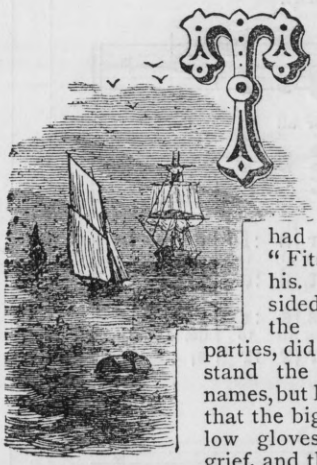
THEO F. SEWARD.



WORK FOR ALL TO DO—*(continued).*



"FITS."



THE successful candidate had just finished his harangue from the balcony and gone in, with an air of complacent exhaustion, he had done his part. "Fits" had also done his. He had no one-sided bias to either of the great political parties, did not even understand the meaning of the names, but he did understand that the big man in the yellow gloves had come to grief, and the little man in the brown ulster had not; therefore Fits, with a discretion beyond his years, had cheered, shouted, and exerted himself generally, on behalf of the little man. Now he was perched on the railing, watching the crowd slowly melt away, and turning over in his mind the chances of his supper.

They were rather doubtful; he had neglected his professional duties that week to assist in the election, now Saturday night had arrived, the excitement was over, and he had not one halfpenny towards providing for the morrow. It was necessary to do something in the matter, and he presently decided to go home and see if, by any unforseen chance, there might be a prospect of getting any there; he did not feel at all sanguine about it, as he sauntered slowly down the crowded dirty alleys, keeping a sharp look-out for anything turning up on the way.

Nothing did turn up, and he stopped before a tall, narrow, dingy old house at last; there were the signs of ancient respectability about it still, in the wide doorway and stone staircase, but alas, there had never been any about the inhabitants. Each room seemed to be tenanted by a separate family, all alike steeped in squalid dirt and poverty. Fits scaled the dark stairs, two flights, and then stopped to listen cautiously at a door on the second landing: there was no sound but the uproar in the street below, and after a minute he turned the handle and went in. Empty and dark, except for a glimmer from the street-lamp, that revealed the desolation over everything. A darker curse than poverty brooded over that wretched room that was all the little street Arab knew of home.

An empty bottle stood on the rickety table, and he turned it upside down for the sake of the few drops at the bottom, but one quick glance showed him that supper there was a futile hope, and he sallied out again without loss of time to try his luck elsewhere.

It was no use, the fates were decidedly against him, and at last he curled himself up under a straw waggon, and postponed the repast altogether till the morrow.

At four o'clock the next afternoon it was still a thing of the future, and Fits began to feel that the matter was getting beyond a joke. Prowling anxiously down a dingy by-street, a sudden odour of hot tea dawned upon his senses; he tracked it down to a small brick building at the end, the door stood half open, and a perfect Babel of voices issued through it. Fits slipped inside, it was a kind of entrance porch; there were two doors in it, one leading into a large room, audibly full of people, the other into a little ante-room, where, oh, joyful sight! stood great baskets of bread and butter, and cake.

Fits seized upon the largest wedge and was just securing it inside his jacket, when a hand suddenly descended upon his shoulder.

"Caught, you young reprobate! What do you mean by this sort of thing?"

The disappointment in the very moment of triumph was too much, the room faded into an indistinct muddle, and Fits, sick and faint, subsided into a confused heap on the floor.

His captor dragged him up in astonishment. "Now then! what are you doing that for?"

"I don't know, sir. I'm orful hungry."

"Haven't you had your dinner?"

"Dinner!" echoed Fits dismally, "I haven't had my supper yet."

His gaoler whistled. "Then the sooner you begin to pull up arrears the better. Sit down there and get something."

Fits sat down and straightway proceeded to carry out the injunction most faithfully. His captor sat on the edge of the table and watched the process curiously. He was a fair-haired, sunny-faced lad, of twenty or thereabouts; a clerk apparently, for his garments, though respectable, were by no means fashionable. But Fits' sharp eyes travelled past them up to his face in such genuine admiration of it, that the owner laughed outright.

"Well, I hope you will know me again. What's your name?"

"Fits."

"Fits what?"

"That's all, sir."

"There's not too much of it, then. Are you often in this plight?"

"Not since I've grown up," returned the urchin with much dignity; "it was the 'lection

you see,"—he stopped short, for the door swung sharply open, and an active little elderly man looked in.

"Why, Stewart, we have been looking everywhere for you. Who have you got in here?"

Stewart explained the position, judiciously suppressing the item of the conviction, a kindly touch that Fits did not fail to note.

Perhaps that one little circumstance was the chief agent in the fact, that when Fits emerged once more into the bleak January night, he had consented to become a regular disciple of the ragged-school, considerably to his own astonishment, it being an institution he had hitherto regarded with unmitigated scorn and disgust. His benefactor walked to the end of the street with him.

"Now, Fits, mind one thing—don't try any little tricks of that kind again. If you get hard up, come to me instead, and I'll help you, though I'm not rich. Good-night."

"All right, sir," responded Fits cheerfully, as he turned down his street, but at the corner he stopped and looked after Stewart's retreating figure. "Uncommon kind of him, but he must be jolly green if he thinks I'm going to miss any chance of dodging the perlice for all the ragged-schools in the town."

Stewart went back to the school for a minute or two. "I think we shall make something of that lad," he said to the superintendent, Mr. George. "There's plenty of intelligence about him."

"Rather too much, I am afraid," was Mr. George's answer. "However, try your best with him, Stewart, he seems to have fixed his regard upon you specially—that is, if we ever see him again."

They did see him again. Amongst the very earliest arrivals the next Sunday afternoon came Fits, but, alas for Stewart's confidence, that very afternoon he was caught red-handed, with Mr. George's best silk handkerchief in his possession.

"It was all hanging out of his pocket," protested Fits in an injured tone, "it was as easy as could be."

"Fits, can't you understand? It's not a question of easiness; you must not do it, because it's wrong."

But it was evident that Fits did not understand. His ideas of right and wrong were of the vaguest, and abstract theories were altogether beyond him. Stewart did as greater minds than his have done, took up lower ground, and descended to bribery and corruption.

"Come home with me, Fits, for an hour, and I'll show you my rooms."

Fits trotted away with him most willingly, it was no small privilege to see the place where his hero dwelt, and he had never been into a swell house in his life.

It was swelldom on a very small scale, two tiny rooms in a dull narrow street, but the order and neatness, the fire, the brass kettle, the tea-tray, and higher still, the concertina and stereoscope on a side-table, struck reverential awe into Fits' very soul. The landlady looked doubtfully at him as she admitted them, but Stewart was more than polite to him; he called for a second cup, and gave him a huge piece of seed cake, and afterwards brought out the stereoscope, and allowed him to look to his heart's content. It was not till he was on the point of leaving that he came back to the handkerchief business: "Don'tdo it, because I ask you not to, Fits; it's bad for you, and I don't like you to."

Fits looked up wonderingly at Stewart's earnest face, "Very well, governor, if it's to please you, I won't."

* * * * * * * *

"Stewart," said Mr. George one night a few weeks later, "did you know that your young friend has a great liking for spirits? I found him only last night with two other lads emptying a gin bottle among them, and enjoying it, too."

"I didn't know it," returned Stewart; "he has learned it from his father, I suppose. I have seen him once or twice, he looks as if he had never been really sober."

"So much the worse for Fits, he inherits the taste, and there's everything around him to encourage it. It's a hard fight for a drunkard's children, it is scarcely possible to save them from it."

Fits knew the way to Stewart's rooms very well indeed by this time, one, and sometimes two, evenings every week he was a visitor there. Stewart was trying by slow degrees to let a little light in upon the lad's mind—by very slow degrees, for Fits was in a state of glorious ignorance of even the first principles of religion or morality. It was little use talking of the great Fatherhood to the little waif who had never grasped the idea of an earthly father, and Stewart grew almost awed at times to find that he himself represented the highest good Fits seemed able to comprehend.

The next night that Fits made his appearance Stewart plunged into the gin question. "Do you mean to grow up like your father?"

The look of disgust on Fits' countenance answered that sufficiently. "Because, if you don't, you must put a stopper on this gin-bottle business at once. How often do you get it?"

"Oh, some—most days. Folks'll often give you a drink when they won't other things."

"Well, you must drop it—I do without it, and so must you."

"I can't," cried Fits piteously; "you don't know what a difference it makes."

"Try for a week or two, it will be easy enough after that, my laddie: it's for your own good."

Fits said little about the matter the next time he came, but his quiet manner and a pinched look in his face told that life was not an easy thing just then, and by way of cheering him, Stewart began to talk of the coming Whit-week, when the entire ragged-school were to be exalted to that highest pinnacle of earthly bliss —a day in the country. "You shall have the box-seat on the first waggon, Fits, it's a splendid place for seeing the road."

Fits listened thoughtfully. "I've never seen the country, but I know just what it's like, I've seen the carts coming to the market, full of onions and cabbages, often."

"Ah! wait till you see them growing, and green trees, and grass, it will be something to remember."

"How long is it first?" queried Fits as he rose to go.

"Hardly a fortnight now, that will soon slip by." And as they stood at the door, looking down the narrow street lit up with the white moonlight, Stewart asked him if he had kept his promise.

"Yes, I've kept it, but it's orful hard."

"It is awful hard, but don't give in to it, my lad, keep up a little longer."

Only a little longer. The eve of the great day came very speedily; Fits went home earlier than usual that night, to look over his wardrobe and see if anything could be done by way of giving it a festive appearance suitable to the occasion. It struck him that a few buttons would improve the fit of his pantaloons considerably, and he ran up to the attics, where dwelt a benevolent tailor, to see if he could extract a couple out of him. The tailor was in a liberal frame of mind, and further increased the value of the gift by the loan of a needle and thread. Fits vaulted down the stairs again in the highest spirits, at his own landing he came into violent and unexpected collision with his father, who was stumbling up. He turned upon him savagely, "Confound you, can't you look where you're going? Take that."

Generally Fits was active enough in dodging blows, but to-night he was either reckless or unprepared, it caught him with stunning force, there was a confused dizzy pain, and he fell heavily forward headlong down the staircase.

The ragged-school mustered its full ranks the next morning, but Fits did not show up amongst them. Stewart mentioned it to Mr. George in astonishment. "I thought he would have been here long before the door opened. I hope nothing is wrong with the lad."

"Slip round and see," suggested the other; "it would be an awful disappointment if we went without him."

Stewart hurried away down the stifling alleys; he knew the house well from the outside, Fits had pointed it out at a very early stage of their acquaintance. He put his head in at the first door across the threshold.

"Can you tell me if Fits is anywhere about? We are waiting for him at the school yonder."

A slatternly, hard-featured woman looked up from her work. "Then you'll wait long, I'm thinking. He's off to another country."

Stewart looked at her in startled inquiry, she dropped her coarse slop-work and came to the door. "You can go up and look at him, if you like; his father was drunk last night, as usual, and knocked him down those steps. He has enough sense left to keep out of the way now, though," she added bitterly, "and maybe it's as well for the lad."

Stewart groped his way up without answering, and in at the door she nodded at.

The June sunshine streamed in through the broken panes across the wretched mattress in a corner, where the little Ishmaelite had been laid. Stewart knelt down beside him: so much he had meant to teach the little lad and do for him, and here the lesson, scarcely begun, was broken off for all time, the hopes and fears folded away together in the silence of death.

A higher than he had taken Fits' future in hand, and it was beyond all possibility of failure now.

E. K. O.

THE CHILDREN.

WHO would not love the children,
Or join them in their play?
They bring the sunshine to our hearts,
And chase our care away.

Their merry laughter makes us glad,
Forgetting toil and pain—
In fancy we as children live
Life's rosy morn again.

Fair flowers of the household,
Sweet messengers of love,
They tell us of the purer life
In that bright home above.

O! wide shall open heaven's gate
To let them enter in,
And all must share their innocence
The crown of life to win.

W. HOYLE.

"Who would not love the children,
Or join them in their play?"—p. 124.

COUNSEL TO THE GIRLS.

BY GRACE ORA.

DO you ever think, my dear girls, of the part you ought to take in the world's work? of the responsibility which rests upon you for its faithful and perfect doing? Yes, you have a great and noble mission, though, so long as it remains great and noble, a quiet one. Don't think that the thousand opportunities which cross your path in the home-life for blessing and helping others are too trivial to be noticed. The little seed in the shady corner, though dropped by chance and long since forgotten, will take root and bear, in its day, a bright, sweet flower. Look around, everywhere are tears you may dry, smiles that will glow all the brighter for your sharing them, sad eyes that will gladden at a word of sympathy, tired hearts and hands that long for rest, whose burden you may bear awhile. Angel's work and woman's work. Help all you can, by cheering words, by your sweet influence, by the power of love. And it is ever the busiest women who are the most helpful; those who think much, and plan much, who have their heads and hands and hearts full. Be watchful for the small needs of others, try to do the right thing at the right time, quickly and quietly, for their comfort.

And as the years go by, though you need not join the fighting ranks in the great battle, it will be for you to train aright the fighters, to sustain their strength, to comfort them when overcome, and at all times to cheer. I remember once hearing a touching story of an old woman who lived in the Black Country. Her husband was employed in a foundry a mile distant from their cottage home, his duty being to keep the furnaces burning during the night. One night, while the old man was at work, a severe snow-storm arose, forming deep and dangerous drifts in the fields on his homeward way. Anxious for her husband's safety, the old woman lighted a lantern, took a shovel, and actually cleared a way through the snow, all the way to the foundry, in order, as she said, that her old man might walk home comfortable. Let such be our work. Many a road through the snow may we clear for weary feet that have travelled far, for little feet that wait for us to remove a stone or a thorn—aye, and for erring feet too, that are tired of wandering, and need an easy path home. And though our task be a hard one, and at times seems hopeless, it will not be for nought if by it one of God's "little ones" has been helped onward towards Home.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE things are often neatest :
Little words are always sweetest ;
Little lakes the stillest lie ;
Little charities farthest fly ;
Little seeds produce our trees,
Little drops of rain our seas ;
Little words of kindness often
Will a heart of anger soften ;
Little sympathies with grief
More than aught will give relief.
When, in stillness (oft unbroken
Save by sighs, and one word spoken :
One little word, one little kiss)
Two hearts united are in bliss.
These loving hearts, so closely beating,
Their vows of constancy repeating,
May soon by actions of their own,
For which no sorrow can atone,
By little words upset the vow
They register in heaven now.
Little songs we love the best,
Little cares disturb our rest ;
Little birds the sweetest sing ;
And, when nature makes a thing
Especially rare, she'll always choose
Little things—as little dews,
Little diamonds, little gems,
Little plants with little stems :
Little things we love the strongest,
Hope for most, remember longest.

S. H.

DO NOT TOUCH IT.

BOYS, never put a foot in a public-house or shop where liquor is sold. It is the resort of idlers, blackguards, bad fathers, and wicked children. In such a place who is safe? Never enter it. Shun it as the way to a dishonoured and wasted life. Hear the parable of

THE RAT-TRAP.

The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a small steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said—

"It is my opinion, that if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."

All the rats present loudly squealed assent, and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes; but the devastations of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another "convention." The elders had just assembled, and had commenced their deliberations, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring stood up to speak. All were instantly silent, when, stretching out the remains of his leg, he said—

"My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap—*Do not touch it.*"

EXAMPLE.

"FATHER NEVER PRAYS."

THE Rev. J. E. Page tells the following little story about a man he knew well, who was a member of a Christian Church. When he began his Christian life one of the first things he did was to kneel daily with his wife and children, making his home a temple where God was worshipped—and life was all the brighter, and daily duty all the better, for these minutes of praise and blessing. All the little ones were taught to pray. But after a time the father began to grow careless and indifferent, and his heart grew cold, until he gave up the practice of regularly praying every day with his family; and then it ceased altogether. One morning, when his little boy was just about to begin his prayers, he stopped short and said, "Me shan't pray any more—father never prays now; he only whispers upstairs."

Sad words from a child's lips—"Father never prays now." Are they true of any earthly father? One fears they must be too true of many a parent's life. Is time so full of work, or of eating and drinking, that there are not a few moments for prayer with the children? If we wish to make our family life really Christian, we must be religious all round. The day's work and pleasure, school and play, should begin, where we should like all life's work and joy to end—in God's blessing. There is no preaching so powerful as practice, no teaching so lasting as example. Fathers and mothers, if you wish your children to grow up God-loving men and women, consecrate your lives and theirs to His service.

You wish the children always to take the right way; then take it yourself. You wish to give them a good start in life; then give each day the best start you can. You wish to save them from sin and temptation; this is most surely done, not only by keeping them out of harm's way, but by bringing them into the good way. And with regard to the one great evil whereby so many fall—namely, strong drink—the only method to ensure a life of temperance is always to avoid the cause of intemperance. If those words, "Father never prays," are a solemn rebuke for an unworthy example, let them become a lesson to us, that our influence may be a power for good to the little ones that are around us so that the children may rise up and say of us, not only "Father always prays," but "Father never drinks."

REMEMBER HE'S A MAN.

WHEN you see a wasted form,
And want's uplifted eye,
Think, you are his fellow-worm,
Before you pass him by.
Never scorn in pompous pride,
But raise him if you can!
Soon you may be side by side—
Remember he's a man.

When you see a drunken sot
From out the tavern reel,
Be thankful for your better lot,
And turn not on your heel.
Go, warn him of the dreadful glass,
And save him if you can;
But never scorn him as you pass—
Remember he's a man.

When you see a coloured skin,
Oh! speak in kindly tone;
Perchance a heart may beat therein
More tender than your own.
'Tis true he was with fetters born,
But break them if you can,
And give him not one look of scorn—
Remember he's a man.

When you see the "rough hard hand,"
Besmeared with daily toil,
Oh, never at a distance stand
For fear that it should soil.
He will not bear to be despised,
The meanest never can,
Or even to be *patronised*—
Remember he's a man.

Whene'er you meet, in life's rough track,
A brother gone astray,
Stretch forth a hand to bring him back—
Turn not the other way.
There is no shame in humble birth,
Then help it when you can;
And e'en the meanest wretch on earth—
Remember he's a man.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WORK.—All persons feel, more or less, the dull monotony of their daily employment—if they are in any way out of sorts, they fancy that they would give anything if they could but escape from the mill which they consider is grinding the life and the spirit out of them—and all persons imagine, to a greater or lesser extent, that they are badly used by fate because it is a law of their existence that they must labour in ways which they do not love. Some men, however, fight against their natural inclination to shirk their duties: they make an effort of will, they put their hearts into what they have to do, and then, nine times out of ten, their fits of depression pass away, and they regard with something approaching delight what at one time appeared to them almost horrible.

The opinions and criticisms of others deserve our respectful consideration. They come to us as part of the materials which go to make up our conduct and our life, and they should form at least one factor in every decision. At the same time, it is never to be forgotten that these opinions come to us, not as an authority to be obeyed, but as subject-matter for our examination and judgment. We are to treat them with neither defiance nor submission; we should neither dismiss them as worthless, nor yield to them as infallible.

THE habits of fruit are peculiar: we have seen a raisin box, a fig drum, and an apple stand all day on the corner of the street.

A GENTLEMAN, having occasion to call on an author, found him at home in his study. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said "it was as hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied the author; "for here I make my bread."

AN innkeeper, having started business in a place where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign, "Trunk Factory." "Oh," said the friend, "just change the 'T' to 'D,' and it will suit you exactly."

YOUNG man, don't try to forget your identity and become somebody else; for the other chap is almost sure to be an inferior person.

A MUSICIAN wants to know how to strike a bee flat, and at the same time avoid being stung by its demisemiquaver.

"IT is strange," said a young man, "that a poorly educated girl stands just as good a chance of marrying well as a scholarly one." "Not at all strange," responded a lady; "because the fact is, the young men are not sufficiently well educated to know the difference."

SHERIDAN being on a parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat he bowed, and looking around the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman *move* that I may take the *chair?*"

A MAN, noted for the non-payment of his bills, remarking that he "sprang from Mother Earth," a bystander said: "If that's so, you are a disgrace to your maternal ancestor." "How so?" inquired the impecunious young man. "Because she always settles in the spring, and you never settle," was the reply.

A WOMAN went to the police headquarters to have them hunt for her missing husband. "What is his distinguishing feature?" "A large Roman nose," she answered. "Then he won't be found," emphatically exclaimed a policeman, "for a nose of that kind never turns up."

"DO you know that I am going to whip you?" said a teacher to one of his small pupils. "I suppose you will now," replied the boy with a gleam in his eye, "as you are so much bigger than I am. But remember that I have a future before me."

A WELL-DRESSED man is a neat one, but a gluttonous man is an eater.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Coffee Public-House News—Temperance Record—The Rechabite—Temperance Herald—Band of Hope Chronicle—Irish Temperance League Journal—The British Temperance Advocate—The Irish Temperance League, Band of Hope Union—The Sunday Closing Reporter—The Coffee Palace Temperance Journal.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Brooks' Popular Botany." Comprising all plants most useful to man in medicine and food, etc. Price twopence. With coloured plates.

"Evidence on Sunday Closing of Public-Houses on Sunday before the House of Lords' Select Committee on Temperance." Given by Edward Whitwell, Esq. Threepence.

"The Cambridge Free Press and Moral and Social Reform." A well got-up and admirable number, carefully edited and most thoroughgoing in its temperance advocacy. We are glad to see 3,000 copies are guaranteed.

"Hand and Heart" for July 9th contains a very good likeness of Mr. Fred. Smith, Secretary for the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and gives also an account of his work, with an interesting sketch of the beginning of the movement.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

CHAPTER IX.—SPRING AND CHANGE.

Juliet. Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
—*Shakespeare.*

THE spring came slowly and surely; frost and wind, snow and rain, mud and clouds, all seemed to combine to keep old winter, and retard the coming of new life. But the days grew longer in spite of severe weather, and the snowdrops struggled forth as sweet and silent prophets of the spring. The first one that Jenny found she took with her to the hospital. It was not fully out, only—as she said, "a little baby bud;" but she loved it all the better because it was so small. She bore it to her little friend with as much triumphant pride as if it were some rare flower grown in an Eastern Paradise, or some lotus-bloom gathered from the islands of the far-off sunny seas, instead of coming as it did from the patch of common garden in front of Grannie's cottage. And when she gave this voiceless harbinger of summer to the crippled boy he was glad, very glad, although he knew not why. But the little flower created within him something of the feeling that is suggested to us all in the beautiful story, when the dove came back to the ark bearing the olive-branch—fine symbol, indeed, of a land of promise, where perfect peace shall grow in pure immortal light.

And over dreary seas and the waste of stormy, troubled water gentle hands still carry, and dove-like spirits still bring, God's snowdrops of hope and His messages of peace. This was almost the last of the long and many days the poor boy had spent in the hospital walls, and both the children were happy in the thought; for the lad was to go home for a little time and stay with those he loved. Then when he was a little stronger he was to go to the Home for Cripples, situated in one of the most pleasant suburbs of London, where all arrangements had been made for his reception by the kind lady and the chaplain.

It was a glad, bright day, quite warm and sunny for the time of year, on which Billy was to leave the hospital and its long wards and white beds. He had been ready and waiting some time, when his mother came and said the carrier's van was standing outside. That was indeed a grand drive to Selford. All the world seemed so strange and beautiful, after being so much indoors. The sunshine was glorious, the blue sky clear, the fleecy clouds so far away from earth, the whole world seemed so fresh and clean, the heavens above and the land below had been wind-swept and purified for the joy of spring, the puffs of dust on the white road rose like little clouds of incense as though swung from some unseen censers, the noise of the wheels on the gritty road, and the steady tread of the old horse that nothing had ever persuaded to hurry, was a very music; but best of all was it to hear, when outside the town between the low and leafless hedges and the brown fallow fields beyond, the skylarks sing again. Of old it was said that in dreary desert, as Abraham sat at the door of his tent, the angel of the Lord came, and a voice spoke to him. Can any one doubt it who has heard the lark rise up from the waste of winter and sing, and sing beneath the dull grey sky or in the pure bright blue?

At first he wished the drive might never end, but by-and-by he began to feel tired, and the shaking of the heavy van made him conscious of his helpless limb, and therefore he was quite thankful that the journey was not long. It was nice to note the well-known marks and features of interest—to think how different it all looked when he came along there last. But his feeling rose higher, and he could feel his heart beating quicker as he came in sight of the familiar cottage, and saw the little wicket-gate stand open as if to welcome him back. In spite of sad memories and the father's absence, that first evening at home with mother and Jack and Jenny was a happy time that was never quite forgotten. Grannie was there to meet them when they arrived; she did not say much, and after bustling about and helping to set things right, she went away, saying, "Well, I'll let you be a bit, and come in again in the hevening."

Jenny did not take long running home from school that day, and she had no qualms of conscience about not intruding herself on the domestic privacy of the little family. Farmer Knaggs' traction-engine or the county police force would hardly have been instrumental in drawing the little maid away from Mrs. Linden's home that afternoon. Children's affection is always free from conventional proprieties, because motives are never questioned and forms are forgotten or are unknown in simplest sincerity.

The days went quickly by with pleasant heedless delight for our two little friends, who were spinning the unseen strands of love and service into everlasting bonds. And now it was that Billy began to miss his father. In the hospital, John Linden's absence was to him as a dream; at home, it was a fact now. He was always wondering where he was, why he stayed so long, and when he would come: a fear that something wrong had happened settled in his mind, and as this fear grew, the desire became stronger than ever to find his father and bring him home. Jenny and he talked much concerning it, but how to set about the discovery neither

of them knew. "Why, it will be years before I shall be able to begin to do anything," he said. To which Jenny would reply, that "it did not matter so long as he kept it in his head, and did what he could when the time came." But she never lost sight of this one point, that drink was the cause of all this trouble, and only just a drop too much had done all the mischief. They had often seen drunken people and knew of wretched homes in that village, but now that they had been bitten by the evil they felt how bad the thing must be that caused so much woe and sorrow, and they wanted to do something to prevent all this trouble and sin. But there was no temperance-work in that village, no Band of Hope at their Sunday-school, neither the clergyman nor the people thought about it. The good people who did not get intoxicated said they did not want teetotalism, it was all very well for the wicked people who got drunk; and the wicked people who got drunk did not start a society on their own account, so nothing was done by anybody.

The children spoke to Grannie and told her of their resolve, never to take any more drink while they lived; and Billy confided in her his intention of finding his father some day, and then asked her how he could set about this ambition. The tears came into Grannie's eyes as she listened to them. With regard to the first resolve she told the children they were right. "For," she said, "it ain't no use a-locking the stable-door when the nag's gone; keep the door shut aforehand, that be the right plan. And then I'll join you, for though I likes my drop of beer when I gets it, and I think it help keeps my body warm, it ain't much I takes, and I often thought it seemed as if I had no right to it, seeing what harm it does to others, and I am sure I could do without if I tried. Your mother, Jenny, gives me hot elderberry-wine at Christmas, but it most times gets up into my head. Yes, children, I'll join you, and what's more, I have heard of some man who comes to the Methodist Chapel that is a regular teetotaler. I alus was brought up to the Church, and holds with Church, but I don't know that I be ashamed to hear a ranter, and there is folks as do say he be a first-rate un. I'll speak to John Medlock, him as lives down Baker Lane, and leads the singing, and a good man he is too. I'll see what he says." But concerning the other resolve she knew not what to say, "except that Him as made us, came down to seek and save, and so it was more than likely He would help Billy to find his father, as it seemed to be wonderful like His work." So seed was sown in love and faith which some day must bear fruit.

Not many days after this, Billy and his mother set off for the home at Sydenham, to begin a new life among new faces. There was grief at parting, as there always must be in this life. Saddest of all words are our farewells, but at such times we learn the great might of love, and that is a sorrowless joy, that ofttimes makes the going gain, and leaves us richer for our loss. The winds were gently tempered to the shorn lambs, and though the separation was painful, hope was with them. Besides, in the leaves of the Bible given to him by the lady who had first led him to desire to seek and find his father, was there not Jenny's snowdrop? He did not need it to remind him of her; other thoughts it gave him. Did it not seem to say, "The pure in heart shall see God"? Did it not always speak of many blessings, of the simple child-life, "of such are the kingdom," whom none can forbid saying, "No bitter blast of a cold world can keep me back. When God who made me called me forth, I lived and bloomed for Him and others"? And is not that the end of all true life, simply and only to do His will, here and hereafter?

(To be continued.)

THE SUICIDE.

SEE yon poor shivering, half-clad form
Now wandering through the street,
And pelted by the furious storm
Of driving wind and sleet.

Her pale, expressive, careworn face
Betokens her sad life,
A life of sorrow and disgrace—
A drunkard's wretched wife!

Unheeded by the passing crowd,
Cold, hungry, and heartsore,
Now droops her head, once held so proud
In happy days of yore.

The victim of a drunken freak,
Turned out of doors so late,
Vainly for shelter she must seek—
How terrible her fate!

Tightly unto her breast she clasps
The cause of half her woes—
A helpless babe, who faintly gasps,
Lingering in death's sad throes.

Close at her feet dark waters glide,
She views her dying child,
Resolves beneath the waves to hide,
Heartbroken, hopeless, wild!

She lifts her head to heaven in prayer,
Utters one long shrill scream.
"Forgive!" she cries, in dread despair,
And plunges in the stream!

G. T. GRAY.

HAROLD CLIFFORD'S LESSON.

BY ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

HAROLD CLIFFORD went home one evening from the Band of Hope in a very thoughtful mood, he had heard a most interesting and instructive address, one sentence of which had made a deep impression on his memory.

"Boys and girls," said the speaker, "your fathers would be richer, and your homes more comfortable, if you could persuade your parents to sign the temperance pledge."

"It's all true," said Harold to himself, as he went along home; "my father is not a drunkard, but I know that every day he spends a little money in beer, and that at the end of a year these little sums would make much more than he thinks of."

Harold considered for some time how he could best bring the matter before his father's attention; he knew that if he spoke openly to him, he would very likely be told to mind his own business, so he thought for nearly an hour on the matter, when a bright idea came into his head, which he carried out before he went to bed. Harold washed his large school slate perfectly clean, and there wrote in large letters the following lines—

"A pint of water costs nothing, and does good;
A pint of beer costs twopence, and does harm."

Placing the slate on the table in such a position that it could be easily seen, Harold went upstairs and earnestly prayed God to bless what he had done.

It was ten o'clock when Mr. Clifford came home, and while supper was being prepared his eye rested on the slate. He read the words over and over again, and thought this was a strange home lesson for his little son to write out.

The next morning when the family were seated at breakfast, Harold's father inquired of him for what reason he had written the words on the slate.

"Well, father," answered Harold softly, "I wanted to teach you a lesson I learned last night at the Band of Hope, it was this, father: If people would drink water and save the money they now spend in beer, many families would be richer and wiser for it."

"That's quite right," said the father, "if the man drinks too much and gets intoxicated, but a glass or two of beer a day cannot be thought extravagant."

"No, father, the cost of one glass is not very much, but if you put all the pence together spent in one year, you will find that it amounts to a large sum."

"How thoughtful you are getting, Harold," was the father's reply. "I have a pint of beer for dinner, and then mother and I have another pint for supper: you cannot say that I am a wasteful man."

Harold took up his slate, and having worked a little sum, presented it to his father.

"Look here, father," he said, "two pints of beer a day cost fourpence; if this sum was put into the bank, in one year you would have £6 1s. 8d."

"Stop, Harold," interrupted the father, "you must have made some mistake. I am sure I never spent such a large sum in drink."

"No, father, you did not spend it all at once, but the little sums multiplied, and made a large sum. Suppose, father, you saved this fourpence a day for ten years, then you would have £60 16s. 8d., and if you invested it at five per cent. interest you would have £76 10s. 4d.; besides, father, I am told that money spent in beer does not buy anything worth having: water, which can be obtained for nothing, is a great deal better, and promotes health and happiness."

"You are right, my boy," replied the father, "I have never looked at the matter in your light before; I always thought it was no use trying to save a little money, but I find that if you save little sums, in time, without any labour, they will surprise you by their growth. Thank you for your good lesson."

The little lesson that Harold taught his father, every Band of Hope child should learn and endeavour to teach others: an old proverb says, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." This is quite true, and depend upon it, if you will save your money while young, you will not regret it when you are old.

A LITTLE boy, whose father was a rather immoderate drinker of the moderate kind, one day sprained his wrist, and his mother utilised the whisky in her husband's bottle to bathe the little fellow's wrist. After awhile the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by exclaiming, "Ma, has pa got a sprained throat?"

HOPS AND BARLEY.

I'VE just been walking, Charley,
Through a field of bearded barley,
And I'll tell you what I thought upon the way :
To crowd out wheat with barley,
Is downright folly, Charley,
I've quite made up my mind it does not pay.

For barley goes to making
That liquor we're forsaking, [were ;
That always leaves men worse off than they
The stuff that's always "heady,"
And makes their steps unsteady, [swear.
And gets across their tongues and makes them

Their manners and their morals
It turns to noisy quarrels ;
It makes them fools, and savages, and knaves ;
It sets their strong hands shaking
And women's poor hearts breaking,
It masters men, and makes them *British slaves!*

As I was walking, Charley,
I saw beyond the barley
A thirty-acre piece of tall green hops :
They're mighty pretty growing,
Yet I wouldn't help the sowing,
For they take the room of jolly wheaten crops.

We want to set men thinking,
We want to stop the drinking
(And if we don't, it shan't be trying's fault) ;
We want to make bread cheaper,
We want to pay the reaper ;
We can't do that by growing hops and malt.

For every fruitful acre
Of which we rob the baker,
We're so much out of pocket for our pains ;
For bread we must pay dearly,
But drink comes gratis, clearly, [rains.
Since clouds don't charge for sending down the

If no one bought the beer,
Which is always bad, or dear,
The publican would have to shut up shop :
Perhaps he'd take to farming,
At least he'd leave off harming
Men's blood and brains with mixed-up malt and hop.

So we will set the fashion
(Though p'raps it seems a rash 'un)—
And stick to it until we show it pays—
Of keeping safe our "tanners,"
And sober English manners,
By drinking good clear water all our days.

And then the fields of barley,
And green hop-gardens, Charley,
They wouldn't be so many as they be ;
And sturdy men and jolly
Would wonder at the folly
That ever hindered Britons being free.

L. S. BEVINGTON.

OUR HOLIDAYS.

BY GRACE ORA.

WHAT a merry time we had at the old Wood End Farm! A party of children from hot, dusty, noisy London, with two glorious summer months of holiday in the fresh, rustling, shadowy woods, and on the calm bright sea, before us. We had taken up our quarters in a large farmhouse, so near the sea that we had only to scramble over a few sand-hills, and there lay the beautiful bay—changing its colour a hundred times in the day, but always lovely, whether the waves were tipped with gold in the glowing July sun, or trembling and whispering in the mysterious purple haze of early morning, or tossing and splashing beneath the fresh breeze that had not blown over land since it left America.

But we spent most of our time in the woods.

The little ones, the twins, and Katie revelled there. We listened in delight to the murmur of the wind in the tree-tops, singing, it seemed, in company with the unseen sea ; we took deep draughts of the sweet breath of the woods ; of the fallen leaves, crimson, pale brown and russet, the heaps of fir-needles and pine-cones that strewed the moss. And then the flowers ! the trembling, pale harebells—" Poor little things," Katie said, " how lonely those must be that grow where they can't see any children"—the wreaths of dog-roses, the deep brakes of bramble in full bloom, hawthorns and hazels, and sweet wild-thyme-covered banks, where the bees and butterflies fed by scores.

One evening, as we were gathering together our spoils to carry home, we saw Willy, our landlady's little boy, flying towards us over the sand-hills. As he came nearer he called out to us—

" Miss Mary, Miss Mary, Old Adam's caught Arty ! "

The twins looked terribly frightened, and Katie was ready to cry, but I said, " Never mind, children, Old Adam is not so bad as he looks ; he won't hurt Arty. He has to take care of the little trees, you know." For we guessed what was the matter.

Poor little Arty had wandered away from us to forbidden ground—the plantation of young larches and firs, among whose small stems grew the bilberries and cranberries we all coveted so much, but which we were expressly forbidden to gather for fear of damaging the young trees. The old keeper, whose business it was to protect them, had come upon the poor little trespasser, who, frightened by the sight of the stern face, had, under Adam's very eyes, tumbled upon and crushed a young larch-tree not two feet high. So our unlucky brother was ignominiously borne off, a warning to would-be trespassers. However, his captivity in Adam's little house only lasted till supper-time, when papa went to beg him off, and the keeper released him with great formality and an assumed ferocity which quite overwhelmed poor little Arty. But we consoled him with a double share of strawberries and cream at supper, and Katie offered him all her flowers, which, however, were indignantly refused.

None of the children wandered into the plantation after that, you may be sure. And so our holidays passed all too quickly away ; but the long, bright, happy days filled us with gladness and good feelings, and the mosses and ferns and flowers taught us their own sweet lessons, for there are many stories which even very little children can read in God's great picture-book, Nature. Keep your eyes open, children, during your holidays, for stories and pictures !

" WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE ? "

A Dialogue for Two Girls.

BY EMILY MAUDE PRICE.

Bessie seated at a table, reading. Enter Gertie dressed for a walk.

Bessie (*rising*).—Good evening, dear ; how are you ? I was just wondering if you would call to tell me about your Band of Hope tea-meeting. How did you get on ?

Gertie.—Oh, famously. There was a capital programme, and a crowded meeting, so that it could not fail to be interesting. But why were you not there ? I sent you a circular.

B.—I was busy when it came, and mislaid it, else I should have come ; for though I don't believe in your principles, I think you are well-meaning people.

G.—Thank you. Perhaps if you came a little oftener to our meetings you might soon form as good an opinion of our principles.

B.—I don't think so. Mine is not even as hopeful a case as some others. I think it is ridiculous to teach children to give up drinking that which the Psalmist tells us " maketh glad the heart of man."

G.—I beg your pardon, dear, but you are evidently labouring under a great mistake. We only teach our children to abstain from that of which Solomon says, " At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

B.—But don't you think, Gertie, that Solomon meant that it was not to be used to excess ? We all know that drunkenness is bad, but I cannot see any harm in an occasional glass.

G.—Perhaps you are not aware, Bessie, that the texts we have mentioned speak of two very different kinds of drink. The wine which " maketh glad the heart of man," is not in any respect the same as that which I so often see on your mamma's table, and which the " wise man " so strongly denounces.

B.—Is it not ? Why, I thought wine was the same all the world over.

G.—As we understand the word now, it means an intoxicating beverage, but that does not prove that fermented liquors are meant every time the word is found in the Bible. In the original Scriptures there are thirteen words—nine Hebrew and four Greek—which in our Authorised Version are all translated by the one word " wine."

B.—Then it does not always have the same meaning ?

G.—Oh, no ! Sometimes it is applied to the grape itself, at others to the juice of the grape. In the East, to prevent this juice fermenting, it was sometimes boiled, or buried deep in the earth till wanted, when it was mixed with water

and drunk. But whatever form it took in the original, it is expressed in our English translation by this one word.

B.—Then how can we tell which kind of drink is meant?

G.—As a rule, we can form some idea from the context, but where that is doubtful, or we cannot quite understand the passages, we can read the works of people who are wiser than we are, and who have given the subject their attention. We shall then have all our difficulties cleared away.

B.—Oh! Gertie, do you suppose I am going to worry my poor little head with a lot of dry teetotal books? As it is I am getting tired. I think I'll have a glass of sherry just to liven me up a bit.

G.—Nonsense, Bessie. If you are tired of listening to me, I will gladly be quiet while you repeat all the texts you can think of in which the moderate use of wine is recommended or sanctioned. Come, now, sit down, and let us have the thing fairly and honestly discussed.

B.—Shall we talk about them one at a time as I mention them?

G.—Oh, yes, dear, if you like.

B.—Well, then, let us first consider the meaning of the sentence I repeated at the commencement of this conversation, "Wine that maketh glad the heart of man."

G.—All right, dear; what is your opinion of it? You know I promised to listen.

B.—Half-an-hour ago I should have said the meaning was plain enough, but after what you have told me about those thirteen words meaning so many different things, I do not feel quite so sure of my ground. Still, we know that in our day the wine that we use does cheer the heart. Everybody feels livelier after drinking a glass of wine. Confess now, do you feel as jubilant after eating a bunch of grapes as you used to do when you had been drinking wine?

G.—I do not get quite so excited, but I feel cheered, because grapes and raisins are very stimulating, though they do not intoxicate.

B. (*affecting surprise*).—Oh, then, you do believe in stimulants?

G.—Yes, in natural stimulants.

B.—Please explain to your ignorant friend what you mean by *natural* stimulants. Are not all stimulants natural?

G.—Certainly not. There are some stimulants which are very *un*natural. Alcohol, for instance. Food is a natural stimulant, so is exercise, because they do good to the body at the same time as stimulating it. Alcohol acts in just the opposite manner, it injures the body.

B.—Stay, Gertie, you are making some bold assertions. I should very much like you to prove in what way alcohol injures the body.

G.—By giving it extra work to do. When you drink a glass of wine, the alcohol gets immediately into the blood, where, being a poison, it is most unwelcome, so the heart and the other organs set to work to expel it. While this is going on, however, the other work of the blood, viz., its purifying by the burning up of waste matters, is very much hindered, so that the blood which is sent to nourish the different parts of the body is not so pure as it otherwise would be.

B.—Yes, I see that clearly enough. I think you said just now that grapes are stimulating. Of course I know they are nourishing, so I suppose you would call them natural stimulants?

G.—Yes, most certainly I do. But now, as time is going, will you give me some other reason why I should believe that it is only intoxicating wine which can cheer the heart?

B.—Ah, Gertie, I see you are only laughing at me. I will not attempt such a thing, for I know you are determined to beat me. But now, before you go, can you prove to me that it was only the pure juice of the grape that the Psalmist was thinking of?

G.—I think I can. At any rate I'll try. If you will look at the whole of the sentence, you will see that the Psalmist speaks of the wine in connection with other direct products of the earth, such as grass, bread (or corn), etc. The word in the original meant a sweet and refreshing, not an intoxicating drink. But I must go, as it is getting late. I hope you are satisfied.

B.—You have certainly proved your point. I do not promise to sign the pledge, but I will think about it. When you can spare time, perhaps you will come in and have another talk on the subject.

G.—I will do that with pleasure, if you on your part will attend the meetings and try to find out all you can for yourself.

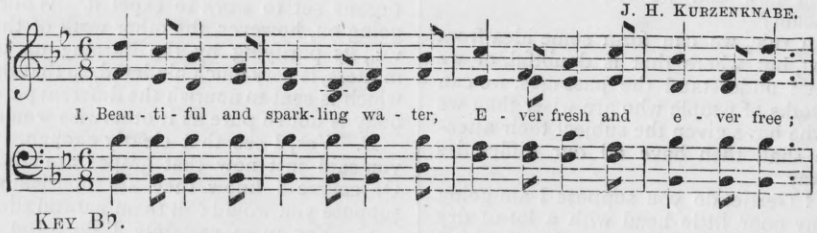
B.—Of course. That is only fair. Besides, I shall take more interest in the meetings now I am not so prejudiced. But I will not keep you any longer. Good evening, thank you very much for calling. I shall not forget what you have told me.

G.—Good evening, dear Bessie. May we soon have the pleasure of enrolling you as a member of our society. [*Exeunt.*

ACCORDING to Mr. Story-Maskelyne, the best authority, the prince of precious stones has at last yielded to the efforts of the chemist. Mr. J. B. Hannay, of Glasgow, has succeeded in producing particles of crystallized carbon, exactly resembling a broken diamond, and the process by which his triumph has been achieved is on the eve of being announced to the Royal Society.

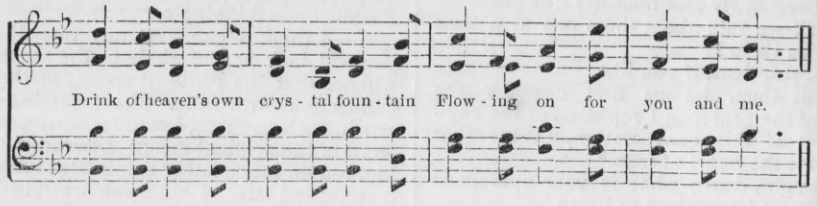
DRINK FROM CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



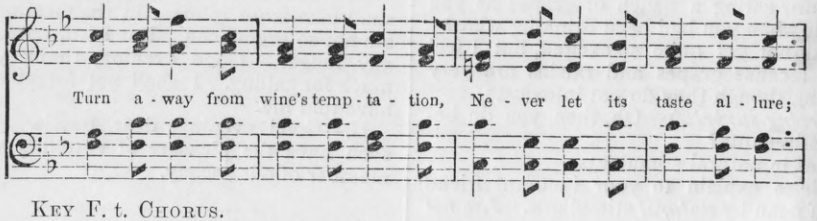
KEY B♭.

m :- :r | d :- :l	s, :- :m, | s, :- :d	r :- :s, | t, :- :r	d :- :s, | m :- :-
2.Gi - ven un - to	us in mer - cy,	All our way thro'	life to cheer;
s, :- :f, | m, :- :f,	m, :- :d, | m, :- :s,	f, :- :f, | f, :- :f,	m, :- :m, | s, :- :-
3.Flow - ing free for	ev - 'ry na - tion,	Gi - ven pure to	ev - 'ry clime;
d :- :d | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :d	t, :- :t, | r :- :t,	d :- :d | d :- :-
4.Ne - ver touch the	spark-ling poi - son,	Lest its curs - es	you be-fall;
d, :- :d, | d, :- :d,	d, :- :d, | d, :- :m,	s, :- :s, | s, :- :s,	d, :- :d, | d, :- :-



m :- :r | d :- :l,	s, :- :m, | s, :- :d	r :- :s, | t, :- :f	m :- :r | d :- :-
Thank we now our	heaven-ly Fa - ther	For bright wa - ter	fresh and clear.
s, :- :f, | m, :- :f,	m, :- :d, | m, :- :s,	f, :- :f, | f, :- :l,	s, :- :f, | m, :- :-
Bet - ter far than	li - quid poi - son	Lurk - ing 'neath the	ru - by wine.
d :- :d | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :d	t, :- :t, | r :- :t,	d :- :t, | d :- :-
Drink from streams of	spark-ling wa - ter	Flow - ing pure and	free for all.
d, :- :d, | d, :- :d,	d, :- :d, | d, :- :m,	s, :- :s, | s, :- :s,	s, :- :s, | d :- :-

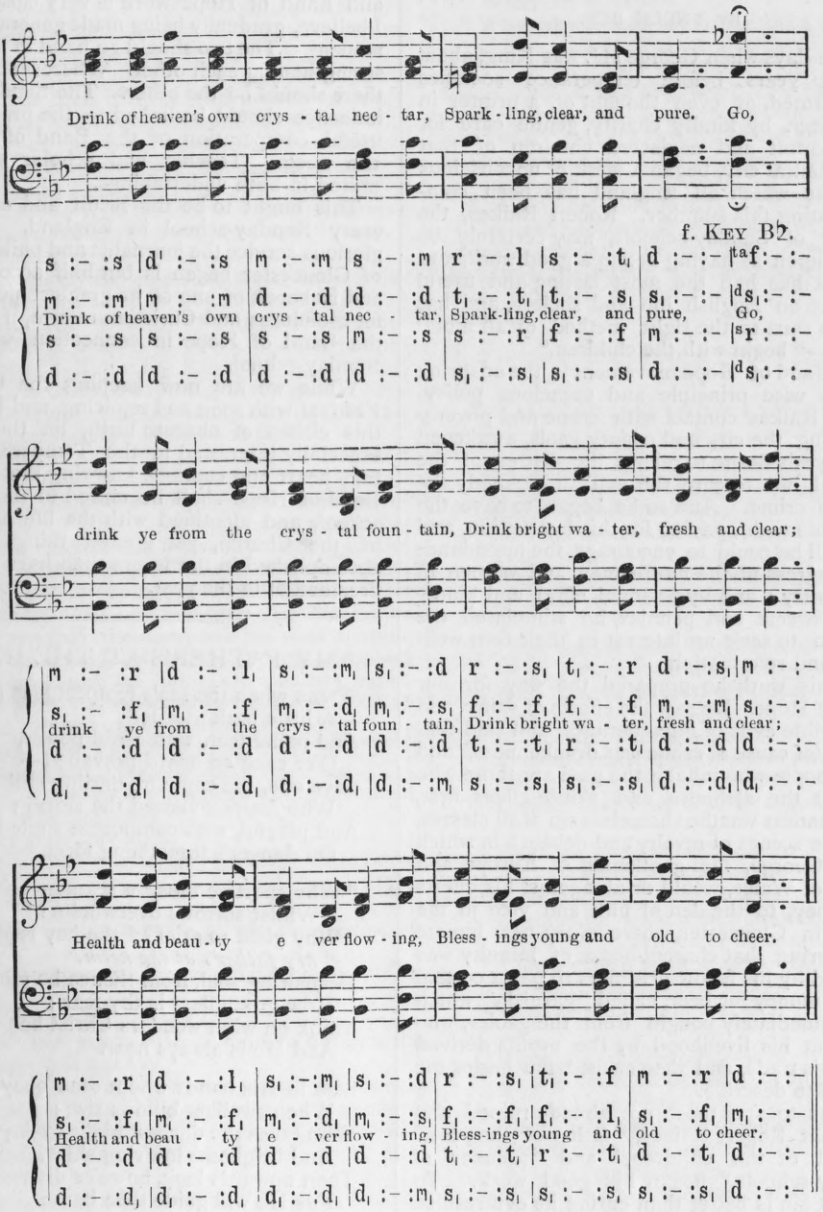
CHORUS.



KEY F. t. CHORUS.

r s :- :s | d' :- :s	m :- :m | s :- :m	r :- :l | s :- :f	m :- :l | s :- :-
s d :- :m | m :- :m	d :- :d | d :- :d	t, :- :t, | t, :- :t,	d :- :d | d :- :-
Turn a - way from	wine's temp-ta - tion,	Ne - ver let its	taste al-lure;
t, m :- :s | s :- :s	s :- :s | m :- :s	s :- :r | r :- :s	s :- :f | m :- :-
s, d :- :d | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :d	s, :- :s, | s, :- :s,	d :- :d | d :- :-

DRINK FROM CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN—(*continued*).



ROBERT RAIKES, THE BAND OF HOPE PIONEER.

BY UNCLE BEN.

IN the days when George III. was King, about fifty years before temperance societies were formed, or even thought of, a printer in Gloucester, by kindly charity, gentle care for the ignorant and neglected children of that old cathedral city, began a work of unconscious greatness which all England has been commemorating this summer. Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools, may certainly be looked upon as having begun a good work, and one that has had the most lasting and useful influence on English life and society, and has given a start to the right method of all moral reform—"begin with the children."

Our Band of Hope movement is the offspring of this wise principle and sagacious policy. Robert Raikes' contact with crime and poverty in visiting the city and county gaols, awakened not only his desire to relieve the distress of the criminal, but to cure the evil and remedy the cause of crime. And so he began to have the children taught, paying for this instruction, and doing all he could to encourage the attendance and progress of the future men and women of the country; and by personal effort and kindly words, sweets and pennies, he stimulated the children to seek an interest in their own well-being and reformation.

In this work he prepared the way for our Band of Hope. He saw the effects of drink, and the terrible evils of intemperance, and said that "the chief cause of crime was drunkenness," and these people who inhabit the gaol are those who frequent the alehouse and skittle-alleys first. Drunkenness was the shameless sin of all classes, from the scenes of revelry and debauch in which Royal George, first gentleman of Europe and Prince of Wales, would drink against his guests for money, to the den of filth and vice in the prison in Gloucester, where every new inmate on entering that charnel-house of iniquity was required by his fellow-prisoners to pay a certain sum of money for beer, called "garnish," which was immediately bought from the gaoler, who eked out his livelihood by the profits derived rom this trade, and then ensued the orgies too terrible to describe.

It was to stay those not already ruined and lost, that Robert Raikes, "father of the poor," "friend of the children," and "founder of Sunday-schools," began his good work. To prevent sin is better than curing its evil results. He has set us the example, to him all Band of Hope societies owe a debt of gratitude. He has taught us how to deal with national evil, how to cultivate public opinion, how rightly to tend and guard the young people for the future.

The relation between Sunday-school work and Band of Hope work is very close, and is, I believe, gradually being made general and permanent. The two should go hand in hand, thus strengthening each other. Wherever the one is, there should be the other. The Sunday-school influence should be linked to the practical and useful co-operation of the Band of Hope in the week. Teacher and scholar should be united in both undertakings.

This ought to be the result and outcome of every Sunday-school in England. And the glorious service the journalist and philanthropist of Gloucester began is but half accomplished, and is bereft of one of its greatest possibilities for usefulness and Christian reform, if it neglect the Band of Hope in connection with every Sunday-school.

While we are now keeping the Centenary Festival with song and rejoicing, and honouring this citizen of obscure birth, let those of us especially interested in the Temperance work take heart and courage, knowing that when the Band of Hope shall be united to the Sunday-school, and identified with the life and labour of the Church, yet greater things shall be accomplished in the future than have ever been dreamed of in the past.

"MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

'TWAS when the sea's tempestuous roar
A little bark assailed,
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevailed—
Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who *fearless* viewed the storm;
And playful, with composure smiled
On danger's threat'ning form.

"Why sportive thus," a seaman cried,
"Whilst sorrows overwhelm?"
"Why yield to grief?" the boy replied:
"*My father's at the helm.*"
Despairing soul, from thence be taught
How groundless is thy fear;
Think on what wonders Christ has wrought,
And He is always near.

Safe in His hands whom seas obey,
When swelling billows rise;
Who turns the darkest night to day,
And brightens low'ring skies.
Then upwards look, howe'er distressed,
For He will guide thee home
To that blest port of endless rest,
Where storms can never come!

DAVIS.

MY FATHER.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL scholar, about eight years of age, the son of a wealthy citizen living in luxury and opulence, had been connected with the Sabbath-school about two years. During that time he was accustomed to relate to his father what he had learned in the Sabbath-school. As the child approached the father, and would tell him what good things he heard, he would reply by saying : "That's right"—"Do thus and so, as your teacher tells you." He was one of those fathers who would advise, "Do as I say, but not as I do."

Unfortunately for him he was too fond of the wine-cup, and his evil habit was rapidly growing upon him. On a certain Sabbath the teacher asked his little scholar to join a youth's temperance society. Returning home, he said, "Papa, you tell me to do everything that's good. My Sabbath-school teacher wants me to join the temperance society—is that good ?"

"Very good, my child ; very good indeed," replied the father.

In a few weeks the boy became a member of the society. About this time, on a certain day the father stayed out unusually late, and the mother was dreading the fearful disgrace which was gradually creeping upon the family. The little boy watched, and presently saw his father reeling towards the door, and his poor mother bathed in tears! His little heart throbbed within him, and he knew all was not right. Shortly after his father entered he went up to him and climbed upon his knee and said—

"Papa, must I do everything that's good ?"

"Yes, my son ; yes, my son."

"Well, the other day I signed the temperance pledge—was that good ?"

"Very good, my child."

"Well, papa, if it is very good for little boys, wouldn't it be very good for old people, too, papa ?"

"Well, I—I suppose it would. Y-e-s, it would."

"Well, papa, won't you sign the temperance pledge, then ?"

"I'll think about it, my son."

"No ; but papa, if it is good to do it, it is good now, is it not ?"

The father thought he was pressing the matter too earnestly upon him and determined to put the subject off. But that would not do. The little fellow hung upon his father's neck, and said—

"I would not ask you to do this, papa, but oh, the boys in the street !—the boys in the street !"

"What of the boys in the street ?" asked the father roughly.

"Why, Will Worthington got angry at me, and what do you think he said ?"

"What did he say ?"

"Why, why he said my father was a drunkard ! I couldn't stand it, papa. And when I came home to-day, mother was sobbing at her work, and she looked so sad ! I want you to sign the pledge, papa, and I want you to love Jesus ; and you know you can't love Jesus while you drink."

The father's heart was subdued. He clasped his darling child to his bosom, as he said—

"Yes, my boy, I'll do it."

The next Sabbath he went with his boy to the Sabbath-school ; and in three months from that time, the father, mother, and elder sister were received into the communion of the church.

J. S. C.

A CHILD'S THANKS FOR SIGHT.

I CAN daily see the light
Of the sun that shines so bright ;
And at night the star-set sky,
Like a jewelled canopy.
Sun and moon and stars to me
Tell how mighty God must be,
Who can govern and control
All their movements as they roll.

I can see the glad bright spring
Its rich stores of beauty bring,
Buds to deck the leafless trees,
Blossoms sweet to scent the breeze ;
All around, beneath, above,
Tells my heart that God is love,
And midst scenes so fair and bright
I would thank my God for sight.

I can see June's blushing rose
All its matchless tints disclose ;
I can see ten thousand flowers
Garlanding the summer bowers ;
Then the golden fruits widespread,
Like a crown on Autumn's head—
These I see, and as I look,
Read God's care in Nature's book.

Then the winter to my sight
Brings the snow-flakes pure and white,
Icicles like crystals hung,
Drops like sparkling diamonds strung ;
And the sweetest sight of all,
At the early evening's fall,
Round the fireside glad and bright,
Eyes lit up with love's own light.
For each joyous sight I see,
Lord, I offer thanks to Thee.

E. C. A. ALLEN.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

ABOUT two hundred and sixty years ago a poor lad of seventeen was seen travelling on foot in the south of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old purse with a few pieces of money given him by his mother when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road, a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor but honest and pious people, and had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labour hard for a living. He was a goodly lad, and at fourteen was disappointed in getting a place as parish clerk, and with his parents' consent set out to get employment.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral and in the bookseller's window, a strange desire sprang up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set out for the University of Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arriving at the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do.

He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford, and there he went, and to his great delight was engaged to carry fuel into the kitchen, to clean pans and kettles, and that kind of work.

Here, while scouring his pans, he might often be seen reading a book.

His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into the college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants.

He studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very successful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a great scholar, but a pious bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say—"If I had been a parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been Bishop of Worcester." He left many works as fruits of his industry and learning.

WATCHING FOR ME.

I SEE they are watching for me,
They know 'tis the hour to return;
Heaven bless the bright faces I see,
I'll share with them all I can earn.

I am but a poor working man,
I own but a lowly thatch'd cot;
I cheerfully earn what I can,
And feel quite content with my lot.

I covet no lordly estate,
No pleasures in palaces fair;
Beneath all the pomp of the great,
Lie many a trouble and care.

My cottage is poor at the best,
But poverty, sure, is no crime;
A hard-working man may find rest
Where roses around the porch climb.

The little I earn with my spade,
Is ample for all that I need;
No thieves ever make me afraid,
No wealth can my treasure exceed.

I've three of the finest of boys,
I've four of the handsomest girls;
My children, the brightest of joys,
I would not exchange for the Earl's.

Thank Heav'n, I've a true loving wife,
Who thinks there is no man like me;
She smooths the rough pathway of life,
And makes me feel happy and free.

The birds sing sweet carols for me,
The sun through my window looks in;
My garden has many a tree
My leisure and prudence to win.

My calling may not be the best,
Yet oft as I'm turning the sod,
A something wakes up in my breast,
Which tells me I'm nearer to God.

The flowers that are under my feet,
They whisper His name unto me;
The clouds and the mountains that meet,
They tell me how great He must be.

I have not a storehouse of wealth,
No learning or fame wait on me;
But I have contentment and health,
And a mind independent and free.

I rise with the lark in the morn,
I whistle and toil through the day,
Then home to my cot I return,
So I let the world jog as it may.

W. HOYLE.

"I see they are watching for me,
They know 'tis the hour to return."—p. 140.

A HUMOROUS CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

THE father of a late earl of Pembroke had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular. His lordship thought of an ingenious expedient to prevent the remonstrances and expostulations of those about him, and this was to feign himself deaf; and thus, under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his own answers, not by what was said to him, but what he desired to have said.

Among other servants was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity in several capacities, till at length he became coachman. This man, by degrees, got a habit of drinking for which his lady often desired he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant." "I say," replies the lady, "that he is continually drunk, and therefore desire he may be turned off." "Ay," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and, as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us."

John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde Park. Though not much hurt, yet when he came home she began to rate the earl.

"Here," says she, "is that John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged he will one day break our necks." "Ay," says my lord, "is poor John sick? Alas! I am sorry for him." "I am complaining," says my lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me." "Ay," replied my lord, "to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice."

My lady, finding it useless to remonstrate, went away in a passion; and the earl, having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these terms: "John, you know that I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you shall always be taken care of in my family. My lady tells me you are taken ill, and, indeed, I see you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice."

John, being thus dismissed, was carried to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful condition, and was soon acquainted with the whole process and the reasons on which it was made. He had no remedy but to submit, for he would rather have endured ten blisters than lose his place. His lordship sent very formally twice a day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated his lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only on water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman who acted as his nurse.

In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, his lordship thought fit to understand the messenger, and said he was extremely glad to hear the fever had quite left him, and desired to see him. When John came in, "Well, John," says his lordship, "I hope this bout is over."

"Ah, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again." "Ay, ay," replied my lord, "you say right; nobody can prevent sickness, and if you shall be ill again, John, I shall see it, though perhaps you would not complain; and I promise you that you shall have always the same advice and the same attendance that you have had now." "Thank your lordship," says John. "I hope there will be no need." "So do I," says the earl; "but as long as you perform your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you, never fear."

John then withdrew, and so dreaded the discipline he had undergone that he never was known to be drunk afterwards.—*Hand and Heart.*

INDICTMENT OF KING ALCOHOL.

THE history of King Alcohol is a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty and crime, of rags and ruin.

He has taken the glow of health from the cheek, and placed there the reddish hue of the wine-cup.

He has taken the lustre from the eye, and made it dim and bloodshot.

He has taken beauty and comeliness from the face, and left it ill-shaped and bloated.

He has taken strength from the limbs, and made them weak and tottering.

He has taken firmness and elasticity from the step, and made it faltering and treacherous.

He has taken vigour from the arm, and left flabbiness and weakness.

He has taken vitality from the blood, and filled it with poison and the seeds of disease and death.

He has transformed this body, fearfully and wonderfully made, God's masterpiece of mechanism, into a vile, loathsome, stinking mass of humanity.

He has entered the brain, the temple of thought, dethroned reason, and made it reel with folly.

He has taken the beam of intelligence from out the eye, and left in exchange the stupid stare of idiocy and dulness.

He has taken the impress of ennobled manhood from the face, and left the mark of sensuality and brutishness.

He has taken cunning from the hands, and turned them from deeds of usefulness to become instruments of brutality and murder.

He has broken the ties of friendship, and planted the seeds of enmity.

He has made the kind, indulgent father a brute, a tyrant, a murderer.

He has transformed the kind and affectionate mother into a very fiend of brutish incarnation.

He has made obedient sons and daughters the breakers and the destroyers of homes.

He has taken the luxuries from off the table, and compelled men to cry on account of famine, and to beg for bread.

He has stolen men's palaces, and given them hovels in exchange.

He has robbed men of valuable acres, and left them not even a decent burial-place in death.

He has filled our streets and highways with violence and lawlessness.

He has complicated our laws and crowded our courts.

He has filled to overflowing houses of correction and penitentiaries.

He has peopled with his multitudes our poor-houses.

He has straitened us for room in our insane asylums.

He has taken away faith, hope, and charity—yea, all that is lovely and of good report—and given despair, infidelity, enmity, and all the emotions and deeds of wickedness.

He has banished Christ from the heart, and created hell within it.

He has wrecked and enfeebled the bodies, shattered and destroyed the minds, imperilled and ruined the souls of our fellow-men.

These are counts of the indictment. Let the world judge of the truth.

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

How often do we long to turn
From now and from to-morrow!
How often for the past we yearn,
With all its clouds and sorrow!
Not that we wish again to tread
Its pathways dark and lonely,
But that we would recall the dead
For one brief moment only,—

To tell them that we loved them well,
And all that seemed unkindness,
The hasty word, the angry glance,
Were done in human blindness.
And that short moment all should be
Of loving words and tender,
That they unkindness of the past
Should never more remember.

Alas, our sighs are all in vain—
The past has gone for ever;
We pray old Time to stay his flight;
He sternly answers, "Never!"
And, oh, how much we stand in need
Of hearts kind and forgiving!
Yet those lost days may be redeemed
By kindness to the living.

Ah, when the shadow clouds our path,
We sigh, the dead recalling,
Who left us when the sun was bright,
Or autumn leaves were falling;
How blest if we could only think
The past were all forgiven;
It may be so—revengeful thoughts
Hold no place in God's heaven.

But near us now are old and young,
And life is still before us—
The verdant earth beneath our feet,
The sunny sky still o'er us.
And we have time to do much good,
To leave a past behind us;
So that the Master, when He calls,
With "gems and gold" shall find us.

MARY CROSS.

"Is that a deer park over there?" asked a gentleman of a labourer. "Yes," he replied, "a very dear park. It almost ruined the owner to fit it up!"

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE Duke of Leeds and the eccentric Doctor Monsey, his Grace's chaplain, being one morning, after breakfast, in the Duke's library, Mr. Walkden, of Pall Mall, his Grace's shoemaker, was shown in with a new pair of shoes for the Duke. The latter was very partial to him, as he was at the same time clerk of St. James's Church, where the Duke was a constant attendant. "What have you there, Walkden?" said the Duke. "A pair of shoes for your Grace," he replied. The chaplain, taking up one of them, examined it with great attention. "What is the price?" asked the chaplain. "Half a guinea, sir," said the shoemaker. "Half a guinea for a pair of shoes!" exclaimed the chaplain. "Why, I could go to Cranbourne Alley and buy a better pair of shoes for five-and-sixpence!" He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room. Walkden threw the other after it, saying that, as they were fellows, they ought to go together, and at the same time replied to the chaplain, "Sir, I can go to a stall at Moorfields, and buy a better sermon for twopence than his Grace gives you a guinea for." The Duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, and said, "That is a most excellent retort, Walkden; make me half a dozen pairs of shoes directly."

AMONG epitaphs, a friend called my attention to the following:—Here lies John Roger, etc., also the body of Ann, his faithful wife—"their warfare is accomplished."

WHEN usefulness is considered, the man who smokes cigarettes dwindles into insignificance by the side of the individual who smokes hams.

A MAN who heard burglars in the house the other night woke up his wife, and sent her downstairs for a drink of water, and then crawled under the bed, and wasn't injured in the least.

A NERVOUS old lady travelling on a foreign railway where the incline was very steep, asked the guard if there was any fear of accident. "Plenty of fear, ma'am," was the reply, "but no danger." "Why?" asked the still anxious pilgrim. "Because there's a break on every wheel," said the guard. "But suppose anything was to get wrong with the break, what would happen then, guard?" inquired the fearful one. "Then, ma'am, we can reverse the engine, or put on a pressure strong enough to keep the train from slipping, whether going up or down." "But if that were to give way, what would become of us?" "Well, ma'am, that I can't say; it all depends on the life you have been living."

WHEN a hangman and an undertaker meet and ask one another, "Well, how's trade?" it excites queer and perhaps grave emotions in the bystanders.

LACK of refinement in one's manner, or incivility in one's ordinary personal address, ought to be a matter of regret to the person whose daily life displays such a defect. But it is by no means uncommon for men and women to think, or to pretend they think, that rudeness of manner and neglect of the courtesies of life are evidence of a strong character, and that a coarse and uncivil habit of speech is an admirable proof that the speaker is a "plain, blunt person," who is above shams and pretences. Nevertheless, while rudeness may exist along with a strength of character and integrity, it is always a blemish to them, and never a help.

HE is supposed to be a smart man who knows on which side his bread is buttered, although anybody can easily find out by dropping it.

THE power of good spirits is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive, to the latter the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of, a disease. It is therefore of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The same energy which takes the form of mental activity is vital to the work of the organism. Mental influences affect the system, and a joyous spirit not only relieves pain, but increases the momentum of life in the body.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"The Drunken Father," a ballad by Robert Bloomfield, with illustrations by P. R. Morris. Published by National Temperance Depôt, Strand. The simple story is well told and will make a capital recitation.

The Church of England Temperance Society and the Recent Elections, a letter by Rev. Henry J. Ellison to Right Hon. Earl Stanhope. Price Fourpence.

"Little Blue-Jacket," and other stories, by Miss M. A. Paull. Published by the National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand. These six simple tales for young people, told by a well-known friend to Band of Hope work, will commend themselves to the public. Every story contains much good influence for Temperance and religion.

"Illustrious Abstainers," by Fred. Sherlock, published by Hodder and Stoughton. We are glad to see the *Second Edition* of this useful book so soon before the public. The noble band of good and great men to which its pages introduce us must make it a great success.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Church of England Temperance Chronicle—The Social Reformer—Band of Hope Chronicle—The Rechabite—The Temperance Record—The Coffee Palace and Temperance Journal—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Western Temperance Herald.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

CHAPTER X.—SEEKING.

" Lo, a sweet sunbeam, straying through the gloom,
Smote me, as when the first low shaft of day
Aslant the night-clouds shoots, momently
Chasing the mists away."—*Lewis Morris.*

BILLY went to the home for cripples, where he was well taught and prepared, as well as he could be, to meet the future battle of life. Here he remained several years, growing from boyhood into youth; coming home once a year in the summer for a long holiday, when he marked the few changes that transpired, and was compelled to notice how time and suffering began to tell upon his mother, because nothing more was heard of his father. He was in no danger of forgetting his father, or the special work he had set before himself to do ; but if he had been, a visit home would have stirred his whole heart and life to fulfil the purpose he had in view.

Jenny, too, was changing and growing up into mature girlhood. She had progressed so well at day-school, and had really become so fond of books and apt with study, that she had been a pupil-teacher some little time, and was on a fair way to become not only a good scholar, but a first-rate teacher. Every one looked on her as being one of the quietest but brightest girls of the village. She was glad to see the cripple lad home every time he came, but the first time she showed her gladness more visibly, although afterward she was never ashamed of her friendship for the lad, and she used to say " she never meant to grow too old to be pleased, and did not mean to be so silly as never to show it when she was. She had not patience with people who, when they were glad, went about the world with a hang-dog look, and no one was the better or brighter because of their joy." She was always pleased to see the friend for whom she had done so much, and she was never afraid to show her pleasure ; and so the friendship did not lessen as the years passed on.

Jenny and Grannie did all they could to help and comfort Mrs. Linden ; her loneliness grew with the prolonged disappointment, beneath the hope that was deferred her heart became wearied and sad. She never gave up saying to herself, " I know he never meant any wrong ; it will all be explained some time. He'll come back one day, though he must have earned the money by this time ; but I can trust'en he'll come home again, though I mightn't live to see him." To hear her talk about her trouble was more than Jenny could bear ; with the secret that she held, she felt afraid whenever anything was said. She could not understand the reason of the missing money, she could only lift her heart to Him above, who sees through all mystery, and thus hope on, against all failure. What she most longed for was some little clue, something to show where he went to, and she daily prayed for some trace by which Billy might be led to find him. She mistrusted her own power, but she had implicit confidence that if he only sought and sought he would be sure to find his father some day ; and whenever she saw the lad she did all she could to keep the fire of hope glowing within him, and to inspire him not only with an abiding sense of duty, but to enable him to believe in this work as a high and noble mission, however hopeless and impossible the prospect might seem. She continued to wage what warfare she could against strong drink. Grannie's example was a great help, but their united efforts were long before they saw any visible result in practical organization. Yet the quiet influence of the pupil-teacher over her young charge was without noise and demonstration, but like the influences that make a spring-time and bring on the golden harvest, they were silent, manifold, and constant.

It was summer-time, and over the wide fields the bloom of the yellow charlock that here and there had made the young corn-land look like a field of the cloth of gold had passed, and the wheat was in bloom, rustling in the wind, bending and swaying like a green sea ; the ox-eyed daisies and deep-red poppies were in flower. The late crops of hay still made the evening air fragrant and pleasant, the gardens of the village were gay with stocks and sweet-williams, and in the old vicarage the red geraniums and roses burnt brightly in the distinct glow of twilight. The grass was high and rank in the orchards, and where the shade was constant and the land damp, the blades looked thin and weak. The hedges were full of nettles, and looked like satanic guards for the fox-gloves and Canterbury-bells. One day during the summer-time, when all around were fully absorbed in their work and occupied in their own interests, as the children were leaving the village school and Jenny was standing at the threshold of the door, tying on the hat of a small country maid with a very round and full face, Jack Linden, who had been away at a carpenter's job some distance off, came up very hurriedly and excited ; he was hot, as he had evidently walked a long way in much haste,

hoping, as he said, to catch her just as the children were leaving school, as he had something very important to tell her. They went into the empty schoolroom, and no sooner were they quite alone than Jack began to pour out his communication. He told Jenny how since he had been out of his time he had been sent on longer and more important work, and just lately he had been over at Needham, some ten or fifteen miles beyond the market-town ; he had to go by train, because it was too far to return every day, and as the job might last a week or two, he had to stay the night ; and there being no other place at the village to stay at, he was obliged to stay at the public-house. There he had seen Tom Keeble, who had gone to sea some two years ago, and had come back for a day or two. But instead of staying here at Selford with his friends, he must needs come over to Needham with a pal and get on the spree. So he came into the public-house last night and got very drunk. "To make a long story short," he said, "I had been out, for we were working late during those light evenings, and did not know he was there ; but as I looked into the tap-room before going to bed, he saw me and recognised me. He was always a quarrelsome, bad-tempered fellow, and no sooner did I come in than he wanted me to have a drink ; but I told him, 'No, I had seen enough of drink and didn't want any.'

"Then he said something about my father and there being no need for me to hold my head up above my neighbours, aud used some very bad language, but finally said a good many times over, 'I know where the old thief is. I saw him in the docks, I know where he be hid. I could get him shoved into the lock-up. I knows all about it.'

"All this was bawled and shouted at me till I couldn't keep my hands off the villain. I waited, hoping he might at first let out something more which might have been a clue, till I could bear it no longer, and told him if he didn't recall those words about my father I would knock them down his throat again. With that he rushed at me with his glaring drunken eyes, half mad with drink, and with his open knife he tried to stab me ; but with difficulty the others held him back, and I left to save bloodshed and more disturbance. And this morning I found that the landlord had to turn him out, and probably he has gone off to some port, as nothing more could be heard of him from any one. I thought the best thing would be to see if he were here and anything more could be learnt about father, and if not, what we had better do with the news we have ; so I begged off this morning, and came on to tell you without loss of time."

Jenny said she did not think, after what had happened, Tom Keeble would come back ; if he did she would risk all and speak to him, but if he had gone off to sea and nothing more could be learnt, the best plan would be to say nothing to any one, for the information was very unreliable coming from such a source, but it was the first sign or trace that might lead to something more. He had better go back to work as if nothing had happened, and she would find out what she could about Tom Keeble, and then let him know the result. So the consultation ended ; and, not to create any alarm, he went back at once, and Jenny was left with many anxious thoughts that glowed at times into better hopes. She did all that she could by inquiry to find out where Tom Keeble had been, the name of the ship and the dock into which the vessel had come, but the sum of all the information she could gather amounted to very little, and seemed to afford no further clue. She waited some days to see if the sailor returned to the village. However, her expectation concerning his non-appearance proved to be correct, for it was not long before his friends received the news that he had joined another ship and was just leaving for China.

One Saturday night, when Jack returned home from his weekly work, Jenny had a long talk to him about the future, the result of which was, by Jenny's advice, they resolved that Jack should not go away from home : the clue was not enough to justify him giving up work which was necessary to support his mother ; besides, it would not do to leave her, as her health had been failing much of late. To go up to London would create anxiety and surprise, only to produce fresh disappointment, unless some more light could be thrown on the matter. Jenny's proposal was this, that it was time for Billy to be coming home for his holidays, and since this was his last year at school, would it not be well for him to try and get a situation at once in or near the docks, that he might begin by living on the spot to do all that was possible to recover the lost father? This was accepted by them both as the best thing that could be done under the circumstances, and Jenny immediately communicated a full account of all that had transpired with her suggestions for the future to Billy, who received it with all the unspeakable delight of a great commission. He consulted with the master concerning the wish of his friends for him to leave school and commence earning his living. The committee of the institution acceded to the request, and all their influence was used to gain a place for him in the docks ; but so few positions were open to the lame that it seemed to be impossible. However, by the help of the kind lady at the hospital, who still continued to take a great interest in her protégé, a situation was found as timekeeper in a wharfinger's

establishment on the Thames. And when all was settled, and he came home only just for the week-end to see his mother before starting as a man for life, he said to Jenny as they stood alone talking at the garden-gate looking across to the harvest field beyond, where the sheaves of golden corn stood in silent ranks beneath the large rising moon in the sweet mist of the rich and mellow autumn evening—"Doesn't it seem strange, Jenny, all just a miracle, that I should be really going to work and to try and find father? But you have worked the miracle, because you are everybody's good angel."

"Oh no, I'm not," was the sincere reply, "and to me it seems as natural as can be, just because I know it's God's way and not our way, and therefore all must come right at last."

And when they said good-bye that night they held each other's hands longer than they had ever done since they were very, very little.

THE ENCOURAGING WORD.

WHILE trembling in the flush of youth
Upon the threshold of our fame,
Just starting out 'mid hopes and fears
To gain a standing and a name,
How good to have a cheery word,
And feel the earnest, loyal clasp
Of some strong hand that takes our own
Within its true and gentle grasp!

Cheered on, how small the dangers seem,
The possibilities how great,
Though clouds may sometimes hide the sun
And we may have to watch and wait;
And, somehow, if along the way
Kind words shine out like beacon lights,
Though "few and far between" they be,
How glad they make the days and nights.

The skies take on a deeper blue,
Reflected in the streams and rills,
And greener seems the emerald sod
That mantles all the vales and hills—
Grand, steadfast hills, that nobly stand
As monuments of power and might,
So like this changeless friend who speaks
The needful word that guides aright.

And as this friend hath been to us
So may we to some other be,
And grudge not kindly words and acts
To voyagers on life's stormy sea;
A word to cheer, a timely lift,
A look, a smile, a helping hand,
May bless full many a doubting soul
Between this and the better land.

A. K.

"LOST TIME."

"I AM sorry, Miss Jennie," cried a little girl to her Sunday-school teacher; "but I have lost a whole morning."

"Lost a whole morning!" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look upon her sweet face; "how is that, Clara?"

"Why, mother was very busy, and she left Harry in my room; and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love Clara," as he called it in his baby talk. He pressed his lips to her cheek, saying, "Me love 'oo, 'Lara."

"You have not lost your morning, Clara," said her teacher. "You have helped your mother, and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness. Such a morning may have been well spent, my dear."

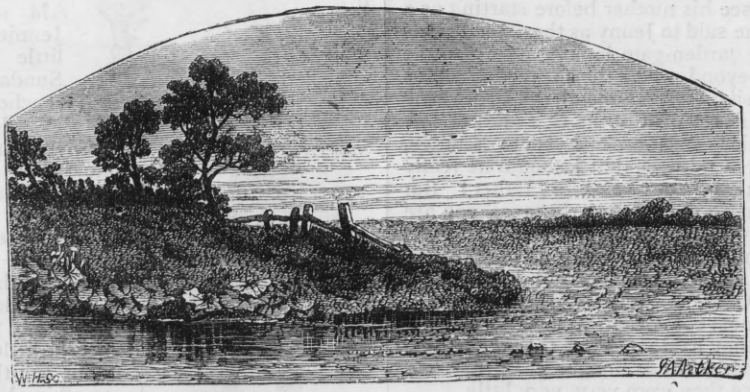
A few days after this Mrs. Palmer was seized with severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and little Harry's noisy play distressed her very much. So Clara took the little fellow to her own room, and rocked him almost as well as his mother could, until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"My dear child," said the physician, as he placed his hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not so kind and thoughtful a daughter, I fear she would not have recovered so soon—if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent in making others happy.

The blessed Jesus spent all His time when down on earth in doing good for others.

SOMETIMES little vexations and petty cares will fret the mind and drive out all tranquillity. Then it is that larger views are needed, deeper thoughts, higher ideas, broader outlooks. We come back to our daily round of duties and cares refreshed and calmed after dwelling on higher things, and we are surprised we could have been overcome by what is comparatively so trifling.



AUTUMN.

WE have our autumn, when, like trees
Whose leaves are scattered in the air,
We stand and watch our falling hopes
Strip life and spirit bare;

When all alone and desolate,
We stand upon life's barren plain,
And yearning for the vanished spring,
Find all our yearnings vain.

MISS C. R. CRESPI.

WILL HE SUCCEED?

IN nine cases out of ten, a man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if instead of taking his turn at pitching off he stowed away all the time—in short, if what was light fell to him, and what was heavy about the work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk, until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk his responsibility, or to dodge work whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens became a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents, as they bid him good-bye, may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.—*Watchman.*

NOVELS.

IT is related of a son who returned from school a few months since with a report of scholarship below the average.

"Well," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said—

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket, and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put these apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said—

"Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more."

"Put 'em in I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, you can't. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school; and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month filling up with silly *novels!*"

The boy turned on his heels, whistled, and said, "Whew, I see the point."

Not a novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.

MORNING.

Now the daylight fills the sky
Let my morning prayer ascend,
God who made the worlds on high
Is my Saviour and my friend.

Through the darkness of the night
He has watched beside my bed ;
Let me thank Him for the light,
And for all His gracious aid.

Loving Saviour, Thou canst hear
What a little child may say—
Let Thy watchful care be near,
Guard and keep me through this day.

Every thought and word and deed,
May Thy Spirit sanctify ;
Give me every grace I need,
Let me live as I would die.

Make me loving, kind, and true—
All a little child should be ;
Lead me all life's journey through,
Bring me safe at last to Thee.

W. HOYLE.

EVENING.

Now the sun has passed away
With the golden l ght of day ;
Now the shades of silent night
Hide the flowers from our sight ;
Now the little stars on high
Twinkle in the mighty sky—
Father, merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child.

Loving Father, put away
All things wrong I've done to day ;
Make me gentle, true, and good,
Make me love Thee as I should ;
Make me feel by day and night
I am ever in Thy sight ;—
Jesus was a little child,
Make me like Him, meek and mild.

Heavenly Father, hear my prayer—
Take Thy child into Thy care ;
Let Thy angels, good and bright,
Watch around me through the night.
Keep me now, and when I die
Take me to the glorious sky :
Father, merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child.

W. W. H

MRS. LANG'S RESOLVE.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

CHAPTER I.

"OH dear! I wish I'd never been married, I do," said Mrs. Lang to her old friend and companion Mrs. Smart one evening, as they sat together in the latter's neat and comfortable sitting-room.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Lang, whatever is the matter, for you have not been married six months yet? Surely your husband has not beaten you, has he?" said Mrs. Smart, in great surprise.

"No, but he looked as if he was ready to eat me up last night when I told him he would either have to earn more money or else we should get over head and ears in debt."

"And was it a kind thing to say to your husband, do you think? and especially at night, when he would be sure to be tired out with his day's work. I make it a rule always to meet John with a smile and a kind word when he comes home, and if I must talk to him about unpleasant things, I bide my time, and come round him quietly, so as not to vex him if I can help it."

"You seem to have a deal of patience with your husband, Mrs. Smart."

"And so I ought to have; for every true wife tries to understand her husband's temperament, so that she may not needlessly irritate him."

"But how would you do if John did not earn money enough to enable you to pay your way, Mrs. Smart?"

"That would depend very much upon the circumstances of the case, Mrs. Lang. If John gave me all that he was able to earn, as I am happy to say he does, I should be unworthy of the name of 'wife' if I were to grumble just because I had not money enough for every little fancy that came into my head."

"But I think you would not be as prim as you are if you had only thirty-five shillings a week to keep house upon, as I have."

"Thirty-five shillings a week, indeed! Why, John only earns thirty shillings a week, and we not only pay our way, but contrive to save a few pounds every year into the bargain."

"Then you must be a clever housewife, Mrs. Smart, and I think you had better give me a lesson or two in household management; for I must confess that I begin to think that perhaps I might do better than I have done, if I only knew how to go about it. I am sure I love Tom, and should like to make him a good wife."

"There now, that sounds better than wishing you had never been married, and making yourself miserable when you might be as happy as the day is long. What would Tom have thought if he had heard you say that you wished you had never been married?"

"He would have been vexed, I dare say."

"Well, my dear, shall I tell you what I think you ought to do in future? for it's of no use grieving over the past, if we never try to mend what we deplore. So, if I were you, I should just sit down and reckon up how much I was behind. Then I should find out how much it would take for taxes and rent, and all the regular expenses of the house, which are, so to speak, fixed; after which I should try to find out where I could economise without actually stinting myself; and all that I could save I should apply towards paying what was owing till I had cleared that off, and right glad I should be when I was straight, and owed no one anything."

"You seem to have a horror of debt."

"Well, perhaps, I have; and I think it would be a good thing if every one tried to keep straight. The same Bible which tells us not to steal, also says, 'Owe no man anything,' and to my thinking the one command is as binding as the other."

"Tom told me last night that he thought we had enough, if it was only used as it ought to be. But instead of listening to what he wanted to say I flew into a passion, and asked him if he thought I was extravagant and wasteful, to which he replied that he would answer me when I was more reasonable. I have been so unhappy all day; I wish I had spoken differently. What must I do, for I cannot bear the thought of being estranged from him?"

"My dear Mrs. Lang, I think you ought to beg him to forgive you; for, according to your own confession, you were the one to give offence."

"But I do not like to humble to him like that."

"Humble to him, my dear Mrs. Lang! I beg of you, as you value your own comfort and happiness, not to mention that of your husband; do endeavour to put such an unworthy feeling out of your mind as quickly as you can. Surely it is the least thing that you can do, to acknowledge your fault when you know that you have done wrong. Think of the heartache and pain which your thoughtlessness must have caused him, and ask yourself if you would like to be treated as you have treated Tom."

"Ah! but I do not want him to know that I care so much for him."

"My dear Mrs. Lang, I don't wonder now that you are unhappy. Any wife who is foolish as to nurse such feelings in her breast is sure to be unhappy herself, and to make her husband miserable. Why did you take him if you were afraid to let him know that you loved him more than all the world beside? For if you do not so love him, then you have grievously wronged

him, and committed a crime against yourself which will surely bring its own bitter punishment."

"Then you do not think it would be unwomanly to—to——"

"There now, hush! my dear Mrs. Lang, and don't speak of humbling yourself to your husband at all, but try to put away such an unworthy feeling, for it is born only of foolish pride. There is nothing unwomanly in a wife acknowledging that she is sorry for having grieved her husband. It would be very *unwomanly* if she would not do so. Nor is it unbecoming in a wife to let her husband know that all the love she can give him is his. In my opinion, a true wife will act so that her husband will feel that in her he has his wisest counsellor, his truest friend, his closest and most loving companion; in fact, it should be her constant aim to be, what God designed she should be, a helpmeet for her husband."

"And such I will try to be, God helping me!" exclaimed Mrs. Lang, after a short pause.

"That's right, my dear. Always go to the Strong for strength. Ask Him to give you grace to overcome yourself, to give you wisdom and discretion, so that you may become a truly loving, dutiful wife, and then I know you will be a happy one; for your husband is, I am sure, from what you have said, a kind and forbearing man, and one who will do his part if you do yours. Take my advice, and when Tom comes home to-night, tell him you are sorry for what you have said, and that you will try to make him a better wife than you have done. Tell him you would be glad of his assistance in the management of your difficulties—for two heads are better than one, you know—and see if things don't come out all right in a very short time."

"Good evening," said Mrs. Lang, rising to go. "I will try to act as you suggest, and thank you for your wise and kindly counsel."

WHAT IS THINE AGE?

"FATHER," said a Persian monarch to an old man, who, according to Oriental usage, bowed before the sovereign's throne, "pray be seated. I cannot receive homage from one bent with years, whose head is white with the frosts of age."

"And now, father," said the monarch, when the old man had taken the proffered seat, "tell me thine age; how many of the sun's revolutions hast thou counted?"

"Sire," answered the old man, "I am but four years old."

"What!" interrupted the king, "fearest thou not to answer me falsely? or dost thou jest on the very brink of the tomb?"

"I speak not falsely, sire," replied the aged man, "neither would I offer a foolish jest on a subject so solemn. Eighty long years have I *wasted* in folly and sinful pleasures, and in amassing wealth, none of which I can take with me when I leave this world. Four years only have I spent in doing good to my fellow-men! and shall I count those years that have been utterly wasted? Are they not worse than a blank? and is not that portion only worthy to be reckoned as a part of my life, which has truly answered life's best end?"

THE ENEMY IN THE GATE.

THY place among nations is highest;
Britannia, thou sittest a queen:
Unequalled in commerce—in warfare
Unrivall'd thy conquests have been.
Thy charities great and abundant
Relief to the needy dispense;
To open the portals of knowledge,
Unsparing of time and expense.

Yet all this availeth thee nothing—
Thy commerce, thy conquests, and state,
Thy charities, teachings, and sowings,
Thy enemy sits in the gate.
For in thee for ever abideth
A demon, most potent and fell,
The land is bestrewn with his victims,
His slain, who their numbers may tell?

The cup of deep anguish he brimmeth,
For parents bemoaning the fate
Of sons in the clutch of the demon,
Who sits evermore in the gate.
The wife often steepeth her pillow
With tears, as she listens by night
The voice and the tread of the demon,
Whose breath sheddeth cursing and blight.

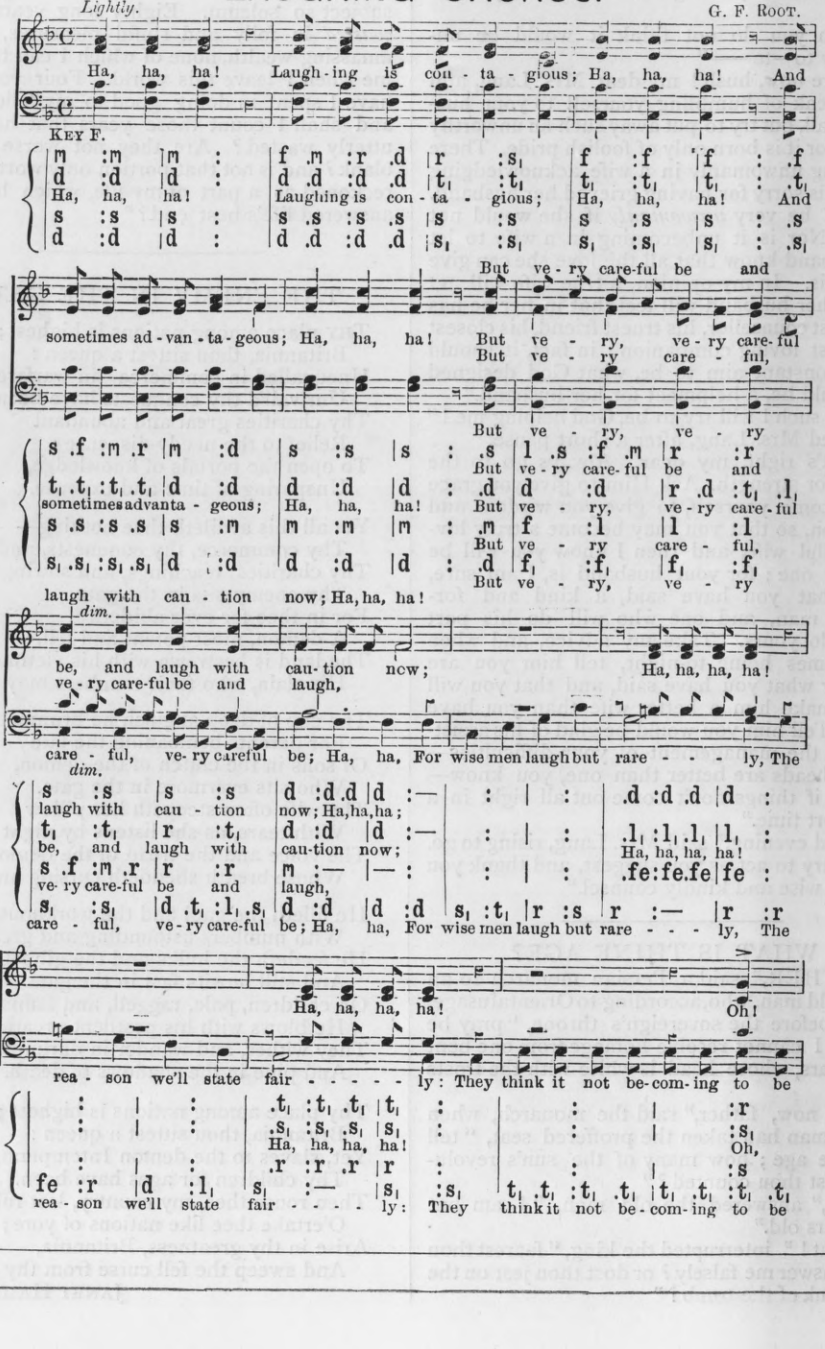
He filleth the gaol and the workhouse
With numbers astounding and great;
He feedeth the hulks and the gibbet,
And still he sits fast in the gate.
On children, pale, ragged, and famish'd,
He blows with his pestilent breath,
They wither, and wander in darkness,
And pine in the shadows of death.

Thy place among nations is highest;
Britannia, thou sittest a queen:
Yet, slaves to the demon Intemperance
Thy children for ages have been.
Then rouse thee, my country, lest ruin
O'ertake thee like nations of yore;
Arise in thy greatness, Britannia,
And sweep the fell curse from thy shore.

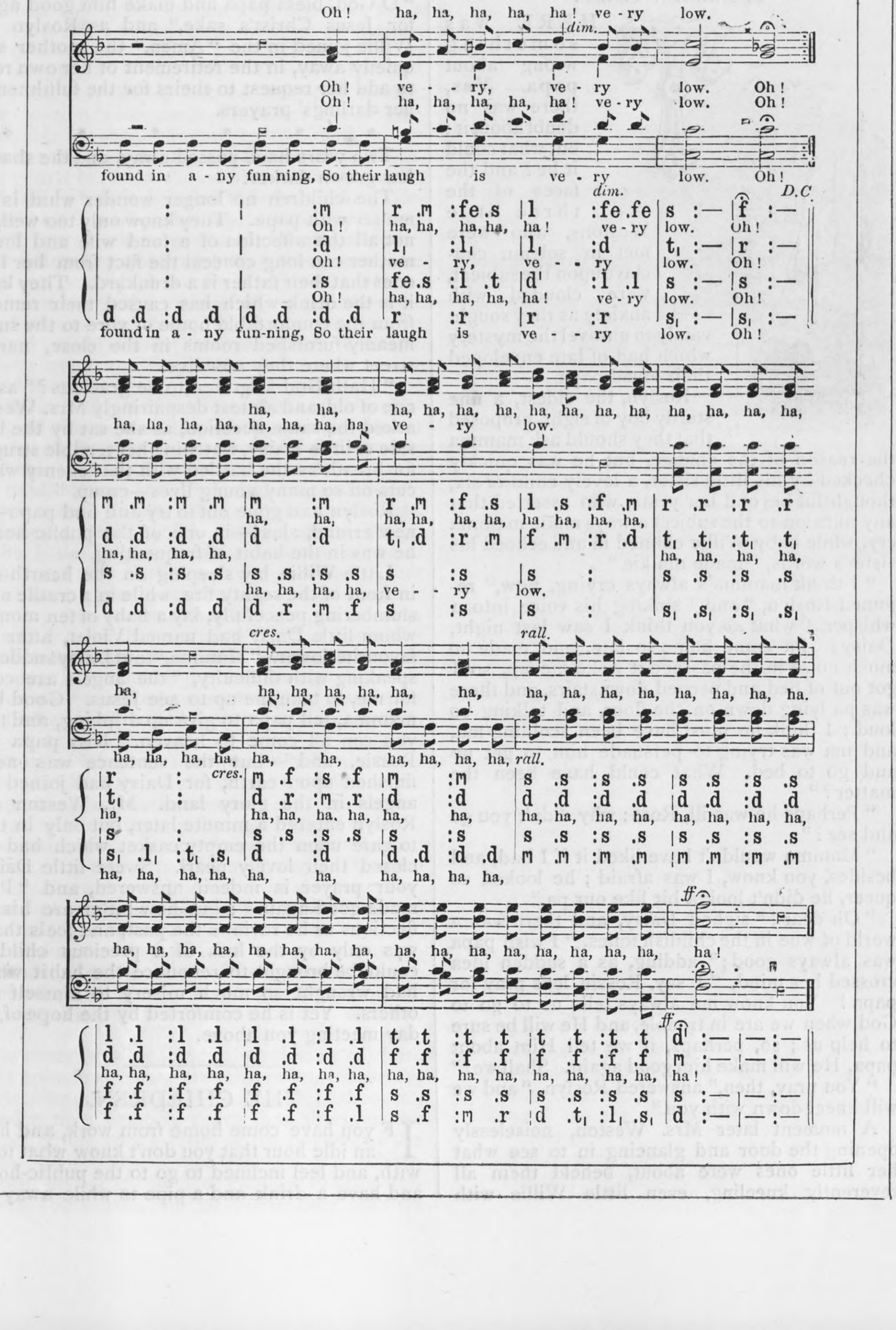
JANET HAMILTON.

LAUGHING CHORUS.

Lightly. G. F. ROOT.

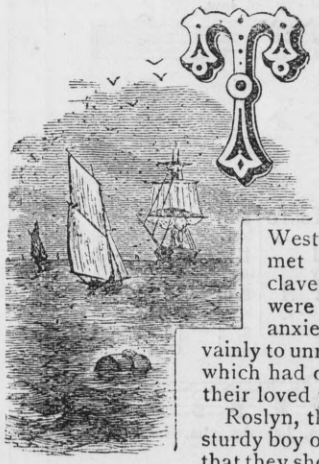


LAUGHING CHORUS—(*continued*).



LITTLE DAISY.

BY HARRIET SLADE.



HERE was something wrong about papa. Yes, there was no doubt about it; but what could it be? and the faces of the three little Westons, who were met in solemn conclave upon the subject, were clouded with anxiety as they sought vainly to unravel the mystery which had of late enveloped their loved papa.

Roslyn, the eldest, a fine sturdy boy of eight, proposed that they should ask mamma the reason of the change, but he was quickly checked by his little sister, a lovely child of six, thoughtful beyond her years, who asserted that any allusion to the subject always made mamma cry, while baby Willie chimed in and echoed his sister's words, "made ma kie."

"I think mamma's always crying, now," rejoined Roslyn, "and," sinking his voice into a whisper, "what *do* you think I saw last night, Daisy? Pa came home so late, and made *so* much noise in the passage it woke me up, so I got out of bed and peeped downstairs, and there was pa lying down on the floor, and talking so loud; I think he must have been scolding ma, and ma was trying to persuade him to get up and go to bed. What could have been the matter?"

"Perhaps he was ill, Ross; why didn't you go and see?"

"Mamma wouldn't have liked it if I had, and besides, you know, I was afraid; he looked so queer, he didn't look a bit like our pa."

"Oh dear!" sighed Daisy, and there was a world of woe in the childish tones, "I wish papa was always good;" adding, as a sudden idea crossed her mind, "I say, Rossie, let's pray for papa! You know ma always tells us to go to God when we are in trouble, and He will be sure to help us; so, perhaps, if we tell Him about papa, He will make him good again. Shall we?"

"You pray, then," answered Roslyn, "and we will kneel down with you."

A moment later Mrs. Weston, noiselessly opening the door and glancing in to see what her little ones were about, beheld them all reverently kneeling, even little Willie with closed eyes and clasped hands, while little Daisy's sweet, childish voice uttered this petition, "O God, bless papa and make him good again, for Jesus Christ's sake," and as Roslyn and Willie joined in the "Amen," the mother stole quietly away, in the retirement of her own room to add her request to theirs for the fulfilment of her darlings' prayers.

* * * * * *

Two years have passed away, and the shadow has grown darker.

The children no longer wonder what is the matter with papa. They know only too well, for not all the affection of a fond wife and loving mother can long conceal the fact from her little ones that their father is a drunkard. They know it is the drink which has caused their removal from the comfortable home of yore to the small, meanly-furnished rooms in the close, narrow street where they now live.

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" asked one of old, and almost despairingly Mrs. Weston asked the same question, as she sat by the bedside of little Daisy, watching her terrible struggle for breath as she battled with that enemy which cuts off so many young lives—croup.

Roslyn had gone out to try and find papa—no new errand, alas!—in one of the public-houses he was in the habit of frequenting.

Little Willie lay sleeping on the hearth-rug, in front of the scanty fire, while in a cradle near, slumbering peacefully, lay a baby of ten months, whom little Daisy had named Violet, after her favourite flower. "Mamma," said Daisy suddenly, speaking with difficulty, "the angels are come for me, to take me up to see Jesus. Good bye, mamma, tell papa to give up drinking, and then you can all come to heaven. Kiss papa and Rossie, and"—but the sentence was never finished upon earth, for Daisy had joined the angels in the glory land. Mr. Weston and Roslyn entered a minute later, but only in time to gaze upon the empty casket which had enclosed their lovely pearl. Sweet little Daisy! your prayer is indeed answered, and "Papa made good again"; but how bitter are his reflections as he reviews the past, and feels that it was only by the loss of a precious child he could be brought to renounce the habit which had wrought so much misery to himself and others. Yet is he comforted by the hope of one day meeting you above.

THE CHILDREN.

IF you have come home from work, and have an idle hour that you don't know what to do with, and feel inclined to go to the public-house and have a drink and a pipe to while away the

time, just take a peep into that cot where lies a little two-year-old asleep, before you go away. Look at the little sleeper steadily ; not for a moment, but for five quiet minutes at a time. Stoop down and kiss its forehead gently. Let the breath fan on your face. Observe the hand upon the coverlet, so soft, so white, so tender. The closed lids like shells, the lashes like a fringe of tender seaweed clinging to the shell. The mouth with parted lips, and the first little teeth, like pearls between the coral. Look at it well ; and with a man's, a father's heart awake. Remember it is a life, a history. A life and history which owes itself to you, and claims your care, your guidance, and your love. Now, turn from that cot, and sit down for a moment in your chair, and keep the vision in your mind. The helplessness, the trust, the ignorance of the rugged world amidst whose storms it sleeps. Asleep upon a pillow, while the waves of the world's sorrows beat up big and briny round the life-bark. Think of it all ; of that child's feebleness, of the possibilities of its opening life for good or ill, for pain or happiness, for weal or woe. And think of its claim on you. And then go to the public-house, and drink, and drug your senses if you can. If you *do* go, that child's cry, plaintive and sad, shall haunt you, and the vision of its little helpless hands outstretched shall come, and they shall seem to clench and gather into Samson fists to strike the tankard from your fingers. As you bend over the sleeper, let not a father's face be the symbol or the harbinger of a blackening cloud over the little life, making its morning like a midnight, and its east like hell. If you saw a naked sword hanging above that cradle-head you would push it away with horror. If you heard the crackling of rafters, and the splitting of beams as fire thrust its forked tongue into that chamber, you would rush madly, on the wings of nature, to the rescue. If you saw coiled up under that baby's pillow the baleful slime of a fanged snake, you would crush the envenomed reptile with the grip of desperation. If a wolf blinked from the darkness at that sleeping prey, you would chase the invader to the death. And yet I tell you that storm, and sword, and fire, and snake, and wolf, all laired around that sleeping child at once, were not fraught with a damnation half so dire in its possibilities upon the opening life as the presence of a drunken father.

Be content to sit under the ministry of these little preachers. They preach a sweet, a heavenly, Christ-like gospel, a gospel sweeter than the sects, blander than bishops, purer than priests ; the gospel of the spring-time, of the flowers, of the birds. If you seek a rapt delirium, or a rich romance, go not to the close caboose to drug and drown the senses, but go where they may be quickened, and made keen. Don't hie to the hall of eastern glitter, where giddy feet trip to the sound of jocund strings or winding horns ; or where the slippered waltz is threading the mosaic floors ; but go to the room where your youngest-born is sleeping ; look at the lashes pillowed on the cheek, like strands of silk against a bridal veil, and let each downy fringe kindle the man, the soldier, in your heart. Let no Delilah in the shape of drink or dance, or any other demon, snip away the power those infant locks should have to hold you true to duty and to daring for the helpless. Catch the soft sobs of breath, like the fan of morning stirring the young leaflets of the spring, and let them nerve you to a nobler pant than swells the nostril of the cavalier, and spur you to a charge against each false desire and selfish crave that would drown the voice of its appeal.—*From Rev. Arthur Mursell's address at Birmingham, April* 18, 1880.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

WHAT have I done for my Saviour to-day ?
Oh, pause and say, my soul,
If the sinful thoughts are subdued that rise
Like the billows that madly roll !
If the evil passions that swayed my breast,
By the "Peace be still" have been soothed to rest ;
If unlovely self has been cast aside
For the beautiful Christ, the crucified !
Oh, pause and say, my soul !

What have I done for my Saviour to-day ?
Oh, pause, my soul, and think !
Have I spoken some warning word to one
Trembling on ruin's brink ?
Have I prayerfully striv'n to humbly teach
God's erring children with heaven-born speech ?
Have I earnestly sought by word and deed
To scatter abroad His precious seed ?
Oh, pause, my soul, and think !

What have I done for my Saviour to-day ?
Tell me, my soul, oh tell,
If the work my Master gave me to do
Is truly done, and well ?
Have I fed the hungry on life's wayside ?
The drought of the thirsty satisfied ?
Have I clothed the naked ? the weak made strong ?
The sorrowful gladdened with joyous song ?
Tell me, my soul, oh tell !

C. H. BARSTOW.

A LESSON ON PERSEVERANCE.

AT a recent Sunday-school concert in an eastern city, an anecdote was related to the children which is too good to be lost. It illustrates the benefit of perseverance in as strong a manner as ever did a Bruce. One of the corporations of the city being in want of a boy in their mill, a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts in a prominent place, so that the boys could see it as they passed. The paper read—

"Boy wanted—call at the office to-morrow morning."

At the time indicated, a host of boys was at the gate. All were admitted, but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and said he—

"Boys, I only wanted one, and here are a great many. How shall I choose?"

After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard, and driving a nail into one of the large trees, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with a stick, standing a little distance from the tree, should have the place. The boys all tried hard, and after three trials each, signally failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again next morning, and this time, when the gate was opened, there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" said the overseer. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said—

"You see, sir, I have a poor old mother, and I am a poor boy. I have no father, sir, and I thought I should like to get the place, and so help her all I can; and after going home yesterday, I drove a nail into the barn, and have been trying to hit it ever since, and have come down this morning to try again."

The boy was admitted to the place. Many years have passed since then, and this boy is now a prosperous and wealthy man, and at the time of the accident at the Pemberton Mills, he was the first to step forward with a gift of one hundred pounds to relieve the sufferers. His success came by perseverance.

THERE are three requisitions to the proper enjoyment of earthly blessings—a thankful reflection on the goodness of the Giver, a deep sense of our unworthiness, and a recollection of the uncertainty of long possessing them. The first should make us grateful, the second humble, and the third moderate.

ROVER.

SOME love their books, and some their glass,
And some their wheat and clover,
But I confess I love to pass
An hour with my friend Rover.

Through many years we've jogg'd along
The best of friends together,
We've climbed the mountain sides among,
And sported on the heather.

My very looks he seems to know,
He studies every feature;
When I'm cast down his head bends low,
He's such a thoughtful creature.

I've had a few friends in my day,
But one thing I discover,
No friend will help me on life's way
So cheerfully as Rover.

I ramble forth, no matter where,
He'll faithfully attend me,
And woe to him who madly dare
With hand or staff offend me.

There's something in his open face,
Akin to feelings human;
He'll swim or run to any place
To rescue man or woman.

I left him with my hat and coat,
One morning in September;
We went to sail in open boat,
The day I well remember.

Four friends and I, a jovial crew,
Strong arms the swift oars plying;
How far we sailed, we scarcely knew,
Till lo! the day was dying.

A storm arose, all hopes were past,
How dreadful the emotion!
Thank Heav'n we hailed a ship at last
Which saved us from the ocean.

When morning dawned I reached the land,
To search the beach all over;
And there, just where I bid him stand,
I found my faithful Rover.

He sprang to meet me, barked aloud,
As though long years we parted;
Then on to tell an anxious crowd
For home he quickly started.

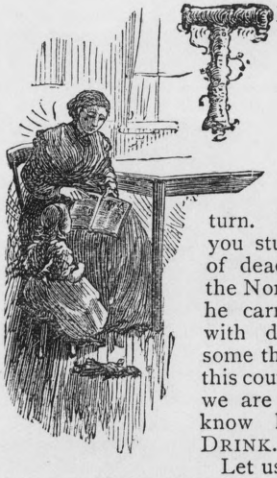
My wife soon read his joyous bound,
Her sighs and fears were over;
I entered, kissed my children round,
And fondly patted Rover.

W. HOYLE.

"And there, just where I bid him stand,
I found my faithful Rover."—p. 156.

A FIGHT WITH A GIANT.

BY A. E. WESTON.



THERE is a giant—I can see him now—he towers before me, a giant of wondrous strength and deep cunning. He stalks over this country; you may meet him at every turn. If you cross his path, you stumble over hundreds of dead and dying. Like the North American Indian, he carries a spear tipped with deadly poison; and some think that he will ruin this country of ours, of which we are so proud. Do you know his name? It is DRINK.

Let us see whether he was known of old. The first drunkard, sad to say, was one saved from death (Gen. ix. 20). We then come upon a *king* (1 Kings xx. 16); then on a *rich man* (1 Sam. xxv. 36); then on a *soldier* (2 Sam. xi. 13). Here are instances, and Bible ones, of men who have fallen under the strong arm of "Giant Drink." Now let us see what God's Word says about this vice (Prov. xx. 1; Isaiah v. 1, xxiv. 9, and xxviii. 7; Jer. xxxv. 2-6; Joel iii. 3; Eph. v. 18; Prov. xxiii. 21; 1 Cor. vi. 10; Rom. xiii. 13; Gal. v. 21). Working men! these passages speak to you with the voice of a trumpet. God gives us food and drink to nourish us; but if we take His gifts, abuse them, and trample them in the dust, we call down His heaviest wrath. Drunkenness always has been a curse. Look around you, and tell me if you do not think that it is the curse of this country! Oh! if all the drunken songs, oaths, and wicked words, uttered every day in this land of the Bible, were collected into one chorus, we should think that we were in hell. The drink bill of England is £140,000,000 every year! The total sum laid up during thirty years in our savings' banks, before the Post Office Savings' Bank was established, was only £32,892,382. Baron Alderson, at York, said, "If they took away from the calendar all the cases with which drink has to do, they would make of a large calendar a very small one." Judge Paterson, at Norwich, said, "If it were not for this drinking, we should have nothing to do." Judge Erskine said at Salisbury, "Ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are brought on by strong drink." Is not this strong testimony from the highest and best quarter?—the judges of our land. You complain of poverty and starvation. Why, then, do so many thousand pounds sterling go every week to pay England's beer and tobacco bill, from the pockets of the working classes? Working men! you know, and none better than you, what a deadly enemy this drink is. You have seen many a fine fellow lose his work, his character, his health; you have seen him laid in his grave, and you might have written over him, "Killed by the hand of Giant Drink." All of you have seen this giant; perhaps you have *felt* his power. Now, how are we to fight him? There is only one way, David's way—"I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts."

Am I speaking to a man who has given way to drink, or who feels that he is likely to give way? My friend, leave it off, once and for ever; have nothing to do with it. Listen to your Saviour's solemn words, "If thy foot offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than to have two hands or two feet to be cast into hell fire." British working men, try! Let us up and fight the "Giant Drink." One black, wintry night, a gallant vessel dashed on the reef of rocks; the waves swept over her, the rocks gored her sides, and a deep wail of agony rose from her dying crew. But look, a boat puts off, manned by brave hearts. She bounds from wave to wave, she reaches the sinking ship, and one by one that shipwrecked crew are saved. My friends, the boiling ocean of drink surges round you; many a wreck is cast upon the shore, the last "bubbling cry" of many a perishing soul reaches our ear. What are we to do? Why, run out the lifeboat of "Total Abstinence;" it has brought many a one safe to land, and by God's help it will bring many more. Thank God, temperance men are increasing. May they increase a thousandfold, and may God bless those noble fellows who have renounced drink that they may be examples to others. But never forget that total abstinence is not salvation. It is a stepping-stone, and a blessed one. By its means a man is often brought from the far-off country, and placed before the Son of God. Blessed Jesus, lay Thine hand on him, that he may live. Press forward, my friend; give up the drink that is ruining you; and oh, seek for grace to lay that, and all your iniquities, on the Son of God, who "taketh away the sin of the world."

THE RIGHT SIDE OF FIFTY.

IT is said of the humble Mr. Venn, in one of his excursions to preach for the Countess of Huntingdon, that he fell in company with a per-

son who had the appearance of a parish clergyman. After riding some time together, conversing on different subjects, the stranger, looking in his face, said—

"Sir, I think you are on the wrong side of fifty."

"On the wrong side of fifty!" answered Mr. Venn. "No, sir, I am on the right side of fifty."

"Surely," replied the clergyman, "you must be turned of fifty."

"Yes, sir," added the Christian veteran, "but I am on the right side of fifty, for I am nearer my crown of glory."

Happy that person who can thus feel, who has the right to believe he is nearer his crown of glory. How feelings like these would cause us to rejoice as year by year passes away, and our salvation becomes nearer!

AN OLD STORY.

BY UNCLE BEN.

MANY years ago, near to the famous and lovely city of Florence, a little shepherd-boy sat by the roadside; his sheep were feeding not far away. With a sharply-pointed stone he was trying to scratch on another and larger one the picture of a small group of his sheep at a little distance off. He was so absorbed in his work that he did not notice the approach of a richly-dressed stranger who came up and looked over the shoulder of the little boy to see what interested the child so much.

The stranger, then the first painter in Italy, was struck, that the little lad with such rough implements could draw a mother sheep and twin lambs with such wonderful truth and accuracy. He waited until the astonished child discovered his presence. Then the artist—for it was Cimabue—said, "My child, you must come with me, I will be your master and teacher, and some day you shall be a great painter."

The boy in time became his pupil and his disciple, and for ages yet in North Italy the name of that shepherd-boy will live, for as long as Pisa and Padua, Florence and Rome endure, the work of Giotto cannot die.

How was it that this boy's name became so famous when all the other lads of his village have been forgotten for hundreds of years? One reason among many is, that when the master called him to his service the boy obeyed and went. A great teacher came to him, and the child became his disciple. He did what his kind friend told him to do, so well that his work is still preserved.

My little friends, a greater Master is in our midst, is in our Sunday-school and Band of Hope work. He calls us to His side, bids us to follow Him, and learn of Him, and if we become His disciples and obey His will, we too shall live the life that cannot die, and do the work that is always good, so then we and our service shall abide with Him for ever.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger;
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other;
"I don't think you know."
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching "mousy" fast there,
'Cause he *didn't think*.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh no!" said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink;
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I *didn't think*."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go over headlong,
'Cause you *didn't think*.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE "LIFT-CURE."—It is not enough to enjoy life yourself; indeed selfish enjoyment is always incomplete. Give your overladen companions a lift with their loads. The "lift-cure," from a moral point of view, is a most significant phrase. Live while you live by helping others to enjoy life. Life is made up of little things; therefore do the little things which spread sunshine around your path. Hope, help, love—these are good words to speak and to hear spoken—good at the beginning of the year, good throughout the year, good at its close. Whether life be long or short, live while you live, not for yourself alone, but for yourself and others.

A NARROW ESCAPE—A fire-ladder.

A CLERICAL ERROR—Too long a sermon.

A WILLING PRISONER—A man locked in slumber.

MISSING MEN—Bad marksmen.

HE submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

IT does not require any genius or talent to find fault; but to give credit where credit is due is indicative of a good heart and sound judgment.

TO endure patiently is as clear a proof of loyalty as to do valiantly; for each of these brings into exercise that essential element of the noblest heroism, Christian self-possession.

SAID General Jackson once: "I never place any reliance on a man who is always boasting about what he'd have done if he'd been there. You may depend upon it, such a fellow *never gets there*."

A WOMAN'S AILMENT—The stitch.

TABLE OF CONTENTS—The dinner table.

APPLICATION FOR RELIEF—A mustard plaster.

"NO, ma'am," said a grocer to an applicant for credit; "I wouldn't trust my own feelings."

WHY are doctors' medicines like their patients? Because they are queer mixtures.

THERE is one field where educated women are in demand. That is the home. The educated woman is the best wife, the best mother, the best housekeeper, the best economist. The "coming men" could afford to pay all the expenses of a full training for their future wives merely for the greater good they would receive from them. Six years of hard study are well invested, if for nothing more than to be able to answer a thousand questions which curious youngsters will be asking in a few years.

"HAVE you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking person. "No," he replied; 'but I have a father in gaol."

A PHILOSOPHER says, "You require in marriage precisely the same quality that you would in eating sausages—absolute confidence."

WEATHER REPORT—A clap of thunder.

PERSONS OF ABANDONED HABITS—Dealers in old clothes.

TO THE BENEVOLENT—There is a man so hard up that he even sleeps on *tick*.

DESPONDENCY is ingratitude to heaven, as cheerfulness is the best and most acceptable piety.

A MAN whose face showed the effects of a skirmish with his wife, said to the police justice before whom he was arraigned that his disfigurement was owing to the rise in iron—"that is," he added, "to an advance of *nails*."

"WHAT do you think of my voice?" asked a conceited young man of a celebrated teacher of singing, who replied: "Your voice has but one note in it, and that note does not belong to the musical scale."

A LITTLE boy, weeping most piteously, was interrupted by some unusual occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; the thought was broken. "Ma," said he, resuming his sniffle, "what was I crying about just now?"

"WHAT! only five policemen for a town like this! How can they keep the peace?" "Oh!" calmly replied the native, "you see we've so little peace in this place that they've no trouble in keeping it."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Temperance Record—The Band of Hope Chronicle—British Temperance Advocate—The Good Templar Gem—The Coffee Palace Temperance Journal—The Irish Temperance Journal—The Coffee Public-House News—The Western Temperance Herald—The Glasgow League Journal.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Temperance Mottoes and Texts." Six Illuminated Floral Cards for wall decorations or rewards. Price two shillings. Many of them are striking mottoes, well designed, and may well be said to be cheap, beautiful, and useful; so are the smaller packets of passages, with Illuminating Borders, of fifty for sixpence. Published by the National Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand, London, W.C.

"Onward Reciter." Partridge and Co., London. John Heywood, Manchester. Vol. IX., containing, in prose and verse, a large selection of readings and dialogues for recitation. We recommend this little book with great confidence to every conductor of Band of Hope and Temperance Societies. All Sunday-school Libraries and Good Templar Lodges will find it to be both of use and interest. Price one shilling and sixpence.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

CHAPTER XI.—FINDING.

" Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortes, when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."—*Keats.*

OUR hero went to his new situation in London with all the pride and joy of entering upon life, earning his own living, and having within him a noble purpose and a strong hope that he would seek and find his father.

The post he had to fill was that of time-keeper at a little office immediately within the gates that opened into the wharf ; and as his employers soon found he could write well and was very ready and intelligent, they gave him clerk's work to do, which filled up what would have been spare time. Having plenty to do made the days pass very quickly, although at first they were very long. But when he left off work the evenings were lonely times—no friend to speak to, and he a stranger whom no one seemed to notice. This, however, made him think more kindly of all the friendless and desolate in that mighty city, and specially was attention kept to the one work before him. While he never lost sight of this, he was enabled to do many good turns for others who needed help.

His first plan was to make himself familiar with the docks and with the ways of the men about the yard. Then he set himself to know the streets and public-houses, the lodging-houses, and the places of amusement. It was weary work hobbling about on his crutch through that labyrinth of streets, the endless roads and pavements in and out that strange mystery of bricks and mortar, with its wilderness of houses, its desert of mud, its forest of chimneys —wandering along the avenues of gas-lamps, up and down courts and alleys, watching every motley crowd, scanning all the faces of all the passers-by ; thinking one moment that his father might be close at hand, then perhaps the next he would imagine him far away in some foreign land, or at other times he would think he couldn't be living, or he would have come home long ago Then he would go back to his lodging wearied and hopeless, too tired and desolate to do anything ; he could neither read nor write. He would sit and talk to his landlady, in whose barely-furnished kitchen he had his tea or supper, and then take his candle and go up to bed in the little room at the top of the second flight of stairs. Somewhere between the roofs and chimneys he could see the gleam of a little part of the river in the daylight, but night and day he had the sky, and that seemed the only link between him and the country life where his mother and Jenny were ; he would think of it as the one bit of nature that is over all, and if it does separate from heaven, it brings the thoughts of God and home to be all the closer and to be with us alway. The worst day of all for him was Sunday. He felt more homeless and friendless ; he was not wanted in that dark and dingy underground kitchen, and he seldom troubled Mrs. Sprunt with his presence. She was what is generally known as a tidy, respectable widow, but who knows which side her bread is buttered, who represented the principles of moderation in all things, she was moderately good and moderately bad ; she did as other people did, with this exception, as she said, " that you must draw the line somewhere." She looked after her lodgers only so far as it paid her, to that extent she was truly kind ; and she only robbed them very moderately, lest dishonesty should really prove to be the worst policy. She and our hero were not likely to become very friendly ; he, without much thought or penetration, knew [she looked at him as a customer, and she said that he was so mean and close she could hardly put up with him at times. On Sundays when service was over—for very moderate people generally go to church once a day—her friends used to come and see her. The young man soon learnt that his room was preferred to his company. So he endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity, and as he had to wander about all day, he carried on the search in ways and places he could not of an evening. All this experience taught him much ; the people he met, the scenes he saw, made him to realize the curse of drink in a way that nothing else had done or could do. But all his efforts to discover his father seemed to be without avail.

One dreary Sunday, more than a year after he had been in his situation, as he was returning from his ceaseless wanderings and the wretched sights he had seen on this " day of rest and gladness," cast down and desponding at the hopelessness of his labour, he thought of God's patience and of the Saviour's unceasing search for the lost ; and the message he had listened to that day in church had helped him more than he knew. He did not always attend a place of worship ; he had been to many of the churches and chapels—all of them were very thinly attended, and nowhere did he feel at home ; but this day he had been tired, and it was drizzling, and partly for rest and shelter he had gone into a poor-looking church, with the most scattered and abject-looking congregation he had seen in those neglected houses of prayer in the East-

end of London which may be found on both sides of the river. But the service recalled old memories and home, and the sermon, which was preached by a clergyman of very broad views, on Christ's life being the best divine message to men, touched his heart and awoke within him feelings that could not be forgotten.

He resolved to advertise, in hopes that the notice might possibly be seen. The resolution was carried into effect, and there appeared in the daily papers at intervals as he could afford it, and also in the local weekly press, an advertisement to the following effect :—"If some one bearing the initials of J. L——, who left his home on the night of October 14th, 1860, will make application by letter to W. L——, No. 6, Alma Street, in such a parish, he will find good news."

Patiently did the young man wait for some tidings or news. He received one or two answers, but none evidently from the one whom he sought. He had spent almost all his money, and like all the other efforts he had made, this one seemed useless. What to do he did not know. Sad at heart, almost to despair, for that very morning a letter from Jenny had told him his mother had been ailing for some time, and appeared of late to be getting worse ; nothing in the way of disease attacked her, but she had told Grannie that she did not think she would get through the winter.

It was a dark, foggy night, the mud under foot was so slippery one could hardly walk two steps without sliding, the houses on the other side the road looked like grim phantoms, the gas-lights looked like blurred yellow lanterns suspended in mid-air, the vehicles and people appeared as ghosts from another world. As he neared the house at which he lodged there was a man standing close beside the door, with a slouch hat drawn rather over his face ; but for the moment as he entered, thinking about his mother, he took little notice, and thought no more of the stranger than of the scores of people whom he had seen, many of whom might on a night like this be very much in doubt about the way.

Soon after he had entered the kitchen Mrs. Sprunt said, "Some man has asked if any one by the name of Linden lived here, but I said you weren't in, and shut the door. I thought he seemed as though he would have kept me standing in the fog till now, and that's more than half an hour ago. Come, get your tea."

But before the words were finished the cripple had sprung up the narrow stairs with hand and crutch—for he then remembered the man near the door ; he rushed to the street and looked in all directions, but no one was to be seen, except the few passengers of the by-street and a costermonger's cart. After a vain search in that foggy night he returned to question his astonished landlady, but to all his inquiries she could make no reply that gave him the least definite hope as to whom the man might be. He could gain no true information.

Mrs. Sprunt observing the excitement that the apparently small incident had thrown her lodger into, began to show signs of curiosity with so much patience and perseverance, that after an almost untasted meal was over, he went off into the fog and the smoky air to escape the catechising of Mrs. Sprunt's very influential tongue. When he returned late he could not sleep ; in anxious thought the long hours of the night passed. He got up in the dark, and was down at the wharf-yard before six o'clock. As the day wore on he tried to persuade himself that the man who called was only some one who might have come up from his native village, and being in London, had looked in to see if he were at his lodgings. But soon after the dinner-hour in the afternoon a man came to the gate, and after speaking to a workman, looked in at the little office, and with some hesitation asked if there was any work to be had in that yard: it was not an uncommon inquiry to be made, and usually such applicants were referred to the foreman. But the foreman was at this moment engaged with the master ; so, turning to the questioner, young Linden said if he would wait a few minutes the foreman would be disengaged, and he would tell him.

The man asked if they were full, or whether they were in want of hands.

"No," replied the young man, "we are not full, but then work is slack."

He felt the eyes of the speaker were fixed on him with intense earnestness, and he could feel his heart beat fast as the stranger's voice trembled and shook as he said, "How long have you been lame, young man ?"

"Oh, I broke my leg some years ago," much relieved at the question, but his pulse was going still faster.

When the stranger said, "You broke it, di l you? But it must be a sight better to break your leg than your heart."

"I didn't do it ; some one ran over me, who had a drop too much of drink, but no one ever knew who it was ;" and looking up, stopped short suddenly in amazement.

THERE is no place in the wide world like home. It is the dwelling-place of our heart's treasure, and the first duty of our lives we owe to it and its inmates. To make it pleasant and attractive should be the aim of every man.

LEAVING HOME.

LEAVING boyhood with its brightness
And its hours of merry play;
Leaving youth's first joyous lightness
And the flowers that strewed its way;
Leaving early scenes behind thee,
Through an untried world to roam,—
Let thine heart each day remind thee
Of the dear ones left at home;

Of the tender care that hid thee
Underneath its wing of love;
Of the gentle tones that chid thee,
Youth's light errors to reprove;
Of affection deep, unspoken,
Guarding life's first opening way;
Of the hearts that would be broken
Shouldst thou e'er from virtue stray.

Flowery pathways may invite thee,
Filled with gay and merry throngs;
Music's witching charms delight thee—
Rousing strains, heart-thrilling songs;
Pleasure's votaries seek to woo thee
To the gilded haunts of vice;
Wily tempters often seek thee
Draughts of bliss thy lips entice.

Heed them not! ne'er fasten round thee
Chains, thy freedom to destroy.
Cruel thorns shall tear and wound thee,
When false pleasure's roses die.
Though the tempting cup may glitter
With the red and sparkling draught,
Poisonous shall it prove and bitter,
By the unwary victim quaffed.

Oh, be noble! spurn the fetter
Of false friend or wily foe!
Than thy weaker self be better;
Dash each tempter down with *No!*
Seek God's strength to aid thy weakness,
He will help thee in the fight;
Of thy Saviour learn in meekness
How to live thy life aright.

So when youth's dark locks grow hoary
With the snows of ripe old age,
Righteousness shall crown with glory
Thy life's closing pilgrimage.
Then beyond death's mystic portal,
When earth's changes all are past,
Thou shalt wake to joys immortal
Which for evermore shall last.

E. C. A. ALLEN.

A LITTLE boy, seven years old, travelling in a mail train to Birmingham, asked—"Which go fastest, male or female trains, papa?"

NELL'S SPOONS.

SIX of them solid silver! was not the hall-mark legibly stamped on the back of each? Spread out for private view on a new piece of chamois leather, spotless as the spoons themselves.

"We shall be like real gentlefolk now, John," she said, looking at them admiringly, with her head on one side; "it isn't every body that has six *real* silver spoons to begin with."

These two privileged persons were only beginners of six weeks' standing; it might have been six years by the impressive way John referred to "*my* wife," and Nell to "*my* house." The spoons had arrived that morning, a present from a distant relative on Nell's side, and great was her jubilation over them—great also the efforts she made to work up John's feelings to the same pitch.

"Keep them well wrapped up in the leather and they'll be as good fifty years hence as they are now; and I'll see that they don't be bent or scratched like some people's I could mention," she remarked, with an air of lofty superiority.

"But what will be the use of them if they're never to be used?" objected John, with all a man's denseness in such matters.

"They will be used when we have company, John. Solid silver was never intended for every-day use."

That settled the matter; the spoons were tenderly rolled up and put away at the back of the top drawer in the best chest upstairs, and the small household went on with the cheap plated ones as if the others had no existence.

It was a great occasion the first time they saw daylight: the minister came by solemn appointment to take tea. The best gold-and-white china was set out in the little parlour, the fire coaxed up to the point of perfection, and Nell in her Sunday gown of purple merino took out her silver plate and arranged it all in shining order on the table—three in the saucers, three crossed casually about the tablecloth, in case the minister should prefer a fresh one for each successive cup of tea.

He arrived with John; they had met at the end of the street, and were talking earnestly. John went away to take off his working-coat, and Nell ushered Mr. Blair into the parlour and into the presence of the spoons. They were not lost upon him, over and over again he expressed his admiration of them in terms that satisfied even her housewifely pride. It was John who strayed from the subject first.

"Nell, Mr. Blair wants us to join his temperance meetings. He has one to-night; shall we go and see what it's like?"

Nell looked rather surprised. "Why, Mr.

Blair, John never takes more than one glass of beer at nights, and often I don't have one for a week together."

"Then don't you think you could give that up for the sake of the influence it would give you over people who need it more?" he asked. "Your husband's example would not pass unnoticed in the workshop; it might make all the difference to some one there, and it would be easier for him if you helped him too."

"They are all steady, dependable men at our place and don't need any example," said John. "But we'll come to the meeting at any rate, Mr. Blair, and think it over."

"Yes, we can do that," agreed Nell; "but I must say I don't like the name of being a teetotaler."

And so, when tea was ended and the spoons restored to their resting-place, they all three went down to the schoolroom for the meeting. It was not an enthusiastic one by any means; the fog seemed to have penetrated inside, and the scanty audience coughed vigorously all through the speeches. John and Nell shivered as they thought of the cheerful hearth they had quitted for it; even Mr. Blair's eloquence fell rather flat under all the disadvantages.

"Well?" began Nell, inquiringly, when they found themselves in the street again, *en route* for home.

"Well, teetotalism doesn't seem to be a particularly cheerful subject, we looked uncommonly like a funeral party."

"That may have been because it's such a miserable night," remarked Nell, who was generally fairly just to both sides. "But on the whole, John, I don't think we'll have anything to do with it, it can't do *us* any good."

"All right, I'm sure I've no wish to give up my one glass of beer. If everybody took as little as I do, there would be less need for talk about the matter."

Nell patted his arm in the darkness. "There would be less need for talk about lots of other things if everybody was only like you, John."

And so the matter was put by till a more convenient season.

Trade was bad that year, there were complaints on all sides. It reached even to John's cottage, and the two had many an anxious talk about it. There had been some notice of an intention to reduce the staff for a time at the big upholstery house where he worked, and all the younger men went from week to week fearfully, each dreading that it might fall to his lot to have to go. Their wages had been lowered all round, and that meant the curtailment of many little comforts they had been accustomed to. Nell found her housekeeping a much more difficult matter now than it had been in those early days, and her heart almost failed her for a minute or two when John came home one Friday night, and laying his diminished wages on the table, told her they were the last he would get—after tomorrow he would be a gentleman at large.

"Oh, John, what will become of us? do you think you can get a situation anywhere else?"

"It won't be for want of trying if I don't, Nell; it's a bad time to be out. I'll go round to two or three places I know on Monday."

"Yes, and everybody knows what a good workman you are," declared Nell, her face brightening up again. "Macpherson ought to give you a splendid recommendation; it isn't as if you left for any fault of your own, then we might feel down."

Nevertheless, they felt a little "down" without that, when all the next week, and two or three weeks after that, went by without bringing any more work, and consequently any more pay; and in those weeks Nell made her first acquaintance with the pawnbroker's at the corner. Little things at first, superfluities that would not be missed by a casual observer coming in, but each one of them had been a little household god to Nell, and their empty niches cost her many a tear. She did not quite see where it would end.

"Nell, I've got a place at last!" John cried one morning, bursting into her tiny pantry, where Nell was standing on a chair, scrubbing the shelves that were neat enough already, by reason of their emptiness—"At Dixon's; it's not half what I ought to have, but it will tide us on a bit till trade mends again."

Nell descended from her chair in a merry "Oh, John, I am so glad! Anything is better than that wretched pawnshop, and you will go back to Macpherson's some time."

"Don't begin to abuse the pawnshop yet, Nell, we haven't quite done with it. I'll want two or three different tools, and they have got to come from somewhere."

Nell took a quick survey of her little room. "There's nothing we can take now without it's being missed."

John turned round sharply from the window. "Nell, it'll have to be a couple of those teaspoons; they are no earthly use to us, and we can easily get them back after awhile."

Nell caught up her breath with a gasp. "Oh, John, our pretty spoons that we're going to keep fifty years!"

"Much good they'll do us then, if we have died of starvation in the meantime. Come, Nell, it can't be helped; bring them down."

And so two out of the six went. Nell wrapped up the remaining four, without trusting herself to look at them, and put them back into the top drawer.

John came back from his first day at the new

"Leaving early scenes behind thee,
Through an untried world to roam."—p. 163.

place with a clouded brow; they were a different set of men altogether to what he had been accustomed to. "They drink all day, more or less, and I've got to pay a footing for them."

"You can't afford it, John," said practical Nell. She had been a British workman's wife quite long enough to understand the meaning of that iniquitous "footing" system, though she had never seen the imposition of it quite so clearly before.

"It's got to be done, Nell, or it may end in me getting the sack; we can afford that still less. I shall have to take another spoon."

Nell rose up then. "No, John! I didn't mind —at least, not so much—when it was for you, but my pretty spoons shall *not* go to buy beer for those wicked, selfish men. How can they drink it when they know how hard it is for us all to live now?"

John said no more about it, but there was the shadow of a little cloud upon them all the evening. He was a good deal later in coming home the next night, and Nell saw at the first glance that he was not himself at all. At first she was sure he was ill; then as she noticed the strong odour of beer, a dull, heavy pain crept into her heart, with the conviction that it meant something else. He fell asleep in his chair over his

untasted tea, and she walked to the window and stood looking out. It was her first experience of anything of the kind, and she felt sick and frightened. John had always said he could not afford to drink when he was at Macpherson's and getting good wages, how could he now, on less than half? All the harrowing stories about drunkards she had ever heard and scarcely heeded before, came back to her mind as she stood gazing blankly into the darkening street.

There was a row of tiny, poorly-built houses opposite, and the light and noise in one of them, the end one, roused her attention at last. She knew the house by report: the man was always drinking and ill-treating his family—two children were crying bitterly now on the step. She looked round at John—he was sleeping heavily; it was no use appealing to him, she decided with a curiously forsaken feeling, and she opened her front door hesitatingly. There came a sudden cry from the inside, and a man stumbled out across the crying children, and reeled away down the street.

Nell was across in an instant. The woman lay huddled up in a corner by the fireless grate, her head against the fender. Nell lifted her away to the rug, and put a pillow under the bruised face. Presently she came round, and Nell ran back for her own tea-pot and made her drink some; she put the miserable room to-rights, and comforted the crying children and put them to bed; the woman trying all the while to excuse her husband—he was not often so bad as to-night, she said, and she had provoked him. Doubtless she had, and yet as Nell sat alone by her dying fire that night, while John snored heavily upstairs, she felt almost as if that woman's plight was a revelation of her own future—as if she already realised, step by step, the whole descent; for that it would descend to that, she hardly questioned.

For about three weeks John stayed at Dixon's it seemed to Nell that he was never quite himself again. From that first day he did not come back a second time in quite that state, but morose and bad-tempered, and he avoided being with her as much as possible; still his wages came back nearly intact, and Nell puzzled herself to account for it often as she went about her work. "There is something wrong, I know," she wound up her reflections wearily one afternoon, "but I don't understand where."

She did understand an hour or two later. She had occasion to go to the top drawer upstairs for some little article, and some unwonted disorder in the contents struck her eye; she hastily unrolled the little chamois leather packet in the corner: there was one spoon in it—one out of the six pretty spoons treasured up so carefully! Nell sat down on the floor with the last waif in her lap, she felt too sick at heart for crying—sat there till John's step below startled her into getting up and taking up her neglected work. She could not speak to him about it, she shrank even from his knowing that she had discovered her loss; her John, who had been so different from all other men, to take away her little spoons like a common thief, and for drink! She put it back where she found it.

He was sitting by the table when she went down. "I'm out of work again, Nell," he said briefly, without looking round; "there were no orders coming in, so the foreman told us the latest comers must clear out."

Nell did not answer, that seemed such a small misfortune coming after the other.

Sunday came. Nell went down to the little church by herself in the evening. John would not; his clothes were too shabby, he said, and he should go for a walk: he did not ask her to go. Nell sat alone in her corner, and listened to the service as if it were something she had no part in, far away from her trouble. At the gate coming out she met Mr. Blair; he had heard or guessed something of her state of affairs, and shook hands kindly with her. "Where is your husband to-night?" he asked.

"He said he had to go somewhere; he is rather anxious about work just now, Mr. Blair."

"It is an anxious time for many of us just now," he responded. "Mrs. Gordon, do you think it would be any use my asking your husband to join our temperance society again? We need workers sorely, and it would take his mind off his cares a little at night."

It was wisely expressed, and Nell looked up gratefully. "I wish we had both joined it when you asked us before, Mr. Blair. John doesn't care to now, and—and it wouldn't be any use to me to be good if he wasn't;" and she hurried away.

The house was empty when she reached home. She went upstairs to put away her bonnet, and then chancing to open the drawer, she half unconsciously took up her little spoon, and Nell's mind went back to those bright early days. She never knew how long she stood there; she never heard the door open below, or the foot on the stairs, she only looked up when John's shadow fell across the open drawer, and then she shut it up sharply.

"So you have missed them, Nell?"

"I've missed them for a week past," she answered, briefly.

"You didn't say anything about it."

"I couldn't. Oh, John! we were so happy then." It was a pitiful wail after that vanished happiness; she had lost more than the spoons; and John went down without a word.

He was out all the next day—out till late in

the evening. Nell opened the door for him; she had fastened it for security. He held her a minute in the little passage: "Nell, I've been with Mr. Blair—I've joined his society! Our glass of beer has cost us too dearly, we'll give it up."

Nell clung to him sobbing quietly, words she had none. That dark future seemed a thing of the past already, and John was John again.

"You shall have your spoons back, Nell, the first money I can get together," he said to her a day or two after. "They told me to-day at Macpherson's that in three months they hoped to be in full working order again, if we can only hold out till then."

"Then we *will* hold out, John, even if we have to sell all our furniture. Anything is better than going to another place like Dixon's, and there isn't a bit of hurry about the spoons, they'll do if it's a year to come."

It was a year, over a year, and in that space Nell disposed of the sixth and last spoon herself.

Coming back from a limited marketing expedition one bitter January morning, she came across one of the children at the end house opposite, and stopped to ask about her mother.

"There's a new baby," was the response, "and she's dreadful bad."

Nell opened the door softly and looked in. On the miserable bed in the corner the poor woman lay, trying to hush the little creature's cries. The fire was at the lowest stage; food there seemed none.

"Where is your husband? has he left you no money?" she asked, indignantly.

"He's off drinking somewhere, I haven't seen him for two days."

"That baby wants food; have you no milk in the house?" said Nell, coming back to the little mite who could be both seen and heard.

"No."

"Then I'll run and get some; it won't take many minutes."

But when Nell looked round her own pantry there was little on its scantily-furnished shelves fit for either baby or mother; her last shilling, till John should bring her some more, had just been laid out. She looked at the driving sleet outside, and the window behind which the shivering mother lay, and then Nell solemnly went upstairs and took out her last spoon, and went down to the nearest jeweller's and sold it for its weight in silver.

She spent the rest of that day in the end house. Fire and food could do nothing for the new-comer, the little life slipped away on her knee at dusk; but they did keep the mother from following it, and some charitable society came to the rescue in the evening and sent a nurse.

Nell went soberly back to her own home then, and told John about the day's experiences over the supper-table—told him, too, of that last time she had gone in, and how she had firmly believed that their own future was shadowed forth in that end house. "And as she lay there to-night, John, I felt as if it *ought* to have been me," she wound up, "and as if I could not do enough for her because I had escaped."

Nell has got her pretty spoons again now—five of them at least—laid away securely in the drawer upstairs. The sixth is out at interest, and will surely come back to her some day either in this world or the next. E. K. O.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

NOW raise the song to Robert Raikes
First of a noble band,
Who gathered into Sabbath-schools
The children of our land.
Uncared for and untaught were they,
'Mid scenes of sin and woe,
Till Robert Raikes went nobly forth
A hundred years ago.

A hundred years!—how great the change
Our wond'ring eyes behold;
What multitudes from street and lane
Are gathered in the fold.
Each little wayward wanderer
The way of truth may know,
And bless the name of him who lived
A hundred years ago.

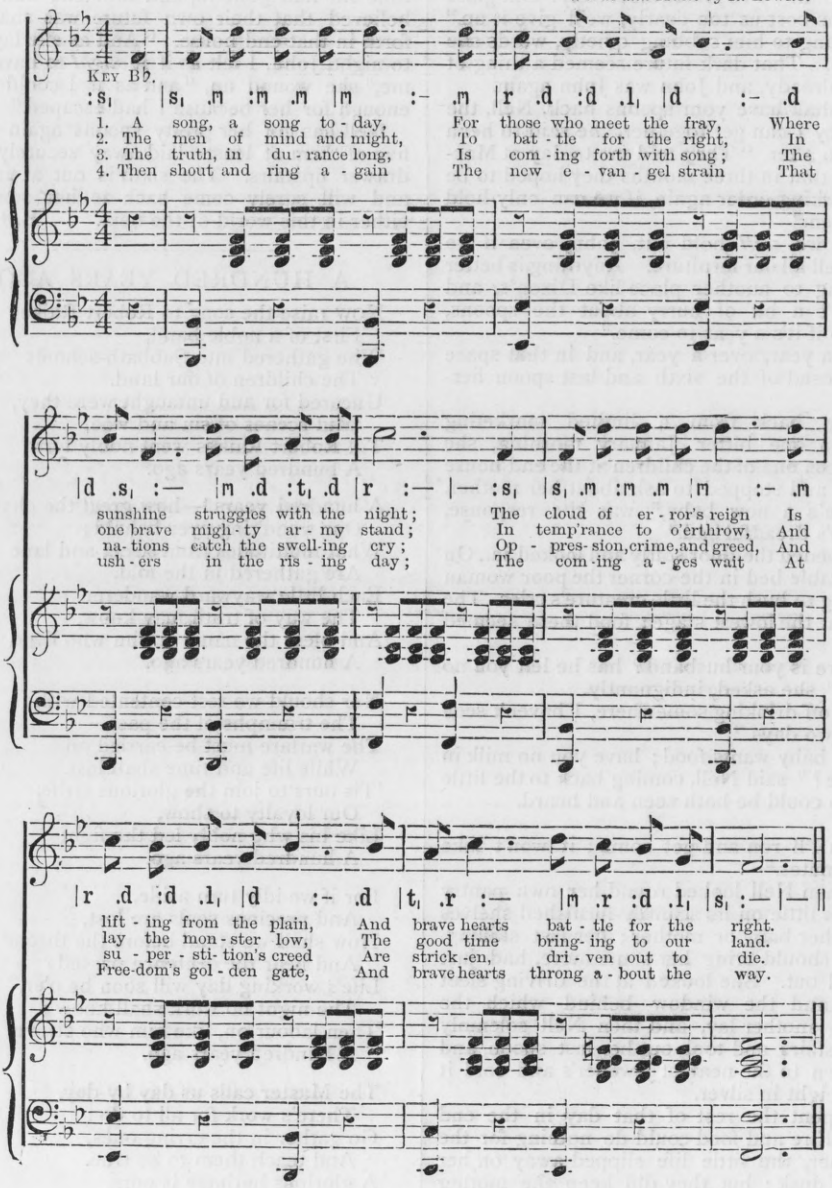
Nor should we rest contented with
The triumphs of the past—
The warfare must be carried on
While life and time shall last.
'Tis ours to join the glorious strife,
Our loyalty to show,
Like his who nobly led the fight
A hundred years ago.

For if we idly turn aside,
And precious souls are lost,
How shall we stand before the throne
And hear the sentence passed?
Life's working day will soon be o'er,
The night no work shall know;
Then labour on, like him who strove
A hundred years ago.

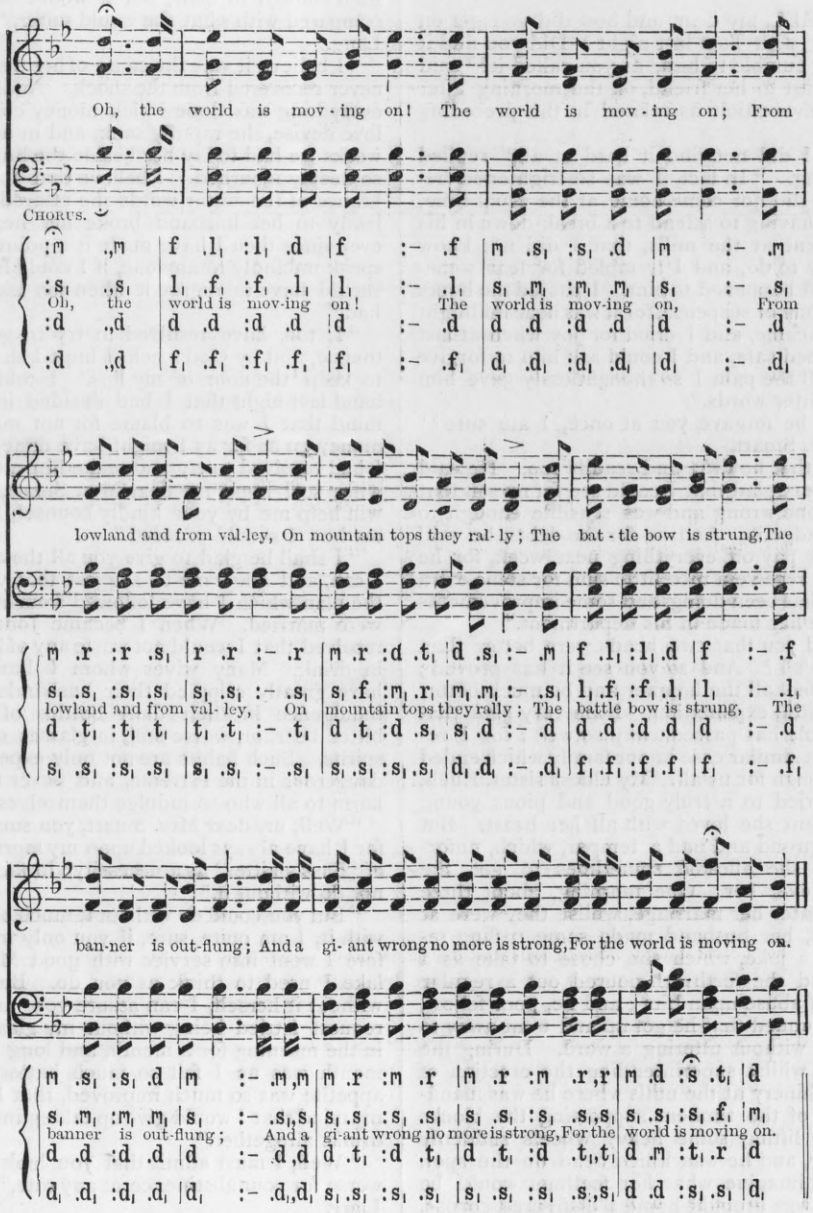
The Master calls us day by day,
There's work for all to do:
Go gather in the erring ones,
And teach them to be true.
A glorious heritage is ours,
Which only heav'n will show—
To work for God like him who toiled
A hundred years ago. W. HOYLE.

THE WORLD IS MOVING ON.

Words and Music by R. LOWRY.



CHORUS. THE WORLD IS MOVING ON—(*continued*).



MRS. LANG'S RESOLVE.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, my dear, and how did you get on with Tom last night? Did you find it hard to 'humble to him,' as you called it?" said Mrs. Smart to her friend, on the morning after their conversation as related in the preceding chapter.

"No, I did not find it hard at all," replied Mrs. Lang. "In fact, I was so frightened because he did not come home at the usual time, through having to attend to a break-down in his department at the mills, that I did not know whatever to do, and I trembled for fear something had happened to him. I passed the hours in an agony of suspense, for it was near midnight when he came, and I cried for joy when at last he returned safe, and I could ask him to forgive me for all the pain I so thoughtlessly gave him by my bitter words."

"And he forgave you at once, I am sure?" said Mrs. Smart.

"Yes, that he did; and readily too. He said he was very glad that I could see for myself that I had done wrong and was sensible enough to acknowledge it. And as for the debts, he said we might pay off everything next week, for he will then receive a nice little sum for some extra work he has been doing, and some improvements which he has made in his department."

"I told you that two heads were better than one, didn't I? And so you see it has proved; you will feel all the happier and be much better for this little explanation. I am very glad that this trouble has passed away so well; for I remember a similar case in our family which ended sadly enough for us all. My eldest sister, Ellen, was married to a truly good and pious young man, whom she loved with all her heart. But she was proud and had a temper, which, unfortunately, she allowed sometimes to get the mastery over her. One morning, about three months after her marriage, whilst they were at breakfast, her husband made some trifling remark in a joke, which she chose to take as a slight, and she forthwith poured out a regular torrent of abuse upon him; and he, poor fellow, was so stunned that he got up and went away to his work without uttering a word. During the morning, whilst superintending the erection of new machinery at the mills where he was manager, one of the timbers supporting the blocks used for lifting some heavy wheels suddenly gave way, and he was killed dead on the spot. You can imagine what her feelings would be when he was brought home a disfigured corpse, and how bitterly she reproached herself for her harsh conduct, when, alas! it was too late to undo what she had done."

"Oh, it would be an awful thing, indeed, for her, poor thing! My experience last night was hard enough to bear, but it would be nothing compared with what she would suffer," said Mrs. Lang.

"I believe it was the cause of her death. She never recovered from the shock. And, although everything was done which money could do, or love devise, she rapidly sank, and in a few short weeks we had to lay her beside the husband she so deeply mourned. I believe that the remembrance of the bitter words she uttered so needlessly to her husband broke her heart. And ever since then I have made it a point never to speak unkindly to any one, if I could help, lest I should have to regret it when too late, as she had."

"I, too, have resolved to try to govern my tongue, and by God's help I hope I shall be able to keep 'the door of my lips.' I told my husband last night that I had decided in my own mind that I was to blame for not making the money go as far as I might have done, and that I had resolved to try and make him a truly good wife; so I hope, my dear Mrs. Smart, that you will help me by your kindly counsel, and show me how I should proceed."

"I shall be glad to give you all the assistance I can, and allow me to suggest that you adopt the plan which I have followed from the day we were married. When I became John's wife I resolved that I would not waste any of his money in drink. Many wives whom I have known have greatly crippled their husbands by their indulgence in their daily bottles of stout or bitter beer, or, worse still, in glasses of wine or spirits. Such habits are not only expensive, but dangerous in the extreme, and never fail to do harm to all who so indulge themselves."

"Well, my dear Mrs. Smart, you surprise me! for I have always looked upon my morning glass of 'Bass's bitter' as a necessity; in fact, I could not do without it."

"But you could do without it much better than with it, I am quite sure, if you only tried. Before I went into service with good Mrs. Westlake I used to think as you do. But she did without it herself, I can assure you, and at her request I tried being without my glass of beer in the morning for a month, and long before the month was up I felt so much better, and my appetite was so much improved, that I made up my mind that I would give up taking intoxicating drinks altogether."

"Well, I must admit that you look none the worse for your abstinence, at any rate," said Mrs. Lang.

"I feel sure," said Mrs. Smart, "that I am better every way than I should be if I took liquors. I often think of what my good mistress

used to say when speaking on this subject. 'Wives, and mothers especially,' said she, 'should never take drink; for the alcohol, which is a deadly poison, finds its way into the milk with which they suckle their children, and so helps to form in their innocent offspring the drunkard's degrading appetite.' No wonder we have so many drunkards, and no wonder that so many die in early infancy when what should be to them a fountain of life is poisoned with alcohol."

"If what you say is true, my dear, I shall have to try to do without my beer, for I should not like to think that I was taking something which would injure either myself or those whom God may give into my keeping. Surely I must have been living with my eyes shut not to have seen or thought of these things before."

"Alas! my dear Mrs. Lang, we have all become so familiar with the evils resulting from the use of intoxicating drinks, that even the best and wisest of us do not fully recognise the extent of the mischief they do, or the necessity there is for personal action in order to counteract the ravages of intemperance."

"Well, I will give up my glass of beer at once, at any rate. I suppose it is always the best to begin a good thing at home first, and I will try your plan. Tom does not drink, I am happy to say: although he has not signed the pledge, I heard him say the other day that he has never had a drop of drink for three years; so I shall have no difficulty with him, and if he can do without it I should think I can. I mean to try, any way."

"You need have no fear of not being able to do without beer, for there is nothing in any of the different forms of liquor which can add either to the strength or the health of the body in any way whatever; they are all bad—bad in their very nature, and therefore bad in their effects. When a thing has no good in it, good cannot come out of it, and I am very glad that you have so wisely resolved to become an abstainer, for now you will be sure to be better off both in health and in pocket, and instead of grumbling that you have not enough, you will soon be rejoicing that you are able to pay your way and have something over to lay by for the future."

"Good morning, Mrs. Smart; and you may be sure that from to-day I shall endeavour to put in practice my resolve."

REST.

"HOLD me, auntie." What sweet trust and loving confidence were expressed in the dear little upturned face, as Edith, tired of play, stood at my side with outstretched arms! "Hold me, auntie," and in an instant the child was folded to my bosom.

After a little time of silence and resting—

"Auntie, do you ever want to be holded?"

"Yes, darling; very often."

"Well, then, who holds you?"

"I have the 'Everlasting Arms' around me. My dear little Edith cannot understand this now, but as she grows older I hope she will know it all. Though I cannot feel the arms of my heavenly Protector, as you, darling, feel mine sheltering you, and pressing you lovingly to my side, I know that I am as carefully guarded and as tenderly held. When you say, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' you think of the Good Shepherd; and I am His little Edith, just as you are mine; He lets me rest upon Him, just as you do upon me."

A slight wondering look, a gentle smile, and the little one was asleep on my breast.

Thus it is with us full-grown children, tired of the toys of the world, wearied with life's trifling. Oh, what a preciousness there is in the security of the Everlasting Arms! Lovingly, trustingly, we rest from all care, all folly, all strife and anxiety, on the bosom of Christ our Saviour.

THE CONQUEROR'S BAND.

THE world's a battle-field, boys!
Beyond's the promised land;
War rages all around, boys!—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

There's wrong to trample down, boys!
That right may rule the land;
The trumpet calls to arms, boys!—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

Sin's hosts are gath'ring strong, boys!
Who can their power withstand?
They only who do right, boys!—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

Hearts true as steel we need, boys!
High purpose and strong hand;
Each mind and eye alert, boys!—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

What men may do, we'll dare, boys!
And fight at God's command;
His banner high we'll bear, boys!
We'll join the Conq'ror's band.

Then if we're true and brave, boys!
The foe will sink as sand,
And high will swell the song, boys!
Led by the Conq'ror's band.

J. WATKINSON.

LITTLE MAY.

BY GRACE ORA.

LONG room with a row of cots along either side, lighted only now—for it is long past bed-time—by a shaded night-light burning at each end; its white walls bare except for the pretty pictures over the little beds; no medicine bottles, no signs of sickness or suffering but the paleness of the little faces on the pillows, for this is the room where the children who have been ill are nursed quite well again.

Oh, those tender baby-faces, gathered by sickness or accident for a time to loving help and care, how sweetly they can smile and sleep in complete forgetfulness of past ills in the happier present!

Surely with no more gracious childhood shone those faces which come to us now but as a dream of fair children—the face of the babe who slept in an ark among the river-flags and lotus-leaves; of the infant son of gentle Ruth, who slumbered in Naomi's bosom; of the child messenger awakened by the Voice sounding through the dim, silent temple.

The nurse was going the round of the beds for the night, when she saw one of the little faces turned towards her, wide awake. "Oh, May, May! not asleep yet? what a naughty girl you are!" But the nurse's look belied her words as the child sprang up and threw her arms round her neck.

"I didn't tiss you, nursie; I was waiting for you all dis time."

"Oh, May, you kissed me a hundred times; now you must go to sleep, my darling."

"But dose was only play tisses, *dat's* a dood-night tiss." And then the curly head was laid down contentedly, little May was tucked up, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

Only three weeks ago, a little drooping form had been carried into the children's hospital, with cheeks whitened and eyes closed with the cruel pain of a bruised ankle. For three days the little creature lay moaning upon the bed, and it seemed as if the baby were in truth a waif cast upon the pitiless London streets whom none missed. But on the fourth day an old man had made his way to the hospital gate and asked timidly, the tears in his eyes, if "my little May" were there.

May was his little grand-daughter, whom the poor old man had sought in vain ever since she had strayed, four days ago, too far away from their little home. After he had found her, granpa came to see his little May once every week, and on Sunday afternoons too, and some of the little ones who had no one to come and see them used to gather round the old man, while he taught them new games, showed them how to mend their broken toys, and told them simple sweet stories of the children's Friend who was once a little child Himself. One day when granpa came a group of children were playing round the fireguard on the wide hearth. Little May was in trouble. Not one horse in all their large collection was at liberty to draw her doll's carriage, and May was trying to squeeze a woolly, white rabbit, many sizes too large, between the shafts. "Dust look here, granpa," says little May, almost crying; and granpa soon made all right by begging a well-worn pony in exchange for the white rabbit.

A few days later May was taken home, and a ray of sunshine went from the children's room; and the old man had only a blessing to leave behind.

SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND.

SEEK first thy sins forgiven,
Prepare to suffer loss;
Through angry tempests driven,
Cling to the blood-stained Cross.

Seek next the field of labour,
Where thou canst daily strive
To help each needy neighbour,
And save their souls alive.

While life to thee is given,
Unweary of thy task,
Lead helpless ones to heaven—
For them a blessing ask.

Seek riches, honours, pleasures,
Yet not where man hath trod;
For all our lasting treasures
Are found in nature's God.

Seek friendship most endearing,
Most noble, wise, and free;
A friendship worth revering,
In Christ who died for thee.

Seek rest in home resplendent,
Unmade by human hands,
Where beauties e'er transcendent,
Cover the boundless lands.

J. J. LANE.

"The child sprang up and threw her arms round her neck."—p. 172.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

"YOU'VE dropped your pocket-book, sir; here it is," said the almost breathless child, but the gentleman walked on rapidly without heeding her.

"Here it is, sir," she repeated, giving his coat skirt a little jerk, which secured the desired attention.

"Here, what is it, little girl? Oh!" and the fur glove was withdrawn, and the hand thrust into a side pocket.

"Sure enough. Well, that's the last pocket I'll ever have made on that sewing machine. Now, you queer little piece of humanity, what shall I do for you?"

"Please don't call me names, sir." The lip quivered as the appeal passed over.

"I won't if I can help it. But you are an odd little puss. Here, take this bank-note, and run home to your mother."

"I have no mother, sir."

"Who, then, do you live with?"

"Mrs. Maynard, sir. She took me from the Orphan Asylum. Won't you please go with me by that corner? Ned Sykes is hiding there. He saw your pocket-book drop, but I got it first, and he chased me ever so far. Now I am sure he will hurt me."

"I am sure he will not," said the gentleman, turning to go her way. "But you haven't told me your name, nor what you want most."

"My name is Nettie Wells, and I want to go to school more than anything."

"And you have never been to school?"

"No, sir. Mrs. Maynard says she cannot afford to send me, though the matron told me I should go part of the time."

"What is your street and number?" The gentleman opened his pocket-book, and set down the little girl's address.

"Listen, Nettie, you are going to school. I shall see about it. It will take a little time, but you must be very patient. You have done me a great favour, and I shall prove to you that 'honesty is the best policy.' Good-bye, little girl."

"Good-bye, sir. Oh, thank you. I am so glad;" and Nettie looked eagerly after her unknown friend till he turned the corner.

Even Mrs. Maynard could find no fault with Nettie that day. Every task was completed in the shortest space of time, and the thrifty mistress secretly rejoiced that she had secured such good service at so trifling a cost. But her triumph was of short duration. Before a week had passed, a note was handed her, requesting her to meet the managers of the Orphan Asylum at the institution next day, and bring with her satisfactory evidence that the child, Nettie Wells, had attended school according to contract. Mrs. Maynard stormed and scolded, and talked about meddlesome neighbours, but was finally obliged to yield back the child on the requisition of the asylum authorities.

"Now, Nettie," said a pleasant-looking lady who was waiting in the reception-room, "I want you to go with me and be my little girl. Would you like to?"

"Yes ma'am, if——"

"If what, Nettie?"

"If I may go to school, ma'am."

"Of course you may; every day, as long as you improve your time. We had a dear little girl once, who was just your age when God took her from us. We wish you to be our little girl, and shall love you very much if you are good and obedient. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, indeed I will; and I am very glad that you want me."

So Nettie went home with Mrs. Smith, and when Mr. Smith came to tea, she uttered a glad exclamation and sprang to her feet.

"Ha ha, my little street acquaintance, so you have come to make me prove that 'honesty is the best policy.' You see, wife, what comes of making pockets on that ravelling machine.

HOW TO KEEP A SITUATION.

IT is a sad time just now for many who depend upon their salaries for the support of themselves and families. So many men are thrown out of employment because the times are so dull their services are not needed in stores and workshops. But some men and boys are always retained. Do you know who are the fortunate ones? Those who are most useful to their employers—those who do their work the most thoroughly, and are the most obliging and economical.

Those young men who watch the time to see the very second their working hour is up—who leave, no matter what state the work may be in, at precisely the instant—who calculate the exact amount they can slight their work and yet not get reproved—who are lavish of their employers' goods, will always be the first to receive notice that times are dull, and their services are no longer wanted.

Whatever your situation, lay it down as a foundation rule, that you will be "faithful in that which is least." Pick up loose nails, bits of twine, clean wrapping paper, and put them in their places. Be ready to throw in an odd half-hour, or hour's time when it will be an accommodation, and seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. If not a word is said, be sure your employer makes a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you.

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

IN the softly-falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play:
I was brooding o'er some trouble
That had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing,
"Me is creepin' up a stairs."

Ah! it touched the tenderest heart-string
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened,
Strains that words can ne'er define;
And I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

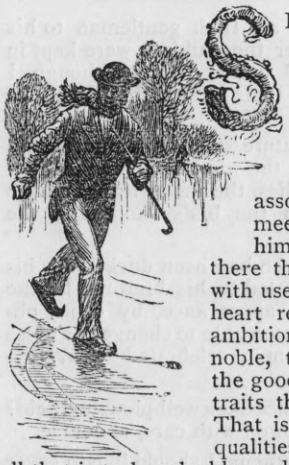
Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering,
Like a magpie in the trees;
Till at last she reached the topmost
When o'er all her world's affairs
She, delighted, stood a victor,
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With a noble earnest strife;
Onward, upward reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of cares,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,
By their side may be no rail,
Hands and knees may often pain us,
And the heart may almost fail;
Still above there is the glory
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its rest and joy for ever,
After creeping up the stairs.

Social Reformer.

SPEAK TO HIM.



SPEAK to that young man entering that saloon! Tell him that no possible good can come to him there; nothing that he can buy nor any association that he may meet there, will benefit him. That it is not there the mind is stored with useful knowledge, the heart refined, or a pure ambition gratified. The noble, the virtuous, and the good get none of their traits there. Far from it. That is the road to other qualities. That is where all that is truly valuable, and fits a man for usefulness here and happiness hereafter, is destroyed. There is not a quality of the human heart that any sane man ever desired to possess that does not find its most implacable enemy there. The place is charged with a moral and physical poison which spares nothing in the heart that raises man above the brute, nor anything in the human mind that adds to its usefulness or ennobles its aspirations. He will find nothing elevating there—but everything tending downward. If he wishes to lose all he now values—the early instructions of a mother, the sweet affections of a sister, the admonitions of a father, and all the cherished memories of childhood and youth—he is on the high road to the result. But do not—as you value his dearest interest—let him go onward. Point out to him the thousands of human wrecks, which seem almost to block up the way he treads. Show him the haggard, tottering forms just emerging from the place he seeks. Tell him that neither intellect, nor education, nor wealth, can shield him from the gulf that yawns to receive all that set their feet in the tempter's paths. Point to him the long array of earth's mightiest men who have fallen in the coils of the insatiable monster, RUM! Tell him there is but one possible way in which he can retain the respect and confidence of others, and that is to "Taste not, handle not the unclean thing." No other course offers security. Speak to him. But speak kindly. Speak as you would have been spoken to were you as sensitive in regard to your weakness as he is. Show yourself his friend—not his censor. But speak plainly, and don't delay. His next step in that road may take him beyond the reach of warning. Speak to him—speak, *speak now.*

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"My dear," said an Irish gentleman to his wife, "I would rather the children were kept in the nursery when I am at home, although I should not object to their noise if they'd only be quiet."

EVERYTHING in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

A PICKPOCKET, who had been ducked for his malpractices, accounted to his brethren for the derangement in his appearance, by coolly observing he had not been able to change his dress since his return from a celebrated *watering-place.*

WHY is a wrinkled face like a well-ploughed field? —Because it is furrowed with care, of course.

"IN pursuing my theme I should like to cover more ground, but——" "Buy shoes big enough for your feet, and you'll do it!" was the impudent suggestion from the crowd.

"WHEN I was a young man," says Billings, "I was always in a hurry to hold the big end of the log, and do all the lifting; now I am older, I seize hold of the small end and do all the grunting."

ADVICE of an old cabdriver to his successor—"Always know the exact hour of the train your passenger wishes to take. Reach the station at the very last moment, so that he cannot dispute with you, whatever price you ask."

BEFORE the days of chloroform there was a quack who advertised tooth-drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair and the instrument applied to his tooth with a wrench, which was followed by a roar from the unpleasantly-surprised sufferer. "Stop!" cried the dentist. "Compose yourself. I told you I would give you no pain; but I only just gave you that twinge as a specimen, to show you Cartwright's method of operating." Again the instrument was applied—another tug, another roar. "Now don't be impatient; that is Dumerge's way. Be seated and calm. You will now be sensible of the superiority of my method." Another application—another tug, another roar. "Pray be quiet! This is Parkinson's mode, and you don't like it; and no wonder." By this time the tooth hung by a thread, and, whipping it out, the operator exultingly exclaimed, "That is my mode of tooth-drawing without pain; and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Cartwright, Dumerge, and Parkinson!"

THERE is no time spent more stupidly than that which some luxurious people pass in the morning between sleeping and waking, after nature has been fully satisfied. He who is awake may be doing something, he who is asleep is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering can hardly be called existence.

THE way to grow old is to be economical of life. If it be carelessly squandered in any way, it cannot last so long as it otherwise might. Over-work kills a few; over-worry kills more, because it is more depressing and exhausting. The indulgence of the appetites and passions is still more fatal. Men who eat more than they need, drink more than is good for them, and indulge in other kinds of riotous living, spend life as they spend money.

"I SAY, Jim, they tell me there is a man down East that is so industrious that he works twenty-five hours a day." "How is that, Cuffy? There are only twenty-four hours in a day." "Why, he gets up an hour before daylight, you stupid nigger."

A SCHOOL-TEACHER, who had been telling the story of David, ended with—"And all this happened over three thousand years ago!" A little cherub, its blue eyes opening wide with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, "Oh dear, marm, what a memory you have got!"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

WE are glad to notice that the National Temperance League, 337, Strand, London, are offering to Bands of Hope an easy method of providing Band of Hope Libraries for use of their members —they are offering books well adapted for such purposes, at a considerably reduced rate. (See our advertising columns.)

They have also issued a tract, "How Working Men may Help Themselves," by Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D., and Dr. Richardson, F.R.S. Price one penny. This pithy and stirring tract ought to be in the hands of every working man in the kingdom. The importance of total abstinence as a lever to enable working men to help themselves, is set forth in a striking manner by facts, figures, and arguments.

By the same publishers, a book entitled, "Bows and Arrows," for Thinkers and Workers, price 6d. This little book affords a quiverful of useful shafts against the popular vices of the day.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Social Reformer—Band of Hope Chronicle—The Temperance Record—The Coffee Palace and Temperance Journal—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Western Temperance Herald—The Brighouse Gazette—The Temperance Medical Journal.

THROUGH STORM TO PEACE.

BY ARTHUR BASSINGTON.

CHAPTER XII.—TOWARD PEACE.

"And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."—*Old Testament.*

"And He arose, and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."—*New Testament.*

"And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf pluckt off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth."—*Old Testament.*

AN awkward pause occurred in the conversation. The stranger came close up to young Linden as he stood in bewildered amazement, and said, "I did it." After a short pause, "And Jenny never told them—never told a single soul?"

"Never, father. I understand it all, *father.*" Yes, it was at that word they broke down. No one saw them there alone, and only the angels could have told which was the seeker and which the found.

The son was the first able to speak, and all he could say was, "You'll come home, father, now, and see mother and Jack and Jenny."

There was no need to see the foreman. It was arranged that Jenny should be written to that night, and when she had broken the news and gradually prepared Mrs. Linden for the return of her husband, father and son should go down home together.

That night when work was over, the young man heard the whole story from his father's lips. How drink had been the cause of all this pain and sorrow. Having had one or two glasses of beer over the sale of the sheep before he started to come back, he had taken too much, and when, on returning, the restive horse of Farmer Knaggs came upon the drum-and-fife band, it was more than he could manage—the animal was beyond his control, and what with the drink and excitement, he knew nothing beyond the fact that he had a dim idea and dread that some one was knocked down. When he heard the report at the public-house in the evening that a lad had been knocked down and killed by a drunken man driving a cart, fear and a guilty conscience made a coward of him; and after Jenny had told him that Billy had been run over and that she knew he did it, without pausing to ask any more questions, in his muddled brain the fact of his guilt seemed certain that he had killed his own son, and all the world would know it, and he would be hung as a murderer. So he fled to London, hoping to get abroad, but seeing circumstances all against him, fearing discovery, and finding the struggle to be honest and the effort to resist drink more than he could bear, the temptation to end his life in the dark river was too strong, and as the awful purpose was going to be carried out, the friendly voice of the man to whom he had last spoken called out suddenly to him—"Hallo, my friend! what are you doing? If the bobbies were to catch yer they might be for running of yer in. How did yer get round to this part of our yard?"

"I don't know, I wandered in; I don't care where it is, anywhere to get out of all this here," was the reply. Seeing Linden's terrible earnestness and wild, haggard look as he said, "I am an outcast on the face of God's earth, and it's better I were dead," the stranger replied in rough but kindly tones—

"Nay, mate, if it's work you want I'll find you that to-morrow; things ain't so bad as all that. You may have lost a fair name and be on the hide from the police, I shan't split on yer. Many a fellow's been wuss than you, who has got forgiven up above, and lived a square life afterwards. You stick to doing the right thing and I'll stick to you, and you'll pull round after a bit."

Linden allowed himself to be walked off by his new and unknown friend till they stopped in a back street, before the door of a house which was soon opened to the men after the knock was given. "Look here, missus," said the man, pointing to Linden, "this man's a friend of mine. We'll give him a job in the yard to-morrow, but he's out of pocket now; you and Jim look after him, and I'll see you righted." Then he left him with such a kindly shake of the hand, and such friendliness in his rough ways and hearty "Good-night," that there came the beginning of a new hope in life.

Next morning he called for Linden, found him a job in the yard as he promised, and stuck to him as he said he should. He never asked any questions, he was simply his friend. For some days Linden, although grateful, resented the way he was watched by his friend. But when he found that he was a teetotaler and only wanted to save him from falling into temptation, Linden told him he had got into trouble owing to drink, and was obliged to run away from home, and feared he should never be able to return.

Here in the dockyard Linden continued working, and hoping some day things might take a turn. He was no hero, no man of high principle and noble character, or else he would never have left his wife to fight alone as he did. He was selfish, and if the truth must be told, he had never loved his wife so much as some men do; and she had done much to drive him to the public-house, when he would not have gone otherwise. So now, although he was sorry for

her, yet his sorrow for her and affection for home did not master his fears for himself. Thus for years he remained at work in this place; he was not always in full employment, but he was steady and saved money, and meant, if he died, to leave it to his wife, and the money for Farmer Knaggs was never touched. Life slowly wore on, time softened somewhat the sense of bitter shame with hopes that he could not define, until one day he saw the advertisement in the paper; at first he knew not what to do, and thought it might only be a trick of the detectives. He determined to find out for himself.

So for many days he watched the house, but he never saw anybody he knew, or any sight of any one watching him. One Sunday night he thought he saw some one lame going in, but was not near enough to be sure. It was not until the foggy night that he had dared to ask if any one lived there by the name of Linden, and when he found there was, he determined to wait and speak to whoever it might be, until he saw the lame young man go in; then for the first time it dawned on him that this might be his son. He was so staggered and surprised that he went off at once, determined to watch again next morning.

Before five o'clock he was standing by the door, and near there he watched until young Linden went off to the yard, and followed him, feeling more sure that he who had written the advertisement was not a cousin bearing the same initials, as he thought it was, who had entered the army many years ago, and was sent down here by his wife to make inquiries—but was actually the lad he had thought to have been killed. He went away from the yard to go late to his own work; but he could do nothing, all his thoughts only flowed in one direction. So in the afternoon the hope became an intolerable suspense, and he said to himself, "I will see the lad and speak to him without his knowing me. I'll see if I can get a job there; if so, I shall soon find him out." The result of this effort our readers learnt in the last chapter.

When asked if he had seen anything of Tom Keeble, he said that he had never recognized him. But it was quite possible for the sailor to have discovered him, as he worked in the dock where the vessel came, in which Keeble was known to have been on board. In fact, he did recollect a half-drunken sailor saying to him—"Halloo, guv'nor, how are you?" but he took no notice of it at the time. In spite of the fear he had of being known, and the hopelessness of the future, and the many temptations to drown all thought of the past in drink, the friendly voice that spoke to him, and the kindly hand that touched him, on that night of extreme need made him believe in Providence; and the work he found to do and his intercourse with human life helped to restore him to be a man and fight on, if only to try and redeem the future by repentance for the past.

Jenny soon wrote to say that she had done the best she could to break the news to Mrs. Linden, who at first did not seem so surprised as might have been expected, saying only, "she knew he would come home, and Farmer Knaggs would be paid, and their good name restored." But after the first announcement she had become very much shaken and agitated. So Jenny advised their immediate return to Selford.

They were not long in obeying the summons, and father and son went home together as only those could who have been long lost and found to one another. Both had sorrowed over the sin of one, both had suffered, but there had been a divine purpose through all the trouble, and the misfortune of the one had its work in redeeming the other. And Billy in that homeward journey knew something of the feeling in the beautiful harvest-song of old, where it tells us how the sower went forth in tears and sadness, but returned in gladness, bearing the sheaves with him.

We cannot describe the meeting any more than we can tell of the joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth. None of those there in that village-home will forget that evening as long as they live. And for one amongst them it was as though the Master Himself had come to still the tempest, bringing "a great calm." The wind had ceased, the troubled waters had sunk to rest, reflecting only the fair, sweet heavens above.

After that day Mrs. Linden gradually got weaker, and in a few weeks passed away. She was nursed and tended by those she loved, and her heart's desire had been fulfilled. And as Grannie said, "She had gone home in peace, for though she wasn't one of them as says much about her feelings, I know she went to God in the day of trouble, and ever since has bided under the *shadow* of His love, and now she has gone into the sunshine of His love, where there be's no shadow at all."

The father paid back Farmer Knaggs, but the interest he offered was refused. The man who had taken his place on the farm had not given satisfaction; one or two changes had taken place, but the one leaving, who was then acting as head man, restored John Linden to his old place. John, the carpenter, was doing well in good work, getting good wages, and continued to live with his father. Jenny and her mother looked after them, until in time John brought home a wife to take care of the house for them both. By their united efforts the temperance movement began to succeed, until at last the reluctant parson was compelled to join the teetotalers.

Our hero went back to London, occasionally coming home. By dint of hard work and patient industry his position began to improve. When one day he had a letter telling him of Grannie's death, and knowing well how Jenny would feel the blow, he went to Selford to attend the little funeral. There was sadness in the village that day, for all had lost a friend, and never had the oldest people in the parish seen such a sight as gathered around her grave in the old country churchyard.

It was once again the richest fringe of summer, and mellow autumn was nigh at hand; the corn was ripe for the sickle, some was already cut and stood bound in sheaves; the oats trembled with the gentlest breath, and in the waving fields of yellow barley the poppies had blazed all day in the sunlight. And over that shining land the sun was sinking in the clear, cloudless horizon of the western sky, and above the hedge-top and the half-cut field of wheat which stood out against the luminous heavens, the thin, faint mist of evening was rising, as Jenny and our hero stood alone together at the close of the day that had given to Grannie her last resting-place. They were looking beyond the dim mist of earth to the gateway of light, and thinking of those who had gone to where the twilight cannot come, where there is no need of sun, but where there is no darkness at all.

And Jenny, as her eyes filled with tears, said —"I should like us to put up a little stone cross at the head of Grannie's grave, which must always be kept green, for I know she would like the daisies to grow around her. And on the cross I would have these words to be written— 'She, too, had been with Jesus, and best of all, is with Him still.'"

"It shall be as you say, dear," and he had no more words to speak, but his heart went forth to comfort her; and he held her in his arms as men hold the treasures that are dearer than life itself.

So ends the tale. But listen once again to the sweet story of peace told of old with divine pathos, about the dove which went forth over the waste of waters, but found no rest for the sole of her foot, so returned unto him in the ark. Again he sent forth the dove, but again the sense of need and stern necessity of life were there, and once more, with the unerring swiftness of a troubled love, "the dove came into him in the evening." And is it not best that it should be always so? Do not the dark shadows fall across our trackless way that we may come into Him in the evening, bearing over the wide sea of muddy waters the olive-leaf of peace—promise indeed of quiet waters and abated storms, and of a new world of sunshine and flowers? And once again the dove was sent forth, but this time it returned not any more to the ark upon the ocean of life, for she had gone forth to be satisfied in the land of promise and the home of peace.

HELPING MOTHER.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

Characters.—ANNE *and* ESTHER, *two Sisters.* MARY, *a Member of the Band of Hope, their friend.*

A table with china unwashed, chairs, etc.

Anne and Esther seated. Anne busy with her work-basket and sewing. Esther deep in a book.

Anne (*speaking sharply*).—Oh dear! I do wish you would put that book down, Esther, and wash the china. You know that mother has overworked herself lately, and is now too ill to go about, and yet you never seem to think you should do anything but sit and read, whilst I have more work than I can manage, and you know it.

Esther (*angrily*).—What do you keep harping about the china for? I declare, I have no peace in the house when you are in it!

Anne (*holds up her hand to impose silence*).—Do hush, Esther; don't disturb mother, poorly as she is.

Esther (*in a lower tone*).—Well, you would provoke a saint.

Anne.—But you don't pretend to be a saint, I should think?

Esther.—No, indeed! I dare say you think I am bad enough without adding hypocrisy to my other faults.

Anne (*quietly*).—I am willing to leave the answer to your own conscience.

Esther (*rises sulkily and bangs the book down on her chair*).—Well, I suppose I shall have to wash up before you will be quiet, so I might as well begin at once. (*Retires, and returns with hot water in a basin, and begins to wash the china in careless haste, and lets a cup fall to the floor.*)

Anne (*excitedly*).—Whatever are you doing? I declare your help is worse than none.

Esther.—Why don't you do it yourself? It seems as if I couldn't do right for you, whatever I do. (*She picks up the broken cup.*)

Enter MARY, *fully dressed.* (*She looks at the sisters in surprise.*)

Mary.—Good evening, Anne and Esther. I see you are both busy; can I help you?

Anne.—Good evening. Yes, you may help Esther if you like, for she does not seem to be getting on so fast with her work.

Esther (*sits down and bursts into tears*).—I declare it's too bad, Anne ; you are ever finding fault.

Mary (*soothingly*).—Hush, Esther, you must not cry so. I don't think Anne meant to be unkind. You should not grieve so.

Esther (*sobbing*).—But she has been scolding me all the evening, she has, and I can't stand it any longer.

Anne.—Now, Esther, don't try to make me appear worse than I am. I——

Esther (*interrupting her*).—You are bad enough without being made to appear any worse.

Mary.—Really, Esther, I think you are giving way to ill-temper. (*Takes off her hat and cloak, and tucks up her dress*). Come, dear, we shall be having the water cold. We had better make haste, as I must be going soon. (*They both begin to wash the china.*)

Anne.—I was just going to explain to you, Mary, the cause of Esther's ill-temper. Mother has been unwell for some days, and of course we two girls are old enough to do all the housework, and I have done my best to keep things tidy, so that mother would not worry herself about the work ; but Esther has been reading most of the time, and I could scarcely get her to help me with anything. To-night, when I asked her to wash the china, she went into a passion, and through her carelessness one of the best cups has been broken (*points to the pieces on the table*).

Mary.—Oh, Esther ! you ought to remember that it is your duty to do your share of the work. "Equal burdens break no backs," you know ; and at all times you ought to esteem it a privilege to be able to do anything that will help your mother. Just think of all the pains which she has taken with you, and I am sure you will then no longer feel it a task to exert yourself for her sake.

Esther.—So you are going to hold with Anne, are you ?

Mary.—Yes, I shall hold with Anne so far as I find that she is right.

Anne.—Well, dear, I may have been sharp with you to-night, but you know very well if I had let you alone you would never have done a single thing in the house.

Esther.—I only wanted to finish the story, it was so interesting.

Mary.—But don't you see how thoughtless, how selfish it was, to sit reading whilst your sister was doing both your share of the work and her own at the same time.

Esther.—I did not just think of that.

Mary.—Yes, my dear, and we do many things which we ought not to do for want of thought. We all need to cultivate a kindly thoughtfulness for others, to be ever ready and willing to sacrifice our own ease and pleasure in order to assist those who may require our help. But I must not forget that my object in calling upon you was to see if I could get you to join our Band of Hope. I do hope you will do so. (*They finish washing, and sit down.*)

Anne.—Thank you, Mary ; I have often thought lately that I should like to join. What do you think, Esther ?

Esther.—Oh, I should like it immensely !

Anne.—Well, Mary, I will mention it to mother when she recovers ; and I dare say she will be glad for us to join, but I scarcely think she will be able to spare us both every meeting night.

Esther.—Oh ! we can take our turns at staying to help mother, you know.

Mary.—So you can, dear ; and I am glad to hear that you are now willing to do your part in the future.

Anne.—So am I.

Esther.—I am sorry that I have been so thoughtless in the past, and I hope to be a better sister and a more dutiful daughter than I have been, and by God's help I will try to overcome my selfishness and love of ease so that you, Anne, may no longer have any reason to complain of my conduct.

Mary.—I am glad now that I called upon you to-night. And I sincerely hope that we shall all strive to encourage one another in everything that is good and worthy. (*Rising.*) But really it is quite time for me to go, so I will now bid you both good night (*kisses both, and retires*).

Anne and Esther to Mary.—Good night.

Esther.—Dear Anne, I have learnt a lesson to-night which I hope will enable me, like you, to find a real pleasure at all times in HELPING MOTHER.

EVENING.

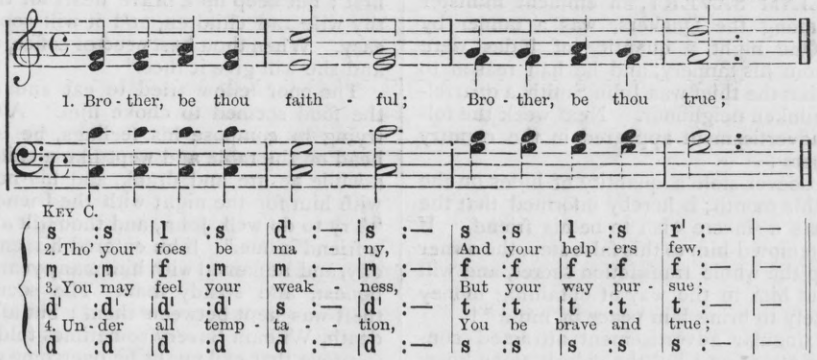
THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine ;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

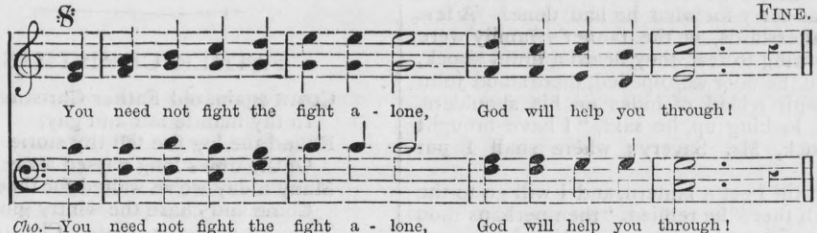
With lovingkindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet,
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

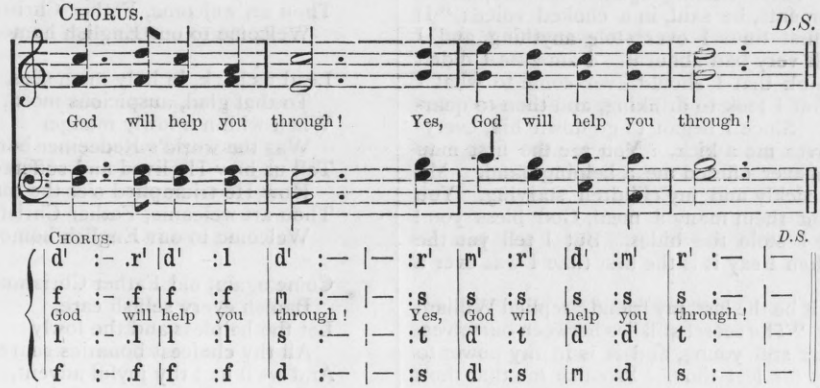
At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake,
All's well whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

GOD WILL HELP YOU!

J. H. TENNEY.







THE KIND-HEARTED TANNER.

WILLIAM SAVERY, an eminent minister among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade. One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was John Smith, a quarrelsome, drunken neighbour. Next week the following advertisement appeared in the country newspapers :—

"Whosoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of this month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money more likely to bring him peace of mind"!

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention ; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, he was sorry for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied, "then perhaps thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said—"Neighbour Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

He turned his back toward her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace a few moments, he said, in a choked voice : "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you ! but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret still lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt sign the pledge, and not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee ; perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first ; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." John entered his employ next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them ; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

COME again, old Father Christmas,
In thy mantle fair and gay,
Round the log fire tell thy stories
Of the times long passed away.
Many a day we've waited for thee,
Come and chase the wintry gloom,
Thou art welcome, Father Christmas,
Welcome to our English home.

Bring the howling, freezing north wind,
Let the snow-flakes drift around,
For thy loving, laughing glances
Make a thousand joys abound ;
With thy shining wreath of holly,
And thy cheeks of rosy bloom,
Thou art welcome, Father Christmas,
Welcome to our English home.

Lead us back, in holy memories,
To that glad, auspicious morn,
When within a lowly manger
Was the world's Redeemer born ;
Tell us how He lived and suffered,
How He triumphed o'er the tomb—
Thou art welcome, Father Christmas,
Welcome to our English home.

Come again, old Father Christmas,
Banish every selfish care,
Let the helpless and the lowly
All thy choicest bounties share ;
And we'll hail thy joyful advent,
And for all thy sports make room,
Thou art welcome, Father Christmas,
Welcome to our English home.

W. HOYLE

"Let the helpless and the lowly
All thy choicest bounties share."—p. 182.

NEARING HOME.

WITH thoughtful looks a man stood on the deck
Of a huge ship, his eyes fixed on a speck
Of land in the far distance. Home was there;
The old farmhouse, and garden green and fair,
With vine-hung porch and tall elms by the door;
He felt a longing often felt before,
To see them as of yore.

Some moments thus he stood, and gazed around
On heaving billows, while he heard no sound
Save rattlings in the wind-strained sails on high,
Or dip of some gull's wings just circling by;
Then, with a tear, he turned his head away,
And muttered: "Were I but at home to-day,
There I would always stay.

"Once I was sea-mad, and I ran away
To be a sailor-boy. The water's sway
Was sport to me, its lull, its whirl, its roar
Spoke melodies I had not heard before.
Now I would give old ocean's dash its spring
To see the orchard where I used to swing,
And hear one redwing sing.

"I'm weary of this rolling, and I long
To stand upon the green sward, firm and strong,
To hear the ring-doves coo, and see the grain
Wave back and forth upon each fertile plain;
To mark the lilac's purple splendours too,
And pick May-roses as I used to do
Ere this sea-life I knew.

"Last night I dreamed of father, and strange bliss
Crept to my lips—it was a mother's kiss.
Her grey curls touched my brow, then by her side
I saw the girl I love, my future bride.
Thank Heaven, I'm nearing home! I soon shall be
With May and mother! ever more set free
From yearnings for the sea.

"I scarce can bear that wave-wash on our prow,
My soul pants for a sweeter music now—
Voices of dear ones! Many years have passed
Since one fond word upon my heart was cast.
Thank Heaven, I'm nearing home! Sweet home! Ah me!
I never knew how dear that home could be
Till far away at sea." E. T.

A WISE DOG.

AT one of the Newfoundland fisheries a boat and crew, trying to enter a small harbour, found themselves outside a long line of breakers in great peril. The wind and weather had changed since the boat went out in the morning, and her getting safely back seemed pretty doubtful. The people on shore saw her danger, but could not help her. Every moment increased the danger, and anxious friends ran to and fro. Among the crowd was a large dog, which seemed fully alive to the peril of the boat and the anxiety of those on shore. He watched the boat, surveyed the breakers, and appeared to think as earnestly as anybody, "*What can be done?*"

At last he plunged boldly into the angry waters and swam to the boat. The crew thought he wanted to join them, and tried to take him aboard. No; he would not go within their reach, but swam around, diving his head, and sniffing as if in search of something.

What was he up to? What did the creature mean? What did he want?

"Give him the end of the rope!" cried one of the sailors, divining what was in the poor dog's brain. "That's what he wants."

A rope was thrown out. The dog seized the end in an instant, turned around, and made straight for the shore, where, not long after, thanks to the intelligence and sagacity of Tiger, the boat and crew were landed safe and sound.

Be kind to the dogs. Many an heroic deed and faithful service have they done for man.

FOUND AT HIS DUTY.

IT was one winter's night, many years ago, and such a one as we rarely have to experience nowadays. The ground was covered with frozen snow, and black snow-clouds hung heavy and thick overhead; while an unusually intense cold, growing more intense every minute, was rendered still more unbearable by the driving wind which scudded along over the country-side, carrying in its teeth a storm of stony snowflakes into the faces of the few unlucky wayfarers who had had courage enough to dare its violence.

The clock in the tower of the parish church of Grays chimed the hour of nine as Talbot, the postboy—high in courage and bold in determination—prepared himself and equipped his horse Beauty to carry the mailbags, filled with their valuable consignment of letters, on to Cheetham, nine miles away, over a rugged road, up hill and down dale; for in those days there were no iron railroads, traversed by snorting engines, puffing and shrieking on at the rate of forty and fifty miles in the hour, and distances had to be reached by fast-trotting and high-mettled horses.

It was a dangerous deed to ride over a lonely country on such a night as this; but no misgiving clouded the lad's brave spirit. He was soon standing before the office-door, patting the sleek coat of his favourite, when the door opened, and the postmaster appeared with the bags locked and ready for their destination.

"You'll have a frightful time of it to-night, Talbot, my boy," he said, "I am thinking whether you ought to go through all this."

At that moment a gust of wind rushed by, roaring through the high trees under which they stood, and went on moaning away as if to dismally echo the words he had just spoken.

"Me go through it?" was the reply; "what would they be doing at Cheetham in the morning without their letters? We're not afraid of it, are we, old Beauty? we'll show them how to foot it in grand style."

Beauty arched her graceful neck, and pawed the ground, impatient to be oft.

"But this is really the worst night I have ever known; you'll be losing your way, mark my honour. Who can tell the difference between road, ditch, and field in this snow?"

But Talbot took the bags from the speaker's reluctant hand, and slung them securely at his back.

"Lose our way, indeed, why she knows every inch of the road, she does—don't you, Beauty? It won't be the first time we've cantered along it by hundreds," and he laughed lightly, springing to the saddle with a bound, but added quietly, "It will be a tough ride to-night, though, and I shall not be sorry to see the lights of Cheetham. If I get there all right it will be one to my score, that's all, for they'll know I'm not afraid of a bit of weather, and they won't have to say of me that I shirked. I mean to take care of that. Good night, sir."

He buttoned his coat tightly round him, turned the collar up over his ears, pulled his cap close down, gave Beauty the signal, and galloped away into the dark.

"Ah, well, you are a brave fellow, and I'll see you don't lose anything by it," said the postmaster, as he closed the door and sat down by his own fireside.

As Talbot, on his trusty steed, merged deeper into the loneliness of the country the roughness of the weather increased, and the cold became so intense that he found great difficulty in retaining his seat.

He was soon covered with snow that froze into a coating of ice over him, and everything tended to send his courage down as low as the temperature itself, and that was some degrees below zero; but he fought manfully to keep up his spirits, although it was hard work, for such a night as this had not been known for years.

One mile, two miles, three miles of the road gone over, and Cheetham still six miles away. Straight onward he urged his way where all was dark before and on either side, save now and then, when, as he rode quickly by, he saw through a cottage window the cheerful firelight gleam, when he fancied there a group of happy children around the hearth, with their father and mother and all else making home bright, and happy, and heavenlike.

Then, perhaps, he thought of his own home in Grays, of the brothers and sisters there, of his mother watching and looking anxiously through the lattice, wondering how he could be faring in all this, and praying so fervently for her dear, dear boy, who would be home again on the morrow if all went well.

But enough of this; he must keep all thought for himself now, and fight against this awful freezing and terrible drowsiness creeping slowly but so surely over him. There was work to be done; there were the valuable mail-bags to be preserved and delivered, with all kinds of letters for all kinds of people, full of all kinds of news.

That was his work, and he would do it. Six miles of the journey over, and still three more to Cheetham, with a kind word for Beauty, who carried her master unflaggingly on through narrow lanes, between snow and ice-clad woods, seeming full of grim spectres standing to watch as he sped along, and then over parts of the way more open and exposed to the wind, the frost, the snow, and the darkness that were surely working together to bar his progress.

He had lost all sense of feeling by this time, and scarcely knew if the rein was in his hand, while the tears that *would* come froze upon his cheek. This was a fight with terrible foes, but Cheetham was only two miles away now, and courage must live a little longer. Away and away! soho, Beauty! Forward!—that was the word.

Two men stood out in the High Street of Cheetham. One was the postmaster of that town, and the other an ostler waiting to feed Beauty and bed her down for the night. The wildness had subsided somewhat, the clouds were dispersing, the stars shone out here and there, and there was a prospect of moonshine by-and-by.

"I reckon he won't be here to-night," said one of them, stamping his numbed feet upon the ground.

"Very likely not. How goes his time—is it up yet?"

"Well, he ought to be in very soon, if he's coming at all," was the reply.

As they were speaking, a horse with its rider came galloping in, and it was Beauty covered with foam, who, with her burden, now halted before them. She knew the place too well to need any reining in.

"Welcome, Talbot," said the delighted postmaster; "that's the way to do it, nine miles against wind and weather, and true to your time

within a minute or two. Unstrap the bags, boy, and then come in and have a warm." But there was no answer.

"Come off with you, my man, you seem over fond of this—more than I am, at any rate." Still no answer, silent and erect he sat in the saddle.

The ostler raised his lantern to the lad's face, the features were rigid, and the eyes open wide, looking forward.

"Why, he is ill," he exclaimed, "he is very bad; what shall we do? I believe he is dying, sir."

Not dying, but *dead*, for Death had met with him in the way.

Found, found at his duty.

The postmaster lifted him off in his strong arms, but with difficulty, for the boy was frozen fast to the saddle, and his knees were pressed tightly to the horse's sides. Just as he was taken down, his face came near Beauty's head, when the noble creature snuffed and caressed it in affection. Ah, Beauty, Beauty, you will never see your master any more! If you were able to think at all, you never thought you were carrying his lifeless body the last mile of the journey, for all too truly the two discovered this when they had carried him into the house, and all their efforts to restore animation proved unavailing. He was cold as marble.

"He is dead," said the postmaster, in a deep, sad voice.

The intense cold had at last pierced his brave heart, and Death had stolen upon him in the guise of a sleep, rapidly sinking into a slumber to know no waking in this world.

When the history of his end was known, there were those who said it was hard to be taken so soon, but the great Reaper has his own times and seasons, and draws no distinction between young and old. Above everything else, when he was no more, this sweet memory lived bright and fresh, to lighten in some measure the tribulation of those bereaved ones, who looked in vain for the return of the living on the morrow—the memory of how he closed the story of his life with an act of heroism and faithfulness, in the discharge of an important mission, worthy of record in the annals of great and noble deeds, pointing a lesson to be learnt, and an example to be followed.

For so may we, when death comes to *us*, and we close our eyes upon the shifting scenes of this present, to pass out into the realms of the eternal future, be found at the post which duty has assigned, faithful in the work which has been given us to do, and, however adverse the storms of opposition and difficulty are waging conflict against us, full of hope and courage in the "race which is set before us." GEY.

TO OUR READERS.

THE close of another year brings us, as it were, more directly before our numerous readers. It is a time when the man of business takes stock and marks his success or failure; but to the true Christian and philanthropist the season gives rise to serious reflection. The shortness of human life, and the many golden opportunities we let pass by without turning them to good account—"the night cometh when no man can work"—is a terrible reproof to all who are yet standing idle! How soon would this world of ours be transformed into a very paradise, if all who hear the call would but work in the Master's vineyard! God will bless the earnest worker, however feeble his efforts, and looking at the great reception which our magazine has met with during the past year, we feel thankful and take courage—God has blessed us!

We will say nothing in praise of ONWARD, our readers are the best judges. All that we ask is, that those who only know our magazine by name may read it and become familiar with its pages. It is not maintained as a business speculation, but conducted solely to promote temperance, purity, and godliness among the young people in our Bands of Hope and Sabbath-schools, and also to encourage the growth of all goodness in the family circle.

In the coming year we intend to proceed on the old lines, studiously avoiding everything which is offensive to pure morals or refined tastes, and endeavouring by attractive pages to illustrate the beauty and advantage of sober and godly living.

With the January issue will commence a new and original serial tale, entitled

MORE THAN CONQUERORS,

BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK,

Author of "Illustrious Abstainers," etc., etc.

The usual features will be vigorously maintained—good music, dialogues and sketches, pithy articles, short stories, gleanings, etc., etc. Will our readers help us by trying to obtain new subscribers?

Band of Hope Handbook.

A COMPLETE GUIDE

To the FORMATION and MANAGEMENT of

BANDS OF HOPE AND BAND OF HOPE UNIONS.

With Sample Rules, Pledge, Speakers' Plan, Transfer Cards, Programme, Instructions for Publication Departments, &c., &c.

PRICE 3d., post free, 3½d., in neat coloured wrapper.

QUOTATIONS FROM THE PRESS.

"Every Band of Hope Secretary ought to have this Handbook."

"The Handbook has many and singular excellences, and it is fitted to enable any committee to easily surmount those difficulties they may meet with in their attempts at forming Bands of Hope. The various suggestions it contains are based upon a widely extended and observant experience. It aims most wisely to make the children workers, in entertaining each other, in distributing temperance literature and otherwise. This is the true way, and, faithfully followed, will make the Band of Hope which adopts it flourish and grow as it flourishes. We cordially recommend this handy Handbook."

"This Manual, prepared under the Direction of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, contains every information requisite to the formation and management of Bands of Hope and Band of Hope Unions. Every person interested in the establishment and sustentation of these popular organizations should be possessed of this Handbook."

BEAUTIFUL LARGE

FAMILY PLEDGE CARD

(24 × 18 INCHES).

NEW EDITION. GREATLY IMPROVED.

This Card is splendidly got up in the choicest gold and colours. It is by far the most superb large Pledge Card published, and when neatly framed makes an ornament suitable for drawing room or cottage.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Safely packed on roller, post free, 1/2.

ONWARD PUBLISHING OFFICES, 18, Mount-st., Peter-st., Manchester.

THE BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE CARD.

An excellent design, in six colours; very effective; durable and cheap. Price 6/- per 100; post free, 6/9. Sample by post for 1½d Societies can have name of Band of Hope printed in for 1/6 per 100 extra; less than 100, 1/3 extra.

THE NEW HALFPENNY PLEDGE CARD.

A neat and chaste design, very suitable for Adult Temperance Societies, Bands of Hope, &c. Price 3s. per 100; post free, 3s. 6d.

THE "FOURFOLD" PLEDGE CARD.

Against Drink, Tobacco, Gambling and Swearing. For Bands of Hope, Juvenile Temples, &c., &c. A suggestive design, beautifully printed in colours.

Sample, post free, for 1½d. 6/- per 100, post free, 6/9. Societies can have name of Band of Hope printed in for 1/6 per 100 extra; less than 100, 1/3 extra.

THE NEW SIXPENNY PLEDGE CARD.

For individuals or families. A beautiful design, printed in eight colours and gold. Price 6d., post free 7d.; or 4s. 6d. per dozen for orders of not less than 12 copies, post free, 4s. 9d. Suitable for framing—send stamps for sample.

ONWARD PLEDGE CARD.

(Greatly improved.) Size 24in. by 18in. A really splendid card for framing. Price One Shilling; post free, safely packed on roller, 1s. 2d.; or 9s. per dozen for orders of not less than 12 copies, post free, 9s. 7d.

THE ONWARD PLEDGE BOOK.

A neat emblematical design, adapted for Adult Temperance Societies, Bands of Hope, and private use, containing 30 Pledges and Counterfoil, 6d., post free, 7d.; 70 Pledges, 1s.; 150 Pledges, 2s., post free.

The large size is very suitable for Societies.

HOYLE'S HYMNS AND SONGS.

For Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies. New and enlarged edition. Contains 217 Pieces. Price 1½d., or 9/0 per 100, Carriage not paid. Specimen copy sent by post, 2d. In cloth, 3d., or 18/- per 100, Carriage not paid. LARGE TYPE EDITION, CLOTH, 6D. each, post free.

HOYLE'S BAND OF HOPE MELODIST.

New and enlarged edition. 1d., or 6/- per 100, Carriage not paid. Specimen copy by post, 1½d. In cloth, 2d., or 12/- per 100, Carriage not paid.

HOYLE'S MUSIC BOOK.

New and Enlarged Edition. Containing four-part music for "Hymns and Songs" and "Band of Hope Melodist." Old Notation, paper covers, 1s. 8d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.; post free. Tonic Sol Fa, Cloth, 1s. 8d., post free.

CERTIFICATES FOR PARENTS' CONSENT, ETC.

Adapted for children to take home and obtain their parents' consent before signing the pledge or joining a Band of Hope. Price 1/0 per 100; post free, 1/2.

TRANSFER CARDS.

For members on leaving a Band of Hope, to obtain admission and membership at any other Band of Hope. Price 4d. per doz; post free 4½d.

ONWARD PUBLISHING OFFICES, 18, Mount-st., Peter-st., Manchester.

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

Lancashire & Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

ISSUED AT THE

ONWARD PUBLISHING OFFICES,

18, MOUNT-ST., PETER-ST., MANCHESTER.

TERMS.—STRICTLY CASH WITH ORDER. *Carriage and Postage* NOT PAID *except when stated. Postage Stamps not taken in payment for amounts over* 2/6. *All communications to be addressed to Secretary, Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union,* 18, *Mount-st., Peter-st., Manchester. Cheques and P.O. Orders payable to T. E. Hallsworth, Hon. Sec.*

AGENTS FOR THE UNION'S PUBLICATIONS: *London—S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., Paternoster Row. Manchester—Onward Publishing Offices,* 18, *Mount Street; and JOHN HEYWOOD, Ridgefield.*

N.B.—All the Publications can be ordered through any Bookseller in the Kingdom

---

"ONWARD."

The best FAMILY, TEMPERANCE, and BAND OF HOPE MAGAZINE Published.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. MONTHLY ONE PENNY.

CHOICE POETRY AND INTERESTING ARTICLES,
By Eminent Writers,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS,
DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS, &c., &c.

Band of Hope and Temperance Committees, wishing to circulate a Magazine amongst their friends and young people, that will at once afford amusement and instruction, cannot do better than place this Magazine in their hands.

The Publishers will spare neither pains nor expense, in endeavouring to make it the best Magazine of the day, and appeal to their readers and friends to assist them by increasing the circulation.

Price 6/- per 100, carriage not paid. 12 copies, post free, 1/-

Volumes: Cloth, 2/-; Extra Gilt, 3/- Post free.

SETS OF BOOKS FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

Register	3/6;	free, 4/3
Members' Pence or Subscription Book ..	2/6;	„ 2/10
Attendance Register	2/6;	„ 2/10
Secretary's Minute Book	1/6;	„ 1/10
Cash Book	1/0;	„ 1/2

THE SET COMPLETE (carriage not paid), 10/0.

Every Band of Hope should possess this EXCELLENT SET OF BOOKS.

MEMBERS' ATTENDANCE AND SUBSCRIPTION CARDS.

Ruled for Weekly, Fortnightly, or Monthly Meetings, for one year, 2 - per 100; postage 4d.

Motto Flags, Banners, &c.

ESTIMATES, post free, or all kinds of Banners.

PATTERN DYED MOTTO BANNERS IN BUNTING,

In any Colour and Shape, with Ornamental Borders.

36 in. × 18 in. with Motto, Plume or Crown ... 4s. 0d.
36 in. × 24 in. „ „ „ ... 6s. 6d.
54 in. × 36 in. „ „ „ ...10s. 0d.

Parties may select their own Mottoes.

In ordering please say whether you wish them to hang from the side as a flag, or from the centre as a Banner.

POLES ARE CHARGED EXTRA.

UNION JACKS AND ENGLISH ENSIGNS,

(RED, WHITE OR BLUE.)

1 yard long, 3s. 6d.; 1½ yards, 5s. 6d.; 2 yards, 7s. 6d.; 3 yards, 14s. 0d.

ROYAL STANDARDS,

1 yard long, 8s.; 1½ yards, 12s.; 2 yards, 17s.

PATTERN DYED SILK BANNERS,

WITH STAMPED BORDERS.

36 in. by 18 in., 8s. 6d.; 36 in. by 24 in., 9s. 6d.; 54 in. by 36in., 17s.
Letters, 6d per letter extra.

LARGE-SIZED SILK BANNERS,

(BEST MATERIALS.)

4½ ft. by 6 ft., not lettered, ... £2 4s. 0d.
6 „ „ 7½ ft., „ ..... 3 15s. 0d.

The above are the exact sizes of the silk, exclusive of either Border and Fringe *which is included in the prices quoted.*

Gilt and Shaded Letters, 3 inches deep, 9d. per letter *extra.*
„ „ „ 4 „ 1s. „ „

Emblems of Doves, Lambs, Crowns, Bibles, &c., from 10s. to 25s. extra.

Estimates given for Large and special designs.

POLES (Painted).

3 ft., 6d.; 6 ft., 1s.; 10 ft., 2s. 8d.; 12 ft., 4s.; 15 ft., 5s. 8d.; 16 ft., 6s. 3d.

Gilt Ornaments, 6d.; 1s. 6d.; 2s. 6d., and 3s. each.

One pair Silk Tassels and Cord..... 10s. and upwards.
„ Worsted „ ..... 5s. „

Time required after receiving order—about one week for Motto Banners, in Bunting or Silk; for Large Silk Banners, painted one or both sides, &c., about three weeks.

ONWARD PUBLISHING OFFICES, 18, Mount-st., Peter-st., Manchester.

Published Monthly. Price ONE PENNY.

"ONWARD RECITER."

CONTAINS FIRST-CLASS

RECITATIONS, READINGS AND DIALOGUES.

THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR RECITER ISSUED.

(See Opinions of the Press).

Vol. I.—Containing 163 Recitations and 12 Dialogues.
Vol. II.—Containing 146 Recitations and 12 Dialogues.
Vol. III.—Containing 134 Recitations and 12 Dialogues.
Vol. IV.—Containing 123 Recitations and 11 Dialogues.
Vol. V.—Containing 118 Recitations and 5 Dialogues.
Vol. VI.—Containing 132 Recitations and 8 Dialogues.
Vol. VII.—Containing 120 Recitations and 9 Dialogues.
Vol. VIII.—Containing 110 Recitations and 12 Dialogues.
Vol. IX.—Containing 103 Recitations and 13 Dialogues.

Scarlet Cloth and Gilt Lettered, 1s. 6d. each, post free.

LIST OF DIALOGUES IN "ONWARD RECITER."

PRICE ONE PENNY. 12 copies, one No. or assorted, Post free 1s.

☞ *In addition to the Dialogues, each No. contains a selection of Recitations and Readings.*

No.		
54	All for Good Order....	9 Males and 1 Female.
100	Are Bands of Hope Necessary to Sunday Schools ?.....	3 Males and 2 Females
18	Are Intoxicating Drinks Necessary to Health ?	7 Males.
86	Bad Trade: its cause and cure.....	9 males
110	Best Side, The	2 Males and 2 Females.
28	Bible Temperance Exercise, A	2 Characters
2	Big and Little	4 Males
106	Bill Barrel's License	7 Males and 1 Female
109	Caught at Last.....	3 Males and 2 Females
33	Children's Choice	2 Males and 3 Females
16	Children's Pleading, The (in verse)..	13 Females
27	Cure for Discontent	3 Females and 1 Male
10	Cure for Indigestion.....	2 Males
44	Dangerous Enemy, A	2 Males
32	Dare Society, The	5 Males
81	Darning a Cobweb	2 Females
20	Deceiver Detected, The	4 Males
19	Drinkers and Teetotalers	2 Females
71	Duty before Pleasure.....	2 Males
91	Evening Call, The ; or, Percival Proctor's Project	2 Males
45	Evil Adviser, The	3 Males
5	Fairly Caught.....	2 Males
46	Fallen Raised, The.....3 Males and 1 Female	
15	Fashionable Party, The ..1 Male and 1 Female	
95	Fast Asleep..... 6 Males and 1 Female	
92	For his Stomach's sake..2 males and 1 Female	
101	For the Sake ofSomebody..2 Males &2 Females	
105	Friendly Chat, A .....3 Females.	
11	Fountain and the Still, (in verse)..3 Characters	
94	Geoffrey Grainger's Guests. 6 Males & 1 Female	
75	Gipsy Woman, The	4 Females
24	Gossips, The	4 Females
4	Happy New Year, A.....	4 Males
42	Have you Tried It? ....2 Females and 1 Male	
87	Health, Wealth and Happiness.....	2 Females
99	Here's Father	2 Males and 2 Females.
66	Home Comforts.....	2 Males
9	How it paid.....	2 Males
1	How Strong Drink makes us Feel.....	3 Males
74	How the Drink is Made	2 Males
68	I'm Too Young .....1 Male and 1 Female	
23	Irish Philosopher	2 Males
80	Is it good? .....4 Females and 1 Male	
78	Is War Necessary or Justifiable?	4 Males
62	Juvenile Debate, A	6 Males
96	Jumping to conclusions	3 males
98	Lawyer Charjum's Clients.....	7 Males.
25	Magic Lamp, The.....	2 Females
56	Marry no Man if he Drinks..2 Males & 2 Females	
3	Merry Christmas,A.....2 Females and 1 Male	
36	Model Colony .....4 Males and 1 Female	
26	Moderation *versus* Abstinence	7 Males
58	Most Useful Machine, The.....	2 Females
87	Mother's Mistake, The.....	4 Females
90	Mysterious Stranger, The	3 Males
34	National Beverage, A	2 Males
97	Only Two Sides.....	7 Males
107	On the Losing Side	3 Males
93	Out of the World	2 males
102	Our Band of Hope	3 Males.
61	Over in the Meadow.....	12 Boys
64	Pillars of Drunkenness, The	4 Males
12	Policy of Licence, The	3 Males
22	Reformed Wife, The.....	2 Females
88	Respectable and Lawful	3 Males
41	Riches—Real and Unreal	6 Females
69	Right Change, The	2 Males
47	Roundabout Way of Telling Bad News	2 Males
39	Sense *versus* Nonsense ..2 Males and 1 Female	
85	Something to their Advantage	5 Males
35	Steer Clear of Danger	2 Males
6	Starting a New Settlement.....	8 Males
103	Striking Argument, A	4 Males
52	Shall we Keep Liquor at Home.....	2 Males
43	Tables Turned, The	3 Males
104	Teacher's Example	3 Males
13	Three Cousins and Their Sweethearts	3 Females and 1 Male
73	Tobacco	4 Females
8	Tongue Bridle, The	5 Females
40	True and False Idea of a Pledge, The..3 Males	
79	True Heroes	4 Males
29	True Merchants, The	6 Males
77	Two Clerks, The	2 Males
89	Two Madmen, The	2 Males
108	Two Reformers, The	2 Males
38	Under the Truce Flag .....6 or 8 Children	
7	Wanted, a Young Man	4 Males
21	Warning to Young Men, A.....	4 Males
70	Water is Best.....	2 Males
30	What is Moderation ?	2 Males
76	What to Teach	2 Males
31	Why not Sign?.....	2 Females
50	Widow's Mistake, The....1 Male and 1 Female	
17	Worth makes the Man.....	3 Males
14	Youthful Debaters.....3 Males and 2 Females	

LONDON: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9 Paternoster Row, E.C.
MANCHESTER: "Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street and John Heywood, Ridgefield.
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

BAND OF HOPE MELODIES FOR FESTIVE GATHERINGS.

Containing Music in both notations. Price 1d. each No. 6/0 pe 100. Post free, 6/9.

No. 1 contains—Sing, speak, work and pray; Scatter smiles; Out of the mire; The mountain rill; The cooling spring; Work for the night is coming.

No. 2 contains—Marching home; No one cares for me; Who will go for father now? (solo and chorus); Truth shall be victorious; Let us sing in praise of water.

No. 3 contains—Nottingham, C.M.; Love at home; Let it pass; Right over wrong; The bubbling spring; The bluebird's temperance song.

No. 4 contains—Pledged in a noble cause; The children are gathering; See our ranks; Sunday School Volunteer song; Have they brought our Nelly back? (solo and chorus).

No. 5 contains—Drink water; Sound the battle cry; The young abstainer; Father's a drunkard (solo and chorus); The father reclaimed; The evening bell.

No. 6 The conquering band; Glorious news; The temperance rallying song; The sister's appeal (solo and chorus); The mill by the rivulet; National Anthem.

No. 7 contains—The beacon light; Temperance boys and girls; The true teetotalers (words by the Rev. C. Garrett); My native land; Yield not to temptation.

No. 8 contains—Warrington, L.M.; Sign to-night; Pic-nic glee; Sweetly come those strains; Temperance battle song; Arouse, ye patriot band (solo and chorus).

No. 9 contains—Houghton, 11s.; O come! and join our army; Sleighing song; Work and win; Laughing chorus! All alone.

No. 10 contains—A song for little girls; The footsteps on the stair; I wonder why he comes not home (solo and chorus); Look not upon the wine; Love shall be the conqueror (solo and chorus); The crystal fountain.

No. 11 contains—Anniversary hymn; The social glass; Learn to say no; Merrily o'er the waves; Here in the dawn of youth.

No. 12 contains—No; Your mission; Ye noble hearts of England; Dare to be true; Onward, onward; John Alcohol.

No. 13 contains—Leoni, P.M.; Pray for the peace of Jerusalem (anthem); The temperance ship is sailing on; Mabel (solo and chorus); Stand to your arms; They say there is an echo here.

No. 14 contains—Vote it out; Work and pray; King Alcohol (tune "Dame Durden"); Drink not thy dear life away (solo and chorus); Water pure for me; Wilton, L.M.

No. 15 contains—Welcome brothers, 7's; The reveller's chorus; A glorious day is breaking; Rock me to sleep, mother; Go, child, and beg a bit of bread (solo and chorus); We, the undersigned.

No. 16 contains—March of the temperance army; The farmer's song; The battle cry of temperance; I want to do right; Simeon, L.M.

No. 17 contains—Exercise bone and muscle; O hasten from the busy town; Fill the ranks; The Three millions; Hold the fort.

No. 18 contains—Steal away to Jesus; Call John; The bells.

No. 19 contains—Water give to me; Men for the times; I have been rambling; Merrily all our voices; Clap, clap, hurrah; Because He loved me so.

No. 20 contains—Shall e'er cold water be forgot; O praise the Lord (anthem); Melcombe, L.M.; Follow your leader.

No 21 contains—Light-hearted are we; The contest; Escape from the city; Whistling Farmer Boy.

No. 22 contains—The flowing spring; Good night; Autumn winds; Old Hundredth, L.M.; The sea.

No. 23 contains—We mourn the ruin; O praise the Lord, all ye nations (anthem) The temperance lifeboat; Swell high the joyful chorus; Men of Britain.

No. 24 contains—Merry mill wheel; March and sing; I have wandered through the meadows (solo with vocal accompaniment); Stand by the flag.

No. 25 contains—To the tap of the drum; Long, long ago; Renounce the cup (solo and chorus); Excelsior!

No. 26 contains—Brave Sir Wilfrid; We'll rally around our standard; Guard the Bible; Where have you gleaned; The fire brigade.

No. 27 contains—Hail! to the Lord's anointed; Hark! the temperance trumpet; Round the spring; Dear fatherland · Rescue the perishing.

No. 28 contains—Temperance is our theme; The deadly Upas tree; The brooklet; Meet me at the fountain; Hear the call; Lift him up.

No. 29 contains—Look not upon the wine; Dash it down; Beautiful spring; Safe and strong; The gushing rill.

No. 30 contains—The temperance banner; Merry farmer's boy; Cry out and shout (anthem).

No. 31 contains—The winning side may laugh; Silently the shades of evening May morning; Praise ye the Lord (anthem).

No. 32 contains—Before the Brewers; I have seen the gilded palace (solo and chorus). Star of Peace; Down where the bluebells grow.

No. 33 contains—Hallelujah, marching on; Father, won't you try? (solo and chorus); No Surrender; Drink from Crystal Fountain.

No. 34 Don't Fret; Day is Dying; The world is moving on (solo and chorus); Stand, firmly stand; The open air.

Other Numbers will appear at intervals.

Vols. 1 and 2, bound in cloth boards, gilt lettered, price 1/6 each, post free.
Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, in coloured paper covers, price 6d. each, by post, 7d.

ONWARD PUBLISHING OFFICES, 18, Mount-st., Peter-st., Manchester.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BANDS OF HOPE, AND HOW TO FORM THEM:

By T. E. HALLSWORTH. 32 pages. Price 1d. each, or 9d. per doz.

For working the system, CANVASSING BOOKS, ruled, and complete with rules, form of receipt, &c., price 1s. 9d. per doz. Post free 2s. ORDER NOTES, 6d. per 100, or post free 7d.

BAND OF HOPE MEDALS.

No. 1. Size, 1¼ inch; with Scroll, Children and Pledge; *Reverse*, Shield and Banners; with Blue or Red Ribbon, and safety pin attached. Price 2/6 per doz., post free 2/9; sample post free, 3d. Name of Society printed on ribbon, 6d. per doz. extra.

No. 2. Size, 1½ inch, with Pledge; *Reverse*, open Bible and Wreath; with Blue or Red Ribbon, and safety pin. Price 3/0 per doz., post free, 3/4.

" With the words "Band of Hope" printed on ribbon. Price 3/3 per doz., post free 3/7.

" With the words "Band of Hope" printed in gold on ribbon, 3/6 per doz., post free 3/10.

" With NAME OF LOCAL SOCIETY printed in gold. Price 4/0 per doz. post free 4/4. Name of Society not printed on less than 2 doz.

" With Gilt Shield and Pin, (very neat). Price 3/3 per doz., post free 3/7.

OVAL SHAPED MEDALS, with Pledge and Fountain, in any of the above styles, 6d. per doz. extra.

In ordering any of the above Medals please give the number and price of the kind required.

Large quantities go at a cheaper rate per rail.

REWARDS FOR MERIT.

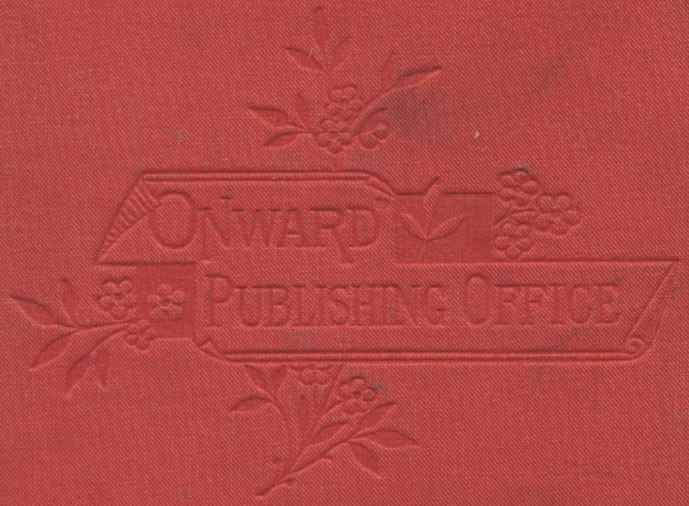
The following will be found specially adapted for Rewards for regular attendance, good behaviour, efficient services in singing, reciting, &c.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE CROSS, in Gilt and Enamel, with ribbon and extra quality pin, 1/- each, post free.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE BROOCH (for girls), in Gilt and Enamel, with ribbon and extra quality pin, price 1/- each, post free.

GILT AND ENAMELLED STAR BADGE, with ribbon, Cross Bar, and beautifully ornamented pin; suitable for Bands of Hope or Sunday Schools. Price 1/2 each, post free.

ONWARD PUBLISHING OFFICES, 18, Mount-st., Peter-st., Manchester.


ONWARD
PUBLISHING OFFICE