ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1895.

THE WILLIAM EDWARD MOSS COLLECTION

Presented

to the

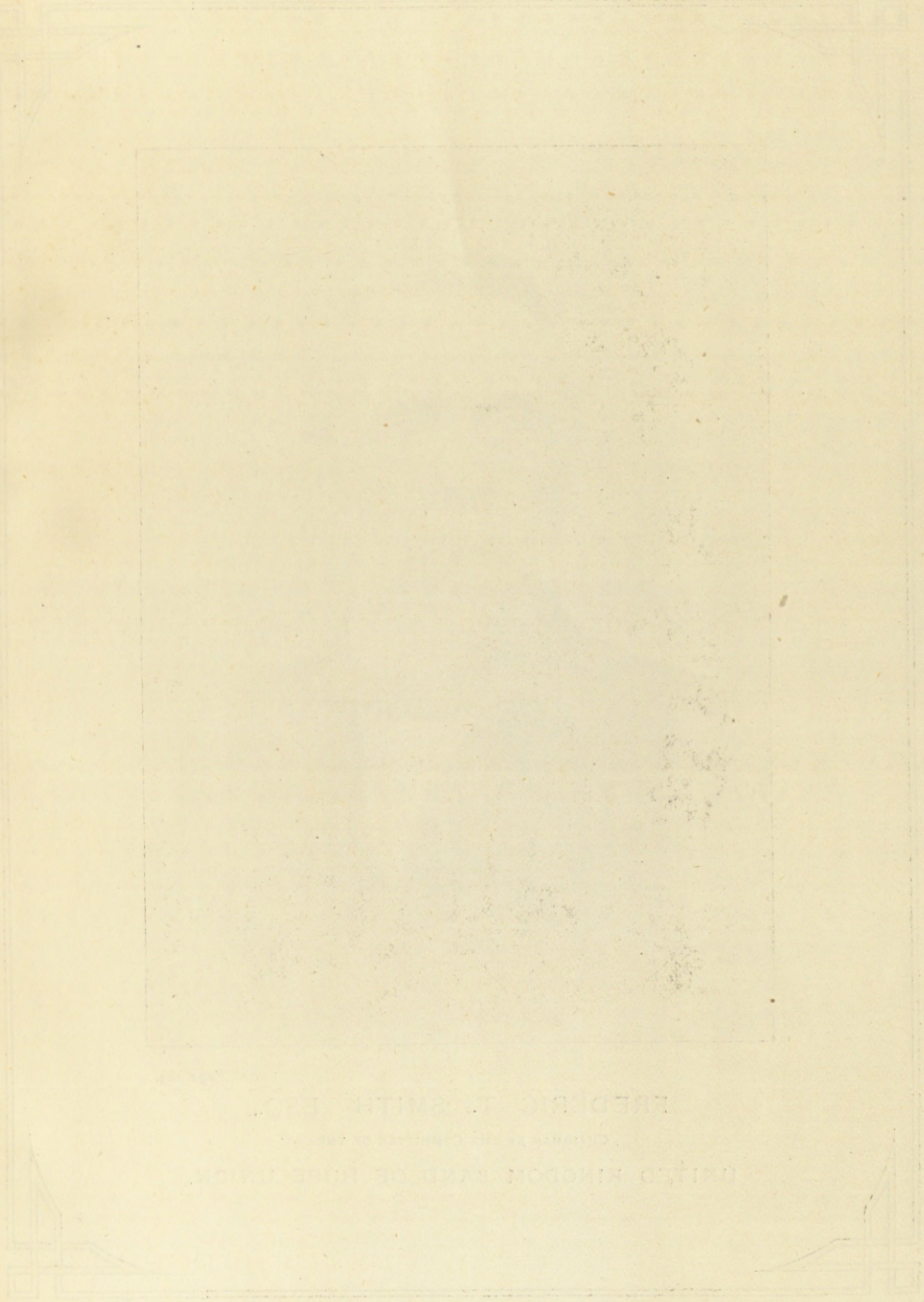
JOSEPH LIVESEY MEMORIAL LIBRARY

at the Headquarters of

The British Temperance League

1st September 1940

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





See Page 183.

FREDERIC T. SMITH ESQ.,

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE

UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.

ONWARD

A Band of Hope, Temperance, and Family Magazine.

VOLUME XXX., 1895.

EDITED BY W. P. INGHAM.

LONDON:

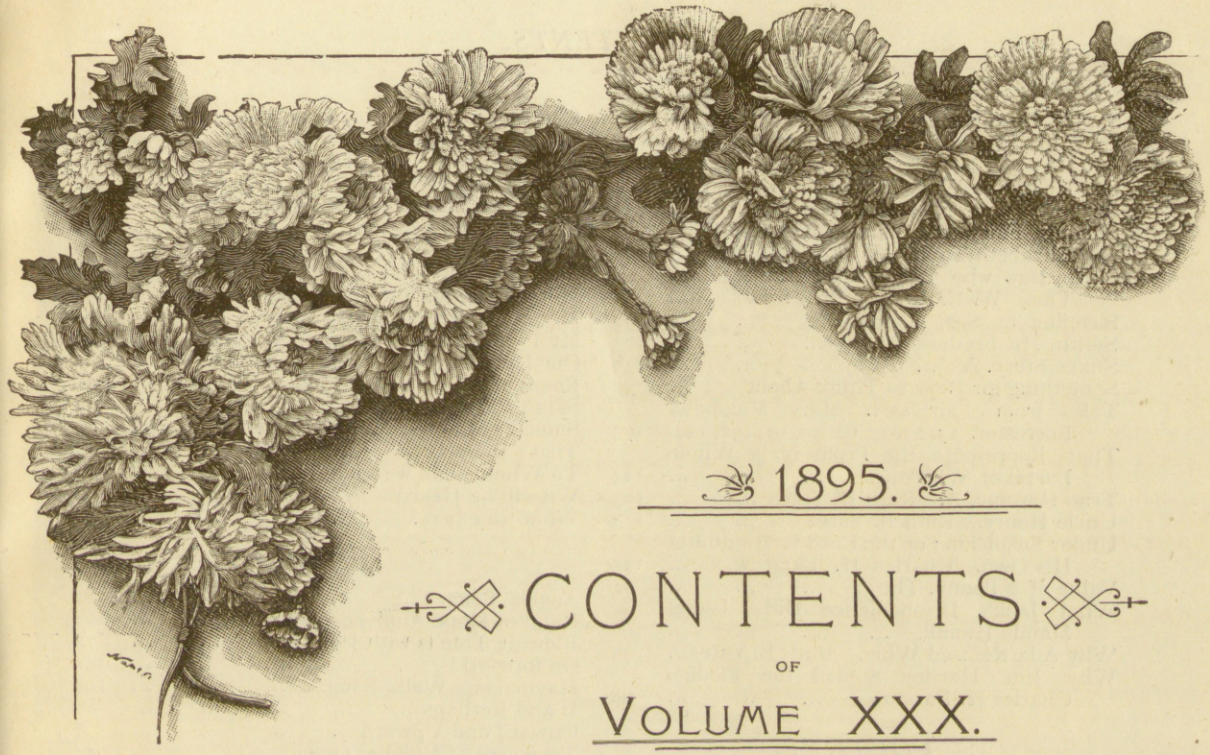
S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MANCHESTER:

"ONWARD" OFFICE, 124 & 126, PORTLAND STREET;

JOHN HEYWOOD, DEANSGATE.

"ONWARD" PRINTING AND PUBLISHING OFFICE,
124 & 126, PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER.



1895.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME XXX.

	PAGE.
Almost Lost. Uncle Ben	102
Andrew Webster's first Day at Work. A. J. Glasspool	107
An Object Lesson. O.M.	21
Arthur Lever's Determination. A. J. Glasspool...	125
Babes in the Wood, The. Uncle Ben ...	122
Beautiful Girls. Ruth B. Yates	134
Boys, Shew this to your Fathers	13
Charlie	135
Christian Chief, A	148
Chummy Chats. J. G. Tolton:	
Don't stand on the Lions.	78
"Give it up"...	36
"I don't care"	5
"I can't"	20
Just for Fun. J. G. Tolton	93
Keep your Temper....	101
"Mind the Paint!"	185
"Thanks"	54
What an Assortment	158
Who is He?	139
Why Should I?	126
Dick, the Guy. Alfred J. Glasspool ...	170
Dolly and Turps. Uncle Ben	150
Dolly's Frock. Ruth B. Yates	171
Dorothy Bertram's Christmas. A. J. Glasspool...	187
Drunken Ants. Lucy Taylor	95
Dr. F. R. Lees, Abs. Advocate	53
Ethel's Holiday. Ruth B. Yates	111
Girls I have known. Ruth B. Yates ...	14
Good Abstainer, The	79
Hasty Judgment, A. A. J. Glasspool ...	149
Helpful Girl, A. Ruth B. Yates	156
He would be a Soldier. Uncle Ben ...	11

	PAGE.
Hodge, the Hero. Old Cornish	116
"I Can't." Isabel Maude Hamill	55
Important	159
Influenza, The	54
Is It Safe? Uncle Ben	27
Jack Hargrave's Story. A. J. Glasspool...	47
Jack's Wrong Side Out!	7
Jimmy, the Helper. Isabel Maude Hamill...	46
Lesson of the Bluebell, The. Isabel Maude Hamill	79
Little Girl's Influence, A	29
Lizzie's Picnic. Ruth B. Yates	44
Lost Stick, The. Uncle Ben	179
Lucy's Influence. Ruth B. Yates	61
Lynfern Home for Girls, The. Uncle Ben	90
Madding Crowd, The. Rev. J. Foster ...	182
Maggie's Penny. Isabel Maude Hamill ...	31
Mary's Watch. Ruth B. Yates	84
Maud's Fairies. Lummis Gibson	85
Meadow Temperance Society, The. Rev. Jno. Foster ... 10, 45, 74, 110, 138,	167
Memory and a Hope, A. Uncle Ben ...	140
Mind, It Will Bite	29
Minister's Son, The. Wm. Proctor ...	118
Miss Parson's Present. A. J. Glasspool ...	29
Monkey's Politeness, A	60
Only a Dream. Helen Briston	141
Pebbles and Pearls. 16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160,	176
Polly's New Year. Ruth B. Yates	14
Poor Liza. Uncle Ben	59
Real Valentine, A. Ruth B. Yates... ...	28
Responsibility. Isabel Maud Hamill ...	87
Robby and His Dog Turk. Isabel Hamill...	127
Sad Death of a Little Girl. Alfred J. Glasspool...	6

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Saph's Foster Bairn. An Original Story. Alfred Colbeck. 1, 17, 33, 49, 65, 81, 97, 113, 129, 145, 161, 177
Service by the Way, A. Uncle Ben ... 164
Shaggy. Walter W. Harries 39
Singing Fairy of Smudge's Court, The. Elizabeth Taylor 108
Slave Boy who Became an Ambassador, The. W. E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L. ... 58
Sleeping to See. Uncle Ben 42
Smith, Mr. Frederic 183
Snake Story, A 38
Something for Boys to Think About ... 30
Tales from Fairyland. Mary Magdalen Forrester. 13, 22, 37, 62, 70, 91, 132, 154, 173
That Represents the Profit on a Whole Barrel of Whiskey 124
True Heroine, A. Ruth B. Yates 123
Uncle Henry. Ruth B. Yates 188
Under Suspicion; or the Lord is Mindful of His Own. Charles H. Barstow ... 175
Value of a Penny, The 71
What Jack's Disobedience Did. Isabel Maude Hamill. 106
Why Ada Refused Wine. Ruth B. Yates... 75
Why Jim Hartley Signed the Pledge. Charles H. Barstow 68

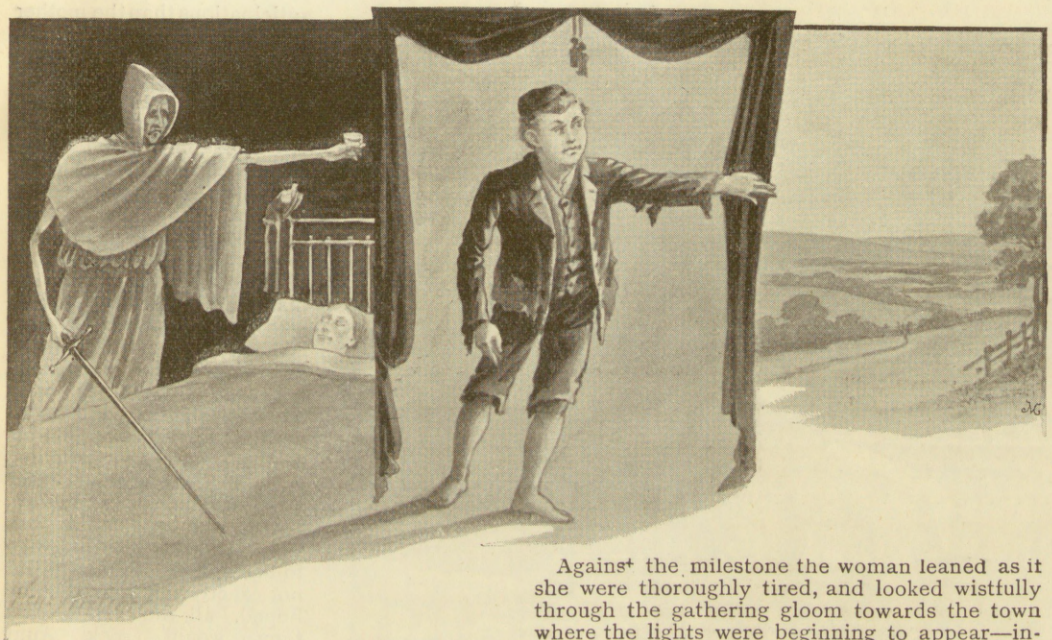
POETRY.

Afternoon Tea-cloth Soliloquy. Lilian C. Hume 128
Alcohol in the Blood. 106
Another Year. Wm. Hoyle 4
Christmas. Mary Magdalen Forrester ... 186
Come under our Banner. B. Magennis ... 172
Early Trials 141
Grains Vindication. 128
Grapes or Thorns. Alice Cary 7
Kindness... 149
Laugh a bit. 112
May. "Twitter" 77
Mother's Thought. M. E. Sangster ... 143
Mountaineering. John Lea 68
My Pipe of Peace 109
Our Heroes. 80
Roger an' Me. T. J. Galley 151
Satan's Wants 63
Summer Flowers. Mary Magdalen Forrester 119
That's the way 133
To Whom shall we give Thanks? 102
We will be Heard 94
What time is it? 38

MUSIC.

Angels' Song, The 184
Band of Hope Anniversary Hymn, A ... 168
Flowing Tide is with Us, The 72
Go forward! 152
Haymaker's Waltz-Song 104
If and Perhaps... 88
Onward and Upward 8
Take care of Number One 24
Temperance Tide, The 136
Touch not the Drink 120
Wait a Little 56
Where the Laugh comes in 40





SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY

By Alfred Colbeck.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlet Grange," "Cherton's Workpeople," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

ORPHANED.

AT sundown, on a dull December evening, with a north-east wind blowing, and lowering grey clouds drifting in heavy masses across the sky, a woman and her child, a little lad ten years old, might have been seen wearily walking into Desford. They were yet three miles from the centre of the town. Two days before snow had fallen, and covered both town and country to the depth of three inches, with its soft, pure white mantle. In the town it had quite disappeared from the main streets, and in the streets less frequented it had been swept up into a series of dirty mounds; where it still remained on walls, and roofs, and chimney stacks, the smoke had discoloured it and covered it with grime. In the country it lay in long white strips under the hedges, and in thin patches here and there about the open fields of the farmsteads and the enclosed lawns of the villas, but its first spotless purity was gone. The nearer these two travellers came to the town, and the more sullied the snow was; and, long before they reached the third milestone, in the road it was all trodden to slush and mire by the many busy feet that had tramped upon it since it fell.

Against the milestone the woman leaned as it she were thoroughly tired, and looked wistfully through the gathering gloom towards the town where the lights were beginning to appear—inviting lights, with a suggestion of rest. She wore a shabby black bonnet, with a touch of crape in it, and a faded black gown, draggled and bespattered with mud; and with a thin worn hand she drew an old brown shawl closer round her tall, frail figure in a vain attempt to keep out the cold. Her features, once pleasant to look upon, were sharpened by hunger and disease, the cheek bones being specially prominent, the blue eyes large and pitiful. Her mouth, with its full underlip and corners drawn down, expressed a world of sorrow. The lad was barefoot, and otherwise ragged, with a torn round cap upon his tangled light brown hair. As he leaned against his mother, he rested the sole of one foot on the instep of the other to keep a little warmth in it. He had not suffered like his mother. His well-made frame was fairly nourished, his cheeks plump and full, though now nearly purple with cold. He had his mother's blue eyes, large too, but without the pitifulness. There was even a suggestion of laughter in them, as also about the mouth; he could be merry under happier circumstances, that was very evident, and whatever it was that oppressed his mother, only sat very lightly upon him.

"Are we far away now, mother?" he asked.

"Not very far, Bobby," she replied. "This is the three-mile stone, reckoning from the town church. We must go a little beyond the church. We cannot get lodgings nearer."

"Won't you go straight to Aunt Fanny's?"

"No! not to-night," said the mother, with a pained look upon her face. "We may go there to-morrow."

"But she wouldn't like it, mother, would she, if she knew we were in Desford, and lodging in another house?"

"I cannot say, my son. You are not old

 All rights reserved.



enough yet to understand. I will tell you some day. But to-night we must go into lodgings. Are you hungry, Bobby?"

"Just a little bit, mother."

"Here! take this," said she, bringing out a piece of bread from under her shawl, and then turning her eyes away while he ate it. When he had finished, she said, "It's colder standing here, and the night is coming on. We must make haste."

They started again, the woman dragging her limbs, encumbered by her heavy, damp skirts, through the slush and mire, the lad, with feet benumbed, and aching knees, pattering beside her. Since the morning they had walked fourteen miles. This was the fifth day's continuous tramping from a town seventy-six miles away, and the lad longed no less than the mother for the end of the journey. With much pleasanter anticipations than the mother he looked forward to the end.

It did not exactly suit him that they should go into lodgings on their arrival, and he did not know why. He would have been better satisfied if they had been going straight to Aunt Fanny's, though he had never seen her,—she was only a name to him, except for the picture of her he had conjured up in his own imagination. She was his mother's sister, and he thought his mother's sister must be a kind, good woman, because his mother was. This little ragged lad had a perfect admiration for his mother, and unquestioning faith in her wisdom; that was why he so readily accepted the statement that they would go into lodgings to-night, even though it did not exactly suit him, but he hoped, all the same, that they would seek Aunt Fanny's to-morrow, and, after their long tramp, find there a permanent rest.

Why should the woman desire to go into lodgings? If she had a sister in Desford, surely, in her present utterly worn-out condition, her sister's home, where she would be likely to meet with a kindly welcome and loving care, was the best place for her. It was just the uncertainty that she would meet with any welcome at all, a fear that the loving care she was so much in need of would not be accorded her, which decided her to go into lodgings. She was a sensitive woman, and, notwithstanding her poverty, with no small measure of pride. Since her marriage, twelve years before, she had not seen her sister. Twice, in the early years of her marriage, she had written her, and the letters had not been answered. Her marriage had been disapproved of, both by her sister and an elder married half-brother; the ties which had happily bound the three together had been suddenly wrenched apart by that event, and she had gone her own way, and, to all appearance, become as completely lost to them as if they had never been united at all. Her half-brother's estrangement she did not feel very acutely, for he had been married already some years, and lived out of the town; but the thought that her sister did not care for her, that her affection was dead, that she was no more to her than any other woman was, had been a constant pain to her all through those twelve years. Oh!

what heart-ache had she endured! How her soul had cried out for that lost love! For they had lived together, keeping open by their united labours the old home when both father and mother were gone, as the years went slowly by, becoming all in all to each other, sisters in the deepest sense. And may be that was why Fanny so strongly resented the intrusion of young George Grant, with his winning ways, when he came to steal Alice's heart, and made her vow so bitterly that she would have nothing more to do with her, when she knew that Alice had consented to become his wife.

Directly after the marriage the young couple left Desford for a large town in the Midlands. For two years or more, George had worked steadily enough at his trade, then, gradually, through the temptations of a set of loose companions, he had contracted the habit of drinking, lost his employment, sunk into poverty, and become a hopeless wreck. Bravely Alice had struggled to keep the home together, and provide for little Bobby's wants, of necessity sharing the poverty, but refusing otherwise to be dragged down by her husband into the slough of degradation in which he lay wallowing. It was a continuous bitter trial, lasting for seven long years. She clung to him through it all, hoping against hope that he would reform, loving him even when his love had been destroyed by alcoholic passion, enduring as best she could his alternate fits of senseless rage and maudlin repentance, overwhelmed with grief at the last when he was carried in dead, stone dead, through dislocation of the spine, caused by falling heavily into a cellar entrance while on his way home, drunk and incapable. Hard work, insufficient clothing, lack of nourishing food, depression of spirits, unrelieved, except by Bobby's brightness, had so far reduced her naturally strong constitution that she had fallen an easy prey to a wasting lung disease, much further advanced than she supposed, when, a fortnight after her husband's death, she resolved to return to Desford. She knew she could not live long; and she thought that, when the end came, if Fanny would have nothing to do with her, she might take Bobby—he was such a bonny lad, and a good lad, too—and so prevent for him the fate which she dreaded, and against which she had bravely struggled so long, namely, entrance into the workhouse.

They were an hour and a half in covering the last three miles, and, as they reached the large iron gateway of the town church, the clock was chiming the four quarters preparatory to striking six. A flight of wide stone steps led up to the gateway. They were freshly swept, and sheltered by the buttressed wall of the church itself from the north-east wind, which had risen by this time into half a gale. So inviting did they appear to our weary travellers, that they sat down upon them, the mother leaning back against the gate post, and Bobby, for further warmth, pressing close beside her. Before the sound had died away of the last stroke of the clock, Mrs. Grant's eyes had closed, and she had sunk into a deep sleep. Not long after Bobby's weariness overcame him, though he had said to himself only a few seconds before that he would keep awake and look after his mother. He awoke with a start, and suddenly sat up; the clock was again striking, and he thought he had not been to sleep at all. But when the strokes rang out one after another, and he began to feel how stiff and chill he was, he knew that he must have been asleep some time. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could rouse his mother. He called to her, and shook her, but she made no response. He took hold of her arms, and pulled her into a sitting posture, and again shouted "Mother!" She opened her eyes, and looked at him dreamily; then, suddenly recollecting where they were, she struggled to her feet, with the words,

"I must have been asleep, Bobby."

"Yes, mother; so have I. How cold it is!"

A shiver ran through Bobby's little frame. The mother noticed it, and glanced at the clock. She was alarmed. They had been asleep three hours. She took the shawl from her shoulders, and wrapped it about her son; and yet she herself was chilled through with the cold, and so stiff and sore that she could scarcely bear to straighten herself and stand upright. The lung pain had perceptibly increased. Every breath she drew cut her like a sharp knife. It was only by the exercise of a strong will that she could keep herself from swooning. Fearing lest she might give way before they could reach some place of shelter, she took Bobby's hand, and stumbled rather than walked in the direction of the narrow street where she knew a bed might be obtained. In answer to her knock at the door of a tall house, a gentleman's residence before the neighbourhood had deteriorated, but now let out to lodgers, mostly in separate rooms, a stout, elderly woman with a coarse face and bare, red arms, appeared, and asked what they wanted.

"Can we have a bed here?" asked Mrs. Grant.

"Of course, if you can pay for it," said the woman, surveying Mrs. Grant from head to foot as if she doubted whether the money would be forthcoming.

"We can pay for it."

"Come in, then. What sort of a room do you want? We've some with three beds, and some with two, but we've only one room left with one bed, and that's ninepence."

"We'll take that."

"Tip up, and I'll take you there at once. All our lodgers pay beforehand. It saves trouble."

Mrs. Grant paid the ninepence, counting it out in pennies into the big fat palm of the lodging-house keeper. They were at once conducted to the room, a very small one nearly at the top of the house, used in the palmier days as a dressing room, but now containing a tiny wooden bedstead, covered with mattresses through which the straw was bursting, a dirty blanket, and an old torn quilt. The only other piece of furniture in the room was a rickety washhand-stand thrust into one corner. It was with the utmost difficulty that Mrs. Grant dragged her limbs up the long staircase, and the sight of the bed, small and mean as it was, was very welcome.

"Could we have some tea, and a piece of

bread ?" said she. "We are tired, and very hungry."

"Of course, if you can pay for it," answered the lodging-house keeper again, in a hard and unsympathetic voice.

"How much do you charge for two cups and one slice ? "

"Fourpence."

"Will you bring them up, please ? "

"Have you the money ? "

"Yes ! here it is," and she gave her the fourpence.

Presently she returned with the tea in two cracked cups, one of them without handle, and a thick slice of dry bread. Bobby devoured the bread. His mother would not touch a crumb. She drank her own cup of tea, and Bobby drank his, the woman remaining silently by, staring at them until they had finished, and then retired with the crockery, leaving Bob with the crust in his hand, which, however, was fast disappearing.

Bobby was young and healthy, his hunger was satisfied, and he soon fell sound asleep. Not so his mother. She might have slept but for the pain, which increased as the night went on, her breathing becoming more and more laboured. Once she tried to rise in order to allay a burning thirst which had seized her, but she found it impossible to do so. Her strength was ebbing fast. A fear took possession of her that she might pass away, and she thought she would wake Bobby, but he was so fast asleep, and seemed so peaceful, that she left him alone. Towards morning the pain left her, and her breathing became easier, only she felt very drowsy and faint; and now she would have awoke Bobby, she longed to wake him, but she could neither speak nor move. The effort caused her breath to come in short, quick gasps, and she knew that the end was near. Oh ! if Bobby would only awake. But the healthy lad slept on, the sleep of a young frame, full of vitality, wearied out, and refreshing itself in the most natural way, altogether unconscious of his mother's sore extremity and final need. The drowsiness and faintness increased, a state of coma supervened, the feeble breath fluttered between the pale lips, the flame of life sank lower and lower, and, at last, in the darkness of the winter's morning, with no eye looking on, quietly went out.

Just as the tardy dawn was breaking, while some of the lodgers were still asleep, and others were dressing, or moving up and down stairs, a shrill piercing scream rang through the house, so loud that it penetrated everywhere, and hurriedly brought the lodging-house keeper into the little room; and there, kneeling upon the bed, with wide tearful eyes, and a face blanched even to the lips, was Bobby, rubbing the hands, and kissing the cheeks of his dead mother.

(To be continued.)



ANOTHER YEAR.

By WILLIAM HOYLE.

Author of "Hymns and Songs."

ANOTHER year has entered in the race;
The seasons rise and pass with rapid force;
What changes found in each familiar place
Remind us time marks all things in its course !

The earth rolls on, our little lives we live,
With smile or frown, as impulse beats within;
Our joys increase with every thought we give
To save the world from misery and sin.

While good men gather round to aid the right;
While love inspires each feeling in the breast;
What need we more to make our pathway bright?
Let's labour on and leave to God the rest.

Aye, let us grow familiar with good,
In smallest things our influence will appear;
The poorest soul may rise from solitude
And scatter sunshine through the coming year.

CHUMMY CHATS.

By J. G. Tolton.

"I DON'T CARE!"

BOB Brown didn't care. Why should he? That was what he often wanted to know. The question he asked more frequently than any other was:—

"What does it matter?"

You will understand that Bob attended a day school. No boy or girl can miss doing that very well, can they? The rules of the school required that each scholar should be present in his place at nine o'clock in the morning.

Very frequently after that hour Bob was asking everybody in the house what they had done with his cap. If anyone ventured to suggest that Bob would be late, he used to say, in a surly tone, "I don't care!"

To prevent the words becoming too monotonous, Bob occasionally put his idea in the form of a question, "What does it matter?"

Bob, at first, was only late now and then—those times when someone had hidden his cap. Some boys and many girls would have been greatly put about if they had been late once. But these boys and girls do not say "I don't care!"

Bob used these shameful words so often, that at last *he didn't care*. Really he didn't. For a time, lateness was Bob's main fault. But that habit cried out for company. It is a way bad habits have. It is not often a bad habit is willing to live alone. Bob did not care whether he was late or early, so it was easy for the loiterer to spend a few minutes on the way to school, with lads who can be called by no better name than *loafers*. Rather a strange name, for loafers usually come to be very short of bread.

One of these good-for-nothing idlers sneeringly informed Bob, one morning, that the schoolmaster would want to see his late scholar particularly, and would give him something all to himself. Bob thought himself very brave, so made his common remark "I don't care!"

After that morning Bob became quite chummy with bad, idle boys. When spoken to about it, he asked:

"What does it matter?"

This interesting youth never got a prize at school. Of course, Bob did not care, and what did it matter? Bob slouched through his "standards" in his own careless style. Sometimes he passed, and often he didn't.

When Bob began his career of "I don't care," he thought it rather a fine thing to be so independent and careless. It sounded large sometimes, and even magnificent. He believed his companions would like him better for showing such high disdain for matters that troubled some people.

Certainly, he aroused the wonder and surprise of his schoolfellows, and sometimes the least little bit of admiration, but nobody really loved Bob. How could they? Could you?

On leaving school a place of work was obtained for Brown. For the moment Bob forgot his "don't care." It was such a fine thing to take a situation in a large city warehouse. One would have thought that any boy would have felt the responsibility of the position, and have shown himself equal to the trust. But Bob only had this feeling very mildly, and it soon passed off. In less than a week Bob was heard asking his pet question:

"What does it matter?"

A lad of Bob's age, employed in another department, passing through Bob's room one morning, ventured to suggest that Brown might improve the general appearance of a certain shelf, and make it look tidy. Out came Bob's old word, "I don't care!"

Bob's fellow workmen found they could not expect much aid of any sort from Bob Brown. He did not care. He had no enthusiasm, no earnestness, loved nothing, unless it was himself. Perhaps he did not love himself much, one cannot well see how he could.

Bob never had any new ideas, or original methods, so he got no promotion under his first employers.

The course of events brought misfortune to Bob, in the shape of a broken arm; then the youth was not capable of doing the little work he was supposed to do. When Brown's arm was right again, there was no vacancy for him at the warehouse. Another youth occupied his old place. Bob paid a visit to the scene of his former labours. Everybody was busy, and could waste no time on Bob. The thought occurred to the lad, at last, that nobody in the world seemed to care; and that the terrible fact that he was out of a situation, and uncertain where the next would be, did not matter to these others.

Bob went home thoughtful. He came to the conclusion that "I don't care" is neither a very original, nor a very happy remark, so he ceased to use it. He adopted a different policy, and learned to care about everything that should awaken his interest.

"I care for nobody, no, not I," is supposed to be funny, and people generally smile when the words are quoted. But hear the next line with it, and the fun fades out to bitter sadness.

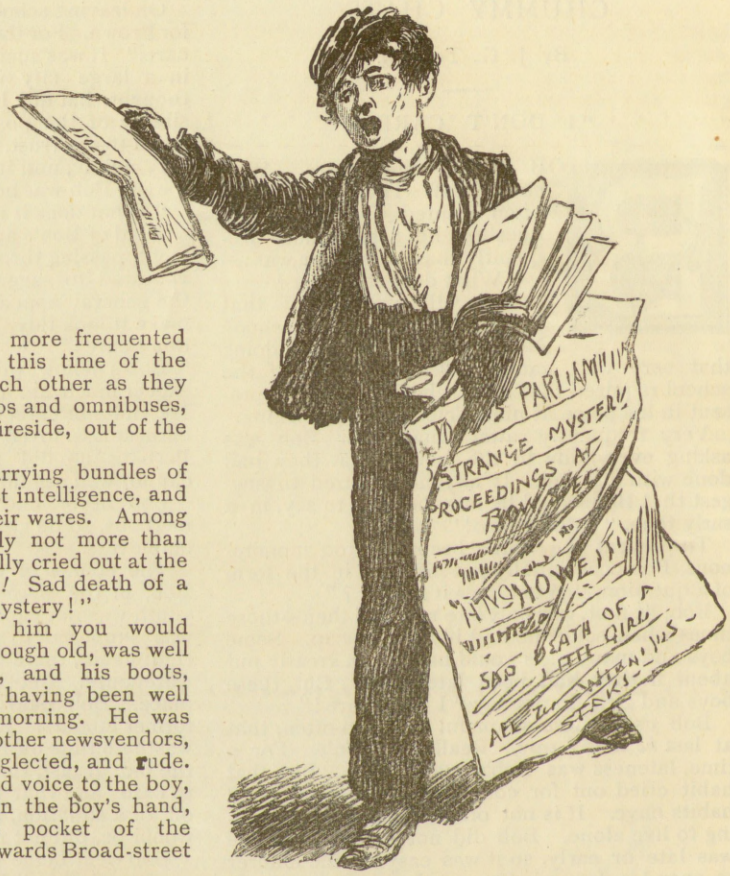
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

The second line is bound to follow the first.

Politeness.—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the love of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah! how many do. In all your dealings with your fellows at home or abroad, remember "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the dictionary. Don't forget three little words, "If you please."

"SAD DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL."

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



A HURRYING crowd of people bustled each other, as every man, woman, and child hastened along either to catch a train, an omnibus, or to reach home at the earliest possible moment. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, outside Liverpool-street station—a spot perhaps more frequented than any other in London at this time of the day. Men jostled against each other as they dodged in and out among cabs and omnibuses, all eager to get to the warm fireside, out of the drizzling rain that was falling.

A host of men and boys, carrying bundles of newspapers, cried out the latest intelligence, and tried their best to get rid of their wares. Among these was a little boy, certainly not more than ten years of age, who continually cried out at the top of his voice, "*Echo! Star!* Sad death of a little girl! Another strange mystery!"

Could you have looked at him you would have noticed that his dress, though old, was well patched and perfectly clean, and his boots, though thin, showed signs of having been well blacked and polished in the morning. He was certainly very different to the other newsvendors, for they were mostly dirty, neglected, and rude.

"*Star* and *Echo*," said a kind voice to the boy, and in an instant a coin was in the boy's hand, and the newspapers in the pocket of the customer, who was hurrying towards Broad-street station at a rapid rate.

The boy looked at the coin, he hesitated an instant, his face reddened, and then, whispering to himself the words, "No, I should be a thief," he tore away after the gentleman who had just given him the money.

"Sir, sir!" he shouted, as he pulled the gentleman's coat tail, "sir, you forgot your change."

"What did I give you, boy?"

"Look, sir," he replied, "it was half-a-crown, I only want a penny."

The gentleman took out his note-book, and looking eagerly at the boy said,

"Your name and address?"

"Bob Wiggins, sir, 8, Fig Tree Court, Whitechapel."

"Thank you! give me the half-crown, here is a sixpence, good night!"

Bob and the gentleman parted, the gentleman to go to his late dinner at his cosy apartments at Highbury, the boy to continue the dreary task of selling his newspapers.

Bob hadn't much in this world to make him happy; his home at Fig Tree Court was certainly a tidy room, but all the surroundings were very different to what they were when that part of Whitechapel received its name. Then, the green grass grew, and the fig trees bore fruit, and the young lambs frolicked in the fields; now, it was nothing but a mass of houses, and a crowd of dirty children playing in the streets, with gin palaces blazing and prospering in the midst of all the poverty.

That very morning, the feeble voice of his mother had said to him,

"Be good, Bob; act honestly, do your duty, and God will bless you."

Mrs. Wiggins was an invalid; her life had seen but little sunshine, for in her weakness and sorrow her drunken husband had deserted her, and she was left with two children—Bob and Katie, who was two years younger than her brother.

"Katie," said Bob to his sister, "you look after mother; there's sixpence on the mantelpiece, get her something nice to eat, and I'll try and do a roaring trade and bring you home a whole shilling for housekeeping."

"All right, Bob, I'll do the best I can, only mind you don't get run over, for what should we do without you?"

Bob went to the newspaper office, bought his papers, shouted out the items of news on the bill, all the way from Fleet-street to Liverpool-street. Late in the afternoon, when he purchased the later editions, he saw the line on the bill, "Sad Death of a Little Girl," and was announcing this to the public when we first met him.

"I hope nothing has happened to Katie," he said to himself as he rapidly got rid of his bundle of papers, and saw, from the increasing number of coppers, the prospect of carrying home something very nice for his sick mother to eat.

Had he only known what had happened at Fig Tree Court, how quickly his legs would have carried him homeward. Poor Katie, when making her mother a cup of tea, had caught her dress alight; she was soon in a blaze. The mother, unable to leave her bed, screamed for help; neighbours came to the rescue. Katie was carried off to the hospital, and the news had come back that the frightened child was dead.

Late in the evening, Bob came bounding up the stairs, whistling a merry tune, his arms laden with good things.

"Mother," he shouted, as he entered the room, "I have had a lucky day; a gentleman gave me sixpence, and I sold all out, and what do you think I have bought you for a treat? Look here, mother; half-a-pound of sausages for you and Katie; you shall have them for breakfast."

At this moment, Bob noticed that Katie's place in mother's bed was vacant. He felt a strange sensation of doubt as he asked the question,

"Where's Katie, mother?"

The mother burst into tears, and she answered,

"Katie is dead, my son."

"Dead! how was that, mother?" and Bob joined his mother in her tears.

"Her dress caught alight, and now she is in the hospital dead."

"Oh, mother! and to think I have been calling out in the streets about the death of my own sister, and I never knew it!"

The mother soothed the boy, begged him to lie by her side, and soon the tired body sank to sleep.

The next morning a strange gentleman called at Fig Tree Court, and asked to be directed to the room in which Mrs. Wiggins lived. He sent up his card, and Bob went out to see who it was, and at once recognised the gentleman to whom he had returned the half-crown.

"I want to see your mother, Bob," he said.

"But she is ill in bed, sir."

"Never mind, she'll see me if she reads the name on the card."

Mrs. Wiggins had read the name, "Samuel Franklin."

"Franklin," she muttered, "that is my maiden name. Samuel Franklin, perhaps this is my brother whom I have not seen for so many years; has God really sent him to help me in my day of distress?"

And so it all proved; Mr. Franklin had returned to England very recently from the Colonies; he had met the very boy he wanted to help, and had learned the address of the sister he had not seen for so many years. More than this, he brought joyful intelligence, he had read about the accident to Katie, he had been to the hospital, and had discovered that the newspaper report was untrue. Katie was not dead; certainly she was badly injured, but time and care would restore her to health and strength again.

You won't find Bob selling newspapers now; he lives with his uncle, and is a scholar at a big school not far from the very spot where he showed that a poor boy could be honest.

Mrs. Wiggins keeps Uncle Sam's house, Katie is well, and the only cloud is the thought that drunkenness has robbed them of a father's love and care.

JACK'S WRONG SIDE OUT.

JACK was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys. But he did nothing but fret and complain.

At last his mother said:—

"Jack, I want you to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated. Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and his pants and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravellings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant.

But he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him round, said:—

"This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefaced. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and your manners as you prefer to do with clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."

GRAPES OR THORNS.

We must not hope to be mowers
And to gather the ripe gold ears
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

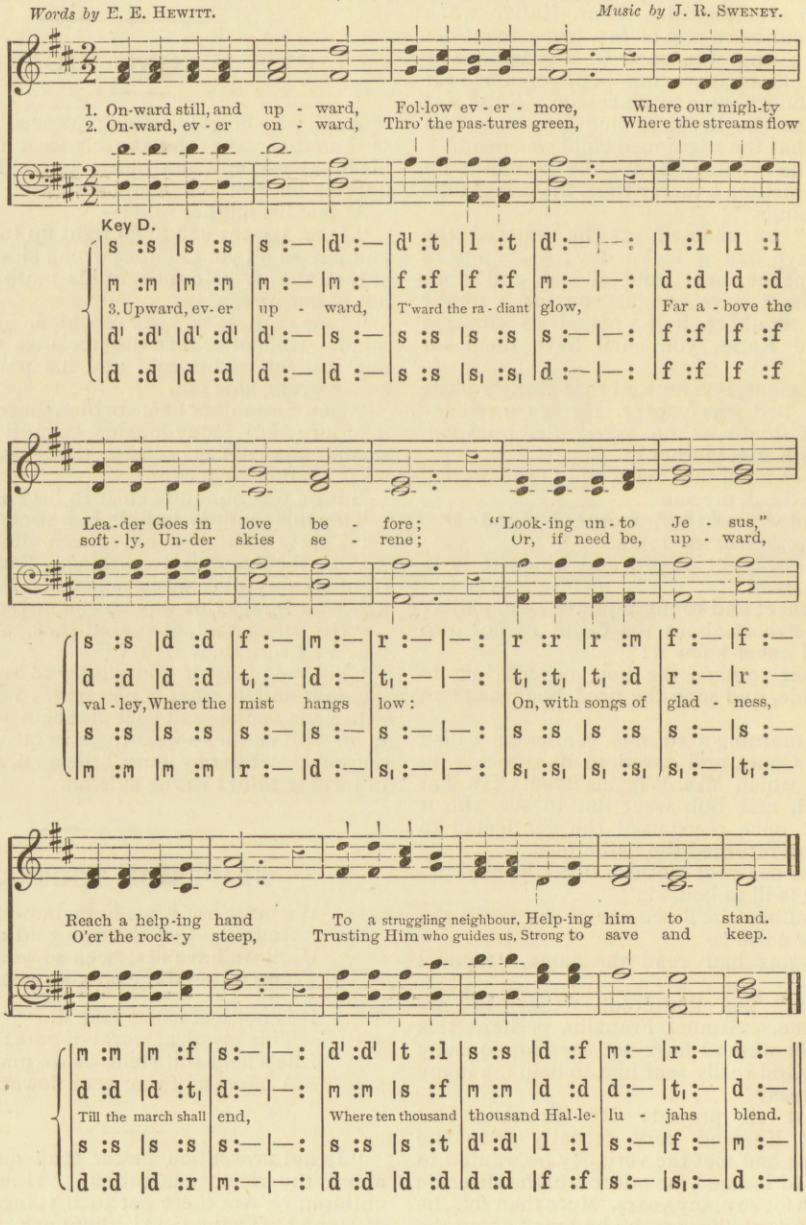
Alice Cary.

"Is not prevention better than cure? What about the rising generation? How about our children? Are there not such things as Bands of Hope? Thank God! there are. 'Bend the bough when it is young.' Is not that good? Is it not worth while being a total abstainer that we may encourage these little ones in Christ never to begin to touch."—*Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.*

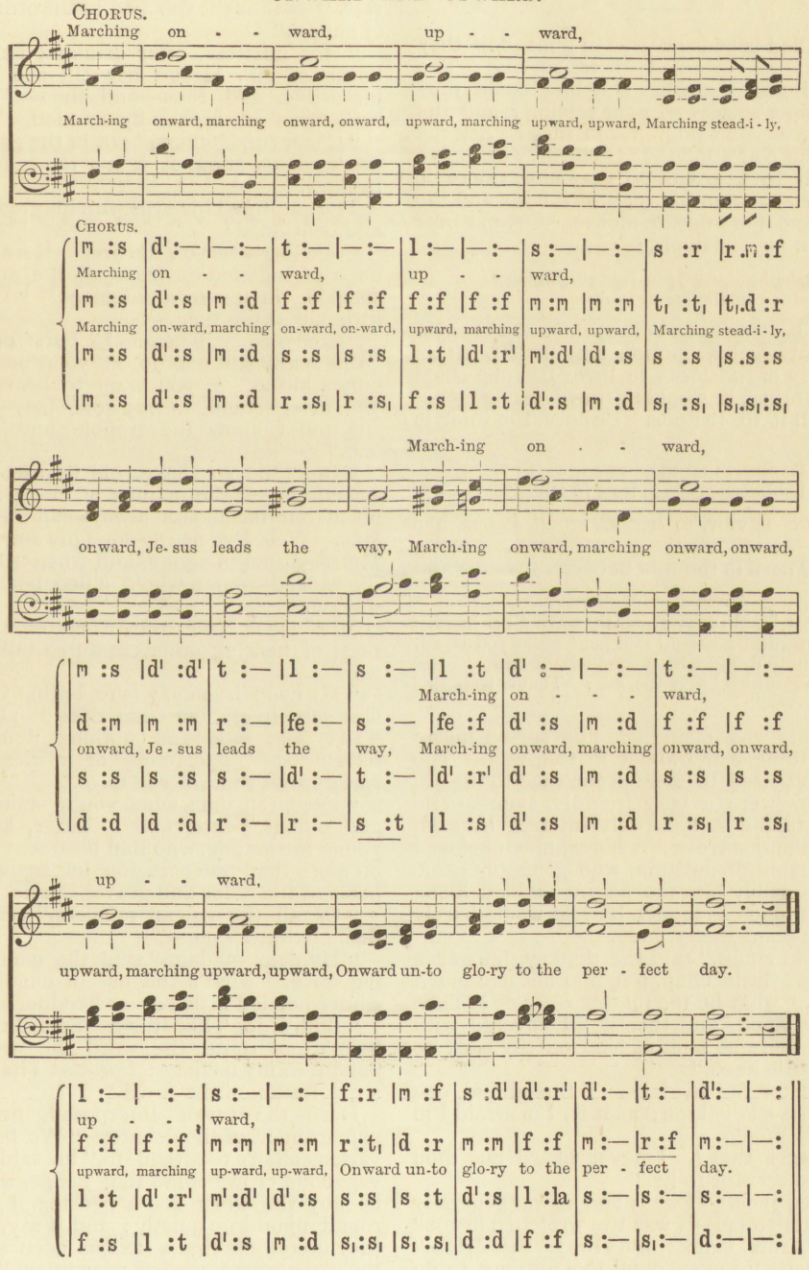
ONWARD AND UPWARD.

(By permission from the new Service of Song, "Won by a Gipsy," published at the "Onward" Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester.)

Words by E. E. HEWITT. *Music by* J. R. SWENEY.



ONWARD AND UPWARD.



THE MEADOW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—No. I.

By Rev. Jno. Foster.

So called because it was in a meadow they met and formed their society. The animals, I mean. But how could they form a society without talking? and the beasts can't talk. Can't they? Ask the poets. Read *Gay's Fables*. Or if you would give more credit to a grave prose writer, there is Æsop. You have surely read of the fox and the crow, and the lion and the mouse. Cowper puts the question beyond doubt:

> "I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
> If birds confabulate or no."

He doesn't ask Rousseau because he was a Frenchman. Whatever his opinion may have been as to the ability of the birds to have friendly chats with each other, it wouldn't have carried conviction with it to Britons. Besides, the thing is so plain.

> "'Tis clear, that they were always able
> To hold discourse—at least in fable."

Miss Jane Taylor, in her *Original Poems*, has related a great many conversations among animals. There is the talk between the cow and the ass:

> "'Take a seat,' said the cow, gently waving her hand.
> 'By no means, dear madam,' said he, 'while you stand.
> Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
> 'Ma'am, your health,' said the ass; 'Thank you, sir,' said the cow."

The society was started one fine spring morning. The thing came about in this way. The animals that used to meet from time to time in the meadow were a very friendly, sympathetic company, taking a heart-felt interest in each other's joys and sorrows. A horse, much beloved for his amiable disposition, who generally came trotting cheerfully into the field, stumbled along to join his friends as though his legs would barely support his poor, weary body.

"Why, old chum," said the donkey (he was a good-hearted little chap, but had not had much education), "what be the matter with 'ee? Thee can hardly stand, and thee'st all covered with blood, and there be a bit of skin off thy back as big as a thistle head."

"My master did it, Jack. I thought at one time he'd have killed me; as it is, I'm afraid I'm maimed for life."

"How were that? I never heard but thou wast a good servant to he."

"So I was, Jack, so I was; and he was generally a kind master to me—it was the wretched drink."

"Drink, drink, drink; it's always the drink." said the cow. "I'm thankful I've nothing to do with the men; pretty young Sally milks me, and she never drinks, bless her little heart."

A fine old tomcat from the farmhouse, who was fond of sunning his glossy coat in the field, and having a gossip with the bigger creatures, rubbed himself against the horse's legs, to show his pity for his misfortune, and then spoke:

"I've reason enough to hate the drink. Did any of you ever hear how my poor mother came by her death?"

"No, Thomas," said the goat, speaking for the rest, "we thought she died in the ordinary course of nature."

"Her mistress, after drinking nearly half a bottle of gin, kicked her till she was nearly insensible, and then—and then—" Here the cat's voice was broken by emotion.

"Cheer up, Tommy," put in the gander, "and don't tell us about it if it's too much for your feelings."

The cat wiped his eyes with his great furry paw, and continued:

"She threw her on the fire." Here there was a burst of indignation from all the animals, each speaking in his own language. "I was only a little kid at the time—"

"Come, come, Thomas!" burst out the goat, "this really will not do, at your best you were only a kitten. If you want to hear about kids you must come to my old lady—bless you, she and I know the trouble and expense of 'em."

"Don't be so sharp, old Capricornus, I was speaking after the manner of men; the servants up at our farmhouse always call the young 'uns kids. Well, I've nearly done my story. Dear old Mumsey died in agony, and when she was dead the wicked woman who'd killed her finished up the gin."

Mrs. Duck (she was a notorious quacker), tired of hearing other creatures talk, put in her word.

"My good friends, you're letting your tongues wag very freely, but what does it all come to? Talk, talk, talk, and nothing done. Now I haven't the opportunity of mixing in human society that some of you have."

"Except, ma'am, when you're stuffed with sage and onions," interrupted Ratter, an impudent young terrier dog, who had been sent to Coventry on more than one occasion for snapping at the heels of the older and graver beasts.

"Of all the vulgar remarks," cried out the duck, "that I ever—"

"My dear madam," said the mule in a soothing voice, "what's the use of minding what an empty-headed little barker like him says?"

"Still, I don't like it, sir. Such illusions" (she hadn't got quite the word she wanted) "are painful to my feelings; I protest I have got quite a palpitation of the heart."

Here the raven interposed, proposing an adjournment of the debate. "We have got our various affairs to attend to," he said, "there's a vagabond crow behind that hedge, who wouldn't be any the worse for a pecking, if I can come round upon him quietly; and, I say, Mrs. Duck, they do tell me that a fox has been seen near to the place where you left your brood."

"Oh, my precious, precious ducksies," quacked Mrs. Duck, and waddled off as fast as she could go. She was silly in some things, but she was a good mother. So, for that time, the assembly broke up.

HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

By Uncle Ben.

HAMILTON Jarvis was the son of rich parents, who lived in the country. His father was a county magistrate and a well-known fox-hunter, and moved in the best society. Hamilton was sent to a large private school for gentlemen's sons, where he did not always behave himself as a gentleman. He was quarrelsome and mischievous, the ringleader of all rows and larks among the boys; he paid little attention to his books, and was a thorn in the side of all the masters, gaining such a reputation for misconduct, that after much reproof and punishment, he was threatened to be expelled, and at the end of the term a bad report was sent home to his parents. This disgrace brought him into trouble at home, his holidays were unhappy, and he dreaded the thought of going back to school, so that he began to form the determination of running away.

Part of his holiday was spent in London, with an aunt and uncle who were connected with the forces, his uncle being a retired officer, and his aunt the daughter of an old admiral, and who took great interest in all benevolent work among the soldiers and sailors.

During his stay Hamilton heard a great deal about both the army and navy, and once, in driving through Trafalgar Square, his aunt pointed out the recruiting sergeants, who stand near the National Gallery, and are on the look out for those who will enlist in Her Majesty's service. She told him of the efforts made to help the soldiers, especially through Miss Robinson, who had done so much to establish the Temperance cause in the army, and also of Miss Weston's work for the sailors, and how, by her influence, there has now been secured a Temperance Society on board every man-of-war ship belonging to the Royal Navy.

Hamilton seemed much interested, and asked her many questions, especially about the soldiers and the life at Aldershot, which she knew well, together with the grand review of the troops. Her enthusiasm for the betterment of the soldiers kindled in the boy's mind, so susceptible of impressions, and so full of restless love of glory and adventure, an ardent desire to be a soldier. The idea took hold of him that he would like to enter the army. He talked to his cousin Victor much upon the subject, but did not reveal to him anything of his intention. Hamilton thought more and more of the fascination of a soldier's career, until he began to form plans for trying to enter the service, and so escape from the restraints of home and the fear of having to go back to school under shame and disgrace. After a good many suggestions had been considered, he resolved to go and interview one of the recruiting sergeants his aunt had shown him. Both he and his cousin were allowed much liberty to go about as they pleased, and he had no difficulty in persuading his cousin Victor to go with him to Trafalgar Square, where he intended to offer himself and make, as he thought, all arrangements for joining the regiment to which he would be attached. He resolved to select for his regiment the Royal Horse Artillery, and having seen many notices asking for volunteers for the army, he did not seem to think there would be any difficulty in his being accepted.

A day or two after the plan was attempted, and Victor and Hamilton went down to Charing Cross on the top of a bus, and then walked to the National Gallery to see the pictures. On the way they took their time, looking into the arcade, and then paused to gaze at the recruiting sergeants who were strutting about on the pavement. Victor knew the regiments to which the men belonged, and pointed out one tall strapping fellow as one of the Royal Horse Artillery.

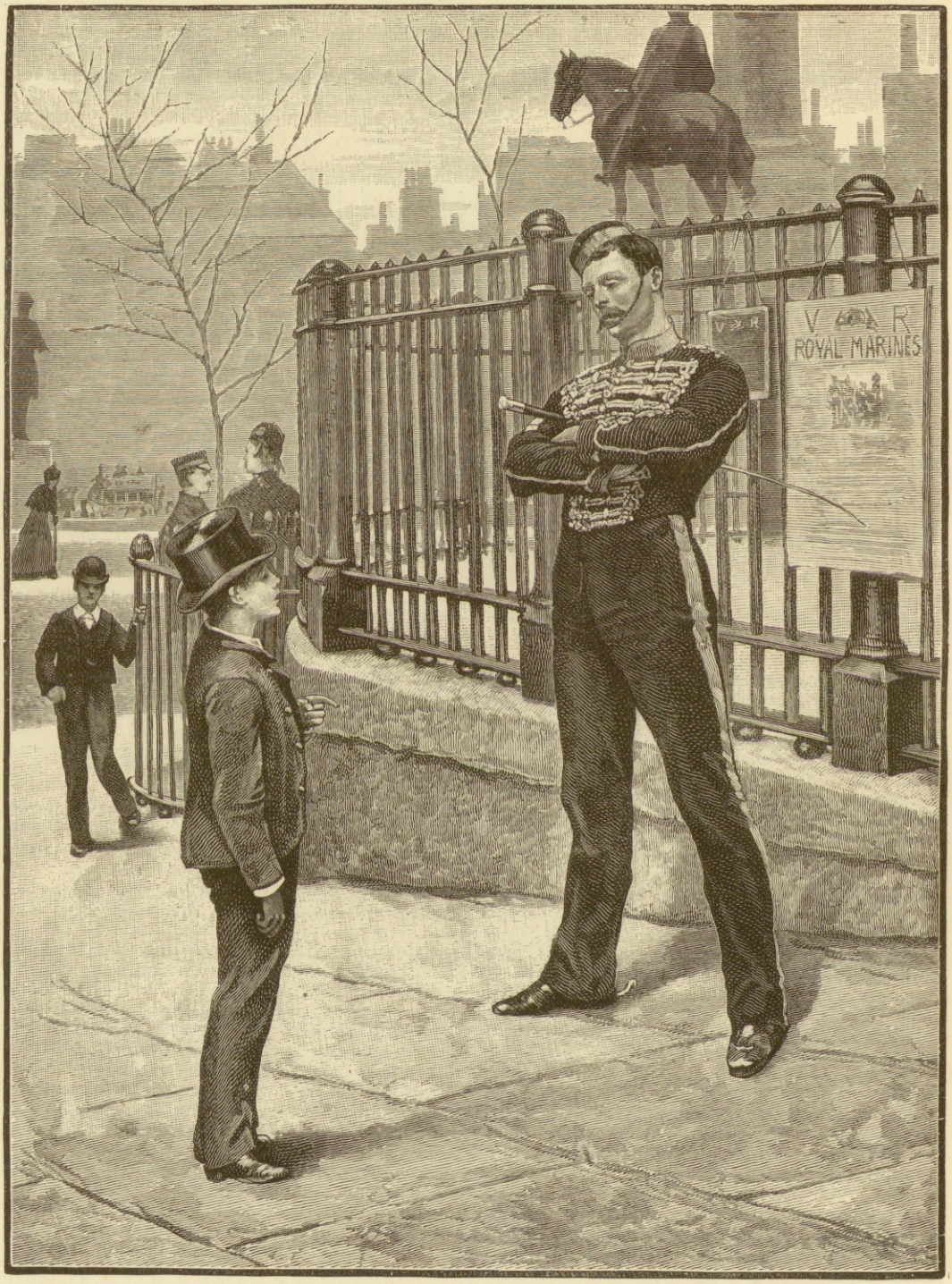
Then when Hamilton said he would like to go and speak to him, Victor was somewhat surprised, but stood aside not at first taking much heed; gradually, however, he drew nearer, and caught fragments of the conversation.

He heard Hamilton saying he had been well drilled at school, that he could ride on horseback all day, that if they would only take him he should soon grow to the height required. He asked the sergeant many questions which seemed to amuse the soldier, and evidently Hamilton seemed to press him very earnestly for an answer, but could draw from him no response, so the interview ended.

On their way back, Hamilton was crestfallen and silent. Victor asked him many questions, but he could get little out of him, except that the soldier had told him how recruits became enlisted, and what the army regulations were. The incident so deeply impressed Victor that he told his mother he really thought Hamilton had tried to enlist, knowing that he was very unhappy about going back to school. She said that she could hardly think it possible, but felt there might really be something in Victor's view of the case. After pondering over the matter, and knowing she had great influence with Hamilton, she took an opportunity of drawing out the adventurous boy. In the course of a kind and sympathetic conversation, she was able to put a few hints together, and gathered that the lad had set his heart on being a soldier, and had evidently been building some wild scheme to escape going back to school. By her affectionate and wise treatment she entirely won the boy's confidence, and then he made a full confession of his hatred of school, and determination to run away rather than be expelled. He said the masters were against him, and he had got a bad name, and nothing was right that he did.

His aunt listened patiently to his whole story, and to his oft repeated assurance "that he would be a soldier, come what might." She rather encouraged his desire, only bade him wait to hear what his parents had to say. In a day or two his stay would come to an end, and her brother—his father—would call to take him home. In the meantime, she wrote a letter to prepare his father for some proposal she had to make concerning Hamilton's future.

When Mr. Jarvis arrived, she suggested that the boy's wish should not be thwarted, that he should not go back to the same school, but be put to read with a good man, who prepared lads for the military college, and be trained with the



purpose of his entering the army as an officer, when the time came and he had shown the proper qualifications. She further said, she would like him to remain with her, that she might gain his interest in all good work for the army, and especially get his sympathy early and strongly attached to temperance work, for while the army afforded strong temptations for young men to go astray, it also offered a good field for a determined character of doing a noble work among the men and his fellow officers and companions.

Mr. Jarvis listened to all these proposals not very favourably at first, but under the pressure

of some persuasion, he consented to give notice for the boy's removal from the school, with which neither he nor his wife were satisfied, as affording the right influence for Hamilton just now, and promised the matter should be fairly discussed by him with the boy and his mother. The result was, that the aunt's plan was practically adopted, and Hamilton became most grateful and reasonable, delighted with the prospect of beginning the career on which he had set his heart, and pleased at being under his aunt's influence. He volunteered at once to enter the temperance ranks, and to help her in all her good work for army reform. His zeal responded to her appeal with heart-felt devotion, and he gave his mind to work with new energy and affection. So when the holidays were over, at the commencement of the new year, he settled down to prepare himself for higher service, with the ambition of ultimately becoming one of the most distinguished generals in Her Majesty's service.

BOYS, SHOW THIS TO YOUR FATHERS.

THE LABOUR QUESTION—WAGES.

A correspondent of the *Christian World* (Nov. 23rd) says:—The question was asked the other day in your columns—Where can be obtained some authority as to the statements of comparative wages paid in trades generally and in the brewing interest? Please allow me to say in answer that one of the best authorities I know is the following table, compiled from "Wages and Production," Blue Book C, 6,535, 1891, issued when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was President of the Board of Trade, for it shows the percentage of wages to receipts in the following various occupations:—

Page in Blue Book	Occupation.	Percentage of Wages to Receipts.
17	Mining	55·0
24	Shipbuilding	37·0
40	Docks and Harbours... ...	34·7
32	Railways	30·0
10	Agriculture	29·0
33	Canals	29·0
26	Cotton Manufacture	29·2
41	Waterworks	25·7
22	Iron and Steel Manufacture	23·3
30	Textile Industries	22 6
18	Gas Manufacture	20·0
43	*Brewing*	7·5

The above proves conclusively that little employment is found for "the working man" by the manufacture of drink, and that, as Lord Randolph Churchill said several years ago, if by some wise legislation we could diminish the fatal facility of recourse to the public-house, and divert from the liquor trade to other trades the scores of millions of money now spent in drink, all the trades in the land would be benefited.

TALES FROM FAIRYLAND.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

IT was midnight, the hour of fairy revelry. It was winter in this dull, big world of ours, but in fairyland the flowers were in full bloom, and the air was odorous with their fragrance.

There was great excitement throughout the land, for the little Queen had summoned her subjects to the council chamber, which was the loveliest place you ever saw. The floors were covered with the velvety leaves of flowers, and the walls were set with the rarest diamonds, and the purest pearls.

Her Majesty was enthroned in the crimson heart of a big, scented rose, and as her people came in, one by one, they knelt down to kiss her hand.

At last, when they were all assembled, she said to them:

"Our dear people, it is our pleasure to call you together to-night, that we may consult with you on a very important subject, namely, the amusing and instructing of the dear little people who live in the world, and who are called boys and girls. We shall be pleased to hear any suggestions you may have to make."

Then, one little fellow, no bigger than a daisy, suggested that the girls and boys should be invited to Fairyland. But the little Queen shook her golden head.

"Fairyland is so small," she answered, "and the boys and girls of the world are so very big."

"Let us paint pictures of Fairyland for them!" one fairy cried, who was a very good artist, but some of the tiny spirits did not know how to paint pictures, so they were silent.

"Your Royal Highness!" said a voice like a silver bell, "may I suggest something?"

All eyes were now turned to the little speaker, who was called Fairy Goodheart. She had hair like great waves of amber-light, and eyes like shining stars.

"Oh, yes!" replied Her Majesty, "we shall be pleased to hear you."

Fairy Goodheart thought they might tell the girls and boys of the world some stories of the wonderful things they had seen, and the wonderful things they had done. This suggestion met with general approval, and was loudly applauded.

After some time it was agreed upon, and then there was some consultation about the best means they could adopt by which the girls and boys could get their stories. At last they concluded that twelve of the most experienced fairies should be picked to tell the stories, and one be told off to write them down. Then they would be sent away to the world, to a certain little magazine which was greatly read by good boys and girls.

As Fairy Goodheart had made the suggestion, it was decided that she should be the first to tell a tale, so a tiny chair, in the shape of a daisy, was pulled forward, and Goodheart seated herself thereon, and this is the story that she told:—

THE MAGIC NEEDLE.

Once, a long time ago now, when I was on a visit to the world of men and women, I took with me a needle; I did not dream, for one moment, of the great value that little thing would be.

One evening when I was swaying on the leaves of a buttercup, I heard a low, plaintive cry, such a sorrowful little wail, it went right to my heart.

"You have such a tender, wee heart!" Her Majesty interrupted.

Fairy Goodheart smiled and blushed, and then went on with her story.

Looking round, I perceived a child; to my eyes she appeared very big, but really she was only a small child. Her poor little eyes were red with crying, and her bosom was shaking with uncontrollable sobs.

"Whatever's the matter, you poor thing?" I said to her.

She started, and then looked round to the right, to the left, then up, then down, but there are not many little girls who would think of looking for anybody in a buttercup, so of course she didn't see me. I spoke to her again, and this time she got frightened and was going to run away, but taking hold of her pinafore with both my hands, I held her tight, then she saw me. It would have done you good to have watched her face. The tears seemed to freeze upon her cheek, and her eyes and mouth opened to their fullest extent in astonishment.

"Who—what are you?" she gasped.

"I'm Fairy Goodheart," I replied, "and it grieves me to see any little girl in sorrow. Tell me your trouble, dear."

"I've—I've torn my Sunday pinafore," she sobbed, the tears coursing once again down her little dirty cheeks.

"Oh, that's nothing!" I said to her, "I have a needle here, that will mend it so nicely, that no one on earth will be able to discover where it was torn."

The little girl smiled through her tears, and the smile was just as bright as a sunbeam, struggling through a mist of rain.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you dear, good little spirit, will you lend it to me?"

Of course I lent it to her, and in a few moments her pinafore was as good as new.

"What will you do if I give it to you?" I asked of her.

"Why, I'll make my dolly the loveliest clothes you ever saw," she replied.

"Oh," I said, "as there are more things to make in the world than dolly's clothes, I cannot give it to you."

Then I tripped away. As I went along I met a young maiden, swinging a big sun hat in her hand.

"If I had only a needle and a bit of thread," the maiden sighed, "I could stitch some wild flowers in my hat and then I would look pretty."

"Why do you want to look pretty?" I asked.

"Well, you see," she replied, "I am going to meet my sweetheart; but who are you?"

"I'm Fairy Goodheart, and, as you are going to meet your sweetheart, I'll lend you a needle."

"But," said the pretty maiden, "the flowers may die before I see him."

"No!" I told her, "the flowers sewn with this needle, will live for years. What will you do with it if I give it to you?"

"Why," she answered with a smile, "I'll sew flowers, real flowers, all over the dress I am making for the dance, next week."

"That would never do," I replied, "there are so many more necessary things to do with a needle than that," so, I took the needle, and went away.

"I wish that I was a big, strong girl, that I might work for mother!" I heard a sorrowful voice say, just as I turned the corner of a long, winding lane, and right in front of me stood a small old-young child, with a sweet, sad face.

"Is your mother poorly," I asked, "that you want to work for her?"

"No," the plaintive little voice replied, but there are so many of us, and we are so very poor," and she sobbed as though her childish heart would break.

Then I went quite close to her and said:

"I am Fairy Goodheart, and I have here a magic needle that will stitch quicker than any machine, and the things mended with it become quite new again. What will you do with it if I give it to you?"

You would never forget that wee, sad face, if you could have seen it.

"Do!" she exclaimed, clasping her thin hands together, "mend my baby brother's frock, make my little sister a new cloak, trim a bonnet for my dear mother, darn the stockings, oh, you do not know how many things I could do!"

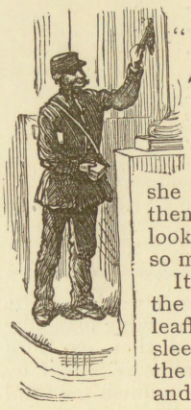
I gave her the needle, while she laughed and cried for very joy."

"Is that all?" inquired the Fairy Queen. "That's all," replied Goodheart, and the fairies all declared that it was a nice little story.

GIRLS I HAVE KNOWN.

RUTH B. YATES.

POLLY'S NEW YEAR.



"A HAPPY New Year! Not much chance of me getting *that*."

The speaker was a young girl of sixteen summers, who replied thus in answer to the postman's cheery greeting, as she took a letter from his hand; then she stood for some moments looking after him, without bestowing so much as a glance at the missive.

It was a bleak January morning; the wind was whistling through the leafless branches, and driving the sleet before it with blinding force; the whole scene looked as cheerless and uninviting as her own future appeared to be on this New Year's morning.

Polly was not usually a discontented girl, but it really did seem as if everything was going

wrong, and that, too, just when she had expected that all would be set right, for she had given her heart to the Saviour; and, oh! how earnestly she longed to devote her life to His service, like the noble women of whom her teacher had told them in the Sunday school the week before, who went in and out among the slums of the city, and helped to comfort the sorrowing, lift up the fallen, and win the wretched drunkard to sobriety, and lead them to the Saviour.

"Are you there, Polly?" called out a querulous voice, that startled the girl from her reverie, and she threw down the letter and began to bustle about as she answered!

"Yes, mother; I'll bring you a cup of tea if you'll lie still a minute." And Polly forgot all her grievances for awhile in duty, except when her mother's voice was heard calling in tones of querulous impatience.

Polly worked from morning to night at the printworks in the valley below, where her father was also employed.

John Brownlow was not a drunken man; in fact he considered himself a very good sort of fellow, for he only took a glass now and then on a special occasion. But the special occasion had became alarmingly frequent of late, telling sadly on the scanty exchequer of the family, for his wife was always ailing; one of those nervous, irritable, querulous invalids who, though not really ill enough to remain in bed, yet contrive to make themselves and everybody about them extremely uncomfortable, and whose every whim and wish must be gratified.

At Christmas, John had been indulging in a social glass, and in returning home had slipped on the ice and broken his leg.

Polly assisted her mother to dress, listening to her repinings the while, and not replying to them so cheerily as usual. Her mother noticed the difference, and her eyes filled with unshed tears, but Polly was too pre-occupied to notice them.

Ah, girls, if you have relations who seem to live in a constant atmosphere of fog that you cannot understand or sympathise with, do not grow impatient with these poor weak ones. Remember it is harder for them to bear than for you to bear with them, and your bright, cheery presence and sunny smiles—though they seem to heed them not—fall like sunshine on their path and do them more good than medicine.

At last both parents were comfortably settled, and Polly was still busy about, but without her customary song.

"Polly, do keep that door shut, it's enough to freeze one lying here; but I suppose we must bear God's will," said her father with a groan.

"I don't think it is God's will that you should be lying there, father; if it's anybody's will it's Satan's," replied Polly, as she carefully shut out the draught and hurried away, fearful lest she had spoken unadvisedly.

The words went like an arrow to her father's heart, for well he knew that had he been sober he would not have fallen, but never before had he seen it in that light. Polly's eyes fell upon the letter, which she had utterly forgotten until now, and she carried it to her mother.

"Here's a letter for you, mother."

"A letter for me, child! I suppose it's from Maria. Open it, and see what she says."

Polly did so, and in an instant her face became radiant, and she exclaimed eagerly,

"Oh, Mother, Aunt Maria wants me to go to town and stay with her for a few weeks and help her in the mission work."

"Then you just can't go. What should we do, I should like to know, your father bedfast and me scarce able to crawl about, and nobody but you to earn a penny?"

Polly's face grew clouded; surely this was the very thing she had been longing for, but her father said at once,

"Nay, nay, lass, your place is here; your aunt must find another helper."

The girl rushed away and shut herself up in her room, then burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"I do so want to do something for Thee, Lord Jesus, and there is nothing for me to do here," she sobbed.

Here was Polly crying to get away to do work for which she was not fitted, and that other workers could better perform, while in the very next room was her mother pining for a daughter's loving care, and her father longing to break loose from the chains which were quickly being fastened round him, but needing a helping hand. I wonder how many of the girls who read this magazine are making the same mistake in looking forward upon 1895.

"*I will go.* I will write and tell Aunt Maria I will come whether or not, for I can do no good here." Instantly it seemed to Polly as though a voice spoke in her ear the words: "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." She started, but there was no one near. It was conscience who spoke, and like a sensible girl Polly listened and made up her mind to obey. She did so, and soon her voice was again heard thrilling forth:

"I love the cause of Temperance, 'tis good and true I know."

"I believe you're about right, Polly, my lass," said her father, as he listened, "and if I once get better I'll be different."

"Will you sign the pledge, father?" asked Polly, eagerly.

"Aye, my lass, I will; I should have signed it long since if you'd asked me, for yonder the chaps always say, 'You haven't signed, so there's no harm in taking a glass.' But what you said this morning made me think so; if it's Satan put me here, I'll take good care he doesn't get another chance if you'll help me, Polly, for it'll be awful hard to stand their chaff."

"It will be for a bit, but I'll wait and come home with you every night; how will that do, father?"

"God bless you for the thought, child; that is just the thing."

So Polly had a Happy New Year, after all; for she had the joy of seeing her father a sober Christian man, and of hearing her mother say to a neighbour that "her Polly was the sunshine of her life."

SWEET mercy is nobility's true badge.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"If you would have the best servant, serve yourself."

No man is more to be pitied than the one who is satisfied with himself.

A PIG was never known to wash, but a great many people have seen the pig iron.

IT is a good sign to see the colour of health on a man's cheek, but not to see it all heaped together on his nose.

THE habits of fruit are peculiar; we have seen a raisin *box*, a fig *drum*, and an apple *stand* all day at the corner of the street.

EDISON, the inventor, gives a wise reason for not drinking intoxicating liquor. He has "a better use for his head."

A LITTLE girl in a St. Louis suburb ran gleefully to her mother a few weeks ago and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! I've just been 'pointed thermometer at school!"

THE *Lancet* says:—"In 1,000 grains of beef there are 107½ grains of nourishment. In 1,000 grains of wine only 1⅓." Invalids make a great mistake in taking wine instead of nourishing foods to regain strength.

DR. RIDGE has tried adding alcohol in varying proportions to the water in which frog spawn is developing. Even such a weak solution as 1 in 10,000 kept a large number from developing, and those so developed died several days sooner than those in pure water.—*The Visitor.*

"I WILL tell you," said a gentleman, not long since, when conversing with a friend on Temperance, "how much it cost me to open my eyes on this subject. I commenced housekeeping with a beautiful supply of liquors; I continued in this way until my son became a drunkard. *Then* my eyes were opened."

HOW LITTLE IT COSTS.

"How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day;
Just one kind word or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way.

"Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbour's face,
And a press of a hand in sympathy,
A sorrowful tear efface."

SINGERS AND STIMULANTS.—Mr. William Kuhe, the veteran pianist and musical manager, told an interviewer the other day that he has lived to see a great change in the accepted notions as to the effect of stimulants on the voice of a public singer. Formerly all singers had, in obedience to medical advice, to indulge greatly in stout, and plenty of port was also recommended for the voice. Stimulants were, in fact, ordered lavishly. Now-a-days, on the other hand, it is an accepted article of belief that spirits harden the tone. Port is out of date as a medicine, and lemons have become the fashion for those who wish to preserve purity of intonation and keep their power of sustaining high notes.

"SUPPOSING alcohol were a food, which it is not, you would get as much food in a pennyworth of oatmeal, beef suet, or sugar as in a shilling's worth of alcohol."—*Dr. J. Edmunds.*

"WHY do you drink so much?" said a clergyman to a hopeless drunkard. "To drown my troubles." "And do you succeed in drowning them?" "No, hang 'em! they can swim."

LITTLE DOT—"I wish I was a boy." Little Dick—"Why?" Little Dot—"'Cause a girl always feels so wicked w'en she does anything wrong, an' a boy don't. Boys just goes right along an' has a good time."—*Good News.*

THERE MUST BE A LAW.—"The time has come when this country must in earnest legislate for the suppression, at least in part, of that national folly and disgrace—the raising of the national funds from national degradation. It cannot surely be long now that a free Government will extract its resources from the graves of its people."—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

A DOCTOR'S VIEW.—"Of all the articles of popular Materia Medica, there are none so frequently used, so seldom required, or so dangerous to administer, as ardent spirits, wine, and malt liquors; and their total rejection would be the means of preventing the ruin of many constitutions, and the loss of innumberable lives, which are now sacrificed, directly or indirectly, to their injudicious employment. I am not aware that I ever had more satisfactory results than since I gave up prescribing those drinks."—*John Fothergill, M.R.C.S.*

A FEW BULLS.—It is in a Belfast paper that may be read the account of a murder, the result of which is described thus:—"They fired two shots at him; the first shot killed him, but the second was not fatal." Connoisseurs in bulls will probably say that this is only a blunder.

Perhaps the following will please them better:—"A man was run down by a passenger train and killed; he was injured in a similar way a year ago."

This is from the report of an Irish benevolent society:—"Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

A country editor's correspondent wrote:—"Will you please to insert this obituary notice? I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends who would be glad to hear of his death." No doubt they would.

Reviews.

"THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE MIRROR," published by the National Temperance League, price 2s., is an exceedingly interesting and instructive volume, and one that will serve as a suitable prize or Band of Hope reward.

"RED LAMPS," by J. Forbes Moncrieff, and "THE ONLY WAY," by the same author, are two pamphlets calculated to do good service, though the style will not prove attractive to the larger number of juvenile members.

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By ALFRED COLBECK.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Chertons' Workpeople," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

SAPH.

WITH a tenderness somewhat rare in a lodging-house of this kind, Bobby was taken from the bed, and carried into an adjoining room. The lodging-house keeper, assisted by other women living in the house, most of them touched by the spectacle of an unexpected death, composed the limbs of the departed woman, and as reverently as was possible for them, drew over her the soiled and torn coverlet. They then retired to the room where Bobby sat on the floor, swaying his body to and fro in unconsolable grief, and sobbing as if his little heart would break, to consult what they had best do under circumstances so sad and painful. One of the women, more motherly than the rest, lifted Bobby from the floor, and, seating herself on the bed, put her arm round his neck, and gently drew his head against her bosom. Having held it there some time, giving her whole attention to the sorrow-stricken child, while the others talked the matter over in hushed and mournful tones, she kissed him on the brow, and attempted to wipe away his tears. Bobby gradually yielded to the consoling motherly influence, and became quieter. She was a woman of damaged reputation, from whom many so-called respectable people would have shrunk with withering scorn, and, in ignorance of her temptations, in denser ignorance still of the crushed capabilities of goodness yet stored within her nature, would have unfalteringly condemned; but she was kind to Bobby. In the loving sympathy with which at this sorrowful time she tried to surround him was plainly revealed the germ of her possible redemption; while, with a tact which can only spring from real affection, she was ministering to Bobby's comfort, the other women were deciding to send for the chief constable and the relieving officer for that particular district. Some wished to summon a medical man, but as the dead woman was past his skill, the majority were against it, and thought that might be safely left in the hands of the two men whose presence they deemed essential.

"What is to become of the child?" asked one of the women.

"Oh, the relieving officer will look after him," answered the lodging-house keeper. "He'll have to go to the workhouse."

"Never!" said Bobby, with passionate energy, disengaging himself from the embrace of his friend, and confronting the group with a curiously stern resolution stamped on his childish face.

"Where, then?" asked the lodging-house keeper, amazed.

"Anywhere but to the workhouse," answered Bobby. "Mother wouldn't let me go."

"*She* cannot prevent it," said the lodging-house keeper. A swift transformation swept over Bobby's face as he realised his loneliness and helplessness. The stern, resolute look vanished, and it became again the picture of woe. He turned to his comforter.

"Where else can the child go?" continued the lodging-house keeper. "So far as I know, they are complete strangers here. No one is likely to take a bit of a brat into their house, without a copper to bless himself with, and too young to work for his living."

"Was the woman without money?" asked one of the group.

"Well, not quite without," said she, with a leer upon her fat face, and sticking her red arms akimbo. "One-and-sevenpence halfpenny; that was what I found upon her. And what's that? It doesn't pay me for my trouble, to say nothing of the unpleasantness of having a dead woman in the house. There'll be an inquest, of course, and, perhaps, the body'll have to remain here, and be buried from here. She has a wedding ring on, but more than likely that's brass." The coarseness of the woman's nature was asserting itself. The softening influence of the death had speedily evaporated.

"Then he'll have to go to the workhouse," said two or three voices together.

"Unless," another voice added, "he knows somebody that'll take him. I wonder if he has any one belonging to him in the town?"

"There's Aunt Fanny," said Bobby, who had been intently listening, and grasped at his chance of escape from the dreaded workhouse.

"Fanny what?" one of the women asked.

"Fanny Nelson, my mother's sister," answered Bobby.

"Nelson, Nelson," repeated several of the group; but no one knew any family of that name.

"Where does she live?" the woman asked again.

"I don't know," said Bobby; "somewhere in Desford."

"Oh, bairnie, Desford's a big place!" said the woman, with a glance of pity at the eager, pleading face.

"If he has anybody belonging to him," said the lodging-house keeper, with strong emphasis on the doubt, "the Guardians must advertise, and try to find them, and, until they do find them, he'll have to stay in the workhouse. There's nothing else for it."

The women dispersed, all but Bobby's comforter, two of them starting immediately for the chief constable and the relieving officer. Bobby was in terror, lest, against his will, he should be forced to accompany the latter to the workhouse. It was a vague terror, but none the less easy to control on that account. He did not know what the workhouse was. He only knew that for years his mother had dreaded it, and struggled against it, and spoken about being obliged to enter it as a bitter disgrace, perhaps; but this Bobby did not know, with the unreasonable

 All rights reserved.

antipathy cherished toward it by most of her class; and because of the fear which had been unconsciously created within him by this antipathy, and also because he felt it would be a dishonour to his mother's memory, Bobby was ready to do anything rather than submit to what appeared to be the inevitable.

"Do you think he will take me to the workhouse?" asked Bobby of his comforter after a few moments' reflection.

"I fear so," said she.

"I won't go," said Bobby, sternly.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I won't," repeated Bobby, with gathering emphasis. "My mother wouldn't like me to. I cannot go."

"You will be well cared for," said she, still trying to console him, and gently break down what she considered to be useless opposition. "There are other children there. They have the best time of it. They go to school, and learn to sing, and attend the services, and, when they grow old enough, are apprenticed to useful trades. It's the men and women that suffer, not the children."

"I don't care. I won't go," said he.

"But where will you go?" she asked.

"I don't know," answered Bobby. "Not there."

"Poor little chap!" said she, commiseratingly. "There are worse places than the workhouse. I must see after breakfast. Will you have a bit with me?"

"I couldn't eat any," said Bobby, with a choking sensation in his throat. "Thank you all the same." She kissed him once more, and was going away, when Bobby said, "What do they call you?"

"Sall," said she. "Everybody calls me Sall."

"Nothing more."

"No! Only Sall."

"You've been very kind to me, Sall," said Bobby. "I won't forget it. Let me kiss you." The sinful woman lowered her sunken cheek to the child's lips, and then hurried out of the room with tearful eyes.

When she was gone, Bobby went softly into the other room, where the still form lay beneath the coverlet. Half afraid to do so, and yet feeling that he must, he gently took the cloth from the dead face, and was impressed as those older would have been, by the sweet calm into which the worn features had settled. He kissed the quiet lips, and placed his hand very tenderly upon the white brow, and, young as he was, the thought came to him that it was well she was at peace. Now, as he gazed upon her for the last time, he would not have had it otherwise. A good woman she had been, keeping her goodness in the midst of her trial, teaching her child all she knew of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the effect of the teaching now was to make him feel somehow, even though his sorrow was none the less, that the Saviour had given her rest. He covered the face again, picked up his cap from the floor, stole noiselessly down the long stairs, and darted away, anywhere, so long as he could escape the dreaded workhouse.

Desford was a large manufacturing town of over one hundred and fifty thousand people, most of them crowded into narrow spaces in the three valleys which met in the centre of the town; though there were houses for the better class of artisans up the hill sides; and on the tops of the hills away from the smoke, surrounded by spacious gardens, there were many residences dignified by the name of mansions. In the valleys, here and there, on the banks of the two streams and the shallow, dirty river, large factories reared themselves—dwarfing and overshadowing the houses—factories where wool of all kinds was spun, and dyed, and woven into fancy dress fabrics or materials destined for homelier wear. There were two large ironworks also, whose open-mouthed furnaces belched forth almost unceasingly immense volumes of smoke, which, with the fumes from an adjacent chemical works, killed all the vegetation in the immediate neighbourhood. Many other minor industries found a congenial home in the busy town of Desford. The surroundings were very picturesque. There were many charming rural nooks within easy walking distance of the centre of the town, though these were being slowly encroached upon, and some of them were partially destroyed by the presence of collieries, with their hideous refuse heaps and straddling machinery; and the glorious moors, the big breathing spaces, the lungs of the North of England, were not far away. But the town itself, even on the brightest summer's day, was not attractive. In the winter, when the smoke was weighed down by the heavy atmosphere, when a north-east wind was whipping the sleet through the narrow streets, when the streets themselves were sloppy with dirty pools collected in the hollows where the paving stones had settled with the heavy traffic, Desford was as miserable a town as one could well be in.

To Bobby it was all unknown; a strange land, and he the greatest stranger in it. He wandered through street after street, looking into the shop windows, resting on the steps of the warehouses and larger public buildings, altogether unnoticed by the thousands of people who passed him by. There were so many barefoot, ragged lads in Desford, that one extra seemed to make no difference. Once only, during that dreary day, was Bobby made the object of compassion, and then by a lad younger and more ragged than himself. He was seated in the entrance to a large warehouse. Struck, possibly, by his forlorn appearance, this lad approached him, and breaking in two a bun which he held in his hands, gave him the half. Bobby was too surprised even to say "Thank you," and, the deed of mercy done, without question or remark, the doer walked away. Surely, the poor are kind to the poor, and the little fellow was blessed in the deed.

When the night fell, Bobby found himself in a narrow paved lane, bounded on one side by the river, and divided from it by a low stone wall, and on the other side by a wall solidly built, and at least twenty feet high. From behind the high wall irregular gleams of light shot upward fitfully illuminating the dark sky, and accompanied by the rattling of iron, the hissing of steam, and the shouting of men. Bobby walked on until he came



to a place where the high wall was pierced by massive folding doors, spiked at the top, and overhung by a large lamp. The glass in front of the lamp was clear, but on each side, picked out in red letters, was the announcement "Corporation Gas Works." The right-hand door contained a small wicket-gate for the convenience of the night workmen. This was open. Bob looked in. Straight before him was the stoking shed, and the men on the day shift were just finishing their last charges. A few of the retorts were still open, emitting dense volumes of smoke, and long tongues of flame. Two or three of the men were dragging their last noisy iron barrows full of red hot coke into the yard, or throwing the cool water right into the white centre of the little fiery heaps, causing miniature explosions, and sending the beautiful snowy vapour in unfolding, ascending, expanding masses into the quickly darkening air; most of them were so far advanced with their day's toil as to be clinkering their under fires preparatory to leaving off altogether.

Bobby watched them for some time, thinking how nice it would be if he could only get into a warm corner of the shed and stay there till morning. When the men began to come out, in groups of two or three, he squeezed himself into the angle farthest from the wicket gate formed by the huge gate post and the large folding door, and which, much to his satisfaction, for he did not wish to be seen, was in the shade. The night shift men began to arrive. For the most part they came singly. As opportunity afforded, when the men were neither coming nor going, Bobby stole from his corner, and refreshed his vision by a view of the shed, with its long row of glowing fires, as tempting a shelter to him in his cold and hunger as if it had been a palace. In a longer interval than usual, when the noises had subsided, and the way was clear, he passed through the wicket gate, and slipped like a shadow into the shed. The spaces opposite the fires he found to be occupied with heaps of coals. On one of these, the one nearest the entrance, he coiled himself up, making for himself in the effort a kind of nest, and, worn out by the day's wanderings, and oppressed with his still fresh sorrow, he soon fell fast asleep.

How long he had been asleep he knew not, but he suddenly awoke to find himself suspended in the air. A powerful hand held him aloft by the coat collar, in the same way as it might have held a puppy by the scruff of the neck, and a pair of laughing grey eyes examined him as if he were a specimen of some rare and curious animal they had never beheld before.

"Who are you?" asked a grim voice, not without a touch of humour, a voice deep and strong, the fitting outcome of the capacious chest of its owner.

But, suspended as he was, Bobby could not answer. He could only give vent to certain peculiar inarticulate sounds.

"One of the monkey tribe, eh? with a language of your own," said the giant. "Do you stand upright or go on all fours? Let me see," and he placed Bobby on the floor. As he found his feet

and straightened himself to look at his questioner, the stoker continued, "Upright, as I'm a living sinner, and no monkey at all, but a human being like myself."

Bobby beheld with wondering eyes a man of gigantic proportions, six feet three inches bare foot, as he was now standing before him, with a naked brawny chest and long arms over which the muscles were laid like cords, a massive neck set upon his shoulders like a pillar, and a large head, well formed, covered with brownish-black hair, inclined to curl. His features were large, like everything else about him, but straight and regular, with a fine open brow, and most expressive lips, not covered, rather adorned by the closely cut moustache and beard, which matched the colour of his hair. The lights in his grey eyes danced and twinkled incessantly, as if, even when his face was set to its grimmest expression, he was laughing inside. His face was burnt brown with his occupation, and now, as Bobby looked upon him, the perspiration, leaving behind it long, grimy tracks, was running down it, and down his naked body. Bobby found out afterwards that this was Saph, or, to give him his proper name, John Coy, the head man of the night shift, and the foreman stoker.

"What are you doing here?" said he.

"I only came in for shelter," answered Bobby.

"Do you know what the board says that's fixed just outside the gate?"

"No!" said Bobby. "What?"

"It says, 'Trespassers will be *per*secuted. By order.' What do you think of that?"

"I didn't see the board," answered Bobby.

"You're a trespasser for all that, And there's a board stuck above the other one, which says, 'No admittance except on business,' and I'd like to know what business you've got here." Bobby was silent, "You don't want to be turned into gas, do you?"

"No!" said Bobby.

"Well, then, don't you go sleeping any more on these coal heaps in the stoking shed. Why! I might ha' pitched you right down into that retort," and he pointed to one of the top two in the set directly opposite, "and then where would you have been? Turned into gas, except for the bit of you that might have gone into tar and liquor." His gray eyes sparkled at the idea, and his naked sides shook with laughter.

"You wont send me away, will you?" pleaded Bobby, who could see that outside the snow was falling, and did not know where to go.

"No! You may stay, but keep clear o' the coal heaps. If you should be thrown into one of the retorts, we might have no end o' complaints, and, goodness knows, we get plenty already. It might be pleasant enough for you to be turned into gas, and cooled in the condensors, and washed in the scrubber, and purified with copperas, and sent into the big holder; but what when you went out into the mains? You might get up some service pipe into the gas fittings of a respectable family, and frighten the people out of their wits with your ghost; and that would be a calamity. Supposing, now, that someone was to come down to the office next week, and ask the office-boy to set down in the complaint book that there was a ghost in the chandelier—why, the manager himself, in a case like that, wouldn't know what to do." Bobby could not clearly understand what the stoker meant, but he knew by his eyes that he was making fun of him, so he simply smiled. Then the stoker said, "What is your name?"

"Bobby."

"And my name's Saph. If you want me, ask for Saph. We shall be on with the second charge in three minutes, and you can stay in the kitchen till it's over. Come along!" and he took him into a small room mid-way down the shed, and built against the shed wall, lined with rough benches, and containing a small table. "You'll be safer here than about the coal heaps. When the charge is over I'll come again. Good-bye!" said he, nodding his big head, and walking away.

(To be continued.)

CHUMMY CHATS.

By J. G. Tolton.

"I CAN'T."

YEARS ago, my schoolmaster used to constantly be telling us boys that the word "cannot" should not be in the English dictionary. We often read that story about King Bruce of Scotland and the spider. You will remember he flung himself down to think. If we would think more while we are on our feet, we should not be so likely to fling ourselves down. So I want us to try and think out how it is that so many people are always saying "I can't!" when a reasonable request is made to them.

In very many cases the cause is sheer idleness—nothing else. If laziness is a disease, it is more prevalent than influenza ever was. A large number of people are born so; they are constitutionally idle. To them, few things are of any consequence. They float about like dead sea-weed on the "great Pacific Ocean of indolence." Sooner or later they sacrifice the esteem of their fellow-men, and with it, often, their own self-respect, on the private altar of their own sloth.

We once heard a speaker at a Temperance meeting—the gentleman was a policeman, by the way—say, concerning a Government that was exceedingly indolent in matters of reform, "We have patted them on the back long enough, it is time we attacked them lower down."

Few people are more irritating, or more of a hindrance to good work than these folk who are always saying "I can't," as their share of a very necessary task.

We cannot say many kind things of boys or girls who are born idle.

Is there any other reason for the constant use of these words, "I can't."

Yes, they often spring from unkindness or churlishness. "Good manners come from a kind heart." And the opposite is true. Some boys, I know, would take ever so much trouble to show a stranger the way he wishes to go, or to

help an elderly lady with a heavy parcel, without the thought of receiving a penny for the job.

Others, when asked to render a little service of this kind say, "I can't." They mean "I won't." What a lot of happiness they miss; for the truest joy we can have in this world is found in helping others. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." I hope every one of you are able to say, "I know that is true because I have tried it."

But there are a few people who frequently say "I can't," not because they are indolent, nor from churlishness. They really *think* they cannot. Whenever they are asked to do something which they have never done before, they say at once "I am sure I can't." They are too modest. They have too low an opinion of their own ability. A special effort is being made at the Band of Hope, so a few extra recitations or songs are wanted. The first youth who is asked to prepare a piece or two makes the excuse "I can't," yet he could all the while. I sometimes wonder what this young man would say if the superindent spoke to him thus: "I want half a dozen reciters for the festival, but it is no use asking you, you could not learn a verse of poetry for any consideration."

The youth would think he had been insulted, yet he insults himself many times a day, by alleging his own inability. Would it not be better to make every effort in the desired direction.

Years ago, in the House of Commons, a young man wished to be a great speaker. He succeeded so badly at first that the gentlemen present laughed and even sneered.

They distinctly made that new member understand that they did not believe in his ability.

Did the beginner say "I can't?" No! he stood on his tiptoe and lifted his voice also, and called out—"You will not hear me to-day, but you shall hear me one day." The words proved true, Benjamin Disraeli came to be acknowledged one of the finest orators in the country.

When it is a question of doing our duty, then we must not have the word "cannot" in our dictionary.

But there are times when it needs a strong man to say "I can't." Occasions arise to all of us when companions urge us to drink or to bet. They wish us to make excuses which are practically falsehoods. The noble boy and girl will then at once say "I can't" or "I won't." Say it firmly and mean it. Cruel taunts may follow, but never mind. Hold on, and hold hard.

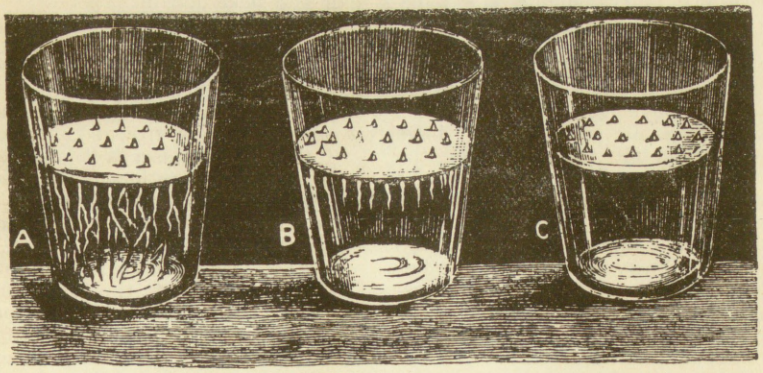
Perhaps the proposal might appear pleasant, and without risk. All the same, your good angel tells you that you ought not to yield. Remember then the words of wisdom: "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

"He that ruleth over his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

AN OBJECT LESSON.

INSTEAD of a blackboard lesson, we give you here an object lesson, something which will prove to you that alcohol is an enemy to health and vigorous life. Animal life does not need it, and vegetable life is hindered or destroyed by it.

These three glasses show you how you can prove this fact by a simple experiment, which



any child can make. You will notice that the three glasses are all the same size and contain the same amount of liquid.

Glass No. 1, or glass A, shows barley growing in water; the shoots are healthy and would soon fill the glass.

Glass B shows barley growing in weak alcohol and water; the shoots are very slender and amount to very little.

Glass C shows barley grains refusing to grow in stronger alcohol and water; they have not sent out a single shoot.

Now try this experiment for yourself. Here are the directions:

Take three glass tumblers all the same size, and cut three pieces of thin wood roughly round, and large enough to rest in the tumblers two inches or so from the rim; then bore any number of holes in each, a red-hot wire being best for the purpose. Each hole should be big enough to hold a barley or wheat grain standing upright. Be sure that the grain is put in properly; on

each wheat grain is found, on one end, a little scale; this is called the embryo, or the beginning of a new plant; this is the end that must be put downward in the holes made by the wire. Then place a little more than sufficient water to reach the under face of the wood, so that it floats freely.

To another glass, after the grains have been arranged properly, supply water to which has been added a teaspoonful of alcohol, or two teaspoonfuls of brandy or gin. Even lager-beer may be used; but of this a still larger quantity will be needed.

To the third glass, or C, after arranging the grains, put three teaspoonfuls of alcohol, or five or six spoonfuls of brandy or gin. Now cover the tumblers with books or saucers, and place them in a dark cupboard and leave them undisturbed. In twelve or fourteen days the roots in the first glass containing pure water will be long like those of a growing hyacinth bulb; in the second glass, containing the smallest amount of alcohol, the roots will be short and weak; in the third glass, containing the largest amount of alcohol, the roots will not appear at all; even if you should take them out and put them in a glass of pure water, the roots will refuse to make their appearance; the alcohol has injured the grains, or, more properly speaking, has killed them.

If it would do this to a hard grain, what think you would the continued use of alcoholic drink do to the delicate lining of the stomach? And yet many people are so silly and ignorant about this matter that they say they take beer or other alcoholic drink to aid their digestion. All fol-de-rol. They take it because they like it.

O. M.

TALES FROM FAIRYLAND.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

BEHIND Fairy Goodheart's daisy chair, there was a little fellow with a round, dimpled face, and a pair of bright, laughing eyes—a gay little spirit whom the fairies called Merry-boy.

No name could better have suited the bright-eyed elf than this; for the dimples were ever playing about his cheeks, and the smile upon his lips. He was indeed a Merry-boy.

Now, it so happened that Her Majesty, who had been thanking Fairy Goodheart for her story, looked at Merry-boy, and, noticing a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, she instantly called upon him for the next story.

The fairies clapped their tiny hands, and Merry-boy, seating himself at the foot of Her Majesty's throne, began his story. He called it:

KING SULKYSIDES.

There was once a King who ruled over a very populous and wealthy nation.

He had a good little wife, a fine son, and two pretty daughters, but they all led most miserable lives, because of the king's sulky temper.

Nothing could please him, or bring a smile to his cold, stony face. He grumbled at everything. The weather was too hot or too cold. His people too gay or too sad. His meals never suited him: the meat was either overdone or underdone, the vegetables too soft or too hard, the fruit too sweet or too sour, and so he went on, from day to day, clouding with his sulky disposition the lives of all around him.

Bad temper is infectious, and after a time his wife and children caught the complaint, and then the servants, until the King's palace became the most gloomy place in the world. Nor did it stay in the palace—it spread and spread through all the nation. The King grumbled at his subjects, and his subjects grumbled at the King.

"There's no monarch in the world with such discontented subjects as mine," the King said to himself; and at the same time the people were thinking, "There never was a King so sulky as ours."

"I'll keep them down," the King thought.

"We'll rise up against him," the people thought; and so the bad temper and discontent of everybody grew, until a smiling face was not to be seen in the whole nation.

It was summer time, and all nature was full of smiles and dimples. The little streamlets that ran along the meadows laughed and gurgled just like merry-hearted children. The golden light smiled down npon everything, even upon the King's sulky face. He couldn't shut it away. It kissed his puckered brow, and lovingly lingered around the frown that pulled down the corners of his mouth. And then the flowers and the birds, oh, how happy they were! How the little scented blossoms danced in the air! How the little fluttering birds sang on the trees!

"Be happy! Be happy!" all nature seemed to sing. But the King and his subjects heard it not. They went their ways with dull eyes and sullen looks.

"It's time you thought of marrying," the King said one day to his oldest daughter, who was very pale and sickly looking.

She was naturally a light-hearted girl, with good spirits, but the gloom around her had damped and chilled her so that her pretty cheek lost its bloom and her eye its sparkle.

No blush overspread her face at her father's words; she simply frowned and looked away.

"Who can I marry?" she asked, wearily. "There isn't a man in the whole country I care about."

"Care or not, you'll have to marry the man I choose for you," her father replied.

She tossed her head and said nothing.

Shortly afterwards, the King announced his intention of having a grand garden party, to which the great folk of the country were to be invited, amongst whom was a certain nobleman who possessed an immense fortune.

Of course, everyone knew that the King wanted husbands for his daughters, and so they saw the object of the party, and guessed at once the King's motive for inviting this rich nobleman.

Well, the morning of the great event dawned, as glorious a morning as ever nature sent to the

changeable world of men and women. The fountains in the King's garden flashed with delight, the roses nodded, the birds warbled, and above all was a sun-kissed expanse of brilliant blue.

Very sulkily the Queen and Princesses arrayed themselves in gay attire, and still very sulkily went forth to receive their guests, who in turn were quiet and unsmiling. Everything was got up in splendid style. The dresses were magnificent, while every dainty dish that could be thought of had been thought of, and the people were feasted to their heart's content.

Withal, it was a dull affair. The King and his family looked so stiff and cold that the people were afraid to laugh, if they had been so inclined. The wealthy nobleman was there, but did not approach the Princess, which made the King worse tempered even than usual.

"The Princesses are not at all pretty girls," the nobleman said to himself. "I do not like them"

As for the Princesses, they declared, after one look at him, that they "wouldn't have him if he were hung with diamonds."

The day wore on, but the spirits of the people grew no lighter; indeed, as the day proceeded, they seemed to get more and more depressed, until they began to wish the whole thing over.

Now, it so happened that the gates of the King's garden were left open, and a little child—the four-year-old daughter of peasants—was playing outside, and at last, attracted, no doubt, by the voices of the King's guests, she stole softly in, her tiny, bare feet making no sound on the soft, thick grass. She was standing in the midst of the fashionable, gaily-attired assembly, before they were even aware of her entrance.

Many were the looks of astonishment and displeasure cast at the small intruder, but she heeded not.

"Me ting for you!" she lisped, and in a few moments the sweet baby treble was raised in some childish song of joy.

The King's guests fidgeted about; they felt inclined to laugh but dare not, the King himself looked so solemn. The little song ended, and the child lifted with her chubby fingers her poor patched frock.

"Now, me dance for you!" she cried, and suiting the action to the word she started off in the prettiest, most fantastic dance you ever saw.

Her wee feet, browned by the sun, twinkled up and down the grass, in and out of the gorgeous flowers, in the most bewildering fashion. The sunlight caught her yellow curls and turned them to rings of gold. Her crimson mouth fairly twisted with smiles, while the laughter that broke from her every now and then was as clear as the song of the lark.

Oh, how the people wanted to laugh with her, the gay, light-hearted little thing! But, no; the King's stern face had not relaxed a single muscle, and so they dare not; but their feet against their wills kept time with her's.

Now, I have a strange thing to say, and that is this, that the King was feeling just the same as the people. He wanted to laugh, but seeing the faces of his guests so stiff and set, he did not give way to the impulse.

In a very stern voice indeed, he commanded his servants to remove the child, and put her outside the gates. But the little one, with a scream of laughter, ran away from the servants, and actually sought shelter behind the King's chair. The brows of the King came down, but it was only to hide the look of tender amusement which had crept unbidden into his eyes.

"Me want to play wid the pitty ladies and gentlemen," she cried, throwing her dimpled arms around the King's neck.

Then—would you believe it!—she put her small, fat thumb under his stately chin, and began to tickle him. The people fairly gasped with astonishment.

What would the King do? Would he be very angry? Oh, they hoped not! She was such a dear, pretty baby.

There was a breathless silence, while the child's thumb still tickled the monarch's chin, and the blue, audacious eyes twinkled right into his own, and the soft, red mouth laughed against his ear-hole.

His Majesty moved his chin away, but the little thumb followed it.

Then he coughed, then he growled, and then—would you believe it?—he burst into the heartiest laugh he had ever known since his boyhood. Before that fit of laughter had ceased, there wasn't a man or woman in the place but had joined it. The Queen and Princesses laughed so long that the tears trickled down their cheeks, and the blood ran warm and gladly through their veins.

The nobleman, chancing to glance at the eldest of the Princesses, thought how very pretty she was with that smile on her sweet, pale face; and she, meeting his eye, thought that she had never seen a more handsome man than he was when he laughed.

Now that the ice was broken it was never allowed to freeze again.

That was the happiest day the people there ever spent, and the best of it was that it was only the first of many days. The King put his sullen manners away from him for ever, and became one of the best-tempered of men, and if bad temper is infectious so is good. The light of happiness came back to the eyes of the Queen and her family; then to the eyes of the servants, and so on to the whole nation. The nobleman fell deeply in love with the Princess, and the Princess in love with him.

There was a grand wedding at last, at which the little child, who had first made the King laugh, was one of the principal figures.

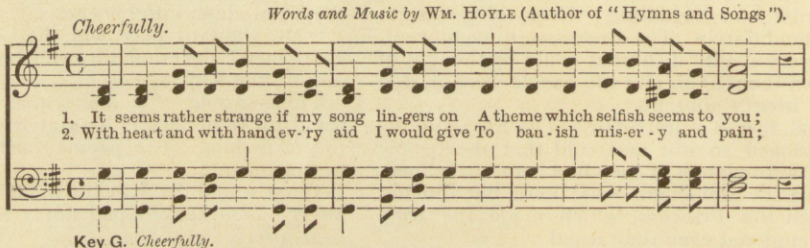
A Good Creature of God.—If, in spite of arguments which daily gain in overwhelming cogency, anyone tells me that alcohol in moderation is harmless, it is still no more a special duty of mine to drink it than it is to feed, for instance, on *Ravalenta Arabica*. If I prove that to millions of human beings it is not only deleterious, but deadly, I say that to them, and to those that wish to save and help them, it is no more a Creature of God than laudanum or strychnine."—*Canon Farrar.*

TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

(*Copyright.*)

Words and Music by WM. HOYLE (Author of "Hymns and Songs").

Cheerfully.



1. It seems rather strange if my song lin-gers on A theme which selfish seems to you;
2. With heart and with hand ev-'ry aid I would give To ban-ish mis-er-y and pain;

Key G. *Cheerfully.*

:s₁ | s₁ :d .r | m :d .l₁ | s₁ :d .r | m :m | m :m | f .m :r .d | r :— |
:m₁ | m₁ :s₁ .s₁ | s₁ :m₁ .f₁ | m₁ :s₁ .s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | l₁ .s₁ :fe₁ .fe₁ | s₁ :— |
3. When | temp-ters a-rise I must | face ev-'ry foe, Tho' | fierce the battle I must | fight;
:d | d :d .t₁ | d :d .d | d :d .t₁ | d :d | d :d | d .d :d .d | t₁ :— |
:d₁ | d₁ :m₁ .s₁ | d :d₁ .d₁ | d₁ :m₁ .s₁ | d :d | d :d | d .d :l₁ .l₁ | s₁ :— |

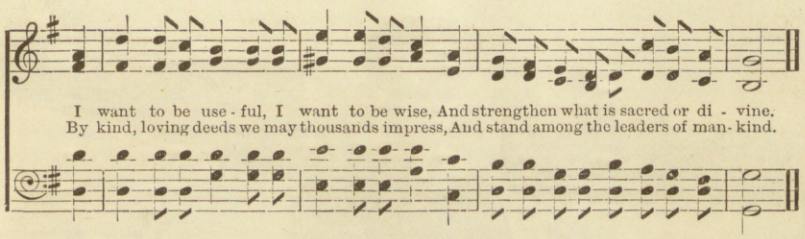
To watch and be care-ful of num-ber one Is sure-ly right for me to do.
And I may suc-ceed, if I dai-ly strive A bright ex-am-ple to main-tain.

:r | r :r .d | t₁ :l₁ .s₁ | d :m | s :s | l :l | s .m :f .r | d :— |
:s₁ | s₁ :s₁ .s₁ | s₁ :f₁ .f₁ | m₁ :s₁ | d :d | d :d | d .d :t₁ .t₁ | d :— |
To | con-quer the sin I must | on-ward go, And | fol-low in the path of | right.
:t₁ | t₁ :t₁ .d | r :r .r | d :d | m :m | f :f | m .s :s .f | m :— |
:s₁ | s₁ :s₁ .s₁ | s₁ :l₁ .t₁ | d :d | d :d | f₁ :f₁ | s₁ .s₁ :s₁ .s₁ | d :— |

I care for my-self— I would dai-ly prize This won-drous bo-dy I call mine;
We mea-sure the good by our pow'r to bless, Our means to el-e-vate the mind;

:m | m :m .r | d :d .t₁ | l₁ :f | m :m | s :l | s .m :r .d | r :— |
:se₁ | se₁ :se₁ .se₁ | m₁ :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :l₁ | s₁ :s₁ | d :d | d .s₁ :l₁ .l₁ | t₁ :— |
To | stand with the brave let me | self sub-due, By | pray'r and watch-ful-ness each | day,
:t₁ | t₁ :t₁ .t₁ | d :d .d | d :d | d :d | m :f | s .s :fe .fe | s :— |
:m₁ | m₁ :m₁ .m₁ | l₁ :m₁ .m₁ | f₁ :l₁ | d :d | d :f | m .d :l₁ .l₁ | s₁ :— |

TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE.



I want to be use - ful, I want to be wise, And strengthen what is sacred or di - vine.
By kind, loving deeds we may thousands impress, And stand among the leaders of man - kind.

| | | |



"Is It Safe?"

"IS IT SAFE?"

By Uncle Ben.

DIRECTLY school was over, off bounded four boys to see if the pond, at the bottom of Longsdale's farm, would bear.

There had been a slight frost for two nights, so that the pond was covered with ice; then, on the third night, had come a stinging frost, but in the early morning a fall of snow as well. They had taken their skates with them in the hope that the pond was safe, but when Ted and George Bates, with Tom and Jim Banner—the double B's as they were commonly known at school—came in sight of the pond, not a soul was to be seen; no one had yet ventured to test the strength of the ice. It looked as smooth and beautifully white as the top of a twelfth cake. Here and there it was evident a stone had been thrown on, but no one had tried it with a foot mark. The boys were rather taken back at first, because they expected, if the pond was all right, there would be at any rate a few sliders and some skating, but not to find a solitary man, woman or child made them feel doubtful about the security.

The first question they began to ask each other was, "Is it safe?"

How many people have stood before some temptation, or some desired pleasure, and asked themselves the same question, "Is it safe?"

Behind some fair and smooth prospects often lurk terrible dangers; below some beautiful surface may lie hidden perils; beneath the pure covering of untrodden snow may be thin ice that conceals a treacherous abyss.

These boys did well to pause ere rushing on. They looked all round, but not a skate mark or footprint could be seen. Ted Bates, the biggest of the four, said,

"It's plain no one has been on since the snow came."

George said, "It's always said to bear after three nights of frost."

"But the first two nights were not very keen," remarked Tom, who was the most prudent of the four.

"There was ice in our water butt after the first night," Jim observed.

"And it was rather thin," said Tom.

"Don't you think it will bear us?" Jim asked.

"Who is the least and lightest boy?" said Ted; "let him go first."

"No," said Tom; "the biggest and heaviest ought to go first, then we know its safe for the rest."

But Ted Bates did not like to be first to venture, so Tom volunteered to try the ice for the party, saying, "Some one must go first."

Very cautiously he put one foot down on the snow-covered pond, then the other foot, and stamped about where it seemed firmest, then a little further; the other three boys eagerly and silently watching the experiment. A little farther, still more slowly and carefully; then, when he was some yards or more on the pond, the silence was broken by an ominous crack, very slight at first. The boy paused, then came another crack, and, with a spring that broke the surface, he leaped back, and a large piece of ice floated under, making a black hole as the water rose up. The bound he made for the land sent one foot through the ice; but hands were held out to him, and without much of a wetting he was pulled on shore.

"What a good thing it was we did not all go rushing on," exclaimed Ted.

"You are not very wet?" asked his brother, as Tom stamped about to shake the water off.

"No, only it's rather cold," replied Tom.

"There's no skating to-day," remarked George.

And so the boys prepared for their walk back, somewhat crestfallen and disappointed. As they were leaving the pond, a man came up, and said, "The ice won't bear to-day."

"No," shouted Tom; "it's not safe for me, so it won't bear you."

"What, have you been in?" enquired the man, as he saw the hole where the snow was all melted.

"Only one foot," said Tom.

"That's a good job," said the man; "for it's plenty deep enough to drown you. Let it be a lesson to you for life not to be rash; don't be foolhardy, and never be tempted to throw your life away for a bit of sport or pleasure."

Years passed away. The boys often spoke of that morning's adventure. They grew to be men. Tom never forgot the warning of the thin ice covered with snow, and before many temptations he asked himself, "Is it safe?" His answer was, "I'll keep on the right and make sure."

One of the lads grew up into early manhood, wilful and foolish in his love of pleasure and sport, and, in spite of many warnings, he would have his way and his fling. He had many lessons on the thin ice of temptation, but he would not learn how unsafe is moderation, and would not dare to say, "It is not safe for me." Until at last he ventured too far, and no return was possible, and he went down, down, never to rise again in this life. Thus, the morning of his manhood was quenched in the darkness of a drunkard's grave.

A WORD TO BOYS.

"You are made to be kind, boys," says Horace Mann,—"generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy, with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for, if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show, by their countenances, how much better it is than to have a great fist."

A REAL VALENTINE.

By Ruth B. Yates.



AVE you had a valentine to-day, Ada?' asked a girl of her schoolfellow as they left the Technical School on the evening of the fourteenth of February.

"Oh, yes. I have had three, Emily, such beauties; one was from mother; she always sends me a nice one, and the others were from my cousins," was the ready response, as the merry girl exhibited her treasures.

"Can you keep a secret, Ada?" said the first speaker again, after she had inspected the scented pictures and pronounced them very pretty but rather childish.

"Yes, dear, of course I can keep a secret, what is it?" replied her friend in a tone of surprise.

"I have had a *real* valentine, Ada," said the other in a mysterious whisper.

"Well, aren't these real?" laughed her companion.

"If I tell you about it, Ada, you must promise not to tell *anybody*," was the uneasy rejoinder.

"All right, Emily, I'll promise, but I don't see why you should make such a mystery of it."

"Because it's from a gentleman," said Emily, slowly.

"Oh, Emily, what would your mother say?" exclaimed Ada.

"I wouldn't like mother to know for anything yet, Ada, she would be so cross," was the quick reply.

"I *never* do anything without mother knowing, Emily, and I do not think girls like we are ought to make friends with strangers," said Ada, earnestly.

"You have no romance in your nature, I do believe, Ada. Now, I have, and I think it is just splendid to have a real lover, and he says I must marry him soon if—"

"Oh, Emily, you never will, surely?" interrupted Ada.

"You don't know how nice he is, Ada, and he is rich, too, and he says I shall be a real lady, and have servants to wait on me, instead of having to learn this horrid dressmaking."

"Where did you meet him, Emily?" asked her friend.

"Coming home from business," she replied; "I nearly always passed him, and at first he used to smile, then he raised his hat, and one night when it rained he offered me the shelter of his umbrella so kindly that I couldn't refuse, and after that we grew quite friendly, and I have met him frequently since, and he has taken me to all sorts of nice places, and bought me such beautiful things."

"What sort of things, Emily?" asked her friend. "Mother will never let me take presents from strangers."

"How stupid you are, Ada; I tell you he is not a stranger, but my own dear Sydney Augustus, and he has given me a beautiful diamond engagement ring, see!" and Emily produced a little morocco case from her pocket, and opening it displayed a lovely little ring, set with pearls and diamonds.

"Oh! Emily, how lovely;" exclaimed Ada, as she surveyed it by the light of a lamp.

"Ah, I knew you would like *that*; it is worth ever so much money, and I always wear it when I go anywhere with Syd; but he says when we are married he will buy me everything I want. Oh, Ada he is so good and kind," said the girl enthusiastically.

"He may be kind, but I don't think he is good, Emily, or he would not ask you to do anything without your mother knowing," Ada responded.

"He says it will all come right afterwards, but his friends might object to his marrying a poor girl, and mine would say that I was too young—only fifteen,—but I don't mean to give him up."

Just as she spoke a hansom dashed past, and both got a glimpse of the occupant, a flashily-dressed young man smoking a cigarette.

"That is he!" whispered Emily, in a flutter of excitement.

"What is his name?" asked Ada quickly.

"Smythe; Sydney Augustus Smythe," responded Emily.

"Not Smith?" again queried her friend.

"Oh, no! he is connected with the aristocracy," was the indignant response; "but of course we shall be married quietly without anyone knowing, and then after that he will take me to his estate."

"I thought I recognised him, but I must have been mistaken," said Ada, thoughtfully; "he is very like a clerk named Smith who is in the same office with father."

"Remember your promise," said Emily as the two parted.

I would say to every girl who reads this Magazine that no one who will advise you to deceive your parents is a true friend, however they may flatter you. Never do anything that you would not like you mother to know, or you will have cause to regret it.

Ada's father was detained so very late, a few days after the above conversation, that her mother became uneasy, and Ada volunteered to go in search of him, which she did, and met him just coming out of his office.

"Oh, father," she exclaimed, "mother was so frightened lest something should have happened." Then, as she slipped her hand through her father's and looked up into his face, she said, "What is the matter, father? Are you ill?"

"No, dear, not ill, but troubled. Young Smith has not been down for a day or two, and on examining his books I find that he has been guilty of embezzling large sums of money," he replied.

"What is his Christian name, father?" Ada suddenly aked.

"Sydney Augustus. I have suspected him for some time of drinking, gambling, and spending money lavishly, but this is serious indeed; however, I'm glad I've found him out now, and I don't want to be hard on him, so, if he will sign the pledge, I will give him another chance."

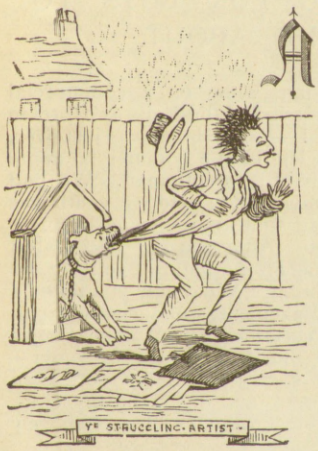
"Poor Emily," thought Ada; "I am glad he is found out for her sake, as it would be him I saw

in that cab after all, and I do hope this will teach her a lesson."

The amount of the defalcations was found to be even greater than was at first supposed, and the young man had absconded, but was arrested and brought to justice; but, as his employer did not press the case, he escaped with three months' imprisonment.

Emily was stunned when the terrible news was brought to her by Ada, and she solemnly promised that never again would she deceive her parents, or make a friend of anyone without their knowledge and consent.

"MIND, IT WILL BITE."



ALL that we know of the drink is bad; it is always the same snappish kind of thing. Don't touch it, don't tamper with it. "Mind, it will Bite." Don't let it bite you. Keep a good look out against being tempted and breaking your pledge unawares; never give way but get some of your friends to join the Band of Hope. Be out and out for water. You may lead someone to give up drinking by being faithful, brave to our colours, strong to resist temptation and earnest to win others; then there will soon be many more lads, girls, men and women on our side than there are at present.

A LITTLE GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

THERE once lived in one of our seaport towns a sailor who was a great drunkard. He led his wife a sad life, and everything seemed to indicate that the utter ruin of the family could not long be postponed. The sailor, however, had a little girl, a member of the Band of Hope, who, under God's blessing, was the means of leading her father, not only to the paths of soberness, but to the House of God. One day the little girl said, "Father, do come to our Band of Hope to-night." The father was angry and threatened to flog her. However, she asked him again and again, and by-and-bye had the happiness of his going with her to one of the meetings, where he heard all about the advantages of temperance, and the evils of strong drink, and became so convinced that he signed the pledge. Soon after he began to go to the House of God, and became a good and upright man. Often did he afterwards thank God for the efforts of his little girl.

MISS PARSONS' PRESENT.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



A FARDEN'S worth of sugar and a ha'path of tea, and mother says would you mind giving her a few matches; those that don't strike on the box, if you please."

"Tell your mother, child, we can't execute such large orders at this shop, she'd better go to a wholesale house, where they keep vans to send home goods."

A smile crossed the tradesman's face as he uttered these words. Mr. Jolly was a witty man, and he liked his little joke, but the poor little ragged child, who stood at the counter did not seem to appreciate the fun; she looked somewhat sadder when she understood that the master of the shop would not supply her with the articles for which her mother had sent her.

"Do give me a few matches, sir, we are all in the dark at home because we can't light the lamp, the fire has gone out and it is so cold."

"Well, then, here's a box for you; take them home, and tell your mother that I get my living by selling my goods, and not by giving them away."

Ethel Haydon took the matches, offered her thanks, and was about to leave the shop when the door opened, and in came a lady with whom Ethel was very well acquainted."

"Ah, Ethel, my child, what are you doing here?" said the kind voice of Miss Parsons.

"I wanted some tea and sugar, but Mr. Jolly won't sell me any," replied Ethel, sadly.

"That's quite right, Miss Parsons, I can't take such extensive orders as a farthing's worth of sugar and a halfpenny worth of tea; she must wait till I open a stores and can afford to keep a dozen porters to carry home my customers' orders."

Miss Parsons was Ethel's Sunday School teacher. She knew all about Ethel's home, and could see in a minute why the poor child was so ragged, and why the mother had such little money to spend.

"You've a jug in your hand, Ethel, pray what are you going to buy to fill that with?"

"A pint of beer for mother," answered Ethel.

"And how much are you going to pay for that?" asked Mr. Jolly.

"Twopence, at the 'Plough.'"

"Well, then, you go home and tell your mother that if she didn't fill the jug so often with beer she would be able to buy tea by the pound, instead of by the half ounce."

Ethel hurried away, and Miss Parsons took a seat, while she gave her orders to Mr. Jolly.

"It would be almost impossible to make some people believe that in wealthy London such poverty and misery exists as we see in yonder street."

Miss Parsons uttered these words in a tone of great sadness as she pointed to a row of houses right opposite the grocer's shop.

"You're right, Miss, not halfthe world has any idea how the other half lives; even savages are more decent in their conduct, and kinder to each other than some of the people who live in Bloomfield-road."

The grocer knew well what he was talking about. About two years since, a large mansion had been pulled down, and on its spacious garden, streets of poor houses had been erected; here a vast number of the lowest class had found a home. In some houses, four and even five families were crowded; the room used for a sitting-room or kitchen was a bedroom at night —there was dirt, distress, and wickedness in every direction.

"Since the 'Plough' and the "White Horse" have been built the neighbourhood has gone down terribly; these poor creatures have not the courage to overcome the temptation. How I wish I could do something to bring brightness into these sad homes."

Miss Parsons had often said the same words. She had but little money, and not much strength, how could she fight against so gigantic an evil?

She said "good-morning" to the grocer, not forgetting to take a small parcel of tea and sugar with her, as she intended to pay a visit to Ethel's mother.

Mrs. Haydon had only one room, and in it lived the father and mother and four children; this served as a bedroom, sitting-room, and for every purpose. Here they crowded like rabbits in a hutch, only they were not half so clean, or so kind to each other.

The kind visitor almost cried as she stepped into the room, and saw the broken furniture, the dirty walls, and the ragged little ones.

"I have bought you a little present, Mrs. Haydon," said Miss Parsons, as she handed over the parcel of sugar and tea.

"Oh, thank you, Miss, I thought you had come with a tract, or something like that."

"I want to be your sister and helper, if you will allow me; I will show you how to tidy up the room, and I will help you to make some new dresses for the children, and, perhaps, I might teach you how to spend your money more carefully—you will let me, wont you?"

Mrs. Haydon looked astonished. All her previous visitors had only knocked at the door, handed in a tract, and had then gone away, as if they were afraid to cross the threshold.

"Thank you, thank you Miss, I should so like your help," said the wretched woman.

Mr. Haydon only earned twenty-five shillings a week; and of this at least five shillings was left at the "Plough," the rest being spent without thought; with economy it might be made to purchase a great deal more.

Miss Parsons paid more than one visit to Ethel's mother; she told her that intoxicating drinks were quite unnecessary for either health or happiness; she taught her how to buy and how to cook good and cheap food; she sat with her for hours mending and making clothes; she sent furniture for the extra room they were able to take, and pictures to decorate the walls. The place became quite changed, the husband came under the good influence, he found it more pleasant to be at home now than at the "Plough."

"A pound of tea if you please, Mr. Jolly, and mother wants the best," said Ethel, one day.

"What! going to have a party?" inquired the grocer.

"No, to-morrow is Miss Parson's birthday, and that's to be her present," said Ethel, laughing.

"She's worth a good deal more than that," said Mr. Jolly, "all the tea in the world couldn't weigh her down in the scale."

"You're right, sir, that's what we all say," replied Ethel."

SOMETHING FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT.

ON one occasion, when on a commercial journey, I stayed at the Railway Hotel in the town of L——. Dinner was just over, and I was left in the commercial room with but one other gentleman. We had not been long in conversation before a youth was ushered in who had to transact some business with my companion. After the boy had stated his message, and was on the point of retiring, he was asked the question, "What will you take?" The lad stood in amazement, wondering what he should reply, when certain intoxicating beverages were suggested to him from which to select—rum, brandy, port, sherry. The boy was even now more bewildered, and mechanically said, "Brandy, please, sir," which was immediately ordered.

I sat thinking what I ought to do under the circumstances. Etiquette suggested, "Mind your own business." Duty seemed to say, "Speak to the lad; a word of warning may save him from ruin." I waited until the brandy appeared, and just as the lad was about to lift the glass, I made bold to speak. "My boy, before you drink that brandy, I should like you to hear what I have got to say. You are not accustomed to have brandy offered you, are you?" "No, sir," was his reply.

"Well, then, before you put that glass to your lips, think for one moment that that which this gentleman has been kind enough to offer you is the cause of more mischief and misery in the world than anything else; that and drinks of a similar nature fill our prisons, poorhouses, and asylums with their inmates, and more persons find a premature grave from drinking these intoxicating drinks than from any other cause." And, turning to the gentleman, I said, "Is not what I say correct?" He replied, "I am not in a position to deny it."

Then, speaking to the lad, I said, "Now, my boy, if drink causes all this misery in the world—and you hear this gentleman cannot deny what I say—don't you think it the wisest policy to have nothing to do do with it?" He simply replied, "Yes, sir," and then left the room.

Three months afterwards I had business in the same town. Walking along one of the streets I

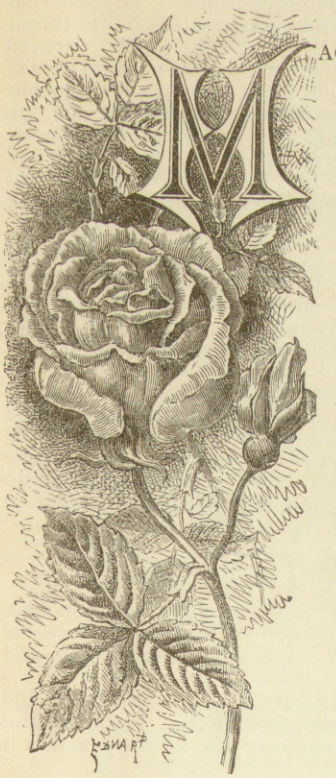
saw a boy smiling all over his face, and his eyes intently fixed on me. When we met he accosted me with, "Good morning, sir." "Good morning, my boy," I replied; "you seem to know me, but for the moment I don't remember you. Have you met me before?" He heartily, and with boyish sincerity, said, "Yes, sir. Don't you remember me coming to the Railway Hotel one day two or three months ago?" "Well, yes, I do remember a boy coming there, and I think something I said to him prevented him from drinking a glass of brandy. Was it you?" "Yes, it was. I was so glad you spoke to me, for I didn't know how to get away. I have thought a good deal about what you told me, and your words led me to join a Band of Hope. I signed the pledge, and I intend to keep it.

"A word in season, how good it is!"

MAGGIE'S PENNY.

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

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



MAGGIE had only one penny in the world, and this she found in the gutter.

Poor little Maggie! her father and mother drank, and her meals were more or less given her by her poorer neighbours, and as often as not she slept on the top stair of the top attic, the door of which was locked by her drunken parents before they went out "to pass the evening." She went to a ragged school on Sunday, and there she had heard about the loving Saviour, and how He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." She also heard there about being a teetotaler, and having a pretty card on which to sign her name, all her own.

The one aim of her life was to be the proud possessor of a pledge card, and when she found the penny, her first thought was—

"Now, I can have a card to myself."

The next day, however, on which the penny was found, a child of four years old was run over; she lived in the same squalid court as Maggie, and the two street bairns had shared many a romp and bit of fun together, and when Maggie heard of the sad accident, her little heart was very, very heavy. She cried on the top stair of the top attic, until she had no more tears to shed, and then, as if with a sudden inspiration, she thought of her penny, and that it might buy something to help to console Dolly in her grief and pain. Ah! but second thoughts brought the vision of a pledge card for her "very own" before her, and she felt she could not give up the one and only penny she had ever possessed, for some one else.

Poor little Maggie! If ever a struggle went on in any one's breast, it went on in Maggie's that night, but when the morning broke, she had made up her mind to sacrifice her penny for Dolly's sake. She found out that Dolly's mother was going to the hospital the next day, so very early before many of her neighbours were up, the child wended her way to the flower market, which had always been a favourite resort of her's, and bought a lovely bunch of violets for her little friend. The woman, of whom she bought them, knew the wistful face very well, and had many a time given her faded flowers, left from her morning purchases, which she had failed to sell. When Dolly's mother saw Maggie waiting at the corner of the court with the violets in her hands, she exclaimed—

"Gracious child! what are you doing here, and where did you get them vi'lets—they's sweet as summer?"

"I'm going with you to see Dolly, and I bought these," touching the violets tenderly, "with *my penny;* I thought as Dolly might like 'em, lying there all by herself."

"God bless you, Maggie; you don't know what a hero is, child, but you're one, any way," said the poor mother much moved.

Maggie looked up wonderingly at the kind words and tone; she was so unused to them in her life, that they fell like music on her ears.

Only the mother was allowed to see the child when they reached the hospital, but Maggie had the joy of knowing that Dolly had the violets laid on her pillow, and kept smelling them, saying each time she did so, "My! these *is* sweet; oh, they're boo'ful."

That night, Maggie had a dream, and in it she saw the dear Lord Jesus, and He was dressed in beautiful white shining robes, and He had such a kind loving face, and spoke to her and said:—

"Little Maggie, when you gave those violets to poor Dolly, you gave them to Me; I watched you, and saw the struggle between pleasing yourself and pleasing another, and when you gained the victory I said she has done it unto Me," and as she heard these words Maggie woke with a start to find it was a dream. But all her life long she never forgot the vision of the Saviour, and the words, "Ye have done it unto Me," inspired her through all the changes, troubles, and temptations of her life.

"We have been selling our boys to pay the revenue."—*Mrs. Letitia Youmans.*

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.—*Milton.*

"WHAT is syntax?" was asked of a class under examination. "A tax on whiskey," was the reply of one student.

A PEBBLE on the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak for ever.

PASTOR—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Even animals know when to stop drinking." Toper—"So do I when I drink what they do."—

"WHAT brought you to this prison, my coloured friend?" "Two constables, sah." "Yes; but I mean, had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah; they was bofe of 'm drunk."

LABOUR IN VAIN.—Most men concede that it looks foolish to see a boy dragging a heavy sled up a hill for the fleetin' pleasure of riding down again. But it appears to me that boy is a sage by the side of a young man who works hard all the week and drinks up his wages on Saturday night.—*Josh Billings.*

PROHIBITION may be secured by the aid of the votes of men who drink, but it can never be enforced by them. They are just so much dead weight in the matter. There must be an enlightened public opinion, and a sound conviction as to the evil of the drink, before any real headway can be made in the matter of the prohibition of the traffic.—*J. N. Stearns.*

MR. D. L. MOODY is said to have once entered a Gospel Temperance meeting in a city where he was not known with a blue ribbon in his button-hole, whereupon he was asked: "Are you a reformed drunkard?" and answered, with his characteristic emphasis: "No, I am not." "Then," said his questioner, nothing daunted, "Don't you think you ought to be?"

A GENTLEMAN who was having a house built in Ireland recently went to see how it was getting on. Finding the fabric deserted, he went to the nearest public-house, where he discovered the entire staff of workmen, foreman and all, congregated round a wilderness of empty glasses. Being a man of conciliatory temper, he generally observed, "Well, boys, are you still thirsty?" whereupon one of the number replied, "Well, sor, that dipinds intoirely upon you."

A HANGMAN'S HOMILY.—"Teetotalers be hanged!" is a common enough (and vulgar enough) expression in certain quarters. But, whatever relation the wish may bear to the sentiment, teetotalers are not hanged, if the testimony of the secondary figure in the grim ceremony is of any weight. Berry, the hangman, speaking at Grimsby, said that most of the crime that came under his notice had been caused through drink, adding that while he had conducted 193 executions he had never hanged a teetotaler.

IF you forbid your boys to do that which they see you do daily, do you suppose they can have proper filial respect for you?

PHYSICIAN: "Twelve glasses of brandy a day! Why, have you any coat at all left to your stomach?" Patient: "Ain't so certain about that, but I know I haven't one left to my back."—

WE have heard the story of a traveller who, finding himself and his dog in a wild country and destitute of provisions, cut off his dog's tail and boiled it for his supper, giving the poor dog the bone. This is the kind of charity the poor drunkard gets from the liquor sellers.

A GOOD PLAN.

"THOUGH I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly."—*Shakspeare.*

A LITTLE girl suffering from diphtheria was brought to a London hospital. To save her life, a little silver tube was inserted in her throat through which to breathe. The child improved rapidly, and the mother begged very hard to take her home. The physician gave permission, but before the day was over, he resolved to visit the home next morning. He found the child dead, and the neighbours told him that the mother had pawned the tube for eighteen pence, and was out spending the money in drink.—*H. Bristow Wallen.*

NATURE OR ART.—"We hear sometimes this alcohol, this essence of wine and strong drink, spoken of as if it were a natural gift, as if it proceeded from nature to minister to our human necessities. The mistake is great; you can pick up strong drink nowhere unmade, neither can you read of it, from the earliest of its history, as a necessity; it is also before us as a something added to the real wants of man; something which he has, and which other living beings have not; something which changes a sober mind into a mind flushed with excitement or steeped in oblivion.—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

A QUEER CLOCK.

DID you ever hear of a cat clock? If you were to go to China and wanted to know the time of day, the boy you asked might say, "Wait, and I'll tell you."

Away he'd go to some miserable shanty and bring out a sleepy-looking cat, perhaps, and softly pushing up her eye lids, assure you that it was not noon yet.

You would wonder how a cat's eyes could tell him. But it is a fact that the eyes of a cat always become narrow before noonday, so narrow as to look like a fine line, up and down. After twelve o'clock the pupil will grow large again.

Just look in your pussy's eyes, and see if you can tell, as the boys and girls do in China, what o'clock it is. Perhaps you can.—*Sel.*

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By ALFRED COLBECK.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Chertons' Workpeople," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

TRIED AND TRUE.

BOBBY was now thoroughly awake. The rough handling of the big stoker had roused him, and the fear that he might be sent out into the snow had quickened his senses, and put him on the alert. Then his surroundings were altogether novel and strange. He had never been in a stoking shed before. The kitchen, as Saph had called it, though he might have called it quite as appropriately the smoke room, for the smell of stale tobacco lingered about it, had no door, but opened directly into the shed. There was nothing in it to indicate that it was a kitchen, except the tin cans and the red kerchiefs which contained the suppers of the men, the tin cans ranged under the benches along the floor, and the red kerchiefs hung on nails driven between the brick work of the walls. No cooking stove was there, nor, indeed, in a stoking shed was one needed. In the far corner, partly concealed by a coat flung as it were by accident across the angle where the benches met, was a very large can, different in shape from the supper cans, and, as Bobby's quick nose detected when he went near it, filled with a beverage by no means so innocent as they contained. His experiences at home, during the drunken sprees of his father, had made him only too sure about the smell of beer.

When the charge commenced, Bob stood in the open doorway to watch, and a weird sight it was in the darkness of the night, illuminated only by the flaring gas jets of the shed through which the air was rushing, or the flames that roared out of the retorts themselves when the lids were struck off. Anyone suddenly transported thither might have thought themselves in the midst of pandemonium. It was a very long shed, fitted with retorts that ran through from one side to the other. At each end of a retort, two men charged simultaneously, throwing their first shovels full of coal into the white hot centre in such a way that they met and fell there, then banking up each his own portion until the coal lay straight and even, with a through space left at the top for the gas to escape along its entire length. On that side of the shed where the kitchen was, in the doorway of which Bob was standing, twenty-five men were at work, both they and their companions under the general superintendence of Saph, who had his own set of retorts to mind, notwithstanding. The men worked almost naked, their only covering being a pair of trousers and a soft felt cap. A few had old shoes on, but most of them kicked the red-hot cinders aside with their bare feet. The perspiration ran down them in streams. The black smoke rolled about them and covered them with grime. The long tongues of flame licked the ascension pipes, and threw a lurid glare through the smoke upon the men's naked bodies, as they fiercely dragged the red-hot coke with their iron rakes out of the gaping mouths of the retorts into their iron barrows, or swung themselves rythmically, shovel in hand, between the coal heaps and the glowing furnaces, with every swing backwards loading the shovel to the full, and with every swing forwards sending the coal spinning down the burning avenue. Ever and anon some man would run off with his barrow full of fire, tip it into a little heap, hurl upon it a bucket of water, so that from the heart of it would come a tiny clap of thunder, while the drops would hiss, and splutter, and escape in clouds of white steam rolling upward to the sky. The men seemed engaged in some infernal work like denizens of the nethermost pit. They shouted to one another, with fearful intermingling oaths adding their voices to the incessant clangour of their rakes, and shovels, and barrows, and to the intermittent explosions, and hissings, and splutterings of steam, until Bobby was almost deafened with the noise. By and by, however, as the work drew near its close, the noise lessened, and began to die down; and the men turned aside, first one and then another, to quench their thirst, and make up for the fearful waste of moisture, out of buckets filled with oatmeal and water. How the men did drink! The cans could not contain anything like sufficient for them. As if they had been horses and not men, they drank from the buckets themselves, lifting the thick rim to their lips and taking in the liquid in great gulps, enough to choke an ordinary person. When the retorts had been freshly screwed up, the iron lids edged with lute to keep the retorts air-tight, and prevent the flames escaping, and comparative silence had fallen again upon the place, the men began to wash themselves, and by the way they splashed the water about them, removing the grime, and cooling their heated bodies, Bobby could see that it was a most delicious occupation. He longed to join them, and, although he had been watching and not working, he almost needed a wash as much as they.

Saph returned to the kitchen clean and sweet, with his shirt and coat on, looking none the worse for his exertions. Bobby welcomed him with a smile.

"We always have supper after the second charge," said he. "A snack wouldn't come amiss to you, Bobby, would it, now?" The boy answered more effectually than by words. He nodded his head, and looked at Saph with big, hungry eyes. "I thought as much. Have you had anything to-day?"

"Half a bun," said Bobby.

"Only half a bun. And when did you have that?"

"This afternoon," said Bobby.

"Then you have had no breakfast and no dinner," said Saph, in surprise, lifting his eyebrows, and looking inquiringly into the lad's face.

 All rights reserved.

"No.'

"You must be precious hungry by this time. No breakfast and no dinner!" he repeated, and expressed his surprise in a long, low whistle. He took up one of the cans, and beckoned Bobby to follow him. The can was placed close against the door of one of the lower fires. "I think we'll have eggs to supper," said he, turning his bright eyes upon Bobby,—"eggs and bacon. I've got the bacon tied up in my 'kerchief, with bread enough for both of us; and I think there's coffee enough in that can to serve the two, at a pinch, unless your drinkitite is better than your appetite, and that's the case generally with me," and Saph laughed outright. "But where are the eggs to come from?"

Bobby did not know. How should he? He looked into the merry face of the good-natured giant, as much as to say, you must answer that question yourself.

"You didn't know we kept hens in the stoking shed, did you?" said Saph. "Not ordinary cluckers, but hothouse hens that lay their eggs in the coal dust, where it's warm, and the eggs get cooked by the time we want them." Bobby regarded this statement with amazement; and more amazed still was he when Saph began to gently remove the hot coal dust from behind the bottom of the ascension pipes, where it had gathered very thickly, and bring out, one after another, four eggs.

"Now, what do you think o' that?" asked Saph. "The hens must ha' known you were coming, and laid four eggs instead of two."

"Ah!" said Bobby, his amazement giving way to laughter; "you put them there."

"Did I? Who saw me? Not you. Well, whether the hens laid them or not, here they are; and, I think, the coffee's warm," said he, laying his horny palm close against the side of the can; "so we'll go and see what they taste like."

They ate their supper at the little table in the kitchen. Bobby had fasted so long, except for the half bun which the street urchin had given him, that he was desperately hungry. The hot coffee to him was like the richest nectar; the eggs and bacon, and bread, like angels' food. He had never tasted anything half so good before; but he had never wanted anything half so much as he wanted this meal to night. Hunger is the best sauce; and while he had known what hunger was, thanks to his mother's self-denying affection, he had never before gone a whole day without food. With immense satisfaction the giant watched him as he finished one slice of bread after another, with two eggs and a fair-sized piece of bacon, taking between whiles deep draughts of hot coffee. It considerably curtailed the provision prepared for his own needs, and yet for the life of him he would not have stayed a single crumb on its way to the poor lad's craving stomach.

Fortunately none of the other stokers came in while they were having their meal, nor for some time afterwards; and when Bobby's appetite began to be appeased, they fell into conversation. Partly in answer to Saph's questions, and partly owing to an increasing desire which Bobby felt in proportion to his growing comfort to communicate his sorrow to a sympathetic ear, he told the stoker about his mother's death, and why he had run away from the lodging-house. He was very careful not to mention in any way where he and his mother had come from, nor the misdeeds of the father who had brought them down into poverty so deep, and, after he was gone, left them in such straits, that they were obliged to return to Desford, his mother's former home. To talk about his father's drunkenness he shrank from as a subject somehow attaching disgrace to him, and, learning by his mother's example, ever tried to screen it from the eyes of the world. He did say that he and his mother had walked a long way, that she was ill and had been for some time, that the long walk had worn her out utterly, and that she had died in the night while he was sleeping beside her. His voice trembled, and the tears came into his eyes as he told it, while that nameless dread of the workhouse filled his face as he re-counted what the women had said, and described how he had run away. Saph listened intently, looking at times with wonderful tenderness and pity into the uplifted boyish face, and when he had finished still remained reflectively gazing upon him until he noticed the eyelids drooping, and the head falling forward, drowsy, because it was night time, and as the result of his hearty meal. He wrapped his great coat about him, and rolling up another, the coat of a companion, placed it as a pillow, and laid him on one of the benches; and, before any of the men came in, he was sound asleep. A word from Saph was sufficient to prevent anyone from disturbing him, so that he quietly rested for three hours.

When he awoke the kitchen was almost full, and two or three of the men were inclined to be rowdy. The large ale can was upon the table, and its contents were circulating freely. Three of the eight or nine that were crowded into the little cabin were Irishmen, one a big, quiet, sleepy looking man, with dark hair and eyes, and a sallow brown complexion, the other two with florid complexions, fiery-red hair, and eyes of a bluish-grey. And yet these two, alike in some points, were very different in others. One was a big man, the other was little; the big man had a broad, open face, somewhat coarse in feature, and the light in his eyes was wickedly humorous. The little man had a narrow face, with straight features rather well moulded, and the light in his eyes was wickedly vindictive. The big man simulated drunkenness, the little man was drunk indeed.

"The youngster's awake," said the big man, who went by the name of Red Mick; and instantly all eyes were turned upon Bobby. He was sitting up, rubbing his eyes open, and looking about him in wonder. Saph was not there. "Arrah, now, here's luck to ye," continued the Irishman, nodding at Bobby with a ludicrous grin, then raising his can to his lips, and draining the contents. The quiet Irishman smiled, so did two or three of the Englishmen who were up to Red Mick's tricks. Bobby thought he was really drunk. "I must fill up again," said he, lifting a stone bottle from under the table, and pouring the liquor from it into his can. "It's a pity to waste even a drop o' the craythur."

"Awake, is he?" said the little man, whose

name was Tracy. "Sure, thin, we'll have a merry time. Lift him on the table, Pat," and the quiet Irishman, who was nearest Bobby, obeyed. "Can ye dance?" asked the little man, sharply.

"No!" said Bobby.

Then I'll make ye, said Tracy with a fearful oath. He brought his hand down heavily upon the table, and started to his feet. What he might have done Bobby did not know, something brutal he feared, had it not been for an adroit movement of Red Mick which shot Tracy back into his seat with a sudden force that was quite surprising. Tracy glared around the cabin, and then bent his eyes upon Bobby again.

"Can ye sing?" said he.

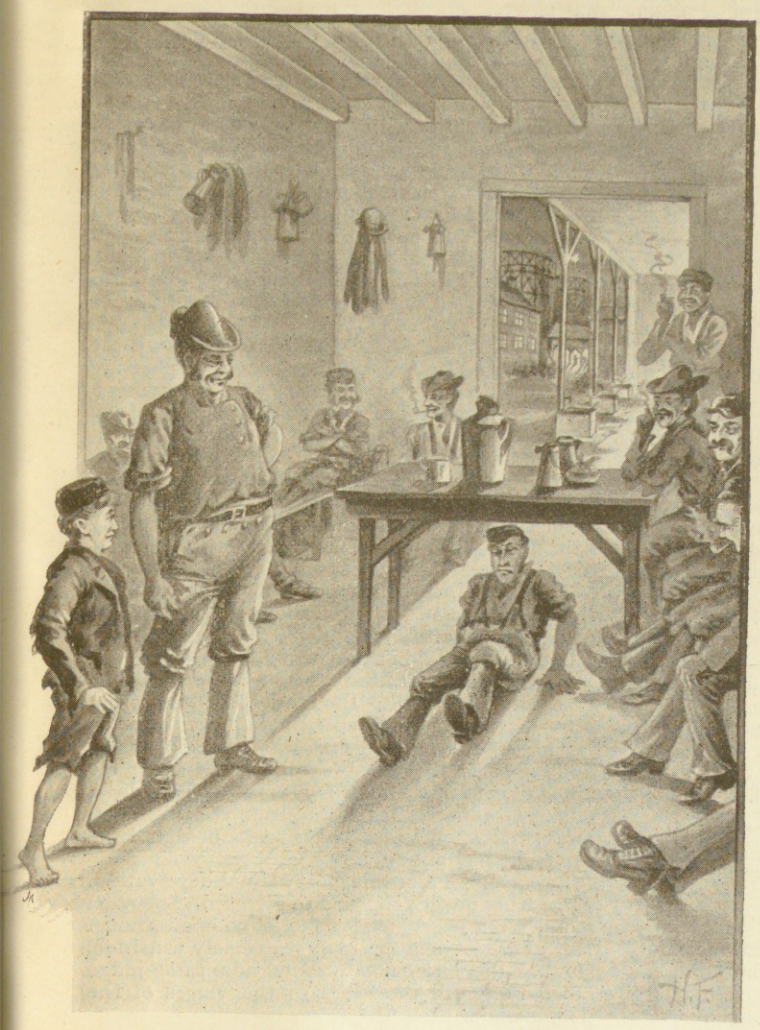
"Yes," answered Bobby.

"Sure, and I thought there was something in the boy," said Tracy, softening down a little. Hammering his can upon the table for silence, he again looked round the cabin, but this time with a drunken benignity, as if about to confer upon the men assembled some personal favour.

"We'll have a song, gentlemen," said he, "a song from the little stranger."

Now Bobby could sing, and sing well. His voice was exquisite in tone, sweet and pure as a bird's, marvellous in compass, and full of expression. It had been trained in the choir belonging to a large Sunday School which he had regularly attended in the happier days before he came to Desford. He knew many songs, having often sung at the school concerts, but by a happy chance he lighted on Falconer's "Killarney." Before he had got half through the first verse his rough audience was hushed into intense silence. The Englishmen were charmed by Balfe's simple melody so finely rendered, but to the Irishmen there was a deeper charm still. It was about home, the old home, lovely Erin, and the loveliest spot in it. The quiet Irishman became one big beaming smile, tapping the table with his thick, long finger, in time to the tune. Red Mick forgot to be drunk. His pretence quite broke down, and he was all ear, taking in, while he nodded approbation to the sentiment,

"Still at Muocross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest."



After the first two verses, which had considerably subdued him, Tracy began to show signs of great excitement. His eyes glistened and his features worked like those of a man in pain. But it was not pain, except that be pain, which in highly excitable temperaments, springs out of pleasure, when the pleasure is wrought up to its finest point, Bobby sang,

"Angels often pausing there,
Doubt if Eden were more fair."

At this juncture, no longer able to control himself, Tracy brought down his clenched fist with a thundering blow upon the table, startling Bobby so much that he stopped abruptly, and looked in perfect amazement at the almost wild Irishman.

"Bedad, man, on wid ye," shouted Tracy. "Sing it out," and then, in a roaring voice, in strange, hideous contrast to Bobby's clear-throated music, he bawled,

"Beauty's home, Killarney,
Heaven's reflex, Killarney."

The charm was broken. Bobby could not go on after that. The whole company burst into a perfect storm of laughter in which Bobby was forced to join.

Red Mick resumed his drunken appearance. The large can was again brought into requisition, and every man's smaller can was filled to the brim, with the exception of Red Mick's: he stuck to his stone bottle.

"Och! You're a jewel of a boy," said Tracy, holding his can close against Bobby's face. "Drink!"

"No! I can't," said Bobby.

"Drink! I say," shouted the Irishman, fiercely.

"I tell you I can't," said Bobby,

"Drink! or I'll murder you," exclaimed the Irishman, leaping to his feet in a fury, with one of those swift changes of feeling to which men of his temperament are liable.

The other men were looking on, and so far had laughed at Bobby's refusal, all except Red Mick. Now their faces became serious, and they signified by sundry gestures that he had better comply. In this, Red Mick was the exception. He kept his eyes calmly fixed upon Bobby's face. Tracy's vindictive looks and threatening attitude really frightened the boy, but he had no thought of wavering. His mother's temperance lessons had been too well grounded, and too deeply harrowed in by the miseries of a home blighted by the father's drunken habits, for Bobby easily to give way to a temptation like this. It was simply fear of the blow, which, in his senseless passion, the Irishman might deal him. The can was raised, and he was about to bring it down with all his force upon the boy's head, when he suddenly shot under the table. The can was jerked out of his hand, and its contents were thrown against, and went streaming down, the wall. He was too drunk to struggle to his feet, and lay sprawling and swearing on the floor. His companions merely laughed at him. His discomfiture was owing to Red Mick, who having taken a great fancy to Bobby, in the nick of time kicked Tracy's legs from under him. In the midst of the uproar Red Mick stretched out and held his can directly under Bobby's nose.

"You shall drink with me," said he, "not with the spalpeen under the table."

"What is it?" asked Bobby.

"Water, my jewel, nothing but water," answered Red Mick. "Look for yourself, and drink."

To his great surprise Bobby saw that it was nothing but water, and, being thirsty, drank a long deep draught. Red Mick was delighted.

"Thank you," said Bobby, handing back the can.

"Arrah, now, listen to the boy!" said Red Mick. "'Thank ye,' for a drop of water." Then, with comical quickness, his eyes became wild, his features were drawn into grotesque fierceness, he began to sway his body to and fro exactly like a man under extreme intoxication, and said, with an occasional hiccough, "You stick to that, my boy, the finest liquor that was ever yet distilled, and you'll never get any worse drunk than I am now."

(To be continued.)

We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer.—*Baron Liebig.*

CHUMMY CHATS.

By J. G. Tolton.

"GIVE IT UP?"



THIS title does not look very promising, you think. "Not much of a chummy chat," you say. "We are apt to expect something disagreeable when people start upon us with 'give it up.'"

Well, if I was about to say something disagreeable, I will save it, and so disappoint those who expected a severe discourse from a spectacled, aged grandfather.

When I hear the words "Give it up" used as a question, my mind reverts to conundrums. I was once caught with a conundrum that could not be seen through.

"Give it up?" asked the wily questioner, hoping all the time that I would. Well, I did give it up, and was promptly informed that that was what the other donkey did.

You will agree with me that was very cruel; but there was this bit of compensation about it. Since then, when my duty has been difficult and unpleasant to such a degree that my thought has been "I'll give it up," I have remembered the triumphant smile of that conundrum man as he said, "That's what the other donkey did."

It is generally the easiest thing in the world to resign, but it is very rarely a brave thing to do.

Possibly some of the girls who look at these "Chats" may have derived considerable pleasure from the writings of Alice King, who wrote a great deal for monthly magazines. Miss King died a short time ago, and, as if she anticipated her departure, she left behind an interesting sketch of her life. This sketch concludes with these words: "I have written this slight sketch of my life and work, in the hope that it may help and rouse others to battle with similar disadvantages, and successfully overcome them."

The life of Alice King was a standing exhortation to old and young labouring under the heaviest difficulties to

NEVER GIVE UP.

Few people, charmed as they were, with the graceful and beautiful thoughts that came from Miss King's pen, knew that the lady was blind.

"My sight from the first was extremely weak and imperfect. All the objects around me appeared to my childish eyes as objects in a mist. Gradually, this faint gleam of sight faded away, and when I was seven years of age, I became entirely blind."

Labouring under this most painful deprivation, Alice King never proposed to give up. She soon found that every trial has its compensations. Her sense of hearing grew extremely sensitive, so that the girl came to be an admirable judge of character in the tones of the voices of the people about her.

Her senses of touch and smell grew so excessively delicate, that she derived the keenest pleasure in flowers, and in their different scents.

She learned to knit the finest silk in most intricate stiches, and invented a watch, by which she could tell the time by touch.

Alice King's mental faculties also reached a high degree of culture. She became skilled in seven languages besides her native tongue: French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

Says Miss King, "I began to write poetry almost as soon as I could speak, and cannot remember the time when thoughts and fancies did not run in rhyme."

"My father was translating the Æneid of Virgil into English verse. I used to sit on his knee while he was at work, and he would tell me the classic story, and all the personages in it would be as real to me as the people round me in my daily life. Then he would translate the Latin words into simple every day English, and I would try to put them into rhyme."

When Alice King was ten years of age, her father brought out a volume of religious poetry. In it were included two hymns from the pen of this literary beginner.

Only a few years after a story was published called "Forest Keep." Critics could scarcely believe that this was the work of a young girl in her teens. Other books followed, the most popular being the one entitled, "Queen of Herself."

Boys, what do you think of this, for one who was "only a girl," and a blind one at that?

In addition to her heavy literary work, Miss King regularly taught a Sunday School class of males, in age varying from 12 years up to 60. In the class were many married men, and father and son were there often seen sitting side by side.

Let me now tell the boys of an unusual instance of success under great difficulties coming from the male side.

Should you ever go to Antwerp, be sure and pay a visit to the Cathedral. This building is enriched with paintings by Vandyke and Rubens; but the picture most highly prized is one representing the dead Christ.

Apart from its merits as a work of art, it is of interest on account of the history of its origin.

A blacksmith, Quentin Matsys, came to Antwerp and fell in love with a great artist's daughter. The young lady was also deeply in love with the young man, smith though he was; but the great artist scorned the blacksmith. He thought his daughter far too good for a man who only hammered iron, and firmly refused to give his consent to the match.

The man of the forge, to show his skill, executed a masterpiece in iron, which remains to this day a monument of genius; but the hard-hearted father made light of that, and proposed a task which he thought would compel the cleverest blacksmith in the world to *give it up*. Quentin must achieve a position in the art of painting as high as that of his sweetheart's sire.

What a task! To drop the sledge-hammer and take up the delicate camel's hair pencil. One or two friends advised him to *give it up*. Never! Then of his love hope was born—mighty, transforming, invigorating hope. The young man gave himself to laborious days and sleepless nights, until the dead Christ was painted—the marvel that secured to Quentin his wife, and wreathed his name with immortality. And greater than this we may do, if we keep dark despondency from our hearts, and be determined that, however hard our task, we will *never give it up*.

TALES FROM FAIRYLAND.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

"COME, Silver-voice!" the Fairy Queen cried, "Have you nothing to tell us?"

Silver-voice stepped forth from the crowd of little spirits around her, and bent low before Her Majesty.

She was a beautiful little fairy, exquisitely made, and the high, broad brow, from which the leaf-brown hair rolled back in glossy ripples, was full of intellect, and the sleepy, dark eyes, full of song.

She was one of the Court minstrels, and her voice, clear as the highest note of a lark, often charmed Fairyland with its entrancing music.

She carried with her now a small golden harp, which her white fingers caressed lovingly.

"If it please your Majesty," she said sweetly, "to hear your lowly subject sing, it will delight that subject to obey you!"

The Queen stooped low, and placed her hand upon the head of Silver-voice, where it lay like a white flower amongst autumn leaves.

"My beautiful minstrel!" she said, "It is always our pleasure to hear you. There is nothing sweeter in Fairyland than the songs of Silver-voice!"

The other fairies endorsed her words by loud cheers, so Silver-voice placed her fingers upon the strings of her harp, and began

"The Maid and Life."

"Once in a palace, grey and old,
Long years ago,
When time was young, and when the world
Had childhood's glow,
There lived a maid with hair of gold,
And brow of snow.

"Her heart, it was the resting place
For peace and love,
Which o'er the beauty of her face,
A radiance wove,
And gave to her the tender grace
Of saints above!

"E'en when the land was fresh and young,
Sorrow was rife;
And there was tyranny and wrong,
And deadly strife,
Which gave unto the world's first song
The wail of life.

"But where the maiden dwelt no sound
Of strife or care
E'er broke the joy which threw around
A light most fair,
Nor rudely marred the peace profound
And gladness rare.

"The fairies guarded her from harm
Through youth's fair years,
And kept her in a holy calm,
Untouched by tears;
No cry of sorrow or alarm
E'er reached her ears.

"And so the years sped brightly on,
And fairies still
Protected this most happy one
From every ill;
They held from her time's weary tone
And blighting chill.

"And yet, one day, this maiden turned
From all her store,
From wealth, and joy, and love which burned
Bright, strong and pure;
And lo! her inmost being yearned
For something more.

"'Why does my life so empty seem?'
She softly cried;
'My time flows gently as a stream,
My lands are wide,
And pleasure's blossoms brightly gleam
On every side.'

"'Yes!' cried a voice, most low and sweet,
'Thou guarded maid!
The lights around thy dancing feet
Too long have played;
For know you, life is not complete
Without its shade.

"'The brightest smiles that eyes can wear
Are born in tears;
The hopes most beautiful and fair
Come after fears;
We pluck the flowers, most chaste and rare,
From sorrow's years.

"'Then go into the world of men,
And play thy part;
Undaunted face the battle plain
For wound and smart;
Go! take thy share of strife and pain,
Make strong thy heart!'

"The maiden raised her golden head,
And turned her eyes
To where a flush of red was spread
Across the skies;
'I'll leave the flowers, and face,' she said,
'The world of sighs!'

"She went, and as the years passed on
They bruised her soul;
She saw her pleasures, one by one,
Around her fall;
And yet she found the crown that's *won*—
The best of all!"

Silver-voice laid down her golden harp—she had finished. The Fairy Queen smiled sweetly upon her.

"Well done!" she cried, "But tell us, little poet, the name of the spirit who spoke so wisely to that beautiful maiden of old."

"Ah! your Majesty," replied Silver-voice, "It was not a fairy, it was a greater spirit than of us, it was what men call an angel!"

A SNAKE STORY.

"LET me have three fingers of whisky," he said to the clerk of a drug store in a Kansas town. "I can't," replied the clerk, who did not know the customer; "this is a Prohibition State." "I can't get a drink of whisky, eh?" "No, sir; not without a physician's prescription, when it is to be used as a medicine." "Is there no emergency at all in which you would be permitted to dispense a small quantity of whisky without that formality—a case of life and death, for instance?" "Why, yes," replied the clerk. "I suppose if a man were to be bitten by a rattlesnake, and it would require some time to go to a doctor and get a prescription, in that case it might be allowable to give him whisky." "Do you know where I could find a snake?" was the next question. "Why, no," reply the clerk, greatly surprised at the query. "Well," commented the thirsty one, with a great deal of disgust in his tone, "it seems to me that if this drug store had any enterprise it would keep a rattlesnake on hand for use in cases of emergency."

WHAT TIME IS IT?

What time is it?
Time to do well—
Time to live better—
Give up that grudge—
Answer that letter—
Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow;
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow,
Time to try hard
In that new situation—
Time to build upon
A solid foundation.
Giving up needlessly changing and drifting;
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?
Time to be in earnest,
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure.
Loving stern justice—of truth being fond;
Making your word just as good as your bond.
Time to be happy,
Doing your best—
Time to be trustful,
Leaving the rest,
Knowing in whatever country or clime,
Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.

—*Liverpool Mail.*

"THERE is scarcely a crime comes before me that is not, directly or indirectly, caused by strong drink."—*Judge Coleridge.*

SHAGGY.

By Walter W. Harries.

SHAGGY was a dog, of what particular breed it would be difficult to tell; a more unkempt, disreputable looking creature it would be impossible to imagine, yet to little Jennie he was dearer than any valuable dog in the land, for he was her very own. She had found him one cold, frosty night, curled up in a doorway a little way down the alley or court where she now lived with her father. She had not always lived here, for she had been born in the country, and had once run about in the green meadows far from the great city, whose noise and bustle frightened her so. Her mother had died when Jennie was still quite young, and then it was that her father first began to frequent the bar of the "Fighting-Cock," the village beer-house, of an evening after his day's work was over. And as the weeks went by he spent more and more of his time there, and thus the money which should have kept his motherless child and himself in comfort began to find its way into the publican's till.

It was a repetition of the old, old story; one situation after another was lost through his indulgence in drink; one thing after another was sold from the home to satisfy his craving, until at last they were forced to leave their pleasant cottage, and they came to their present poor lodging in the city court, where the roses soon faded from the cheeks of the country-bred child.



She might be seen of an evening curled up in the window seat looking out over the dismal prospect of chimneys, with no light and sometimes without a fire in the room, waiting for her father's return, longing and yet dreading to hear his uncertain footsteps. One night, when having grown weary of waiting for her father's coming, she crept downstairs and out into the court, where she discovered the little creature which she had named Shaggy.

Christmas had come and gone, bringing with it little change and no cheer to poor lonely little Jennie, and it was very little she knew of the meaning of the Angels' message, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." The weather was piercingly cold with a cutting East wind, and Jennie had some time ago heard the church clocks tell out the hour of midnight. The noisy court grew quiet, but still her father did not come. She went out upon the landing, and stood there listening, Shaggy standing by, looking into her face sympathetically. Presently she crept down the creaking stairs to the front doorway, and she saw that it was snowing heavily; already the ground was covered with a thick, white mantle.

What if her father, muddled with the drink, as he was sure to be, should slip and fall, or meet with any other accident? With this thought in her mind, she started off with Shaggy at her heels for the flaring gin-palace, where she knew her father passed his evenings, and spent the scanty earnings which should have properly clothed and fed his child. On she trudged, more slowly now, for the snow was becoming deeper, and her limbs were getting benumbed with the cold.

But what is the matter with Shaggy? He has left the side of his little mistress, and is scratching away at what is apparently a snow-drift, uttering all the time short barks of excitement. See, there is something beneath the snow, half buried in it, and Jennie hastily brushing away the snow, recognised her father's form. In vain she tried to rouse him. What to do she knew not. But just then there reached her ears the sound of approaching footsteps, and, coming towards her, she joyfully recognised the form of a policeman.

"Hullo! Little 'un, what's up? Hum, father drunk. Hullo you, rouse yourself!"

And with a shake he tried to rouse the senseless form of the drunken and half-frozen man, but all his efforts were unavailing. The stalwart policeman then vanished, but in a few moments reappeared with another man, and between them they carried the man to his miserable room, guided by Jennie and faithful Shaggy.

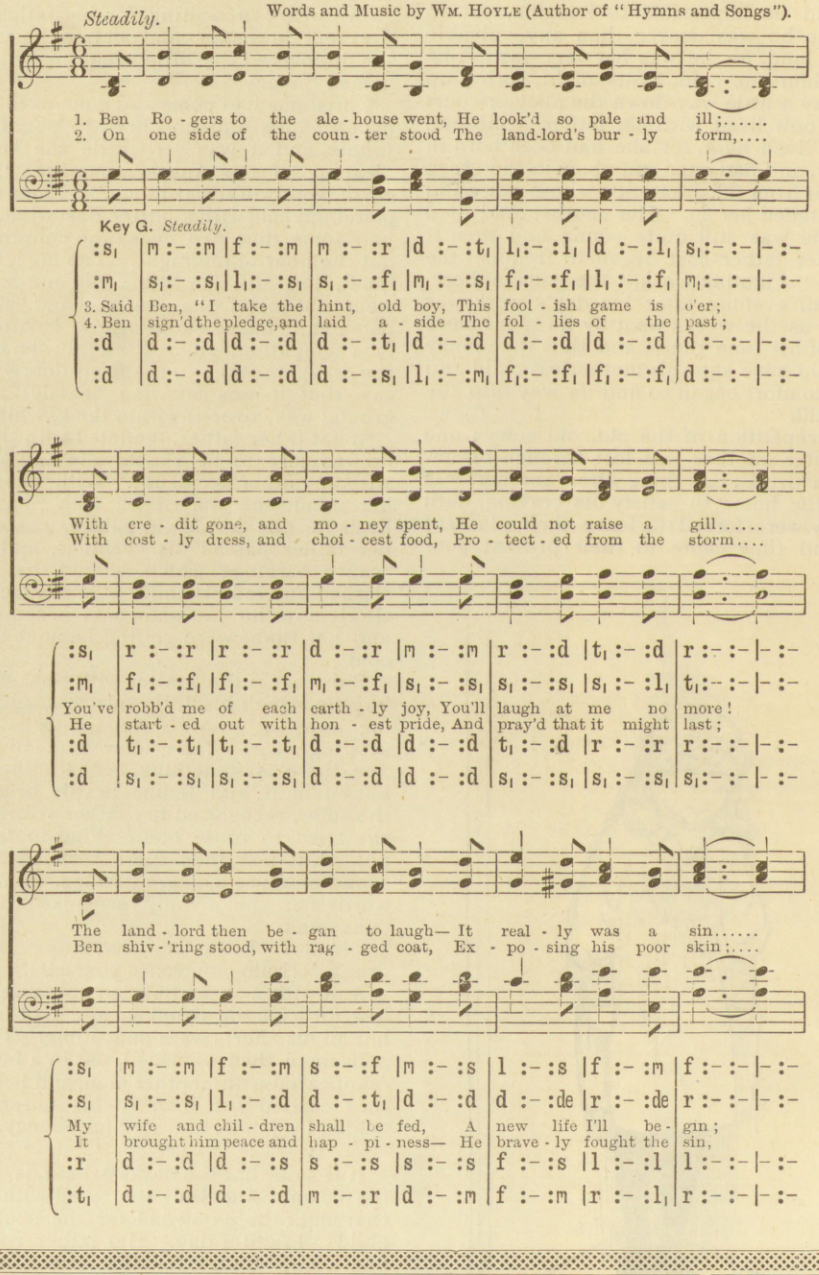
* * * * * *

It is said that the darkest hour is followed by the dawn. And thus it proved with Jennie, for that night there dawned for the poor, neglected child a brighter day. Her father rose from his bed a new man, burst the fetters in which the drink demon had enchained him, and manfully fought his way upward until he regained his character and position. And to-day Jennie is happy and Shaggy is well cared for.

WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN.

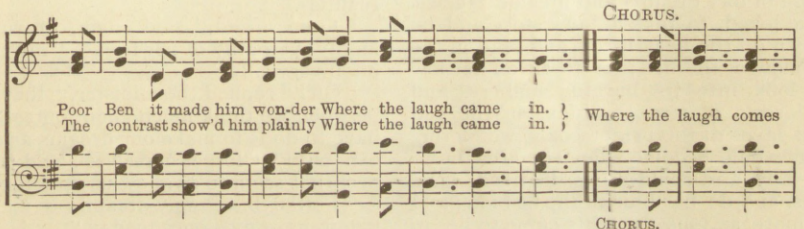
(*Copyright.*)

Words and Music by WM. HOYLE (Author of "Hymns and Songs").



WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN.

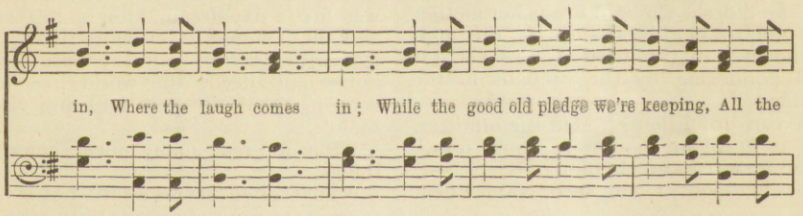
CHORUS.



Poor Ben it made him won-der Where the laugh came in.
The contrast show'd him plainly Where the laugh came in.
Where the laugh comes

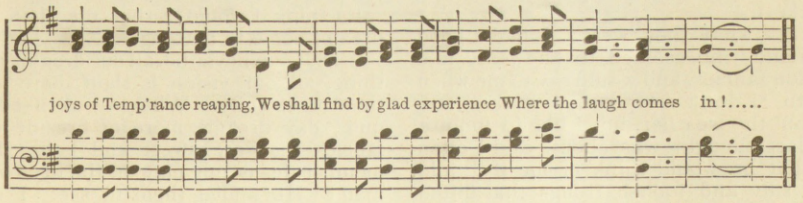
CHORUS.

:r | m :- :s₁ | l₁ :- :t₁ | d :- :m | s :- :f | m :-:- | r :-:- | d :-:- | r :- :r | m :-:- | r :-:-
:t₁ | d :- :s₁ | l₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :d | d :- :r | d :-:- | t₁ :-:- | d :-:- | t₁ :- :t₁ | d :-:- | t₁ :-:-
And I will live to show you Where the laugh comes in!"
And tells his old com- pan-ions Where the laugh comes in.
Where the laugh comes
:s | s :- :m | f :- :f | m :- :s | s :- :l | s :-:- | f :-:- | m :-:- | s :- :s | s :-:- | s :-:-
:s₁ | d :- :d | f₁ :- :s₁ | d :- :d | m₁ :- :f₁ | s₁ :-:- | s₁ :-:- | d :-:- | s₁ :- :s₁ | d :-:- | s₁ :-:-



in, Where the laugh comes in; While the good old pledge we're keeping, All the

m :-:- | s :- :f | m :-:- | r :-:- | d :-:- | m :- :f | s :- :s | l :- :s | s :- :f | r :- :m
d :-:- | d :- :d | d :-:- | t₁ :-:- | d :-:- | d :-:t₁ | d :- :d | d :- :d | d :- :t₁ | t₁ :- :d
in, Where the laugh comes in; While the good old pledge we're keep-ing, All the
s :-:- | l :- :l | s :-:- | f :-:- | m :-:- | s :-:s | s :- :s | f :- :s | s :- :s | s :- :s
d :-:- | f₁ :- :f₁ | s₁ :-:- | s₁ :-:- | d :-:- | d :-:r | m :- :m | f :- :m | m :- :r | s₁ :- :s₁



joys of Temp'rance reaping, We shall find by glad experience Where the laugh comes in!.....

f :-:f | s :-:f | f :-:m | s₁ :-:s₁ | d :-:d | r :-:r | m :-:f | s :-:f | m :-:- | r :-:- | d :-:- | -:-
r :-:r | m :-:r | r :-:d | s₁ :-:s₁ | l₁ :-:l₁ | t₁ :-:t₁ | d :-:t₁ | d :-:r | d :-:- | t₁ :-:- | d :-:- | -:-
joys of Temp'rance reap-ing, We shall find by glad ex- perience, Where the laugh comes in!
s :-:s | s :-:s | s :-:s | m :-:m | m :-:m | s :-:s | s :-:s | s :-:l | s :-:- | f :-:- | m :-:- | -:-
s₁ :-:s₁ | s₁ :-:s₁ | d :-:d | d :-:d | l₁ :-:l₁ | s₁ :-:s₁ | d :-:r | m :-:f | s :-:- | s₁ :-:- | d :-:- | -:-

SLEEPING TO SEE.

By Uncle Ben.

ELLEN ASHBURY was a girl who was fond of day dreams and fireside fancies. She loved to take a fairy story and lie down on the hearth-rug, and read in the flicker and glow of the fire; or to sit on her low chair and look into its burning embers, and imagine all sorts of strange things in the red hollows and caves of the bright coals, wondering what her life would become when she grew up to be a young lady, and could do as she liked, have long dresses, and do her hair in the fashion; and sometimes more serious thoughts came to her in these musings.

One evening as Ellen sat in the twilight, it being too dark to continue the sewing her mother had given her to do, and not feeling industrious enough to light the lamp, knowing that there was not much time to spare before tea, she put down her work, and gave herself up to a pleasant think by the cosy light of the red, dancing flames. There was a ring at the bell, which Ellen scarcely heard, or if she did she thought it was her mother returning, when, to her great surprise, the minister was shown into the room, where she sat musing and pondering by the firelight in the winter gloaming.

"How do you do, Ellen?" said the minister. "I expected to find your mother in about now," as he stepped forward and shook hands.

"She'll be in soon, I am sure," said Ellen, shyly.

"Well, then, I'll wait. No, don't light up, I like this glow of the fireside. What were you doing all by yourself here? I am sure you could not see to do much," continued the minister, as he looked at the sewing basket on the floor.

Ellen did not reply.

"Were you building castles in the air? I don't think you could do much else by this light."

Ellen smiled and said, "I suppose I was doing something like it."

"I won't ask what they were. I had a good and great friend who seemed to know my idle love of fireside fancies, and would say to me when I was a youth, 'I don't ask people how they are, and talk about the weather, but I like to inquire what their last thought was about,' and I often wondered what he would think of me if I told him all the silly and foolish things that flitted through my brain. But my friend would say, 'go on dreaming and go on building castles in the air, for some day you may build a real castle. No one ever yet did anything great or good, but what it was first only a fancy or childish desire in one's heart or mind. A little impulse, a seed germ that grew and grew, until it occupied so much thought that something had to be done with it.' And I know that is true. I should never have been a minister of Jesus Christ if the first tiny wish had not been kept alive by day dreams, until it became the one supreme purpose of my life."

Ellen's face brightened as she listened, every word fell like water on a dry and thirsty land. It was good to her for anyone to talk like this; she thought the minister would only smile at her, but instead of this he was saying:

"Now, don't let anyone ever laugh you out of day dreams and fireside fancies, only see that they are worth being made living and abiding realities."

"I am afraid," said Ellen, drawn out by the kindly sympathy of her friend, "my thoughts are often very silly."

"Oh!" replied the minister, "they are sure to be when we think much about ourselves. All we have to do is to make our dreams as good as we can, until we forget ourselves; and those are the best that seem to swallow us up altogether."

"I often have ugly dreams at night, so I *do* like to have nice ones by day."

"You can't get them too nice, the better they are the better you will be, and the better you are, the better still your dreams will grow. Only see to it that you make your airy castles as good and true and beautiful as you can, and then the more you build the fairer will they be. All the great palaces for God or man have first been seen in visions, from the pyramids to our church, or this house. The Tabernacle of old was first a day dream, after a heavenly pattern, and the Temple never more than a heart's desire with David. All the best messages and hopes and deeds the world has known have been in spirit whispers and dim visions of the soul."

"But a great many never come to be real things."

"That often seems a pity, but it is not so, for some great work of art or utility, like a cathedral or a bridge, a great many schemes, and plans, and sketches, and drawings are not made use of by the builders, but I like to think they all have gone to help to make up the perfect whole."

"I wonder if my dreams could ever be like a few lines in some noble cause or good work."

"You must trust God for that; there are many disappointments, and much of our dreaming is too poor to become real and lasting."

"I think I would rather die than find all my dreams come to nothing."

"That can never be, all our dreams mean something, all our vision is sight, here or there, in time or eternity. What we all need is more of quiet day dreams, more of fireside or starlight fancies that are sweet and holy. Do you remember Jesus put clay on the eyes of the blind man? He sealed them to see. I don't think death is anything more than that. I hear your mother coming in now; we'll have another talk about this."

Ellen and her minister often talked about the gift of God's spirit in dreams, and as she grew they spoke of the vision of poets, and painters, and prophets, and seers of all climes and ages. Some years after Ellen had a great illness, and she could *do* little or nothing. But in the prison house of her affliction, like John in Patmos, the dreams were sweeter and the vision grew clearer.

One day, the minister sat beside her reading the words: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God:" "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters



shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." Ellen stopped the reading and said:

"You don't know what a comfort that is to me, for the doctor has said that if I live he thinks I shall lose my sight."

The minister knew this was possible, and said, "Whichever way may please God, it will be only closing the outer for the inner vision. God in many ways closes our eyes, that we may really see. Most of us are too wide-awake; we *think* we see, and so God puts us to sleep in order that we may see really."

"I do hope," said Ellen, "that if my sight is taken from me, Jesus will put clay on my eyes soon. I have such a dread of being blind."

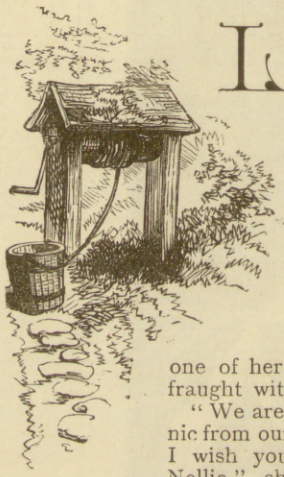
* * * * * *

Time passed on and the minister again stood in the room where he had first talked with Ellen. The fire once more glowed and flickered. It was winter twilight, the minister waited for Mrs. Ashbury; this time the house was very quiet. The mother came in—the moment she entered he knew how it was, and said, "Thank God she sees."

On the gravestone, above the name Ellen Ashbury, were carved the words, "Sleeping to See."

LIZZIE'S PIC-NIC.

By Ruth B. Yates.



LIZZIE BOYD was a quiet, gentle girl, who was ever ready to follow the lead of her companion, Nellie Grant, who was cast in a stronger mould. Both were members of the Band of Hope, but Lizzie went to work, and was thrown among entirely different surroundings, which, to one of her plastic nature, was fraught with danger.

"We are going to have a pic-nic from our place next Saturday; I wish you could go with us, Nellie," she remarked to her friend one day.

"Oh, no, Lizzie, I couldn't; besides, you know it is the Band of Hope procession, and I wouldn't miss that for anything."

Nellie went with the procession and enjoyed it immensely, but Lizzie went with the pic-nic.

The party had refreshments at a public-house, and wine and spirits were very freely partaken of.

"Come, you'll have a glass, too, Lizzie, won't you?" said an elder girl to her.

"No, thank you, I'd rather not," was the hesitant reply.

"Well, it's real mean of you, I didn't think you were so shabby," retorted Maria, with a toss of her head.

"I'm neither mean nor shabby, I'm sure, Maria, and it's very unkind of you to say so," Lizzie responded.

"Well, then, you be sensible and drink this off like other folks. What's the use of being singular?" urged the tempter.

The girl looked round helplessly, she had not the moral courage to say "No," and act independently.

Ah, my dear girls, never be afraid to do right, and, if you feel that you cannot stand firm why, then, instead of yielding, look up to Jesus for help and He will hold you up. "Just one glass" Lizzie said, as she weakly yielded, "all the others take it and why shouldn't I?" And so she did. Having taken one glass it was so easy to take another, and yet another, until very soon Lizzie needed no pressing to partake of the intoxicating cup. Lizzie had inherited a love for the drink, but she knew it not, for hitherto the thirst had never been aroused.

Now the craving for stimulants became stronger and stronger and would not be denied.

Lizzie became peevish and irritable, and Nellie could not tell what had come over her; sometimes she would be as friendly as ever, at others she would be so cross and disagreeable that she would pick a quarrel on the slightest pretence.

Soon she shunned Nellie altogether, and the friendship was gradually severed.

Meanwhile, the drink was steadily dragging its victim down, step by step, from the path of rectitude.

She deceived her friends in order that she might obtain the means to gratify her thirst.

One day Nellie was asked to go and see a poor girl, who was lying at the point of death in very destitute circumstances. She went, looking bright and bonny, her cheeks glowing with the hue of health.

Imagine her surprise when she found that the pale, sunken, emaciated girl, propped up in bed, was no other than her old friend, Lizzie Boyd, who poured into her sympathetic ear the story of her sad and wasted life.

Cheerfully, Nellie spoke of amendment.

"It's no use crying over spilt milk, Lizzie. Sign the pledge, and give your heart to the Saviour, who is waiting to pardon you for the past, and help you in the future."

"Oh, Nellie, pray for me that I may be forgiven before I die, but don't pray for me to get better, as I could not keep from the drink," cried the dying girl.

"Yes, you could, dear, if you prayed for strength," urged her friend.

"You don't know what it means, Nellie! Ever since I first tasted, it seems as though I was being forced against my will to take it, and I have no power to help myself," said Lizzie, pathetically.

"Make up your mind to resist it, and I'm sure you can," exclaimed Nellie.

"No, I cannot; I hate it, and I loathe myself for taking it. Open that drawer and you will find a bundle of pawn tickets, which are all I have left. My friends have grown tired of me, and I deserve it all, and yet—Nellie listen to me—if you were to offer me a glass of spirits at this moment, I should drain it to the dregs," responded the wretched girl.

Nellie's eyes dilated with horror as she listened. Could it be possible that this was the same girl, who, such a short time ago, sat by her side at the Band of Hope?

The minister visited her, and she was led to seek for mercy as a humble suppliant at the feet of Him who has said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Ere she passed away, years before her time, a victim to the drink, she said to Nellie, who was bending over her,

"Thank God there will be no public-houses in heaven, or *I* shouldn't be safe even there."

Now whose example do you mean to follow? That of Nellie, who, never having tasted, has no craving to do so—though from what I know of her antecedents I believe the taste is inherent in her too—or that of Lizzie, who only meant to take one glass so as not to appear singular, but could not stop?

One sin opens the door to another.

THE MEADOW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—No. II.

By Rev. John Foster.



THE meeting of the animals at which the formation of a Temperance Society was first proposed was adjourned on the motion of the raven, who had, therefore, the right to open the debate the next morning. The truth was that the raven's bright eye had detected a poor young crow, who meant no harm, listening behind a hedge to the conversation of the more respectable animals, and being eager to give him, as he expressed it, "something for himself," managed to disperse the assembly by telling the duck, who was quacking out her views at some length, that the fox had been seen in the neighbourhood of her ducklings.

So now in comes the raven with the crow walking meekly by his side.

"It is my pleasant duty, dear friends," he said, "to introduce this disreputable-looking juvenile to you as one who proposes to become a member of our society as soon as it is formed. That he is a ragamuffin will, I am sure, be no objection; our desire is to reach the very lowest classes of society, and what can you have lower than a black crow?"

"But if you please, sir, aren't you black your —?"

"Take care, my boy, or you'll have a repetition of that one-er I gave you yesterday. I'm not black," said the raven in his deepest voice, "I'm a beautiful, dark blue."

The gander, hoping to change the subject, here interposed,

"Pray, Mr. Raven, have you heard whether the fox that you said was lurking round Mrs. Duck's home did any damage to her sweet young brood?"

"There wasn't any fox, sir, I was only practising a pious fraud in order to get rid of the duck."

"I call it a lie," grunted the pig to herself, "it's easy to see that youv'e been living with humankind."

"Business! Business!" barked Ratter, the terrier, "I propose Brother Gee-gee, as president of the Society."

"I second the motion," said the cat.

The motion being put to the meeting was carried unanimously, and the horse having with a few graceful neighs, which, as with mankind were really meant for yeas, accepted the call, told the members that they would want a secretary.

A lily-white goose said there need be no question as to that, the Secretary Bird was designated by its very name for the post.

"You stupid creature," brayed Jenny—"Jack the donkey's missis," as he called her—"don't you know that the Secretary Bird lives in Africa, and is too busy gobbling up snakes to help our Society?"

"Order! Order!" said the horse, "I cannot allow these extremely personal observations. Really, I shall begin to think that some of the unflattering things that are said of us by human beings are true."

"No, Mr. President," said the mule, "you really must not say so. Men have no excuse for the way in which they insult us. I heard a farmer tell how a neighbour of his drank like a fish—was anything ever so foolish? And the farmer's son was trying to make himself amiable to a pretty girl. 'Don't he look sheepish?' says papa. *Sheepish*, indeed, look at our dear friend's expressive countenance as she stands there nibbling the grass; can you imagine anything more profoundly intellectual?"

The sheep blushed and cast down her eyes modestly at this pointed allusion, simpering out some words of thanks to the polite mule.

"But that isn't all;" continued the mule, "wishing to describe an uncouth burst of merriment in which one of his labourers had indulged, he actually alluded to it as 'a *horse* laugh.' Now old Dobbin, our esteemed president's grandfather, when he gets a cold does make rather an unpleasant sound, and if we were disposed to be satirical, which we are not, we might speak of the noise he makes as a *man's* laugh. Haven't you heard 'em, Mr. Gee-gee, at the Red Cow, when one of the miserable sots makes what he calls a joke?"

"I've heard them, Mr. Mule, but I think we must attend now to the proper work of the meeting."

"Permit me, sir, to make one more remark. The uneducated agriculturist of whom I have been speaking, kept his worst insult to the last. Because a hedger and ditcher hadn't done things to please him, he called him a mule! But I treat his insinuation with the contempt it deserves."

"Just what I should have expected of you, brother mule, but it's time, my dear fellow animals, that we put ourselves in order by signing the pledge."

Every bird and beast present then put its paw or beak to the pledge, which had been written by Thomas the cat, "With rather a scratchy pen," observed Ratter.

"You ought to know," responded the cat, "it's made some pretty plain marks on your impudent little sides."

The crow was brought up to sign by the raven.

"After you, sir," said the crow respectfully.

"There is just time," remarked the horse, "for a brief experience, if any brother or sister will favour us. Or perhaps sister Goose would oblige the society with a recitation?"

One of the peacocks from the lawn, who had sauntered down in a gentlemanly kind of way, to see what those low-bred creatures on the common were "up to" (he wasn't so refined in his language as you'd have expected), opened his beak and uttered one or two screaching notes to clear its throat.

"Is that the way the aristocracy generally talk?" said the crow to his patron the raven.

"Be quiet, can't you?" answered the raven.

"I could a tale unfold," began the peacock in a grandiloquent manner.

A guinea-pig, whose presence had not been noticed, squeaked out an appeal to the chair. He said that because the peacock belonged to the higher classes, he'd no right to cast reflections on the humble.

"Him and his tail indeed! I can sign the pledge, I suppose, though I haven't got a tail."

The meeting was closed hurriedly.

JIMMY, THE HELPER.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

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

"OH! I do wish I had someone to hold baby for a few minutes," said a tired mother one afternoon. "I am so weary, and I want to darn some socks, too."

Jimmy, the elder brother, a boy about ten years of age, was sitting on a hassock by the fire reading the fairy story of "Aladdin and his wonderful lamp," and he had just arrived at that interesting part where poor Aladdin had been closed in the cave by the old magician, and was exceedingly anxious to know what became of him. He could not help, however, hearing his mother's tired voice, and he knew he ought to offer to hold his little sister for awhile, but, oh! he did so want to go on with his reading.

"Don't you trouble with baby," said the naughty something inside him, "you go on with your reading; it's not your place to nurse your sister."

Then the good something seemed to say, "How tired poor mother is; how hard she has been working all day; she ought to have some help, and there's only me; I know I ought to do it; yes, I'll take baby from her."

Then the naughty something said again, "No, don't you, you finish the story, it will be very tiring nursing."

But Jimmy was trying to be a good boy, and love Jesus, so he listened to the good something, and shutting his book quickly, lest he should be tempted to read on, he jumped up and said,

"I'll take Sissie, mother, for a while, then you can rest a bit; she's always good with me."

"Thank you, my boy, I shall be so glad to rest a bit," and Jimmy's mother looked lovingly at him as she put the baby sister tenderly in his arms.

"Sissie," as Jimmy called her, seemed delighted with her new nurse, and prattled and laughed for nearly an hour, and how pleased Jimmy was that he had listened to the good something, instead of the naughty something, when his kind mother, looking quite rested and refreshed, came to take the baby to put her to bed, said, "Jimmy, you've been a real help to me, thank you, my boy."

A month or more after this, when Jimmy was at school, a boy younger than himself was crying over a lesson that he did not understand. Now Jimmy was also very busy at his sums, which he had to have done for the master next morning; but when he heard poor Harry crying, he felt he must go and help him.

"Harry," he said, "don't you quite know what you have to learn?"

Harry looked up, his face all dirty with tear stains, and replied,

"I don't understand what it means, Jimmy."

"Come along old man, let me see if I can help you; let's look at the lesson, I believe I had it a long time ago."

So seating himself beside Harry, he soon explained away all difficulties, and when he went back to his own sums, Harry's face was radiant with smiles.

Another day Jimmy saw an old woman carrying a heavy basket, and going up a hill she set it down, and, panting for breath, began talking to herself,

"Dearie! Dearie me! I'm getting old and not much good I fear."

Just as she was saying this, a cheery young voice behind cried out,

"Well Grannie, shall I carry your load to the top of the hill, eh?" and suiting the action to the word, Jimmy—for it was no other than he—shouldered the basket, and was at the top before the poor old body had recovered her astonishment.

"Well, I never! you *are* a kind lad; it would 'a took me nigh upon a quarter of an hour to get up here wi' the basket; the blessing of an old woman be upon yer," she said as soon as she could speak.

"You are very welcome, Grannie; we are to help one another you know," Jimmy replied, with a smile as he started off to school, happier than when he first set out, because he had made someelse happy.

Months went by, and Jimmy still continued to try and serve Jesus, and though he often failed, and did not help when he might have done, yet he remembered so often, and was so sorry when he forgot, that his mother called him her "Little Helper;" in fact, many persons who knew him when he passed their windows would say: "There goes Jimmy, the helper, God bless him."

I wonder if the little girls and boys who read this story are like Jimmy, making others happy by their unselfish kindness?

Little seeds oft find a lodgment where plants could not be set, so to scatter here and there, as occasion may offer, brief sentences of a moral and divine tendency, may open a way into minds of solid and saving truth.

Home is the residence not merely of the body, but of the heart: It is a place for the affections to unfold and develop; for children to play in; for husband and wife to toil smilingly together. The object of all should be to make home happy. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside. Home, sweet home.

JACK HARGRAVE'S STORY.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



ISN'T the weather disgusting? Sam and I had planned to go for an afternoon's skating; it is just because to-day is a half-holiday that the thaw has set in, and now I suppose I may as well oil my skates, and put them away for another twelve months."

This was Walter Hargrave's grumble as he stood looking out of the breakfast-room window, with a scowl on his face, as he saw the raindrops falling, and witnessed the gradual disappearance of the snow and ice.

"I wonder why Mary is so late with the coffee; here I've been sitting by the fire for the last ten minutes waiting for breakfast; I shall lose my train."

This was Mr. Hargrave's grumble.

"Oh, dear, dear, servants are a dreadful trial," chimed in Mrs. Hargrave; "I declare, Mary hardly ever boils the milk but she allows it to burn, or to boil over; and as for the bacon, it is sometimes burned almost to a cinder."

There was something wrong this morning with most of the inhabitants of *Llanberis Villa*, everyone seemed to have something to grumble at; even Tom, the sleek-furred cat, seemed to have an extra cause of complaint, for he was wandering about in such a disconsolate manner, getting under everybody's feet, and mewed so loudly that his notes made a melancholy accompaniment to the oft-repeated grumbles of the various members of the Hargrave family.

Mary came in with the coffee, the eggs and bacon, and the toast, and then she sounded the gong, announcing the fact that breakfast was ready.

In a minute or so the sounds of a light footstep were heard on the stairs, a merry voice was heard singing, the door was opened rapidly, and a lad about sixteen years of age bounded into the room.

"*Guten Morgen meine Mutter*," said Jack, as he gave his mother a kiss on both cheeks, and *bon jour* to you all."

"You seem very happy this wretched morning, Jack; whatever makes you so gay?" said Mr. Hargrave.

"You call this a wretched morning, dad? Why, I call it glorious; I've been upstairs for more than an hour looking at a most beautiful sight."

"What sight?" asked Louie; "do tell us."

"I've been looking at a frog."

"You nasty thing; I hope you haven't left it hopping about the study."

"Oh dear, no; don't be afraid, I have put it away carefully in a nice little box, with plenty of holes for it to breathe, and plenty of insects for it to eat. I believe froggy will be happy, and if he could only know what pleasure he will give the Band of Hope children this evening he would be happier still."

Jack's tongue rattled on, and his big eyes brightened, and his face beamed with such pleasure that even sulky Walter began to feel a little more contented, while the mother and father listened, deeply interested in all Jack had to say.

"You call this a wretched morning, now that can't be true," said Jack; "you should only go down the garden, and you would find the primroses and the violets peeping forth, the birds are singing with joy at the warmth, and the frogs are playing all manner of games as they welcome the falling rain."

"You talk like a parson, Jack," said Walter; "I say it is wretched; you see I had planned to go skating this afternoon, and now all my plans are knocked on the head."

"Well, we can't expect to have all we want in this world," replied Jack; "besides, you look at events in a wrong way; you are continually looking at the sad things of life; you should forget them, and only look at those things that are bright."

"As Jack Hargrave always does," said his fond mother, as she looked at him as if she could have hugged him to her breast.

"You'll pardon me," said Jack, "telling you a little fable which I heard the other day. A man was once seen toiling along a country road; he had a sack in front of him and a sack behind him. Into the sack behind him he put all the kind things that people said about him, and all the very bright days that happened in his life; in the sack in front of him he placed all the unkind things that people said about him, and all the sorrows and troubles that were continually happening.

"All these sad things he kept looking at over and over again, and as they increased in number he found his load very heavy, and that it was difficult to get along on his journey.

"One day he met another man, who also had two sacks to carry, but he stepped out boldly, had a smiling face, and sang merrily as he went along.

"'What makes you so happy?' asked the first man; 'I have two sacks to carry like yourself, and I am very wretched.'

"'You see,' was the answer, 'I put all the wicked things of life in the sack behind my back, so that I shall be better able to bear them, and am more likely to forget them; all the good things I put in the sack in front of me; I can there look at them, and as I think of them one by one, I am obliged to feel very happy.'"

"Thank you, Jack," said Mr. Hargrave, "your story teaches us a good lesson. We are all grumbling because we have not got all we want, whereas we ought to be thankful for what we have."

"But, Jack," said Lucy, "you haven't told us yet what was the sight you have been looking at this morning."

"I have been seeing the blood circulate in the frog's blood vessels, and it is a glorious sight, I can tell you. To-night I shall take the frog and the microscope to the Band of Hope, and I shall tell the children about the blood, and I shall warn them that if they want healthy blood, and a good circulation, they must never take any drink containing alcohol."

"Bravo, Jack," said Walter, "you'll be a parson some day. I'm learning shorthand, and I shall come and take down your first sermon."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.



A PHENOMENON.

GILSEY *(as he wades through a stray mortar bed)*: Greash Scott! Who'd thought—hic—it snowed so hard in thish—hic—one spot!

ALCOHOL is a very good thing for cleaning silver—out of one's pockets. Alcoholera is about the worst of present-day diseases.

THE medical profession do not teach that wine, beer, porter, or spirits, produces strength. And I would add that all the claret in the universe would not manufacture one drop of blood.—*Dr. Lombe Atthill, President Royal College Physicians, Ireland, on October 14th*, 1890.

"I am not a teetotaler, have no prejudices on either side of the question, and have done the most laborious work of my life—have, indeed, only been enabled to do it—by totally abstaining from any form of fermented liquor."—*Sir Henry Thompson.*

LITTLE drops of porter, little sips of stout,
Make the breathing shorter, and will aid the gout;
And these slight derangements (trifling though they be)
Prompt on other ailments, or some malady.
Little drops of liquor, little sips of ale;
Pulses beating quicker, faces grim and pale;
Mixtures alcoholic, be they what you please,
Will increase a colic, or a heart disease.
Little drops of Burton, little sips of wine,
Are a sure and certain health-destroying sign.
Little drops of Allsopp, little drops of Bass,
Take away the senses, and make a man an ass.
—*Medical Pioneer.*

IT is easy to rectify whisky; it is not so easy to rectify the evils caused by it. Whisky lowers the man and raises the devil.

ALCOHOL is the same evil spirit everywhere—in the low drinking dens, in the fashionable clubs, and on the Communion table.

A NEW YORK monkey slipped his tether and went on a gorgeous jamboree among the saloons. All the accounts agree that he made a human being of himself.

DR. JOHNSON'S VIEWS.—"Abstinence, if nothing more, is at least a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of permission, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped for by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction." On his death-bed he said, "I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded. . . . I will take anything but inebriating sustenance."

A GOOD TESTIMONY.—"As some present were no doubt aware, he had been for ten years medical superintendent of their large convict prison near Dublin. With regard to the non-injurious effect of the withdrawal of stimulants from persons committed to prison—persons, too, who were, many of them at all events, leading dissolute lives, I never knew an instance where one was injured."—*Dr. Robert M'Donnell, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.*

TAKE THE EDGE OFF.—"Careful observation leaves little doubt that a moderate dose of beer or wine would, in most cases, at *once diminish the maximum weight* which a healthy person could lift. *Mental acuteness, accuracy of perception*, and *delicacy of the senses, are all so far opposed by alcohol*, as that the *maximum* efforts of each are *incompatible* with the ingestion of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid. A single glass will often suffice to *take the edge off* both mind and body, and to reduce their capacity to something below their perfection of work."—*Dr. W. Brinton.*

MIXED METAPHORS.

AN Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that, "if these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

Only a few weeks ago, a lecturer at a big meeting gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand."

One of the regulations of the West Boston Bridge Company reads: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first Tuesday of June, provided the same does not fall on a Sunday."

An orator at one of the university unions bore off the palm of merit when he declared that, "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India, or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell."

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By Alfred Colbeck.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Chertons' Workpeople," etc., etc.)

CHAPTER IV.

A MEMORABLE SABBATH MORNING.



HEN Saph came in, he gave the signal for the men to disperse and prepare for the next charge. Tracy had managed to regain his feet. Saph saw the condition he was in, and fixed upon him a look of such direct disapproval, that he slunk out sheepishly, and vented his ire in the extra energy with which he set to work. The arduousness of the work, the extreme physical wear and tear which it involved, though it only came in short spells, with comparatively long rests between, was almost too much for Tracy. He was an undersized and sparsely-built man, not at all the man for a stoker; but he had the ardent spirit of his race, and the wages were quite a third more than he could command as a labourer; so he stuck to it, with the consequence this evening, as on many previous occasions, of working off his intoxication in an excessive exudation of moisture. The foolish fellow never thought that the drink and the work were a double drain upon his system, and that he was fast galloping down hill to a state of utter physical collapse; nor, indeed, did many of them in the stoking shed at Desford. They knew that oatmeal and water was better to work upon than beer; but they drank their beer, and much stronger alcoholic poisons, between whiles, nevertheless. Saph was no wiser than those who worked under him. He was not a confirmed drunkard, but he indulged, without compunction, in an occasional spree, and thought he was none the worse for it. Even now, although he had given Tracy that meaning look, more because it was against the rules to bring beer upon the premises in quantities sufficient to risk intoxication, than because, like a fool, as Saph thought, he had partaken too freely in the midst of his work, he himself poured out no small part of what remained in the can, and drank with great gusto, and a smack of the lips which showed that he liked it.

"Did they rouse you up, Bobby?" he asked.

"I suppose so," said Bobby. "They were making a big noise."

"What did they say to you?" Saph inquired.

"The little Irishman wanted me to dance," answered Bobby; "but I couldn't, so I sang."

"Oh! I thought I heard some one singing," said Saph; "but I couldn't be quite sure—a clear, bell-like note or two reached me at the other end of the shed. It was you, was it? I am glad. I'm a bit of a singer myself, but my voice is a roaring bass, Bobby, a regular under-grounder, not a trilling treble, a sky-lark's voice, like yours. Someday you shall hear me perhaps,—perhaps," and he looked very tenderly, with a touch of longing, into the lad's face. Bobby's story had affected him more than he now cared to confess, especially that part of it which revealed Bobby's dread of the workhouse. This, even more than the death of the mother, an unknown woman to him, had made him think, and wish, and plan, but, so far, he kept the matter to himself. Someone else must be consulted before he could tell Bobby what had been passing through his mind. But he looked at him very tenderly, with a touch of longing, and said "perhaps" a third time. "I'll sing you 'Down among the dead men.' Do you know that, Bobby? It's a rattling good song."

"No!" the lad answered.

"What did you sing then?" he asked.

"'Killarney,'" said Bobby.

"You couldn't have suited the Irishmen better," said Saph. "Didn't they like it?"

"Too well," answered Bobby, "at least, the little Irishman liked it too well."

"How is that," asked the stoker.

"He wanted me to drink with him," said Bobby.

"Well! and didn't you?" asked Saph, in surprise.

"No!" said Bobby, simply, "I couldn't. I'm a teetotaler."

"Whew!" exclaimed Saph, in a long breath, so blown between his lips that it was half a whistle. "A teetotaler! You're the first of the tribe who has ever shewn himself in this place. It's a mighty queer spot, Bobby, for a teetotaler to come into. But, there! you've a right to be a teetotaler if you want to be, and I suppose you've a good reason for it."

"Very," Bobby answered readily, and with an emphasis which impressed Saph. "But isn't Red Mick a teetotaler?"

"Does he look like one?" and Saph laughed outright.

"Not much," said Bobby, "and yet he drank nothing but water."

"How do you know?" said Saph.

"Because I drank with him," answered Bobby.

"Then you and Red Mick are friends," said Saph. "He doesn't let many people drink with him. Sometimes he looks as drunk as a blind owl, and is just as stupid as a man can be, and sometimes he's like a demon, as if the liquor had kindled a hundred thousand fires in him that burn and burn until he dances about in a perfect mad fury; but you can never be really sure whether he's drunk or not. However, he's a good workman, true to time, and always right with his fires; that's something. But you ought to be asleep, Bobby. A little chap like you shouldn't be singing songs at two o'clock in the morning. Come, I'll wrap you up again, and you can drop off into another snooze."

At half-past five, Bobby was awakened out of a dream, in which he and the two red-headed Irishmen were tramping to Desford in a pouring rain of bitter beer. The beer came down in big, splashing drops, with the froth upon it, and when it struck the ground hissed as if the ground were fire. The little Irishman was capering about in wild intoxication, catching the drops in

 All rights reserved.

his hands, and trying to fling them into Bobby's face, while the big Irishman threw his great coat about him, and warded them off. There was a sound of singing, very sweet, but faint, as if coming from some deep, inward place, which Bobby thought must be the centre of the big Irishman's heart, always the same couplet over and over again,

"Still at Mucross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest."

Suddenly the storm increased in fury. There was a rushing noise like the on-sweep of a great flood, with the rolling of thunder above it, and the little Irishman said, "Now you'll be carried away;" but the words had hardly left his lips when Bobby awoke. Saph was shouting in his ear,—doubtless that was the thunder. He could hear the men washing outside,—perhaps that had suggested to his struggling consciousness the sound of the great flood. He threw the coat from him, and sat up.

"Will you have a wash before you leave, Bobby?" asked Saph.

"Yes," said Bobby. "But need I leave?"

"You must," said Saph. "They would'nt let you stay here all day. Remember,—'Trespassers will be *per*secuted,' *and* 'no admittance except on business.' You cannot stay."

"Are you going?" asked Bobby.

"Yes," said Saph. "My work's done."

Bobby looked at him with eyes which said as plainly as eyes could say, "I wish I could go with you." Saph read their meaning clear enough. He put a shilling into Bob's hand, and said,

"You must shift for yourself to-day. It's Sunday, and to-night will be Christmas eve. Come back here to-night, at eight o'clock say, when the first charge is well over, and you shall have another night's shelter, and perhaps—but we'll leave that, only come. Don't forget."

Bobby thought, "As if I could forget."

The big stoker superintended Bobby's bath, and parted with him at the gates. He felt half inclined to call him back and take him with him, when he watched the bare feet kicking through the snow, but he let him go. His plan was not matured yet; another mind was needed to put the finishing touches to it, and Saph consoled himself with the thought that those bare feet would never again kick through the snow a different way from his own, nor kick through the snow *bare* at all.

The snow, freshly fallen, untrodden as yet, on this quiet Sunday morning when the manufactories and places of business were closed, was very beautiful even in Desford. It clothed the streets with a soft white carpet, silencing the few footsteps that began to make their way through it, and leave behind them impressions so distinct that you could trace where the child's foot had been with its smooth-soled shoe, where the foot of the woman, narrow and tapering, and where, with the dint of nails, the broad, strong foot of the man. Bobby left behind him the marks of his toes, not noticing them at first, but admiring the buildings whose roofs the snow had covered with its pure mantle, along whose projecting edges it had drawn its thin white lines, and by flecking the angles wherever there was room enough for its crystals to rest, turning the most commonplace dwelling into an object of beauty. Soon, however, the snow, so lovely to look upon, compelled attention to Bobby's toes. The prints were very clear, certainly, but he drew very little comfort from the fact; for the snow, that looked so soft, so pure, so innocent, was cruelly cold, and began to torture those poor toes dreadfully. It really seemed to Bobby as if the crystals were viciously biting them. Then they began to burn. Was it cool snow that he was walking through, or red hot fire? It felt like fire. Before he had gone far, he sat down on a doorstep, and began to rub them. This gave him momentary ease, but he was obliged to move on again, because his body grew cold, and he shivered. Where should he go? He thought of his mother, and longed to see her once more. The fear of the workhouse was still upon him, and he dared not return to the lodging-house; but he went to the corner of the street, deserted at this early hour, and in honour of his mother, as he quaintly thought, covered with an unsullied winding sheet. Long and ardently he gazed at the windows, which he could see sideways from his place at the corner, until one of them was uplifted, and he caught a glimpse of the lodging-house keeper, and off he scurried through the snow like a frightened hare. There was nothing to be frightened of. Even as he ran he heard the window pulled down again with a hard, grating sound and a sudden clash; but, so great was his horror of the workhouse, that he did not check himself nor breathe freely until he had put several streets between him and this vulgar, selfish, unfeeling woman.

He wandered about the town until the bells began to ring for the morning services. There was a large Gothic church, built in an angle, where two narrower roads converged to form a wider one. The church fronted the wider one, having a capacious ornamental doorway, surmounted by a high and lovely stained-glass window. To further warm the interior, as well as for the sake of light, the gas jets were burning, giving the window a faint illumination on the outside. This first of all attracted Bobby's attention; then, as he drew nearer, the mellow tones of the organ fell upon his ear. The organist was playing a sweet and quiet voluntary while the congregation slowly gathered within the walls. Very few people were entering, perhaps because the weather was too cold for many to come to church; perhaps because at any time the church was not well attended. As Bobby stood by the gate, half inclined to go in, an elderly gentleman, holding a little girl, younger than Bobby, by the hand, was about to pass by and enter the church, when, for a moment, he hesitated, and gently placed his hand on Bobby's head.

"Will you come to our meeting this afternoon?" said he.

"Where?" asked Bobby.

"In the schoolroom at the back," said the gentleman, "at three o'clock."

"I shall be very pleased to come," answered Bobby.

"Thank you," politely returned the gentleman,

with a smile which made Bobby wonder why he should so graciously acknowledge the simple consent of a bare-footed lad like he was. The gentleman stepped forward, still holding the little girl by the hand, and, in another moment, would have disappeared within the porch. Bobby, however, gathering courage from the gentleman's winsome face, stopped him.

"May I go in?" he asked, and then wished he hadn't. It seemed presumption to ask for admittance to so fine a building as that. But the gentleman re-assured him.

"Certainly," said he. "It is God's house. Come with me," and, holding the gentleman's other hand, Bobby passed in; his ragged clothes and naked feet in striking contrast with the warmly-clad figure of the little girl. Turning to the left within the porch, a large door swung noiselessly back upon its hinges, and admitted them to an inner vestibule, whence a broad stairway ascended to the gallery; folding doors also opened directly from the vestibule into one of the aisles. Through these folding doors they passed, and, fortunately for Bobby, whose attire was so unusual in a fashionable church, that, if they had proceeded far down the aisle, he would have attracted considerable attention, they turned into the first pew on the left, and Bobby settled almost unnoticed in the far corner.

The interior of the building was dim, made dimmer still by the huge projecting gallery, and the heavy ornamental wood work of the high-pitched roof; but it was a very handsome building, with a magnificent organ in the recess behind the pulpit, from which the quiet music was stealing in low rapturous tones, and hushing to reverent feeling the very few worshippers who had assembled. To Bobby the pulpit seemed a long way off. Except for the music there was a wonderful stillness about the place. The aisles and the floors of the pews were covered with thick Brussels carpet, in tint a deep reddish brown, worked into a tiny check pattern; and every pew was warmly cushioned with a rep material of the same colour, but without the check, uniform throughout. As the worshippers dropped in, one after another, no sound was made by the swinging doors, or by the footsteps in aisle or pew. Across the silence now and again came the soft rustling of silk, or the sharp click of a lock as some mahogany box was opened where the hymn books and bibles were stored. All the appointments of the church indicated a select and wealthy congregation, but apparently very small. What on earth possessed them to erect a building like this? And seldom, if ever before, had the church contained so humble and ill-clad a worshipper as little Bobby.



The choir assembled, few, like the worshippers, and very select, picked voices all of them, and well paid; the minister entered the pulpit, a young man of dark complexion, with piercing black eyes, and a cast of countenance thin, pale, and peculiarly refined.

The singing was exquisite, but mainly by the choir; the congregation seemed content to worship through the choir, by critically listening instead of singing themselves. It was worship *by proxy*. They paid the choir to sing for them, and if the parts were perfectly blended, and the voices pure, why need they further trouble about the choral portion of the service? The minister's tones were deep and rich, well modulated and impassioned, without a touch of provincialism, addressing the Almighty for them in the best

Queen's English, and there was nothing in the voice or manner of such a man to shock the most sensitive, though the people were a little fearful sometimes about what he would say, for he was a man, and behind that polished exterior one or two in the congregation knew that there was an earnest spirit burdened with a great concern for the welfare of souls. This was the secret of his eloquence. But they paid for his eloquence. His prayers and his sermons cost them no small sum. To such superfine worshippers it was a satisfaction to be represented before the Divine power by a man with a correct pronunciation, cultured and pious, gifted with fervid speech, subject to rushes of spiritual feeling, notwithstanding the fact that he did put Christian truth before them sometimes in a very plain way. They suffered from occasional moral qualms, and even positive conscience thrills; but, then, all these were duly paid for. It was a very convenient arrangement that so good a man, and yet so talented, could say their prayers for them, and explain their duties to them, and, if they failed to carry out their's, to know that he did his; and they generally sat down to luncheon, after the morning service, with the very comfortable feeling that they were religious in and through him, *by proxy*.

A little diversion was caused in the vicinity of the far corner pew, during the singing of two of the hymns, both well known to Bobby, by the joining in of his clear, high treble. Several people looked round in surprise. The minister strained his eyes in that direction when the beautiful boyish tones reached him. His eyesight was not very good, and he wondered who Mr. Campbell had in the pew with him besides his granddaughter, Evelyn. Mr. Campbell gave Bobby one of his sweetest approving smiles. Evelyn glanced at him timidly, somewhat amazed to hear him pipe forth so loudly, and with so much evident enjoyment, the tunes which the people only murmured, if they sang at all. Bobby was not in the least discomposed by the attention of those around him, but sang on to the end.

When the minister took his text, a very short one, and appropriate to the season of the year, "*The Holy Child Jesus*," Bob settled himself to listen; but the warmth of the church, and the comfort of the cushion, and the convenient angle of the corner against which he leaned, were too much for him. The minister was speaking in quiet, low tones, too, particularly soothing to Bobby as they came floating across the great open space, and he heard them for a minute or two dreamily, and then lost them altogether. He fell sound asleep. When he awoke the tones of the minister were pealing through the church like an alarm bell. Bobby stared at him in open-eyed wonder. His figure was drawn up to its full height, his black eyes were flashing fire, a whole world of passion was quivering in his magnificent voice, he was like a man electrified, and for the time he had electrified his audience. Suddenly the voice subsided, and he pointed straight at Bobby, and began, in subdued and earnest tones, to describe, as if he could see him, though Bobby was invisible to the short-sighted minister, and he was not aware of his presence, a little ragged, homeless, motherless lad, so vividly, with such realistic touches, that Bobby forgot where he was, and jumping to his feet, exclaimed, "He means me." There was a momentary consternation among the congregation. Most of them turned their eyes in the direction of the far corner pew. Bobby quickly recovered himself, and swiftly took in the situation, blushed a deep red, and dropped out of sight, crouching in the bottom of the pew. The minister had noticed the interruption, but had not caught the words. He was near the end of his discourse; he quietly proceeded, and Bobby heard him say in tones so low that to him in the bottom of the pew they were like a thrilling whisper, "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto me.*

The sermon was over, the offerings were taken, the last hymn was sung, the Benediction was given, and the people retired almost as noiselessly as they had come. As Mr. Campbell parted with Bobby in the porch, he said, "Remember—three o'clock."

(To be continued.)

THE INFLUENZA.

A TALK WITH AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

The *Echo* publishes an interview with an eminent physician on the subject of the influenza.

"Supposing," asks the interviewer, "one has the influenza, what would you advise him to do?"

"The moment the symptoms appear go to bed and indulge the desire, which is nearly always felt, for sleep. Promote perspiration and keep the system open. What we doctors call lowering medicines seem to have no effect—in fact, there is no general medicine that can be recommended. Take sufficient light, well-cooked food, and let the mind be kept as easy as possible. Some men, under the idea that they must go to business, manage to keep up right through their illness by power of will, but it is a course that involves very grave risks. The thing that is wanted is rest."

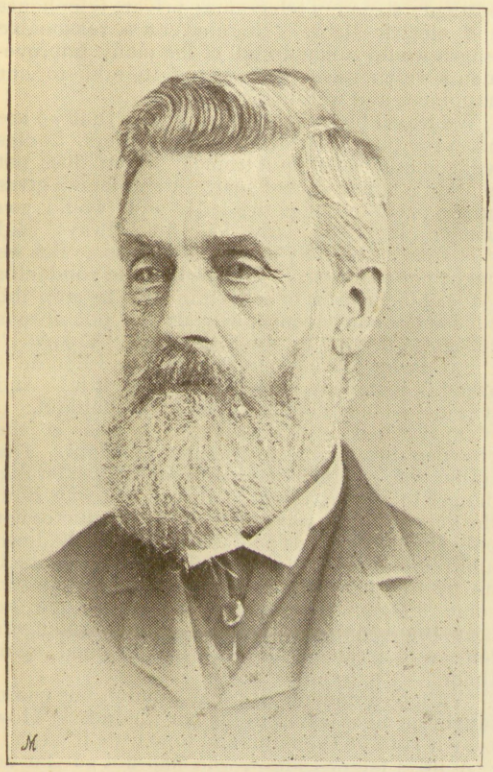
"About the matter of drinks, Sir A——. An acquaintance of mine told me that during the last epidemic he kept up all the time by having a good, strong whisky and soda three times a day. Was that a good way?"

"He could not have done a more foolish thing," the physician sharply replied. "Nothing could be worse than that. I have never seen the disease more aided to a fatal termination than by alcohol. It acts as a soothing and calming influence, but it helps to encourage such developments as congestion of the lungs. I know there is a great temptation to many to indulge in stimulants at such a time, owing to the great depression, but those get on best who abstain altogether."

"Is the influenza contagious, and what causes it?"

"I do not think that it is contagious; it is rather atmospheric. But in such a case as this it is very difficult to differentiate between the two. It seems to be too universal and too sudden to be only passed from person to person."

DR. F. R. LEES.



WE have much pleasure in being able this month to give our readers a portrait and brief autobiographical notice of the veteran Temperance leader, Dr. F. R. Lees, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on Friday, March 15th, at Watford, where he now resides, when he received the hearty good wishes and congratulations from friends in all parts of the world. His father was a Yorkshire farmer who was known as "Orator Lees" on account of the active part he took as a political reformer on the Radical side. It was from his father, doubtless, he inherited those rare gifts as a public speaker and debater which have enabled him to serve our cause with such ability and success.

Dr. Lees joined the Temperance movement in 1832 by signing the moderation pledge, which permitted the use of malt liquors, but in 1835, after hearing Mr. Joseph Livesey deliver his famous malt-liquor lecture, he signed the total abstinence pledge, and made his first speech during the same year. In the following year, 1836, he publicly discussed the question with Dr. Williamson, a leading medical man in Leeds. In 1837 he became joint secretary, with Mr. Joseph Livesey, of the British Temperance Association, and was appointed secretary in the following year. His fame as a lecturer and debater rapidly grew, and extended far beyond his own town of Leeds. In 1848 he visited London to give a series of lectures, and again visited the metropolis for a similar purpose in 1849.

When Dr. Lees attempted to make his first speech in a small schoolroom at the top of St. Peter's Square, Leeds, in 1835, we are told by Mr. W. A. Pallister that he fainted, and had to be led home. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. He has never been very strong physically, and always of a keen nervous temperament. In these early days, before going on the platform he felt almost unable to say a word on account of illness or weakness, but when he warmed to his subject, as he invariably did before he had been many moments on his feet, all trace of illness or weakness disappeared, and he delighted his audience with his eloquence, and logical acumen and skill. To those who have not heard the doctor speak we commend the following description of his style and power by Mr. George Searle, and those who know him as a speaker will readily endorse it:—

"When Dr. Lees speaks he always has something to say, and what he says it always concerns his audience to know. He is a public teacher and instructor, not a rhetorician; yet his discourses are often models of artistic speaking—eloquent, argumentative, convincing. We feel in his presence that the 'master' is talking, not the apprentice—the master who respects himself and honours his guild. He begins to speak calmly, sometimes with a dash of nervous diffidence, as we have thought, but in a few sentences he feels his voice, becomes firm, clear, and solid as a rock of adamant. He has planted himself, and can feel the roots growing under him. Then he fairly opens his subject, lays down his propositions, and commences to demonstrate them, conducting the entire argument with logical exactness, piling proof upon proof, and carrying his audience with him to the Q.E.D. of the matter, with a power (the premises being granted) that is perfectly overwhelming and irresistible. A more logical and exact reasoner does not exist at this moment in England as a platform speaker or lecturer."

As a writer Dr. Lees is equally trenchant and vigorous. Ever since 1840, articles, letters, essays, and books have issued from his pen in a steady, continuous stream. His chief works have been issued in seven volumes, making in themselves a small standard library which all Temperance students should possess. *The Temperance Bible Commentary*, written jointly by him and Dr. Dawson Burns, is a large volume of great value. His first Prize Essay, for which he received £100 from the United Kingdom Alliance, was a masterly work, and has had an enormous circulation. The present issues of his monthly, *The Truthseeker*, still give evidence of his great power, even in his eightieth year.

Dr. Lees has not only visited all the leading towns in the United Kingdom to promote the movement, but he has also visited, in its interests, the United States, France, Belgium, Germany, and other countries. His unselfish devotion to the work has been publicly recognised in many ways. The walls of his home are partly covered with illuminated addresses which have been presented to him at various times. On one occasion he received a gold watch and chain. In 1860 he received a handsome present of one thousand guineas at a great meeting in the Town Hall, Leeds. On that occasion Mr. Lucas bore

the following testimony to the doctor's disinterestedness:—

"There were some of them—he was one—who would remember Dr. Lees as one zealously labouring in the cause four or five and twenty years ago. Dr. Lees had not been doing the work of a hireling in the Temperance movement. They had seen him go many miles to appear before audiences, not like the present, but to speak to a dozen in the humble villages, without any expectation of fee or reward, and getting none. He was as ardent in the cause when he could not be presented with one 'thank you,' as he was to-day, when they presented him with the grand testimonial of a thousand guineas."

Dr. Lees married Miss Mercy Jowett, in 1838, who died in 1870. Nine years afterwards he married a lady who was a friend of his wife, and who died in 1889. Soon after that sad event the doctor moved from his old home, Meanwood Lodge, Leeds, to which he was very warmly attached, and is now residing with his daughter, Mrs. Whatmoor, at Watford.

—*Abstainers' Advocate.*

CHUMMY CHATS.

By J. G. Tolton.

"THANKS!"



AMONG the recollections of the time when I was quite a youngster — a very small boy, is one of a very prim, elderly gentleman, who occasionally came to our house to dine. He was a preacher, and looked it. The circumstance which I remember most vividly is, that when my father pressed him to take another supply of food, the gentleman always replied in a most leisurely manner, "Not any more this time, I thank you!"

We do not seem to have time to say all that now. Perhaps it is one of the results of keen competition in business; or to the racing speed at which we now live, but the lengthy courtesy has somehow got cut down to the simple word—"Thanks!"

It would look as if we had not got to the end of our abbreviation. To go any further in that direction would be a dreadful misfortune.

My purpose in this chat is to try to scotch the wheel in its downward course. Are we sufficiently thankful? Improvements have come upon us in crowds. If a last century man could rise from the dead, I doubt if he would recognise his old world.

Splendid schools for boys and girls; hundreds of thousands of good books for everybody; penny postage; sixpenny telegrams; private telephones and electric light. No chat of a reasonable length would suffice to tell of the many improvements which have come to us to add to our happiness and well-being.

We travel by steam at such a rate, that we are often too busy to remember our manners. Ladies will sometimes get on a tramcar which does not contain a single vacant seat. A gentleman gives up his place to oblige the lady, and (would you believe it?) the lady has not always said "Thanks!" Surely it is forgetfulness. But we ought not to forget. Then, when the conductor leaves his business of collecting fares to stop the car for our convenience, why do we not always recognise this act by the little word, "Thanks!"

"It is his business to stop the car when he is asked," somebody says. "Of course it is." And it is just as much our business to be thankful.

Once when I was riding in a bus in the crowded Strand, a lady wished to alight. The traffic was so great that there was considerable danger in a lady trying to thread her way from the vehicle to the pavement. The conductor not only stopped the bus; he assisted the lady down and piloted her to the sidewalk. The time taken up by this kindness caused him to have to run some distance to overtake his bus. I hope the lady thanked him. The observant passengers felt as if a ray of sunshine had beamed upon them.

Without intending it, that London bus-guard taught us all a lesson in human kindness. How easy it is to be thankful, and how little it costs!

A little fellow I know, who has not got far on the path of oratory, always acknowledges every kindness with "*Fank oo!*" He does not know how to spell it, but he says it very prettily.

Surely we bigger boys and girls who are clever enough to read this Magazine and enjoy the stories, will not be outdone by this little two-year old.

The more frequent use of the word "Thanks!" would make life very much more pleasant and enjoyable. Perhaps, at some of your homes, you are fortunate enough to have an obliging domestic servant. Do you always say "Thank you!" when she does anything for you? I fear this reasonable manner of treating servants is not enough in vogue.

In the summer time, I delight to spend all the time I can by the seaside. One of my chief enjoyments when there is to watch the children play. I like to see them with their buckets and spades constructing their little sandcastles.

I have noticed that some of these little ladies and gentlemen remember everything but their manners. Some, who speak properly to their parents and teachers, never say "Thank you" to the maidservant, however good she is to them. Why do we forget? Let us remember in future.

The good old preacher of whom I spoke at the beginning was a very abstemious man, and could not be induced by any persuasion to partake of anything he did not want. To all such appeals he had but one answer—"I will not take any this time, I thank you." I want us all to follow his example, and when certain things are offered

to us, to use our modern version of the old preacher's expression, and say "No, thank you!"

There's a lady comes
With a glass, you see;
"Why, surely sir,
You'll drink with me,
It's homemade wine,
From the homemade bin;
And it's got no *spirit*,
For I put none in."

To all such invitations be polite, but firmly refuse. Say "No, thank you!" and mean it. That homemade wine business is a very bad one. People have often accepted homemade wine and have regretted it.

Decline all wines—homemade, British or foreign. Remember the words of the wisest man that ever lived—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise." There is more mockery in wine now than ever there was; and the evil results of its use are more fearful than Solomon ever knew them to be.

Many other suggestions will be made to you, sometimes by well-meaning people, but they may turn out badly if accepted. So, to them all, let us have but one answer, "No, thank you!"

To every one who reads this Chummy Chat, I have but one last word to say—"THANKS!"

"I CAN'T!"

A STORY FOR BOYS.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

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

"OH! I can't do this sum," said Frank Helmsley, a boy about eight years old, "it's no use trying, I'm sick of trying," and he threw down his pencil in a don't care sort of way which made his schoolmaster look very grave indeed. "Frank, listen to me," he said, quietly. "'I can't' is a very hard master, and boys and girls who say 'I can't' are serving him, but they don't know it, and when they grow older and want to do things, 'I can't' won't let them, for they have yielded to him so long they are his slaves, and though they long to break the habit and say 'I will,' they just feel they must stick to 'I can't'; now, Frank, don't you be mastered by two little words, remember what I have said."

Frank took up his slate with a very sullen look on his face, but his master saw that he did not really try hard, like Harry Morton, who sat next to him. Harry only looked on his slate and stopped his ears to prevent himself hearing the noise in the schoolroom, for he was a boy who said "*I will*" instead of "I can't," and he was determined no sums should master him. When the clock struck twelve, Harry's sums were done, but Frank had to stay in as only half of his were finished.

"I couldn't do them, they are too hard," he said. Five years passed away, and Frank was sent to college, but "I can't" went with him, and when the prizes were distributed Frank was the last boy in the class, much to his mother's sorrow. "I can't do algebra, mother, it's so hard, I must have easier things to do," was his daily cry, till his poor father and mother began to wonder what would become of a boy who never tried but always said those dreadful words which have led so many boys and girls to the downward path, "I can't." When Frank grew up to be a young man he went into his father's office, but he was of so little use there, on account of knowing nothing about figures that his father said to him one day, "You really must do better or I cannot keep you here. Now if you will try, you shall have a tutor to come and give you lessons at night, then perhaps you will get on a little." "*I can't* do any more than I am doing, I must have a bit of rest," replied Frank. "Rest, you idle scamp, you never do anything but rest, you don't know what work means," said his father angrily. Years went by, and Frank instead of improving grew more idle, and whenever he was asked to do anything, unless it were the simplest thing, he would say, "Oh! ask So and So, I can't."

This dreadful habit followed him all his life, and people used to laugh and point at him as he passed along the streets and say with contempt, "there goes *I can't*. Poor fellow, what a miserable wretch he looks."

One day when the frost was very severe, he went up to watch the skaters, and a gentleman on the bank said to him, 'Don't you skate?"

"No, I can't," he replied.

"Oh! then I suppose you help other people to put on their skates and pull them out of the water if they fall in."

"No, I can't put on skates, and I don't think I could help anyone either."

"Dear me," thought the gentleman, "what a curious young man, perhaps he is not quite right, poor fellow," and he skated away.

Presently there was a noise and a shout of "a man in the water." Poor Frank had fallen in. Ropes were thrown to him and sticks held out and people shouted frantically, "Take hold, man, take hold," but all the response they received was one faint "I can't," and he sank and was drowned.

"I can't has killed him," said one man.

"Poor fellow," said another, "he never tried to do anything all his life, it was always 'I can't,' and he has drowned through it, for he could have grasped that rope."

Yes, and "I can't" kills the best in boys and girls. Many a promising lad, whose mother thought he was going to turn out well, has been ruined by the two little words, "*I can't*." May each one who reads this story of Frank's, say to all difficulties that come in the way, not "*I can't* conquer them," but "*I will* conquer them by God's help."

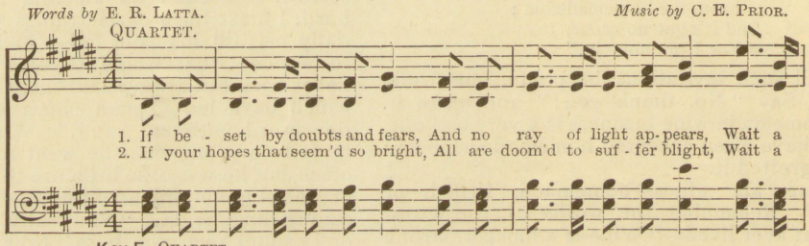
In love, the heart is the pupil of the eye.

WAIT A LITTLE.

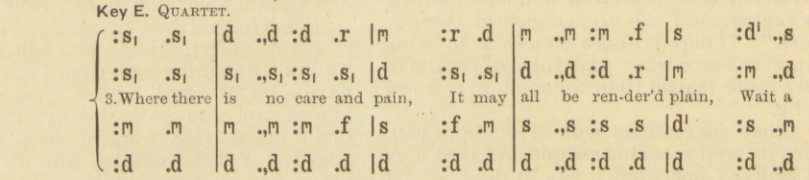
(By permission from the new Service of Song, "Won by a Gipsy," published at the "Onward" Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester.)

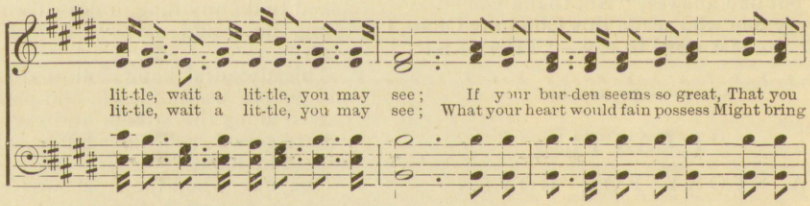
Words by E. R. LATTA. *Music by* C. E. PRIOR.

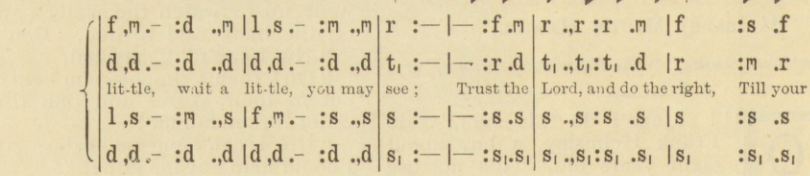
QUARTET.

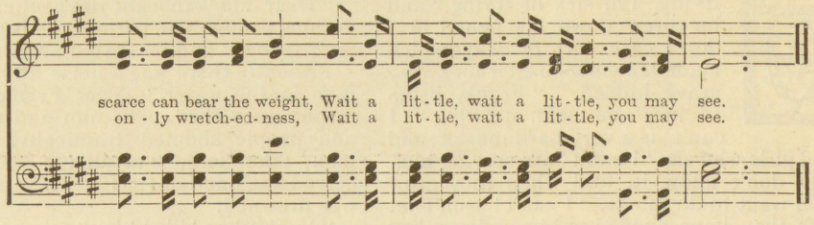


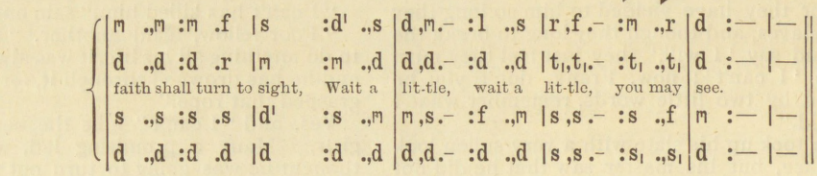
Key E. QUARTET.





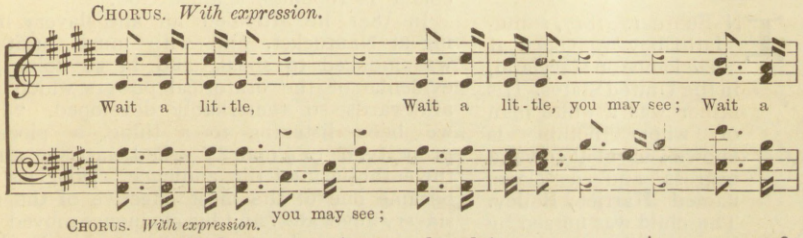






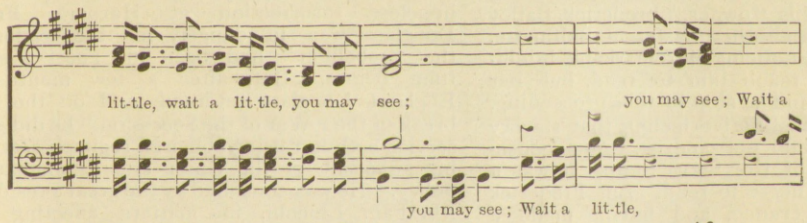
WAIT A LITTLE.

CHORUS. *With expression.*

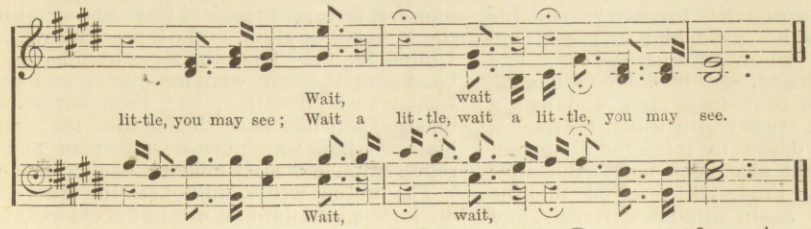


CHORUS. *With expression.*

:l .,l | l,l.- : | :l .,l | s,s.- : | :s .,f
:d .,d | d,d.- : | :d .,d | d,d.- : | :m .,r
Wait a lit-tle, Wait a lit-tle, Wait a
:f .,f | f,f.- : | :f .,f | m,m.- :s .,m |s :d' .,s
you may see;
:f$_1$.,f$_1$ | f$_1$,f$_1$.- :l$_1$.,d |f :f$_1$.,f$_1$ | d,d.- : | :d .,d
you may see;



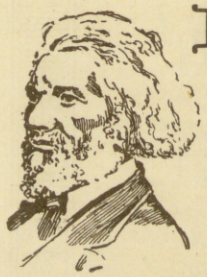
f,m.- :s .,m |r,d.- :t$_1$ .d | r :— |— : :s .,m |f :
r,d.- :d .,d |s$_1$,s$_1$.- :s$_1$ .s$_1$ | t$_1$:— |— : :m .,d |r :
lit-tle, wait a lit-tle, you may see; you may see;
s,s.- :m .,s |f ,m.- :f .m | s :— |— : : | :l .,s
Wait a
d,d.- :d .,d |d ,d.- :r .d | s$_1$:s$_1$.,s$_1$ |s$_1$:d .,m | s,s.- : | :
you may see; Wait a lit-tle,



:r .,f |m :d' ., | :m ., | :t$_1$.,t$_1$ |d :— |—
Wait, wait,
:t$_1$.,r |d :m ., :d .,s$_1$ |l$_1$,r.- :s$_1$.,s$_1$ |s$_1$:— |—
you may see; Wait, wait a lit-tle, you may see.
f,r.- :s .,s |s :s .,s | l,s.- :s .,m |f ,f.- :r .,r |m :— |—
lit-tle, Wait a lit-tle,
:s$_1$.,s$_1$ |d :d ., | :d ., | :s$_1$.,s$_1$ |d :— |—
Wait, wait,

THE SLAVE BOY WHO BECAME AN AMBASSADOR.

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



IN February, 1817, a mulatto boy was born at Tuckahoe, in Maryland, in the United States. His father was a white man of whom nothing is known; his mother was a negress and a slave, named Harriet Bailey. The child was nursed by its grandmother, on another plantation; but, in the night time, the mother would sometimes walk many miles in order to see her child, and then, after warm embraces, would walk back; and thus sacrificing her rest to her maternal affection, would have to perform in the day the arduous and exhausting labours of a "field hand." At the age of ten, by the death of his "owner," Frederick Bailey was transferred to another master at Baltimore. Here his mistress, noticing his remarkable intelligence, began to teach him to read, but her husband quickly put a stop to this proceeding, for there was an instinctive feeling that slavery and education could not co-exist. As a consequence, in most of the Slave States, it was a crime to teach a negro to read. But Frederick had great perseverance, and having made a beginning, he managed to learn not only to read but to write. With some pocket-money, obtained by blacking boots, he bought the "Columbian Orator," a reading book which contained the greatest speeches of English and American statesmen in the Revolutionary period. This helped to nourish the aspirations for freedom that had already entered into the heart of the thirteen-year-old slave lad.

Death again transferred Frederick, and his new "owner" neither gave him sufficient food nor treated him kindly in other ways. The boy was high spirited, and in order to "break him in," he was sent to a man who had a reputation for the cruelty with which he treated any negro who dared to think for a moment that a slave might also be a man. But after a first whipping, Frederick resolved that he would not submit again without a struggle, and the negro-tamer found that the young slave with his massive frame, great strength, and indomitable spirit, was not to be touched with impunity. From this time Frederick was never flogged, though he had several times to fight. After an ineffectual attempt to escape, he was sent again to Baltimore, and there became a ship's caulker, and was allowed to "hire" himself—that is, he paid his owner a fixed sum, and retained the balance of his earnings for himself. But he looked ever with longing eyes to the North Star, which pointed the way to freedom, and, in 1838, he obtained a set of "protection papers" from a sailor, and, disguising himself so as to answer the description given in these documents, he managed to reach New York, and from thence proceeded to New Bedford, Massachusetts. Here he married and settled. He had been a free man only six months, when he was thrilled by hearing Garrison's emphatic words, "Prejudice against colour is rebellion against God."

In 1841 he attended an anti-slavery meeting at Nantucket, and with much hesitation was induced to speak, and in so doing gave evidence of the oratorical powers which were afterwards so remarkably developed. "Have we been listening to a thing, a piece of property, or to a man?" asked Garrison, amidst the enthusiasm of the audience. Douglass now became one of the most effective of the anti-slavery advocates, and his eloquence moved vast crowds both in his own country and in England, which he visited in 1846. Some good women resolved to buy his freedom, so that on his return to America there would be no danger of his being captured and returned to slavery. He now became the best known representative of his race, and both tongue and pen were devoted to the cause of Emancipation.

When, in 1859, John Brown began the hopeless insurrection at Harper's Ferry, Douglass was in danger, for the leader of the "rebellion" had been his guest a short time before. But, after a few months in England, Douglass returned, and on the outbreak of the "War of the Secession," he did good service both in raising coloured regiments, and in his advocacy of the Union and Emancipation policy. He was consulted by the great President, Abraham Lincoln, in matters affecting the interests of his race. General Grant nominated him as one of the San Domingo Commission of Inquiry; and he was a Member of the Upper House of the Territorial Government of the District of Columbia. In 1877, President Hayes appointed him United States Marshal for that district, and President Garfield made him Recorder of Deeds, an office at once lucrative and important. A still higher distinction awaited him, for, in 1889, President Harrison sent him to the Republic of Hayti as the representative of the United States. Thus the slave became an ambassador; the boy who, in infancy and youth, was denied education, had been subjected to illusage, and had been denied even the right to his own life, was now a statesman and the representative of sixty million freemen.

The present writer did not see the Hon. Frederick Douglass until he was in his old age, when the whole of the American negro race looked up to him for guidance and inspiration. The tall, powerful form, the mass of white hair, and the leonine head could not fail to attract attention anywhere; and whilst age had abated something of the giant strength of former days, it had made no diminution in the clearness of intellectual vision, in the devotion to principle, and in the sweep and fervour of his overwhelming eloquence. Such a life as that of Frederick Douglass—one of incessant toil and struggle, of arduous self-education, of earnest and zealous work for the good of others—will be an inspiration for many, and thus his deeds will follow him in an ever-widening influence for the welfare of mankind.

"POOR LIZA."

By Uncle Ben.

IN a Surrey village, near one of the many open commons, where gorse blooms and the geese wander, in an old-fashioned farmhouse there lived a quiet farmer and his wife. They were busy, industrious, thrifty folk, having hard work to make "both ends meet." The struggle against falling prices and farm difficulties made them selfish, but they had an idea of duty, and were really kind of heart.

At one time farmer Martin had employed a labourer named Holt, who worked for him. He had been discharged again and again for drunkenness and idleness, until Holt had sunk down to be one of the village loafers and ne'er-do-well's. In fact, Holt was hardly ever out of the public-house if he had anything to spend in it. His wife had died through over-work and constant neglect, and out of several children only one had lived to grow up to be a young woman, and she now kept the wretched cottage where Holt lived, getting odd jobs, and picking up a subsistence from day to day. "Poor Liza" had a hard life, often having to turn out to help a neighbour, wash, or do any work simply for food and coppers to go in rent. She could scarcely remember ever having any new clothes; other people's left-off things had been her life-long portion.

"Poor Liza," as she was called, was pitied by many but helped by few. Mrs. Martin was sorry for her, but did not think it her duty to encourage the daughter of such a disreputable character as her father. However, it happened that the cow-boy farmer Holt had employed got promoted to be a butcher's assistant in the neighbouring town, and Mrs. Martin suggested that if "Poor Liza" cared for the job her spare time could be usefully devoted to rough kitchen work, where help was much needed. The pay was small, but she would get her food, and could go home to sleep and look after her father. Mr. Martin raised no objection, and Liza gladly accepted this post of service.

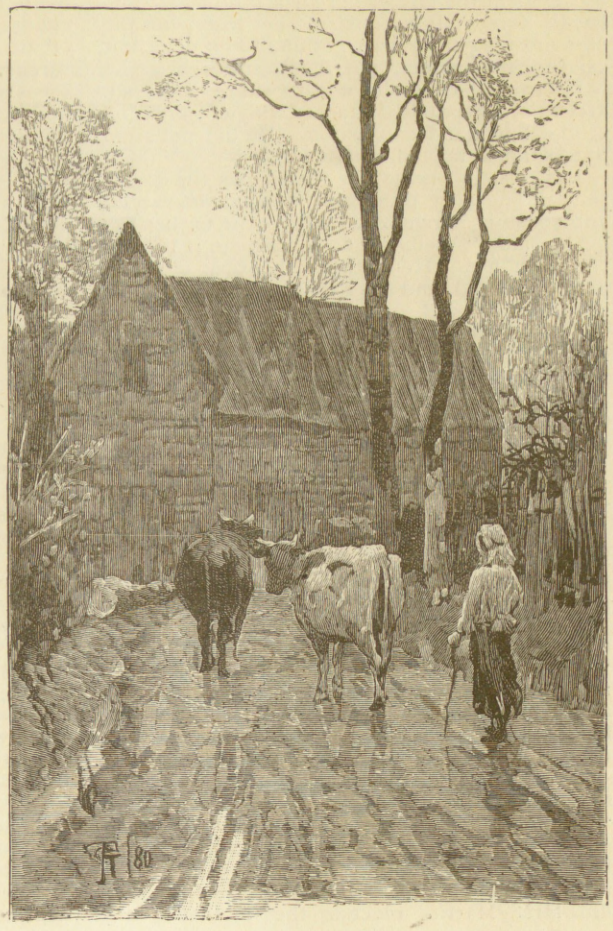
Some time after Liza had been at the farm, working always early, and sometimes late, Holt got summoned before the magistrates for poaching, and received a sentence of three months in the county gaol. Then Mrs. Martin proposed that Liza should come to the farm and live, as she was beginning to be useful in the dairy. Soon after this arrangement was settled, Liza, as it was winter time, or toward "the back end of the year," and the weather raw and wet, caught cold on cold. What with being ill clad, poorly shod, and of naturally a weak constitution, her health began to fail. She did not complain, and kept on with her work, until at last one dreary evening she could hardly drive the cows home from the soaked fields and wet roads. The chilly, drizzling damp seemed to enter into her bones. How she got through her work she could not tell. All things seemed strange and queer. Mrs. Martin noticed something was wrong with the girl, and sent her to bed as she could hardly stand, saying, "What ails you, Liza? You're more stupid than usual."

"I don't know," replied the girl, "only I feel burning hot and shivery, and sort of light in my head."

"Then get yourself some gruel and be off to bed, and don't be late in the morning, girls never made a fuss about a cold when I was young. It's best to work it off. Don't give way to moping and idling."

When the morning came the farmer was angry that Liza hadn't looked after the cows, and all the work was thrown out because the girl was not up. Mrs. Martin reported that she didn't know what to make of Liza, she was rambling in her head and breathing very bad.

The master said, "Here's a pretty kettle of fish, we arn't going to have that vagabond Holt's daughter ill on our hands. you must get shut of



her at once if she's bad, for who's going to pay the doctor's bill I should like to know."

"Oh nonsense," urged Mrs. Martin, "who wants to send for the doctor, I'll clap a stinging mustard plaster on her and give her some sweet nitre, and she shall stay in bed for to-day, and she'll be ready for the cows to-morrow."

"Not she," said the farmer, "if you don't get rid of her at once, you'll be let in for a nice job and may be funeral expenses. Gals of her stock ain't got no constitution, and you can do no good wi' 'em, they go out like your last match on a windy night."

"We can't send her off to-day, who's to take her?"

"It's just like our luck! You mark me! If you don't send her to the workhouse at once, you won't have the chance, and you'll have to help do her work and nurse her into the bargain."

"I should be ashamed to send for an order for the work'us, because the girl's got a bad cold. She's young yet, and, like a child, 'soon down and soon up.' At any rate we'll wait for to-day."

Mrs. Martin tried her remedies, but all to no purpose; poor Liza grew rapidly worse, and it was evident the girl was in for a bad illness. She hardly dared tell her husband her fears, but the next morning there was nothing to be done but send for the doctor.

He said at once she was too ill to be moved, and was very seriously attacked with inflammation of the lungs and congestion. He did not seem to give much hope of recovery.

Mrs. Martin's heart was touched as the doctor said, "The poor thing's life depends on careful and constant nursing. I can do little for her."

She said, "Well, I'll do what I can if it is to rest with me. Her father's in prison, and her mother is dead, and she's no friend in the world so far as I know."

The doctor was a good man, and said to Mrs. Martin, "I do not think the issue lies with us, whichever way it turns; we must do our best and leave the results with God. I always like to feel I am a 'worker together with Him.' And when I come to a specially sad and desolate case I seem to hear a voice say, 'When saw we Thee a stranger, or sick, and ministered unto Thee?'"

Mrs. Martin remembered those words, and, though with no tastes or aptitude for nursing, she tended Liza with constant devotion, by day giving herself up to nurse and look after the poor girl as much as she could, and slept in her room at night. Liza rambled in her mind and wandered in her speech, talking always as if to her mother, telling her things about her father and about her place and work at the farm, and her bodily pains and sufferings. She spoke of her master and mistress, of their hard words and selfish ways, she moaned much in her unconscious state, often saying "I can't go no further," "I'm beat," "I can't get them cows home to-night." Any little thing Mrs. Martin did for her she would say "thank you, mother," "that's nice," and often "let me kiss you." Many times did Mrs. Martin receive the mother's kiss with tears in her eyes, until her whole heart went out to the poor sufferer in true womanly fashion, and the unborn motherhood awoke within her, and she nursed her not so much from the mere sense of duty, but from the noble impulse of her heart. She hardly left the poor girl while hovering between life and death. At length a change came for the better, and with a strange new transforming power that touched both mistress and ward. When Liza began to realise who it was who watched and waited on her, she could hardly believe her senses. The first time she woke to semi-consciousness she kept saying, "Where's mother?" "Has she gone?" "I thought she was here." And when Mrs. Martin answered in kindly whispers, "Never mind now; just try and go to sleep," the weak voice said, "Won't mother come again? I am glad to have had her so much. She always said she would watch over me in heaven, and come to take care of me or fetch me to be along with her."

"Yes, she'll keep her promise; she isn't far away; it's all right, Liza, you go to sleep now."

Then came the balm of quiet rest, and Liza began to mend. As the truth of her illness and the kindness of Mrs. Martin grew upon the girl's mind, her heart overflowed with gratitude. The change in places between the servant and served created a new relation. Other strands in the threads of life were woven. The rough woof was shot with a weft of heavenly gold, and somehow the trust in both the ministered and ministering was wrought into a divine pattern, and they found themselves even when the work was over "together with God."

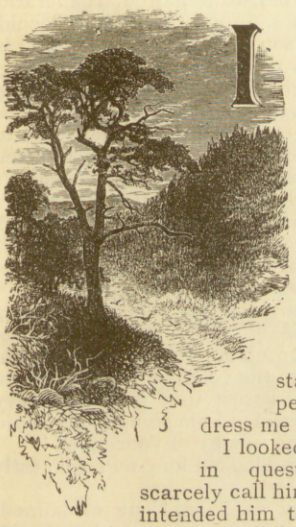
Liza got well, and Mrs. Martin asked the doctor for the bill, and he said he would send it. When it came it was a sheet of paper, "Received with thanks for attendance in a sick room where I learnt much, and the meaning of what 'the King shall say.'"—Matt. 25, 40.

A MONKEY'S POLITENESS.

I WAS amused at an act of politeness I once witnessed on the part of a monkey, that had a peculiar effect on my dog. One day an Italian organ-grinder, accompanied by a trained monkey, wandered into our town, and the man stopped before my house to play. The monkey was an intelligent little fellow, and was attired in a jacket and cap. While his master was grinding out the music, the money hopped down from the organ where he had been sitting, and, jumping the fence, came up into my yard. He was at once spied by a fox-terrier of mine, and the dog made a rush at him. The monkey awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long steady stare at each other, when suddenly the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted his enemy by raising his hat. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house, and he would not leave until satisfied that his polite but mysterious friend had departed.

LUCY'S INFLUENCE.

By Ruth B. Yates.



I PROMISED your editor at the beginning of the year that I would give you some sketches of girls that I have known, and as I was coming up from town in the tram-car I was wondering who to tell you about, as troops of girls passed before my mind's eye, when I was startled to hear a person opposite address me by name.

I looked at the individual in question—man I can scarcely call him, and yet such God intended him to be—what a face! Bloated, blotched, and disfigured by the drink, and, oh, *such* a nose! I seldom remember to have met a worse wreck. Surely this was no acquaintance of mine, but of course I made a courteous reply. Looking at me with bleared and bloodshot eyes, and speaking in a thick, unsteady voice, he said:—

"I see you don't remember me, but I know you."

"I certainly don't remember having met you before," I responded.

"Don't you remember Alfred Devon?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, very well; but——"

It was some time before I could be brought to realise that the moral and physical wreck before me was the bright, handsome, gentlemanly youth that I had known a few years previously.

A picture rose up before my mental vision that I should like to portray to you.

It was a birthday party given in honour of Lucy Devon's fourteenth birthday. Methinks I see her now, looking like a pretty pink and white flower as she flitted here and there amongst her guests. Her brother Alfred, who was about two years older, was strikingly like her, pleasant and genial, a universal favourite, but both had an unmistakable lack of decision of character.

Wine and cake were passed round freely, and Lucy offered a glass to her brother, who said, as he raised his hand for it, "I have half a mind to take lemonade, Sis."

Oh, girls, you who are sisters, think what a mighty influence you possess over your brothers. It is to you they are ready to confide every secret, sure of sympathy and help, and your hand can guide them in the most critical moments, but, alas! Lucy was not a reader of this Magazine, and she did not see Alfred's danger, so she quickly replied in the same low tone, "Nonsense, Alfred, I would rather see you take a glass of wine like a *gentleman*; and on my birthday, too, you surely won't refuse."

Alfred needed no pressing, and as he tasted the stimulant for which he was craving, his half-formed resolution was speedily dissipated, and he refused none, until at the close of the evening he was not in a fit state to know what he was doing, and behaved as *unlike* a gentleman as it was possible.

Lucy was much annoyed that Alfred should thus disgrace himself and her, so next morning she expostulated with him upon the extreme impropriety of taking *too much*. "You are right, Sis, I feel awfully ashamed of myself, and it is not the first time it has happened lately. I believe I will take Harwood's advice and sign the pledge after all."

"You must do nothing of the kind, Alfred. Why can't you take a glass like other people, and stop when you've had enough, without making yourself look stupid and singular, for all our friends take it."

"Neither Harwood nor his sister took any last night, and they enjoyed themselves none the less, and he won't have a splitting headache like I have this morning."

"Ada Harwood can make herself look ridiculous if she likes, though *she* never did it before, but I shan't, nor you either. Come, now, drink this tea, there's a darling, and then you'll feel better. Promise me you'll never take too much any more, but be a gentleman."

Alfred willingly promised, and giving his sister a good-bye kiss, hurried off to business quite intending to keep his promise, but *he had not the power*. Alfred and Lucy were the orphan children of a wine merchant, who had left them well provided for, and wherever Alfred went, amongst their large circle of acquaintances the social glass was pressed upon him, and though at times he made a feeble protest, yet it always ended in his taking "just one glass," until night after night found him in a state of intoxication. Lucy blamed and protested, but opposed him giving it up altogether, even going so far as to say that she would as soon see him a drunkard as one of those bigoted, narrow-minded teetotalers. Down, down he sank, lower and lower, until he gave himself up to nothing but drink, in which his allowance is spent as fast as it comes, and he will even beg from acquaintances to gratify his thirst.

Had Lucy used her influence over her brother to better purpose what a different individual it might have been that I met in the tram.

I am afraid I have already trespassed upon your editor's space, so next month I will tell you why Ada Harwood for the first time in her life refused wine at her friend's birthday party.

A scientific paper declares that the tip of the nose is the home of the soul. We always believed that it indicated where the departed spirits had gone.

Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all.

TALES FROM FAIRYLAND.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.



TRUE-EYES was the name of a sharp little fellow, who was sitting in the cradle of a pink shell, examining the delicate leaves of a tiny flower.

They called him True-eyes because he saw everything just as it was, and so was never deceived. While other people looked at the surface of men and things, he looked beneath, and his clear, penetrating eyes saw beauty or ugliness, unseen by others.

"Come hither, True-eyes!" the Fairy Queen cried, "Let us hear your story! The world must have unfolded before your keen sight some very strange things. Be seated, my dear little subject, and tell us some tale; we will listen with great interest."

Then True-eyes, looking steadily at the crowd of happy fair faces before him, began his story:

"The Most Beautiful Girl in the World."

"Some years ago, I took it into my head to pay a visit to the world of real people, you know, men and women. So calling unto me a white-winged bird, I got astride its back, and flew away.

"I should have ascertained what kind of weather they were having in that far-off country, but neglected to do so. It was very foolish of me to so forget, and I suffered for it, I can assure you, for when I got to the world it was deep, dark, cold winter, and there wasn't a tree fit to live in, or a flower on which I could lay my head. While flying about looking for a warm, comfortable place which I might make my home for a time, I noticed a beautiful rare plant in the window of a fine, old house. 'Oh,' thought I, 'this is just the thing,' so the first time the door was opened I slipped into the house, and, being very small, no one noticed me. I made my way into the room in which the plant grew, and found it a splendid and most luxuriously furnished apartment. The air, warmed by artificial means, the great rare plants, and sweet, exquisite flowers, made one forget the cold, bleak world outside; indeed, when I settled down in the broad sheltering leaves of the tree that had first attracted my attention, I could almost fancy myself back in my own world of sunshine and flowers.

"I had not been in my new home many minutes, when the door opened, and two men entered. I knew them afterwards as the Duke of H——, the owner of the fine house, and Edgar, his son and heir.

"The Duke was an old, white-haired, aristocratic-looking man, with a proud mouth and cold, weary eyes. His son was quite different in appearance. He was warm and bright looking, and beautiful enough, if he had not been so big, to belong to our kingdom."

Here a little laugh arose from the fairies, and the Queen, with a bright blush, which just looked like the deepening red on the tips of a daisy's petals, called True-Eyes "a conceited little elf," but the story-teller only threw his pretty head back and went on with his narrative.

"The two men sat down by the glowing fire, and the Duke addressed his son thus:—

"'It is time, my boy, that you thought of taking unto yourself a wife. With the purpose of bringing under your notice the most beautiful and wealthy ladies in the country, I am about to give a grand party. I trust that from the bevy of fair women, with which I am going to surround you, you will find one worthy of your love!'

"Edgar sighed, and looked long and earnestly into the fire.

"'I am so happy as I am!' he exclaimed, pushing back with his strong, white hand, the fair hair that fell upon his brow.

"'That may be!' replied his father, 'but you cannot remain a boy for ever. You have reached man's estate, and it is high time you thought of taking upon your shoulders a man's responsibilities. I am going now to issue the invitations,' he concluded, rising to his feet, and moving towards the door. 'Consider well what I have said to you.'

"After he had left the room Edgar clasped his hands behind his head, and pulled his brows together in a severe frown. It was easy to see that the idea of marriage did not please him. From my comfortable bed among the soft, sweet leaves, I could see his face, and hear his voice quite plainly.

"'So the house is going to be infested with a lot of over-dressed women?' he said, tilting his chair back in such a fashion that I thought he'd sure to go over.

"'And I'll have to choose a wife from the throng, and I don't suppose there'll be one I'll care a jot for. Heigho! I wish I could remain a boy for ever!'

"I felt so sorry for him, at the time, that had I had the elixer of life with me I would have granted his wish.

"'I don't love any woman,' he went on, 'and I cannot marry without love. Besides, I want a good wife, and how can I judge of a woman's character in one night?'

"'I'll help you!' I cried impulsively.

"'Whatever was that?' he exclaimed, starting to his feet. 'I'm sure some one spoke!'

"'Yes,' I replied, pulling myself up to the top of the plant, 'I did.'

"For a minute or two, he looked at me with the greatest astonishment, then he put his hands to his sides, and laughed so heartily, that he fairly shook the place.

"'Well, you are a funny little fellow!' he exclaimed. 'Where did you come from, and who are you?'

"'I come from fairyland,' I replied with some dignity, 'and my name is True-eyes!'

"'Oh, indeed! and what do you want here, True-eyes?"

"'Well, really!' I made answer, 'I came in here out of the cold, I didn't mean to make my presence known, but seeing you in a fix, I made up my mind to come to your aid, if you'll allow me.'

"The look of amusement continued in his eyes, and I thought him very rude, but of course made allowances for him, as his training in early life may have been neglected. You see he had never been to fairyland, to learn true politeness."

Again the little fairies laughed at True-eyes' conceit, but he heeded them not.

"'And how will you help me, my little fellow?' he asked.

"'Why,' I replied, 'I will assist you in the choice of a wife.'

"'How?'

"'Well, you see, the reason they call me True-eyes in Fairyland is this: I can see into the heart of everything, from a human being to the tiniest flower; so, if you'll just take me in your pocket to this grand party, which your father is going to give, I will show you the most beautiful woman in the room—that is, the woman with the most beautiful heart.'

"'Capital!' he cried; 'you're the finest little fellow in the world. And now is there anything I can do for you?'

"'Nothing!' I made answer. 'You have to let me remain during my visit to the world here in this plant, and to keep my presence a secret.'

"He willingly promised to do this, and the days sped on, until the night of the grand party arrived. There surely never was such a gathering of grace, wit and beauty before, and such dresses."

"Oh, do tell us about them!" cried quite a chorus of fairy-girl voices, for even the women of Fairyland take an interest in dress and fashion.

"It would be impossible," True-eyes replied. "They were so many and so varied. They were all very beautiful,—that is for earth dresses,—and some of the women that wore them were truly handsome in face and figure, but very vain and silly at heart.

"'When you see a lady with a beautiful heart, dig me in the ribs!' Edgar whispered.

"I was lying in a small pocket in his coat, where no one could see me, although I could see all people. One by one the ladies passed, but as yet Edgar got no dig in the ribs.

"During one of the dances the belle of the whole assembly caught her pretty little satin-clad foot in the flimsy train of her dress. There was such a ripping and tearing of costly lace.

"'Never mind!' whispered Edgar, who was beside her at the time, 'I'll get one of the servants to mend it for you.'

"'Thank you!' she replied, 'but I have brought my own maid with me. She is in one of the ante-rooms. I'll go to her.'

"Of course Edgar accompanied her, and away we went in search of the maid. We found her sitting alone in one of the small rooms, a little dark-robed figure with a pale, tired-looking face, and sad, dark eyes.

"'I really believe that you're sleeping, you lazy good-for-nothing!' the beauty cried, angrily; 'I didn't bring you here to sleep, I'm sure! Get your needle instantly and mend my dress.'

"The small, dark figure arose obediently, and in a few moments was kneeling at the beauty's feet, drawing together with deft fingers the torn lace.

"What a poke I gave Edgar's ribs! He nearly jumped out of his skin. I was really excited. I couldn't keep still, for never in the whole world of men and women have I seen such a beautiful heart as that, shining like a great pure pearl, beneath the black robe of the little sempstress. So full of love, and charity, and holy purity, it shone just like a shimmering star. It seemed to illumine the whole place. I wanted to know what Edgar thought of her, so I gave him another shove. He seemed to understand, for he put his hand into his pocket, and stroked me gently on the head, as though to let me know that it was all right."

True-eyes paused, and the little spirits, now deeply interested, cried,

"Go on! Go on!"

"Well, I can't go any further, replied True-eyes, I grew home sick that night, and returned to fairyland."

"Oh, True-eyes! and you don't know whether they married or not?" exclaimed the little Queen, in *such* a disappointed tone.

"Your Majesty will be pleased to learn that I sent Fleet-foot to make enquiries about this interesting couple. He will no doubt tell you the remainder of their story."

So Fleet-foot was summoned to her Majesty's side, but what he told we will keep for the next number.

SATAN'S WANTS.

JOHNSON the drunkard is dying to-day,
With traces of sin on his face;
He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play,
Wanted—A boy for his place.

SIMMONS the gambler was killed in a fight,
He died without pardon or grace;
Some one must train for his burden and blight,
Wanted—A boy for his place.

The scoffer, the convict, the idler, the thief,
Are lost; and without any noise,
Make it known that there come to my instant relief
Some thousand or more of the boys.

Boys from the fireside, boys from the farm,
Boys from the home and the school,
Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no harm
Where "drink and be merry" 's the rule.

Wanted—For every lost servant of mine,
Some one to live without grace,
Some one to die without pardon divine,
Will you be the boy for the place?

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A BOY is known by the company he refuses to keep.

ONE ON GOD'S SIDE IS A MAJORITY.

SOME one said to a reformer: "The whole world is against you." He calmly replied, "Then I am against the whole world!"

VIOLENT EXERCISE.

WILSON: You're not so stout as you used to be, old man.

WHEELER: No. Since I started to ride a bicycle I've fallen off a good deal.

DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, in a paper recently read at a church congress in England, says: "If people were all educated up to a proper technical standard as to the action of alcohol . . . . . this thing, alcohol, would by universal consent be universally discarded."

AT a Temperance meeting in a little town in S. A. an interrupter called out to the speaker, "What'll you give us to drink if you take away our beer?"

"Milk," replied the lecturer.

"Bah," contemptuously ejaculated the man, "who wants milk?"

"You do," quickly retorted the lecturer, "for it was the first thing you cried for in your life." There were no further interruptions from that man.



DIDN'T SEE IT.

PAT: Are ye good at arithmeteg, Mike?

MIKE: Oi am.

PAT: Well, if ye had a suv'rin, an' oi axed you fer ten shillings, how much would ye have left?

MIKE (*decidedly*): A suv'rin.

PAT: Ah, yez don't seem to see my ideea?

MIKE: No; an' ye won't see my ten shillin'.

A YOUNG Irishman, who had just announced his engagement, was asked, "And when did you propose?" "Faith," said he, "by starlight, and I got her answer in a twinkling."

CERTAIN CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

THE following remedy has never been known to fail: 1 oz. Determination, mixed with Divine strength, equal parts Faith, Hope and Prayer; 1 sprig Balm of Total Abstinence. Taken hourly, will cure the most chronic cases.

ANXIOUS TO AVOID BLOODSHED.

HE: There'll be a great time to-morrow at the Rugby football match.

SHE: Oh, dear! Don't you think, George, that they could be persuaded to settle it by arbitration?

"MR. FEATHERLY," said Bobby, ignoring his mother's signal to keep still, "did you ever hear pa whistle?" "No, Bobby," laughed Mr. Featherly, "I never have had that pleasure." "Well, you will," went on Bobby; "He told ma that he lent you five dollars last night, and that he expected to whistle for it."

IF little fools will drink too much,
And great ones not at all,
The man who drinks a little wine,
A medium fool we call.
If wine were grape-juice—well and good,
But wise men know it's not;
So wise men swallow water,
While mediums drink their—what?

—*Canon Liddle.*

"CHARLIE'S CHAPEL."

A NEW chapel was much needed, but at a meeting it was decided that funds could not be provided. The next morning a little boy arrived at the minister's house, his toy wheelbarrow laden with two bricks to begin the building. His earnestness stimulated all, and the result was a house of God, long known as "Charlie's Chapel."—*Sunday School Times.*

A HEAVY-HEADED Scottish carrier, falling asleep one night in the straw at the bottom of his cart, slumbered till the well-trained horse stopped at his own door, when his wife, seeing nothing of her husband, unhitched and led away the horse, leaving the cart in the road. Sandy awoke a few minutes later, and, sitting up, began to soliloquise: "Noo, is this me, or is it no' me? If it's me, I hae lost a horse; and, if it's no' me, I hae found a cairt!"

SEARCH FOR CHRIST.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL in his "Search for Christ," after searching various places and not finding Him, some of the churches even being "sepulchres of their risen Lord," came across the trodden prints of bare feet, and he says:

"I followed where they led,
And, in a hovel rude,
With nought to fence the weather from his head,
The King I sought for, meekly stood.
. . . . .
I knelt and wept: my Christ no more I seek.
His throne is with the outcast and the weak."

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By ALFRED COLBECK.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Chertons' Workpeople," etc., etc.)

CHAPTER V.

THE MEETING.

DURING the service the sky had cleared, and the sun was shining resplendently. The outside, mid-day, snow-covered world was in striking contrast to the dim, Gothic church interior. Bobby blinked his eyes when he came out into the dazzling whiteness, and rejoiced to feel the warmth of the sun. In the shade it was cold enough and keenly freezing, covering the surface of the snow with a thin crust that wheezed beneath the footfalls of the passers-by; but Bobby kept in the sun, notwithstanding the fact that there the snow was softer, and more uncomfortable to his bare feet. He began to feel the pinch of hunger. He had been six hours without food, quite long enough for a healthy growing boy, and his fingers, thrust into the bottom of his pocket for warmth, turned round and round the shilling which Saph had given him, when he told him that he must look after himself for the day. Bobby knew that he could spend it, Sunday though it was, for there was more than one eating-house open in the lower part of the town, but he was somewhat exercised in conscience as to whether he ought to spend it even to satisfy his hunger. Thought Bobby, "People must eat on a Sunday, and when they have no home to go to, and no one to set a dinner before them, it cannot be wrong, surely, to pay for a dinner at an eating house, and have it there." Still his conscience troubled him just a little. He wanted an older head to advise him. For all that, he bent his steps in the direction of an eating-house which he had noticed earlier in the day, and soon he was gazing through the window at the various tempting viands displayed to attract the appetite of those who could not, or were unwilling to, cook for themselves.

As he turned to enter the shop, he saw a man coming down the street in a round felt hat, and a double-breasted frock coat of black broad-cloth, a little shiny at the edges, and well worn, not an unusual sight on a Sunday, and there was something about the man which attracted his attention. It was not the dress altogether, but the dress with the face, that struck him, and made him hesitate to enter; for the face was very ruddy, ruddier because it was clean, with fiery hair, and blue-gray eyes, the unmistakable face of Red Mick. To see him so attired was quite a surprise to Bobby; and the contrast between the man before him and the man of the cabin, in his rough working suit, drinking water from his supper can, and simulating drunkenness, was so irresistibly comical that he was obliged to laugh.

"Och, now, and what for would ye be laughing at?" said Red Mick, as he drew nearer, and recognised him.

"At you," answered Bobby. "Do you always turn out like that on Sundays?"

"How should I turn out when I go to mass, ye Graysheen?" said Red Mick. "Would ye have me go half naked like I am in the smoke and blazes, when the retorts are open, down yonder in the stoking shed? Sure, an' the priest



 All rights reserved.

wouldn't know me, let alone the blessed Virgin."

"I didn't know you'd been to mass," said Bobby, seriously.

"Arrah, my boy, I'm no haythen, like many of them," answered Red Mick. "But, come now, what for are ye here, looking at the beef and praties as if ye'd had nothing for the day?"

"I was going in for some," said Bobby.

"Without a penny in your pocket?" asked Red Mick.

"No! I've got a shilling here," and he showed the coin to the Irishman.

"Save your shilling, Bobby, and come along with me," said Red Mick. "I know where you can get a cheaper dinner, and better, warmer, more nourishing on a cold day like this. Whew! but it is cold. It's freezing like furies, and, to keep the frost out, my boy, there's nothing like an Irish stew."

Bobby accompanied the hospitable Irishman to his home. It was a lowly place, in a group of old tumble-down cottages, where a colony of Irish people had congregated, and where they had occasionally very lively times. Birthdays, and weddings, and funerals, and the days dedicated to favourite saints were all celebrated by liberal potations, always followed by a row of some sort, and not unfrequently by a fight; and if an opportune occasion for drinking did not turn up, if no unusual event happened, and the saint days were few and far between, they made an occasion somehow, and drank all the same. The neighbourhood was quiet when Bobby entered it. He was welcomed by Mick's wife, a little, stout, merry-faced Irishwoman, not quite so florid as Mick, easy mannered, slovenly dressed, and caring as little for the tidiness of her household as for the adornment of her person. There were three children present, two girls and a boy, the girls older than Bobby, the boy younger, all three smaller counterparts of their father, the girls' faces thickly covered with freckles. The children were shy at first, but, under the influence of the Irish stew, served directly from a big crock in which it stood simmering on the fire, they became friendly and free, and Bobby quite enjoyed their company. The stew was "rale good," they said, a sentiment in which Bobby was able entirely to concur by its perfect suitability to his own palate, although, if he had never tasted it, he might have known they were right by the noise they made as they sucked it hot between their lips from the large leaden spoons with which they had been provided. There was plenty of it, and Bobby made a substantial meal.

"Now Bobby, my boy, I would like the wife and kiddies to hear ye sing 'Killarney,'" said Red Mick, when they had finished.

To their intense delight, Bob sang for them. With the children it was the delight of amazement. They clustered together in one corner of the room, and regarded him with a wonder like that they might have bestowed on a visitant from another world. They were much more familiar with the harsher, rasping tones of the human voice, and had no idea there was so much music in it. With the wife it was the delight of deep emotion. Her little funny face was screwed up into the most grotesquely pathetic expression imaginable. Her eyes filled with tears, which she furtively wiped away, first with one sleeve and then with another, and yet all the while her face was one rippling smile. Thrilled with the song, as he knew he would be, Red Mick carefully watched its effect upon the others.

"There!" said he, drawing a long breath, when the last clear notes had died away, "What do ye think o' that, Biddy?"

"Ah!" said Biddy, brushing her wet eyelashes, and assuming a seriously gratified look, "it's like the singing of a saint in paradise."

"Faith, Biddy, and ye're right," responded Red Mick. "If paradise is half as pretty as Killarney, and the saints sing anything like that, it's your husband, mavourneen, that now wishes himself there."

The conversation was speedily monopolised by the children. Their amazement vanished with the conclusion of the song, and they gathered about Bobby, as if he had now come down from the sublime heights, and was a child again like themselves. They talked to him freely, with a touch of the brogue, like their father and mother, and made him feel quite at home. He was sorry to leave them, but, as three o'clock drew nigh, leave them he must, because he had promised Mr. Campbell that he would be at the meeting.

Five minutes before the time Bobby presented himself at the schoolroom door. A number of children were going in, some older and some younger than himself, most of them raggedly clad, their pinched faces and spare frames proclaiming only too plainly the tale of hunger and neglect. Compared with some of them Bobby was in very decent attire, excepting his bare feet, and in this respect he was no worse off than many. His rounded cheeks, sturdy legs, and well nourished body marked him off from nearly all the rest. The glance of a practised eye like that of the minister or Mr. Campbell was sufficient to discover that he did not belong to the kingdom of the tatterdemalion, whatever the reason was, which, for the time, had placed him among its subjects. Some reason they knew there must be, and intended if possible to discover it, and, if they could at all, prevent him settling down among, and adding to the number of, those poor waifs and strays who were so largely and so sadly left to their own resources. Mr. Campbell had explained the interruption of the morning to the minister, and this had deepened their interest in Bobby. To call forth a response so spontaneous and unusual was convincing proof to them that the minister's description exactly suited Bobby's case. Mr. Campbell was on the look-out for him, and, as soon as he appeared, accosted him, and led him to the front seat, where the short-sighted minister would have an opportunity of seeing him as he spoke to the children from the platform.

The schoolroom, capable of holding from three to four hundred children, was about half full when Bobby entered it, and very few came in after him. It was a lofty, airy, well lighted, cheerful looking room, much more homely to Bobby's thinking than the Church, though the seats were cushionless, the floor uncarpeted, and

there was no organ. The last named, however, was not missed, because an upright grand piano stood upon the platform, in addition to a table and a few chairs, while, at the back, the thin framework of a magic lantern sheet was erected, but the sheet was not yet stretched across it. At the other end of the room was the magic lantern itself, with the two steel cylinders attached, and apparently everything except the light ready for an exhibition. The lantern, and its appliances, were the central objects of curiosity until the meeting commenced, but, as soon as Mr. Campbell, who occupied the chair, stood up to announce the first hymn, every eye was turned toward him, and every ear expectantly awaited the number and the words.

There were very few upon the platform; only the minister, too young ladies, and Evelyn, who sat beside her grandfather as if to support him in his presidential position. She gave Bobby a smile of recognition as her eye fell upon him, and he returned it with interest. Why were there not more from a congregation with so much money and leisure to sustain Mr. Campbell and the minister in this good work? Had the sermon of the morning, with Bobby's sudden illustrative interruption, produced no effect? Sad indeed must the confession be, that most of these people were pleasantly, and yet selfishly, engrossed in their own personal and family affairs, and never gave a thought to the suffering world of children outside, each one of them a brother or a sister to "the holy child Jesus." The children did not miss them. They did not know them. But they knew Mr. Campbell, and greeted his tall slender figure, his thin clean shaven face, his silvery locks brushed back from his smooth pale brow, his large grey eyes beaming with kindly light, with a smile such as children only give to a favourite. And they knew the minister, as was very evident by their welcome acclamation when he stood up later in the meeting to deliver his address. The young ladies' faces were not so familiar to them, but Evelyn they had seen many a time at previous gatherings, and loved her sylph-like form, and sweet childish grace.

"What day will it be to-morrow?" asked the chairman, before announcing the hymn.

"Christmas Day," shouted a hundred voices.

"And whose birthday is that?"

"Jesus Christ's," came the answer.

"What are we going to have when this meeting is over?"

"Coffee and buns," was the reply, in a big volume of sound; and one tiny girl, with a feeble piping voice, repeated, when all the others had finished, "Coffee and buns." At this, there was a general laugh.

"And what are we going to have this evening?"

"A magic-lantern entertainment," came in chorus; and again the tiny girl piped out the refrain, "A magic-lantern entertainment," at which there was a louder laugh than before.

"Now I want you all to be on your very best behaviour during this meeting," said the chairman, "in anticipation of the good things that are to follow. We will sing hymn 45," and immediately there was a rustle of leaves through the place like the sound of an autumn wind blowing through the trees. When this had subsided, he announced,

"Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long,
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song."

The children sang as if they believed the message, and were ready to obey the command, with all their hearts they sang, and with all the power of which their lungs were capable. Prayer followed, then a racy address from the chairman, after which one of the young ladies gave them, "The Star of Bethlehem," while the other accompanied her upon the pianoforte. Then came the minister's address—the Rev. Edgar Parke, M.A., was the name and title given him by the chairman—and for twenty minutes he delighted the children with two stories told in bright and simple language, bringing very near to them the tender sympathy and the warm enclosing love of the Saviour who came into the world a little child, and now knew the wants and woes of every one, even the most forlorn of those then listening to him. Many a time he glanced at Bobby, whose little heart was uplifted by his gracious words, and who felt that he was not really alone in the world with such a Saviour to care for and love him. Again the young lady favoured them with a song, this time a carol, in the chorus of which the children were allowed to join. Bobby's voice rang high above the rest, so high that those immediately around him refrained from singing that they might listen to him, while the attention of all on the platform was directed towards him, the young lady at the piano turning as she played, and Evelyn bestowing upon him one of her sweetest smiles. The meeting was a very happy one throughout, and Bobby was sorry when it was over.

"You'll stay for the buns and coffee?" said Mr. Campbell, approaching Bobby as soon as he came down from the platform.

"Yes! if I may," answered Bobby.

"Of course you may; and, if you like, you can stay to the entertainment this evening," said Mr. Campbell.

"Thank you," said Bobby.

"We should like to know something more about you, and help you, if we can; shouldn't we, Mr. Parke?" and he appealed to that gentleman, who had just drawn near to them.

"Yes!" said Mr. Parke, placing his hand on Bobby's head. "We may have an opportunity for a few minutes' conversation this evening. I shall be in after service."

The schoolroom was turned into a refectory. The aroma of the hot coffee, as it was brought into the room, was most appetizing, and the taste of it delicious. Bob heard half-a-dozen boys declare that the buns were "prime," and he quite agreed with them. Those who wished to remain in the schoolroom for shelter until the evening entertainment began were allowed to do so, and were furnished with children's periodicals and picture story books to while away the time. Bobby had nowhere else to go, and the schoolroom was warm, so he resolved to stay. The

magic lantern views, in the evening, were mostly illustrative of Scriptural events, prominence being given to the birth of Christ. A young man, who had not been at the afternoon meeting, acted as exhibitor, and gave a pleasing running comment, interspersed with stories, as the views were shown. So much interested was Bobby that he almost forgot the time. Happening to look round at the clock, he saw the large hand turning the half-hour after seven, and, without thinking of Mr. Parke's suggested few minutes' conversation, he quietly slipped out, and hurried away to keep his appointment at the Gas Works with Saph, the stoker.

(To be continued.)

MOUNTAINEERING.

By John Lea.

WHEN you've got a hill to scale,
Do not start too fast;
Or quickly breath and vigour fail
Before a mile is past.
Steady plodding, step by step;
Pause a moment now.
Give your staff a firmer grip—
Soon you'll gain the brow.

Struggling vainly up the slope
Makes the foot less sure,
And fatigue will vanquish Hope—
This you can't endure.
Softest winds you'll think a gale,
When the limbs are weak.
Hills that take an hour to scale,
Then will take a week.

When you've got a task to learn,
Don't impatient grow
Because at first you can't discern
All you want to know.
Step by step, without a stop,
Patience for a guide,
Fix your eyes on the mountain top
While you climb the side.

THE MINUTES.

WE are but minutes—little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

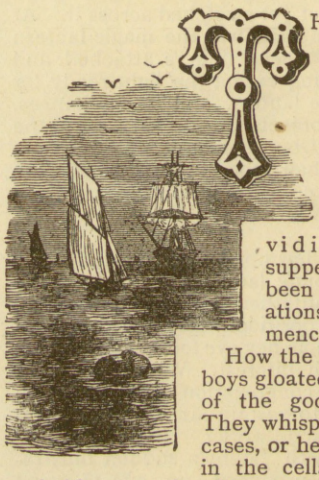
We are but minutes, yet each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares.
Patiently take the minutes of pain;
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes; when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring
Taste of their sweetness while we stay;
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes, use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell;
Who uses minutes has hours to use,
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.

WHY JIM HARTLEY SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

By Charles H. Barstow.



THE New Year's gifts had all come in, and it was unanimously decided by the employés of Messrs. Profit & Co. that they should be expended in providing a first-rate supper. The date had been fixed and preparations immediately commenced.

How the office and errand boys gloated over the thought of the good time coming. They whispered on the staircases, or held stolen meetings in the cellar to discuss the probable *menu*, boy-like; and, forgetful of time and duties alike, when they returned to their respective departments some sharp reprimands were the consequence. The packers, too, were openly excited at the thought of "a good, free night of it," and even the dignified salesmen seemed just a trifle exhilarated, although they would not have confessed the fact for the world.

Well, the day came round at length. How energetic everybody was to be sure; and with what despatch the sales and orders were executed I could scarcely tell you; but long before the appointed hour, the men were standing, work for the day finished, chattering in little groups discussing the all-important event.

What the supper was like I have no space to tell you, but just imagine everything you like best, and be assured it was there, and that, I think, will suffice; and, although the men were divided according to their status in the house, everything was in harmony—for once there was no jealousy or heart-burning.

"Why, you have no drink, Jim! Fill up! What are you thinking of?" one man at the packers' table said to another in greatest astonishment, for it was a notorious fact that Jim Hartley was what is known as a "hard drinker."

"Nay, not to-night, I'm not going to touch it!" Hartley responded.

"Joined the Good Templars, or Salvation Army, or what?" the other questioned somewhat sneeringly.

"Neither, lad," not heeding the sneer. "But my little lass is lying very ill at home, and I promised the missus that as soon as the supper was over I'd go straight home and sober, too."

Other ears had been attracted by the conversation, and other voices joined in chorus:

"Come, fill up like a man, Jim!"

At that moment, an elderly, white-haired old gentleman, rose from his chair, and holding a

brimming glass in his hand, requested every man to join him in the toast, "Success to the firm, and a happy and prosperous year to each one of us." And Jim fancied the eyes of the "guv'nor" rested especially upon him, as he raised his glass to his lips.

Alas for the man's good resolutions! He raised his glass, which had been eagerly filled for him, and drained it at one drink. Another and another followed, until recollection was drowned. His wife and sick child were forgotton, and at the "smoking concert" which followed, he was the noisiest and "jolliest fellow" amongst them.

* * * * * *

In a little cottage off Oldham Road, a woman sat, with tear-dimmed eyes, watching by the bedside of her dying child. The doctor had been in during the earlier part of the day, and had told



the mother, as tenderly as he could, that there was no hope, the child was sinking fast, and her life was but a question of a few hours at most.

And now with a stony grief at her heart, she waited for the dread visitant, who will not be denied; who enters palace and cot alike, and robs the richest and poorest of their best and dearest, and there is none that may say him nay. The softened rays of the lamp-light fell upon the waxen face that was white as the snowy pillow that enframed it, and no sound broke the stillness, save the monotonous ticking of the clock, or the occasional dropping of a coal from the fireplace to the hearth beneath.

"Oh God! My child! My only child! Save! As Thou raised the widow's son of Nain, to bless her lonely life, save my little Nell!" The heart-broken cry, like the wail of Israel's ancient king over his son Absolom, went forth.

The child stirred uneasily.

"Did you speak to me, mother?"

"No, darling."

"Isn't father a long time coming? He promised to come early, you know. What time is it?"

"Eight o'clock, dear!"

"But that's late, isn't it, mother?"

"Not very, darling, under the circumstances."

The child lay back exhausted with the effort of speaking. The clock ticked on, and the fingers moved slowly over its face, and as the hours went by, the child's life ebbed perceptibly.

"Mother," she said, scarcely above a whisper. "If I should be asleep when father comes home, will you tell him I should so like to have seen him, to kiss him and say good night?"

"Yes, darling!"

The child sighed, and closed her eyes once more, and the patient mother watched on.

"She must be asleep," she whispered presently, "she is so still." And then an awful dread seized her, and bending more closely over the child she realised that she was asleep indeed—at rest with God.

* * * * * *

When Jim Hartley arrived home, it was long after midnight. He dimly remembered — his brain was thickly befogged by drink—having promised to come home early and sober, but he could not think of any special reason why he had so promised; but when his wife had let him in and led him to the chamber where his little dead Nell lay, he was sobered instantly, and, falling on his knees, with a great cry of penitential remorse, he vowed before God that he would never touch the intoxicating cup again.

And he has kept his word.

TALES FROM FAIRYLAND.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

FLEET-FOOT *was* a dear little fellow. It would be impossible for me to describe to you the exquisite beauty of his slight, graceful form. The movements of his limbs were full of music indeed, if the soul of some beautiful song could take shape and substance, I am sure the shape would be like Fleet-foot's. Dear, merry-faced little chap! I wish you could see him; a sight of his bonny, bright face would be as good as a gleam of summer sunshine to you.

Seating himself at Her Majesty's feet, he took up the thread of True-eyes' story, and this is what he told:

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD."

"When my brother, True-eyes, told me of his adventures among the people of earth, I was so deeply interested that I almost jumped at the thought of going. Almost immediately after True-eyes' suggestion that I should take a trip to the country in which the girl with the beautiful heart lived, I was ready, and after getting all necessary instructions from him, I departed. There was only one thing, your Majesty, that grieved your little subject, and that was the thought of leaving so gracious a Queen."

The Fairy Monarch put out her tiny hand, which was as white and delicate as the leaf of a daisy, and Fleet-foot laid his lips upon it with great reverence. Then he went on:

"I had no difficulty whatever in finding the fine old house in which Edgar lived, so accurately did True-eyes describe it to me. It was, indeed, a grand home, that is for a world home, but to my eyes it seemed too large and solid for real beauty, but you see the people who occupied it were large and solid too.

"When I arrived there it was early morning, and the sun was struggling through the grey mists, throwing a bright, tender smile upon the waking world. It was very cold, but as the hours advanced it grew clear, and was, for a winter day, mild and calm.

"I had not long to wait before the door opened, so in I popped and made my way to the very plant in which my brother True-eyes had found a home. In a short time a young man, whom I at once recognised as Edgar, entered the room. There was a heavy cloud upon his brow, and he threw himself wearily into a chair; now and again he sighed, and I felt sure that something was disturbing his peace of mind. I longed very much to speak to him, but felt somewhat shy about it.

"While just running over in my mind the words with which I meant to address him, the door opened, and his father, the Duke of H——, entered. He crossed the room slowly, and that he was a proud man was plain to the beholder. His haughty carriage, and the regal way in which he carried his silver head, revealed that fact. He took a place behind Edgar's chair, and, laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder, he addressed him in a deep, soft voice.

"'My son,' he said, 'a rumour has reached me concerning you, which I trust is an idle one. It has, however, given me pain, and I want a denial of its truth from your own lips!'

"Edgar did not raise his head, or ask his father what the rumour was. He remained quite still and silent, and the old man went on,

"'It has been, and is, my ambition to see you settled in life with a lady suitable in rank for your wife.' Still Edgar kept silent. 'Such a marriage would give me great pleasure; but to know that you contemplated a union with a woman beneath you in station or education, would grieve me beyond measure. The rumour that has reached me is that you are paying most noticeable attentions to a low, underbred sempstress, a young person, who is most vulgar and——'

"But the Duke did not finish his sentence, for Edgar sprang to his feet, and cried with indignation,

"'If the people have told you that the lady to whom you refer is low and underbred, they have told you what is false; she is a lady in every sense of the word!'

"The old Duke drew his brows together and looked sternly at his son.

"'Then the rumour is true, and you are paying silly attentions to this sewing girl?'

"'Not silly,' Edgar replied, 'my attentions are such as a man pays to the woman he intends to make his wife.'

"He looked so handsome and brave as he said these words that I could hardly refrain from clapping my hands, and shouting 'Bravo!'

"His father's face first went crimson, and then white with anger.

"'Do not dare, sir,' he stormed forth, 'to talk of making this low-lifed creature your wife in my presence. Should you be fool enough to bestow your name upon her, you forfeit all claim to my affection, and you cease to be a son of mine; remember this!'

"He strode from the room, as he finished speaking, slamming the door behind him. Poor Edgar sighed heavily, and I, thinking the opportunity a favourable one for making myself known, jumped nimbly from my place, and approached him. He didn't seem at all surprised to see me; I suppose my little brother True-eyes had prepared him for all sorts of wonderful appearances.

"'So you're another of them, are you?' he cried, raising me on the palm of his hand, 'and what have you come for?'

"'To be your friend, if you will let me,' I replied.

"'Let you? Of course I will. If you're half as interesting as that other little chap, I'll be glad to have you.'

"So it was arranged that I was to stay, and a fine time I had of it, too. I used to take love-letters from Edgar to the little sempstress, and right fond I grew of her, for although I could not see her heart like True-eyes, I felt that she was a good, brave girl.

"One day, the Duke became very ill. Doctors were sent for, and soon the truth was known

everywhere, the old man was suffering from a terrible and infectious fever. The servants fled from the place in alarm, and of all the dainty and beautiful ladies who had swarmed around him with protestations of friendship, there was not one now to smooth his crumpled pillow and wet his parched lips. Poor Edgar did all that he could for him, and nursed him as tenderly as a woman, but I noticed that the close attention on the sick man, and the long, sleepless nights, were beginning to tell on him, so I made up my mind to a certain course of action, trusting that it would be attended with happy results.

"I flew away, one night, to the home of the little sempstress, and told her all about it, I saw the big, bright tears, coursing down her pretty pale cheeks.

"'Oh, the poor old man!' she cried, 'and poor Edgar!'

"She leaned her head down on the table and sobbed as though her heart would break. All at once she looked up with such a wonderful light on her young, tear-washed face, just like the golden smile you sometimes see breaking through the rains of an April sky.

"'Oh, good little Fairy,' she cried, 'take me to the Duke, and let me nurse him!'

"I was so glad that she had thought of this herself, without any suggestions from me.

"'You are not afraid?' I asked, 'You know that the fever from which the Duke is suffering is infectious. It may be that you will catch it!'

"'I am in the hands of God!' she answered, 'His will be done.'

"So we went back to the house, where the sick man lay, and in spite of Edgar, who at first was much opposed to Lucy—that was the name of the little brave woman—risking her young life for the sake of his father, she took her place by the side of the bed, and never was nurse more faithful and tender. Her gentle hand lay cool and soft on the hot, aching brow; her sweet voice whispered words of hope; day after day, night after night she sat, strong, patient, and untiring, until at last the fever passed and the intellect became clear again.

"Of course, the Duke did not know who his little nurse was, but we noticed with great satisfaction that he grew to depend upon her, and trust her implicitly. During her absence from the room he was restless. Whenever the pain in his head was great, her small hand seemed the only thing that could ease it. His eyes followed her every movement, and when one day the doctor told him that the good nursing he had received had saved his life, and that he owed his recovery to the untiring attention of the little nurse, he whispered,

"'God bless her, she is the most beautiful girl in the world!'

"I cannot describe to you how delighted Edgar and I were with the turn affairs had taken. The old Duke got well and strong again, and one day Lucy, whose task was now ended, went to his room to bid him 'Good-bye!'

"'You do not need me any longer,' she said, but he shook his silver head.

"'I shall always need you!' he answered, 'the place will be dark without you!'

"She turned her head away to hide the tears that had sprung to her eyes.

"'If I had only a daughter like you,' he went on, 'I would be so happy, oh, so happy!'

"I could keep quiet no longer, placing myself right in front of him, I cried, much to his astonishment and Lucy's confusion:

"'Sir, nothing would give the lady greater pleasure than to become your daughter.'

"Lucy's face went as pink as one of those roses there, and before we could stay her, she ran from the room. Then, after explaining who I was to the old man, who stared, and gasped in a wonderful manner, I went on to explain who his nurse was.

"'You don't mean to say that the beautiful lady who has so nobly risked her life for me, is the sempstress I called low and vulgar?'

"I assured him that such was the case.

"'Go and find her for me, little fairy,' he cried, 'go and find her!'

"I did find her, and with her face still as red as the sun-set clouds, led her back to the Duke, and when an hour later Edgar came into the room, his father took Lucy by the hand and pushing her towards his son, said:

"'Edgar, I have chosen a wife for you, will you take her? There is no one I would like so well for a daughter. Take her, my son, for she is the most beautiful girl in the world.'

"I have no need to tell you," Fleet-foot concluded, "that he did take her."

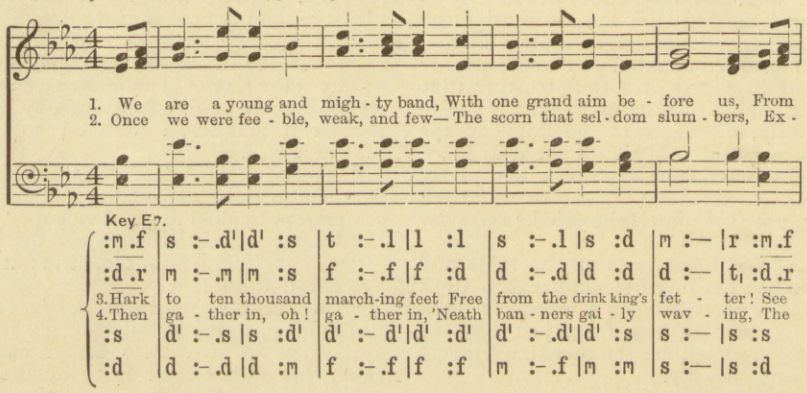
THE VALUE OF A PENNY.

FEW people have any idea of the way small things accumulate. To talk of ten pounds to them seems like mentioning a large sum of money, but a penny is as nothing. They forget that after all the ten pounds is made up of pennies. Ten miles is a long way, but yet we soon walk over it, by only taking a single step, and that but a few inches at a time. So with saving, if we only save regularly in pence we accumulate a large sum long before we expected to do so. A penny a day, in five years, is £8; in ten years, £17; in twenty years, £40; in thirty years, £71; in forty years, £114; in forty-five years, £140. How many of us can say that during our lives we do not get rid of a penny a day foolishly or uselessly? Nearly all, even of the poorest, will find they do this, and those who are better off often waste several pennies. What would many of these give for such sums as are mentioned above, when they are old? Three hundred pounds to a man of sixty or sixty-five, and that is only a penny a day, would keep him in comfort for the rest of his life. Why do people not think of this? Usually because they do not really understand it, and because they have not the opportunity of putting the money by as soon as they earn it.—*The Penny Bank.*

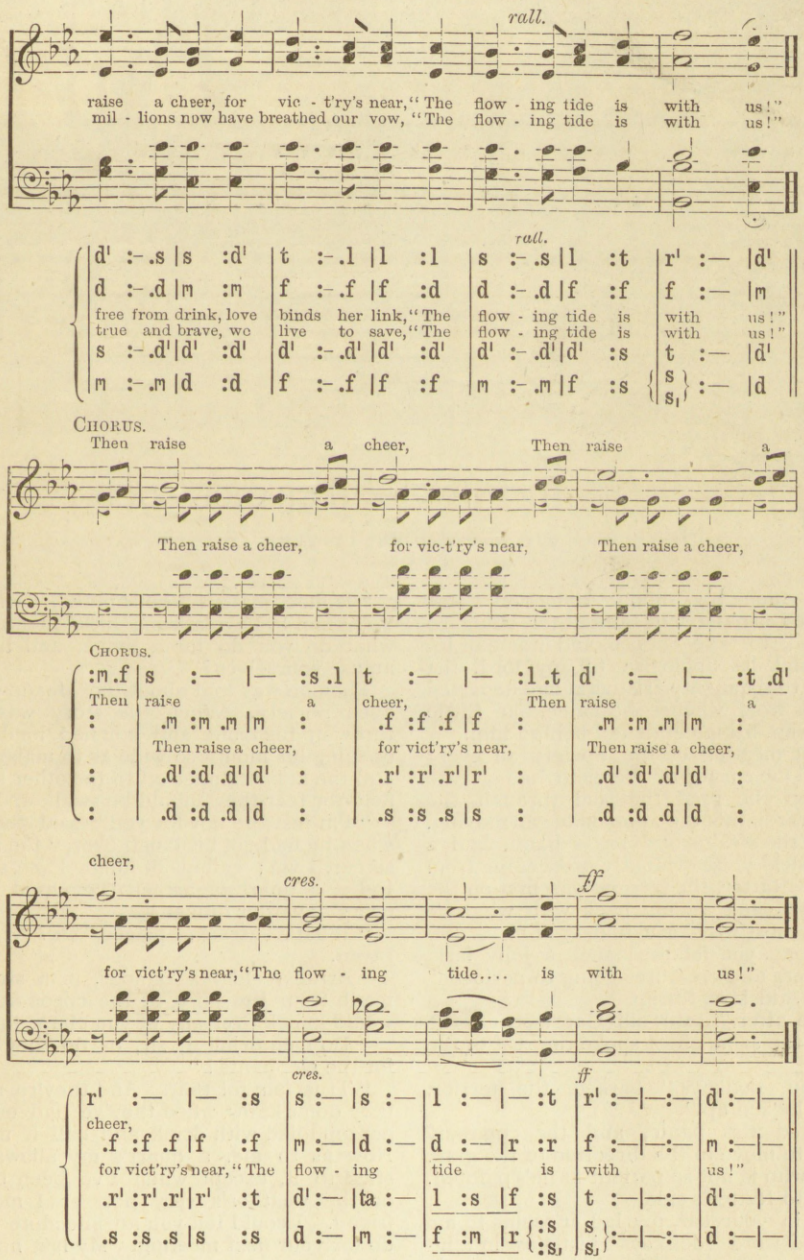
THE WAY HE UNDERSTOOD IT.—Philanthropic Old Party: "Where were you brought up, my man?" Gaol Bird (ruefully): "I was brought up at Bow Street, sir."

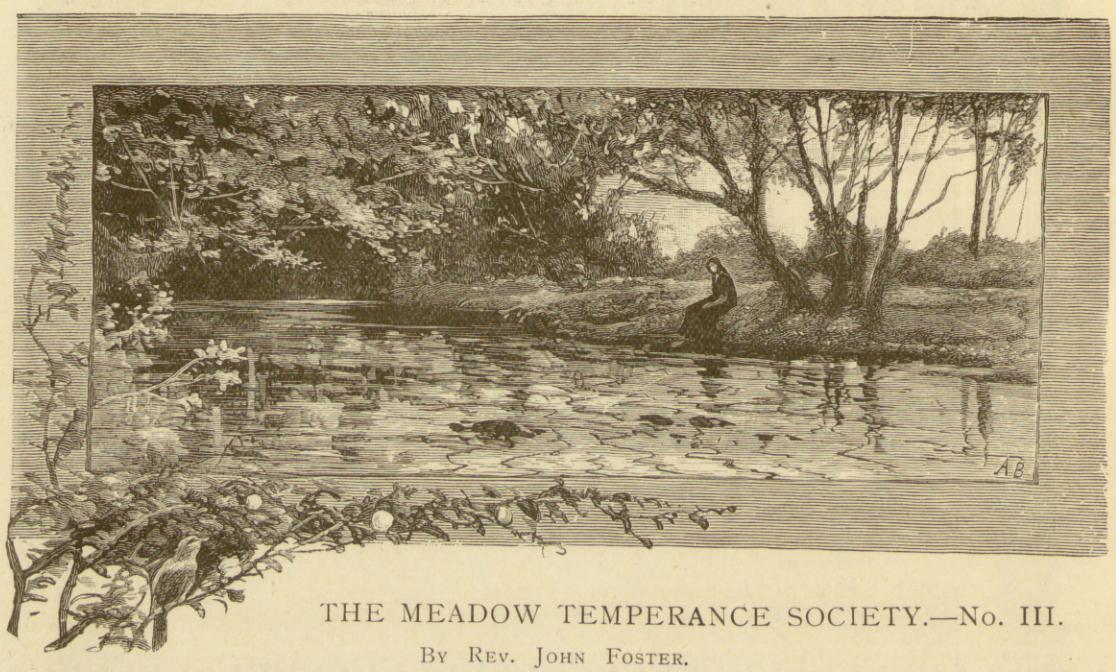
THE FLOWING TIDE IS WITH US.

Words by MRS. H. A. BEAVEN (*by kind permission*). *Music by* T. E. PERKINS.



THE FLOWING TIDE IS WITH US.





THE MEADOW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—No. III.

By Rev. John Foster.

THE guinea-pig, upon reflection, was much ashamed of himself for being so quick to take offence, and was half inclined to apologise to my lord, the peacock, but that haughty aristocrat had departed to the place from whence he came, like Little Bopeep's sheep, bringing his tail behind him.

At the next meeting of the Society an event happened. One corner of the field had a gate opening upon the road that led through the village. Towards this the animals began moving, attracted by the strains of a brass band, and a not very musical noise evidently proceeding from human lips. Ratter, the terrier, was first on the spot, and now came racing back with what he considered a most wonderful budget of news.

"Come along, you fellows! such a jolly lark, lions and tigers and creatures going to perform."

"I'm off," said Mrs. Sheep.

"I'll come after," said old Capricornus, the goat, and to the same effect spoke the rest of the animals.

"Stop, you donkeys," barked the terrier, "they're all locked up."

This allayed the panic, and the company again began to move in the direction of the gate, but the ass, who is not so patient as he's painted, trotted over to Ratter's side.

"A word in your ear, my lad, it seems to me you used the word 'donkeys' just now in a inviderous sense, and unless I has a simple apology——"

Mr. Jack's remonstrance was cut short; a huge elephant, who occupied a conspicuous position in the procession, stopped at the gate and put his trunk over it in a friendly kind of way.

"Hulloo, mates!" he shouted, "what cheer? You seem to have a snug little plantation here, what do you do for a living, and how do you amuse yourselves?"

Then he was told about the Meadow Temperance Society. When the story was done he threw up his trunk and laughed loud and long, opening his mouth so wide as to make the lambs and the kids scamper off to the other side of the field for fear they should be swallowed.

"I'm just the boy for you," said the elephant, when he had got his laugh over, "I'm a hardened sinner, I am; gallons of liquor I've drunk out in India, a quart of arrack they used to give me every day after dinner."

"What's arrack, please, sir?" asked the raven.

"Arrack, old blackamoor, is a strong spirit made from the juice of the cocoa-nut tree. It would knock over any of you chaps in no time."

"Do men drink it, sir, or do they keep it all for the elephants?"

"Trust 'em for that. And they're not like us, they don't know when they've had enough, and get muddled with drink and call it moderation. Now as to me, a quart's my allowance, and I stick to it, except when I've been overworked or the weather's very hot, or I meet with a friend. I could tell you an anecdote that would do for your next meeting. My last mahout——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the guinea-pig, I know it's a great liberty, a poor little thing like me addressing your Highness in such a familiar manner, but what is a mahout?"

"A mahout, my young friend, is a kind of upper servant, who sits on the elephant's neck with a little iron rod with a hook at the end in

his hand. You see, we elephants have so many affairs of state to think about that we sometimes don't notice where we are going, then the mahout gives us a respectful reminder with the hook. But now to my story. My last mahout was a kind-hearted, good sort of man as long as he left the arrack alone. He'd got a pretty little boy who was a particular favourite of mine; many a time I've curled up the end of my trunk for him to sit on and so given him a ride. And the father was fond of him, as I've said, when he was sober. One day the mahout came into possession of a nice little sum in rupees." (The elephant, seeing two or three of his auditors opening their mouths to speak, explained that a rupee was an Indian silver coin something like a florin.) "He spent so much on arrack that he went raging mad, his dear little boy ran out to meet him, when the drunkard came near his home, and instead of the embrace to which he was accustomed was met by a terrible blow, striking him to the earth. Then the wretched father trampled upon the child till the last spark of life was extinct. I was shipped for England just after the murder, so I have no information of the result, but I have no doubt he was hanged."

Here Miss Ruffle, a pullet, lately arrived from Dorking, interposed,

"Really, Mr. Jumbo, I wish you wouldn't tell us such shocking things, they're very bad for the cause; I heard young Chawbacon, who was carter at the place I came from, say he'd never go to a Temperance meeting again, the speeches gave him the horrors."

Jenny, the donkey, protested against Miss Ruffle's fine lady airs. It was all very well for her, promenading about with young Chanticleer, the military gent, to turn up her beak at tales of sorrow; these things if they were not too dreadful to be done were not too dreadful to be talked about. If her Jack ever took to drink—but the idea of her Jack coming home reeling and ill-treating the two pretty little colts was too much for poor Jenny, and sobs choked her voice.

Mr. Gee-gee made a diversion in the meeting by asking the elephant if he would show himself an elephant indeed by signing the pledge and becoming a travelling member of the Society. The pig, too, reminded him of the fine sphere he'd find for Temperance labours in fairs and such like. But the elephant said he'd think of it.

"I'm afraid," said the elephant, "That I'm keeping the procession waiting, and our governor's rather short tempered."

The crow hovered about the procession for a mile or so, and then returned to his Temperance brethren with the sad news that he had left the elephant at a public-house door drinking gin and water; "Tossed it down like a veteran," the landlord said.

TOMMY: When I'm a man I'm going to be a soldier.

MOTHER: What! and be killed by the enemy?

TOMMY: Oh, well then, I'll be the enemy!

WHY ADA REFUSED WINE.

BY RUTH B. YATES.



PROMISED to tell you why Ada Harwood and her brother were willing to be singular at Lucy Devon's birthday party.

Some time before, while listening to a vivid description of Christ's sufferings on her behalf, Ada's heart had been touched and she had been led to ask "Why such love to me?"

Until that moment Ada had thought herself a very good girl indeed, but now her eyes were opened and she saw that she had been guilty of the basest ingratitude in living merely to please herself and making no return for the great love which came to her as a revelation, although she had been familiar with the story from infancy.

So with eyes filled with tears Ada gave her heart to the Saviour who had loved her and given Himself for her.

To an outward observer it might seem to have made very little difference in her life, for the same duties had to be done, the same pleasures enjoyed, but there was a difference, for the motive power was altered; previously everything had been done to please herself, now she aimed to please her Saviour, and was willing to give up her wishes to please others for His sake.

Her brother noted the change, and though he said nothing, it increased her influence over him.

Mr. and Mrs. Harwood were accustomed to have wine upon the table everyday, as were most of their acquaintances, consequently Ada, having never seen the danger of it, partook of the wine without the slightest compunction.

Ada was devotedly attached to her only brother, her constant companion through childhood, and still the friendship remained unbroken, for Fred Harwood was a brave, manly fellow, who was not ashamed to take his sister about with him, and Ada looked up to him as a type of ideal manhood.

However, Ada noticed that her brother oftener had engagements where he did not ask her to accompany him as usual.

More than once she heard her father remonstrate with him upon returning home late.

"Where did you go last night, dear?" she asked when they were alone.

"I went with Alfred Devon and one or two other fellows, and the time slipped on, I had no idea it was so late."

Ada was silenced but not satisfied. Shortly afterwards he said carelessly,

"I am going out for a while, but I shan't be late."

Ada rose, and laying her hand upon his arm said, as she looked up into his face,

"Don't go out to-night, Fred. Stay and have a game of draughts with me."

Fred did not reply, so while he hesitated, Ada set out the game of which Fred was passionately fond.

"I thought you were going across to Lucy's," he remarked presently.

"Another time will do just as well," replied Ada, with a bright smile, "and we havn't had an evening together for ever so long."

Fred seemed restless and uneasy, and kept glancing at his watch as if impatient to be gone, but his sister laid herself out for his entertainment, for which she had the satisfaction of seeing him settle down and become his old self.

"I could so drink a glass of wine or brandy," remarked Fred.

Ada at once proceeded to get the decanter from the sideboard, and some biscuits.

"Thank you, Sis. You're the best girl I know," said her brother, laughingly, as he eagerly drained his glass and refilled it.

Ada chatted merrily, but she noticed with a vague sense of alarm, her brother's flushed cheek and sparkling eyes.

"I don't think you are very well, Fred," she remarked, "I am afraid you are working too hard at the office."

"Oh, I'm all right, dear," he replied carelessly.

"No, you are not, Fred, you nearly always have headaches in a morning, and you are nervous and irritable," said his sister anxiously. "So come to bed early and have a good rest; we needn't stay up for father and mother, as it will be late before they come home."

"All right, Sis, anything to please you."

As Ada left him at the bedroom door and turned into her own room, again she felt a vague sense of uneasiness she scarcely knew why. What was there strange about Fred? He had drunk several glasses of wine certainly, but that was not sufficient to account for it; she had often seen her father take more than that.

She did not know that he had had some before he came home, and that what she had poured out for him was only so much added. Ada prayed earnestly for her brother that night, though she knew nothing of his danger, but she felt that something had broken the perfect confidence that had always existed between them.

She did not hear her brother leave his room locking the door after him, stealthily descend the stairs, and slip out unobserved.

When Mr. and Mrs. Harwood returned from the supper-party, Ada called out:

"Is that you, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," replied her mother, coming into her room; "did Fred come home in good time?"

"He has not been out to-night, mamma, and he came to bed when I did, about ten o'clock."

"I am so glad, for we heard to-night that he had been seen in bad company, and father declares if he stays out late again or comes in worse for drink he will turn him out."

"He is safe in bed, mamma, so you needn't trouble about him."

Ada had dropped off to sleep again, when she was startled by a strange sound like hail rattling against the window; she sat up and listened, all was quiet, then again came the rattle. Ada got up and went to the window; it was bright moonlight, and she distinctly saw Fred pick up a handful of gravel and throw it up at the window. She could scarcely believe her own eyes, but Ada was not troubled with nervousness, so she hastily threw on a dressing gown, ran downstairs, and unbolted the door. Her brother entered with a scared, white face that made her ask, "What's the matter?"

"Run away upstairs, and I'll come and talk to you," he spoke very gravely, as he proceeded to bolt the door again.

"Ada," he said earnestly, when he rejoined her, "you don't know what you have saved me from to-night. I have gone with some fellows of late who go drinking and betting at the club, and I should have been with them now but for you persuading me to stay with you; however, after I left you, a longing for more wine almost drove me mad, so I went to the club, only to find that the police had made a raid upon it for illegal betting, and all my friends are locked up, and but for you, Sis, I should have been with them."

"Oh, Fred, how dreadful! Promise me that you will never go again."

"I cannot, Ada. I have made up my mind many a time not to bet again, but after I have had a glass or two, all my good resolutions seem to go to the winds, and I forget everything, and"—here he lowered his voice to a whisper—"I have used ten shillings of master's money, and now I have lost and cannot pay it back."

"That is serious, Fred, but I think I can help you out of the difficulty if you promise never to let it occur again, and if it is wine that makes you do it, why, you must give it up."

"Easier said than done, Ada. You don't know how I long for it lately; when I have once tasted I cannot rest till I get more."

For a moment Ada stood silent, then she threw her arms round her brother's neck and burst into tears, as she said,

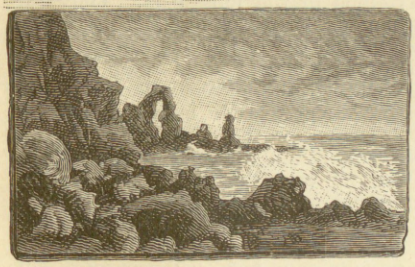
"Then neither you nor I will ever taste again, Fred. Let us kneel down and ask God's help."

As Ada poured out her soul in prayer, her brother's heart was touched, and he yielded himself to the Saviour, and from that moment began a new and a better life. Ada, true to her promise, gave to Fred the half-sovereign she had saved for another purpose, and on the following day she obtained a pledge which both she and Fred signed, for she knew the help it would be to him to be able to say, "I cannot: I have signed the pledge."

She accompanied him wherever he wished to go, and even induced him to attend a Temperance meeting, with the result that both heard, for the first time, telling arguments in favour of total abstinence, and resolved to throw themselves heart and soul into Temperance work.

Had it not been for his sister's self-denial and loving influence Fred Harwood would probably have been to-day a ruined man, instead of being, as he is, an active Christian worker and an earnest advocate of Temperance.





MAY.

By "Twitter."

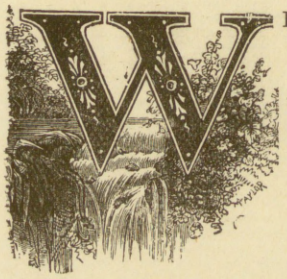
HAIL! Maytime, hail!
Dost thou come to cover the shivering trees,
And sweeten with perfume the chilly breeze?
Hast thou warm, glad beams for the weary land?
And flowers to scatter with generous hand?
Will thy lips unclose with a song or sigh?
Will a smile or a tear-drop fill thine eye?
Come thou with sunshine, or come thou with gale,
Hail! Maytime, hail!

Sing for us, sing!
Lift up thy hand like a flag of peace,
And bid the wars of the elements cease!
The winds have shrieked, and the rains have poured,
And the tumbling sea-waves have tossed and roared;
Encircle the seas with thy gentle arm,
And still their waters with kisses warm,
Throw laughter and song to the winds that wail;
Hail! Maytime, hail!

Smile for us, smile!
Spread out thy colours across the skies,
Thy tender tints, and thy glorious dyes!
The glowing leaves of the flowers unfold,
And gild the rivers with sparks of gold.
Our eyes have hungered so long! so long!
For the colours of nature, warm and strong,
Oh, paint the meadow, the hill, and vale;
Hail! Maytime, hail!

"DON'T STAND ON THE LIONS."

By J. G. Tolton.



E do not hear this bit of advice every day. Indeed, many of our readers will not have heard it before. Some will wonder what it means, in what connection the words were uttered. If we whisper "Trafalgar Square," no further explanation is needed to Londoners. A word to the wise is sufficient.

But all our readers have not the pleasure and honour of being Londoners; so perhaps the metropolitans will bear with us while we add a few words for the especial benefit of their country cousins who have never been dazzled by the brilliance of "the capital of the world."

Trafalgar Square has been described as "the largest open-air place ot worship in London." Certainly, immense crowds can assemble in this great open space, without interfering with the traffic. We never heard of a spectator viewing the Square for the first time, and declaring himself disappointed with its size and grandeur. It is certainly a magnificent open space and Londoners are justly proud of it.

Trafalgar Square is valuable, not only for what is not there, but also for what it contains. The National Gallery, the Fountains, the Nelson Column, and the Colossal Lions.

These are the lions referred to in our title. The request "Don't stand on the Lions" came about in this way.

The central situation of the Square makes it very convenient for mass meetings and demonstrations; a convenience surpassing that of the much larger place, Hyde Park.

For a long time public meetings in Trafalgar Square had been forbidden by Government. It was said such meetings resulted in breaches of the peace and occasional bloodshed.

Afterwards, it came to be seen that there was no ground for fear; the people could be trusted, so the Home Secretary removed the restriction and granted permission for peaceful meetings to be held, but added, "Don't stand on the Lions!"

Is it possible that such an injunction is necessary? Everybody who sees these magnificent bronze figures praises them, and asks for the names of designer and modeller. And can people be found who *would* stand on them? Yea! verily. There are people who have no eye for beauty, no taste for music, no regard for anything unless they can eat it. Such people are to be avoided. But, perhaps, the fault is more want of thought, than want of heart. If so, a word or two in this monthly, will not be altogether wasted. Here and there is to be found a youth, in whom destruction is so ingrained, that he cannot pass anything of beauty without wanting to destroy it. A newly-painted door he delights to scratch. A spotless wall he loves to soil. Exquisite pictures seem to arouse hateful feelings in the minds of this kind of people, and they are not satisfied till they have scribbled all over them with pencil or chalk.

Can these vandals be cured?

We hope so. Those of us who have an affection for the clean and the beautiful must be missionaries of this gospel.

Children should be taught in their earliest days to recognise beauty and respect it. Their duty towards books should be instilled along with their duty towards God and their neighbour. This education should begin as soon as the child knows what a book is. It is pitiful to see how thoughtlessly many people abuse books, and how wilfully others damage them.

Our public librarians could write volumes detailing how books—the use of which people can have for fetching—get treated in a manner that would be discreditable to heathens. Books are amongst our best friends. Why, then, do we not treat them as such? Why should it be necessary in a Free Public Library to post up a "Caution" against the ill-treatment of books, and especially of the pictures contained in them?

Public parks are provided for our recreation and delight; and what a boon they are! Yet all kinds of wanton destruction take place in these oases of pleasure. Seats are damaged, sometimes broken. Flowers are plucked, and occasionally pulled up by the roots.

The fact that libraries and parks are public property is sometimes advanced as an excuse for this ill-treatment. To handle things roughly is some folks' method of showing their proprietorship. These individuals need a little more education.

But what shall we say of vandals who cannot pay respect to *private* property?

Years ago we delighted in the privilege of constantly walking through the private park of an English Earl. The natural beauties of the extensive desmesne would baffle our powers of description. The park was one of nature's triumphs: trees, ferns, and wild flowers, owing nothing to the hand of man, delighted the visitor more than the prim, geometrical garden-beds of our borough parks. Game, wild fowl, and deer were prolific. Then there was the ruined remains of the ancient halls, where royalty was often entertained in the long past. Only Sir Walter Scott could properly describe that park. As oft as we visited it we called down blessings on the Earl who permitted us to roam through glade and dingle without let or hindrance.

After some years of absence from that part of the country we revisited the lovely spot, that we might prove to a friend that our raptures concerning it were not exaggerated.

Alas! those people who stand on lions, deface pictures, and chip bits off sculpture, had been there and left their blight.

There is no admission now, "Trespassers will be prosecuted." Can we wonder at it?

So these destructive, unappreciative vandals not only shut themselves out from some of the

purest delights possible to men, but they deprive others of privileges which are of more value than gold.

Can we not convert the heathen? Let us hope so, and try to do it.

THE LESSON OF THE BLUEBELL.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

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



I AM no good at all, I wish I could die like the snowdrop did last year," said a pretty bluebell, and she hung her head, and drooped it so low, that any one passing would have thought that she was, if not dead, withered and good for nothing.

"If I were only tall and stately like the lily, or beautiful to look at like the rose, or even as pretty as the snowdrop I shouldn't mind, but I'm short and dumpy, and nobody stops even to look at me as they go down the lane; and I have been growing and doing the very best I can to make myself attractive, and I really have a nice scent, if only somebody would take the trouble to stoop down and smell me, but nobody does. I wish I were dead."

Poor, unhappy little bluebell! She was quite right when she said that nobody looked at her, but then she did not go the right way to attract anyone's notice. She hung her head, and bent her back, and by so doing she prevented the blue colour, in which God had so beautifully clothed her, coming to perfection; and the many little tiny cups, of which the flower part was composed, could not open themselves to the light as they ought, so the warm, bright sun never touched them, and as he helps so much to give colour to flowers and fruit, the little bluebell remained a palish blue, instead of the rich hue she might have been.

* * * * * * * *

"Dear me!" said a botanist one day as he was exploring the country lanes in search of "roots." "What a beautiful little hyacinth, quite a rare specimen, only it wants light and a bit of care; I must have it, and put it into my garden of wild flowers. You dear, pretty thing," he continued, as he dug away firmly but gently at the roots so as not to damage one tiny bit of the flower he already loved. "You look very miserable, but I will soon brighten you up; bluebell, I suppose you call yourself, but you are a very poor colour for blue, let me tell you. I think I must give you to my little Essie to tend and look after," and the man's voice took imperceptibly a softer tone as he spoke of his invalid child.

When he reached his own home, a little lame girl of about ten years old came limping to him, with a crutch under her right arm, and a pale, thin face.

"Well, Essie," said her father, "I have brought you a poor little bluebell, it is a beauty, really, but I fancy it has been rather unhappy in the lane, and I want you to help me to tend it, and bring it to perfection; can you?"

"I'll try, father, but I always feel I am no use," she said sadly.

"Now, come, Essie, none of that talk, it strikes me this bluebell has talked to itself like that, or it would have been a much handsomer flower. You know, dear, God has made everything to be of some use, and He often makes great use of people and things that are very weak and insignificant, and which the world takes no account of. To show how very tender and loving He is, He even tells us in the Bible that 'He will not break a bruised reed, nor quench (that means put out) the smoking flax.' So my little girl must take heart, and remember God wants her to be useful, and that He loves her."

Our little friend the bluebell listened—for it was none other than she that Essie's father had dug up—and her surprise had been great indeed when she had heard herself called "beautiful" and a "rare specimen"—and from that moment she made up her mind to grow and hold up her head, and do all she could to cheer lame Essie. "I'll be beautiful for her sake," she thought. "I've been a naughty, discontented flower, but I am going to be a good and contented one now." Essie, too, thought a great deal of what her father said, and as she stooped to touch the hyacinth, she said to herself, "Though I am like a broken, bruised thing, I can help father a little, and I'll try my best with you, you poor, pretty bluebell, to make you a very handsome flower."

So Essie and the bluebell both tried their very best to brighten and cheer the world in which God had placed them, and both of them grew so happy that sometimes they thought it must be a new world in which they were living; but it was not, it was the same world, only with this great difference—they were trying to make others happy, and not thinking of themselves. The hyacinth grew into a beautiful plant, and gave pleasure to many besides little lame Essie.

THE GOOD ABSTAINER.

To be an abstainer is good. To be a good abstainer is better. That is what we wish all our readers to be, and therefore proceed to show what a good abstainer is:—

1. A good abstainer understands his principles well, and is always endeavouring to understand them better.

2. A good abstainer has become such from good motives.

3. A good abstainer is prepared to defend his principles.

4. A good abstainer does what he can to spread his principles.

5. A good abstainer adorns his principles by his practice.

6. A good abstainer endeavours in all other things to be good.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE oftener we see a man "elevated," the more it lowers him in our estimation.

"IF everyone would see
To his own reformation,
How very easily
You might reform a nation."

THE children at a Sunday school being asked, among other questions, what bearing false witness against one's neighbour meant, a little girl replied: "It is when nobody hain't done nothing, and somebody goes and tells."

BERRY, the English hangman, when lecturing at Grimsby recently, said that during his term of office he had conducted over five hundred executions. A great many of the crimes were caused by drink, but, he added emphatically, "I have never hanged a teetotaler!" This is another evidence of the righteousness and virtue of total abstinence.

A LITTLE girl won a prize by reciting "Little Jim," at a Glasgow Sunday School Band of Hope competition, upon which she was awarded a scarf for her own wear. Instead of taking it, however, she asked timidly if she might receive a woollen cravat. No sooner was her request granted, than she ran to her little brother who was present in the hall, and folded it round his neck. Another girl renounced a garment for herself that she might obtain a shirt for a younger brother. The hearty cheers of the children present showed that they fully appreciated these acts of self-denial. This little incident is a beautiful illustration of the law of love, and should be told in every Sunday School in the land.

OUR HEROES.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honour to him if he conquers,
A cheer to the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be *steadfast*, my boy, when you're tempted,
And *do* what you *know* to be *right*;
Stand *firm* by the colours of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight;
"The right," be your battle-cry ever,
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, knowing who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—*Onward Reciter.*

NEW GIRL: "What does your papa like for breakfast?" Little Mabel: "He always likes things we hasn't got."

AN EARLY RISER.—"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, sir," replied the valet with great innocence; "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

NO DRUNKENNESS WITHOUT DRINKING.—Many efforts are being made to get rid of drinking while sparing the drink. The effort has always been and always will be a dismal failure. Drunkenness has its origin in the drink. All experiences show that you cannot have the drink without the drunkenness. It is drink, drank, drunk. The only way to prevent drunkenness is to stop drinking.

TOO SLOW FOR BUSINESS.—"Look here," said the parent to the school teacher, "I see that one of the lines in my boy's copy book is, 'Less haste, more speed.'" "Yes." "And here's another that reads, 'The longest way around is the shortest way home.'" "Yes." "Well, I wish it stopped. I don't want those mouldy proverbs festooned around his intellect. I'm educating him for business."

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—An impatient Welshman called to his wife—"Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day!" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock with, "Come, Bridget, get up! here, it's Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, the next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet!"

THE WAY TO THE WORKHOUSE.

JOHN REEVE, the comedian, was once accosted in the Kensington Road by an elderly female with a small bottle of gin in her hand. "Pray, sir, I beg your pardon, is this the way to the workhouse?" John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and pointing to the bottle, gravely said, "No, ma'am; but that is."

"MARCH ON."

I HEARD a few days ago of a man who attended a Socialistic meeting. He was impressed with the arguments, and had almost made up his mind to join the society, when all at once he resolutely and emphatically declined. His friend, who had expected the pleasure of introducing a new convert, was puzzled at the sudden change of front and pressed him for an explanation. "Why, didn't you hear what that man said?" he asked, referring to one of the shining lights of the party, an orator who had just sat down. "He said, 'We are on the verge of a precipice, and I call upon you my comrades to boldly march on.' No, thank you. No marching on over a precipice for me." And so a good member was lost. Moral—Let young orators be careful of their metaphors.

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By ALFRED COLBECK.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Chertons' Workpeople," etc., etc.)

CHAPTER VI.

SAPH AT HOME.



HEN Saph left Bobby in the morning he strode away towards home, his heavy, hob-nailed boots leaving deep, clear prints in the untrodden snow, his heart troubled a little with misgiving lest the lonely child, who had taken his affections by storm, should come to grief during the day, and not turn up again in the evening. His home was a full three miles away from the town. His workmates wondered why he did not remove nearer, and save himself the walk evening and morning; but Saph loved the country, so did his wife, and the walk, to a strong man like him, notwithstanding his arduous employment, was an agreeable exercise. He always enjoyed it, summer and winter alike. There were two or three calling places on the road, well-known public-houses, which he occasionally patronised during the week, and seldom passed when his wages were in his pocket on the Saturday. For these wages he had to go down to the works at mid-day. Better for Saph would it have been if his wages could have been paid when he began another week's work on the Saturday night, thereby relieving him from the necessity of making a special mid-day journey for them. Then he would have brought them home on the Sunday morning when the public-houses were closed, as they were on this Sunday morning, when he strode along with a new love in his heart, and a scheme revolving in his mind, to which, without revealing too much, he wanted to obtain his wife's sanction. His point was to generalise, to find out what his wife thought about such a scheme if the way were to open for its realisation, but to keep the details to himself, and allow its practical result to come upon her as a surprise.

As we already know, Saph's real name was John Coy. To his wife he was Jack, "my Jack," she said sometimes when she mentioned him to friends and neighbours, "our Jack," when she spoke of him to his sister. He was only Saph at the Gas Works, except in the books, where his name was properly entered, John Coy. But, from the manager to the weigh lad, he was familiarly known and spoken of by everyone employed at the Gas Works as Saph, and he was always addressed by that name. How did he obtain it? A bright young fellow in the office, whose duty it was to pay the wages, gave him the name, because of his giant-like proportions and enormous strength. One Saturday, having taken liquor enough to put him into a rollicking mood, John Coy came to the counter where the wages were paid, swaying his big body to and fro, and smiling all over his face.

"The sunny land of the Philistines has been too much for you to-day," said the pay clerk.

"Ay!" answered the stoker, nodding his head, and giving him a merry, knowing look.

"Take my advice," the clerk pleasantly continued, "and beware of the sunshine. Too much of it is not good even for Saph, the son of Rapha."

"Who is he?" asked the stoker.

"He *was* a Philistine, one of the sons of the giant," said the pay clerk, "but he was slain by Sibbechai the Hushathite. Perhaps he would not have been slain at all if he had kept out of the sun. Take warning from your namesake."

"I say," said the stoker, "where did you learn all that?"

"From the Bible," the young fellow readily replied.

"You don't mean to tell me there's a chap mentioned in the Bible called Saph, do you?" asked the stoker.

"Yes!" said the clerk.

"Well, I never heard of him before," said the stoker. "I'll ask Nancy to look him up—she's a Bible reader—and get to know all about him."

"Do," said the clerk, as he pushed the wages across the counter, "and do not forget my advice about the sunshine."

The other clerks in the office had overheard the conversation, and were much amused. The name "Saph" fastened itself on John Coy. Ever after the clerks called him by no other name, and from the office the name spread throughout the works until everyone thought of him, and addressed him, as Saph. He was not displeased with the name, and answered to it from the first. He asked his wife to find it in the Bible if she possibly could, and she searched very carefully, unaided, however, by a concordance, the use of which she did not know, until at last, by accident, she came upon it; but she was unable to learn more about the mysterious name than what the clerk had already told her husband.

Nancy was a splendid house-wife, very neat in person, and keeping everything about her as bright and clean as a new pin. She was a little woman, very small indeed compared with her husband, so that, when they were out walking together, which, because of Saph's hours of labour, happened but seldom, the marked difference in stature often provoked a smile. In body, she was inclined to stoutness, with a round, plain, and yet pleasing face, dark in complexion, brownish-black eyes, and frizzy dark hair, streaked with grey, brushed back from a low forehead, and gathered in a knot behind. Her husband's needs were always carefully attended to. A good meal was invariably waiting for him when he returned home from his laborious occupation, and, notwithstanding the final meal at the works, Saph, with an appetite quickened by his walk, was generally ready for it. Mostly she welcomed him with a cheerful smile, the only exception being those occasional times when he came home the worse for liquor. Then she was sad, not sulky or cross-tempered, but simply sad;

 All rights reserved.

and Saph, in a humorous vein, for he seldom got so drunk as to be wildly cruel, would chaff her, and express mock regrets, and pretend to be very sorry, vainly striving to drive away her sadness, all the while, however, intending, when he felt in the mood for it, to indulge again.

On this particular Sunday morning she received him with a sunny smile, which he returned with a merry twinkle in his eyes. Very few words passed between them while they were having breakfast, and, when breakfast was over, Saph, as his custom was, retired to rest. Soon he was fast asleep, and slept soundly until one o'clock. At a quarter past ten Nancy locked the door and went to chapel, a small Methodist Chapel which she regularly attended, and where she was counted as a member of the Society, returning soon after twelve, and busying herself with dinner preparations against the time of her husband's advent downstairs. One o'clock was their dinner hour, and generally she heard Saph's footsteps in the bedroom above some minutes before the clock struck, but to-day, even when the clock had struck, everything was perfectly quiet.

"Jack!" she shouted up the stairs, in a shrill, high-pitched voice.

"Hallo! Nancy," came the deep-toned reply, accompanied by a sound as if he had suddenly awakened, and sat up in bed. Then, with a yawn, he said, "What time is it?"

"Just struck one," said Nancy.

"Well! I'm blessed," responded Jack, springing out of bed. "I've over-slept myself to-day. But no wonder. It isn't often I dream so pleasant a dream as that from which you roused me. Your cry of *Jack*," and here he grotesquely imitated his wife's shrill tone, "was like the snap of a pair of scissors cutting the dream off short before it had come to the end. Is dinner ready?"

"Ay! and waiting," said Nancy. "It'll be spoiled if you're not down in two or three minutes."

"Coming," said Jack, hastily putting on his attire, and speedily appearing down stairs.

"What were you dreaming about?" asked his wife, as they sat down to their simple, but substantial, meal.

"Wait till dinner's over," he replied, "and then we'll have a chat about it. Aye! but it was a rare dream, Nancy, a regular stunner, and, if it should come true,—*if it should*," and Saph's eyes sparkled like diamonds, "why, then, it'll make a mighty difference in this little home of ours."

"Dreams seldom come true, Jack."

"Ay! but this one might."

"I don't know that I want it, if it's going to make such a big difference as you seem to think. We're happy enough now, Jack."

"Perhaps so—not but what we might be a little bit happier, Nancy, if this dream were to come true," said her husband, his eyes still sparkling, and his face wreathed with smiles. "But let it be till dinner's over, and help me to a bit more of that pudding. It's very nice, Nancy, toothsome and more-ish. What a blessing it is to have a wife 'at can cook! Some men must be sadly off. I think one o' t' best things a fellow can do before he gets wed is to see what use his sweetheart can make of half-a-pound o' suet. Aye, dear! some of 'em would make a job of it, wouldn't they, Nancy? like a bachelor I once



heard of, who thought he'd try his hand at a dumplin', and when he'd made it, and eaten it, with some misgiving, for it tasted raythor queer, he found t' suet unused in t' soap box, and he'd made his dumplin' o' soap. That fellow needed to get wed, but it would have been a case if he'd wed a woman with no more idea of cooking than he had himself. Some women are just like him —just. As soon as they can work, off they go to a mill, or a warehouse, or a shop, and they never have a chance to learn what they should do in a home, or how to provide dinners seven days a week on the wages of a working man." Then, with a sudden and comical turn of the thought, he said, "But that puddin' is grand, Nancy. I'll just have another piece."

His intention was to draw away his wife's thoughts from the dream, and he flattered himself that he had succeeded. She was quiet, and allowed him to talk, watching his smiling face, noting the sparkle in his eyes, and all the while aware that he was trying to cover from her view the fact that the dream was uppermost in his mind, if indeed the dream was not in great part a fiction, and itself a cover for some proposal which he intended to make after dinner. She had not lived with him fifteen years without finding out his little tricks—his methods of procedure, when he had something important to communicate, or when he wished to obtain her consent to some plan of his own. She could see further than he thought. Her knowledge of him was more perfect than he imagined. Behind this dream, fiction or not, she guessed that there was some hidden purpose, something he wanted to know or do; therefore she allowed him to talk, and waited patiently until he thought fit to return to the subject of the dream again. And he did talk, more than was his custom, a proof to his wife that he was a trifle excited, although he thought he was cleverly leading his wife away from the dream till the opportune time came to explain it, and, in connection with it, to feel her pulse about the matter he had in hand.

When dinner was over, he settled down in the old arm chair on one side of the hearth, lit his long clay pipe with a red-hot cinder which he lifted from the fire with his hardened and horny thumb and finger, and puffed away for some time in contemplative and expectant silence. He was waiting for Nancy to refer to the dream again. But she had no such intention. She remained discreetly quiet, knowing that in time he would come back to it himself, and that she would probably learn more about his wishes by allowing him to take the lead in the conversation.

"Well, Nancy, what about the dream?" said he, at last.

"Nay! what about it?" she replied.

"Aren't you anxious to hear what it was?"

"Not if it's going to make a big difference here, Jack, and alter a home life which has been as pleasant as thine and mine—except," and here she paused.

"Except what?"

"I hardly like to say, Jack."

"Not to me, Nancy?"

"You'll not be grieved if I do say?"

"Of course, not. We understand each other, surely."

"Well, then, I wouldn't mind, Jack, if the change were one which would make thee altogether a sober man. A dream that could do that would be well worth hearing. But, there! dreams seldom come true, as I said before, and this o' thine 'll be like other folks', I expect, in this particular, at any rate."

Saph meditatively puffed away, after this remark, for a full five minutes without speaking, as if he had metaphorically put the remark into his pipe, and was now testing the flavour of it. Nancy thought it would have no more effect upon him than remarks of the same kind had had before. But he was just now specially impressionable. He had not forgotten Bobby's refusal to drink with Tracy, the Irishman, and the emphatic way in which he had avowed himself a teetotaler. He said he had a *very* good reason for it; and it had struck Saph, that, with the adoption of the little fellow, a responsibility would be incurred which might so alter his conduct as to make a sober man of him after all.

"I don't know, Nancy," said he, speaking very slowly, "but what, if this dream were to come true, it might bring about a change even so great as that."

"Then, for goodness sake, let me know what it is," exclaimed Nancy, in undisguised astonishment. The matter was taking an altogether different, and much more gratifying, turn than she expected.

"I dreamt that there were three living here, and not two," said Jack,—"three, and the third was a bright little lad about ten, with bonny blue eyes, and a voice like a throstle's, sweet and clear. How he came I don't know; my dream didn't tell me; but he was here, and we fitted up the little back bedroom for him, and we gave him a place at the table, and we counted him as one of ourselves. In the dream, wherever he went there went a sound of singing with him, and about him there was always a shimmer of sunshine, but, of course, that belonged to the dream only. We cannot expect that, even if the dream comes true in other particulars, and this bright little lad were to prove a reality."

"Jack! what are you talking about?" exclaimed Nancy, with parted lips, pale face, and eyes suffused with tears. "It cannot be."

"How is that, Nancy?" and Jack looked at her with surprise. This was an effect he had not calculated upon. For the moment he was at a loss to know what it meant.

"Oh! Jack, it cannot be," Nancy exclaimed again. "He has gone from us years ago. He cannot come back to us, but we may go to him."

Then Jack knew what it meant. He had unwittingly touched a tender chord in his wife's heart. Only one child had ever been given to them, a dear little fellow who had departed into the unseen when he was just turned three years old, and left behind him a yearning in Nancy's motherly spirit which had never yet been satisfied. That was seven years ago, and if he had lived he would now have been ten. Jack's

dream, as he told it to Nancy, had vividly brought him to mind again, all unconsciously on Jack's part, for his heart was not like his wife's. To him the child was a fading memory. He quickly responded, however, to his wife's emotion.

"Nay, my lass," said he, with wonderful tenderness. "I was not thinking of Willie. I know we cannot have him back again. The little fellow of my dream was not like Willie; but, if he were to come, perhaps he might take Willie's place, and help to heal the secret sore that still runs, though it was caused so long ago."

"Why talk about his coming, Jack, if he is only a dream child?"

"He may be something more than a dream child, Nancy. We are rayther lonely sometimes, aren't we? and we shall get lonelier still as we grow older, if there is no one in the house but we two. Not but what we are happy enough together. That isn't it. We should have been happier maybe if Willie had lived. But there are many poor forsaken children, with no home before them except the workhouse, and they have a great dread of that—if we were to adopt one of these, and bring him up as our own, make a foster-bairn of him, we should be doing him a good turn, and be none the worse ourselves. We might be all the better. We should be, if he were a lad like the one in my dream, I feel sure; and perhaps such a lad can be found. Who can tell?"

"Perhaps, Jack; but it would be a great responsibility to take him, and do for him, and bring him up respectably, and rear him as our own."

"So it would, but a great pleasure, too, and I think in keeping with what that old book of thine says. I remember reading words something like these, '*I was hungry, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; I was naked, and ye clothed Me.*' Isn't that so, Nancy?"

"Yes!" said Nancy, suppressing her amazement to hear her husband quoting Scripture. She had never heard him use Bible words in this way before.

"Then, if the lad could be found, wouldn't you make him welcome, and treat him as if he were our very own child?"

"I would try, Jack."

"And succeed," said Jack, nodding his big head, and allowing a smile, like open sunshine, to spread itself all over his face. His pipe had gone out. He took another live coal from the fire with his thumb and finger, and lit it again. While doing so, it struck him that he might have revealed too much, therefore he said slowly, "But, of course, it's only a dream. The lad may require a lot of looking for, and we may not find him after all."

Nancy suspected that Jack had a child in his mind, and that more would come of the dream than he had intimated. She was not prepared, however, for a result so speedy as that which did actually occur. Jack had had his talk out, and relapsed into silence, meditatively drawing the smoke through his long clay, and puffing it out of his mouth in dense volumes. He said very little more during the afternoon, and did not refer to the dream again. But Nancy knew, notwithstanding his few remarks about other matters, that his mind was still occupied with what he was pleased to call his dream. It was not so easy to hoodwink Nancy as her husband imagined.

After tea, but somewhat earlier than usual, Saph began to prepare to return to his work. Nancy noticed that he was in good time, but said nothing. Her suspicions were strengthened, nevertheless, and strengthened still more when her husband made a singular request.

"I say, Nancy, fill my can with coffee, fill it to the top, and put an extra slice of bacon into my basket, and a bit more bread than I had yesterday. We shall have a sharp frost to-night, or I'm very much mistaken, and a sharp frost always makes me peckish."

"But, surely, Jack, you had enough yesterday."

"Well, yes," said Jack, slowly, "but I could do with more."

"I never saw anyone with an appetite like thine, Jack," his wife responded, with a quiet laugh, as she fulfilled his request. "Whatever should we do if we had as many bairns as some folks, and they took after thee in the matter of appetite? It would mean ruination."

"Not it. Provisions are cheap enough," said Jack. "It's other things 'at runs away with a man's money. Be sharp, Nancy, and let me be off."

"You're in a big hurry to-day, Jack," said Nancy, with just a suspicion of mischief in her voice.

"It'll be very slippery walking," said he. "Come, Nancy, don't be long. That's it," taking up his can and basket. "Good-bye! I'll let Christmas in about a quarter to seven in the morning. Good-bye!" and off Jack went with long, quick strides in the direction of Desford.

(To be continued.)

MARY'S WATCH.

By Ruth B. Yates.



I WOULD give a word of warning against an evil that is fast gaining ground amongst our girls.

My dear girls, don't try to dress beyond your means, and ape those whose income is greater than your own. Remember that a girl may dress neatly and prettily upon a very moderate allowance, if she makes good use of her own clever fingers.

I will tell you of a foolish girl who made this mistake. One evening she met a friend who walked along with her, when Mary drew out a watch to see the time.

"Why, Mary, where have you got that pretty watch?" exclaimed her companion.

"It's mine, I've bought it."

"Yours, Mary, I cannot understand it."

"You needn't look at me like that, Hannah, I have not stolen it, and you cannot think how useful it is."

"I don't doubt that, Mary; what puzzles me is how you can afford to get it. Your wages are no more than mine, and I know when I have paid my way I have little enough to send to my mother without getting a watch."

"Oh, you are content to look like nobody else. Your dresses are quite old-fashioned, and I believe you have only one brooch, Hannah, though I must say you get more new hats than I do."

"There you are wrong, Mary, as I have not had a new hat for six months, but I have trimmed this one up and made it look fresh, and I certainly must not have a watch."

"You could have it just as easy as I can with a little management. I have only paid 5s. for it, and I have to pay the rest at 2s. 6d. a week."

"Oh, Mary, I would never do that. It would be far better to wait until you could pay at once, and you would get it much cheaper."

Mary tossed her head and refused to listen, it was only a trifle, she would never miss it.

"Only a trifle," but it is the trifles that add up as Mary soon found to her cost; one article after another was obtained on the same principle.

"Only sixpence a week, I shall never miss that!"

So with trifles, her wages were entirely gone and the trifle that would have been such a help to that widowed mother with her two little ones was no longer sent.

Work grew slack, and Mary could not meet her payments, the collector threatened to put her in prison, and the poor, foolish girl was so frightened that she ran away and tried to hide.

Hannah sought her in vain, it seemed as though she was quite lost. Some weeks passed away, and as work was again brisk, if Mary did not return, her place must be filled.

One night, Hannah caught sight of a girl, almost naked, with a thin, shabby shawl round her, just about to enter a public-house.

"Oh, Mary, is that you?" she exclaimed, as she grasped her arm.

The girl looked up with a frightened look in her eyes like a hunted animal, and struggled to get away, but Hannah kindly yet firmly persisted, and took her home with her.

With many tears, Mary told her story, how she had pledged everything to live, and had at last resolved to try to drown her misery in drink, but Hannah had arrested her just in time.

"You must come back to your work in the morning, Mary," said her friend.

"I dare not for I have pawned the watch, but they would only give me 5s. on it."

"I will redeem it for you and take it back to the man, Mary; he cannot do you any harm, as I expect you have already paid as much as it is worth, but *that* you will have to lose. I will give you a dress of mine and a hat if you will come with me to work in the morning."

Mary followed her friend's advice, and gradually paid off all her debts, and did not incur any more, but I tremble to think what might have been the result or how low she might have fallen if she had not found a true friend.

MAUD'S FAIRIES.

By Lummis Gibson.

LITTLE Maud was a fisherman's daughter. A very child of the sea, if ever one were born; her home was built at the foot of a cliff, a wooden house constructed from copious wreckage which had been washed up in the bay.

Far away from the village Maud dwelt with her parents; from her eighth year she had been housekeeper, her mother being an invalid.

Maud had never played with other children for seven years; as an only child she was the pet and plaything of her parents in their lonely home.

Taught from childhood to look upon the sea as a friend, she loved it in all its moods; perhaps best when the tide drove in before a strong wind, and her father, unable to put out against the gale, would take her on his shoulders and, showing her the white flakes of foam which scurried across the beach before the breeze, told her they were fairies from the land of the setting sun.

When Maud grew older she loved to chase after the foam, or even after the white crests of the waves crying "Fairies, dear fairies, come home to me," and laughing with delight if she retained the flakey substance one moment in her chubby hands.

Maud had a little brother once, whom she could just remember being laid in her arms, and then they told her the little baby was dead, and some one telling her the fairies had taken the child, made her associate death with the land of the setting sun, and caused her to say "Fairies! bring my little brother back."

From the day when the little coffin was carried out and laid in the green churchyard, Maud's mother had never been well.

More and more the household task devolved upon the little child, and with no friends but her mother and the great sea, little Maud grew very old fashioned.

So old fashioned did she become the fishermen grew positively afraid of her, and called her uncanny, and if they met her with her flaxen tresses blowing in the wind, her blue eyes shining, and her red cheeks aglow with excitement, they would turn back in any enterprize they had begun.

One summer evening, it was Maud's twelfth birthday, she sat at her mother's bedside.

The invalid was raised up by pillows, that through the open window she might see the glory of the setting sun.

"Maud, dear, I am getting weaker. If I should be called away, you are getting a great girl now, be good and kind to your father, wont you dear?"

"Yes, mother, dear, I will."

"Now tell me when the tide is low."

"At ten o'clock, mother."

"Is the sea very calm and all aglow with the sunlight, Maud dear?"

"It is, mother."

"I should like to see it child; read about the 'beautiful city,' Maud."

Maud reached the Bible and read of the "beautiful city."

"It must be where the sea and sky meet at sunset, dear," said her mother. "Now let me lie down."

Maud arranged the pillows, and her mother sank quietly to rest.

Next morning the sky was black and the fishing boats came in before a great gale, and the foam was blown across the beach, and as Maud watched for her father with tear stained eyes, the "fairies" told her of a mother as well as a brother in the land beyond the setting sun.

They laid her mother in the same green grave in the churchyard, a pretty willow grew by its side, but Maud never thought of her mother as being there, but sat upon the rocks at the foot of the cliff and looking upon the sea illuminated with the yellow sunset, cried out in agony, "Mother, mother, come back to me!" Then she moaned, "Oh, that the fairies would come and bring mother back to me."

Her father now commenced to stay in the town, which seemed to have strange fascinations for him. Often would he miss his fishing to stay in the town, and little Maud left more and more to herself was constantly to be seen upon the beach to the terror of the superstitious people.

One night she resolved to ask her father not to leave her so much.

Very timidly she came to him, and climbing on his knee laid her little cheek against his, and said:

"Father, dear, don't leave me so much at nights when you don't go out fishing. I don't mind it then, because the sea is very kind, only it doesn't bring mother back again."

"It's all right, Maud, I have business in town, and one of these days we shall be rich and go to live in a house in town, you'll see."

"I don't want to leave here, I like the sea, especially when the fairies come. Father, why are you not like you used to be, you are so strange now sometimes?"

"Little girls should ask no questions, and they wouldn't be told any lies," was his laconic answer.

The winter nights came, and it was lonely for little Maud; her father's tea was prepared, but he did not come down from town. She stood at the door one evening looking for him, he had promised to come home early, but the fire burnt low and the clock struck ten, and still he had not come.

Maud made up the fire, and still waited; in her weariness she fell asleep. On awaking she saw her father seated in his chair fast asleep, his supper untasted.

She endeavoured to awaken him, but in vain, then she sat by the hearthstone crying, a very lonely, little girl; her only comfort the moaning of the dark waves without.

At length her father awoke from his stupor, and, looking, round cried in a strange, thick voice:

"What! not in bed yet, Maud?"

He rose and endeavoured to cross the floor, but fell in so doing, and Maud could not get him to rise; she knelt by his side and cried herself to sleep, her curly head nestling on his breast.

It was almost light when he awoke, and, feeling a weight upon his breast, had sense enough to move the little form gently, and carry her to her bed. Her sleep was troubled, for she murmured:

"No, no! kind fairies, not yet; father is not ready yet."

He stole quietly out of the house, and went down among the gathering fishermen on the beach.

They shunned him, he could see, and, heartily ashamed of himself, he went and sat upon his own boat, watching the incoming waves, and the dark clouds driven before the wind.

Maud awakened, and, afraid to find herself dressed and on the outside of the bed, her father's supper still untasted on the table, and the house empty, hurried out, her little feet skipping over the rocks, and her little voice crying, "Father! father!" But he did not hear her. At length she sat upon the rock, and looked wistfully out to sea, while the fishermen, observing her, shook their heads distrustfully. At length she arose, and, stretching out her hands towards the billows, somehow, her feet slipped, she fell, and was carried off by a receding wave.

Adam Frame heard the fishermen cry, and, springing up, realised at once what had happened.

He rushed into the surging waves, on and on, till they almost carried him off his feet and covered him; at length he grasped the little form, borne to him by a friendly breaker, and, lifting it high overhead, brought it safe back to shore.

The fishermen and their wives were eager to help, and willing feet hurried off for the doctor, but it was to late, Maud's fairies had called and she had answered.

Adam Frame, almost beside himself, chafed the cold hands and cheeks, covered the little lips with kisses, and called upon the bystanders to spare no efforts, and not for hours would he give her up.

All the village turned out to see the funeral, but the grief of the solitary mourner was too great to be relieved by any show of sympathy; in his ears there constantly rang "No, no! not yet, dear fairies, father is not ready."

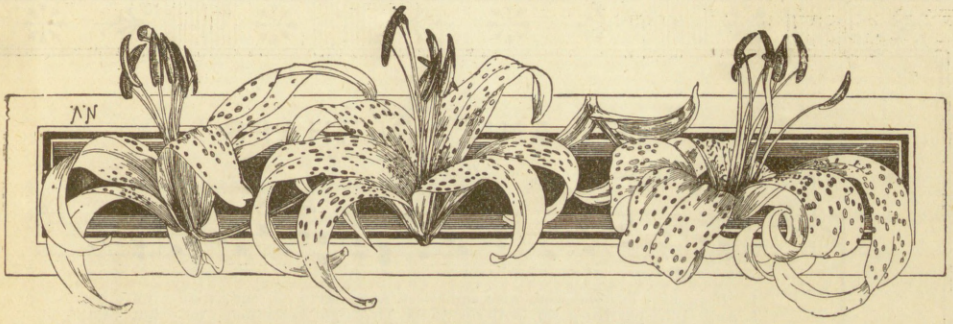
Adam Frame gave up staying in the town.

Many a time did he secretly help his struggling mates who wondered at his hermit-like existence.

Medals on the walls of his house told of his bravery in snatching his fellows from a watery grave.

Brave, temperate, kind, yet so distant, he had a wondrous power over the men, and as coxswain of their lifeboat led on to many deeds worthy of Viking fame; but his bravery was natural, and they whispered that he would not be sorry if Maud's fairies called him to meet his loved ones in the land beyond the setting sun.

"WHAT do you preach?" asked a North American Indian not long since of a missionary. "Christ," was the answer. "Then away with you," he said; "we don't want Christ. We were once a powerful people, and our enemies feared us, and our wigwams were healthy, and our young men were brave; but the white man came and he preached Christ to us, and he brought the accursed fire-water with him, and now our tribe is enervated, our wigwams are poor, our glory is gone. We do not want Christ!"—*Canon B. Wilberforce.*



RESPONSIBILITY.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

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

"WELL, Mary, I think you will suit me nicely; but there is just one little thing I have forgotten to ask you," said a lady to a fresh, country-looking girl whom she was engaging as her servant, "and that is, if you are a teetotaler?"

The red cheeks took on a deeper red as Mary Flannagan answered,

"I am now, m'am, but I had beer in my last place; my mistress said it strengthened me when I had a hard day's work."

"Tut! nonsense! girls like you don't need it; now, I am very delicate, and the doctor has ordered me port wine, and I have to take it regularly, and my last maid, I am sorry to say, disgraced herself by helping herself to it when I was out, so that is why I ask if you are an abstainer, for though I am not one myself I like my servants to be, then I am saved any anxiety on that score."

So Mary was engaged. Her history was a sad one. As an orphan she had come over from Dublin to obtain a situation in England, tempted by the higher wages; her father and mother had both died drunkard's deaths, and Mary had resolved in her own mind that she would never touch drink. In her first situation beer was allowed in the kitchen, and being chaffed a good deal by her fellow servants about her "teetotal fad," she now and again took a glass of beer, not often, for the poor girl felt instinctively that she liked the taste of it. In her two succeeding places the mistresses gave beer, and in her last one she had been dismissed for being intoxicated with the very thing which her foolish mistress—ignorant of the laws of health and science—had given her "to strengthen her."

Poor Mary, more sinned against than sinning, was very anxious to redeem her character, and, being a pleasant-faced, nice-mannered girl, she had not much difficulty in procuring a situation. For some weeks all went well, and she poured out her mistress's daily glass without longing very much for a taste; but the temptation proved too strong in the end, and one day, feeling ill and depressed, she went to the sideboard where the wine was kept and poured out a glassful; then, having once tasted, she took another and yet another, and was found in the hall in a stupid sleep. Of course she was dismissed as a "drunken creature," and, heartbroken, she left the house.

"If only my mistress had been a teetotaler," she moaned; "Oh! if she had I do think I should have kept right, but it was such a *great* temptation to pour the wine out every day. I wonder if there is such a thing to be got as a situation where there is no drink? People never seem to think of the awful craving there is in some natures for it, and I do want to be good and give it up, but I can't if the stuff is to be under my nose."

Do masters and mistresses ever think of the great responsibility they incur in this matter? Of the young lives that are hindered instead of helped on the upward path, of struggles to overcome, and of terrible failure?

Thank God! Mary found a friend in a young lady who, hearing of her downfall, went immediately to the lodgings to which she had gone, and engaged her as maid to her mother and herself.

"It is a situation where there is *no* drink, Mary, and my mother and I want to help you to be a *good* woman—an abstainer and a Christian, will you come and try?"

The tears filled the girls eyes as she answered,

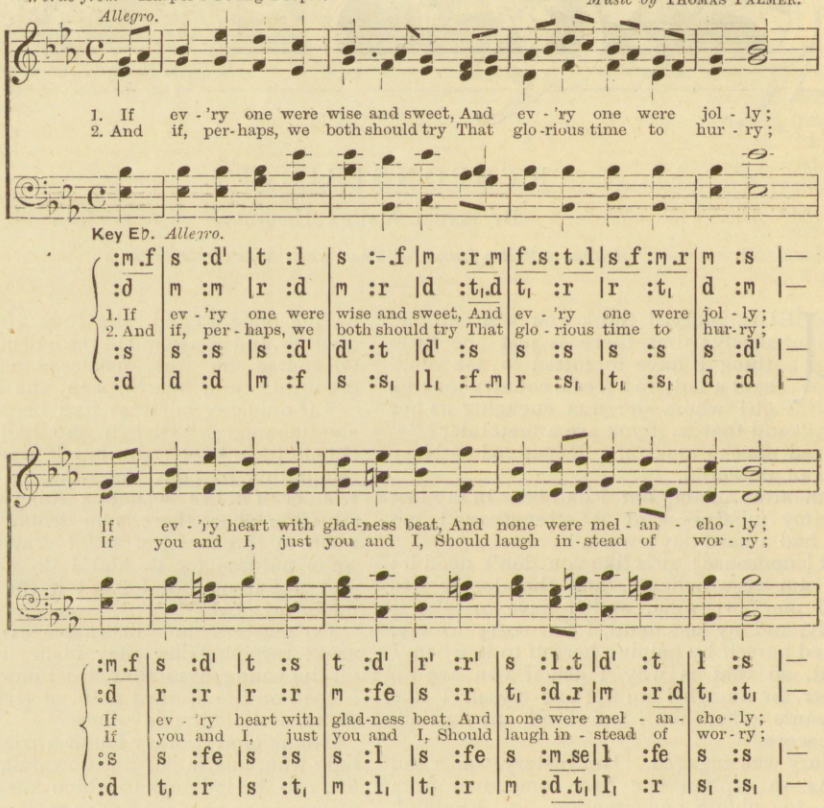
"Try! Oh, Miss, I'll work my fingers to the bone for you; you are kind and good to take me, because I have no character, and all through drink. I'm reckoned a good servant but for that, but, God helping me, you shan't have to complain of me; I'll try to redeem my character."

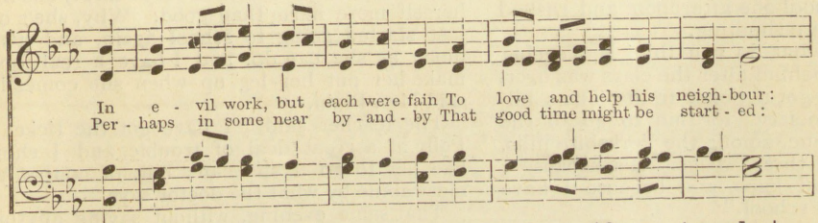
So she did. Being in a house where there was neither smell nor taste of alcohol, and where she was kindly watched and helped for two years, made a great difference in the poor girl's tendency for the drug, and though she never voluntarily placed herself in its way—"for I know it's my weakness, and I dare not tamper with it," she would say—she never again fell. She signed the pledge, and, better still, gave her heart to God; and has helped many another young servant to give up what is such a curse to thousands. May the responsibility of all in this matter come home to each one individually.

"IF" AND "PERHAPS."

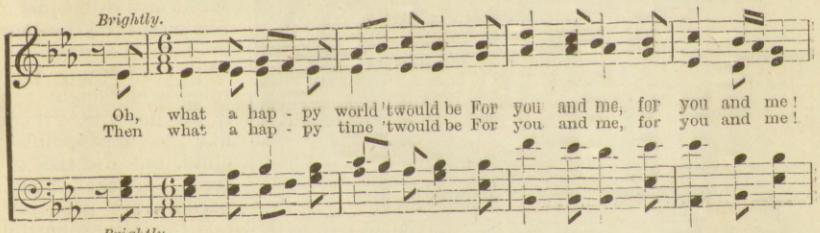
Words from "Harper's Young People." (*Copyright.*) *Music by* THOMAS PALMER.

Allegro.

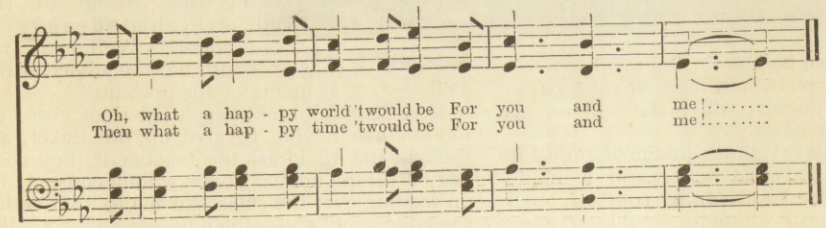




:s	s :l.t | d' :t.l	s :l | m :f	s.d :r.m | f :m	r :d | —
:t_1	d :d.r | m :d	d :d | d :t_1	d :t_1.d | d :d	t_1 :d | —
In	e - vil work, but	each were fain To	love and help his	neighbour:
Per-	haps in some near	by - and - by That	good time might be	start-ed:
:f	m :l.s | s :f	s :f | s :s	m :s | l :s	f :m | —
:s_1	d :f | m :f	m :f | d :r	m :f.m | r :m.f	s :d | —



: .d	d :- :r | m :r :d	f :s :l | s :- :s	t :- :l | s :- :s	l :- :s.f | m :-
: .d	d :- :d | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :m	f :- :f | f :- :m	d :- :t_1 | d :-
Oh,	what a hap - py	world 'twould be For	you and me, for	you and me!
Then	what a hap - py	time 'twould be For	you and me, for	you and me!
: .m	m :- :f | s :- :s	l :s :f | s :- :s	r' :- :d' | t :- :d'	d' :- :s | s :-
: .d	d :- :d | d :r :m	f :- :f | m :- :d	s_1 :- :s_1 | s_1 :- :d	f_1 :- :s_1 | d :-



:s	d' :- :t | d' :- :t	l :- :t | d' :- :s	l :- :- | s :- :-	d :- :- | - :-
:m	m :- :f | s :- :d	r :- :r | d :- :d	d :- :- | t_1 :- :-	d :- :- | - :-
Oh,	what a hap - py	world 'twould be For	you and	me!
Then	what a hap - py	time 'twould be For	you and	me!
:s	s :- :s | s :- :s	f :- :s | s :- :m	f :- :- | f :- :-	m :- :- | - :-
:d	d :- :r | m :- :m	f :- :f | m :- :d	f :- :- | s_1 :- :-	d :- :- | - :-

THE LYNFERN HOME FOR GIRLS.

By Uncle Ben.

POLLY BLAIN came bounding home from Sunday School one afternoon, and rushed into the house shouting,

"Oh! mother, what do you think? Teacher asked me to stop behind after the class was over, and she says she's got a ticket from 'The Children's Holiday Society' for me to go to the Lynfern Girls' Home, among the Yorkshire hills, for a fortnight or three weeks. It's because I have had that bad knee, and because I have been a good girl at school."

"I am glad to hear it," said her mother, "only I am afraid you will run about too much there and make your knee bad again."



"Teacher said you would have to get a paper filled up by the doctor, which she will let me have if you say I may go."

"I can't say what I think just now, only I'm sure it's very kind of your teacher, and I should be very pleased for you to enjoy yourself, but I think there's some to whom it would do more good than you just now."

"Oh, don't say that; I do want to go so badly. I shall have a lot to tell you when I come back. You'll get all my things ready in time, won't you, mother?"

"Well, we'll see," replied her mother.

Soon after this conversation the teacher called on Mrs. Blain with the paper to be filled up. She told Polly's mother all about the pleasant home in the country. How a kind matron looked after the girls, and a doctor called every day, and different ladies went to stay for a certain time to superintend and amuse the girls. Mrs. Blain heard all that the teacher had to say, and told her how grateful she was for her kindness, and how anxious Polly was to go; but the doctor, she thought, was very likely to say "No!" because Polly was very venturesome, and what the child needed was rest and not running about.

"Unless they watch her very sharply she'll do herself more harm than good. Why, she's only just started going to school again, and it's as much as she can do, and I have a real job to make her put her leg up when she comes in," said Mrs. Blain.

The teacher said, "I have got the ticket for Polly at a great deal of trouble, and I should like her to go if she can; but, of course, you must abide by what the doctor says."

That same evening, without saying anything to Polly, Mrs. Blain went to the doctor, who was very kind, but said plainly,

"You have put me in a fix; the fresh air, and change, and good food would do the child good, but you run a great risk sending her away by herself to any Home just now. She ought to keep her leg up half the day, and if she were to jump or play roughly she might repent it all her life. I don't like to disappoint the child, but the risk is too great, unless you as parents are prepared to take the full responsibility. Now it would be the very thing for your neighbour's child, poor Jane Keppel, who is creeping back to life from fever, and is well enough to go, but so weak and neglected that she stands little chance of getting strong in that wretched drunkard's home. Well, you talk it over with your husband, but my advice is that Polly is best at home for the present."

Mrs. Blain felt more perplexed than ever; she did not like having to give up the ticket, and thought she would ask the teacher if they could keep it till the doctor gave a willing consent, but on reading over the rules she found that unless the child could go on the day appointed another must be sent in her place. She spoke to her husband and he was against Polly's going, and, on hearing what the doctor said about Jane Keppel, thought Polly ought to give it up and let her go.

Then Mrs. Blain insisted that Polly should do so of her own free will, or else the child would fret so that it would do her more harm than the risk she would run by going. "For," Mrs. Blain said, "of course the place is for poorly children, and she would be well looked after."

The more difficulties grew, the more desirous was the mother for Polly to go, because she saw how earnestly her child had set her heart on

this holiday. It grieved Mrs. Blain to say anything that hurt Polly, for she had suffered much with this knee, but she took an early opportunity to speak to her about Jane Keppel, and when she did Polly began to cry and say,

"Oh, yes, mother, I went in and told her first of all about the ticket, and the train, and all the nice things in the Home, and she said, 'I wish it was me, but I've not got things to go in;' and then I felt so sorry as I saw her white face. I seemed to feel she ought to go instead of me, but I cannot give up, I *do* want to go."

"Think it over and do what you think would be most like Jesus."

That was the word that went home to Polly's heart and conscience. First she felt she could not feel happy if she went, knowing poor Jane would so like to go, then she felt she would be miserable, to think of Jane enjoying herself, whilst having to stay in the narrow street and close home, but the more Polly thought about it, and the more Jane came in to hear and talk about the beautiful Home in the hills, the more Polly felt Jane must go.

So on Sunday Polly made a bold set at the teacher and told her all her conflict, and asked if the ticket could be transferred.

"Yes," said the teacher, "and I am sure if you do give it up, you'll never be sorry."

"But oh! teacher, when I've given the ticket, I know I shall wish I hadn't, and if she goes and comes back and tells me all, I am afraid I shall hate her because she's got all the enjoyment instead of me."

That same Sunday evening, Polly went in to see poor Jane. She found her hard at work and in trouble, because her mother, who was drunk, had said that she must go out and earn some money, or else she shouldn't get anything to eat. When Polly saw how thin and ill Jane was, and so weak and tired that she said she could hardly stand, she determined to give her ticket to Jane.

At first, Jane would not hear of it, but Polly said she knew her mother did not think her knee well enough to go, and the teacher said Jane might have the ticket if Polly liked. Jane's father and mother, when they heard of the offer, urged her to accept, so at last Jane consented. The doctor readily filled up the paper, and he was so pleased with Polly's kindness, as revealed by Jane, that he sent her sixpence with his "kind regards," which much pleased Polly.

At last the day came. Polly went to the station to see her friend off; both were in good spirits—if anything, Jane seemed the least happy of the two. As the train moved away, Polly shouted, "Mind you write!"

Some days after, Polly received this letter:—

"Deer Poly,

"I got ear all right, a cart fetched me and some other grils from the train—it was a nice ride. I do wish you was ear. We all have long pinnes, and lots to eat, cake and jam for tea. It is a bootiful place, I am enjoning myself. This leaves me well; I ope you are. So no more at present,

"JANE.

"P.S.—It was good of you to give me the ticcut."

When Jane came back quite sun-burnt, and looking so well and strong, Polly felt even more glad and thankful than ever that she had not gone. The disappointment was all lost in hearing about what Jane had seen and done.

Polly's teacher heard of Jane's enjoyment and return to health, and rejoiced at the good use made of the ticket, but did not forget the following year, when Polly's knee was cured, to obtain another for her to go to the Lynfern Girls' Home to taste the joys about which she had heard so much.

TALES FROM FAIRYLAND.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

"BUTTERCUP," cried the silvery voice of the Fairy Queen, "it is a long time since we heard anything from you. Come forward, little spirit, and tell us one of the many stories you used to tell us long ago."

Buttercup was a very pretty little maiden indeed, and her name well suited her, for her graceful head, with its crown of short yellow curls, was not unlike the gleaming head of the buttercup, while her trailing robe of pale-green gossamer, caught in at the waist with a golden girdle, gave her a most flower-like appearance. The fairies were all very fond of her, she was so gentle and loveable. So when Her Majesty called on her for the next story there was general satisfaction.

"I have travelled so little," began Buttercup with a blush, "and have had so few adventures, that I have nothing to tell you concerning myself. Any stories that I know I have had told to me by others."

"Never mind that!" cried the little Queen. "We shall be delighted to hear your story, whatever be its source; so begin at once, my pretty Buttercup."

And she did begin. This is the story she told:

"IN A CASTLE BY THE SEA."

"There once lived, in a grey, tumble-down old castle, that stood by the singing sea, two very beautiful maidens, They were looked upon as sisters by the people around the place, though really they were not related in any way.

"Inez, the elder of the two, was the daughter of Captain Armatage, the owner of the castle. She was a lovely girl, but there were people who whispered that she was not as sweet as she looked. Her fine dark eyes too often flashed with anger, and her red lips too often curled with scorn. She was feared by the servants at the castle, and disliked by the poor people who dwelt around.

"The parentage of Belle, the younger girl, was shrouded in mystery. One night, the Captain brought home a small bundle, and, placing it in the arms of his housekeeper, bade her take care of it.

"'I have rescued the little thing from a sea-grave,' he said. 'A ship was wrecked last night, and I am afraid the baby has lost her parents.'

"When the good woman drew the shawl away from the little head she beheld the sweetest wee

face she had ever looked on; round, pink and dimpled, with big blue eyes that looked out of it like two shining stars, and a small red mouth as soft and tremulous as a rose.

"So the little 'sea-waif,' as the Captain called her, remained in the old castle, and grew up, side by side, with the Captain's own daughter Inez. As children they were very fond of each other, but, as they passed from childhood, a gulf seemed suddenly to open between them, which widened year by year. Inez grew jealous of Belle, and Belle distrustful of Inez; and so the two girls, although living in the one house, drifted apart, and the love which had been between them in early years grew cold and dry.

"The good Captain, who really loved Belle almost as well as his own child, was mostly away with his ship, and the girls saw very little of him. So the days went on, and the sea smiled in the golden rays of summer, or tossed in the storms of winter.

"One night in March, when the wind was driving and lashing the waves into fury, Belle sat at her little window looking out at the waters with fear in her soft blue eyes.

"'God help all poor people at sea to-night!' she prayed, her white hands clasped together.

"'What are you moping there for?' exclaimed Inez, who had just entered the room.

"'Oh, Inez!' Belle replied, 'what a terrible night it is! Think of the ships at sea on such a night as this!'

"'Indeed, I've something else to think of!' Inez answered; 'I'd like to know what they have to do with me?'

"She had hardly finished speaking when a sharp ring of the door bell made both girls start.

"'Whoever can it be at this time of the night?' Belle cried, starting to her feet.

"'No one of any importance,' Inez replied.

"Another ring of the bell, louder and sharper than before; after which a servant entered the room and informed the girls that an old woman, ragged and footsore, begged for admission, and would take no refusal.

"'Shut the door on her!' cried Inez. 'We want no tramps here!'

"'Oh, no! dear sister!' sobbed tender-hearted little Belle; 'let the poor thing in. It is too terrible a night to turn even a dog away!'

"'Shut the door on her!' reiterated Inez, her face flushing with anger; but the servant stood irresolute, looking from one girl to the other. She was an old woman herself, and her heart pleaded for the poor creature waiting at the door, and besides this she loved Belle, and did not wish to do anything that would displease her.

"'What are you waiting for?' Inez demanded, with a stamp of her foot. 'I am mistress here. Do what I tell you!'

"'But, Miss Belle——' began the servant.

"'And who's Miss Belle?' interupted Inez, with a sneer. 'I suppose she has a feeling of pity for her kind, but one outcast in a home is quite enough; we don't want any more!'

"Poor Belle's face went very pale, and the hot tears sprang into her blue eyes.

"'Oh, how unkind you are!' she cried between her sobs. Then, turning to the servant, she said, 'It is true that Inez is mistress here, and so you must obey her, but before you shut the door on that poor old woman let me see her and give her something to eat.'

"She moved across the room as she spoke, but Inez, who felt very small indeed, had now completely lost her temper, and, stepping between Belle and the door, she cried,

"'And, pray, where will you get food to give her to eat? To whom do the things in this house belong? Have you anything of your own to give her? Are you not dependent on our charity for your own bread?'

"'At any rate,' cried Belle, with her face as white as the foam on the waves outside, 'at any rate, I can give her a kind word. It is true I have nothing in the world, nothing, but I can tell her this, and assure her that if I had she should not be sent forth into the wildness of this terrible night!'

"Here Belle's voice broke, and, sobbing bitterly, she rushed from the room. When she got to the door she saw the old woman crouching against the gate, her thin clothes drenched with rain, and her white hair blown about by the shrieking wind. All poor Belle's heart went out to her.

"'Oh, you poor thing!' she cried, her sweet, young voice tremulous with compassion. 'If I could only help you; but I have nothing in the world, and this home is not mine; I do not own even a crust of bread,—but stay, this shawl is mine, my very own; wrap it around you, it may help to warm you a little.'

"With her own white hands she placed the shawl around the woman's shoulders. The wind tried to snatch and carry it away, and, not succeeding, it dashed the rain into Belle's eyes, almost blinding her.

"'God bless you!' the old woman said earnestly, peering from under her bushy grey hair at the fair young face before her. 'God bless you! you have a kind heart. I am only a poor tramp, but my blessing may do you good. You have given me the shawl from your shoulders, let me give you something in return. Take this ring, and when the clock is striking the first hour of the morning slip it on your finger, and whatever you wish shall be granted you. Remember the old tramp's words!'

"Before Belle could utter a word the ring was in her hand, and the strange woman with the white hair had vanished.

"She shut and bolted the door, and went back to her room with a very queer feeling in her breast. The touch of the little ring in her hand made her feel creepy. That there was something magic about it she did not for one moment doubt. It glinted and smiled like a human eye.

"The fury of the storm increased; the skies grew blacker; the rain fell heavier; the wind shrieked louder.

"In her little white bed Inez lay, feeling very small and miserable. There were some grains of gold in her heart, but her bad temper and jealousy of the love that Belle inspired wherever she went kept these grains of gold from coming to the top. Now, however, her fit of bad temper was over, and her conscience arose and strongly

upbraided her for the part she had played that night. She was not really uncharitable, and the wail of the wind, and the patter of the raindrops against the window, mingled with the angry roar of the sea, made her think of the poor old creature to whom she had refused shelter. She tried to sleep, but all in vain. Belle's face, with the sorrow she had caused would rise before her, and the storm outside would remind her of the homeless wanderer she had turned away. At last she felt that she could stand it no longer, so she arose and dressed, and then stood by the window looking out into the wild night. She saw the white tips of the distant waves gleaming pale and ghostly through the blackness. Once she thought she saw something moving close to the garden gate.

"'I wonder what it is?' she whispered to herself, 'perhaps it's that poor, old woman. Maybe she isn't able to go any farther; I'll go and see!' So she shoved her tiny feet into a pair of slippers, and crept noiselessly down the stairs. With trembling fingers she drew back the heavy bolt; then opening the door, looked out. There was no one near, but she fancied she saw in the distance a small figure moving slowly away.

"'Poor thing!' Inez thought. 'It is really awful to be out on such a night as this; I'll go after her and bring her back!'

"Inez was a creature who always acted on impulse, whether that impulse was good or bad. So she no sooner thought of running after the woman than she began. Out into the wild night she hurried, her beautiful hair streaming behind like a great dark mantle.

"At that moment Belle was sitting in her room with the magic ring clasped in her little fingers. 'When the clock is striking the first hour of the morning, slip it on your finger, and whatever you wish shall be granted!' How the words rang in her ears!

"'What shall I wish for?' she asked herself. 'I know. I'll wish for money, heaps of money, and then Inez can never throw my poverty in my face! Oh, how her cruel words stung me! Yes, I'll wish to be rich! It must be near one o'clock now. Hark! What was that? Someone opening the door. Whoever can it be? It cannot be anyone going out on such a terrible night. I'll look!' She ran to the window, and, drawing back the curtains, was just in time to see Inez hurrying down the dark road.

"'Wherever can she be going?' Belle cried. 'I must follow her. Poor Inez; perhaps she's in trouble.'

"In a few minutes Belle was out in the wind and rain, the ring still clasped in her trembling hand.

"'Inez!' she called, 'come back. You will be blown into the water!' But the loud voices of the storm drowned her cry.

"Her tender heart almost stopped beating, when she saw the slender figure before her, swaying backwards and forwards, like a reed in the tempest. Inez was so close to the sea now that the waves almost touched her feet.

"'Inez, my sister, come back!' Belle cried; and the cry had hardly left her lips, when the wind, lifting Inez clean off her feet, dashed her into the foaming, frothing waters!

"'Help! help!' Belle shrieked, and as though in answer to her cry, a clock in the distance struck the first hour of the morning.

"Then she remembered the ring, and the old woman's words, 'Whatever you wish shall be granted.' She thought no longer of being rich; she though of nothing save the life the waves were trying to quench for ever.

"Slipping the ring on her finger, she wished.

"'Let Inez be saved!' she cried, and even as she spoke, the waves lifted the unconscious, but living body and laid it, almost gently, at Belle's very feet!

"Oh, what a happy, happy night that was in the castle by the sea! Love had bridged over the chasm which had separated the two girls so long. All coldness, all jealousy was gone for ever. They lay in each other's arms, and kissed as they had never kissed since they were wee children. And when the darkness and the storm passed away, and the good old sun arose over a calm world, there were not two happier, or more united girls to be found than Inez and Belle."

JUST FOR FUN!

By J. G. Tolton.

JEMMY SUTTON was enjoying himself. You would have thought so if you had heard his ringing laughter. He laughed till he could not stand, and so had to lie down to get it all in.

What was it pleased him so much? A poor, helpless goat. Jemmy pulled its ears and tail till the creature bleated in its pain. Her eyes looked up at the boy so appealingly, they looked almost human, so expressive were they.

But Jemmy had no eyes for appeal, humanity, or expression. His one aim was enjoyment. His favourite expression was—"Just for fun!"

Once Jemmy saw a milkcart standing in the road. The milkman was a few yards away, receiving orders. Jemmy thought it would be fine fun to let the milk run to waste, so he turned on the tap of the milkholder, and ran away. Before the owner could return to his cart, quite a shilling's worth of milk had been lost. Surely, Jemmy did not think about that side of the question. All he thought about was the fun of seeing the land flowing with milk, if not with honey.

Another time, Jemmy was with one of his schoolmates. They saw a bicycle outside a house. Apparently, the owner had some business inside, and was attending to it.

"What a lark!" said Jemmy, "let's put that machine round the corner, just for fun." Jemmy's friend was willing, so the boys quietly removed the bicycle, and stood at a safe distance awaiting the result.

Presently the man came out. His dismay was great when he missed his machine. For the moment, the man had all the pain of losing it. The look of distress which shadowed the owner's

face was at once noticed by Jemmy. Instantly, the unfeeling lad broke into violent laughter. The cyclist was some minutes before he recovered his property, and a still longer time before he overcame his fears.

Yet all this pain and annoyance was fun to Jemmy. Nothing delighted him more. A skater was once suddenly immersed in deep water by the ice giving way. Jemmy saw it, laughed, and shouted "Hooray!" That is the kind of lad Jem was.

And now it was a goat that was being badgered. The tormentor tied its forelegs tightly together, and made it walk under such an awkward disadvantage. He varied operations by freeing the forelegs and binding the hindlegs. He tied a cord from the goat's head to its tail, so that when Nanny bent her head low, she pulled her own tail; and this was to Jemmy the finest fun he knew. It never struck him to enquire what was the goat's feelings in the matter.

"Surely such a lad came to a bad end," you say. Something ought to happen to a lad like that, certainly.

The something came about this way. Jemmy went with a number of his schoolfellows to the meadows one holiday afternoon. Running thro' the field was a delightfully sweet stream. The water was purer than the liquid some townspeople are obliged to drink. Moreover, it was deliciously cool, while the atmosphere was oppressively hot.

These considerations suggested the proposal for a bathe. Everybody said yes. Jemmy, good-naturedly, undertook to mind the boys' clothes. He remembered a promise he had given—on no account to risk the danger of getting drowned.

As soon as the slowest boy had got well into the stream, Jemmy filled all the boys' boots with fresh water. He courteously informed the waders what he had accomplished; then loudly shouting: "My mother wants me," the clothes-minder left the river-bank.

But Jemmy could not exist more than five minutes without some fun, so being well away from the water, he looked around to see what else was stirring. There, before him, Jem saw what looked like a cow making a meal of the sweet, fresh grass.

Jemmy's mind was made up. He commenced operations by throwing at the creature any light material he could pull up. There were no stones available, so the lad had to be satisfied with bits of turf. The grazer did not appear to notice the soft missiles, so Jemmy changed his tactics.

Just for fun, he took off his coat and began to tease the tenant of the meadow, in a manner not to be misunderstood or ignored. The bull (for so it was) paused in his grazing and followed Jemmy Sutton. Anyone seeing the lad would have thought him a very good runner. He certainly did his best to get over the ground, but his best was short of success. So the bull (just for fun, let us hope) assisted Jemmy over the hedge into the adjoining field.

This time there was no mirth, for Jemmy was badly shaken. Before he recovered from that tossing, Jemmy Sutton had altered his opinions about fun. Folks said the bull was the best teacher Jemmy Sutton ever had. They were glad the tormentor's ideas had been corrected, for he would probably have become a tyrant, if in after life he had risen to any position of authority.

EUPHEMISMS.

WHAT is a euphemism? I believe the dictionary meaning is, "a delicate expression used instead of a harsh one," or something like that. A man brought before the magistrates charged with being drunk was indignant, and denied the soft impeachment. Upon being closely questioned, he admitted having had a fair quantity of liquor, and said he was "chatty maggy." This was a euphemism. Another gentleman, in an interview with a magistrate upon a similar occasion, said he had only had a "little drop." Upon investigation, this turned out to be "a bottle of claret, a bottle of champagne, and two brandies and soda." This was a euphemism. The calling "a spade a spade" does not apply to the definition of drinking. "A glass or so," "a drain," "a thimbleful," may mean anything from a glass of wine to a gallon of ale. "A little fresh," "three sheets in the wind," "half seas over," and such like phrases, usually mean, in plain English, more or less drunk. A little plainer speaking, and less fondness for euphemisms, would mean more truthful descriptions of many customs that at present are tolerated largely owing to the falsehood under which they are hidden.

MORE EUPHEMISMS.

HERE is a further illustration of the same habit. An examiner put the following question: "What would be the effect of a quart of pure brandy upon a man?" The answer seems pretty simple. It would either kill or make him dead drunk. The pupil, however, gave a discriminating answer as follows: "It depends upon circumstances—that is, as to who the man was who drank it. If he was a labouring man, he would be 'beastly drunk'; if he was a tradesman, he would be 'intoxicated'; if he was a gentleman of independent means, or a professional man, he would be 'inebriated'; if he was a Member of Parliament, he would be 'excited'; if he was a Member of the House of Lords, he would be 'elevated';; and if he was a member of the Royal Family, he would be 'considerably elated.'" There is too much truth in this answer, and it reveals what Carlyle calls the "flunkeyism and unveracity of the average Englishman."

WE WILL BE HEARD.

WE will speak out, we will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack;
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back.
We speak the truth, and what care we
For hissing and for scorn;
While some faint gleamings we can see
Of freedom's coming morn.
Let liars fear; let cowards shrink;
Let traitors turn away;
Whatever we have dared to think,
That dare we also say.—*Lowell.*

DRUNKEN ANTS.

By Lucy Taylor.



E all know that the tiny brown ants, which we see scampering about almost everywhere, are not only very busy little creatures but also very intelligent, that they are able to talk to one another, and to contrive all manner of clever plans for building their nests and getting their food. Ants, too, seem to be even quicker to recognize their friends than we are, for they live in very large colonies, as many as five hundred thousand in one nest, and it has been discovered by many experiments that the insects that belong to the same nest always know each other and behave in a friendly manner, while if a stranger from another nest is introduced, he is either taken no notice of or driven away.

Ants of the same nest are very kind to each other in trouble. One poor little thing was watched who had hurt itself when getting out of its chrysalis-skin, and as it could not run about like its companions did, kind friends waited upon and fed it for three months.

It is Sir John Lubbock who has found out by patient study so much about these wonderful creatures, and, as ants live a good many years, he has been able to watch the same insects, and thus find out how well they remember one another, even after a separation of twelve months.

Now, it occurred to Sir John that he would like to know how ants would behave if they were given intoxicating drink, and what they would think of each other if some got drunk, whether they would recognize their unhappy and degraded friends, and if so, whether they would help them while in such a disgraceful condition. So he took twenty-five ants from one nest and twenty-five from another, and made them all drunk.

This was not at all an easy matter. It is possible, sometimes, to make animals drink without much difficulty, although they seldom relish alcoholic drink, and will generally refuse it when once they have had sad experience of its dreadful effects; but these shrewd little insects declined altogether to have anything to do with the fermented liquor. They had no taste for it, and insisted on leaving it alone.

Now it seemed rather hard on the sensible little ants, but Sir John Lubbock was determined to carry out his experiment and so gained his point in this way. He wanted to give the ants whisky ; they declined, and as he could not open their mouths and put the whisky into the ants, he put the ants into the whisky. Now the most rigid tetotaler, be he man or boy or insect, cannot stand this sort of treatment. However firm one's principles may be, one can hardly keep sober struggling in a bath of whisky, and as ants cannot swim they could not keep their heads above water, or rather above whisky, and soon swallowed quite enough to make them helplessly drunk.

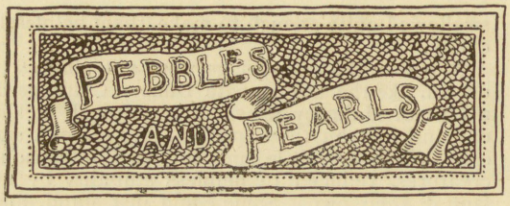
Of course the poor things were not allowed to drown, like the unfortunate Duke of Clarence in a butt of Malmsey wine ; they were all picked out and laid on the experimenting table, a sad spectacle of fifty little innocent, wise, industrious creatures, reduced to helpless stupidity by no fault of their own. Some could just stand, and attempted to make use of their six unsteady little legs ; others could only lie about and wave their antennæ aimlessly, the picture of drunken imbecility; others again lay quite still, absolutely dead drunk, the narcotic (sleepy) poison they had taken having paralysed every muscle, and left the body prostrate, and the mind a perfect blank, for they neither felt any pain nor knew anything of what was going on around them.

This was the time to introduce the drunkards to their friends, and Sir John brought a number of ants taken from only *one* of the nests to which the fifty belonged. These respectable and sober insects were quite shocked at the condition of their fellow-creatures! They walked around them waving their antennæ, and no doubt debating what was best to be done, for they had not seen drunken folks so often as we, alas, have seen them, and did not know whether they would ever again recover their strength or their senses. But, strange to say, these ants, puzzled as they were at their comrades' condition, knew quite well which among them belonged to their own nest. They decided, too, that it was worth an effort to save them, so, with immense difficulty and labour, they carried them off, one by one, and no doubt watched them tenderly at home till they recovered their senses and returned to their accustomed sobriety.

But what was to be done with the others ? As there were no ties of kindred, these sober ants decided, rather severely, that the strangers were not fit to live. All round the table on which Sir John Lubbock carries on his experiments he keeps a little trough of water to prevent the ants from escaping. To the edge of this water, therefore, the unconscious creatures were dragged and dropped in. Of course they were very soon drowned, and their poor little whisky-soaked bodies floated about, sad examples to all sober insects of the results of one drinking bout!

Alas, that the warning should be needed so much, *not* by the tiny insect in the grass, "a people not strong," but by the highest of creatures made in the image of God, *man* who has been given dominion over all living creatures beneath him, and yet who is the only one in God's creation who flings away to the devil his great and glorious powers by swallowing this foul poison which he has invented for himself, while he neglects the pure and wholesome drinks his Maker has provided.

"Go to the ant, thou 'drunkard,' consider her ways and be wise ;" but, better still, learn of the little ant before becoming a drunkard, before even touching the drinks that have power to make us so hopeless and so debased. If we never drink a drop of alcohol till, like the little ants, we are forced to do so, we shall always be safe and always be sober.



A MODERATE drinker is sure to go on lessening the water and increasing the brandy.

THE DEVIL'S CHAIN.—Four links thereof: drink, smoke, bad language, gambling.

THE *Medical Brief* says: "Alcohol is perhaps the most deceitful drug in the whole materia medica."

IMPORTANCE OF SPEAKING THE TRUTH.—Herodotus tells us, in the first book of his history, that, from the age of five years to that of twenty, the ancient Persians instructed their children only in three things, viz., to manage a horse; to shoot dexterously with the bow; and *to speak the truth*. This shows how important they thought it to fix this virtuous habit on the minds of youth betimes.—*Buck*.

ONE SIN.—The science of chemistry teaches us that a single grain of iodine will give colour to 7,000 times its weight of water, so, spiritually, one sin may affect the whole life. If the evil that assails us were as frightful in its aspect as in its essence, we should run little danger from its assaults; but too often it besets us in fair forms and in dazzling colours, and herein lies our peril. —*Christian Age*.

NOT AN INDUSTRY.—Michael Davitt, the great Irish Home Ruler, says: "There is something absolutely hideous and revolting in the disgusting cant of this whisky ring about their particular 'industry'—an 'industry' in which colossal fortunes go to the maker and a bare subsistence wage to the worker; dogcarts and diamond rings for the wholesale merchant, and sixteen hours' work a day and a bare living for the waiter who has to retail the precious product that fills our lunatic asylums with the hapless victims of dipsomania, our gaols with criminals, our streets with unfortunates, and tens of thousands of homes with squalor, want, and misery, while it fills the coffers and the pockets of the distillers with untold wealth."

YOU SHAN'T SPOIL MY CHARACTER.

A LITTLE fellow, who had been brought up a staunch teetotaler, was about to be apprenticed. The foreman offered him a glass of beer. The little fellow said, "I never touch that stuff." "Halloa, youngster," said the foreman, "we never have teetotalers here." "If you have me you'll have one," returned the boy. The foreman was irritated, and holding up the glass of beer, he said, "Now, my boy, there's only one master here; you'll either have this inside or outside." The little fellow said, "Well, you can please yourself; I brought my clean jacket with me and a good character—you may spoil my jacket, but you shan't spoil my character."

LIGHTHOUSE work is easier, cheaper, and safer than lifeboat work.

ONE of the first covenants that every young man ought to make with himself is that he will never run in debt.

IT IS a great thing to have a sense of humour. To go through life with no sense of the humorous and ridiculous, is like riding in a wagon without springs.

BOOKKEEPER (at his principal's party): "My idea has always been to become an African traveller."

His Partner (the daughter of the house): "Oh! Our former bookkeepers always went to America!"

THE RIGHT METHOD.—"True enlightenment in the government of a nation will not display itself in the erection of hospitals, lunatic asylums and workhouses, and gaols, institutions which no civilised community can dispense with, but in dealing with the evil causes which tend to undermine the health, prosperity, and virtue of the people."—*Earl of Aberdeen*.

"WELL, Pat," said a friend, meeting him on the street after he had been suffering with a severe and prolonged attack of the "grippe," "I hear you have been having a pretty hard time of it." "Faith an' I have," said Pat. "An' it's the right name they give to it, too, for when it once takes holt of a man it's no mind to let go. It took me thraa weeks to feel better after I was entoirely well."

DOES ALCOHOL WARM US?—A patient was arguing with his doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he: "But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant—I am cold and it warms me." "Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer; "see here: this stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth, and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?" The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke, and then burst into a flame, and replied: "Of course, not; it is burning itself." "And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."

THOSE ENGLISH.—A football team of English students was started last year at Brussels, and this is the report in a Belgian paper:—"A vigorous kick announces the beginning of the game. A number of young men are at once seen rolling on the ground. As soon as one of the players, bruised and lacerated, seizes the ball, a mob pursues him, throws him over, buries him beneath a pile of arms and legs, and seizes by force the precious prey, which the brave fellow presses to his heart. The frenzied and brutal strife lasted more than an hour. Many passers-by, noticing the pitiable condition of the players, inquired if there had been an accident. 'No, none whatever,' was the reply; 'it is only the English amusing themselves.'"

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By ALFRED COLBECK.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Cherions' Workpeople," etc., etc.)

CHAPTER VII.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.



S the big stoker drew nearer the town, he quickened his pace, swinging along in rythmical motion, and calling forth admiring glances, all unknown to himself, from the few people that were already beginning to wend their way to the various places of worship. The slippery roads, along which the passers-by were gingerly picking their way, made no difference to him, notwithstanding the fact that he had mentioned them as an excuse for starting early. Down came his heavy boots upon them, the iron heels breaking through the frosty surface, the pointed nails biting into the ice, giving him a grip and firmness of footing denied to the smoother soles of lighter built, ordinary sized individuals. So fast was he walking that more than one who turned to look at him as he sped past them thought he must be late, and trying to make up for lost time; but he was soon, and had time to spare, a good half-hour to spare, if he were going direct to his employment at that pace. Instead of taking the shorter way however, the way he invariably took, through narrow streets that skirted along the busy centre of the town, he turned up one of the main thoroughfares into the centre itself, and came to a standstill before the closed premises of a woollen draper and outfitter.

The premises were old-fashioned, the business had been long established, and the man who carried it on, a woollen draper and outfitter of the third generation, lived above the shop, as his father and grandfather had done before him. Saph knew this, and had come straight to the place in the hope of catching Mr. Wyre before he started for service. He had traded with him before, but never on a Sunday. Saph's conscience was not like Bobby's. He had no scruples whatever in regard to a transaction like that he now contemplated—on the contrary, the thought of it gave him no small amount of satisfaction. It never struck him that possibly Mr. Wyre might object to trade with him on a Sunday. He meant to obtain a decent suit of clothes for Bobby, with a new cap, and stockings and shoes. He was anxious for him to make a favourable impression upon Nancy. He did not want her to see him in ragged attire and bare feet, lest she might take a dislike to him; but he might have thrown these fears to the winds. Nancy was not the kind of woman whose sympathies were likely to be dried up by Bobby's poverty-stricken appearance. He might have appealed more strongly to her motherly instincts in his rags than rigged out as Saph wanted him to be. Another motive was at work, too. Saph had begun to think of the lad as his. In heart he had already adopted him, and it was not in accordance with his ideas that any lad of his should continue half-clad in bitter, wintry weather like they were then having, or indeed in any other kind of weather. As his lad, he must be warmly and respectably clad. He contemplated Bobby's transformed appearance with quite a pardonable pride. He did not think that there would be any difficulty in effecting the transformation on a Sunday. With Saph, it was "better the day, better the deed."

The house-door adjoined the shop, and was fitted with a very substantial knocker, which, without the slightest hesitation, for he had not much time to make his purchases, Saph used so vigorously, that the rat-tat-tat was heard all over the house. Mr. Wyre himself answered the summons. He was a tall, thin man, with a stoop in the shoulders, accentuated by the heavy overcoat in which he was now enveloped. His black silk hat covered a shiny bald head, and shadowed a long, pale face fringed with side whiskers. A pair of quick grey eyes gleamed out of the shadow, and the ruddy end of a snipy nose, made ruddy, however, by the frosty air. He had on a pair of warm gaiters, and carried an umbrella,—indeed, when Saph knocked he was in the hall and just ready to go to church. The knock had quite startled him, and he had opened the door quickly to find himself confronted by the big form of the stoker.

"Well, my man, what do you want?" said he.

"Ever so many things," Saph replied, "and I've precious little time to spare to get them in. But I'd better come inside, hadn't I? then you can put the door to, and keep the cold out," and without waiting for the invitation, stepped forward at once into the hall.

Mr. Wyre closed the door, but he was somewhat surprised, for he had not yet fully recognised Saph's voice and form.

"Now I'll tell you what I want," Saph continued. "I want a rig out for a little lad about ten years old,—and he is a big one for ten,—from top to toe. Every mortal thing, 'at a lad of his years carries on his body, under and above, I want you to supply me with, and as quick as you can. I've to be at my work in half an-hour, and, if I mistake not, you're dressed for church already, and I shouldn't like to keep you away. I want everything good, and remember, Mr. Wyre, he's a big one for ten."

"But," said Mr. Wyre, who had now made out who Saph was, "but, my man, it's Sunday!"

"What of that?" responded Saph.

"We don't do business on Sunday. Cannot you come to-morrow?"

"To-morrow 'll be Sunday too, I reckon, or as good as Sunday. You don't open on Christmas Day, do you, Mr. Wyre?"

"No! I never thought of that. Won't Tuesday do?"

"Tuesday will be too late. I want these things now."

"I never sold so much as a pennyworth of thread on a Sunday in all my life," said the

JULY, 1895. *All rights reserved.*

tradesman. He wished to accommodate his customer, but, at the same time, he wished to keep his conscience inviolate.

"You must either sell or give me what I want, Mr. Wyre, and be sharp about it," said Saph, "time's going."

"Is it something very particular, and that cannot wait?"

"Yes! very; and it cannot wait at all."

"Now, if I were a chemist," said Mr. Wyre, reflectively, as if arguing with himself, "the urgency plea would hold good, but I cannot see how it can hold good for clothes."

"I can," interpolated Saph.

"Can you?" asked the shopman, eagerly. "How?"

"When a little fellow has scarcely enough to cover him in cold weather, like this," said Saph.

"Ah!" said Mr. Wyre, as if he had made a discovery. Then, after meditating a few seconds, "I will do it on two conditions."

"What are they?" asked Saph.

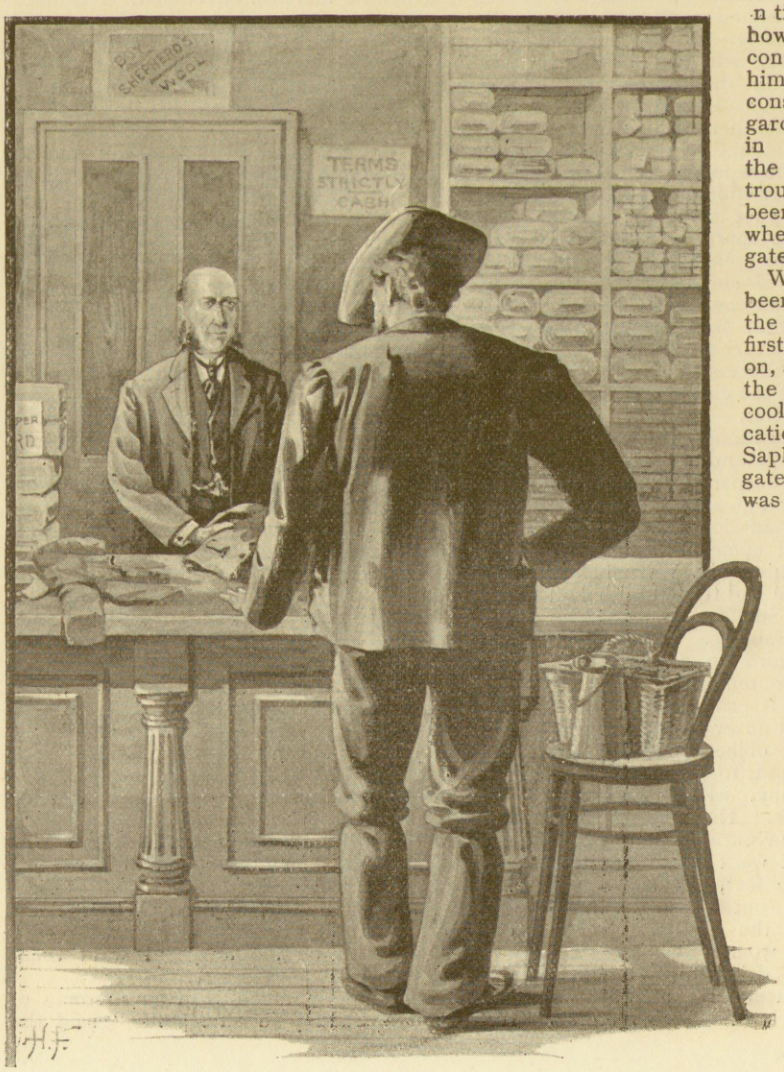
"First, if it is for a deed of charity."

"That's just what you may call it," responded Saph.

"And second, if you will defer the payment until Tuesday."

"I've no objections whatever," answered Saph.

And so Mr. Wyre's conscientious scruples were overcome, and Saph had his way. The two went into the shop, a gas jet was turned on, the various articles required were brought under it and inspected; after the selection they were all made up into a neat parcel, and Saph re-started, with the parcel under his arm, going through the streets at a run, and arriving at the gates exactly in time. Mr. Wyre made a careful entry in detail of all that Saph had taken away, turned out the light, put on his overcoat, covered his shiny white head with his shiny black hat, thrust his hands into a pair of warmly lined gloves, doing everything slowly, and with due deliberation, and then he walked to church with measured steps, arriving there a quarter of an hour late. He might have been there in time. This was a matter, however, about which his conscience did not trouble him; whereas the stoker's conscience, so careless in regard to Sunday trading, and in this particular unlike the shopman's, would have troubled him much if he had been two minutes behind when he arrived at the large gates.



When the furnace fires had been freed from clinkers, and the retorts charged for the first time, and the lids screwed on, and the shed tidied, and the hot bodies of the men cooled by the liberal application of clear, fresh water, Saph sauntered down to the gates to see whether Bobby was in sight, half afraid lest he might be lingering and deterred from entering by the ominous sign board to which he had called his attention. "No admittance except on business," murmured Saph, and then, with a smile, "But he is on business, and very good business too." He opened the little wicket, the smaller gate cut in the massive breadth and height of the larger, and stepped out into the street. He looked this way and that, but Bobby was not to be seen. He peered into the shadowy angles, thinking that possibly Bobby might be hiding

there, but without success. The frost was getting keener. He began to walk to and fro, and the crystals crackled beneath his feet. Surely the lad would come. He consulted his watch. It wanted yet ten minutes to eight o'clock, and eight was the appointed time; but on so cold a night, with nowhere to go, barefoot, and poorly clad, he thought he would be before time rather than after. He would take another turn or two while he waited for him. The frost was nothing to Saph. After the warm work in the stoking shed, to a man full fleshed as he was, with a thick coat buttoned about him, the cold air was delicious. He was turning in his walk for the fourth time, when, flushed and breathless, up ran Bobby, in the uncertain light coming into collision with his big friend, and clinging to his coat to save himself from falling.

"Am I late?" said he.

"No!" said Saph, pulling his watch out, and holding it under the lamp that he might the more clearly see the dial. "It still wants seven minutes to eight o'clock."

"I was afraid I should be," said Bobby.

"And so," responded Saph, "you were running like a lamp-lighter, and came against me with a bump that would have rolled a less man than I am over into the snow. In you go," said he, opening the wicket for him, and following himself; then, as they went together to the stoking shed, "What have you been doing with yourself all day?"

Bobby gave him a circumstantial account of the day's proceedings, and finished it seated upon a huge piece of coal in front of one of the fires. He pulled out the shilling which Saph had given him in the morning, and handed it back to him.

"You've had a cheap day, Bobby."

"Yes! Red Mick was very good to me."

"Red Mick's a queer customer, but I believe his heart's in the right place."

"I'm sure it is."

"You made a friend of him with that song of yours."

"It's an easy way to make friends."

"Did you say that parson chap, and the other man with the grey hair, the man who had the little girl with him, wanted to have a chat with you after the meeting to-night?"

"Yes!"

"And why didn't you stay?"

"Because I had promised to be here at eight o'clock."

"It might have been better for you to stay, Bobby."

"Why?"

"Because they might have been able to do better for you than I can do."

"What do you mean?"

"They might have saved you from going to the workhouse," said Saph, looking earnestly into the boy's face, "and found a good home for you, a home, I mean, with religion in it, and all that, and given you a first-class education, and started you in life right well,—who knows? I cannot do all that for you, but I can keep you out of the workhouse, and find you a snug little room in as sweet and clean a cottage as there is within ten miles of Desford. As to education, well, you shall not lack what a stoker's wages can procure; and, when you grow old enough, you can have a respectable trade put into your fingers, at which you would be able to earn enough money to live upon, like workingmen live—like I live myself, that is, Bobby, if you are willing to come with me. But, perhaps, it would be better for you, even now, to go back to the parson and the gentleman with the grey hair."

To all this Bobby listened in profound astonishment, his eyes growing larger and larger as he fixed them more and more intently upon the stoker's face. When all that the stoker meant dawned upon him, and he saw in imagination that clean, sweet cottage he spoke about, and pictured the future which the stoker's words opened to his wondering vision, his eyes became limpid as the tears welled up, and fell like big liquid beads upon his folded hands. He knew not what Mr. Parke or Mr. Campbell intended to say to him after the meeting, but whatever they intended to say, could they have made a more generous proposal than that which had just fallen from the stoker's lips? Then the stoker had the prior claim—if there were any claim at all in the adoption of a poor, homeless orphan like he was. Some such thoughts as these passed through his young mind, not so clearly and definitely maybe, for he was only ten years old, but sufficiently clear and definite to lead him to an instantaneous decision.

"I would rather live with you, Saph," said he, "if you will have me."

"Have him!" ejaculated Saph, who was tightly squeezing up his bright eyes in order to keep down the tears. "Have him!" he said again, bringing down the palm of his hand with a vigorous slap upon his thigh. "Listen to the bairn! As if my mind hadn't been made up to that as tight as sealing wax for the last twenty-four hours." These words were spoken to an imaginary third person. Then, turning to Bobby, he continued, "You're quite willing to come, my son?"

"Quite," Bobby replied.

"Then, it's a bargain," said the stoker; "and from now, henceforth, and, I was going to say, for ever, you're mine, Bobby—Saph's foster-bairn; and I hope it's a bargain we shall neither of us regret."

For some time there was silence between them, then Bobby returned to the question, with his limpid eyes still fixed upon the stoker's face.

"Is there *no* religion in it, Saph?" said he, with a child's simple seriousness.

"In what, Bobby?"

"In the cottage."

"Bless me! Did I say there was no religion in it? If I did, I made a very big blunder. There's a woman in it, Bobby, who will be a mother to thee; a woman as true and good as they make 'em. She can read her Bible like a parson, and she never forgets to say her prayers, and I believe they reckon her a full member down at Rehoboth; but what pleases me most about her is that she is always thoughtful for others, and never thinks ought's too much trouble if she can only brighten and cheer and help somebody else. If that's religion, well, there's a

good deal of it at home, Bobby; more than there would be if I were there all day long, and Nancy had to bring the living in, as some women have. There isn't much religion about me. I'm only a common chap, and a poor sinner at that; but Nancy has almost enough religion for both of us."

Bobby surmised that Nancy must be Saph's wife. He was quite satisfied with Saph's answer. He felt that nothing further need be said on that point. Saph took him into the cabin, wrapped his own great coat about him, rolled up another for a pillow, laid him on one of the benches, and very soon had the pleasure of seeing him peacefully asleep.

He would have liked to secure for Bobby the sole and undisturbed possession of the cabin until morning, but he knew he could not do that without running the risk of a great row. It was a festive time, and many of the stokers, Tracy among the rest, intended to honour it in the usual fashion. The cabin was their drinking place. Before the potations began, Saph thought it wise to remove Bobby to a safer and quieter place. Even if there had been no potations, and he could not have kept the stokers out of the cabin, he would have taken Bobby away, lest his presence might have provoked an obnoxious curiosity. If some of the men specially noticed him, they would be sure to ask unpleasantly rough questions about him, and make rude suggestions concerning him, which it would be better for Bobby not to hear. So, after the next charge, Saph came and took him, sleeping as he was, in his great arms, and carried him into the governor-house, a warm, comfortable place attached to the engine-room, where the flow of gas was regulated and measured as it left the holder for the mains. Bobby half awoke as he laid him on the floor.

"Saph," he murmured.

"That's me," said the stoker, with immense satisfaction.

"All right, Saph," Bobby murmured again, but in lower tones, and once more sank into a deep sleep.

"Bless the boy!" said Saph, passing his thick forefinger across his bright eyes to wipe away the moisture. "The name comes quite natural to him. He's hard asleep, too. He must have been dreamin' about me."

Several times during the night Bobby was roused by the clattering of the iron rakes and barrows, and the crack and hissing of the steam. Once he was roused by the sound of men shouting as if they were in a high quarrel, and he thought he could hear both Tracy's voice and Red Mick's, and then the shouting boiled over into a boisterous song, with a chorus in which all the notes were jumbled together. At these times he became aware that he was in a warm room, closely warm, and pervaded by an aroma so peculiar that a practised nose could hardly have told which scent was uppermost, oil, or cotton-waste, or copperas, or tar, or ammonia. The greater part of the room was occupied by a vault-like case, with a dial plate upon it, round which a brass finger was moving in long jerks, every jerk accompanied by a click, while a smaller pointer, in a circle of its own, fixed upon the dial plate like the seconds hand of a watch, moved much more slowly. From the next room came the smooth running sound of a small horizontal engine, and through both sounds, the clicking of the brass pointer and the rumbling of the wheels, came the sharp, clear, penetrative cries of innumerable crickets, chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, as if they were having a merry time.

In the early morning Saph came again, bringing with him a bucket of water, and a piece of soap.

"Are you ready for a bath, Bobby?"

"Yes!"

"Off with your duds then, and pitch them into that corner. We'll make gas o' them."

"But what am I to put on, Saph?"

"Oh! we'll find something, don't fear. Get your bath over."

Bobby did as he was desired. While he was having his bath, Saph fetched a parcel from the engine-room, untied the string, and displayed to Bob's wondering gaze the new and complete outfit.

"Are these mine?" asked Bobby, with glistening eyes.

"They won't fit me," answered Saph, stretching out his long arms, and planting his strong legs far apart, "and so they must be yours."

"Did you buy them, Saph?"

"Yes! my son. Put them on, and let me see how you look in them."

"It's very good of you."

"Tut, man! Don't say that. On with 'em," and Saph helped him to attire himself in the new garments. When he was dressed, Bobby proudly surveyed himself, and hardly knew that respectable form from the Bobby of a few minutes before. Saph was delighted with the transformation.

"It's very good of you," Bobby repeated.

"You're quite a masher, Bobby," said Saph. "It's a spiffing suit, and it fits you like a glove—couldn't ha' been better if you'd been measured for it ever so. Now then, come on, and we'll try the coffee, and eggs, and bacon, and bread, and get ready for the tramp home, your new home, Bobby. I shall take Nancy a Christmas gift this morning that she little expects."

Two or three of the stokers noticed him, but no one said anything except Red Mick, who held up his hands in surprise, and surveyed him from head to foot as if he could hardly believe his own eyes. He had staggered up to where Bobby was sitting, apparently in a bad state of intoxication, but the shock of beholding Bobby transformed seemed to suddenly sober him.

"Begorra!" said he, "Is it Bobby himself that stands before me, or is it a banshee in Bobby's form dressed up as a gintleman?"

"It's Bobby himself," said that proud individual, laughing.

"Arrah, now, and how's all this come about?"

"I'm going to live with Saph," answered Bobby.

"Then Saph's a gintleman, say I, for providing a home for ye," a sentiment which Bobby could heartily endorse.

The frost had been biting keenly all night, and it was very slippery in the morning. Bobby found

it difficult walking. His new boots were so smooth that he could scarcely control them. After two miles and a half of the journey had been done, and the town left behind, they began to ascend a country lane towards a wood, which, although it was early morning and still dark, Bobby could see, as they approached it, looked exceedingly beautiful in its frosted attire. The stars were shining brilliantly; the sky was clear; it was a lovely Christmas morning, much lovelier in these broad, open country spaces, than in the narrow streets of the town; but Bobby was fagged, and could not enjoy it so much as he might have done if he had come directly into it after a comfortable night's rest. Saph noticed that his footsteps began to lag behind.

"Are you tired, Bobby?"

"A little bit; it's so slippery."

"We shall soon be there now; get on my back and I'll carry you. There!" and away Saph trudged with his burden as if he had not walked at all.

Bobby's weariness, and the mechanical jig-jog of the stoker overcame him, and he fell asleep. From this sleep he was awakened by Saph opening the cottage door, and shouting in stentorian tones, "Let Christmas in." The next moment he found himself sliding from the back of his carrier, and standing upright, rubbing his eyes open, on the cottage floor.

(To be continued.)

KEEP YOUR TEMPER!

By J. G. Tolton.

I SUPPOSE you all know the boy who could not at all manage to keep his temper. The very least thing put him out, and caused him to declare his determination to play no more. The boy I am thinking about, when still an infant, used to make quite a scene if anything did not just please him. Whatever happened to be in his hand was dashed to the ground. Articles of furniture near to him were pushed over. He has even been known to fling himself down, to shake himself very considerably. At such times people said he was in his tantrums.

Sometimes boys and girls never get cured of this frightful evil, and become bad tempered men and women.

History tells us of a man, with a very difficult name, who lived many years ago in Egypt. If you were to see his name in print, you would expect a man with a name like that to be peculiar.

And your judgment would be right, for this man is said to have had an extremely fierce and violent temper. No one could get on with him. He quarrelled with everybody—father, mother, sisters, and brothers.

Someone suggested that if he could get away from everybody, his temper would have a chance of mending. So the ill-tempered man left home, and went into a monastery, where men are shut out from the world and much of its wickedness. But the result was not quite satisfactory, for the Egyptian was constantly annoyed by his brother monks, and was totally unable to keep his feelings under control.

Here, he so stormed and raved, that the calm peace of the holy house would have been positively shattered had he remained. He was reasonable enough to see that this ought not to happen, so he resolved to move himself entirely from the society of men.

Surely, if he could be as lonely as Robinson Crusoe was before his man Friday joined him, conquest over his temper might be gained. Angry folk always think it is those aggravating people about them who make the mischief. If there was none to tease, or contradict, or oppose, surely there would be peace if not joy.

So the cross, pettish man turned his back on the monastery, and took his way toward a far distant desert, where he could be indeed "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

He took with him no furniture save an earthen bowl. This article was necessary, for he could scarcely do without a drinking vessel. The man was certainly successful in his search for solitude, and for a moment he thought his fierce passion would here die through having nothing to feed upon.

One day, as the Egyptian was fetching water from the spring, he stumbled with his bowl, and spilt all the contents. He had not far to return, so calmly and coolly dipped his vessel again. This time he journeyed a little further than on his first attempt, but he did not complete the journey successfully. His foot tripped, and the second time he was without water. The hermit's calmness was now seriously disturbed, and as he carried his third supply of water his hands shook with disastrous results. For the third time the pitcher was empty.

Then the water-carrier lost all control over his feelings. He flamed into a furious passion; he dashed the bowl against a stone and shivered it to fragments. After a while the hermit became cool enough to take stock of the situation. He had beggared himself by his foolish passion. The only drinking vessel he had owned was dashed into pieces. He himself was quivering with nervous exhaustion. Looking at his poor shattered bowl the hermit said:

"Oh, fool that I am! If I have not men to be angry with, I rage against an earthen pot and actually destroy it."

Would that we could all see the folly and often wickedness of losing our temper! Nothing is ever gained by letting go, as people call it, but very much is sure to be lost.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Just a word to the girls. Nothing destroys beauty like bad temper. If you want to retain your good looks, *keep your temper*. Peevishness and ill-nature nearly always fix up their brass plate on the dwelling they inhabit. Concerning good temper, it is perfectly true to say—"Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee, love her and she shall keep thee."

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

First Child.

A LITTLE boy had sought the Pump
From which the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That very kindly quenched his thirst.
Then gracefully he touched his cap,
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," said he
(This little boy had been well-bred),
"For this nice drink you've given me."

Second Child.

Then said the Pump: "My little man,
You are welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only make the water run."
"O, then," the little fellow said
(Polite he always meant to be),
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks;
You have been very kind to me."

Third Child.

"Ah," said Cold Water, "don't thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing,"
"I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"O, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring with pleasant accent said.

Fourth Child.

"O, don't thank me; for what am I
Without the Dew and Summer Rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"O, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray, don't thank us;—without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

Fifth Child.

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me;"
"Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face;
"My little fellow, don't thank me;
'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"O Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy,
It echoed back, "Not unto me—

Sixth Child.

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie;
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap, and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank Thee for this gift;
Thou art the Giver of all good!"

—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

ALMOST LOST.

BY UNCLE BEN.

JACK was one of those over-venturesome lads. He was fond of the sea. He was the son of a fisherman, and sometimes his father would take him out in the boat, but not often, because he would not do what he was told. His father used to say a sailor's first lesson was to learn obedience, without that he was no good on board a ship. However, the day came when Jack learnt this lesson, and did not forget it through life.

The weather was calm, and Jack's father, with his partner, were going out for a night's fishing in the Channel, off the Devon coast, where they lived, and, as the lad who usually went with them was ill, Jack was to take his place. He had never been on the sea all night, and thought this would be a fine lark.

It was a dull, cloudy afternoon and evening; a leaden sky hung over the slate-coloured sea. The fishing-smack set sail late in the afternoon, and before evening came was almost out of sight of land, as some tacking had to be done to get out into the Channel. When the dusk began to gather, Jack was sent to the prow to keep a look-out ahead while the fishermen prepared for the night's work. When the sun set, a pale light and glow gleamed far to west in the horizon. Jack had strict orders to lie down and keep his eyes open, and on no account to stand up when the tacking was going on, or else, when the sail blew over, he might be knocked into the sea. As the men were in the stern of the boat, the sails hid Jack from them. Jack's father had shouted to him that after the next tack they would be far enough out, and it would be sufficiently dark for them to begin the first haul for fish. Jack had sung out "all right,"—when on the starboard side he suddenly saw a porpoise rise. In a minute up he jumped; first kneeling on the forecastle, then he stood watching the porpoise tumbling about. At that instant the shout came, "Over with the jib!" and the sail blew over with force, catching and dipping the prow. Jack tried to bob down, but he was not quick enough, and the sail knocked him into the sea. His cry of distress pierced the still evening air, and rose above the wash of the sea, and the rustling wind in the sails.

The men looked up and round, but Jack had disappeared; the sails were dropped, but the boat had made some way. Jack's father slipped a rope under his arms and plunged into the dim sea, he swam with all his might and main, to what he thought was Jack's head above the water, clutched at it to find it was only his cap. The father's heart sank low indeed, but soon he saw the boy rise, with all speed he made for Jack, who was struggling and fighting for breath, and just as he was sinking again, the father seized him and shouted to the partner to tow them in. It was a difficult job to pull Jack into the boat, because the suction under the ship was so strong, but at last both father and son were safely in the smack.

Poor Jack had a miserable night. He got such a rubbing that it was nearly as bad as a thrashing, and the salt water made him very sick; then too he had nothing else to put on but his wet clothes.

His father would not return home till the fishing



was over, and the morning came grey and cold across the vast sea. But in spite of what Jack thought was his bad luck, they had a good take, and, what was better still, Jack's father's partner rubbed the lesson well into Jack's heart and conscience. How he had been *almost lost*, had it not been for his father's courage, coolness and strength. It was a noble example and a beautiful picture of what the Heavenly Father is always seeking to do for the rebellious and disobedient children of earth.

And in years after, when Jack grew up to be a local preacher, he would often say to the fisher folk he spoke to: "Now mates and lads, I'll tell you how I learnt the meaning of the Gospel and what the Father's love will do for sinners like you and me." Then he would repeat the story and say, "That's how I know the Lord's power to save, for when I was almost lost, I was sought and found."

THE HAYMAKER'S WALTZ-SONG.

Words by MARY M. FORRESTER. *Music by* JOHN SMITH, M.T.S.C., Lond.

Lively. mf

1. Come, lass-es and lads, let us work with a will, Let us work while the day is
2. Now un-der the bush-es the sha-dows lurk, And the sun is near-ing the

Key G. *Lively. mf*

3. How sweet it will be when the ev-'ning bells Ring out at the day's soft

dim.

bright, For the sun is shin-ing o'er field and hill; Then la-bour a-
west; Then toil with a will, for the hard-er we work The sweet-er will

D t *dim.*

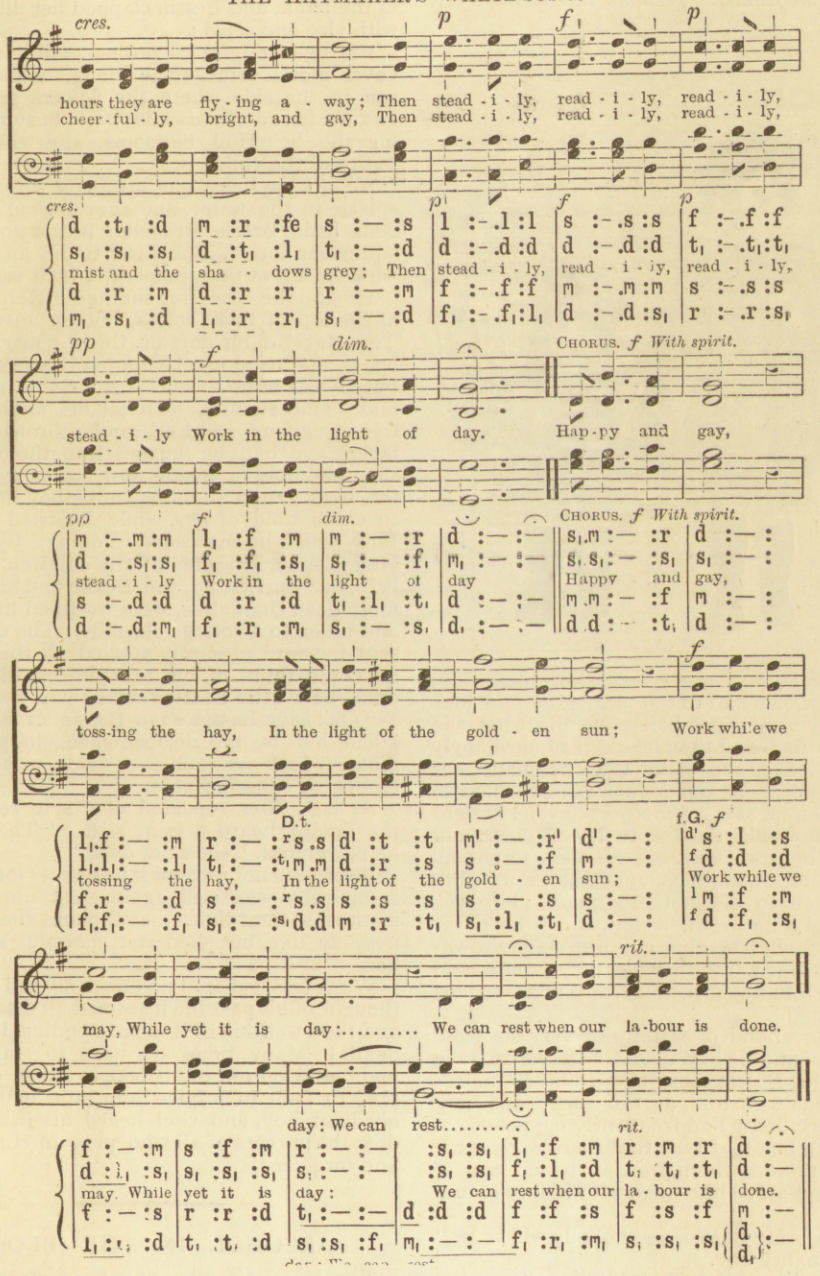
close, To hast-en a-way thro' the lanes and dells, To a calm and a

-way 'neath his light. Come, lass-es and lads, there is plen-ty to do, And the
be our rest. Let no-bo-dy say that his la-bour is hard. But

t.G.

well-earn'd re-pose Then with hap-py hearts we will home-ward speed Thro' the

THE HAYMAKER'S WALTZ-SONG.



WHAT JACK'S DISOBEDIENCE DID.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,
Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.



JACK WILSON was a very disobedient boy; his mother had to tell him three and four times very often before he did what she told him, and then he did it so unwillingly and looked so sulky that he made her quite miserable. At times Jack felt ashamed of himself when he saw his mother's loving, patient face, then he would resolve to be obedient, and not try for his own way, but he soon forgot all about his good resolutions, and was as naughty as ever, much to his mother's sorrow; but Jack was to learn a hard, sad lesson, which he never forgot. God often teaches children—and grown-up people too—by trouble what they cannot and will not learn in any other way, and this was how Jack was taught.

There was a pond of water not very far from Jack's home, and he had been told never to take his little sister Bessie there or go himself, unless the nurse was with him, as the water was very deep, and accidents had frequently happened.

One day, a boy told Jack that there were some very pretty flowers which grew at the far end of the pond, and asked him to go with him to gather some.

"You can bring Bessie, and nobody will know," said this naughty boy.

"All right," replied Jack, "I'll come."

But when he started, with little Bessie trotting along by his side, and holding his hand in such a confiding manner, he felt guilty; he knew he was disobeying his mother, therefore he could not be happy, but he was too cowardly to own he was in the wrong. It is only brave boys who confess their sins, so he went on, knowing all the time how grieved his mother would be if she knew he was going to the pond. When they reached the edge of the water they forgot everything at the sight of the lovely flowers which grew on one side of the bank, and Bessie clapped her little hands with glee and cried:

"Me gaver (gather) posies. Oh! Jackey, me gaver moser some, tome along," and away she ran to the side where the flowers grew. Jack and his friend meanwhile were busy too, plucking the beautiful blossoms, and taking little notice of the child.

All at once there was an awful scream and a splash in the water, and they looked up to see dear little Bessie struggling in the pond. Jack will never forget, if he lives to be an old man, what he felt at that moment. Oh! it was terrible.

He and the other boy shouted "Help! Help!" at the top of their voices, but no answer came. Then Jack, in his despair, threw himself into the water, and tried to take hold of Bessie's pinafore, but all was of no avail. Just at this moment, a man came running with all his might towards the struggling children, and, throwing off his jacket and hat, he jumped into the water and soon had hold of Bessie and swam with her to the bank; then shouting to the boy he told him to catch hold of her, while he tried to rescue Jack, which he succeeded in doing. By this time kind friends, attracted by the children's cries for help, had hurried up, and Bessie and her brother, more dead than alive, were wrapped in blankets, and taken to a cottage close by. The doctor was sent for, and promptly applied all the remedies he could think of, but in spite of all that was done, poor little Bessie seemed past recovery.

"Oh! save Bessie, save Bessie, or I shall have killed her by my disobedience, do save her," moaned Jack over and over again, as soon as he recovered consciousness.

At last, after repeated efforts to restore her, the doctor heard a faint sigh. "Thank God," he murmured, "she's not dead."

Bessie did not die, but it was many long months before she was well again, and during those months, several times they thought she could not possibly live, but God was merciful and saved her.

What Jack suffered no one could tell; when he thought of his past life it seemed all disobedience, and then to think of it nearly ending in Bessie's death! Many times he used to wake in the night and get out of his bed to kneel down and pray to God to forgive him, and make him an obedient boy, and God heard his prayer, as he does the prayers of all who pray to Him for help and forgiveness.

ALCOHOL IN THE BLOOD.

The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such enmity with the blood of man,
That quick as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And, with accursed poison, it doth infect
The wholesome blood.

—*Shaksbeare.*

ANDREW WEBSTER'S FIRST DAY AT WORK.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

"GOOD-BYE, Mother! I want two kisses this morning; you know this is the day I start business at Messrs. Watson and James'."

"Good-bye, my dear son! Be brave, remember you are a Christian and an abstainer; and you are modestly but bravely to maintain this character, in the workshop as well as at home."

Andrew Webster kissed his mother, and promised her to carry out all she wished; then he bounded out of the house, hurried along the streets, took his seat on the tram, for he was very anxious to see what kind of new companions he was to make, and whether he would like the work he had undertaken.

Andrew was just fourteen years of age; he had recently engaged to serve for seven years as an apprentice at Messrs. Watson and James', the well-known printers and stationers of Barbican.

To Andrew this first of April was one of the most important days of his life. Though he liked study, he was glad to be released from school; he loved the prospect of earning at least part of his living, and he could see in the future the happy hour when he should be out of his time, and earning men's wages, be able to maintain himself, and to contribute something towards the support of his parent, who had worked so hard and sacrificed so much for him.

When he reached the warehouse, he felt a strong beating of the heart, and felt inclined to linger for a few minutes just to get up his courage, but he had long since learned that it is no good hesitating when a task is to be done; so he boldly opened the door, and walked straight into the room where he was to work.

"Good morning, Andrew," said the foreman, in a kindly tone; "so you are going to start life? Well, I hope we shall make a man of you; stick to your work, and learn all you can, and as quickly as you can."

Andrew thanked the foreman, hung up his coat and cap, put on his apron, and then stood waiting for instructions.

"You needn't take off your cap," said one of the men; "the first job you'll have to do will be to fetch the lunch beer, and, I suppose, you're going to stand treat, as usual?"

"I don't understand what you mean," replied Andrew, a little surprised at this communication. "You don't know that I am an abstainer, and so never go into public houses—I neither buy beer for myself or fetch it for others."

"Then, all I can tell you is," was the reply, "that you will lead a pretty life here. You'll be the biggest April fool that ever lived. It is always the duty of the youngest apprentice to fetch the beer; and when a new apprentice comes, he always stands a bottle or two of spirits—we've all had to do it, and you'll have to do the same."

"Fool or no fool," Andrew answered; "I have no money to spend in intoxicating drinks; and as to going to public houses, the only side of a public house I know anything about is the outside."

There was a general look of surprise when Andrew spoke out these words in a tone of voice as if he really meant what he said; he was encouraged, however, by the look of approbation which he saw on the face of the foreman. He could see that though the foreman had no power to alter the customs of the workshop, he would be very glad if, by some other means, an alteration could be brought about.

The foreman directed Andrew to take his place before a slanting case, in which were a number of divisions, in each of these were a number of types. These he told Andrew to examine carefully, so that he might make himself familiar with them, and then, he said, another apprentice would show him how to separate some type that had been used.

That first morning in the printers' workshop was a time of great trial to Andrew. Some of the men continually sneered at him, others threw various articles about the shop, and these, strange to say, generally fell close to Andrew's head.

When it was time to go out to dinner, Andrew looked about in every direction to find his coat and cap, but they had disappeared.

The men hurried out of the workshop, and Andrew found himself alone with the foreman.

"Stand to your guns bravely, my boy," he said; "you will break down an evil custom, you will teach our men a good lesson."

"Thank you, sir, but I am feeling hungry."

"Never mind! Wait, your hunger will be satisfied presently."

Half-an-hour passed; Andrew was wondering how he should be able to keep down the pangs of hunger, when the door opened, and in walked Mr. Watson, one of the partners.

"Not gone to dinner, Andrew! How is this—not unwell, I hope?"

"No, sir; I am quite well, thank you."

"Come, now; a boy of your age wants a dinner; I have plenty down stairs; you must come down and join me."

Andrew protested, but Mr. Watson would take no denial; he was obliged to go down stairs, and there he found an excellent dinner provided.

"I heard some of the men laughing as they came out," said Mr. Watson; "they said they'd make you pay for your impudence; what does that mean?"

"It means, simply, sir, that I object to fetch beer. And I do not understand why I should stand treat when I have signed the pledge not to take intoxicating drinks myself or give them to others."

"I approve your conduct, Andrew; I will see to this matter."

About half-past two Mr. Watson and Andrew walked together up to the workshop, and Mr. Watson, looking very angry, demanded that Andrew's cap and coat be instantly produced.

There was silence in the room, and then one of the men produced the missing articles.

"Remember, henceforth," said the master, "no workman in my employ is expected either to purchase or fetch drink for others; don't let this

occur again. Andrew, you come with me."

The rest of this story may be told in a few words. Instead of being a compositor, Mr. Watson took him into his counting house as a clerk, and he is now looking forward to the time when he shall become a partner.

All apprentices in the firm of Messrs. Watson and James have to thank Andrew, for he has broken down by his bravery a foolish and injurious custom.

THE SINGING FAIRY OF SMUDGE'S COURT.

By Elizabeth Taylor.

ONE winter eve, many years ago, when the moon shone brightly in the heavens, and the frost glistened upon the earth below, little Maggie Droylsden—better known to the inhabitants of Smudge's Court in which she lived as the "Singing Fairy"—might have been seen kneeling at the tiny window of a cheerless garret, which she shared with a drunken father. Her rich, clear voice, and airy beauty of form and feature, had won for her in that low neighbourhood the name of Fairy. Poverty and rags failed to hide her beauty. Bright auburn curls clustered round a fair Madonna-like face, and in the dark gray eyes, which gazed so intently at the stars, there shone a steady light, which reminded you of the poet's words:—

"Brown eyes may tell of passion,
Blue eyes may speak of beauty,
But the gray eye soars far above,
Away in the realms of duty."

Gradually, tears gathered in the lovely eyes, and trickled down her cheeks, and the voice, so often raised in song, went forth in a plaintive cry of:—

"Mother! mother, how I wish I was with you, I want to be true to duty, but sometimes it seems so hard."

Poor little Maggie, she was very lonely. Six months before the night of our story, she had looked upon the beautiful face of her dead mother, and kissed the cold lips, which had never before failed to return her caress. Then she had seen them lay her in the cold, dark grave, and oh! how empty the garret had seemed since then. What tearful nights she had spent upon her bed of straw, but amidst it all, her mother's dying words rang ever in her ears: "Maggie, be true to duty, try and do your father good, so that we may all meet at last in Heaven."

Bravely Maggie had striven, though often discouraged. She had sung in the streets, and brought home her little store of coppers, often to have them snatched from her, with an oath, by her drunken father. But that day had come the hardest cut of all. Her father had said she must go with him at night and sing in the "Jolly Tavern," for the landlord had promised to bring her out if she pleased his customers. Poor child, she knew it would be useless to rebel, though her whole nature shrank from the task imposed upon her. She had sung in the streets that day with an aching heart, and crept to the garret a little earlier than usual to think and pray. While kneeling, Maggie felt a heavy hand laid upon her shoulder, and, looking up, she saw a tall, commanding figure, clad in heavy armour.

"Who are you?" asked Maggie, timidly.

"I am Duty," responded the figure. "Will you trust and come with me, little one?"

"Yes," replied the child, "Mother always told me I must love and trust you; for though you seemed stern and hard, she said, 'if people only knew, you were kind and tender.'" So, without a thought of fear, Maggie placed her small, soft hand in the mailed palm of Duty, and found herself borne away, beyond the moon and stars, to a place where One sat upon a throne, whose face shone more brightly than the sun at noonday. Then Duty spoke, saying:—

"Father, I have brought a little one to Thee for help, she wants to follow me, but sometimes finds it hard to do so; wilt Thou strengthen her with Thy great strength?"

The King answered: "None ever came to me in vain. But show her thyself, Duty, for all who know thee as thou truly art, love and adore."

Then Duty cast his heavy armour aside, and Maggie saw a beautiful angel's form, over whose robes the one word "love" was written in gleaming diamonds, and around his noble brow was a crown of pearls. Maggie gazed with awe and admiration upon the beautiful form. The King spoke again, saying:—

"Look, my child, upon his robes; these diamonds are the tears of pitying love, which he has shed over the pains of human hearts. Man saw them not, but they trickled down under his heavy armour, and were changed to diamonds upon his robes. None, save God, knows how tender and loving is the heart of Duty. Listen to the angels' song!"

Maggie listened and heard sweet voices singing:—

"The path of duty is the way to glory."

Then the angel, putting on his armour again, took the child's hand in his, and led her back to the garret window.

Another voice than Duty's sounded in her ears, with a gruff:—

"Come! come!"

Maggie started, and looked up into her father's face, for she had been asleep and dreamt it all. Very quietly she went with him to the "Jolly Tavern," where coarse men listened to her songs and gazed with wonder upon her pure, fair face.

Unperceived by any save the landlord, a well-dressed, elderly gentleman entered the tavern, and took a seat in a remote corner. He had been attracted by the unusual richness of that childish voice in such a place. But when he looked upon the lovely face and shining eyes of the "Singing Fairy," his heart gave a sudden bound. Where before had he seen just such another face? Ah! long years ago his idolized only son, from whom he had expected so much, had offended him by bringing home a lovely girl wife, of poor, though

respectable, parentage, and he in his pride and anger had bade them begone, never to darken his doors again; they had obeyed his command. In vain the father repented of his words, and longed for his son's return. But now an awful fear came over him. What if this was his Henry's child singing in that low place, to what depths of degradation must his son have sunk? Her style of beauty was so uncommon, and, besides, there was a great look of his son about the large grey eyes. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, Henry Droylsden called out to the child, who had ceased singing for a short time:

"Sing 'em 'Nancy Lee,' Mag., sing 'em 'Nancy Lee.'"

Before she could commence, the old gentleman strode up to the speaker and grasping both his hands cried:

"Henry, my son, at last!"

Yes, drunken, degraded Henry Droylsden was the son of a wealthy man, whose name was known and respected in high circles of society. What passed between father and son that night, after leaving the tavern, was known to none, save themselves and God. Even little Maggie was excluded from that interview, but it affected her whole after life. In a short time Smudge's Court was left behind, and though the landlord of the "Jolly Tavern" was disappointed over what he felt as a loss to his establishment, the "Singing Fairy" and her father became inmates of Mr. Droylsden's stately mansion, where she was soon the delight of all its inhabitants, and of those who visited there. Old Mr. Droylsden had not been an abstainer before, but for his son's sake he banished all intoxicants from his table. At first Henry had a hard fight against his craving for drink, but little by little, helped by his father and daughter, he took a firmer hold of Duty's hand, and together they trod in those paths which lead to glory. Maggie never forgot her dream, and though temptations came in her new life, as they will come in every sphere, she held bravely to the right, and grew up a noble and beautiful woman. Men and women were strengthened and purified by contact with her. In rich drawing rooms, in her womanhood, she charmed the ears of the wealthy, as she had charmed the ears of lost and degraded ones in her childhood. So she, who was once known as the "Singing Fairy" of Smudge's Court, prepared herself and others for the time when they should look upon the divine faces of Duty and the King of Heaven.



MY PIPE OF PEACE.

THE pipe I use, I'm glad to say,
Gives pleasant airs the live-long day.

The pipe I blow will burn no fire,
And it is sweeter than a "briar."

And though it doesn't scent the breeze
It does not make one ill at ease.

My penny pipe will give no smoke
That may annoy the women folk.

I play till I can blow no more,
And then friends say "encore! encore!"

When evening comes my tunes I cease,
And lay aside my pipe of peace.

THE MEADOW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—No. IV.

By Rev. John Foster.

THE Society had not yet formally elected a secretary. Mrs. Goose, when the subject was first broached, had suggested the Secretary Bird, but was told that it would need a very handsome salary to beguile that eminent creature from its African home, where it got two or three square meals a day of delicious serpents, to say nothing of frogs and toads. The gander proposed Thomas the cat; he had already been engaged on the secretarial work of the Society.

"But look here, brothers and sisters," said the raven, "what's the use of a secretary that will turn his back upon you just when you want him?"

There were loud cries of "Order, order," and the chairman called upon the speaker to explain.

He defended himself by quoting the lines,

"The dog will come when he is called,
The cat will walk away."

"'Come and take the minutes of the meeting,' we shall say, and off he'll go!"

"Pray, Mr. Chairman," said the goat, "may I ask who is the author of those ridiculous lines? Is it a beast? Is it a bird? Let's have the name."

"To tell the truth," answered the raven, "I heard a little girl say them out of 'Original Poems,' a book written, I believe, by two human beings, both of the feminine order."

The acknowledgment was received with loud laughter, and the horse went on to remark that as men and women were so ignorant and so apt to say the thing that is not true, all quotations from such a source should be confirmed by the testimony of some respectable member of the brute creation.

"I peeped through a window once," said the crow, "and saw a picture called 'A big drink;" it represented a tiger lying in a river, opening its mouth wide, and sucking away at the stream; now a tiger would drink in the same funny way as our friend Thomas, lapping with his tongue, every fool knows that"

"I didn't know it," said the mule.

"There's exceptions to every rule," returned the crow, sarcastically.

And Thomas inquired what there was funny in his way of drinking, it was how his mother taught him, and he never found any inconvenience in it. It was a much cleaner method than the crow's way of dipping his beak into his drink.

"Talking about the fine arts,' said the raven, "Mr. Herring did show some true knowledge when he painted the 'Members of the Temperance Society'—three handsome horses, like our worthy president, refreshing their thirsty souls out of a trough full of the crystal fluid."

The animals all cried "Hear, hear," and Ratter said that "crystal fluid" was very pretty indeed, and where, he wondered, did the raven learn it?"

They couldn't take a show of hands as to the secretaryship because they hadn't got hands, but some reared up and some elevated their hind legs, and some wagged their tales, and the pig grunted and the duck quacked, and Thomas was unanimously elected, and gave a few polite mews expressive of the honour that was done him.

Things went on smoothly for a time with the Meadow Temperance Society. The members set a good example to the human race, and built each other up in sound Temperance principles, but there was a tendency to dulness in the meetings occasioned by the absence of the unconverted. Arguments are wasted upon those already convinced. It was not every day that they could get hold of an arrack-drinking elephant. The Society got stirred up at last, but in rather an unpleasant way. Old mother Partlet, the hen, rooting about one day for worms for her chickens, who had got to an age when they wanted a little animal food, was startled by the sudden appearance of a stranger, who said his name was Porcupine. Her fears being allayed she was able to attend to the visitor's story of how he had been attracted to the meadow by the fame of the Temperance Society. He himself was a born teetotaler, and had had great experience of Temperance work; he had no doubt the members would be glad to have him in their ranks. The porcupine was right, he was not only welcomed, some of the more feather-pated members made a mighty fuss about him, and who but Mr. Porcupine was to give lectures, and serve on committees and organise missions? There were those who went so far as to suggest the retirement of good Mr. Gee-gee, in order that the learned and eloquent Mr. Porcupine might take his place.

Somehow the peace and happiness of the Society departed. There was considerable disturbance as to the proposal that Fluffy, the eldest son of Mrs. Goose, should be turned out of the Society for having called Mr. Porcupine "Old Prickles." Mr. Porcupine said that either he or Fluffy must go. That matter, however, was smoothed over and neither went. Then Mr. Porcupine complained that the other members crowded him at the meetings, he was also continually moving amendments and votes of censure. Thomas, the secretary, twice resigned, but was persuaded each time to return to his duties; and the habit of quarelling proved catching. One day things got so bad that two of the members (as they have both long ago repented, their names shall not be given) openly defied each other, neither would give way, and it seemed as if the Society would be broken up. Mr. Porcupine was at the bottom of the matter privately, exhorting each of the antagonists to hold fast. Then up spoke the good old goat:

"Brothers and sisters, permit me to relate a little piece of family history bearing upon the present crisis in our affairs. Once upon a time two goats (they were both of Welsh descent and very proud—in fact one was my own great-great-grandfather), met upon the edge of a tremendous precipice where there was neither room to pass each other nor to turn round. Their first idea was to fight for the right of precedence; they were

young and mettlesome, and no doubt it would have been a stirring encounter. But the most sensible of the two addressing the other said, 'Why, David, my boy, should we both perish, as undoubtedly we must do, if we assail each other on this narrow ledge? I will lie down and you shall walk over me (tread as light as you can, old chappie, for I've had lumbago), so we shall both be spared to be a comfort to our friends and an ornament to the sphere in which we are called to move.' Who could resist so reasonable an appeal? Indeed, the other goat wanted to be the one to be trodden upon; the first arrangement, however, was followed, and the two goats lived to a green old age, beloved by all who knew them. Dear fellow-members, you can point the moral for yourselves."

There were euthusiastic cries of "Yes, yes," the enemies were reconciled, and from that day forward nothing was seen of Old Prickles.

ETHEL'S HOLIDAY.

By Ruth B. Yates.



It was a bright summer's day, and the sunshine was flooding sea and land with golden light. The waves were dancing and sparkling as they came in, racing each other, and breaking upon the pebbly strand, making pleasant music. A group of young people, who had come up from the hot, smoky town to bask in the sunshine and inhale the fresh sea-breezes for one day, were rambling along by the water's edge, and their merry laughter sounded over the waters as one of their number, who had gone too near, beat a hasty retreat before an advancing wave.

"Isn't it splendid!" exclaimed May Brandon, a bright, merry girl, as she pushed back her hat, that the cool breeze might fan her brow.

"It is, indeed, May. I feel as if I could never tire of watching the sea, the ever-changing, beautiful sea," replied her companion, Eva Stoddart, a fair, slight girl, with a thoughtful expression in her blue eyes.

"I cannot understand how anyone can prefer to sit in a dingy waiting-room on such a glorious day as this," remarked May, presently.

"You mean Ethel Stanley," said Eva, gravely. "Poor girl! I cannot tell what has come over her. She seems to have lost all interest in everything except reading."

"She used to be such a nice girl, but she is quite different now. You know she and I used to be great friends, and she lent me some novelettes, but when I took them home, mother looked at them, and said they were not fit for anyone to read, especially a young girl like me."

"Does your mother object to you reading tales at all?" interrupted Eva, who was listening attentively. "I often think I can learn a lesson better from a tale than I can from a sermon; it seems to make it so much more real."

"Oh no; I was going to tell you. Mother says there is as much difference between a good tale and a bad one as there is between food and poison; so she made me return Ethel's books.

"What did she say to you, May?"

"She was surprised that I had brought them back so soon, so I told her what mother said, and I offered to lend her some of mine."

"Did Ethel accept your offer?"

"No, she laughed, and said she thought I had more sense than to let mother see them. She always read them after she had gone upstairs to bed."

"She doesn't wait till then now, though, for we couldn't get a word out of her in the train, and she sat down in the waiting-room to finish that yellow-backed book."

"I am afraid she will lose her place before long, as no sooner does the forewoman turn her back, than she pulls a book from her pocket and begins to read instead," remarked Eva as some of the others joined them.

Meanwhile the subject of their conversation was sitting in the waiting-room, oblivious of all around, so deeply was she engrossed in a cheap sensational novel, in which the hero, who was a thoroughly bad man, a drunkard and a gambler, was held up for admiration, while religion, and everything that was good, and pure, and noble, was held up for ridicule as mean and despicable.

Several times the other girls came to coax her away, but all in vain they spoke of the sea and the lovely walks. "You can go, but I don't care about it. I would rather finish my tale," Ethel replied, shortly, so at last they let her alone.

She ate the provisions she had brought with her while she read, and there she spent her holiday imbibing moral poison, while her friends were inhaling ozone from the health-giving sea-breezes.

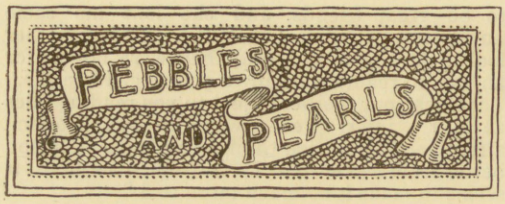
As time passed on Ethel seemed to become more and more a victim to this fatal habit. She lost situation after situation because she robbed her employers of the time in which they paid her to work, but which she spent in reading.

Ethel seemed to have lost all sense of right, and would stoop to the meanest subterfuges to obtain these novels.

If any of you are tempted to read a book that you dare not let your mother see, pause, and think of Ethel.

There are plenty of good, healthy tales, such as those that appear in this magazine, to which no one could take objection, but if you begin to read a a book, and find that it makes light of wrong doing, shut it up at once as you value your own life.

This is a sad story, but it is too true. I lost sight of Ethel for a while, and when next I heard of her she was in the lunatic asylum, a victim of sensational novel reading.



A DRUNKARD is a moderate drinker spoiled in the making.

WITH pure food, pure milk, pure water, pure air, and a pure conscience, life should be full of happiness.

IF THEY LIVE.—Mr. CAWKER (quoting): Boys will be boys.

MRS. CAWKER (correcting): No; boys will be men.

"THE better the day, the better the deed."
Thus do we turn to suit our need,
This proverb of olden time.
Suppose we turn it the other way,
"The better the deed, the better the day,"
And make it a truth sublime.

MANY efforts are being made to get rid of drinking while sparing the drink. The effort has always been and always will be a dismal failure. Drunkenness has its origin in the drink. All experiences show that you cannot have the drink without the drunkenness. It is drink, drank, drunk. The only way to stop drunkenness is to stop drinking.

THE SPEAKER'S TEETOTALISM.—At a cabmen's dinner at Carlisle, the other night, the Rev. James Christie, in encouraging the cabmen in habits of temperance, said the Speaker, whom he never saw looking so well, had, in reply to his congratulations that day, stated that he was very careful about his diet. He had always been very abstemious, but since becoming Speaker he had never tasted intoxicating liquor, and found that total abstinence had done him much good. All he drank was a glass of mineral water at lunch.—*Westminster Gazette.*

LAUGH A BIT.

HERE'S a motto, just your fit—
Laugh a little bit.
When you think you're trouble hit,
Laugh a little bit.
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place,
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred wit—
Laugh a little bit.
Keep it with you, sample it,
Laugh a little bit.
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and fame deride you;
But you'll mind them not a whit,
If you laugh a little bit.

—*Cheerful Moments.*

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.—"I once lived in the neighbourhood of two villages, one of which had a Christian, the other a Mussulman population. But while the Mussulman village abounded in hale, hearty, vigorous old men, few of the Christians seemed to overpass fifty or fifty-five. And no cause for this difference could be observed by myself or others, except that while the Mussulmans were rigid abstainers, the Christians all drank freely.—*Dr. J. Beddoe.*

SCENE.—A swell restaurant (say Simpson's.) Waiter presents bill to swell, who has been dining both "wisely and well."

Swell: "Waiter, just tell Mr. Simpson I should like a word with him. Ah, how do you do, Mr. Simpson? Some twelve months ago I dined here, but, unfortunately, was unable to pay. You made a few rather powerful remarks and then very properly kicked me downstairs."

Mr. Simpson: "Ah, I do remember the matter now you mention it. But never mind, sir—never mind. Let bygones be bygones."

Swell: "Just so, sir. I have now to compliment you upon the charming dinner I have just enjoyed—the food was really excellent. But I am sorry to say—er—that is, I regret—er—well, the fact is" — (lifting his coat-tails accommodatingly)—"I must trouble you again, Mr. Simpson."

Reviews.

"THE BAND OF HOPE AN AID TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL," by R Murray Hyslop, Chairman, Kent Band of Hope Union, price one penny, published by the National Temperance League. A twenty-page pamphlet that all Sunday School superintendents and teachers should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. It would do them good.

"THE RED, RED WINE," published at 3s. 6d, well printed and illustrated, is an excellent story, by the late Rev. Jackson Wray. It portrays in a striking manner and with considerable humour features of Yorkshire village life of 50 years ago, but not without lessons for Temperance workers at the present time. We heartily recommend it for Sunday School libraries, P. S. A.'s, and for general reading.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Juvenile Rechabite—The Scottish Reformer—Western Temperance Herald—Bond of Union—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Methodist Temperance Magazine—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger—Abstainers' Advocate—Alliance Record—The Banner—Sunday School Chronicle—Church of Ireland Temperance Visitor—International Juvenile Templar—Young Days—Advance, &c.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence, editorial or otherwise, and all books or magazines for review, must be addressed to W. P. INGHAM, "Onward" Publishing Office, 124 and 126, Portland Street, Manchester.

No contribution received and accepted for insertion in "Onward. will be paid for unless agreed to in writing when accepted. Contributors must state if, and at what rate, remuneration is required. The Editor accepts no responsibility for manuscripts unless they are accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for their return if unsuitable.

Received with thanks: Rev. J. Johnson, F. S., Mrs. Isabel M. Hamill, A. J. Glasspool, Rev. A. Colbeck, Rev. Jno. Foster, J. G. Tolton, Mrs. Ruth B. Yates, Rev. N. Kelynack, R. Campbell, &c.

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By Alfred Colbeck.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Chertons' Workpeople," etc., etc.)

CHAPTER VIII.

SALL.

WHEN Bobby's eyes were open, he saw a motherly woman, to whom his heart went out at once, looking upon him in great surprise. She pulled off his overcoat, took his cap from him, hung them both up on a peg behind the door and led him forward to the fire. The flames were leaping merrily up the chimney, and throwing a ruddy glow all round the room. It was a simply furnished room, but very comfortable, and spotlessly clean. There were three cheap prints and two ornamental texts upon the papered wall. The paper was of a quiet scroll pattern, in a warm brown tint, against which the narrow gilt frames of the pictures shewed to advantage. A large case-clock was ticking in the far corner. An oblong deal table stood against the dimity-curtained window, with no cloth upon it, but as white as soap and water and vigorous brushing could make it. A smaller round table, covered with a snowy cloth, the breakfast crockery arranged upon it, was in the middle of the floor. Near the fire, on opposite sides, were an arm-chair and a rocking-chair, while an ample space in front of the bright steel fender was occupied by a thick list rug. A few other chairs were arranged about the room. It was only an ordinary cottage home, but to Bobby, after his recent experiences, it seemed like paradise.

By the light of the fire Nancy submitted the new comer to a closer inspection, and then, bending her motherly head, kissed him on the cheek, and smoothed back his brown hair with the palm of her hand. Bobby looked up, and smiled. Saph stood by, intently watching, and, when the kiss was given, he turned his head, and wiped the tears out of his eyes.

"He doesn't look like a homeless lad, Jack," said Nancy. "He's much too well dressed for that."

"He isn't a homeless lad now," said Jack. "He's come to live with us, and a lad of ours should look respectable, especially on Christmas day morning."

"These things are new," Nancy went on, feeling the texture of the coat and trousers, and touching the highly-glazed linen collar with the tips of her fingers.

"But the things he took off this morning were old enough," responded Jack, "weren't they, Bobby, eh?"

"They were not like these," said Bobby, smoothing his coat, and smiling at the change; then, surveying his feet, "and I had no shoes or stockings. I can hardly tell what has come to me yet. It seems so strange to be standing here in a new suit of clothes."

"The strangeness 'll soon wear off," said Nancy, "and the new suit o' clothes 'll grow easy and comfortable before they grow old, and they're sure to grow old; but, I say, Jack," and she turned once more to her husband, "where did he get them?"

"Saph bought them," Bobby interposed, before Jack could reply.

"Did he?" said Nancy, looking from Bobby to her husband, then back again to Bobby.

"Yes!" said Bobby, nodding his head, while Saph's face looked as if a company of sunbeams were dancing quadrilles all over its surface.

"Well! I never!" ejaculated Nancy, "And what have you done with the old ones?"

"Turned them into tar and liquor," said Jack, "at any rate that part of 'em which has not gone into gas I pitched them right into the centre of the hottest retort while we were working at the last charge, and there was just a little bit of a puff, and they vanished. Talk about magic! Phew! and they were clean gone. You could see nothing. There was simply the clear white hot retort right through."

"It was best to burn them, Jack," said Nancy, "though I should like to have seen him in his rags, and then I should have remembered better what we were saving him from. It might have been as well for me as for thee to have kept the contrast in mind. But he's welcome, and I'll be a mother to him as long as he lives."

"Then thou'rt satisfied, Nancy, my lass, that the dream has come true, and come true so soon?"

"Aye, Jack, more than satisfied! I'm right down pleased. He's a bonny lad, and I'm sure he'll bring a blessing with him."

"I should say 'Amen' to that if I were a member at Rehoboth; but it would scarcely be seemly from lips like mine. However, I'm glad my Christmas gift is welcome."

During the conversation Saph had divested himself of his upper working garments, and put on a sort of clean smock, while Nancy, having had the first good look at her new son, and satisfied her curiosity in regard to his attire, busied herself with breakfast preparations.

"Come, Bobby," said Saph, "draw up, and we'll see what this coffee is like."

The little bedroom had not been prepared, and so, after breakfast, Bobby stretched himself under the warm blankets beside the big form of the stoker. Saph slept heavily right through the morning, without once turning over; but Bobby, who had rested fairly well in the governor-house during the night, was wide awake by ten o'clock, and quietly slipped out of bed, dressed himself, and cautiously crept downstairs. He was afraid to make a noise, lest he should rouse his foster-father, and spoil his well-earned repose.

Nancy was already attending to the preliminary cooking stages of her Christmas dinner. A pudding, full of good things, and tied up in a cloth, was dancing in a large pan of bubbling water on the fire. A fine piece of sirloin stood on the long table, in a shallow tin tray, ready to be popped into the oven. The busy housewife was

 All rights reserved

intent upon the selection of her potatoes when Bobby came down, and she did not see him until he was by the fire.

"Hallo!" said she; "you've come down very quietly, Bobby. You haven't made as much noise as a mouse."

"I was afraid of waking Saph," said Bobby.

"You needn't be afraid of that," returned Nancy; "he isn't a kittle sleeper. He'd have his sleep out, would Jack, if you were to dance a hornpipe on the top of his big toe. It's a rare thing for him that he can sleep so well, or else I don't know what he'd do, having to work as he works, and in the night time, too."

Bobby began to look at the three pictures—one of Rebekah at the well, another of Moses praying for the victory of the Israelites over the men of Amalek, with Aaron and Hur holding up his hands, and the third of the Christ blessing the little children. They were only cheap German pictures, and the subjects were treated with a freedom utterly careless of Biblical lore, and with a fine contempt of Orientalism; but Bobby was by no means critical, and thought them simply splendid. It never struck him as peculiar that Rebekah should be represented as a matronly woman in long flowing robes so beautifully arranged that she might have been a wax work figure got up for exhibition; or that Moses was a fat, heavy man, with sadly too much beard, and a head of hair that might reasonably have done duty as an advertisement for the most recently concocted restorer; or that the little children gathered about the conventional figure of the Christ, at least those of them who were not naked, were all clean and sweet, and neatly dressed, as if their mothers had prepared them for a charity service—children with chubby German faces, big bodied and thick in the legs and arms, not at all like the ragged little Syrians, the modern representatives of those whom the Christ blessed, with narrow chests, and spindle shanks, and protruding stomachs, and olive skins, and bright black eyes. Bobby was pleased with the pictures, and he showed it. From these he turned his attention to the texts. One of these texts hung against the wall near to the large case clock, announcing that "*Godliness with Contentment is great gain;*" the other, above the fire place, quite fresh looking, said, "*The Dayspring from on High hath visited us.*" They were both printed in glowing colours, the letters were intervoven with ferns and flowers, and the latter text, in addition, lay upon a shaded pink ground, with a representation of the rising sun throwing a glory of fan-shaped yellow rays across the firmament, and far up toward the zenith. Before this Bobby stood on the list rug, with his legs apart, and his hands in his trouser's pockets, and at last read out the text aloud.

"Then you can read, Bobby?" said Nancy, turning round.

"Yes!" said Bobby, "I've been to school."

"Where? In Desford?"

"No! A long way from here, where my mother and I came from. I went to school both Sunday and week-day."

Bobby was careful not to name the place, lest it might lead to further inquiries which would necessitate a revelation of his father's drunken habits, and the consequent poverty into which his mother and himself had been plunged. He had exercised the same care when talking with Saph, and, strange to say, Saph had not asked him where he came from, or even what his surname was. It seemed enough to Saph to know that he was called Bobby, and that he was an orphan. He had given Saph the particulars concerning the tramp of his mother and himself to Desford, and the account of his mother's death; but these particulars were not yet known to Nancy. They soon would be, however, for Nancy was one of those women who would know, only she preferred to obtain them from her husband, and not from Bobby. The other particulars, too, she would be sure to learn in time, as Bobby became accustomed to her, and settled in his new home; and it was well for Bobby, although he might shrink from the revelation, because of the dark shadow of disgrace he thought it might cast over him, that everything should be known. Nancy suppressed her curiosity, and returned to the text.

"Do you know what it means, Bobby?" she asked. "Read it again."

"'*The Dayspring from on High hath visited us,*'" read Bobby, obediently; and then he said, "Yes! I think I do. It means that Jesus Christ has come into the world, like the morning light after the darkness, doesn't it?"

"Yes! that's it, like the morning light after the darkness; and I hope He'll come to us, into our hearts, into this home, in the same way. He may have come with you, Bobby, for that's the way He comes sometimes, through His children. It tells in one place, how, when His disciples were all about Him, He took a little child in His arms, and said to them, '*Whosoever shall receive one of such children in My name, receiveth Me,*' and he meant that for us as well as for them." Bobby could not fully grasp the meaning which Nancy intended to convey, but he knew it had some reference to himself.

"It's a nice Christmas text," said he, lifting his eyes to it again.

"It is. I bought it on Saturday, and only hung it up this morning, a few minutes before you came. It's strange I should ha' pitched on that text, for they had a score or two, all different, and I might have chosen another. I couldn't have chosen one more appropriate if I'd known you were coming, and I hope it'll turn out true, like Jack's dream."

Through the morning Bobby watched Nancy's culinary preparations with interest and admiration. Dinner time drew near. At ten minutes to one there was a shuffling noise upstairs, followed by a huge cry.

"Nancy!"

"Whatever's the matter!" said Nancy, running to the bottom of the stairs. Bobby had been startled by the cry, and with wondering eyes watched Nancy's movements. "If you shout like that you'll raise the roof," Nancy went on to say. "What is it, Jack?"

"He's gone," said Jack, in tones of great surprise.

"Who's gone?" asked Nancy.

"The lad," said Jack. "I've been dreamin'

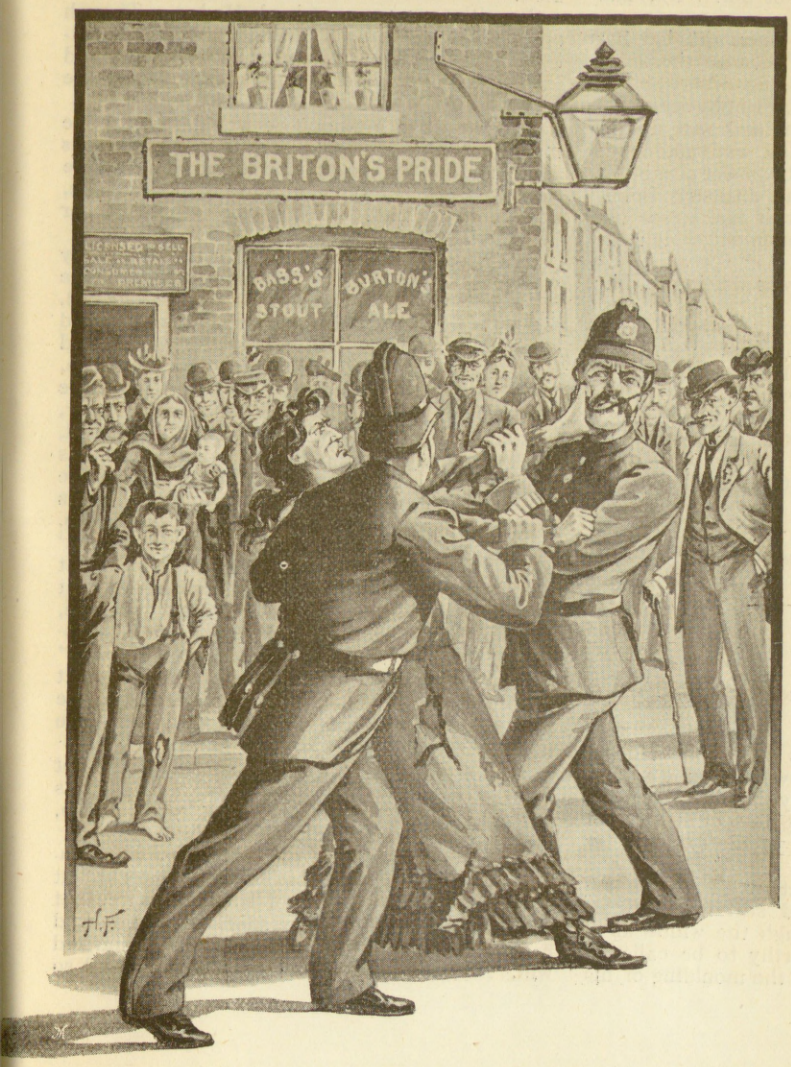
again. I saw Red Mick throw him into a retort, like I threw his clothes in, and phew! off he went like them into nothing. He vanished completely. Then I awoke, and found, sure enough, that he had vanished. There isn't a bit of him left."

"Thee and thy dreamin'!" retorted Nancy, with scorn. "Come down, and look at him. He's nearly frightened out of his wits with thy tricks—shouting as if the bedroom was afire."

Bobby heard Saph chuckling to himself at the effect of his humorous mischief. Presently he came down, and pretended to be marvellously astonished at beholding Bobby in the flesh. He said he thought he had been converted into gas, and tar, and liquor. How Bobby could have got out of bed, and dressed himself, and gone down stairs without in the least disturbing him he could not understand.

They had a right merry time over the Christmas dinner, and a happy afternoon, during which Bobby amazed Nancy and delighted both her and Saph, by singing two or three Christmas carols. Saph sung him his promised song, in a very powerful bass, "Down among the dead men," and although Bobby enjoyed the air, neither he nor Nancy cared for the sentiment. Still Nancy was very thankful that her husband was sober. She knew, as on all holiday occasions, that there must have been a considerable amount of drinking at the works the night before, and, so far as she could tell, Jack had kept out of it. She hoped he would not indulge to-night, and that the introduction of Bobby to their home, and the new responsibility he brought with him, would make her husband a really sober man.

She had no opportunity on Christmas day for a quiet chat with him, but next day she made the opportunity, and learned as much of Bobby's story as her husband himself knew. She was anxious to know more, however, but considered it prudent to wait a little while till she had completely won Bobby's confidence. They talked about what they should do for him. Of course, he would have to go to school when the holidays were over. The immediate need was the furnishing of the little bedroom, and the obtaining of more clothes. With this object in view, it was arranged that she and Bobby should go into Desford on the Wednesday morning while Jack was having his morning's sleep.



After the purchases were made on the Wednesday morning, and when Nancy and Bobby, having turned their steps towards home, were passing through one of the thoroughfares into which converged three of the narrowest and dirtiest streets of the town, their attention was arrested by a large crowd. In the midst of the crowd was a drunken woman, screaming and fighting tooth and nail with two policemen, who were vainly endeavouring to take her to the lock-up. She was a pitiable object, her hair dishevelled, and a bleeding bruise on her left cheek bone, in a perfect fury of intoxication, tearing to tatters the thin dress she wore in her struggle with the officers of the law. Nancy would have hurried on in her helplessness, but Bobby, before she was aware, having caught sight of the woman through an opening in the crowd, darted away. The next thing she knew was that he was in the centre of the crowd holding the woman by the wrist, and lifting his large blue eyes pleadingly to her poor, battered face.

"Sall!" said Bobby.

The effect was magical.

To the two policemen and to the crowd, it seemed as if a miracle had been wrought. The woman became quiet in an instant. For a single moment she looked searchingly into Bobby's face, and then she put her arms about his neck, drew his head against her bosom, and burst into tears.

"Sall!" said Bobby again, in lower tones "don't go on like this. Come away with me."

"It's Bobby!" said Sall, sobbing, "it's little Bobby! Your mother's gone, Bobby. They carried her away in a parish coffn, but you were not there I followed her. I was the only one, for you were not there, Bobby. I thought you'd gone under, drowned yourself, and so escaped the misery."

"Do you know her?" asked one of the policemen.

"Yes!" said Bobby.

"Can you take her away?"

"I think so," Bobby replied 'Will you go with me, Sall?"

"Anywhere," the wretched woman answered

"Then for goodness sake, go," said the policeman. "We've had enough of her. Go, and we'll disperse the crowd."

Bobby put his arm through hers, and led her away. The crowd broke up, because there was nothing more to see. The lodgings where he had met with her were not far off. Bobby saw that Nancy was following. He helped Sall up the stairs to her room. The drink had maddened her, but had not taken away the power of motion. She could walk fairly well, and although Bobby was so little, it was not a difficult task to see her safely within the miserable tenement which she called home.

When he came out, Nancy was waiting for him on the other side of the road.

"Who is she?" asked Nancy.

"They call her Sall," said Bobby. "She was kind to me when my mother died."

"Did she know your mother?"

"No!"

"Is that the house where your mother died?"

"Yes!"

Nancy became very silent, and all the way home was occupied with sad and serious thoughts.

(To be continued.)

HODGE, THE HERO.

By Old Cornish.

AND he was a hero, was that young Hodge, and no mistake. How he became a hero, and when he specially signalised the fact, are far too interesting bits of history not to be included in a sketch of the said Master Hodge.

Yes, he owed much to his father, a honest, hard-working man; but he owed still more to his mother, a woman who, though the widow of a peasant, proved herself worthy to be called a Queen. She it was who had the moulding of his character, who instilled great living principles into his mind that grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, so that long after she had passed into the skies, and he had become a little workhouse lad, he would recall her memory with gratitude, whilst the great tears would gather in his eyes, and chase themselves down his cheeks, as he exclaimed, "Thank God for so great a gift—my mother!"

Aye, how little is to be accounted for as the accident of birth. What matters it that Carey was a cobler; that Whitfield was a servitor at an inn; that Hunt was a ploughman; that Livingstone was a factory lad; that Bunyan was a tinker; that Peter was a fisherman; or that Paul, the apostle, was a tent maker. Springing out of these humble surroundings, like the mountain from the dead level of the plain, they have risen to an altitude that commands the wonder of the world, until men, forgetting what they were, are lost in admiration of what they are; and thus many a spot has been rescued from oblivion, or enshrined in a history which can never fade, because here a Whitfield lived, or there a Wesley died.

So with our young friend Hodge. Though sprung from the peasant class, he had the attributes that become a prince, whilst in loyalty and love he was equal to the proudest peer in the realm.

"I owe all to mother," he would say. "She maade me what I am." And then as his eyes glistened, and his heart glowed, he would relate how when she lay dying, and too weak to speak, she would indicate by signs the wishes of her heart.

"One day," said he in his rough and ready way (but with a tinge of sadness about the tone of his voice as he referred to his mother's death), "she stretched out her finger straight, and looked at me so. At fust I ded'nt know what she ded mean, but all at once it leaped into my mind like, and I said, 'Iss, mother, you do waant me to be straight as a line.' Then she ded raise 'er poor, wasted 'and, and lift up 'er finger like, and I said, 'Iss, mother, you do waant me to be upright as a palm tree.' Then takin' 'old of my arm, as she looked at me so, she ded grip, en so tight like, as ef that was 'er laast request, and I said, 'Iss, mother, you do waant me to be true till death.' Arter that I couldn't say no more, for a great lump of somethin' 'ad got into my throat. But mother, *dear* mother, she gave me such a smile, she ded, and do ee know," he exclaimed, '*whenever I think of mother I see that smile upon 'er faace.*"

A mother's smile! Oh, what a benediction it is! And happy is the boy who, whenever he thinks upon his mother, sees her with the smile upon her face.

Well, such a boy was Hodge, and I do not wonder that when he became a farmer's lad, his gruff old master should have said, "Our Hodge, he is the bestest boy in the world."

Now whether—to use the old farmer's expression—he was "the bestest boy in the world," it is not for me to say; but of this I am sure, that if there was work requiring special attention and care, or a duty that demanded determination and will, Hodge was the boy for the job. And so

there came a day when the courage and fidelity of the lad were put to the severest test.

"Confound the hunters!" exclaimed the farmer, as coming out of his house one fine, frosty morning he heard the sound of "Tally-ho!" on the village green; "those red-coated rascals will play havoc with the farm, they'll tear down the fences, and trample that field to death that we have just sown with the finest of the wheat." And then, as if a new thought had flashed across his brain, he hurried across the yard, shouting upon the very top of his voice, "Hodge! Hodge!"

"Iss, maaster, iss," was the ready response from the stable, and a big, burly-looking lad, with a big, round, bullet-shaped head appeared upon the scene.

"Hodge," said the farmer, "do you know those wretched hunters are out?"

"Iss, maaster, iss, I knows," said the boy.

"Well," said the exasperated man, "I want you to go down to Sunny-Bank field, and stand against the gate, and don't let a mother's son of them go through."

"All right, maaster, all right."

So taking an old gnarled oaken staff in his hand, Hodge went whistling down the lane. Arriving at the field, he planted himself against the gate, saying as he did so, "The way through this field es over the dead body of 'Odge!"

"Hullo!" said a batch of the village roughs, "dost a know the 'unters are out?" poking fun at the boy.

"Iss," he replied, "and I've come to keep 'em out."

"But they are goin' through your field," they wickedly exclaimed.

"Not ef I knows et," was the quick but quiet reply.

"Then who's goin' to keep 'em out?"

"Who? Why me!"

"You!" and they laughed the little lad to scorn.

"Let 'e laugh who wins!" was Hodge's shrewd and sharp reply. "There ed'nt a man amongst them that will maake me open the gaate to-day."

Just then the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and a red-coated rider reining up at the gate, exclaimed, "Boy, open the gate."

"Shaan't!" was the short but significant reply.

"Open the gate, I say."

And again like the crack of a rifle came the words: "I shaan't!"

"What! Won't you open the gate?" enquired the exasperated rider.

"No!" was the laconic but conclusive reply.

"I insist upon your opening the gate."

"And I insist upon keepin' of en shut."

"Do you know who I am?" said the indignant intruder.

"No. But you ed'nt my maaster, that's what I knows."

"Then," said the defeated huntsman, "if you won't open the gate for me, there's a man coming down the road that will make you open the gate."

"Whew!" said Hodge in reply, "there ed'nt a man amongst 'ee that'll maake me open the gaate to-day."

The words had no sooner escaped the lips of the lad than up rode a handsome-looking man of the soldier type, saying as he did so,

"Please open the gate, my boy."

"Not to-day, sur," was the equally respectful reply.

"Why not?" asked the hero of a hundred fights.

"Because, sur, maaster said I was'nt to open the gaate. And the only way into this 'ere field es over the dead body of 'Odge!"

"Bravo!" said the great rider in a whisper that was loud enough to be heard. "Why that boy is a hero, whoever he may be." Then looking the boy full in the face, he enquired,

"Did you say your master told you not to open the gate?"

"He ded, sur."

"Then," said the veteran soldier, rearing himself in his saddle as he spoke, "if your master has given you the orders not to open the gate, don't you open the gate for me, or anybody else to-day." And putting his spurs into his steed he cantered down the lane.

"Hodge! Hodge!" said the rollicking roughs of the village, "do ee know who that great man es upon that fine, 'andsome 'orse?"

"No, nor don't care," was the cool but cutting reply.

"Why, that's the great Duke of Wellington, that es!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hodge, "the great Duke of Wellington! Well, I never! And to think I should beat the great Duke!"

"Iss, and thee'lt 'ear of it again, thee wilt. Why its just like thy empudence to stop the great Duke."

"Why, I'd stop the devil 'isself ef maaster told me to," was the brave boy's reply. And with that he gripped his great oaken staff, and made off for home.

Arriving at the farm, he placed his old billy-cock of a hat upon the top of his stick, and twirling it wildly around he shouted upon the very tip-top of his voice, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! And again hurrah!"

"Hodge! Hodge!" exclaimed the farmer, attracted by the antics of the boy, "what in the world is the matter? Art a mad?"

"Matter, maaster, matter!" said Hodge, "why I've beat the man whom great Boney could'nt beat. Iss, I've beat the man who beat every-body else—Hurrah!"

"What!" exclaimed the farmer in surprise, "beat the great Duke?"

"Iss, maaster, sure 'nough, I've beat the Great Duke."

And amid the shouts and laughter of the men about the farm, Hodge was mounted shoulder high and carried into the kitchen, the hero of the hour.

That night as he was going to bed, standing at the bottom of the stairs with candle-stick in hand, he whispered to the farmer:

"Maaster, do ee think they know up in 'eaven what we are doin' down ere upon this ere earth?"

"Yes, I suppose they do," was the master's thoughtful reply. "But why do you ask, Hodge?"

"Cause I was thinking," said the boy, in a choky kind of voice, "*Wouldn't mother be delighted ef she know'd I'd beat the Great Duke!*"

THE MINISTER'S SON.

By William Proctor.

Author of "The Runaway," "Found in the River," &c.



"We met at the 'Sailor's Home,' Liverpool (I and the minister's son) We had both signed articles to serve on board the *Magdala*, a large screw steamer bound for Bombay.

The vessel was lying in dock for a week or so, undergoing some repairs; consequently we had nothing particular to do, and therefore spent much of our time in each other's company.

We were sitting in our little private room in the lodgings ashore, both of us seemingly occupied with our own thoughts, as neither had spoken for some considerable time; when, suddenly, my companion said, "I have made up my mind to tell you, mate."

"Tell me—" I replied; "tell me what?"

"Oh, all about myself—who I am, and why I went to sea.

"I am the son of a Nonconformist minister, the only son, and I loved my father and mother very dearly. I should never have been a sailor but for one false step in my college career. You say you are a total abstainer, mate; that is why I feel drawn to tell you my story."

"Yes; and a Christian," I replied.

"Well," said he, "I am the son of a minister. When I left home I was as pure as it was possible for a young man to be. I can feel now my mother's kiss and embrace, as she said, 'God bless you, my darling boy;' and father prayed, with his hand upon my head, that God would bless and keep his child while at school.

"All went well for a while. You have never been to college? Well, you are no worse for that, mate, for what I gained in knowledge I lost in morals. Boarding school or college, whichever you like to term it, is not like home. It would take too much time to give you the whole of my college career, but while there I learned to drink. It was a beautiful summer's day. The principal granted us a half-holiday, and most of the students went into the meadows to play cricket, but I was persuaded to go with a few of the older boarders for a stroll in the town, where we went into what I thought to be a grocer's shop. One of the fellows, who seemed to be the leader, seeing me hesitate to enter, said, 'Come along!' and we passed through the shop into a beautifully furnished parlour.

"At first, I thought it was the home of a friend or relation of one of my companions, for the grocer shook hands all round; and when I was introduced to him as a new boarder, he seemed delighted to see me. They all ordered something to drink, and commenced to smoke cigarettes. I was asked what I would take in the way of smokes or drink. I felt the blood rush to my face; and one of the youths exclaimed, 'Look, look! he's blushing like a girl!' Well, to tell you the truth, mate, I felt awful; and when asked again, one of them replied, 'Oh! bring him a livener up, guvner.'

"Oh! the banter, the chaff, the sarcasm, it seems impossible for me to express. It must be passed through to understand. The result was—I fell! I had taken a false step. The liquid fire burned and coursed through my, until then, pure system, and I became intoxicated. The result was my being expelled from the school.

"The following day a letter was written by the principal to my parents, to the effect that I should return home by a certain train, for reasons stated. I was taken to the station, placed in the train, and thus ended my college career. But I never arrived home. We had to change at G——, and I booked for Liverpool. When there, I was almost bewildered by the seeming confusion and traffic, and eventually found myself in a narrow street full of old clothes shops.

"I was seized by a villainous looking individual, and pulled into one of the shops.

"'You run away from school, mine fine boy,' he said. 'Me gif you von sailor suit for dese,' he continued, seizing me by the coat collar.

"I was wearing at that time a splendid black suit, which I exchanged for a second-hand sailor's rig with pilot jacket.

"Clad in such attire, I shipped on board *The Plover*, a merchant vessel, trading between England and Jamaica. I went out as cabin boy. When we arrived at Kingston, I wrote home, but the shock killed my mother. The thought that her only son, not yet out of his teens, should be expelled from school and become a wanderer in a foreign land, cursed by the drink, had proved too much for her. Since receiving news of her death, I have not had the courage to see my poor old father.

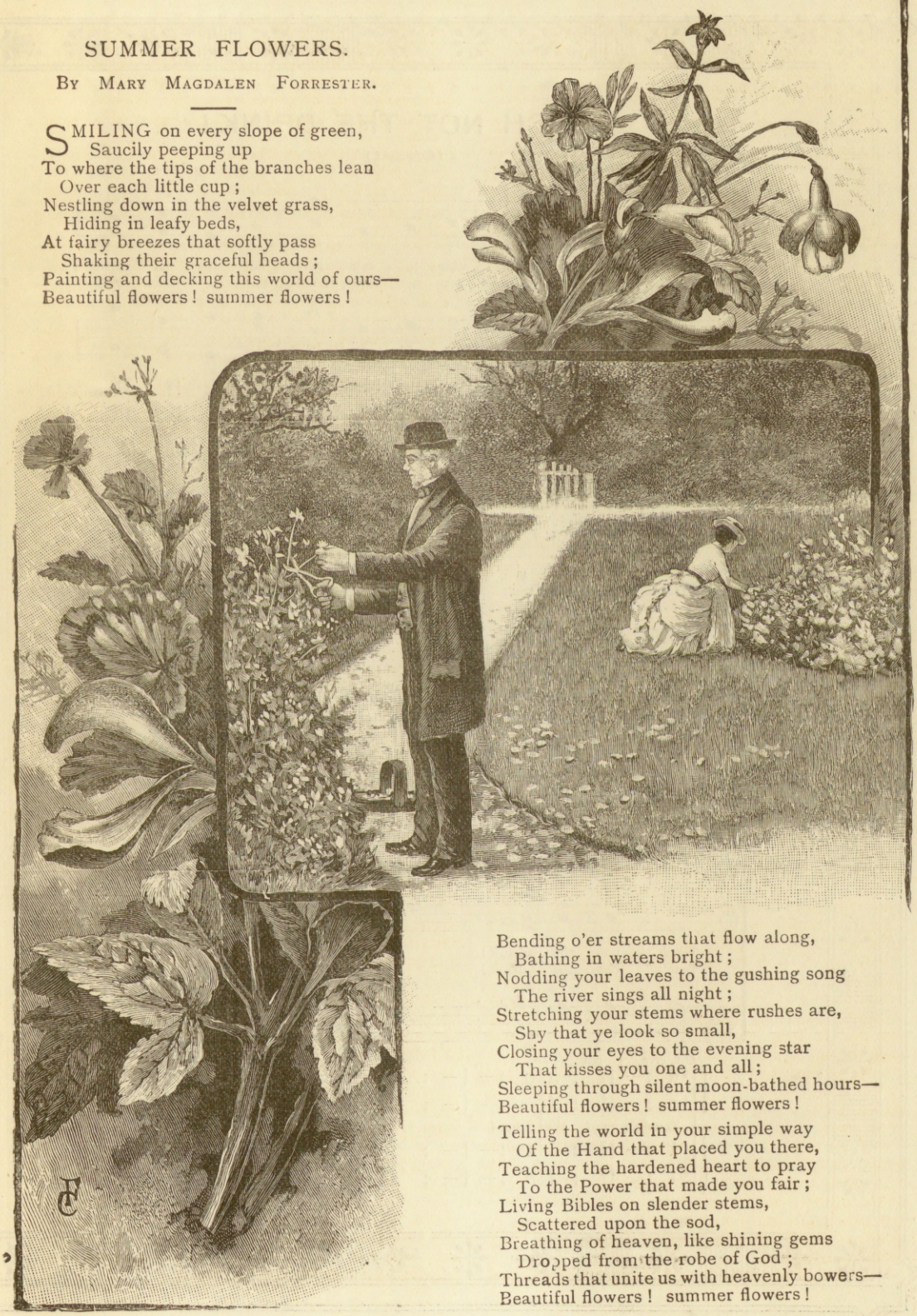
"I have been away six years; and, as we are about to sail on board the same ship, if you will help me to steer clear of the drink, and, if God spares me to return, I will go and ask his forgiveness."

And the tears rolled down his cheeks as he buried his face in his hands. We returned to Liverpool after a six months' voyage. I am glad to say he kept his promise, and is now a child of God and a staunch total abstainer. He became reconciled to his father, and is now the captain of as smart a little craft as ever crossed the Channel from Dover to Calais.

If intemperance should break out among horses and cattle, there would be an extra session of Congress called in less than three weeks to stay the evil. But, pshaw; it's only men that get drunk.—*New Orleans Advocate.*

SUMMER FLOWERS.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.



SMILING on every slope of green,
Saucily peeping up
To where the tips of the branches lean
Over each little cup;
Nestling down in the velvet grass,
Hiding in leafy beds,
At fairy breezes that softly pass
Shaking their graceful heads;
Painting and decking this world of ours—
Beautiful flowers! summer flowers!

Bending o'er streams that flow along,
Bathing in waters bright;
Nodding your leaves to the gushing song
The river sings all night;
Stretching your stems where rushes are,
Shy that ye look so small,
Closing your eyes to the evening star
That kisses you one and all;
Sleeping through silent moon-bathed hours—
Beautiful flowers! summer flowers!

Telling the world in your simple way
Of the Hand that placed you there,
Teaching the hardened heart to pray
To the Power that made you fair;
Living Bibles on slender stems,
Scattered upon the sod,
Breathing of heaven, like shining gems
Dropped from the robe of God;
Threads that unite us with heavenly bowers—
Beautiful flowers! summer flowers!

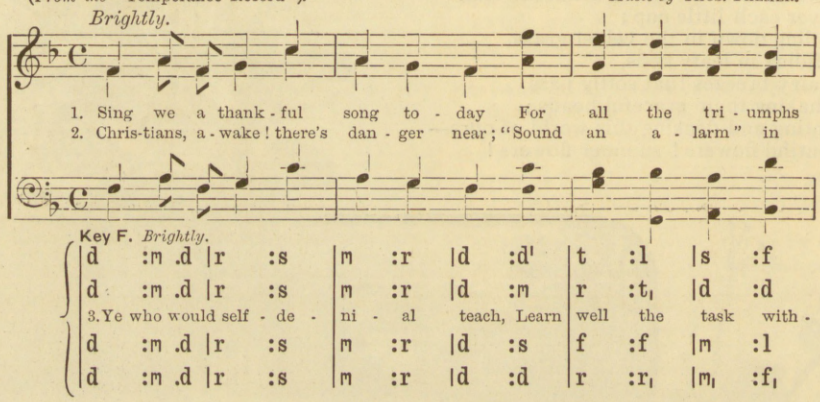
TOUCH NOT THE DRINK!

Words by THOS. CALLINGHAM
(*From the* "Temperance Record").

(*Copyright.*)

Music by THOS. PALMER.

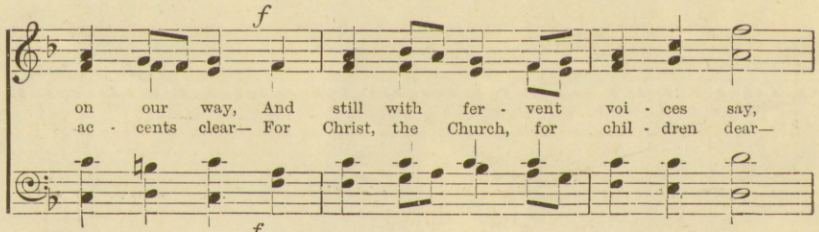
Brightly.



Key F. *Brightly.*

d	:m .d	|r	:s	|m	:r	|d	:d'	|t	:l	|s	:f
d	:m .d	|r	:s	|m	:r	|d	:m	|r	:t_1	|d	:d
3. Ye who would self	- de -			ni	- al	teach,	Learn	well	the	task	with -
d	:m .d	|r	:s	|m	:r	|d	:s	|f	:f	|m	:l
d	:m .d	|r	:s	|m	:r	|d	:d	|r	:r_1	|m_1	:f_1

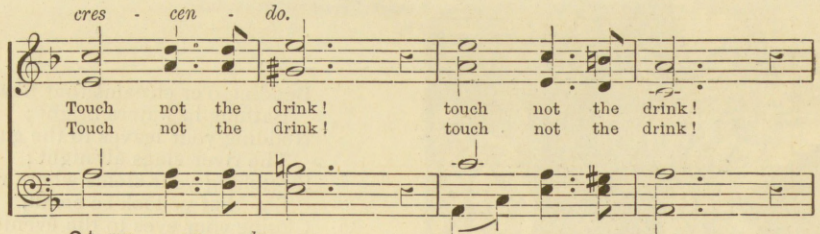
f



f

m	:r .d	|r	:d	|m	:f .m	|r	:d .r	|m	:s	|d'	:—
d	:d	|t_1	:d	d	:d	|t_1	:d .t_1	d	:r	|m	:—
in your reach;	Go			ye	and	prac -	tise	all	you	preach—	
s	:fe	|s	:m	s	:s	|s	:s	s	:s	|l	:—
s_1	:l_1	|s_1	:d	d	:r .m	|f	:m .r	d	:t_1	|l_1	:—

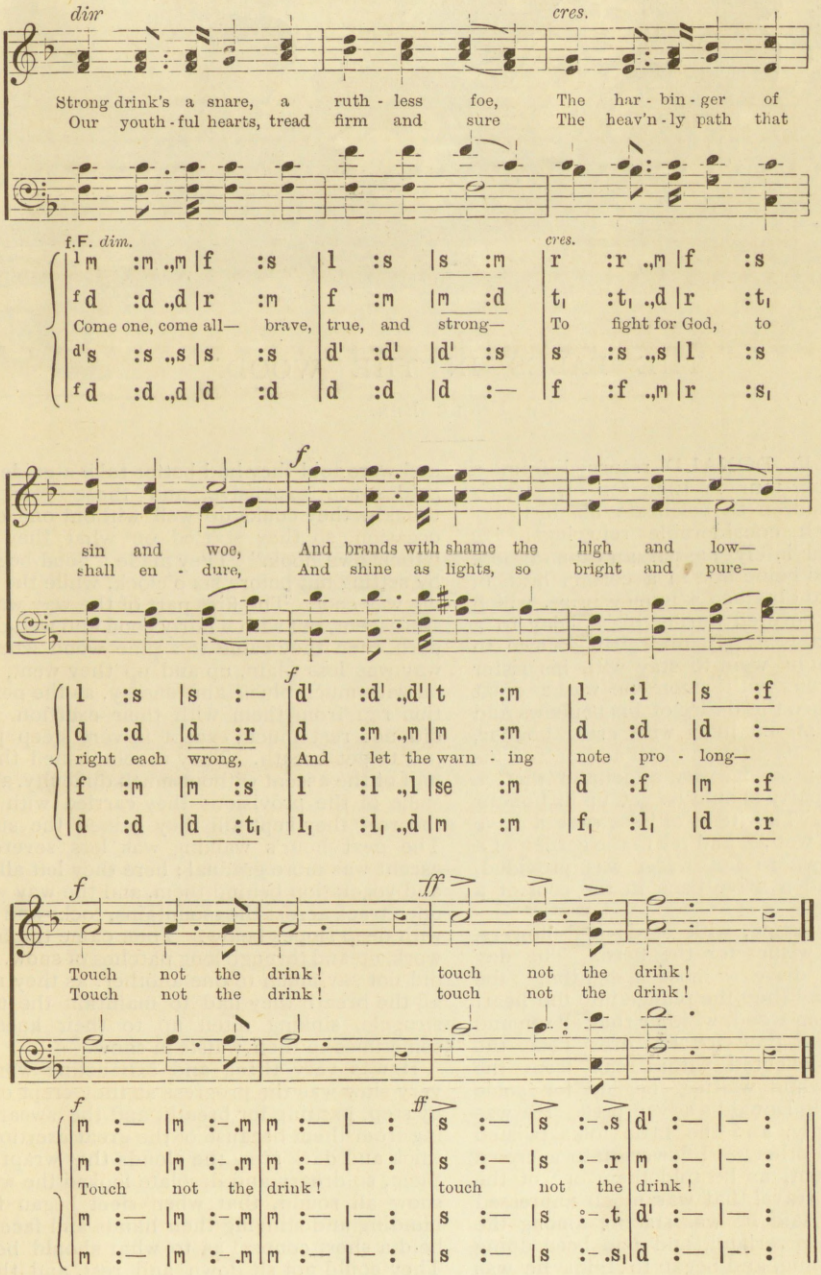
cres - cen - do.



C.t. *cres - cen - do.*

s d	:—	|r	:-.r	|m	:—	|—	:	|m'	:—	|d'	:-.t |l :— |— :
t_1 m	:—	|l	:-.l	se	:—	|—	:	l	:—	|m	:-.r |d :— |— :
Touch not the				drink!				touch	not	the	drink!
m l	:—	|l	:-.l	t	:—	|—	:	d'	:—	|l	:-.se |l :— |— :
m l	:--	|f	:-.f	m	:—	|—	:	l_1	:d	|m	:-.m |l_1 :— |— :

TOUCH NOT THE DRINK!





THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

By Uncle Ben.

UNCLE DONALD returned from a long tour in time for his sister's children to celebrate his birthday with considerable rejoicing. He had lately passed an examination, and being first in a certain branch, had obtained a money prize, which had been devoted during his holiday to a Continental tour. Before settling down to work again he went to stay with his sister and her children, with whom he was a great favourite. Hence the desire of his nephews and nieces to keep his birthday with great honour, because of their affection, and on account of his recent success; so it was appointed that a juvenile picnic party should be got up in honour of the occasion. The items of bliss were a drive to some famous woods, and tea in the garden of a rustic cottage where hot water was provided, then games, and a drive back in the cool of a summer evening.

The birthday came, with cards and flowers, and many good wishes for the hero. The day was fine, the drive "most *dee*lightful," the children said, and then the plunge into the heart of the deep, green wood, whither they all ran and shouted. As the time for tea drew near, the young people collected within call from the cottage, and while waiting, begged for some account of Uncle Donald's adventures. He was willing to comply, and the little folks twisted convolvulus and other wild flowers into a crown for his adornment, as he told them one of the incidents of his travel that was much impressed upon him. He said he was staying among the high Alps in Switzerland, and had been doing some little climbing, and began to think he was quite an expert in his way; he was active in limb, and strong in wind, and capable of much endurance. He and a friend he had picked up had gone about together, and had done some of the more accessible mountains without a guide.

There was one mountain they desired to climb, and were told they had better take a guide. Now guides are expensive, and these young men thought they could do well without one on this occasion, so they started on what they called "their own hook." They made a good beginning by setting out before six o'clock, while the morning was cool. The first part of the way was up a stiff ascent, but with a fairly good and well-defined path, then they came to a pine wood where the way was less plain, up and up they went, toiling on with much pluck and energy, as the perspiration ran from them with their exertion. They did not rest much, except in very steep places, just to get breath. They accomplished the first half of the ascent without much difficulty, and ate some of the provisions they carried with them, the rest they kept till they gained the summit. The next hour's walking was less severe, the ascent was more gradual; here they left all trees and vegetation behind them, and the way was an open track across the mountains, rocky and stony, with deep slopes below. Then came the hardest work, up and through long patches of snow. They did not say much to one another, as they needed all the breath they had to maintain the upward struggle, sinking often up to their knees and sometimes to their waists in snow.

It was very tiring and exhausting work, and very slow was the progress as they crept on step by step, panting for breath, and the sweat pouring from them because of the great exertion. So thick and dark grew the clouds that wrapt about them, so dreary and desolate looked the waste of snow all round, that when sleet began to fall, blinding and stinging their hands and faces, they held a short counsel as to what should be done. They could not sit down and rest, and they did not like to go back; they wished they had taken a guide, but it was too late then. They resolved to go on, following as best they could the poles and sticks that mark the direction across the snow, and keeping in the footprints of some who had gone before, when they could find them.

After an hour and a half pushing on steadily and patiently, the ascent became very steep, less snow but much rock, shale, and mud. Then came the last climb. With the aid of hands and knees and Alpine-stocks they found themselves on a little ledge of rock with a cairn of stones, and a little house built under the shelter of the topmost crag, which, later on in the season, when the snow was more melted, was a place for refreshment.

It was bitterly cold, the wind keen and piercing. Although tired and spent, they were too wet and the cold too great to remain long. Every now and then they saw through the rending and drifting of the clouds, visions of what on a clear day would be wonderful views of mighty peaks and snow fields, glaciers, gorges, and valleys. Then all around them, below and above, was one vast steaming caldron of mist and vapour. So dark were the masses of cloud at times that they determined not to stay, but make the best of their way down at once. They wished to have waited for a brighter prospect, but feared if the mist grew thicker they might not find their way, so they started on the descent, having been about five hours coming to the top. Very carefully they came down, making for the track they made on the way up.

Gradually the clouds lifted, and the mist vanished about mid-day, and the sun came out hot and strong. Just as they were getting clear of the snow they met a party of five Englishmen with a guide. They exchanged greetings, and boasted how well they had done without a guide, though they had gained but a poor view. Then they parted, and made more rapid and jovial progress until they came to the pine wood, and as the day was growing burning hot they lingered in the shade, and took it easily, chatted, laughed, rested, and dawdled about, not keeping to the track, but taking, as they thought, short cuts, until they could not discover the track at all. They wandered about, but only to find the wood growing more dense, until they were fairly lost; hour after hour passed, but they could find no way out. The afternoon passed on, evening began to come; they had eaten nothing since the scanty lunch on the top. They halloed and shouted, but no sounds came in reply.

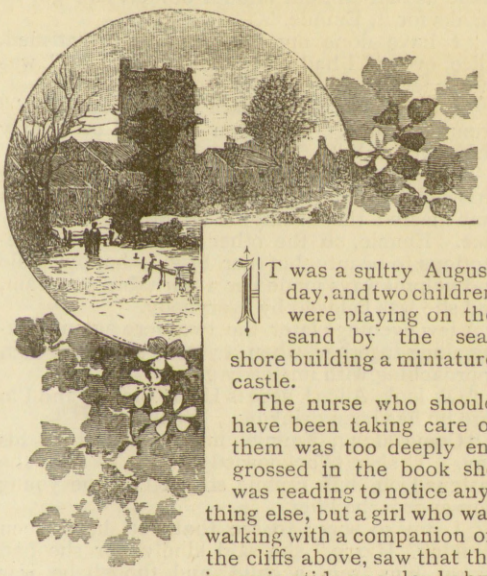
They began to fear that they would have to spend the night in the woods. They were tired and hungry, but they determined to push on downwards as straight ahead as they could. They had some steep and rough work—nasty awkward bits. Many and many a time they wished they had the guide. At last, as they were giving up hope of getting out before morning, for the darkness was coming on, one of them shouted, "We shall soon be clear of the pines!" This cheered them up, and when out of the wood they found themselves miles away from their destination. They made for the nearest chalette, and got what directions they could for making the best way back to their hotel.

When they came in, famished, and almost dead beat, they had to pass through an ordeal of chaff, because of their boasting. The people who had gone up later with a guide, had got a lovely view, and had come down four or five hours before. However, all the guests were glad to see them safely back; and after hearing the story of their adventure, they called the two young men "The babes in the wood." "But," said Uncle Donald, "if the people got some fun out of us, we got some wisdom out of them, and we learnt never to go in doubtful or dangerous places without a good guide!

"There, tea is ready, and I hope you'll all take warning by my experience, and follow the best guide."

A TRUE HEROINE.

By Ruth B. Yates.



IT was a sultry August day, and two children were playing on the sand by the seashore building a miniature castle.

The nurse who should have been taking care of them was too deeply engrossed in the book she was reading to notice anything else, but a girl who was walking with a companion on the cliffs above, saw that the incoming tide was slowly but surely surrounding them.

"Look, Alice," she exclaimed, "the tide is coming in and those poor little children will be drowned. I must go and help them."

"Nonsense, Emmie, you are always helping somebody; mind your own business."

"The water will be on them before anybody else sees them; I must go at once."

Alice took hold of her friend's arm and tried to prevent her going, saying as she did so:

"Don't be foolish! It is no business of yours, and it will delay us ever so long. Let people take care of their own children."

But Emmie was gone. Down the face of the cliff she went; rough steps had been cut to make the descent possible, but by no means easy; in fact, Alice would have pronounced it quite impossible, and she watched her friend with a look of blank dismay.

On arriving at the bottom, Emmie soon discarded shoes and stockings, and waded through the quickly widening stream, and catching up a tiny girl of about two years old, she said to the boy, who seemed to be about four:

"Stay here, love, till I come back to you."

When the boy saw there was water all round him with apparently no way of escape, and be-

held his sister borne away and himself left behind, he began to scream at the top of his voice, thus arousing the nurse, who flung down her book and began to scream too, having evidently lost all presence of mind when she saw the perilous position of her young charge.

Emmie placed the child on dry ground, telling her to run to nurse, which she at once did, and again she crossed the stream, which by this time had become a strong current, and with some difficulty bore the boy across in safety; then she quickly replaced her shoes and stockings, and rejoined her friend by an easier but longer ascent.

"There! You have tired yourself out, and made us half-an-hour late for dinner, and got no thanks for it, Emmie."

"I have done my duty and I am satisfied, Alice, even if I had to go without dinner," was the cheery reply.

"I believe in taking care of 'number one,'" grumbled Alice. "But you think of everybody before yourself."

They presented a great contrast, these two girls. Alice had a weary, discontented expression that marred the beauty of an otherwise pretty face. Emmie, on the other hand, had no pretentions to beauty, but her bright, happy smile and helpful ways made her a veritable sunbeam, and she was beloved by everybody.

A few evenings later the two were again walking along together, when a young man was seen approaching with unsteady gait.

"Oh look, Alice! here is Harry Smiles, and I'm sure he has been drinking. What a pity!"

"Come along, Emmie, let us get out of his way. I shan't acknowledge him," and she hastened on, but Emmie stopped as the young man approached her.

"I am so sorry to see that you have been drinking, Harry," she said kindly, for she had known him from a child, and though he was three years older than herself, the friendship between the families justified the familiarity.

"I didn't mean to take so much, Emmie," he replied. "I am ashamed you should meet me."

"I think any is too much, Harry."

"I don't really care for it, only when you get with a lot of fellows you can't always stop when you've had enough."

"Then why not sign the pledge and take none at all, Harry?"

"I couldn't keep it, I'm afraid, Emmie."

"Oh yes, you could. It would not be so hard if you took a brave stand at once and showed your colours. But oh, Harry, just think if you should become a regular drunkard!"

"It would break my mother's heart, Emmie. Promise me that you will not tell her that you have seen me the worse for drink."

"Sign the pledge for her sake, Harry," pleaded the girl.

"I am going back to Ashford to-morrow, and I almost think I will."

"'Almost' means not at all. Promise me that you will, Harry, and I will write to father telling him you will be at the Band of Hope to-morrow night."

"I promise you, Emmie, I will. I didn't think anybody thought me worth taking so much trouble about."

When Emmie returned home a month later, she found that Harry, true to his promise, had signed the pledge, joined the Band of Hope, and was taking an active interest in the meetings.

Some time afterwards Emmie's father, who was secretary of the Ashford Band of Hope, asked Harry to address the meeting, and Emmie listened with eager interest, as did all the other young people, especially the boys, to hear what this youth of eighteen could have to say to them.

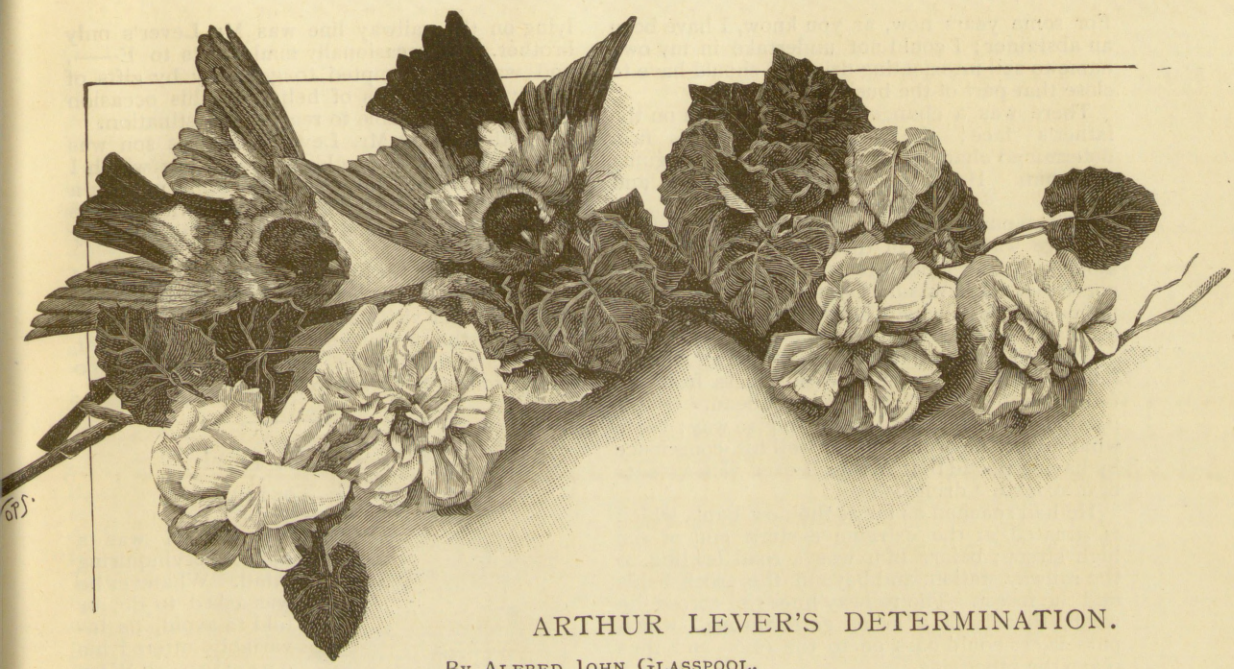
He spoke earnestly as he pointed out the danger of taking just a little, illustrating it from his own experience, telling how he was drifting steadily along the downward course when a young girl had the courage to speak out and warn him of his danger, and that even while he was under the influence of drink.

He went on to tell of the struggle it had cost him to break off with his old habits and his old companions, but the thought of his young friend's words gave him courage, and he considered that whatever he might become that was true and noble, he owed it to the influence of that brave Band of Hope girl who was a true heroine, for she had saved him from moral shipwreck.

"THAT REPRESENTS THE PROFIT ON A WHOLE BARREL OF WHISKEY."

THE above remark was made a short time since, by a prominent liquor dealer, as he came on to the cars with his wife dressed in an elegant sealskin jacket he had just purchased for her, and we thought, if that was only all it represented, if there were no anxious mother's tears as she thinks of her boy who spends his leisure hours drinking and carousing in this high-toned "Café;" if there were no hungry children, because of the money the father spends for drink, that this publican's wife might wear sealskin jackets while they wear the cast-off clothing of some charitably disposed people; if there were no wife who is wearing the old cloak she has worn for so many years that she can scarce remember when she first had it; if there were no homes where the children were sent with the pail to the "Free Soup House" for a pail of soup, that the publican's wife might wear sealskin jackets; if the simple item of profit were only all that was represented, it were not so bad; but when we take into account all these other things, it seems to us that the sealskin jacket would burn the back that wears it, if not the conscience, at the thought of what it costs to so many hearts and homes.

Well, we have the satisfaction of feeling that we are no partners in a business that permits such a traffic to exist, either *by voice or vote*, and when Christian people stir themselves as they ought, this infernal traffic has got to stop, and it's only a question as to when we want it, for there is power enough in the Christian church to-day to drive the traffic to its native heath in the infernal regions, whenever they so will, and will give their consciences a fair chance to exert themselves. May the time soon come, is our prayer.



ARTHUR LEVER'S DETERMINATION.

By Alfred John Glasspool.

"NO, never more shall he darken my doors. I've laboured and toiled for him for many a year, and now that I have provided for him a successful business, at which he may earn a good living, he refuses my offer. Let him take himself off, and all his fanatical opinions with him."

"But, Edwin, think; think of the possible result of what you are saying. Arthur is your only son, and if you treat him in this way he may go to the bad, and you will live to regret it; your grey hairs will indeed go down in sorrow to the grave."

"Grave or no grave, I'll not have all my plans upset by a chit of a child. Here, Mary, give me a glass of whiskey and water, and let me forget my troubles if I can."

Old Edwin Lever was talking to his wife, and any listener could see at once that he was very much moved, and decidedly in earnest in all he was saying. Mr. Edwin Lever was a successful grocer in a small town in Essex. There he had been born, there he had succeeded to his father's business, and there he hoped to hand over his shop, with all its stock and debts, to the son of his old age, and there he hoped to die, and to be buried in the grave he had already purchased in the chuchyard on the top of the hill, over which blew the sweet breezes from the sea, and where the old man loved to rest on a summer's evening.

The grocery stores had for some years increased its trade largely by the sale of intoxicating drinks. If you wanted a stone bottle containing a couple of gallons of ale, or a half-pint of port drawn from the wood, you could get it at Edwin Lever's. One window was devoted to the exhibition of all kinds of spirits and wines, and although some of the good people of the town shook their heads and said it was a pity to encourage the sale of drink in that way, others found it convenient to get what they wanted at the grocer's instead of going to the public-house.

Arthur Lever, although he had to work in the shop, was in his heart thoroughly ashamed that he should have anything to do with the sale of intoxicating liquors. For many years an earnest abstainer, he had inwardly resolved that if ever his father's business should be handed down to his son, that son would instantly decline to sell any kind of drink containing alcohol.

The night before the day on which our story opens Mr. Lever had taken his son into his confidence.

"Arthur," he said, "I am now past seventy, and I feel the burden of business very heavy upon me; you are now nearly two and twenty, and I feel confident that you are able to carry on the work entirely in what for some years you have had a good share."

"Thank you, father," replied Arthur, "I have always tried to do my duty."

"After my next birthday, Arthur, I shall hand all the business over to you, and shall only ask for a moderate income out of the profits."

"I will endeavour to keep up your good name, father; am I to exercise my own discretion as to the manner in which the business is to be carried on?"

"Certainly, so long as there is no great alteration in the method of business."

"Then, father, I may as well tell you at once.

For some years now, as you know, I have been an abstainer; I could not undertake in my own name to sell intoxicating drinks, I should have to close that part of the business entirely."

There was a change in the expression on the father's face; he knew from Arthur's firm determined character that it was no use arguing with him. He turned abruptly to his son and said,

"Then our conference is ended, good night!"

There was quiet in the little town of E——, along the one long street, of which it chiefly consisted, there was hardly a footstep, even the public-houses seemed unusually peaceful this evening.

Arthur Lever walked along the street slowly, full of agitation; he could easily guess from his father's looks that trouble was ahead. On his part he was determined never to give way; come what might, he would never soil his conscience by having it said that Arthur Lever was a seller of intoxicating drinks.

He had reached as far as the new bank, which is situated at the extreme eastern end of the high street; before him was a road leading to the railway station, and beyond, the green fields and the forest. The railway lines ran across the road; there was a swing gate, through which passengers could pass on to the rails, and thus reach the other side.

Arthur pushed open the gate, and was making his way across, when his attention was arrested by a faint moan. Looking around, to his horror he saw a man lying full across the up line; in an instant all his former trouble left him, he called loudly for help and hurried to the man. Seizing hold of him he tried to arouse him to his senses; all he could do was to get from the man a few incoherent words; he lifted him up and dragged him along as well as his strength would allow. At that moment the sound of the telegraph bell was heard, this was an idication that the up express was near at hand; indeed, Arthur could hear the distant sound of the locomotive.

"Help, help!" he cried in agony, "the poor fellow must not die."

The man, instead of helping, struggled against his rescuer. Arthur exerted all his strength, when, to his horror, he saw the locomotive turn the corner, in another instant it would be upon them both. With a loud cry of "God help me!" he seized hold of the man round his waist, and, putting forth more power than he could have believed he possessed, lifted him up, and had only just deposited him on the neighbouring bank when the train rushed past. At that moment Arthur sank down on the ground in a swoon; the excitement and exertion had been too much for his nerves.

When he awoke he was at home, and opening his eyes he saw his father. There was a look of pity and of sorrow on his father's face, and a loving tenderness in his tones when he said,

"Well, Arthur, and how do you feel? I hope you are all right."

"Thank you, father, my head aches, but otherwise I feel fairly well."

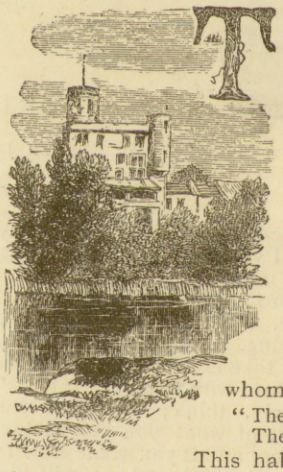
The explanation soon came; the drunken man lying on the railway line was Mr. Lever's only brother. He occasionally made visits to E——, and was only tempted to go away by gifts of money and promises of help; on this occasion he had not been able to reach his destination.

"Arthur," said Mr. Lever, when his son was himself again, "I have learned a lesson which I shall never forget; my poor brother is now in a lunatic asylum, and I am overcome with shame because I encouraged him to drink by my example."

Arthur thought it best to keep silent, as he did not wish his father's heart to be further wounded, but if you ever visit the town of E—— you will find that the flourishing grocery stores, over which is the name of Arthur Lever, has no connection with the sale of intoxicating drinks.

"WHY SHOULD I?"

By J. G. Tolton.



TOM SMITH was a boy of a very inquiring mind. Whatever he was asked to do, or told to avoid, he invariably uttered his question, "Why should I?"

One would think the lad had not learned the poem of Tennyson's — "The Charge of the Light Brigade"—or he would have remembered the brave soldiers, concerning whom it is said—

"Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why."

This habit of inquiry is not altogether to be blamed, for many practices are suggested to us to which it would be well if we replied, "Why should I?"

On one occasion, several playmates proposed to Thomas that a damaged tin-kettle should be attached to a dog's tale. Tom immediately wanted to know *why* he should. The proposers had no answer ready, so the dog escaped considerable torment and perhaps madness.

Another time the game was to stake sixpence in the hope that some special horse would win in a race. Tom did not see *why* he should, so he didn't.

Another common practice which caused Tom often to repeat "Why should I?" was the foolish one of using bad language. Whenever his ears were assailed with the foul utterances, he wondered why they did it. It seemed so unnecessary and so foolish.

Besides all this, Tom Smith was particular as to what he permitted to enter his mouth. He had frequently seen his schoolfellows regale themselves with fruit more or less decayed, and when invited to share in such dainties he invariably inquired "Why should I?"

Tom was rewarded for his abstinence by freedom from the after consequences. He heard of many cases of painful illness among his greedy companions, but he was himself saved from a personal acquaintance with the distressing maladies.

Not only in eatables was Tom Smith cautious, he was also a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, and we urge every reader to imitate our hero in this matter. Of course, you will retort, "Why should I?"

I should answer first—"*For your own good.*"

"But it does me good," perhaps you answer. I suppose you think so, or you would not have anything to do with it. Why should you?

It makes you warm in cold weather, you say. But science, as well as the poet, teaches us "that things are not what they seem."

The sensation may be acute, and the impression caused may be real enough; but a sensitive thermometer is more reliable than any of our sensations. A very delicate instrument has been devised, which has the appearance of an ordinary thermometer divested of its wooden support. The only material is glass and mercury. This tiny register may be placed beneath the tongue or under the arm. So placed, the little thing emphatically declares that shortly after the alcohol has entered the body the temperature is lower.

"A little makes me stronger, anyway," says the moderate drinker. Impression again. Besides the thermometer, the scientist possesses an instrument called a dynamometer—a word derived from two Greek words, which, united, means strengthmeasurer. This instrument, used with the utmost care, proves that less power of exertion, and not greater, is possessed by those who "feel" that they are stronger from the alcohol used. And, further, strange as it may look, the sense of power often goes on increasing while the strength is really decreasing under the influence of strong drink; so that the two advantages of taking drink which we hear most about are only imaginary, and not real at all.

Science has not only shown by its valuable unerring instruments that the drinkers' impressions are at fault, it has done more; it has proved what it is not easy to state in simple English. Science declares that alcohol never produces or maintains energy, but invariably wastes it. The use of drink results in paralysis of the nerve centres, and interference with the action of the heart.

Whether this medical language is generally understood or not, it is plain that alcohol acts in a directly opposite way to that claimed for it by those who take it because it does them good.

From the medical point of view we are quite safe in assuring you that it is positively for your own good that we advise you to let strong drink alone.

For many years some of us have been asking for a good reason why we should yield to friendly invitation and become consumers of wines and spirits. The good reason has not arrived, and we are still asking,

"WHY SHOULD I?"

ROBBY AND HIS DOG, TURK.

By ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL,

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

ROBBY MASON and his dog, Turk, were very great friends, and if anyone saw Turk running about or standing at a street corner, they were pretty sure Robby was not very far behind. As a rule, Turk was a very obedient dog, but on several occasions when Robby had taken him into the woods, he had refused to come when called, and had come home late with his tail between his legs, for he knew quite well that he had done wrong.

Now Robby was very much afraid that Turk would be caught in a rabbit trap some day, and thus pay severely for his disobedience, so he resolved that he would not take him to the woods next time he went to gather flowers. One holiday afternoon he set off with a friend, Jack Johnson, on a fern hunting expedition, and before he left he tied Turk up in his kennel, and told him he must not come. Turk was very good, outwardly, and laid down until his master was out of sight, but all the time he was thinking naughty thoughts something like these: "Indeed I am not going to be tied up this nice summer's day; just wait till you are out of sight, Master Robby, then see what I will do. I mean to have a scamper after some rabbits; it's a shame to fasten me up."

So he waited awhile, and then he began to tug at his chain, and by dint of great perseverance, which was worthy of a better cause, he managed to slip his head out of his collar and thus became free. He set off to the woods at once, and had a fine time hunting rabbits, but he was not a happy little dog, though he tried to make himself believe that he was, but neither dogs nor boys are happy when they are doing wrong. Just when he thought it was time to go home, a man with a gun who had heard the rustling under the leaves, saw a glimpse of something moving, and thinking it was a rabbit, fired a shot which hit Turk in the leg, who gave one piteous howl and then rolled over. Robby and his friend both exclaimed, "Why, that sounds like Turk!"

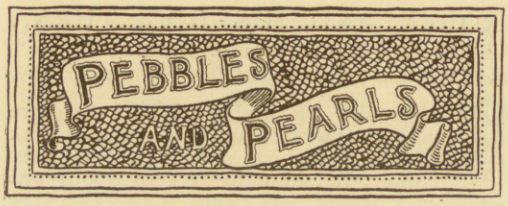
"But it cannot be," said Robby, after a pause, "I tied him up to keep him safe away from these woods, afraid lest he should follow us."

"Well, let us go and see," said Jack; and away they went in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded.

Sure enough, at the bottom of a ditch, there lay poor Turk. Robby took him up in his arms and carried him carefully home, sorrowing very much that his little dog had been so disobedient, and that he was so seriously hurt.

The veterinary surgeon came and did what he could, but it was many weeks before Turk could even walk, and to the end of his life he always limped, and could never run like other dogs, and all this was the result of disobedience and wanting his own way. If he could have spoken he would have said to all boys and girls,

"Take warning by me, and do as you are told. If I had obeyed my master, I should not have been a lame dog all the rest of my life, and if you do not obey, something sad may happen to you as well as to me."



DENTIST: What are the last teeth that come? Brilliant student: False teeth.

IT is not religion to idly sing "Bringing in the sheaves" when you ought to be wielding a sickle.

BY drink, and the diseases caused by drink, more persons die in one year than die from railway disasters and shipping calamities in fifty years.—*Dean Farrar.*



EVIDENCE.—Bobby, did you eat that little pie your mother made for you yesterday? Bobby: No, sir; I gave it to my teacher. Father: Did she eat it? Bobby; I expect so; there wasn't any school, to-day.

AN AFTERNOON TEA-CLOTH'S SOLILOQUY.

CUPS of coffee, cups of tea,
All alike shall welcome be;
China dainty to the touch,
Sugarless, or sweetened much,
Milk or cream, it matters not—
Steaming urn or coffee-pot,
Lemonade or ices cool,
But, I beg, *no* alcohol!
Cake or candy, bread or bun,
Sparkling wit or quiet fun.
This, I pray you, bear in mind,
Woven in my work you'll find
Wishes many, wishes true,
Hope that joy may come to you,
Happiness be yours through life;
Far removed be grief or strife;
No misfortune rouse your wrath,
Yours sincerely—TABLE CLOTH.

—*Lilian C. Hume.*

"Guard well thy thoughts, for thoughts are *heard* in heaven."—*Anon.*

PATIENT: "Why does whiskey make my nose red?" Doctor: "It's because you drink it, sir."—*Life.*

FIRST BOY: "How do you like your new place?" Second boy: "Don't like it. If I don't do things right, they'll get another boy; and if I do do things right they'll keep me doin' 'em."

STAY THE EVIL.—"Persons in my position must be tired of saying what was the veriest truism in the world, that if they could make England sober they could shut up nine-tenths of the prisons. All should, therefore, do everything in their power to stay the evil."—*Lord Coleridge, Bristol Assises, November*, 1878.

"BOYS," said a teacher in a Sunday School, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Tom?" said the teacher, encouragingly. Tom stood up and said, "No man can serve two masters." The question ended there.

A NEEDFUL COUNSEL.—"There is no greater cause of evil, moral or physical, in this country, than the use of alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence which means drunkenness. The habitual use of fermented liquor to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition—and such is quite common in all ranks of society—injures the body, and diminishes the mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the result of my professional experience during more than twenty years of professional life."—*Sir Henry Thompson.*

GRAIN'S VINDICATION.

I WAS made to be *eaten*,
And not to be *drank;*
To be thrashed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing
When put in a *mill;*
As a blight and a curse
When run through a *still.*

Make me up into *loaves*,
And your children are fed;
But if into a drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning—
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten—to strengthen,
If drank—to destroy.

—*Bloomsbury Journal.*

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By ALFRED COLBECK.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Chertons' Workpeople," etc., etc.)

CHAPTER IX.

A DISCOVERY.



IN the afternoon Nancy told her husband how the fury of the drunken woman had been subdued by Bobby's influence, and what kind of house he had afterwards taken her to; also that Bobby had said that his mother was not known to this woman called Sall, but that she had died in the house where Sall resided, a wretched lodging-house in one of the worst parts of the town. The two statements were quite reconcilable, if the fact were kept in mind that Bobby's mother died on the very night of their arrival in Desford. Bobby's interposition, however, when Sall was struggling with the policemen, her perfect willingness to be led home by him, and to *such* a home, seemed to point to previous disreputable connections, and puzzled Nancy very much, especially in the light of Bobby's apparently respectable up-bringing.

"I cannot understand it, Jack," said she. "There's a mystery about it somewhere. A woman like Sall, and a house like that she lives in, does'nt fit in at all with a well-behaved lad like Bobby—a lad, too, who has gone to school both week-day and Sunday, and who has been taught out of the Bible by his own mother. How is it?"

"I don't know," answered Jack, "unless it be that they were so poor as to be driven to the cheapest lodging they could find."

"This Sall seems to have been kind to him when his mother died," said Nancy, "and to have taken quite a liking for him. It was wonderful to see how soon she settled down when Bobby spoke to her."

"Many a woman like that has a tender heart," said Jack, "and can be reached through a child in trouble when she can be reached in no other way."

"We ought to try and find out something more about him, Jack. If we were to make inquiries at the lodging house, perhaps we could obtain a few more particulars. He may have relations somewhere."

"Very likely; but I expect they live a long way from here, in that town they came from."

"Did you ever ask him, Jack, what town it was?"

"No."

"What do they call him besides Bobby?"

"I don't know. He never told me."

"I think we ought to know. I shall ask him to-night when we are quietly together, after you have gone to your work."

"All right, Nancy, only don't bother him too much. What does it matter? We can call him Bobby Coy—that name's good enough, and it would only be reasonable for him to take it now that he belongs to us. His mother's gone, and cannot come back again. I believe he felt her loss very keenly, and unless you deal very gently with him, Nancy, it'll start his trouble afresh, and maybe do no good."

"It's better we should know, Jack."

"Well, perhaps it is. Ask him."

"I'll do it as gently as I can."

"I know that, Nancy. Thine isn't a rough hand."

About an hour after Jack had started for his work, and when Nancy and Bobby were sitting besides the fire, Nancy knitting, and Bobby turning over the leaves of one of the few books the cottage contained—an illustrated copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress*,—reading snatches here and there by the help of the glowing coals, Nancy approached the subject that was uppermost in her mind.

"You had a very long tramp with your mother, Bobby."

"Yes. More than seventy miles. We were five days on the way."

"What town was it that you came from?"

"Donniscombe."

"Have you any relatives there?"

"No."

"What was it that brought your mother to Desford?"

"She lived here before she was married, and, when father died, she wanted to get back to her old home."

"Then have you no relatives in Desford?"

"Yes, one; but I don't know where she lives. Mother wouldn't go straight to her, but took lodgings for one night. You see, it was late, and she intended going to auntie's next day, for auntie didn't know we were coming, and before next day mother died. Oh! I wish she had gone straight," and Bobby burst into tears.

"Poor lad! Come to me," said Nancy, laying her knitting in her lap; and Bobby, readily obedient, for he was in sore need of sympathy, closed his book, and went over to her side. She placed her arm about him, and drew him nearer.

"Was she your mother's sister, Bobby?"

"Yes; her only sister."

"What did they call her?"

"Fanny—Aunt Fanny."

"Fanny what?"

"Fanny Aintree."

Mrs. Coy gave a great start, and involuntarily lifted her disengaged hand and pressed it against her side. It was an action that Bobby was familiar with, having seen his mother do it many a time, and he always knew that it was a sign his mother was not so well as usual. He lifted his face sharply to that of Mrs. Coy, and asked if she was poorly.

"No," said Nancy, endeavouring to hide her excitement and discomposure; "it's nothing; sometimes I'm taken that way." With a strong effort she calmed herself, and went on with the conversation. "What was your mother's name, Bobby?"

"Alice."

 All rights reserved.

"Her other name?"

"Aintree."

"Aye; but she was married."

"Yes," said Bobby, with a troubled face. The other name, the married name, his father's name, might lead to further inquiries, about which Bobby was very sensitive. From his mother he had learned the habit of covering the family disgrace. He did not care, if it were at all possible to avoid it, to confess his father's drunken habits. But, by what he had already said, he had made Nancy doubly keen, to obtain the fullest information.

"You don't mind telling me the married name, do you, Bobby? There's no reason why you should hide it, is there? Your mother was a good woman, wasn't she?"

"As good as gold," said Bobby, readily, and with emphasis.

"Then, tell me."

For a moment he looked into Nancy's face, and there was something so tender and lovable in it, so sweetly sympathetic, and a new, eager look of interest which he had not seen there before, that he was irresistibly drawn to give her his fullest confidence.

"Grant," said he, his eyes swimming with tears. "Oh, Mrs. Coy, I didn't like to tell you, not because of mother, but because of father. He was a drunkard, a sad drunkard, and made both mother and me very miserable, and he died a drunkard's death. Mother tried to hide it. She never let anybody know if she could help it. It was a great trouble to her, and I think it killed her. She hadn't enough to eat sometimes, I know, and went without to let me have it. I used to get so hungry, Mrs. Coy—you cannot tell how hungry I used to get; and mother was ill, and not fit for the long tramp; but she thought if she could reach Aunt Fanny's it would be a home for me."

Bobby was now crying as if his little heart would break, and Nancy, pressing him closely to her, kissed him fervently on the forehead. "My poor lad! My poor lad!" she murmured again and again, "Don't cry," and yet she herself was crying. She could not check the tears. The fountains of her compassion were opened, and she yearned over the lad as if he were her own son. She had learned all, in one sense more than she wished to know, and it had come to her as a startling revelation. When Bobby retired to rest, she pondered long upon what she ought to do. Should she make these things known at once to her husband? or, should she wait a few days, and test them, and consult another, and with that other visit the lodging-house and glean what further particulars it would be possible to obtain? Not that she doubted in the least the information which Bobby had given her, but only because the information was so important, and more deeply affected her and her husband, and that other, than she had thought any information from Bobby's lips possibly could. After careful consideration she decided upon the latter course.

When her husband asked her next day whether she had learned anything more about Bobby, she told him that she had, but that she expected to learn more yet, and that he had better leave the matter in her hands. In a few days she might be able to tell him all. Jack was satisfied. He had perfect confidence in his wife, and did not press her to reveal more than she thought fit,—indeed, he was not very curious to know more about Bobby than he knew already, and would have been quite contented to regard Bobby's life as having commenced, so far as he himself was concerned, on the day of his adoption. What had gone before did not much concern him. His only concern was that nothing should take place as the result of these inquiries to interfere with Bobby's residence in the home which he had found for him, or break the compact which together they had happily and freely made.

This was on the Thursday. Nothing more was said until the Sunday, and then nothing to Jack; but on the Sunday, while Jack was sleeping, Nancy proceeded to quietly carry out a plan which she had formed for the further establishment of Bobby's identity. In any case, she would have taken him with her to chapel, but she had a special reason for taking him this morning, and she started earlier than usual.

Rehoboth was not the kind of building to attract by its exterior the notice of a passer-by, nor by its interior to tempt the settlement there as regular worshippers of any new-comers into the neighbourhood. It was a low, barn-like structure, built so long ago that the yellow sandstone had turned almost black with age; the windows were small, divided and sub-divided into many tiny panes, and affording barely sufficient light for the worshippers to read the type, mostly pearl or brevier, of their hymn-books and Bibles; the doors, opening directly into a little porch, from which, right and left, cold stone stairs sharply ascended to the gallery—were old and weather-stained, and, from their appearance, could not have been painted for a generation. Beyond the porch, in the body of the chapel, there were no pews, only wooden benches, very bare. On a stone slab, in the centre of the floor, a stove was fixed, with a pipe attached to carry away the smoke,—a pipe that ascended to the height of the gallery beams, then bent in a great elbow and passed under the beams to one of the side windows, where the smoke was ejected, except that part of it which found its way into the chapel, to further blacken the inside of the structure. The pulpit was a long rectangular box, placed on end, and reached by a flight of steep stairs. On each side of the desk, where the Bible was placed, was a carved gas bracket. The lights were sheltered by glass shades that trembled and danced when some local preacher, more vigorous than usual, thumped the Bible in order to emphasise his words, and when he swung his arms about, they seemed in constant peril of being smashed to atoms. A little wheezy organ occupied a recess behind the pulpit, and between it and the pulpit, in the gallery, sat the choir. Loudness, and not sweetness, was the characteristic of the singing,—loudness with heartiness, however, and the members of the choir had no small opinion of their importance, or of the efficiency of their performances. The

gallery was angular in shape, and fitted with straight-backed pews, guaranteed to keep any, but the most drowsy, awake. It was a very small chapel to boast of a gallery at all. A tall man might almost have shaken hands from the pulpit with the people in the gallery on either side of him. As the name signified, it was a place with a history. It owed its origin to the first division in Methodism. There was some contention between the trustees of another structure as to whether it should be retained by the Old Connexion, or handed over to the New, and the trustees who favoured the Old being in a slight majority, compelled the adherents of the New to seek other premises. Therefore, this place was built, and called Rehoboth, in memory of the well which Isaac digged after the strife with the herdmen of Gerar, of which it is recorded: "For that they strove not: and he called the name of it Rehoboth; and he said, 'For now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land.'"

In Rehoboth, Mrs. Coy shared a pew in the gallery, the lowest pew in the angle on the preacher's left-hand, with her sister-in-law. This sister-in-law, a Mrs. Wharton by name, was a tall woman, about forty years old, with soft grey eyes, and a winsome face. She looked like a woman who had passed through a world of trouble, which, instead of making her hard natured or melancholy, had opened within her a deep fount of tenderness, and chastened and beautified a character once wilful and strong. A few minutes after Nancy and Bobby were seated, she came in, dressed in her customary neat Sunday black, and, after she had bowed her head in prayer, fixed her soft grey eyes intently upon Bobby's face.

"Is this the little lad I've heard about, Nancy," she whispered,—"the lad that Jack brought home on Christmas morning?"

"Yes." Nancy replied, also in a whisper.

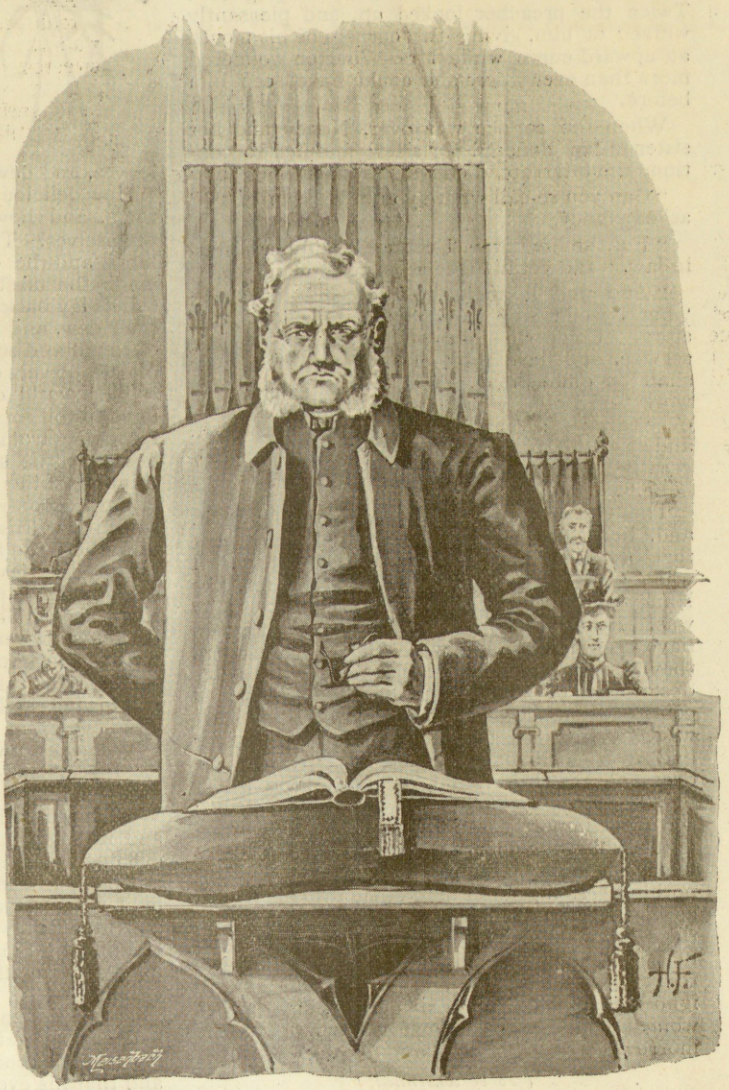
"It seems to me as if I've seen him before."

"Where?"

"I cannot tell. He's a bonny lad. I wonder now where I've seen him! Somewhere, I feel sure."

Here the conversation ended, for the preacher appeared and began slowly to ascend the pulpit stairs. Nancy noticed, however, that her sister-in-law could not keep her eyes away from the lad's face, not only now but all through the service. Bobby seemed to have a singular attraction for her. Nancy was certain that she heard very little of the sermon, and she did not hear much of it herself; she was too carefully observant of Mrs. Wharton's interest in Bobby, and too intent upon noting whether into Mrs. Wharton's face came the faintest gleam of recognition.

Bobby, unaware of all this, entered into the service with all his heart. The preacher was an old man, broad-set, with a grim, leonine face, very slow of speech, and putting the truth before the people with a quaintness that gripped and successfully held their attention. He had small, deep-set, piercing grey eyes, which he kept winking during the whole service, at the same time compressing his lips, and drawing down the corners of his mouth in a curious fashion, as if, though so very slow, he felt the importance of his message, and was in dead earnest about what he



had to say. For the most part he kept his hands hidden under his coat tails, and his only gesture was to raise himself on his toes, and quietly drop back again upon his heels. Bobby was struck with all these peculiarities, and he never forgot the text: "Zacchæus, make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." It was the singing, however, which delighted Bobby, and with which he delighted all who could hear him, and there were very few in the galllery who could not hear him. The rattling of the trackers and the wheezing of the bellows of the old organ, were quite lost in the volume of sound, as they sang *Justification* to "Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise," and *Helmsley* to "Come ye sinners poor and wretched." Bobby's clear tones rang out until the members of the choir were surprised, and the organist turned round upon his seat to see who was this new singer seated among the congregation. Twice the preacher looked up, and pleasantly winked at him, giving the corners of his mouth an upward curve, while Mrs. Wharton wondered more than ever where she could have seen him before.

When the service was over, Nancy and her sister-in-law lingered for a few minutes to continue the interrupted conversation.

"Can you re-call where you have seen him?" asked Nancy.

"For the life of me, I cannot," said her sister-in-law, "and yet his face seems quite familiar."

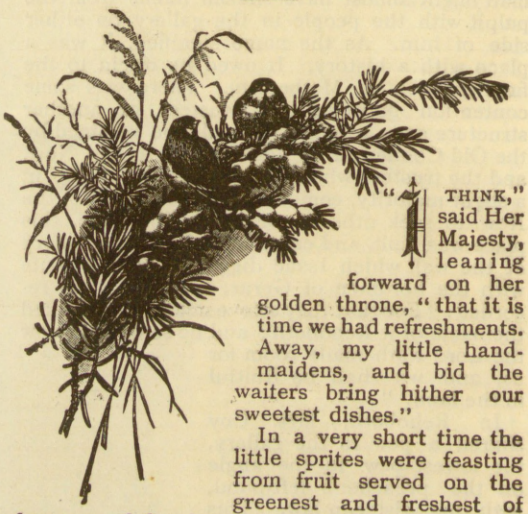
"And well it might be," responded Nancy; "but I won't stop to say much now, it's a long story. Come up to-night, after the evening service, and have a bit of supper with me; we shall be quite alone, Jack will be gone to his work, and Bobby will be in bed. We can talk it over together; I shall want some advice about it, and a little help. There's something in it greatly to your interest, as well as Jack's and mine."

The two women made a long evening of it, and, being secure from observation, they wept together as Nancy unfolded Bobby's story. It was a great surprise to Mrs. Wharton, for, like Nancy, she was in no doubt whatever who Bobby was. If any doubt had troubled them, it would have been driven away when, the next afternoon, they visited the lodging-house, and heard Sall's description of Mrs. Grant, and, for a financial consideration, secured not only Mrs. Grant's wedding ring, but her clothes, from the vulgar and avaricious lodging-house keeper. In the dress pocket they found certain tokens which placed Bobby's identity beyond all question; the most important and touching of all being a letter which the poor woman had written before leaving Donniscombe, and of which Bobby knew nothing. If the letter had come into his hands, as his mother doubtless intended, the dread of the workhouse would not have driven him from her side, and she would never have been allowed to rest in a parish coffin. Saph was still in ignorance of what was taking place, and the two women kept the great surprise in store for the morrow.

(To be continued.)

TALES FROM FAIRYLAND.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.



"I THINK," said Her Majesty, leaning forward on her golden throne, "that it is time we had refreshments. Away, my little hand-maidens, and bid the waiters bring hither our sweetest dishes."

In a very short time the little sprites were feasting from fruit served on the greenest and freshest of leaves, and dew in snow-white lily cups.

How deliciously pure everything looked around them, and how delicately beautiful they were themselves. The thin, silvery warbling of fairy-birds, and the cool splashing of fairy-fountains, made the most exquisite music. The beautiful spirits lay back on their flower-seats, and sipped their dew, and ate their fruits, while the beauties of sound and scent were borne to them from the distant bowers of their fairyland.

This world of ours, where men and women have to toil so hard for bread, seemed so very far away from them, and yet, being tender-hearted little spirits, they were thinking of it; thinking of the poor people whose lives are spent in dark, gloomy places, where the rich, generous sunshine is frustrated in its endeavour to enter, and where the fair flowers cannot grow.

As the fairies feasted they thought, as I have said, of these people, and tiny shadows crossed their faces. The Queen was the first to give her thoughts utterence, and she said,

"It is dark to-night in the world of men and women; the rain is falling heavily and the wind is blowing high. Bring your magic telescope, True-eyes, and tell us what you see!"

True-eyes obeyed.

"I see," he began slowly, "the darkness of night coming down over a big, busy world. The West is red with the last rays of the setting sun, and in some places the birds are singing their evening hymns. I can see much brightness, and much shadow in that far-off world. The fading light reveals many kinds of faces. Some sweet and innocent with the fresh, pure loveliness of childhood. Some bright and hopeful with boy-hood's strength and girlhood's tenderness. Others——"

True-eyes paused, and the little spirits who had eagerly gathered around him, looking into his face, noticed that a shadow had crossed it, and that his eyes were dim with unshed tears.

"What is it?" they cried, bending towards him, "Tell us, True-eyes, what you see!"

"Ah!" replied the little fellow, "I see so much sorrow; so many faces on which are written misery and hunger, sin and wretchedness. Oh! little fairies, yon world is a sad, sad place!"

"Yes," Her Majesty said, "it is a shadowed world, but much of the misery is caused by the people themselves. Describe to us, True-eyes, some of the scenes your wonderful telescope reveals to you."

With their wee, fair faces, bright with interest, the fairies drew nearer, and once again True-eyes fixed his gaze upon that distant world, the shadow of whose sorrow had crossed his face.

"I see," he began, "a large noble house surrounded by flower-decked grounds. Fountains, whose waters are clear and bright as the waters of fairyland, splash and glitter in the lovely gardens; Nature and art vie with each other, and so render the exterior of this magnificent house a very Eden of beauty. The interior is just as perfect. I see a room luxuriously furnished in which are gathered well-dressed men and women. They are evidently the favourites of fortune. They sip wine from crystal goblets, and chatter and laugh, heeding not that the shadow of death lies upon the scene, and the hand of death hangs above them all."

"Ah!" interrupted Her Majesty, "this death and decay, how terrible they are. It is well they enter not the precincts of fairyland."

"And yet, trusting your Majesty will forgive me for speaking, decay and death are really only the beginning of bloom and life."

"You are right," the little Queen replied, "such bloom and life as even we fairies know not of. But proceed, True-eyes, let us hear more."

"And now," went on True-eyes, "I see a darker scene. Houses huddled together in a narrow street. The people there call it 'alley.' I cannot see the head of a flower or even a single blade of grass. Little children are playing around the doors, but their faces have none of the bloom of childhood; they look wasted and old.

"The insides of these houses are as wretched as their exteriors. In one, a woman is sitting with an infant on her knee. The woman is staring into the fading embers of the fire. There are so many conflicting emotions depicted upon her face I cannot describe it to you. The door opens and another child toddles in; she plucks her mother's dress and asks for something, but the mother shakes her head and points to the empty cupboard. It must be bread the child wants; poor little girl! poor mother! They kiss each other, and I can see the glitter of tears upon the woman's cheek; she must have no food for the child, and no place to get it from."

"Oh, how sad!" cried the little Queen. "Cannot we help them? Which of you good spirits will hasten to this sad, sad world, and help these poor people?"

"I will!" "and I!" "and I!" cried quite a chorus of sweet voices.

"Stay!" cried True-eyes, still gazing through the telescope, "I see the door opened again, and a man enters. The child runs to her mother's side as though she were afraid, and the woman passes her arm around the small, trembling body. Her own face has gone quite white."

"Whoever can the man be?" exclaimed a tiny spirit.

"He must be very wicked," cried another, "or else the child would not be frightened of him."

Then they all kept quiet, while True-eyes continued:

"The man staggers as though he were ill."

"Perhaps he is drunk," said Her Majesty with a shiver.

"Yes, Your Majesty, he is," replied True-eyes. "I can see that. He is quarrelling with the pale-faced creature who has arisen to her feet and stands before him with her baby still clasped in her arms, and her little girl clinging to her skirts. Oh, dear! he is going to strike her, I am sure he is. Yes, he has struck her! She—she is falling. Oh! I do wish someone could help her—there, she has fallen right on the floor!"

True-eyes let the glass fall from his hands while he covered up his face with them. The little fairies stood around him, their pretty faces blanched with pity.

"Look again, True-eyes!" Her Majesty cried, and tell us if the poor woman has arisen, I do hope that he has not killed her. Oh, this fearful drink. How thankful I am that it has never entered Fairyland."

True-eyes had again taken up the telescope.

"No," he said, "the woman is not dead, she has again arisen to her feet, and the man has left the house; but oh! her head is bleeding. The little girl is wiping it with her pinafore!"

"My dear subjects," cried the Fairy Queen, "there is work that we might do over in the world. Two of you must away there this very night and try with all your power to save those poor people for the sake of the children. We command you to go!"

And the little fairies went, and of their adventure you shall hear in the next issue of this magazine.

THAT'S THE WAY!

JUST a little every day—
That's the way!
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow;
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst;
Slowly—slowly at the first,
That's the way!

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit and mite by mite;
Never anyone, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power,
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour,
That's the way!
Just a little every day!

MAN has no greater enemy than himself.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

By Ruth B. Yates.



THE love of beauty is remarkably strong in girls, and it is a feeling which the human nature shares with the divine.

The beauty with which God has adorned this fair earth is delightful, and go wherever we will in this glorious summer-time, we see how he has made things pleasing to our taste as well as serviceable to our necessities, scattering wild-flowers with no niggardly hand until every hedgerow gleams bright and beautiful with these "stars of earth."

Over every unsightly heap of ruins a mantle of soft velvety moss is spread, hiding its deformity and making it beautiful. Oh yes, our God loves beauty or He would not have made the world so fair, for

> "He might have made enough, enough,
> For every want of ours,
> For health and luxury and toil,
> And yet have made no flowers."

Every girl is anxious to be so adorned as best to gratify the taste. This is commendable, for like many minor virtues, though scarcely taken notice of perhaps, it is sorely missed when absent.

A careless, slatternly girl is one of the most repulsive objects I can think of, and nothing can compensate for the lack of neatness.

Every girl has a right to be dressed with good taste, not splendidly, but neatly, and in keeping with her social position. Unsuitability in dress is a mark of a vulgar mind, and nothing is more pitiable than to see a working girl decked out in tawdry imitation of a duchess.

I met a girl of this class while at the seaside, and my heart ached to see her held up as an object of ridicule when she vainly tried to pass off as an independent lady and signally failed, for she could not speak a single sentence with grammatical accuracy. Nobody would have remarked the fact if she had passed for what she really was—a mill girl, though, for my own part I see no reason, when education may be so easily obtained in night-schools at a very low fee, why a working girl should not be able to speak and write as correctly as a princess. But this girl gave herself airs, spoke insolently to her elders, and used big words which she had picked up, though ignorant of their meaning.

So I would say to all the girls who read this magazine, dress as well as you can, but remember that to be well dressed is to be suitably dressed.

No girl in her senses would put on a light silk dress to sweep a carpet, or a black velveteen one to go into a cotton mill, and yet one often sees girls acting just as foolishly. I will give you an instance.

Eliza Smith worked in a warehouse, and could very well afford to have two good dresses in a year, and always looked neat and respectable, but she saw her master's daughter with a dress on that took her fancy, and she determined that she would have one like it. Remonstrance was vain, she had set her heart on it, and it would cost no more than the plain merino she had intended to have.

She got it, and very well pleased she was with it for awhile. But, alas! the weather changed, and Miss Brown changed her dress, but Eliza got hers wet and all its beauty was gone, but still it must be worn the appointed time.

Eliza learnt the lesson that she had before refused to listen to, that what is quite suitable for a person who has half-a-dozen changes is altogether out of place for the girl who has but one, consequently that one should be serviceable and suitable, but as pretty as you like, as serviceable doesn't mean ugly.

A girl has a perfect right to love the beautiful, and to consult that love of beauty when choosing her dress; yet she is a poor creature whose *only* recommendation is her dress. The mind and soul constitute her true self, not the dress which she wears, and it is by furnishing and cultivating these that she becomes truly beautiful.

Every reader of this magazine may have for her own the beauty that comes from within, and imparts to the plainest features a charm that never fades away—kindness of heart, loving sympathy, and bright cheerfulness.

"Annie Green is a beautiful girl!" I once heard remarked; and when afterwards I became acquainted with Annie I fully endorsed the opinion, though her features were irregular, and her eyes but ordinary grey, and her hands and feet abnormally large, but those features were lit up with animation, those eyes beamed with love, and those hands and feet were ever employed on some errand of mercy, so that no one ever thought of measuring her by the strict lines of fashion, for the soul within so transformed her face that she was really beautiful.

So, dear girls, if you will shun alcohol in every form, take all the exercise you can in the open-air, wash freely in cold water—the best cosmetic for the complexion—dress prettily, but suitably, making good use of your own clever fingers, and never allow a rent to remain unmended, for a stitch in time saves nine, and let cheerfulness and good temper smooth the wrinkles from your brow, you will each one be beautiful girls, whatever the colour of your hair or eyes.

He who desires more is always poor.

CHARLIE.

EVERYBODY called him Charlie. He was rosy-cheeked, curly-headed, and had a smile for almost every occasion—in fact, you would almost have known he was named Charlie without being told. When he was old enough he went to school, and soon became a favourite with his teachers, and all but the very bad boys among his schoolfellows. The bad boys said he was a sneak, because he would not join with them in any of their mischievous tricks, or even promise to say nothing about them. What made him so generally liked? He was not particularly handsome—there were better looking boys in the school—nor was he remarkably clever; he was twice as long learning his lessons as Bob, and Bill, and little club-footed Jack. Neither were his father and mother at all well off, like the parents of Roland and Augustus, and those smart young gentlemen, Douglas and Duncan. There was no bribery and corruption in the case, for it was seldom indeed that Charlie had got anything good to eat to dispose of.

What, then, made Charlie so much loved? Well, for one thing, he was a modest sort of chap. He never gave himself airs, or looked down upon other boys and girls; he hadn't an ounce of conceit in his whole nature. If you will take a hint from one who knows, nothing makes a man or boy (or, for the matter of that, a girl) more disliked than conceit.

Charlie was thoroughly kind-hearted. He couldn't bear to see man, woman, or child, beast, bird, or fish, unhappy. He'd take no end of trouble to dry up their tears. I mean, of course, the tears of the human creatures. But the others he'd stroke softly, and always the right way. No! that isn't quite right, for he didn't stroke the fish—he only dropped a few nice crumbs into their bowl. As to running other boys down, or saying anything to their discredit, Charlie wouldn't have done it for worlds.

Was Charlie a member of the Band of Hope? Why, you must be ignorant to ask such a question. He was No. 1 on the books. He was the first boy who signed the pledge. Perhaps they had one or two boys and girls who were as regular in their attendance as he was, but there was never any that brought in such a lot of new members. Some came in just because Charlie was a member. Tim Touchy joined with the notion that everybody would love him as they loved Charlie. But naturally enough when he quarrelled with one boy for taking, what he chose to call, his seat; and called a dear little girl names for accidentally treading on his toe; and when he wouldn't recite because he wasn't called up first, most of the members became rather shy of his companionship—it wouldn't have needed a very large pocket handkerchief to wipe away the tears that were shed when he was away from the meeting. I will give you an instance to show you what sort of a boy Charlie was.

One night, the gentleman who managed the Band of Hope had arranged a rather long list of recitations. Charlie's name was prominent on the list, he had taken wonderful pains with his recitation, and had said it, without one mistake, to his father and mother before he started. His father, who used to recite "My name is Norval" when he was a lad, and when there were no Board Schools or Bands of Hope, gave him his idea of appropriate action. He wasn't quite so modest as his son.

Charlie: "Oh, agony! It is my Mary's prostrate form!"

Father: "Stop Charlie, when you say 'Oh, agony!' you must 'it yourself 'ard on the brow."

Charlie: "I cannot bear to look upon her once familiar face!"

Father: "That'll never do, my boy. You say you cannot bear to look, and you *do* look. You must turn your 'ed round to the back of the platform so that nobody can see your face."

So Charlie went to the meeting well primed and, to tell the truth, rather eager to say his piece. But Harry Standish's recitation having received what they call an encore, and he, being a very important gentleman in his own eyes, insisting upon his right and repeating, not the recitation that was encored but a much longer one, ten extra minutes soon passed away. A little later on, Sally Stumbler had to hark back to the beginning of her piece three times before she could get it right. "It isn't like me," she said by way of apology. There came another hindrance through the bad behaviour of two or three big boys, one of whom was told by the Superintendent that his presence would be dispensed with for the rest of the evening. Thus the time was frittered away.

"We must have Charlie's recitation," said the Superintendent, "Mary will not mind our postponing her's till next time."

But Mary *did* mind, and the pearly drops began to follow one another down her poor little cheeks.

"Sir, I'd much rather put mine off, if you don't mind," said Charlie; "I shall have time to get it up a little better"

I am sadly afraid that, in his kindness, Charlie was not quite so truthful as usual. He did not expect to do it any better than he would be able to do it now. He was really disappointed, though no one would have known it, seeing his smiling face. The boys called out "No, no," and the Superintendent tried to stir up Mary to a spirit of self-sacrifice, but Charlie had his way. When he got home his father was vexed with him for giving up, he was really longing to hear of the effect that was produced by his suggestions as to action.

I have no time to tell you more of Charlie, except to mention how, in quite an innocent way, he took the butcher in. The butcher lost his one-eyed bob-tailed cur, Charlie found it and brought it back to him.

"Now, my boy, I can trust you as I wouldn't many boys, I can tell you; what shall I give you for bringing Beauty back?"

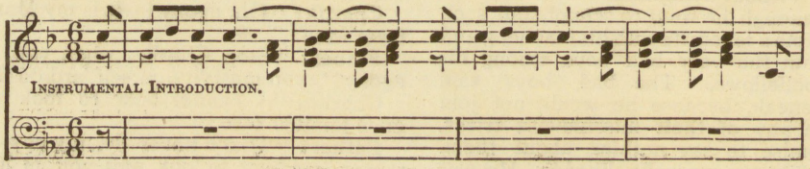
Then replied Charlie, "We're to have our Band of Hope Anniversary, sir, next Tuesday, when we invite the grown-ups; come to that and you'll give me my reward." The butcher came, and a little later signed the pledge. This was the sort of boy Charlie was.

THE TEMPERANCE TIDE.

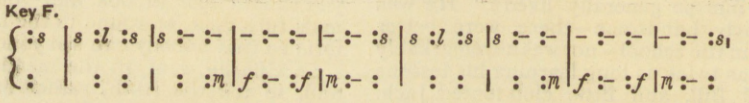
Words by JOHN STUART
(*From the* "Temperance Record").

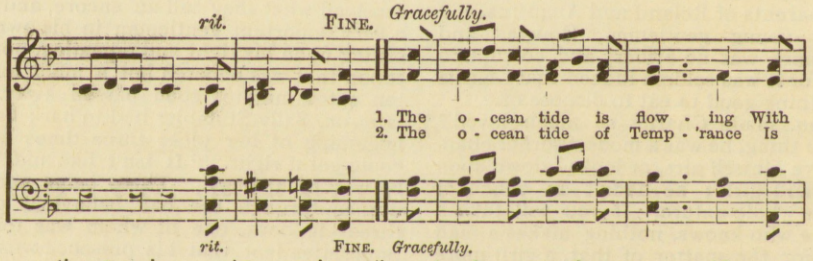
(*Copyright.*)

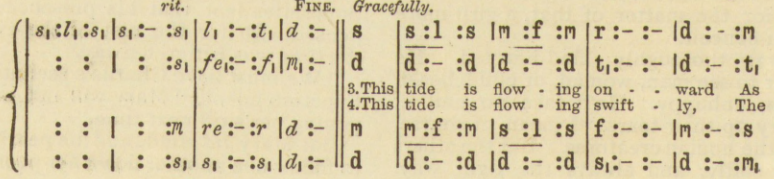
Music by THOS. PALMER.

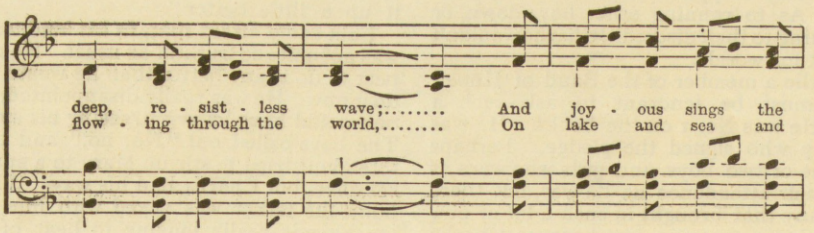


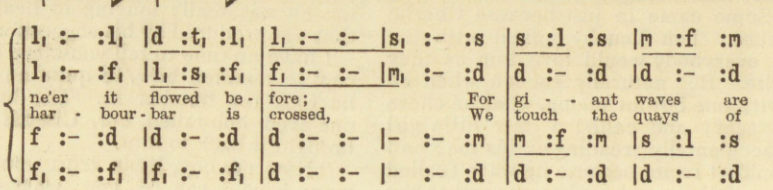
Key F.



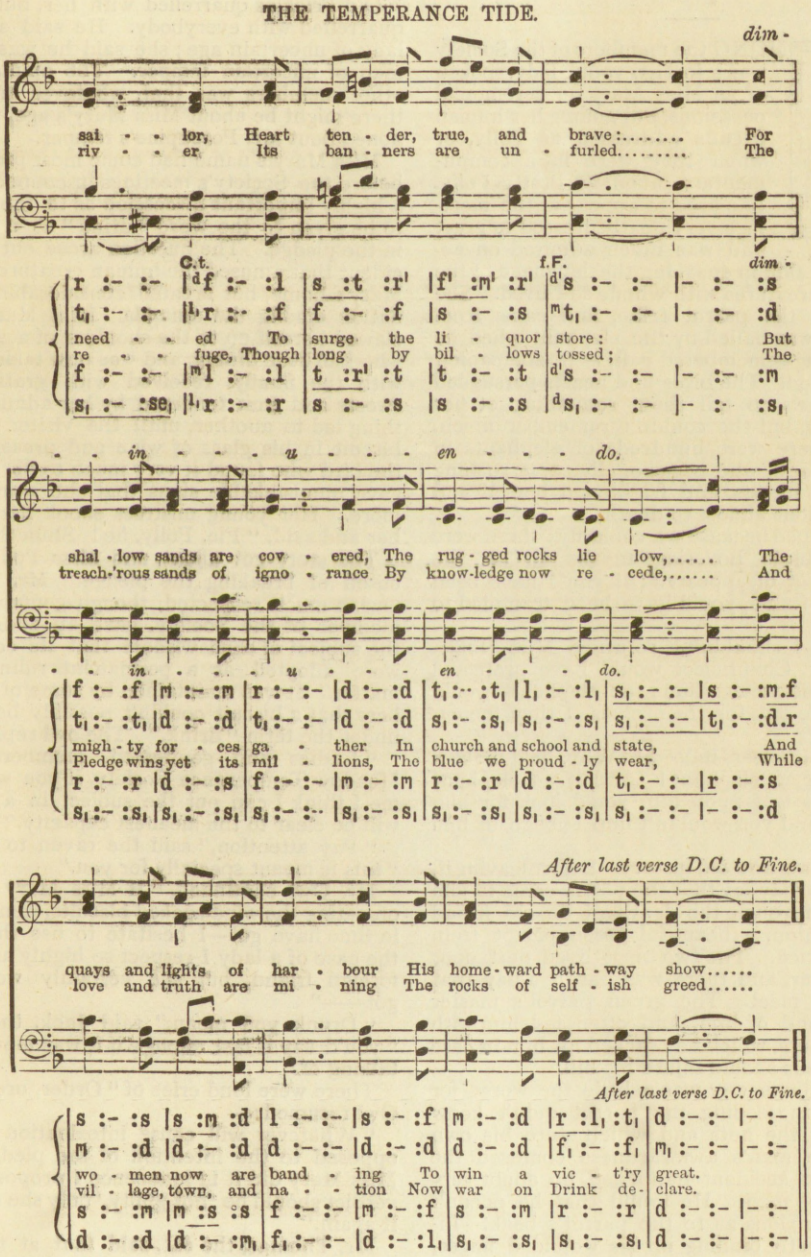








THE TEMPERANCE TIDE.



THE MEADOW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—No. V.

BY REV. JOHN FOSTER.

AMONG the members of the Society was a foreign young lady, spoken of as Miss Mary on ceremonial occasions, but among her human friends addressed as Polly, or when they were in a complimentary mood, as Pretty Polly. She used to appear at the meetings very neatly dressed in grey, and was much admired on account of her skill in speaking the language of the featherless creatures with whom she lived. She belonged to the parrot tribe, and came from Africa; she was hailed by the elephant when he made his long-remembered call, as a companion of his boyhood. The birds and beasts persuaded her afterwards to tell them something of her early history, but she couldn't remember much, only that there were hundreds of elephants in her native land, who occasionally came rushing through the forests, and frightened herself and her companions almost to death.

"We escaped because we could fly; there were clouds of birds hovering in the air till the elephants had disappeared; if you'd have been there, Miss Ruffle, you'd have been trampled to death."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't," returned Miss Ruffle, pertly, "Mr. Chanticleer would have protected me, he's as brave as a lion; the elephants would have to look out for themselves if they incommoded me."

"Mr. Chanticleer, indeed! Why, he'd make a mouthful for an elephant! And if an elephant once put his foot upon him you'd look for him afterwards and you wouldn't find enough of him to bury."

But all this is now old history. Before leaving it, however, we may say that the parrot came to join the Society through the death of an old friend and companion, a beautiful green parrot from South America. The two birds lived next door to each other, and there was hardly a day that they didn't meet. The green parrot's master was very fond of him, and often fed him with Barcelona nuts, which he cracked for him in case the hard shells should injure his bill.

One day the master was a little the worse for drink, and in feeding the parrot didn't know which were the nuts and which were his own fingers; the man's awkwardness confused the bird, and an accident happened, no doubt very painful to the man. He found that he needn't have been anxious as to the parrot's beak. Instead of quietly binding up his wounded finger, and determining not to get drunk again, he used some horribly wicked language, and dashed his favourite to the ground, killing him on the spot. He was sorry afterwards, but that did not bring the victim to life. Miss Mary coming in, and seeing what had happened, was about heart-broken, and hearing of the Society's having been formed, joined it at once. Her young mistress, who happened to be a teetotaler, had taught Polly to say, "Shun the bowl," when she saw any one about to drink. It seemed, therefore, that she would be a valuable member.

Old Prickles quarrelled with her, but then he quarrelled with everybody. He said she was a lady of uncertain age; she said he was a gentleman of uncertain temper. The opinion of the other members was that, whatever uncertainty there might be about Miss Mary's age, there was none about Mr. Porcupine's temper.

Miss Mary's name had come most prominently before the Society's meetings in connection with a highly important discussion as to the meaning to be given to the word "drink" as it occurred in the pledge. The question arose out of an incident that amused the human creatures at Miss Mary's home, but created considerable consternation among the animals. Miss Mary, having clawed herself up to the shoulder of a gentleman who had been dining, and was now taking dessert with the family, received with gratitude the sweets and fruit tendered by her admirer. One thing led to another, until the visitor dipped a biscuit in his glass of wine and presented it to the bird who found it very much to her taste and gave unmistakable signs that she wanted some more. Her young mistress shook her finger at her and said, "Fie, Polly, fie! Shun the bowl!"

The story got about, and Miss Polly was accused of breaking the pledge. Mr. Barndoor Owl, a much respected, though generally silent, member of the Society, gave an address upon the subject of such wisdom that its conclusions were adopted as a permanent ruling on the matter. It was maintained by some of the members that a biscuit couldn't possibly be included under the term "drink." The owl replied:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, members of the Meadow Temperance Society, if you will permit me I think I can put the subject in a way that will be clear to the meanest capacity."

"Pay attention," said the raven to the crow, "this is meant specially for you."

Mr. Owl continued, "If Miss Mary had gone on eating the wine-soaked biscuits, would she not in time have got—I hesitate to use the word in the case of a lady I respect so highly as our dear foreign friend, but she certainly would have got——"

"Drunk you mean," said Jack, the donkey, "you'd say it fast enough if it was me you was a talking of."

There were loud cries of "Order, order." Mr. Owl resumed:—

"Whatever will cause intoxication is plainly opposed to the intention of the pledge, but as Miss Mary did it in innocence I propose that our verdict should be 'not guilty,' only she mustn't do it again."

Mr. Thomas, the cat, said that at the dinner preceding the dessert where Miss Mary committed her little indiscretion, a teetotal parson had two large helps of some compound that smelt strongly of sherry wine, it was called "tipsy cake," so that he could not plead ignorance like Miss Mary.

The raven asked Mr. Thomas if he'd never heard of "benefit of clergy?"

"Please, sir, what's that?" said the guinea-pig.

"It means," answered the raven, "that they may do what you and I mustn't do."

The cat said that wasn't fair. But finally Mr. Owl's resolution was carried, as Jack, the donkey, said, "unanimous."

"WHO IS HE?"

By J. G. Tolton.

I WAS doing my best to enjoy a long railway journey. One of my doings was to let nothing escape me when we stayed for a few minutes at a large railway station. One of these waits was at Derby. As we slowly steamed into the station, I noticed on the platform a kind of mass meeting, which looked something like a federation of football teams.

A closer observation led me to the conclusion that this crowd was a company of athletes, who had come to do honour to the man they admired most in the world. It was not difficult to find this central figure. He was a famous cyclist. All the club wheelers thought it a very great honour to be on speaking terms with a man of such fame. Two admirers lifted, with the greatest possible care, a precious bicycle into the guard's van. Two others opened the carriage door where I was seated, and loudly expressed their approval of this special compartment.

The owner of the carefully handled bicycle stepped in, and a fine fellow he was. No wonder his friends were proud of him. I took to him at once. Up to the train moving off, there was no possible chance for anyone else to enter.

Thirty or forty fellows all striving to get a last word with their hero, made an effective blockade. Everybody who had business at the station was attracted by the unusual sight, so that the question on every lip was "Who is he?"

My own curiosity was great, and I fear the young man must have noticed it; but then he was used to it. Upon his watch-chain there hung a magnificent gold trophy. I tried to read the inscription upon it from where I sat.

"Pardon me!" I said, "but that is a magnificent ornament; may I look at it?"

My interest pleased the gentleman. He detached the guard, and handed chain and jewel to me for examination. I read that it was presented by a leading athletic journal to J. S. —— for winning more races than any other rider during the previous year. In fact I was in the company of the champion cyclist of England.

My travelling companion informed me playfully that his home was more like an exhibition than anything else. Said he:

"There are timepieces by the dozen, silver-mounted walking sticks, silver cups, and scores of smaller things."

"How many prizes have you won in your time?" I inquired.

"Over a hundred and fifty. I expect to take another home in the morning for I run at C—— sports this afternoon."

All this was intensely interesting. The gentleman's name was quite familiar to me. Indeed, an enterprising firm of cycle makers called one of their machines after him. And this was the real, actual man—the hero of more than a hundred fights, or contests.

"Do you find this continued racing very exhausting?"

"Well, no! not up to now, but I don't expect to be able to keep it up for ever."

"Have you any special means of sustaining your strength?"

"Nothing *very* special. I watch my health, and I eat only those things that suit me."

"You are careful to avoid indigestion, I suppose."

"Rather! No fellow can win a race with pains jumping about him."

"And as to drink, are you a teetotaler?"

"Well, yes! I have to be. Beer plays fearful havoc with a fellow's condition. I have drank nothing stronger than coffee since I took to the wheel in real earnest."

"Is every race-winner a teetotaler, do you think?"

"That is a big question. A man might win an odd race, and be a regular boozer, but he wouldn't be likely to win a second."

"Then you strongly recommend total abstinence for anyone who has to perform feats of endurance?"

"I do. You see there's so much uncertainty about a man that takes any drink at all. You never know how he'll be at a given time."

"Just so. I suppose you found out that the same quantity of drink had not on every occasion a similar effect?"

"Similar effect! Why, man, it's funny how different brews vary. When you are about at so many different places, as I am, it really is not safe to patronise any brews. You must know something about them, you see, before you take any."

"That is not quite the line of argument usually taken up by Temperance advocates," I remarked.

"Well, you see, I should not call myself a proper teetotaler. I let the drink alone because I must. Then there is another view which counts for a good deal with people in my line of business. If I took all the drink offered me, I should need to enlarge my premises, room would be scarce. If I refuse one, and accept from another, the fat's in the fire. I should make enemies too fast. The only course possible is to decline everybody's drinks."

"How does that act?"

"At first, it ran anything but smoothly, but as I made no distinction, but declined all kind offers, my method soon whiffed round, and there's a perfect understanding now."

We had now reached the cyclist's landing stage. So we separated cordially, each acknowledging that we had enjoyed a pleasant journey.

Great posters were about the railway station announcing the Annual Sports, the largest type being used to emphasise the part to be played by the champion cyclist.

That's who he was, and I have never meet him since.

A MEMORY AND A HOPE.

By Uncle Ben.

MRS. LEEFORD was a delicate woman; for some time she had been suffering from an internal complaint, which the doctors feared might prove fatal. She had an only daughter, Mona, whom she kept from school to be with her during her illness. And, in order that Mona might not lose all advantages of education, her mother superintended her studies as far as she could; so that almost every day some lessons were done. But to Mrs. Leeford—knowing the uncertainty of her own life—far beyond the importance of book-learning, was her anxiety to shed on Mona those abiding influences for good in the formation of character, by which, in future years, she might become a noble and useful woman.



Mona was not aware of the serious nature of her mother's illness, nor did she know what pathetic memories of love were being woven into her life during this time of preparation in the great school of sorrow.

In constant attendance on her mother the two were drawn into the closest attachment; and when the daily lessons were over they would read or work or talk together just as Mrs. Leeford was able to bear the exertion. The doctors, after a consultation, decided that Mrs. Leeford had better undergo an operation which might result in a cure, or at least would probably prolong her life for some time, but they stated that there was some risk owing to the weak state of her constitution, and she might not recover. After careful consideration Mrs. Leeford accepted the medical decision.

A day or two before the operation, when Mona and she were alone together, Mrs. Leeford prepared her daughter for the event by saying that she had determined to have an operation, from which it was possible she might not recover; the doctors hoped to do her good, even if it did not make her quite well, but if she did not submit to this her case was really hopeless. She spoke so hopefully about the prospects of the operation that Mona's fears and anxiety were lessened into trust for her complete recovery.

Before the talk ended, Mrs. Leeford took out from her jewel-case an old watch and said, "If I should be taken away I want you to have this watch and keep it; it has a history I wish you never to forget. My father gave it me after my mother died; I was much younger than you are, and yet it seems but yesterday, so vivid is the impression it made on me. He told me my mother had died through taking strong drink. Since I have grown up I have had little doubt that from this cause I have inherited a constitutional weakness, that accounts for the illness from which I suffer. I do not remember my mother well, and certainly if my father had not told me I should not have known then of the fatal habit, though I heard of it in after days. My father was a very good man, and this trouble was the grief of his life. He told me what a terrible curse the drink had been in many a home, and how it had robbed me of a good mother and ruined his happiness. He begged me, with tears in his eyes, never to touch it, and bade me alway keep this watch, and if ever I had a little girl of my own to tell her when she was old enough about my own mother, and to give her the watch in memory of her grandmother, and to ask her to keep it, and charge her never to taste intoxicating drink, because the hereditary tendency might be handed to her. And so to-day, my child, I ask you to promise me that while my memory lives in your heart you will continue to remain for the rest of your life an abstainer. I have never tasted intoxicating drink since I can remember, and to-day I fulfil the sacred obligation my father placed me under in giving you this watch. I do not wish you to wear it till you are twenty-one, and then not unless you wish, but I trust you to keep it and be faithful to your pledge. If in years to come you have any children tell them what I have told you to-day, and ask them to hand on the pledge to their children."

Mona listened to all her mother said in wonder and surprise. She made a faithful promise, and then Mrs. Leeford asked God to bless her and always keep her true to her word. After this she handed the watch into Mona's keeping, with a box for it. The impression Mrs. Leeford made on her daughter's mind was never effaced.

Some days after this interview Mrs. Leeford underwent the operation. It was a time of suspense and anxiety for all concerned; but the doctors' hopes were realised and Mrs. Leeford lived for some years. The watch with the memories, and hopes of which it was the memorial, remained in Mona's keeping as a family heirloom.

EARLY TRIALS.

I WISH my mother wouldn't dreth me up!
  She doecthn't know the ficth she geth me in;
Thmall wonder that the fellowth call me pup—
  A plush hat, and a lathstic round my chin.

I wish she'd know I'm not a baby now,
  To have hith hair all combed and curled and prim,
And fathened in a big dithguthting bow,
  A blue thash tied right round the middle of him.

I wish I wath that robin on the tree,
  He'th alwayth drethed just like he was firtht,
He doethn't every minute have to be
  Futh'd over by hith ma, and hugged and nurth'd!

My beth friendth, Wattie White and Billy Blue,
  Ecthpect me to come play frogth-in-th'-well;
I can't go play like thith—what shall I do
  To make mythelf look juth rethpectable?

I'll thand awhile in thith big puddle and try
  If I can't get the shine thome off my shoeth;
I'll knock my plush hat in—it'th thuch a guy—
  And thtick it on one side as fellowth uthe.

I'll ruffle up my curlth, and tear my lathe,
  I'll dig a hole and thtuff my thash in it,
I'll take thome dirt and rub it in my fathe—
  There—now I'll go and play—I think I'm fit!

JUSTLY INDIGNANT.—The wayworn man had fallen in the street in a very good swoon. The usual crowd gathered, and the usual man-who-knows-what-to-do shouted: "Stand back and give him air." The wayworn man got up. "Air!" said he, with fine scorn. "Air, when I ain't had nothing but air for the last t'ree days."

VERY liable to misunderstanding are such announcements in shop windows as "Superior butter, one shilling per lb. Nobody can touch it"—probably not!—or the tempting notice of the dealer in cheap shirts, "They won't last long at this price!" Worse still was the admonition which appeared in the window of a cheap restaurant: "Dine here, and you will never dine anywhere else."

ONLY A DREAM.

BY HELEN BRISTON.



THE two cottages stood together, quite away from any other dwelling.

"Pretty little artistic cottages," the builder had declared when they were finished. One looked pretty still—but only one. Though side by side, separated by nothing but a thin wall, they were as unlike in appearance as possible. In the window of one there were neat white curtains and a dainty short blind, to make it the more private and cosy. The rose-tree growing over the door was carefully nailed and trained so that it hung gracefully, and the little piece of garden was well kept and full of flowers all the summer. In the other there were no curtains, the garden was neglected and overgrown with weeds, the paint was scratched off the door, panes of glass were missing, and their place had been ill supplied with squares of brown paper; the creeper had been torn down and trailed along the ground; and everywhere wretchedness prevailed. Inside there was the same contrast. In the one house there was harmony and contentment, in the other strife was something more than an occasional visitor, and sounds were heard at night that conveyed the idea that the people living there neither knew how to use their tongues nor their furniture properly.

"Ah," said Mrs. Glenn sometimes (Mrs. Glenn was mistress in the neat cottage), "what will become of our poor neighbours I don't know. They're going from bad to worse, I'm afraid."

It was when she had been talking like this one day that her little daughter Annie, who was naturally a quiet child and not quick to give her opinion about things, came to her, saying with something like a smile—

"I do think they'll improve, mother."

"Do you? But what reason have you to think so?" asked her mother.

"I don't quite know, but I was standing in the road the other day and looking at our cottages, and especially at Mrs. Jay's, and all at once I felt as if I saw it change; it grew so pretty and clean, quite as nice as ours, if not nicer. And little Sue had got to look so fat and well. Don't you really think it will be like that one day, mother?"

"I don't know, child; I wish it might—but I'm afraid it's only a dream of yours."

"Oh, mother, I've prayed a lot about it, because I do love dear little Sue, and I do want her home to be a happier one."

"Well, my dear child, they've been talked to about their drinking ways times without number and it has no effect. We must do all we can for them, but I'm afraid they'll never alter very much."

"I do hope they will, though," said Annie, shaking her head gravely.

Her mother said nothing more to discourage her; there was something in her hopes and efforts calculated to do the child herself good, if no one else. So she let her alone, only loving her the more for her gentle pitiful nature.

Annie did make efforts. She was a practical little maiden, who believed in work as well as prayer; and there were plenty of ways in which she could prove of use to their unhappy neighbours. Though only eleven years of age, her mother had trained her so well that she knew how to do a great many useful things; and she was ever ready to help, not in her own home alone, but in anybody else's, and especially in little Sue's. It was she who prevented that poor child's life from being quite miserable.

"Here, Annie," Mrs. Jay would say over the fence, "have an eye to Sue, will you? I'm going down to the village;" and Annie never refused if she were at home. She was really fond of Sue, who was hardly more than a baby, and whom it seemed very cruel to leave so much to herself.

"How can she, mother?" she said one day, when she came in from comforting the little one, who had been crying because she was left alone.

"It is all the love of drink," Mrs. Glenn answered sadly. And her words made Annie think all the more of the sadness of the thing, and ask herself, "Can I do anything for them?"

The day after her mother had given her that answer, she was startled by a loud voice shouting, "Rebecca, Rebecca."

She was busy gathering beans, and Sue was with her. "Daddy!" said the child, looking rather frightened, for the voice was stern as well as loud.

"She has gone down to the village," said Annie, going forward to the fence.

The man muttered something between his teeth, and an angry look came into his eyes.

"I'm just going to take these beans in, and then I'll come and see if there's anything I can do, Mr. Jay; shall I?" suggested Annie.

"You're a good sort," he answered. "Yes, I'll be glad if you'll come and help me to see what there is for my dinner. I don't know what she's left for me."

Annie went to see, and together they found some odd pieces of bacon, and part of a currant pudding.

"That's a good gal," said the man, as his friend-in-need fetched him one thing after another, and tried to make his dinner-table look as comfortable as she could. Presently a difficulty arose. There was no mustard.

"And that's a thing she knows I can't bear to do without," said Jay, in a peevish tone. "There, never mind, don't you look for any; 't isn't any use. She doesn't trouble herself, not she!"

"I know what I'll do, Mr. Jay," said Annie, "I'll run in home; I'm sure mother'll be pleased for you to have some of her mustard, and she always keeps it made, because father's like you, and can't fancy his meat without it."

Her mother smiled at her request, but she was watching all Annie's efforts for her neighbours with a great deal of interest, and was very glad to be able to give her any help she could.

"Come in soon to dinner, dear," she said, and Annie promised not to be long.

When she got back again, she found Jay busy with his dinner in spite of the lack of mustard, and she noticed that he drank from a tin can that he had brought in with him at very frequent intervals. Her happy face clouded when she saw that, and presently, she laid a gentle hand upon his arm.

"I wish you wouldn't drink it," she said, pleadingly, and then looked somewhat frightened. She had never appealed to him like that before, and he was a passionate man, she knew; perhaps he would be very angry. But he only laughed and said, "Why child?"

Annie hesitated before she answered him. "Because," she said, faltering, "I can't help thinking you would be happier, and it would be much nicer for Sue."

"What makes you think that?" he asked again.

"Well," she answered thoughtfully, "father and mother, they don't take any, and we are so very happy, father, mother, and I."

Jay was not angry, and he called Sue to him, and began to feed her with bits of bacon and cold potato off his own plate. Encouraged by these signs, Annie went closer to him herself.

"I have such a dear little pledge book, all my own," she said, "and I do want some people's names in it."

At this Jay laughed, then, with a great deal of bitterness in his tone, he said,

"Look here, Annie, you get Mrs. Jay to write her name first, and mine shall follow."

"Oh, Mr. Jay, thank you!" Annie exclaimed; but the man laughed. "Ah, you silly child, you don't know how safe I am!" he said. And then Annie thought of what her mother had said about not being long, and hurried off to her own dinner.

But she made up her mind to seize the first opportunity for asking Mrs. Jay to sign the pledge. And she did; but only to meet with a sharp refusal. Of course she wasn't going to do anything of the kind. She believed a glass of beer did people good. No, it was not the least use to ask her.

Annie was disappointed. But she was determined about one thing, she would do all she could to help poor little Sue. And nearly all her spare time was spent with the little one, who followed her about, and looked up at her with a reverence in her baby eyes. Annie was the best friend she had ever known.

Several months passed, and then Sue fell ill, and Mrs. Glenn, herself absent with a sick relative, could be of no service to her neighbour. But Annie, who had of course many extra duties to perform in her mother's absence, was continually in and out asking what she could do for the little sufferer, and making her small puddings in the way her mother had taught her so carefully.

to make them. And Sue never refused anything that Annie took her, although her mother often offered her things in vain.

At first Sue's illness kept Mrs. Jay from going "down to the village" quite so often, but when it had lasted for some weeks the unhappy woman became less anxious about her child, and left her day after day for hours together that she might drink with her companions. "Sue had begun to mend," the doctor said; but this neglect, which Annie could not entirely make up for, told upon her, and she grew weaker again.

"It is nothing but weakness," the doctor asserted more than once, "you must watch her carefully, and give her plenty of nourishment."

But Mrs. Jay did not "watch her carefully."

One afternoon Annie, after being very busy in her own home, lifted the latch of their neighbour's door, and entered to find Sue unable to speak, and barely capable of knowing her.

She was rather frightened at first, she thought perhaps her little friend was dying; but after she had forced two or three spoonfuls of milk down her throat, the colour came creeping back into the pale little cheeks, and she knew that she could only have been faint. She sat down beside her, and arranged her pillows comfortably, wondering where her mother could be.

Only a few minutes passed, and Mrs. Jay came in, evidently more than half intoxicated. She took but little notice of Sue, and began to busy herself at the fire without apparently having the least idea what she wanted to do there.

Again the door opened. This time it was the doctor, whose knock had been unheard owing to the noise Mrs. Jay was making stirring the coals about. He glanced at her and frowned, then at the child. "Have you been here long?" he asked, turning to Annie. She told him how she had come in just now, and found Sue looking so white and ill, and that she had given her the milk.

"Will you come with me a minute, I want to speak to you?" said the doctor, looking towards Mrs. Jay. "Oh," to Annie, "you are going home, are you? Very well, you've been a good friend to this little girl." Annie slipped away, wondering what the doctor was going to say to Mrs. Jay, and whether it would make her keep away from the drink, and give more attention to Sue.

There was some special sewing that Annie had to do at home the next day, and it was almost tea time when she knocked at the door of the Jays' house. "Come in," said Mrs. Jay's voice. She looked very quiet and sorrowful, the fact was she had been thinking over some of the sharp things the doctor had said to her yesterday. They were really sharp things, and had made her very angry at the time. But she had not been able to judge of them when they were spoken. To day she was quite sober, and all her love for her child had returned. She sat against the bed, holding Sue's little shrunken hand in hers.

Annie went round to the other side of the bed, but she found herself watching Sue's mother instead of Sue herself, and thinking that face a great deal more interesting than she had ever found it before.

"You are good to her!" said Mrs. Jay, as Annie held a sponge cake towards the child, who was a good deal better to-day, and quite able to enjoy it.

"Oh, she's so patient, dear little thing!"

They neither of them said anything else for some time, then Annie spoke again, very softly, and in her most winning tone, though her voice trembled a little, "Mrs. Jay, don't you think you could alter your mind about that book of mine?"

Mrs. Jay started, and something like a frown gathered upon her face; then her eyes fell upon Sue, and she burst into tears. Annie did not know what to make of this, but she crept away home. She had not been told to fetch her book, but she felt instinctively that it would be needed.

"Oh, mother," she said, when her mother returned next day, "it's going to be something more than a dream of mine about the Jays. I'm so glad you were wrong, mother dear!"

"So am I," said Mrs. Glenn, when the story was told.

The cottages are more alike now; there are curtains at both windows, and little Sue is well cared for.

MOTHER'S THOUGHT.

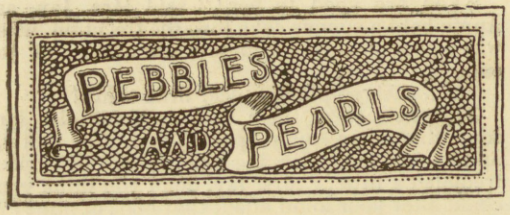
TWENTY times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day,
Your mother thinks about you,
At school, or else at play.
She's busy in the kitchen,
Or she's busy up the stair,
But like a song her heart within,
Her love for you is there.

There's just a little thing, dear,
She wishes you to do,
I'll whisper, 'tis a secret,
Now, mind, I tell it you.
Twenty times a day, dear,
And more, I've heard you say,
"I'm coming in a minute,"
When you should at once obey.

At once, as soldiers, instant,
At the motion of command;
At once, as sailors seeing
The captain's warning hand.
You could make your mother happy
By minding in this way,
Twenty times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day.

—*M. E. Sangster.*

KINDNESS.—Exult not over misery, deride not infirmity, nor despise deformity; the first shows your inhumanity, the second your folly, the third you pride. The same Being that made him miserable, made you happy to lament him; He that made him weak, made you strong to support him; He that made him deformed, gave you favour to be humble. He that is not sensible of another's unhappiness is a living stone; but he that makes misery the object of his triumph, is an incarnate devil. —*J. Beaumont.*



WHENEVER you see a drunken man it ought to remind you that every boy in the world is in danger.

A SCHOOLBOY, asked to define the word "sob," whispered out: "It means when a feller don't want to cry and it bursts out itself."

It was a beautiful thought of the little boy who said: "I know why flowers grow. They want to get out of the dirt."



DOTING Mother: "Tell me, professor; is my son a deep student?" Professor (dryly): "None deeper, ma'am; he's always at the bottom."

PHILADELPHIA girl (at the seashore): "Do you ever find bottles which tell of wrecks?" Native: "Yes, mum; often—empty bottles."

THE pretty girl was lavishing a wealth of affection on her mastiff, and the very soft young man was watching her. "I wish I were a dog," he said, languishingly. "Don't worry," she replied, "you'll grow."

A Bismarck schoolma'am, who had been telling the story of David, ended it with, "And all this happened over three thousand years ago." A little cherub, his blue eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, "O, my, what a memory you've got."

THE LABOUR QUESTION.—If the 140 millions spent annually in drink were expended on manufactured goods, instead of employing 250,000, including publicans, it would employ from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 people. No wonder so many are out of work.

"PRISONER at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you would wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked towards the door, and remarked that he would like to say "Good evening," if it was agreeable to the company.

EXPERIMENTS have been made by Dr. Buehoer in submitting working bees to a regimen of alcoholised honey. The effect is astonishing. They revolt against their queen, and give themselves over to idleness, brigandage, and pillage until they are cast out by their fellows.

SHE WANTED LOVE.—A kind-hearted sweet-faced woman called one day to see a little maid whose mother was dead, and who had been placed in the poor-house. She carried a present with her, but before giving it she asked, "Now dear, what would you like best?" The little one looked up wistfully, and then shyly said, "I would like to sit on your knee for a minute, as if I were your little girl."

FORGIVENESS.—A little boy and girl were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on, and presently said: "I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie, I am sorry." The little girl's face brightened instantly. The sobs were ushed, and she said: "Well, if you are sorry, it doesn't hurt me."

ALL history bears witness that when God means to make a great man, He puts the circumstances of the world and the lives of lesser men under tribute. He does not fling His hero like an aerolite out of the sky. He bids him grow like an oak out of the earth. All earnest, pure, unselfish, faithful men who have lived their obscure lives well, have helped to make him. God has let none of them be wasted. A thousand unrecorded patriots helped to make Washington; a thousand lovers of liberty contributed to Lincoln. . . . And any man who in his small degree is living like the child of God, has a right to all the comfort of knowing that God will not let his life be lost, but will use it in the making of some great child of God, as He used centuries of Jewish lives, prophets, priests, patriots, kings, peasants, women, children, to make the human life of His Incarnate Son. —*Phillips Brooks.*

Review.

WE have received a very pretty and instructive pamphlet from Messrs. Mellin's Food Co., showing the process of colour printing. We recommend our boys and girls to get a copy; it will find them plenty of scope for the use of their water colours, and will aid them in their lessons in painting. The book will be sent free on applying to Mellin's Food Depôt, Marlboro Works, Peckham, London, S.E.

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

BY ALFRED COLBECK.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Chertons' Workpeople," etc., etc.)

CHAPTER X.

SAPH'S RESOLVE.

THE stoker was just settling down in his arm-chair after dinner, with his long clay pipe between his fingers, and a look of supreme satisfaction on his face, when his sister, Mrs. Wharton, came in. A significant glance passed between her and Nancy, as much as to say, "It's all right; we understand each other," which Saph did not see. He thought his sister's visit was an ordinary one, that she had just dropped in for half-an-hour, as it was her custom to do, and knew not that the women had arranged the visit beforehand, with a special object in view. Nancy had washed up, and was clearing away the crockery. She hastened to complete the task, and restore the tidiness of the room, that she might settle down on the hearth beside her sister-in-law, and watch the effect of what they had to tell upon Jack, who, all unconscious of what was coming, complacently pulled away at his pipe, with his eyes somewhat dreamily fixed upon his foster bairn, Bobby. To Bobby himself that afternoon was to be a memorable one, for he knew not what the two women had found out concerning him, nor that what they had to tell would startle him as he had never been startled before. He sat in the chimney corner absorbed in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, looking through the eyes of Bunyan's Christian at the wonderful things in the House of the Interpreter, and he was not roused from his reading until he thought he heard Saph's voice say "Fanny." He did not close the book, but remained with it open on his knees, listening, in order to make sure whether Saph really had said "Fanny." Yes! the name came again and again—he was addressing his sister, Mrs. Wharton, by that name; it was singular, Bobby thought at first, for that was the name of his Auntie, and then he thought it was not singular, for there must be many Fannys in Desford, and his Auntie was not called Fanny Wharton, but Fanny Aintree. Still the name had effectually broken the interest he had been feeling in the Interpreter, and instead of settling down again to the perusal of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, he began to listen to the conversation of his elders.

"We have discovered Bobby's surname, Jack," said Nancy, when the conversation on general matters began to flag a little.

"We? Who beside thyself, Nancy?" asked Saph, sharply turning his eyes from her face to Bobby's, who was now all attention.

"Well! Bobby told *me* the surname, right enough, but I told Fanny, and we, Fanny and I together, have found out that the surname is quite correct. But we have found out a great deal, a very great deal, besides, that we have been more than surprised at, as well as grieved and pleased."

"I hope you two women haven't been meddlin' with things you ought not to," said Jack, not yet seeing the drift of his wife's remarks, and misled by their seriously sorrowful faces. He was afraid lest their inquiries had made Bobby's position in the cottage, as an adopted child, insecure.

"We haven't been meddlin' at all," said Nancy. "We have only been asking a few questions, and getting to know what we could about him, as a matter of duty, Jack, for our own satisfaction, and for his, too. He won't always be as young as he is now. He'll grow older some day, and want to know more, and if we hadn't gathered all the information possible he might have blamed us, and thought we had done him a serious wrong."

Jack could not dispute this. It was a new view of the matter to him. Yes! he could see that Nancy was right, and that it was better even to run the risk of losing Bobby, and to know all.

"And what do they call him?" he asked.

"Bobby Grant," replied Nancy.

"Grant?" said he, questioningly and meditatively—"Grant? Why, that's the name of—— but there! what does it matter? There must be many families of that name."

"Yes!" said Nancy, slowly, "but his mother's name was Alice."

"You don't say so!" said Jack, swiftly and almost fiercely, while his eyes flashed fire. One quick glance he turned upon Bobby's now surprised face, then the fire died down, and, in his usual tones, he said, "Well! the lad's mother may have been called Alice, and his surname may be Grant, but both names are common enough, and they prove nothing of themselves."

"Oh, Jack!" pleaded his sister, who could keep silence no longer, her eyes filling with tears, her voice shaken with deep emotion—"Oh, Jack! look at him again? He's Alice's bairn. He has Alice's features. He says his mother was called Aintree before she was married—Aintree; and even if he hadn't said so, I should have known him. Then there are other things, many of them, which prove him to be Alice's bairn. He must have been brought here by the hand of God."

Nancy was now weeping, as well as Fanny, while Bobby, in perfect amazement, being unable as yet to see through the maze, looked first at one and then at another. Saph had been struck into a great silence. He gazed upon the weeping women as if he were in a kind of stupor, and could not comprehend what it was they were weeping about. An expression of intense pain, almost of agony, crept into his countenance, and his eyes were unnaturally dry, and hard, and glittering. For a full minute he sat thus, a minute that appeared to the waiting women longer than an hour, then he spoke.

"Is it true?" he asked, in a deep, hoarse voice.

 All rights reserved.

"As true as it can be, Jack," said his sister; "Look at him!"

Saph turned a strange face upon Bobby, a face full of struggling emotion, a face in which doubt, and anger, and sorrow, and pity all seemed intermingled, and over which was thrown, like a veil, the expression of pain. He beckoned him across the hearth, took him between his knees, held back his head between the palms of his hands, and looked at him long and earnestly; and as he looked the doubt departed, the anger, too, melted away, but the sorrow and pity remained. His eyes softened and filled with tears. He bent his great head to Bobby's, and kissed him on the lips, and through the kiss the expression of pain passed, and its place was taken by the overspreading light of love.

"It is true," said Saph, as he released him; "but I never knew that Alice had a son before."

"I have a letter here which explains," said his sister.

"Where did you get that?" asked Saph.

"From the dress pocket at the lodging house," she replied; and the thought of her death, lonely and unattended, and her burial, with no mourner but Sall, drew the tears afresh, and for a few moments subdued them to silence.

"What does it mean?" asked Bobby, taking advantage of the silence, and lifting his astonished face to Saph's.

"That you have come to your own, after all, my son," the stoker replied.

"How my own?" Bobby inquired.

"Look," said Saph, turning Bobby round until he stood facing Mrs. Wharton; "that is your Aunt Fanny!"

"But they call her Wharton."

"They did call her Aintree. She got married after your mother went away, but she has now been two years a widow."

"Are you really Aunt Fanny?" asked Bobby, going over to her, and looking earnestly into her face.

"Yes, Bobby, I am," she replied; "but I am hardly worthy of the name."

"I am so glad that I have found you," said Bobby. "But if you are Aunt Fanny," and he faced round again to bring his eyes to bear upon the stoker's face, "Saph must be my uncle, and Mrs. Coy my aunt."

"So they are," answered Mrs. Wharton.

"Did your mother never speak to you about an uncle?" asked Saph.

"Yes, once or twice, I remember, she did, an uncle Jack, and they call you Jack. She must have meant you. But she used to talk most about Aunt Fanny."

"Ah! they were own sisters," said Jack, "and I was only a half-brother, and married before she went away."

"That explains why you are called Coy, and they were called Aintree," said Bobby.

"Just so, my son," returned Saph. "We had the same mother, but not the same father. But," said he, turning to his sister, "what about the letter? Read it, Fanny."

"Didn't you know, Bobby, that there was a letter in your mother's pocket when she died?" asked Nancy.

"No!" said Bobby. "Mother never mentioned that she had written one."

"Very likely she intended giving it to him as a last resource," said Mrs. Wharton, "and she left it too late. It is a painful letter, Jack, but I will read it. Listen."

With much faltering, and many tears, the letter was read. It mentioned that, notwithstanding the fact that her brother and sister had discarded her, over which she had deeply grieved, her married life at the first had been a very happy one. Bobby's birth had brought great joy to her heart, and, in her joy, hoping that the new life which had come into the family would prove the means of reconciliation, she had written her sister, and told her about it, but the letter had never been answered. Again she had written when Bobby was twelve months old, but the second letter brought no reply. Then her troubles came. Her husband gave way to drink. Slowly she went down into wretchedness and misery, doubly hard to bear because of her loneliness; years and years of hard work and bitter sorrow, with no earthly comfort for her beyond what she could gather from Bobby's unfolding beauty and goodness, as his young healthy nature responded to her motherly training and care; then the end, and the tramp to Desford, where, though she felt that she herself was doomed, and would soon pass away, she hoped that her child would find a home with the sister who had once loved her, and who might love her child after she was gone, for her sake. All this the letter contained, and much more, concluding with a touching appeal for Bobby, that her sister would take him and rear him as her own.

In this letter, the part which touched Bobby most was the reference to his father's misdeeds; and it was the part which touched Saph most, but in a very different way. He saw the effect of the reference upon Bobby's face, and he re-called Bobby's refusal to drink with Tracy, also how he had said to him, when they were talking about it afterwards, that he had a very good reason for it. Thought Saph, as he listened to the letter, and watched Bobby's countenance, he had a very good reason, and gradually a mighty resolve formed itself within his mind, of which at the time he said nothing, but it was a mighty resolve nevertheless, fixed and sure, and faithfully carried out. The only visible manifestation of it, and that was not understood by those who were gathered about the cottage fire, was a peculiarly set expression of countenance, and the bringing down of his open palm across his thigh with a slap so vigorous that it shook every joint of the arm chair in which he was sitting.

One affecting feature of the letter was that it contained no reproaches. Both Jack and Fanny felt that they were to blame, but the letter did not say so. The sister had gone to the grave without bitterness, and, so full of tender pleading was the letter in its anxiety for Bobby's welfare, that by fulfilling her wishes in regard to him, they hoped to make some amends, and find themselves forgiven when they met her in the other world. Before the week was out, a pilgrimage was made to the Desford cemetery, and the place where Alice's remains were laid reverently and

affectionately marked by a beautiful wreath of flowers. While they stood beside the grave, a woman, meanly clad, came silently through the grass, and, before they knew she was near them, placed a deep red rose by their white chrysanthemums, a rare winter flower, and in strange contrast with theirs.

"It's Sall," said Bobby, looking up.

"I saw it in the market," said Sall, "and bought it, because I knew it would please Bobby, and perhaps *her*," nodding towards the grave; "but I didn't know you were here."

Sall had learned something of Bobby's story during the visit of the two women to the lodging-house. They were all now touched with her tribute of love. From this time Fanny and Nancy never lost sight of her. They got her away from the lodging house into a more respectable quarter in the outskirts of the town nearest to their own home. Employment was found for her through Nancy and Fanny interesting themselves in her case, and, although it was a most terrible struggle for her to break away from her old habits, by the help of God's grace she succeeded, and began to live a new life. She became connected with the homely, religious people at Rehoboth, who never cast the former days against her as a reproach, or shunned her because of what she had been, but treated her for what she was, a sister reclaimed, and for what they hoped she would be, a tender and true-hearted woman. To Sall, Rehoboth was a fountain of blessing.

Ever since Bobby had entered their home, Nancy had gratefully observed that her husband had never been the worse for liquor, and, so far as she knew, had never even tasted it. Her olfactory nerves were peculiarly sensitive. She was a woman with a keen nose, quick to detect the smell of intoxicants in the breath of anyone, however slightly they might have indulged; and she thought she was not deceived in the conclusion she had arrived at, that, since Bobby came, Jack had been an abstainer. Nor was she. Jack had really been an abstainer for Bobby's sake. The new responsibility which his coming entailed had influenced him in this direction. But his abstinence had rested upon an insecure basis until that afternoon when the letter was read. Then, with the formation of his mighty resolve, it had worked itself into the granite of his nature, and stood firm and immovable. Of this resolve, however, Nancy knew nothing, and she was not without a little dread, when Saturday came, and he went for his wages, lest he might be tempted on his way home into one or another of his calling places, and return in a fuddled condition If she had only known what was in his mind she would have had no dread at all.

He was rather late when he presented himself for his wages,—indeed, he lingered about until everyone else had been paid, and went in last of all.

"You're late to-day, Saph," said the pleasant-faced intelligent clerk, who had given him the name by which he was familiarly known.

"Purposely," answered Saph.

"That's very strange," said the clerk. "I should have thought that you were always purposely soon."

"So I am," replied the stoker, "but, to-day, I have made an exception, a single exception, for I never remember being purposely late before, and I never mean to be again."

"Why have you made to-day an exception?"

"Because I wanted a word or two with you, on the quiet, after all the other fellows were gone."

"I feel honoured, Saph. What is it you



wish to say?" and he pushed Saph's wages across the counter.

Before he replied, Saph examined the money, found it correct, carefully put the soverign and half-soverign into an old and very flexible leather pouch, and the silver into his waistcoat pocket.

"I believe you are what they call a teetotaler," said Saph, when his wages were thus safely stowed away.

"I am, and very proud of it," the clerk replied.

"Then you'll be glad to know when anybody else becomes a teetotaler," Saph continued.

"Very glad indeed," returned the clerk.

"Have you got any enlisting material by you?" asked Saph.

"What do you mean?" said the clerk.

"Plegdes!"

"Yes! I always carry them. Here's one," and the clerk drew a pledge out of his breast-pocket. "I wish I could persuade you to sign, Saph."

"That's what I've come in late for," said Saph, in a very matter of fact way. But to the clerk the announcement was like the exploding of a bomb, which, however, when the first shock was over, became the signal for rejoicing.

"Is it?" he almost shouted, and there was an incredulous ring in his tone. Saph nodded. "Oh! I am glad," he continued, Saph's nod having driven all the doubt away. His eyes sparkled almost as much as the stoker's, not quite, for there were very few eyes like Saph's, only behind the sparkle there was a quiet light in the eyes of this young man, which gave them a beauty of their own. "But how has it come about?" he asked. "Tell me."

"Let me sign the pledge first," said Saph.

"You're in earnest, I see," returned the clerk, placing the pledge on a fold ot blotting paper, and providing Saph with a pen dipped in the ink and ready for the signature. Slowly and carefully the stoker traced his name, and then placed the pledge in his pocket. The clerk was eagerly waiting for Saph's explanation. As much of Bobby's story as was necessary to shew that the change was due to him, Saph related, touching very delicately on the pathetic side of it, lest he should break down, and betray more than he wished by his tears. The clerk listened in amazement. "I would like to see the little fellow," said he.

"Would you?" Saph replied. "I'll bring him down some day."

"Do," said the clerk, "and soon, please. I should like to feast my eyes upon him. He's done what I'm afraid neither I nor many another could have done—brought you over to the right side, Saph, and now that you are on the right side I believe you'll stay there."

He stretched out his hand in token of comradeship, a smooth, thin white hand, and Saph took it in his, the hand of a giant, rough and broad, and browned with the handling of hot iron, a hand so strong that it could have cracked every bone of the clerk's hand and squeezed the flesh into pulp; but Saph only gave it a gentle pressure. He felt that he had gained a new friend, but to what the friendship would lead he did not yet know.

When Saph returned home, in good time as Nancy thankfully noticed, and free from the smell of the drink, he handed to her with his wages a piece of folded paper.

(*To be continued.*)

A CHRISTIAN CHIEF.

KHAMA, the chief of the Bamangwato tribe, has arrived in England to protest against the handing over of Bechuanaland to the Chartered Company. He is a Christian, and earnest in the desire to raise his people. He holds most decided views on the use of intoxicants, and no wine or liquor of any description is allowed to be sold anywhere throughout his territory; even the brewing of the comparatively harmless Caffre beer is, without exception, heavily punished. Khama wrote in a remarkable despatch in 1888:—



KHAMA.

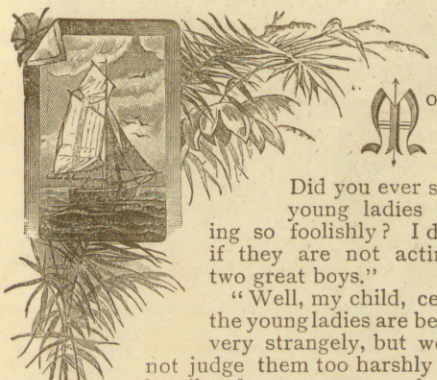
"Lo Bengula never gives me a sleepless night, but to fight against drink is to fight against demons, not against men. I dread the white man's drink more than all the assegais of the Matabele, which kills men's bodies and is quickly over; but drink puts devils into men, and destroys both bodies and souls for ever. Its wounds never heal." A proof of Khama's humanity is that when, some four years ago, the seat of government was moved from Shoshong to Palapye, to secure better water and a more advantageous site, all the old and infirm were carefully removed from the old capital—a most un-African method of dealing with the aged, who, regarded as an encumbrance, are left to shift for themselves. Seated under some shady tree in his "sigadhlo" (an enclosure where Court is held), Khama is always accessible to his poorest subject, and is prompt and wise in his decisions. Khama can muster over 7,000 fighting men, of whom about 1,000 are armed with rifles, and he has some 300 mounted men, not uniformed in any way, of whom he is very proud. They did excellent work on the pioneer expedition, under the guidance of Selous, in Mashonaland in 1890, and they accompanied the forces of the Company to fight Lo Bengula in 1893. On the way, however, Khama and his people turned back, and the victory was won without them. He is sixty, and wears European clothes.

"I AM quite satisfied that spirituous liquors *diminish* the power of resisting cold. Plenty of food and sound digestion are the best sources of heat."—*Sir John Richardson.*

A HASTY JUDGMENT.

(Founded on Fact)

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



"Mother, dear, just look. Did you ever see two young ladies behaving so foolishly? I declare, if they are not acting like two great boys."

"Well, my child, certainly the young ladies are behaving very strangely, but we must not judge them too harshly or too hastily, for you see we don't see their motive."

"Well, I tell you what I think, mother, they are just aping the boys; they ought to be ashamed of themselves. I should like to tell them what I think."

Gertrude Webster made this statement with a toss of the head, as if she felt very much disgusted with the young ladies about whom she was thus speaking so disrespectfully.

Mrs. Webster was staying with her daughter for a holiday at Dovercourt. On the day on which the incident in our story took place they had walked to Harwich, and were standing on the little boat pier when a strange sight attracted their attention.

In the harbour was a small rowing boat, in which were seated two young ladies and an old boatman, who was busily employed in rowing to various points in the harbour.

The young ladies had a splendid model of a sailing vessel, and this they launched forth on the water, and as it skimmed over the still waves they directed the boatman to row after it; they took it up gently out of the water, its keel dripping and its sails wet, and then they launched it forth again in an opposite direction.

Gertrude Webster noticed that constantly the young ladies looked up with a very pleasant smile to the little crowd that had gathered and were watching their proceedings. Gertrude mistook this look of self-satisfaction for conceit, and expressed her feelings in no very ladylike language.

"How absurd; did you ever see anything so silly, surely young ladies could occupy their time in a better manner than sailing a toy boat?"

Gertrude, like very many other persons, expressed her feelings before she looked for the motive which prompted the action of those against whom she was speaking. If she had known all the facts she would have seen that kindness and not stupidity was the cause of their apparently strange actions.

Just outside the pier, in a quiet spot, but giving a good view of the harbour, was an invalid's carriage; on this lay stretched a youth not yet fifteen years of age. His pale face, sunken eyes, and thin hands showed that he was suffering from some wasting disease. Now and then the painful cough told how his lungs were affected, and one had but to look at him for a few minutes to see that the messenger of death was nearing his door and would soon call for his victim.

True, there was pain, but smiles of joy lit up his countenance as he saw his sisters in the harbour sailing the boat which he admired so much, and which had given him so much pleasure when he was strong enough to sail it himself on the big lake at Clapham near to which he resided.

Archibald Woodman had never been strong, but recently the seeds of consumption had grown rapidly, and now he was about helpless; he could not raise himself from his chair, and was wheeled about just as when he was a little baby.

"How I should like to have one more sail of my sailing *Sunbeam*," he said one morning sadly.

"You shall see it sail to-day, Archie," answered Louie, his big sister, who never seemed so happy as when she was making her invalid brother happy.

This explains the strange action of the sisters. They were not sailing the boat for their own amusement but for that of their brother, and so by making themselves look strange to others had given great happiness to a poor helpless sick lad.

When the pleasant hour had passed, much too rapidly for Archie, the sisters discharged the boatman and were soon by their brother's side.

"Thank you, dear Louie; thank you, dear Florrie; I have enjoyed my *Sunbeam's* sail. Don't you think it is a splendid boat?"

"Yes, my dear brother," Louie answered; "I think there is no other boat at Dovercourt to beat it, and I am so pleased that you have been happy. Now we must hurry home to tea or mother will wonder what has happened to us."

Just as this conversation was taking place Mrs. Webster and her daughter passed by; they saw at once the real cause of the action by the young ladies. Gertrude blushed with shame, and inwardly resolved never more to speak unkindly of anyone, and especially to find out people's motives before she criticised their actions.

KINDNESS.

Don't try to see how little,
But how much, boys, you can do;
Yours may be just the needed hand
To tide some trouble through.
Is it a schoolmate's lesson?
Do not withhold your aid,
But help him lift his burden,
Though obstacles invade.

Be faithful at your studies,
And merry at your play;
Out in the free, glad sunshine
Be happy while you may.
But drop kind words; how little
You know their worth, dear boys;
Sweeter than candy, or ma's kiss—
This sweetener of life's joys.



DOLLY AND TURPS.

By Uncle Ben.

DOLLY MARPLES and Turps, a fine, large dog, were great friends. Turps was a very faithful house-dog, but kind and good tempered; and though he had a loud bark that sometimes frightened strangers and tramps, he was never known to bite. The house where the Marples lived was rather lonely, though not far from the village and station. Mr. Marples often had to go up to London on business, and sometimes stayed the night, but with Turps to look after the household he always felt the home was well protected. When Mr. Marples came back, if he left word by what train he should return, Dolly and Turps would go to the station to meet him.

On one occasion he had been away for several days and wrote naming the time of his arrival, so Dolly and Turps started for the station, with permission from Dolly's mother that on the way she might spend a halfpenny in sweets at a favourite shop, where Turps was sometimes treated to a stale bun. They left home in good time, Turps marching by Dolly's side, while she trudged along with both her hands in the pockets of her pinafore, grasping the money in one hand and her little handkerchief in the other, which she was to wave outside the station, to show her father she had come.

The business was, of course, gone through, the sweets were bought and a biscuit given by the tradesman to Turps for his good conduct. The two proceeded to the station and waited patiently outside, looking through the open pailings till the train came up, Dolly waving her signal and Turps looking nearly as wise as Solomon. Mr. Marples saw them at once, and directly he had given up the ticket, came through the little gate to greet the pair. When the first welcome was over, Mr. Marples said to Dolly,

"I have something to tell you about a dog."

"What is it, father?" asked the child.

"I had to go down on the South Western line, and at Basingstoke station I saw a large black dog called Jack, and he is a collector for the Railway Servants' Orphan Home. He has a fine brass collar and a brass money box attached to it, with an inscription requesting donations, and when anyone puts anything in the box Jack looks so pleased, and shakes the box to rattle the money so that the porters and people may hear."

"Father, did you give him any pennies?"

"Yes, I did; I put in something both going down and coming up, and had a talk to one of the ticket-collectors, who told me the dog was a great favourite and most intelligent. He said Jack was very fond of little girls, but doesn't care for boys so much, and is a little shy of anyone who carries a stick, 'because,' said the man, 'I think some boys or men must have teased him or been cruel to him.' He knows all the regular trains, and the drivers and guards make a great fuss with him, so that he often goes up to London, and sometimes twice a day has a run round Waterloo station, taking the collection. Then he will take a trip to Southampton and pick up an honest penny. Sometimes he will go as far as Bournemouth, or give a call at the cathedral cities of Salisbury and Winchester. He travels a great deal, making many friends, and is doing a good work for a noble cause. He looks thoroughly well cared for, and seems so proud of his mission. He is so bright and intelligent, though left to run about and do what he likes or go where he will, one might almost think he really knew how useful he was, because he is so faithful and true to his trust. In the course of the year he gathers quite a large sum for the Institution."

"Oh, father, I should like to see Jack," exclaimed Dolly; "but I don't think he can be gooder than Turps."

"I don't know, Turps is rather a Turk sometimes, especially when he meets dogs with whom he is not on good terms. I saw another dog, a fierce-looking terrier that has killed every dog he has fought with, who is very gentle and well-behaved at home, and very generous to smaller dogs. His mistress said of him that he never begins a quarrel."

"Have you seen any more dogs?" inquired Dolly.

"Yes, at another house I saw a fine thoroughbred collie dog, bought at a prize show at the Crystal Palace. This dog was called after a famous peer, and was very sleek and fat; he was most polite and well mannered, offered his paw to shake hands, and did many tricks; was most affectionate and obedient, and greatly beloved by the three small boys of the house."

"But he wasn't a better dog than Turps, was he father?" asked Dolly.

"I hardly saw enough of him to say; he was very clever and well trained, and could do many things, but still Turps has his good points, and I don't think we would change him for the champion of any breed."

"No, not even for Jack, the good dog with the money-box. Father, is that really true?"

"Yes, I saw the people put money into the box and pat Jack, and I gave him more than a penny. If a dog can do so much for widows and orphans, it is time you and I, Dolly, did something more."

ROGER AN' ME.

By T. J. Galley.

THIS is Roger, my brother; we live in the street,
And sell papers an' matches for somethin' to eat.
We don't get much money, things are bad as can be,
And we've not *one* kind friend all our troubles to see.
We are "lone, city waifs"—so a sweet lady said,
When I lay down so sick in the hospital bed;
My brother's a cripple, he's as bad as can be,
But we stick close together, does Roger and me.

For our father, he left us when we was but small;
An', you know, mother's dead, so we're not helped at all;
But mother, *she* loved us, an' the day 'fore she died,
She kissed me an' Roger, an' so bitterly cried;
An' she said, "Oh! my daughter, it's *so* hard to die;
Will you stick close to Roger, my poor cripple boy?"
An' I *have* stuck to Roger, as so you may see,
Day an' night, in all weathers, al'ays Roger an' me.

But, last winter, when snow was so bad everywhere,
I was so sick an' starved that I fell down just there;
And I knowed nothin' more till I found out I lay
In a ward in yon hospital over the way.
A sweet-lookin' lady put her hand on my head;
Then she looked in my face, an', so pityful, said,
"Poor, lone waif of the streets;" then she told me that we
A Friend had in Heaven that knowed Roger an' me.

Then she talked on so nicely 'bout lands in the sky,
Where the church people go to just after they die;
An' she said a new city was there, made o' gold,
Where folks live in grand mansions, an' never get old;
Where the poor and the weary know no hunger nor fears,
Where there's no kind of trouble, no night-time, no tears;
Then she smiled as she said that if good *we* would be,
Her Friend would save places for poor Roger an' me.

But it's hard to be good in this bad crowded street;
An' we can't make a livin'; an' folks as we meet
Curse an' push us about, and it's al'ays, "Move on"
When we're seen by the policeman a-stopping some one.
We can see the rich people in 'ansoms go by;
We can hear folks a-singin' and shoutin' for joy;
And on Sundays church people, drest fine as can be,
Pass by without pity for poor Roger an' me.

But I'm sure somethin's wrong, a mistake there must be,
For all are looked after except Roger an' me;
Perhaps Jesus, to help us, some servant has told,
An' he's forgot it, an' left us to die of cold.
But die we must soon; so some awful dark night
The tall p'liceman will come, and he'll put down the light,
An' he'll see us a-lyin' here, dead as can be,
With no one left cryin' for poor Roger an' me.

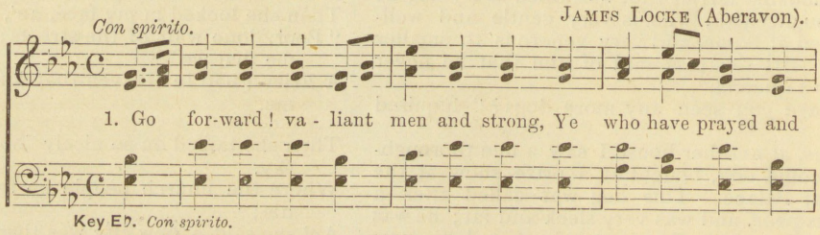
But straight to that city, which the lady knew well,
Where there's no "third editions" and no wax-lights to sell,
We will go—me an' Roger—to see the great King,
Who owns all the people an' who made everything;
An' I'll say, "Master Jesus, we've come from the street;
We was left there forgotten, an' sworn at an' beat;
Oh! please, *please* take us in! an' we'll good try to be;
Find a corner in Heaven for poor Roger an' me!"

GO FORWARD!

(From *The Railway Signal*, by permission.)

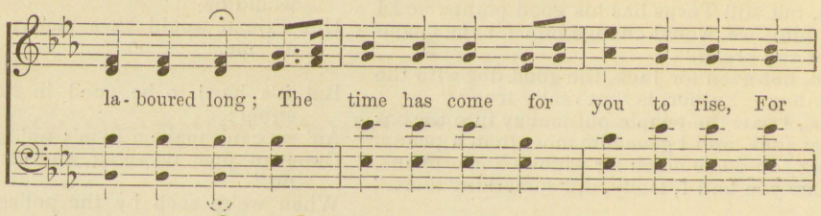
JAMES LOCKE (Aberavon).

Con spirito.

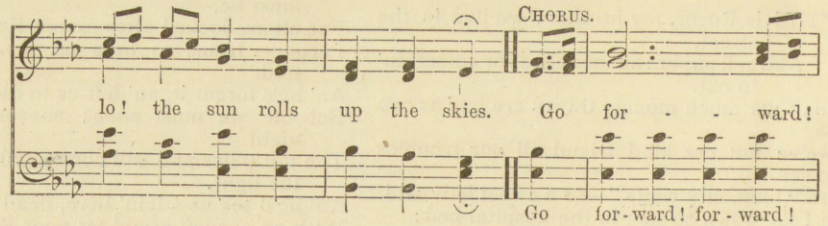


Key E♭. *Con spirito.*

:m .,f	s	:s	|s	:m .s	|d'	:s	|s	:s	|l	:d'.l	|s	:m
:d .,r	m	:m	|m	:d .m	|f	:m	|m	:m	|f	:f	|m	:d
1. Go	for -	ward!	va -	liant	men	and	strong,	Ye	who	have	prayed	and
:s	d'	:d'	|d'	:s	|l	:d'	|d'	:d'	|d'	:l	|d'	:s
:d	d	:d	|d	:d	|d	:d	|d	:d	|f	:f	|d	:d

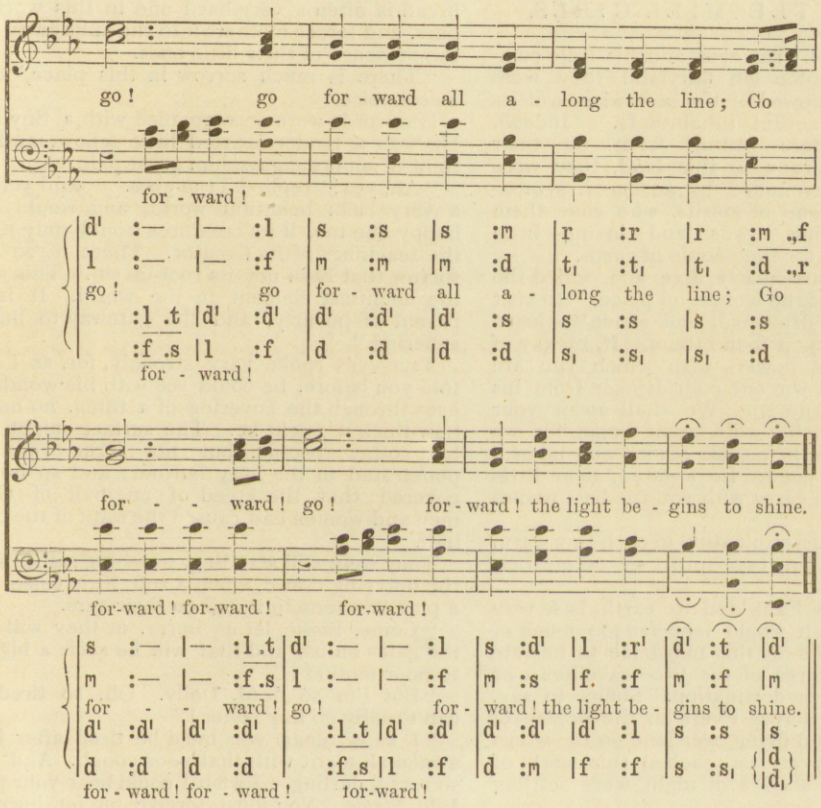


r	:r	|r	:m .,f	s	:s	|s	:m .s	|d'	:s	|s	:s
t_1	:t_1	|t_1	:d .,r	m	:m	|m	:d .m	|f	:m	|m	:m
la -	boured	long;	The	time	has	come	for	you	to	rise,	For
s	:s	|s	:s	|d'	:d'	|d'	:s	|l	:d'	|d'	:d'
s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:d	|d	:d	|d	:d	|d	:d	|d	:d



l .t	:d'.l	|s	:m	|r	:r	|d	CHORUS. m .,f	s	:—	|—	:l .t
f	:f	|m	:d	|t_1	:t_1	|d	d .,r	m	:—	|—	:f .s
lo!	the	sun	rolls	up	the	skies.	Go	for	-	-	-	ward!
d'	:l	|d'	:s	|s	:f	|m	s	d'	:d'	|d'	:d'
f	:f	|d	:d	|s_1	:s_1	|d	d	d	:d	|d	:d
							Go	for -	ward!	for -	ward!

GO FORWARD!



2. Go forward! each and every one,
The golden harvest is begun;
Ye reapers, come from glen and glade,
And wield the sickle's glittering blade.
Go forward! &c.

3. Go forward! reaping as you move;
Angels are watching from above;
Around are witnesses a host:
Arouse ye now, and save the lost!
Go forward! &c.

4. Go forward! day will die full soon:
How quickly evening follows noon!
Now is the time to work and pray;
Let glory crown the dying day.
Go forward! &c.

TALES FROM FAIRYLAND.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE LITTLE MILL-GIRLS.

WHEN True-eyes and his little companion left fairyland they were followed by the best wishes of its beautiful inhabitants. Indeed, before setting forth on their journey to this land, they were surrounded by an eager, sympathetic group of spirits, who gave them encouraging words and loving little messages for the people of earth.

"We would particularly urge you," cried the pretty monarch of the wonderful place, "to visit the homes of the drunkard, and strive to leave them better than you found them. If, by any of those marvellous powers with which you are invested, you can win one poor drinker from his downward path, do so. We shall await your return anxiously, but with great hope, for we trust your visit to the haunts of men may be productive of much good. Be assured, dear little subjects, that you carry with you the best wishes of fairyland."

So with a fixed determination in each tiny warm heart to do good the two spirits set off on their journey.

The way from Fairyland to earth is a very strange one, and it would take far too much of the valuable space of this magazine to narrate the many adventures of the two travellers e'er they reached their destination. Suffice to say, that after sailing across rivers on the breasts of floating leaves, and flying over land on the wings of tiny birds, they at last reached this world of ours just as the shades of night were settling down.

"Let us rest to-night," said True-eyes, "in this grand old tree," and, even while he spoke, he settled himself comfortably in the topmost branch of an oak tree. His companion lay down beside him, and they slept calmly through the long hours of the sweet night.

With the first gleam of day they awoke, for fairies, as you know, need very little sleep. It is only the people with poor tired bodies who require rest.

So True-eyes and his companion, who was called Sweet-voice, set off for the city after bathing their tiny faces in the crystal dew.

"The people about here seem happy enough," True-eyes cried. "It is in the towns there is so much misery. Let us hasten to the nearest city, where our presence may be felt."

When they reached the nearest town the light of day had broadened, and poor, tired toilers were arising from their beds, almost as weary as when they lay down in them. The workshop bells began to ring out, and the clatter of many feet was heard in the streets.

Near a big lamp-post the two little spirits paused to watch the sea of human beings sweeping by. There were old men, and young men, and boys, some looking contented and hearty, others sullen and miserable. And the women! Ah! how True-eyes and his companion pitied the women! Some of them looked so worn and weary, others so frail and delicate; many of them had left wee, helpless babies, for the struggle for bread is often a very hard one in this world of ours, and forces mothers into the mills away from the presence of their little ones.

"There is much sorrow in this place," cried Sweet-voice.

His words were accompanied with a tiny sigh. He was a tender-hearted little fellow, and the sight of suffering gave him great pain.

"Ah, yes!" replied True-eyes. "And yet it is a very rich, beautiful world, and would be a happy one too, if its creatures would only follow the teachings of its Creator. There is so little sorrow that hath not its root in sin. This sin is the mightiest element in the world. It is the parent of poverty, and the gateway to human suffering."

True-eyes spoke very strongly, for, as I have told you before, he could see with his wonderful eyes through the covering of a thing, no matter how thick it might be. The surface might content other people, but not True-eyes. He penetrated to the very bottom; and so he discovered that the greed of one-half of God's men and women had caused the want of the other half.

They were still standing, watching rather sadly the hurrying crowd, when a soft, little voice, with a plaintive tone in it, fell on their ears.

"Come, Sissie, let us hurry, or they will shut the gates on us, and that will be such a big loss to poor mother!"

"But I'm so tired, Dolly. Oh, so tired! I can't really go any faster!"

"I know, dear, you must be tired after lying awake all night with that poor cough. And I am so sorry, darling. I wish I could bear your pain, I do, Sissie. You must forgive me for hurrying you on, but I was thinking of mother. She is so poor that she misses any coppers stopped out of our wages for being late. There, darling, don't cry! I'll try and work hard all day, and make up for it."

The two little spirits heard every word, for the girls had paused by the very lamp-post in whose shadow they were hiding.

True-eyes looked compassionately at the two young girls. He could see that behind the sad eyes there were shining beautiful, unselfish souls.

"There is work here for us to do," he whispered to his companion. "Oh, how glad I am to be at hand."

"I am better now," the youngest of the two girls said, raising her head from her sister's shoulder, where she had laid it a few minutes before in utter weakness and weariness. "Shall we go on?"

"If you are sure that you are quite rested."

"Yes, dear, I'm all right!"

They clasped hands, after drawing their thin shawls around their shoulders, and passed on.

"Come along! Let us follow them!" cried True-eyes, and the little fairies, too small to be noticed, kept close to the girls until they passed through the gateway of a large mill.

"Shall we still follow them?" asked Sweet-voice, and True-eyes nodded his head.

All day the tiny, golden-hearted fairies wandered about the noisy, gloomy factory, travelling from room to room, weaving shining threads of light along the walls and across the dusty floor, helping the poor toilers in a thousand wonderful ways, all unnoticed by the workers themselves. But never had the machinery worked so smoothly, never had there been less tangle and break, never had the day gone so merrily and swiftly. It was really marvellous, and yet not one, save the spirits themselves, could tell the reason. The hours sped away on light, golden wings, the meal-times came and went, and, at last, the evening bell rang out, to proclaim the period of rest.

Away the people went to their many homes, more cheerfully than they had done for many a long day.

"Come, Sissie! We can walk slowly home, and you can lean on me," cried Dolly, and once again the two girls were in the crowded city streets.

The sun, across whose face there was a thick veil of smoke, was very hot, but not at all pleasant looking. He tried to peer over his veil, and get a glimpse of the big, important town, and not succeeding as he would have liked, settled back again in a most unsociable and sullen manner.

As Dolly and her sister went along the hot dust was blown into their faces by an angry little wind, and if the two fairies had not been spirits that wind would have surely carried them away.

"We must go home with these poor girls," said True-eyes. "I want to know all about them."

In a very short time, indeed, they reached a long narrow street, whose houses lay side by side, like poor skeletons holding one another up. Into one of these houses the girls passed, and into it passed the fairies with them.

If the exterior of the house looked dingy and poor, the interior looked worse. But True-eyes saw that, although the windows were curtainless, they were bright and polished; and, although the floor was bare, it was very clean.

By the table, on which there were two cups and saucers, and a plate with a few pieces of thinly-buttered bread, a pale tired-looking woman was sitting.

There was nothing very beautiful about her face—unless the marks of patient suffering be beautiful, and yet the eyes of the girls brightened upon seeing it, as they might when looking for the first time upon one of God's fairest places.

Each stooped in turn and kissed the woman, just on the deepest line which lay upon her forehead.

"Sweet little mother!" cried Dolly.

"Dear Mamah!" whispered Sissie, who had not quite ceased to be a child, and who clung to the old childish title.

"God bless my darlings!" cried the mother, laying a gentle hand on each young head, and pressing a tremulous mouth on each smooth cheek, "I am so glad to see you back. There isn't a very grand tea for you children, but perhaps things will be better by-and-bye."

"That they will!" ejaculated True-eyes, who had hidden with his companion under the table; "I'll see to that!"

Poor Sissie tried to eat the coarse bread, with its thin covering of butter, as though she liked it, but the mother's loving eyes detected the effort she was making to swallow each mouthful. Nothing can deceive a mother; her love, which is the purest and most beautiful the world holds, gives to her eyes a scrutiny as penetrating as that of True-eyes himself. So this mother watched her daughter with anxious gaze, which saw—oh, so plainly—the deep, dark shadows under the sweet girlish eyes, and the pathetic little droop about the pale lips.

But if Sissie ate her bread with difficulty Dolly did not. A fine, healthy girl, she was endowed—not to her comfort always—with a keen appetite.

From their hiding places the two spirits watched the scene, with curiosity and pity, their wee heads full of wonderful plans for enriching this sweet, patient mother and her pretty daughters.

True-eyes felt sure that there was some other shadow beside poverty hanging heavily above that humble dwelling. Men dwell under blacker clouds than poverty, clouds which not only affect the body, but which darken and cramp the mind and soul. The little fairy saw that this family were now under such an influence, and it was not long until he learnt fully the exact nature of that influence.

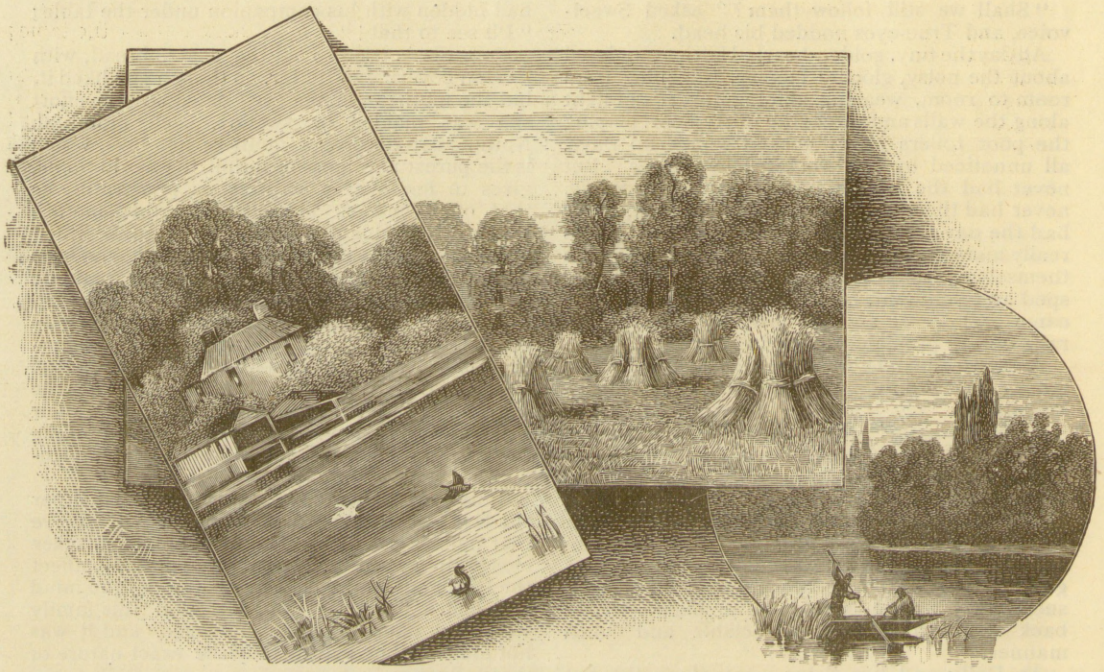
"Where is father?" asked Dolly, and the words were no sooner said than the pretty, glad colour which had crept into the mother's face, when her girls entered the house, suddenly left it.

"I have not seen him since morning," she replied, letting her chin drop upon her breast.

"Ah!" thought True-eyes, "the father brings the shadow. It is drink again. Our mission here is to do good, but whatever I do in this house will be of no avail while the drink fiend holds its master in so strong a chain. How are we to release him?"

Long into the night the fairies sat and planned how best to rescue from his slavery the drunken father. But the wonderful things they resolved on, and the wonderful things they did, I must relate in another issue.

YOUNG men make a sad mistake when they think it necessary that they should have a personal acquaintance with the dark and seamy side of life. Many a man who has peered into the abyss "just to see what it was like" has lost his balance and fallen almost hopelessly. A young man was talking to a pilot on one of our big steamers. "How long," he asked, "have you been a pilot on these waters?" The old man replied, "Twenty-five years; and I came up and down many times before I was pilot." "Then," said the young man, "I should think you must know every rock and sandbank on the river." The old man smiled at the youth's simplicity, and replied, "Oh, no, I don't; but *I know where the deep water is*." That is what we want—to know the safe path and keep to it.



A HELPFUL GIRL.

By Ruth B. Yates.

"EH, but it is a comfort to sit down to a comfortable meal by a clean, bright fireside," exclaimed Mr. Morgan, with a sigh of relief, while both his wife and daughter looked up in surprise.

Mr. Morgan had been to pay a short visit to his brother, whose wife had died a short time before, leaving two children; the eldest, Netta, was a girl of fifteen, while the other was a merry little sprite of three.

"Why, John, whatever do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Morgan. "Is not Henry's home comfortable?"

"He does not know what comfort means. The place is always in an upset; the meals are poor, badly cooked and served up almost cold, while it made my heart ache to look at poor little Dolly, as she came to kiss me 'good-bye' with dirty face and tangled hair, and a great rent in her pinafore, which I noticed was there when I arrived, but it had grown bigger."

"Dear, dear me, John, what a picture. I hope it is not quite so bad as that. But what of Netta, she ought to be able to manage the house, for she is a month older than our Maggie?"

"I fear she has been badly brought up, poor girl, for when last I was there I remember her as a smartly-dressed girl of whom her mother was very proud, but now she is ever grumbling over the work, seems to get nothing out of her fingers, and yet she never has a clean face or looks pleasant."

"Ah, yes, she is much to be pitied," replied his wife; "her mother, with mistaken kindness, did all the work, and allowed Netta to please herself; and now she has it to do, of course, the poor girl knows nothing about it."

"Both Netta and her father begged me to let our Maggie go and spend a few weeks with them, but I did not promise, as I am sure it would be no treat for her."

"Oh, do let me go, father, perhaps I could help cousin Netta a bit now that she has no mother," said Maggie, eagerly.

"Yes, John, I think it would be a very good thing to let Maggie go, for Netta would take advice and help better from a girl of her own age than she would from me, even if I went, and I can trust Maggie for she can manage the house, now almost as well as I can myself."

"I should be only too glad, for I am afraid of Henry going wrong and staying where he can get more comfort than there is at home."

So it was arranged that Maggie should pay a visit to her cousin, and preparations were accordingly made, and her father wrote telling his brother when to expect her.

"How long shall I stay, mother?" inquired Maggie as she proceeded to pack her trunk with a stock of tidy, clean underlinen, and put in several pairs of neatly-darned stockings according to her mother's directions.

"I shall just leave that to your own judgment, Maggie. Remember, you are going with a purpose, and ask God's blessing upon your mission, and though I shall miss you sorely, yet I shall be

glad for you to stay long enough to help Netta to help herself."

"I will do my very best, for I am so sorry for poor cousin Netta. Whatever should I do if I had not such a dear, good mother?" and she threw her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her again and again.

When Maggie arrived she found her uncle waiting for her at the station. He greeted her very kindly and said,

"I am sorry I cannot spare the time to accompany you home, but Netta had thrown your father's letter aside, and I only saw it this morning, so I had only just time to rush off and meet the train before I go to the office; however, I will put you in a cab and you will be all right, my dear."

"Oh yes, I shall be all right, thank you, dear uncle," replied the girl brightly. She looked back as the cab drove off and saw her uncle turn away with such a look of weariness upon his face that she raised her heart in prayer that God would show her how to shed some sunshine on his pathway.

Maggie found that the picture had not been overdrawn, for a slatternly girl came out when the cab stopped, followed by a neglected looking child, who had on a clean pinafore with a tear from top to bottom, which had evidently been in before washing.

The pale, delicate looking girl, that seemed to have no energy about her, formed a very marked contrast to the bright rosy Maggie, whose eyes sparkled with happiness and whose every movement was full of life.

Maggie's heart sank within her when she got inside. She thought she was prepared for anything, but she had never imagined such a scene of disorder as this.

The ashes were literally piled in front of the grate, which looked as if it had not been emptied for weeks; the table was strewn with dirty pots, evidently left from a previous meal, and though the room was well furnished, much better than their kitchen at home, yet the girl shuddered.

"You must be very tired, Maggie, with travelling so early," said Netta, kindly. "Will you have something to eat before you take your things off?"

"No, thank you, dear," replied Maggie brightly; "I made a good breakfast before I started at six o'clock."

She did not say that if she had not she could scarcely have been induced to partake of the weak, greasy-looking decoction of nearly cold liquid with which Netta was filling a dirty tea-cup, nor of the badly cooked fish beside it.

"What an unearthly hour to get up," remarked Netta; "I have not had my breakfast yet. Father went off without any, he was in such a hurry to catch the train."

"If you will tell me where my room is, I will carry my trunk up and change my dress while you are getting your breakfast," responded Maggie.

"It is just at the top of the stairs, you cannot miss it," was the reply.

"I will show 'oo, tousin Maggie," lisped Dolly.

"That's a dear little girl," said Maggie, kissing the child, "You go first, and I will follow."

Maggie looked round in dismay, the bed was unmade, and everything was thick with dust; however, she resolved that it should not be her fault if there was not soon an alteration in the state of affairs.

When Maggie went down again, she had changed her black dress for a clean print one, and a big white apron.

Netta, who was still sitting by the table reading a novelette, looked up in surprise as she entered, leading Dolly by the hand.

"Well, I never! You do look different, Maggie," she exclaimed.

"I changed my dress so that I could help you a bit, Netta," said Maggie, cheerily. "Have you finished your breakfast?"

"Oh, yes, but I want to finish this tale. I've nearly done, and there's plenty of time before father comes to dinner. You will find some nice books on that sideboard," responded the girl, as she threw herself down on the couch, and was soon absorbed in her reading.

"Isn't tousin Maggie pitty," said Dolly, pulling at her sleeve to gain attention.

"Go away, you tiresome little thing. Don't you see I'm busy?" snapped her sister.

Maggie silently prayed for guidance, then she held out her hand to Dolly, who ran to her at once.

"Come and show me where the coal is, Dolly," she said, gently.

The child looked up with a pleased expression, and trotted by her side, saying, "I do love 'oo, tousin Maggie."

Maggie quietly replenished the fire which had almost gone out, then she proceeded to clear the table, letting Dolly assist by carrying the spoons, two at a time.

She set to work with a will, and soon the plates, dishes, &c., were placed on the scullery table, bright and shining. Dolly, perched on a chair beside her, chatted merrily the while.

"Now, Dolly, you must show me where to put these by?"

The child trotted into the pantry and pointed to a plate rack Having disposed of the earthenware Maggie looked round, there were the remains of a leg of mutton, with a considerable amount of almost raw meat round the bone, and two or three small fresh plaice.

Just then Netta, having finished her story, came in and said as she saw the shining shelves—

"You must be a fairy, I think. I never *can* get time to wash the pots up somehow."

Unheeding the remark Maggie quietly said, "Now what are you going to have for dinner, Netta?"

"I am ashamed to offer it you, but father wouldn't give me any more money; he said it must last the week out," grumbled Netta, "so I shall have to fry the rest of those fish that were caught this morning."

"I think those would be nicer for tea, dear. What are you going to do with this nice meat?"

"Oh, throw it into the swill-tub; it is no use."

"If you will let me I can make a nice dinner out of that, Netta, and then we will have the fish for tea," said Maggie kindly.

"I should like to see you put those scraps before father; you don't know how fussy he is," laughed Netta.

"Well, let me try him for once. Here I see is flour and lard. Now you just scrape all the meat off this bone, will you, dear?"

Netta's curiosity was fully aroused, and she scraped away until the bone was clean, while Maggie put some flour into a basin with a little salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and rubbed in a small quantity of the lard, then as Netta said—

"There, now, may I throw away this bone?"

Maggie answered, "No, dear, it will do for making stock, but now see, we will put this meat into a dish, season it with salt and pepper, and as you have no stock, we must add a little water. Now, I will mix and roll out the pastry and place it over the dish so, and we shall have a nice meat pie."

"Shall I throw away these pieces you have cut off?"

"Oh, no, those are for ornamenting it," and with deft fingers she formed a number of leaves, which she placed on the crust.

"Oh, tousin Maggie, how nice it looks," exclaimed Dolly.

"Yes, but it will taste nicer," replied her cousin. "Now, the oven will be nice and hot by this time, as I drew the damper when I put the coal on, so we will put it in at once, and it will be rising while we make the pudding."

"Oh, we cannot have a pudding. I have nothing in the house to make one."

"What's in that basin, Netta?"

"Milk, of course; we always take a quart, but I generally have to throw half of it into the swill-tub."

"Have you any rice?"

"Only this bit, but I have no eggs, and we cannot make rice pudding without eggs."

"Oh yes, we can. See, we will put two tablespoonfuls of rice into this dish, with a little salt and a pint of milk, and sweeten it to taste; then put bits of butter over the top, so, and grate nutmeg over. There, we will put it into the oven, and we will see what it is like at dinner-time."

Then Maggie went into the room, and set to work on the fireplace, while Netta brushed the floor, then she peeled potatoes while Netta dusted, and by-and-bye, the whole place was transformed. When the nice brown pie was lifted from the oven Dolly fairly danced with delight.

When her uncle came in he fairly started back in astonishment, for the room was clean and tidy, the table was covered with a clean cloth, and when he sat down, and the pie was placed on the table beside a smoking dish of hot potatoes, he exclaimed,

"Did your aunt send us all these good things, Netta?"

"No! tousin Maggie made 'em," answered Dolly.

The father wisely made no further comment, but all were loud in their praises of the pie.

"What do you think, father? Maggie made it out of the bone which was left yesterday."

"Well, I begin to think we have got a fairy godmother," he answered with a smile.

The pudding was equally enjoyed; uncle Henry declaring that he had never tasted a better.

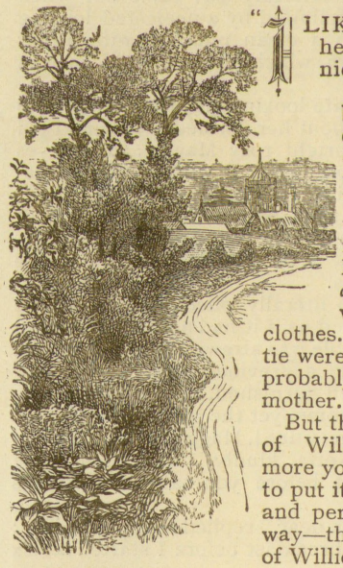
After dinner Maggie persuaded Netta to wash the pots at once while she tidied the bedrooms. Then, while she was getting washed, Maggie brushed and combed Dolly's hair, washed her hands and face, and mended the rent in her pinafore.

When her uncle came in to tea he found a plate of fish, nicely fried a light golden brown, and looking so crisp and tempting that he said it would force a man to eat if he were not hungry, even to look at them.

With your Editor's kind permission I will tell you something more next month about Maggie's visit.

"WHAT AN ASSORTMENT!"

By J. G. Tolton.



"I LIKE Willie Brown, he always looks so nice."

Hearing somebody say this the other day, I was curious enough to wish to see Willie Brown. I was soon satisfied. I saw Willie Brown, and he *did look* nice. He wore very good clothes. His collar and tie were well cared for, probably by the boy's mother.

But the less you knew of Willie Brown the more you liked him. Or, to put it the other way, and perhaps the better way—the more you knew of Willie Brown the less you liked him.

The question is sometimes asked, "Do clothes make the man?" No doubt, good clothes are of great value. They give both boy and man a good start. People like the wearer of good clothes. Smart apparel looks nice, and pleases the beholder.

And so, if I might give my young friends a bit of good advice on this matter of clothes, I should say,

"Dress as well as you can afford." Yet we have come to expect a degree of correspondence between the appearance and the reality. If you are buying a watch, it is somewhat of a disappointment when you find the case is worth infinitely more than the works. It is not quite as it ought to be if a beautiful time-piece is utterly unreliable. Something like that is it when

we have to acknowledge that if Willie Brown was sold by auction, the clothes would be worth considerably more than the boy.

For looking at Willie Brown's admirable outfit, you would expect conduct of the same kind; well-fitting and bearing inspection, nothing offensive to the taste nor objectionable to the eye.

But was it so? As you came to know Willie Brown well, you found his deeds were anything but admirable. They were offensive and objectionable.

No! the best tailor in the city cannot make a man. Folk say, "Fine feathers make fine birds," but fine clothes do not make a fine man.

There are some of the sweetest bird-singers that I have heard who have no fine feathers. Some of the very best boys and men I ever met do not wear fine clothes. They cannot always get hold of a clean collar when they would like.

There is a popular saying, once heard more frequently than we now hear it:—

"Judge not a man by the coat that he wears."

In a school that I knew very well, having spent a good deal of my time there, there was a lad who was undoubtedly one of the geniuses of his day. Nothing seemed to be too difficult for him. No problem came before his class but what he saw his way through it in a trice. In his reading aloud he hesitated at no pronunciation puzzle, but just went right on as correctly as if he had been studying that individual book for days.

Yet John Pover was not nice to look at. For one thing he had too much hair on his head. Indeed, I do not remember ever hearing the announcement that John had got his hair cut. The reason of this prolonged absence from the hairdresser's never transpired. John's clothes were of cheap material and not of good style. His boots appeared to have been purchased on the principle that the thicker and heavier the make the more remote will be the prospect of those boots requiring successors. John Pover's coverings would be quickly assessed in value.

But John's appearance was no criterion whatever as to his quality. John took no delight in coarse material badly put together. This was one of the pains he had to bear. John's parents were poor, very poor; and the lad's quick intelligence made his poverty all the more painful.

John Pover had not been entered at school many days when the best dressed boy in the school became attached to him; James Richie and John Pover were ever together.

One day James overheard some remarks bearing upon the striking contrast presented by the boys from a tailor's point of view.

"What an assortment!" was distinctly heard by one, if not by both the boys. James wondered if the cruel sneer had reached the ear of his poor friend. The tender-hearted lad pondered over ways and means of giving assistance without adding pain.

"What an assortment!" must have had reference to the peculiarly mixed character of John's various articles of clothing.

As James pondered, the question occurred to him again and again. Should he make John a present of some new clothes, or suggest that he would like to exchange the frightfully heavy foot-covers?

The generous boy could not decide, for there seemed no possibility of making these presentations with sufficient delicacy. Besides, if this difficulty was overcome, it would not be possible to prevent humorous, but most unwelcome, reference to "folks' new toggery."

There seemed no practical method of elevating John Pover to James Richie's level, from the clothes point of view, so James resolved to descend to John.

Mr. and Mrs. Richie heard their son's proposal with great delight. Such a manifestation of brotherly kindness was rare and beautiful. It was good feeling carried to the utmost bounds of self-sacrifice. For James liked nice clothing; indeed, he had never worn anything else. It was not an easy thing to put away the expensive clothing. Yet James carried out his resolution, and substituted for the clothing he loved, garments of the humble style worn by John Pover.

James stooped from his high platform to John's lowly one. He gave no consideration to the unkind things that might be said. Untrue reports are almost always circulated when something happens or some noble act is performed that many people cannot understand.

And who was the greatest gainer by this transaction, think you? Not John, who had found such a faithful friend. No! But James himself. He learned the beauty and delight of self-sacrifice.

As he grew older, this principle within him increased, so that he ceased to think of his own self-gratification. He loved others more than he loved himself. His fine clothes were put off for a time; but he had put on a habit more precious, more to be valued than any suit ever made by tailor.

So James Richie found happiness without spending any time in searching for it. It came to him; came as the gentle rain from heaven drops upon the place beneath.

IMPORTANT.

At times, some of our readers experience a difficulty in getting

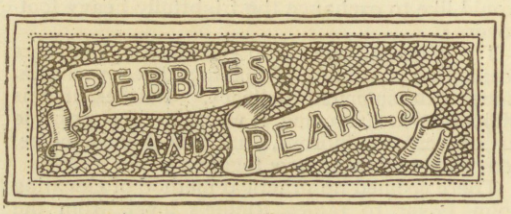
GOOD, SENSIBLE, HUMOROUS, AND EDUCATIONAL

DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS,
TEMPERANCE SONGS,
SERVICES OF SONG,
ALSO
TEMPERANCE MAGIC-LANTERN SLIDES
AND OTHER REQUISITES.

We advise all interested in Temperance requirements to send for the New List issued by the

"ONWARD" PUBLISHING OFFICE,
124, PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER.

It will be sent post free on application to the Secretary.



No Chance for it.—Tagleigh: "I wonder why lightning never strikes twice in the same place?" Wagleigh: "Well, you can't generally find the place."

I find that alcoholic drinks give no strength. No, on the contrary, drink builds up no muscle, but destroys its power, and makes it less active for work.—*Sir B. W. Richardson, M.D.*

Splendid Scheme.—Editor: "I'm going to offer one thousand dollars in gold to anyone who can guess how this story is coming out." Spacer: "Pretty expensive, isn't it?" Editor: "Not very; the last chapter won't be written till after the answers are all in."

A teacher was trying to explain to her class the meaning of the Lord's Prayer. "What is mother to do when she looks in the cupboard for her children's breakfast and finds there is nothing to give them to eat?" "Pawn her little gal's boots and fings," was the ready response of a tiny girl. What a revelation!



Jackie: "Mamma, may I have a slice of bread and jam, now?" Mamma: "No; you must not think of eating now, because you will spoil your appetite for dinner. It will be ready in three hours." Jackie: "I only had lunch three hours ago, didn't I?" Mamma: "Yes." Jackie: Then I don't see how the bread and jam can spoil my appetite for dinner, when my lunch did not spoil the appetite I have now for bread and jam."

A Curious Calculation.—If the money spent every year in this country on drink were given to a person in sovereigns, he might walk round the world at the equator and drop three every step, and then only just exhaust the supply.

A young Frenchman, who had sown a heavy crop of wild oats, determined to get married and settle down. On the wedding day his mother-in-law said to him: "I do hope, my dear son-in-law, that you will be guilty of no more follies in future." "My dear madam," he replied, "I promise you that this will be the last!"

The fact that children of both sexes are constantly sent, in every town and city, village and hamlet, to the public-house for the family beer is a disgrace to our country. The few minutes they spend there waiting their turn to be served is a lesson in vice repeated many times a week, and the seed sown bears bitter and abundant fruit.—*Scientific American.*

A Traveller's Testimony.—M. De Bernoff, the famous Russian pedestrian, in reply to a question addressed to him by an interviewer as to whether he used alcohol in his long walks, said:—"I neither smoke nor drink. When in Bavaria I was occasionally tempted to take a good glass of German beer, but it knocked me up utterly, and I soon had to give it up. I always walk on pure water or milk."

John Ruskin has never been ranked among the so-called "Temperance fanatics," but few have ever used stronger language than he in the following:—"Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is a crime; and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has been practised by the bravos of any country or any age."

Home.—Let home stand first above all other things! No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond its doors, before everything else build up a true home. Be not its slave—be its minister. Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished, that its silver is brilliant, that its food is delicious, but feed thought and inspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and true man, who shall together rule and bless the land.

London Sandwichmen.—"One of my two medical men has trudged off," said the manager as we entered his office; "but the other is somewhere about the place. Oh, yes, a well-qualified man—double qualification I think they call it. What brought him down? The usual thing—drink, and drink still keeps him down. I have induced doctors in the neighbourhood, here, to give him an assistantship; but, bless you, there is no depending on him. He goes off on the drink, and forfeits every chance. If it weren't for the drink I'm afraid we'd sometimes go short of men to carry our boards. We've got to thank the publicans for an unlimited supply of this kind of labour."—*Daily Chronicle.*

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By ALFRED COLBECK.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Chertons' Workpeople," etc., etc.)

CHAPTER XI.

EVELYN'S REQUEST.

NANCY'S curiosity was aroused when she received the piece of folded paper from her husband, and she asked,

"What's this?"

"Open it and see," he replied.

She opened it, and there were the simple words, but very precious, "I promise, by God's help, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks as beverages," with Jack's signature underneath.

"I'd rather have this," said she, her eyes glistening with tears, notwithstanding the smile that spread itself over her countenance, "I'd rather have this than a note for a hundred pounds. It's the best bit of wage thou's ever brought me, and I'm more thankful than I can say."

Jack said nothing, his heart was too full for speech, but his eyes went to the new text above the fire-place. Nancy's eyes followed.

"*The Day-spring from on High hath visited Us*," she read, almost involuntarily, and out of the gladness of her heart.

"Ay!" said Jack, "that's it."

On the following Tuesday evening, Saph started for his work half-an-hour earlier than usual, and took Bobby with him, that he might introduce him to his new friend. He so timed their arrival at the office as not to interfere with the clerk's duties, and yet to catch him before he went home.

"Is this the little fellow who has worked the wonder?" said he.

"Yes!" replied Saph, "this is Bobby, my foster-bairn."

"And a bonny bairn he is, too," said the clerk, looking into Bobby's bright eyes and open, intelligent face. "But it seems to me, Saph, that I've seen him before, somewhere. Is he a Desford lad?"

"No! He comes from Donniscombe."

"Strange, very strange," said the clerk, musing. "I've never been to Donniscombe, and yet I feel sure I've seen the lad before."

Bobby knew where he had seen him, and, as the clerk tried to recall a previous meeting, he smiled significantly.

"Come, Bobby, out with it," said Saph, who noticed the smile, and guessed that the lad knew, though, until now, he thought that they were perfect strangers to each other.

"He explained the pictures on Christmas Eve," said Bobby.

"What! were you there?" asked the clerk. Then a new light seemed to dawn upon him, and he took Bobby by the shoulders and drew him closer. "Are you the lad that sang so sweetly?" he continued, scanning Bobby's features minutely, "the lad that sat on the front form, ragged and barefoot—the lad that darted away before the meeting was over?"

"I did sing," answered Bobby, "and I sat on the front form. Mr. Campbell put me there in the afternoon, so I took the same seat in the evening; and I had to leave the meeting because I had promised to meet Saph at eight o'clock."

"Yes, you must be the same," said the clerk; "I should never have known you in this new rig-out; but then I only saw you among the others for an hour or so. It isn't as if you were one of our regular attenders. If you had been, no change of this kind," and he touched Bobby's clean collar, and laid his hand on his smoothly brushed hair, "would have deceived me. Why didn't you come again, Bobby?"

"I couldn't," said he; "I live with Uncle Saph now, and go to Rehoboth with Aunt Nancy."

"Mr. Campbell is on the look-out for you. He said to me on Sunday night, when the meeting was over, 'Mr. Jardine,'—that's my name—'Mr. Jardine, have you seen the little fellow who was here a fortnight ago, and who sat on the front seat, just about there,' and he pointed to the place. 'A new boy, sir?' said I, 'with a sweet voice, and big blue eyes that seem to talk to you?' 'Yes,' said he, 'that is the boy I mean. Have you seen him?' 'No,' I replied; 'he has not been here to-night.' 'If you should come across him, Mr. Jardine,' said he, 'in the streets, anywhere, I would esteem it a favour if you would kindly let me know at once. I am particularly anxious to find him; indeed, I only came down to-night in the hope that he would be here.' So you see, Bobby, I must communicate with Mr. Campbell. And now I come to think of it, I had better call and tell him on my way home; it will save time."

"What does he want with him?" asked Saph, a little jealous lest an attempt might be made to take Bobby away from him.

"I don't know," answered Mr. Jardine; "he did not say. But I could see by his face that he was in real earnest about finding him; and he seemed to be in trouble of some kind, though whether the trouble was connected with Bobby or not, of course I did not inquire."

The clerk hurried away, and Saph, having still a quarter of an hour to spare, saw Bobby safely on an omnibus which ran to the outskirts of the town, and within a mile of home. As he turned toward the works again, he began to think about Mr. Campbell, and conjure up one reason after another why he should be so anxious to find Bobby. No satisfactory reason, however, answered the summons of his imagination, and he was obliged to give it up. The riddle could not be read. It continued to haunt him, however, while he was working, all through the banging, and rattling, and hissing, and shouting, the explosive bombs, and the flames and smoke of the first charge; and he was not greatly surprised, when, in the interval that followed, the foreman of the works told him that a gentleman wished to see him, whom, for shelter and

 All rights reserved.

warmth, as well as a convenient place for the interview, he had shown into the engine-room.

Saph had a presentiment so strong that it almost amounted to a certainty that the gentleman was no other than Mr. Campbell. The fear that he might wish to take Bobby away from him had not departed, and, therefore, he went to the engine-room somewhat prejudiced against Mr. Campbell, quite unreasonably so, for that gentleman could better provide for Bobby than Saph could. He had firmly made up his mind that, come what would, he would keep the little lad with him, and lay full claim to his relationship. When he saw Mr. Campbell, however, all his prejudice melted away. There was something so kindly in the thin, pale, grave face, and the quiet grey eyes, now saddened by sorrow, that Saph's heart went out towards him. Saph had only just finished his ablutions after the first charge, and entered the engine-room with his long, powerful arms and his broad, brawny chest uncovered, a giant of a man. As Mr. Campbell looked at him he could not suppress the admiration which kindled in his eyes.

"Are you the man they call Saph?" began Mr. Campbell.

"Yes, I answer to that name," said the stoker.

"Your proper name is John Coy."

"So it is."

"I have called to see you about a little lad, who, I understand, is living with you as a foster child. Mr. Jardine has told me that you have adopted him, and intend bringing him up as your own, and that you have already benefited as the result of your kindly deed."

"I have," said Saph. "I have benefited greatly, and I am not ashamed to confess it."

"Do you know that this little lad, Bobby, attended the morning service at Mr. Parke's church a fortnight ago, and sat with me? Also that, at my invitation, he came in the afternoon and evening to our meetings in the schoolroom for poor and neglected children?"

"He told me so," Saph replied.

"We wanted to speak to him, privately, after the meeting in the evening," continued Mr. Campbell, "but he left early, and since then we have neither seen him nor come across a single trace of him until a few hours ago, when Mr. Jardine brought me word that he was living with you."

"Yes," said Saph, not knowing what else to say, and fearing that Mr. Campbell had now come to the point of proposing that Bobby should be given up, and that he and the parson would take care of him. But, to Saph's surprise and relief, the conversation now began to take a new and unexpected turn.

"We both noticed what a splendid voice he had," Mr. Campbell went on to say; "a voice as clear and sweet as a nightingale's. Someone else noticed it, too," and here he began to falter, and a mist overspread his quiet grey eyes. "Did Bobby mention that, at the morning service, a little girl was with me, my grand-child, Evelyn, and that she was on the platform in the afternoon?"

"Yes!" said Saph, with quickened interest. "He was greatly taken with the child."

"Then the liking was reciprocal. Evelyn was greatly taken with him, so much so that she will not be pacified until she sees and hears him again. Oh! my man," said Mr. Campbell, in tones tremulous with sorrow, "we are all flesh and blood, we have all the same tender attachments to our own, whatever may be our differences in station, and employment, and wealth. Has it ever been your lot to sit beside the bed of a child you loved better than life itself, and hear it moaning in pain, and watch it wasting to a shadow, and felt that you would do anything and give anything if only its lightest wish could be gratified?"

"I have," Saph solemnly answered, and fixed his brown eyes sympathetically upon the pale face of the sorrow stricken elderly man before him.

"Then you will understand me," said Mr. Campbell. "Ten days ago my little one fell ill with an inflammatory lung complaint, and has suffered since then, oh! so much; and she is sadly reduced, worn down almost to nothing. But the inflammation is subdued, and we have hopes; yes! we have hopes that we may save her. There may be vitality enough left in her little frame to recuperate the physical strength so freely wasted, and, with very careful nursing, to bring her through. When she was at her worst she lost herself, beame delirious, and then her cry was for Bobby. She had learned his name through me. She did not often call him Bobby, but 'Christ's boy,' and we did not know at first whom she meant. In her childish imagination she had given him the name 'Christ's boy,' because of the interruption or response to Mr. Parke's sermon when he was describing neglected orphan children as the modern representatives of 'the holy child Jesus.' That was the text. Perhaps Bobby told you that he cried out, and caused a momentary disturbance?" Saph nodded. "Well, the response and Bobby's singing must have made a deep impression upon her, for in her delirium she was constantly calling for him, and asking him to come and sing to her; and, since the delirium passed away, she has often mentioned him, and expressed the wish that I would bring him and let him sing. Have you any objections to allow him to come?"

"I should be a hard-hearted wretch if I had," responded Saph, who had been deeply moved by the account of the child's illness, and her persistent request.

"Then where may I find him?"

"At home with Nancy; and if you tell her half that you have told me, and say that you have my consent, she'll send the lad with you at once."

"Nancy is your wife, I suppose? But where is the home?"

"Beyond the wood, at Whinacre, the cottage nearest the bend of the road that runs down to the valley forge."

"That is a long way from here."

"I prefer to live in the country. It's sweeter than the town, and not very far when you get used to it, like I am. I've walked it twice a day for nine years."

"I'll drive out, and bring Bobby back with me. He can return again to-night,—the cab can be kept waiting,—or, if you like, we can find him a bed, and send him back in the morning."

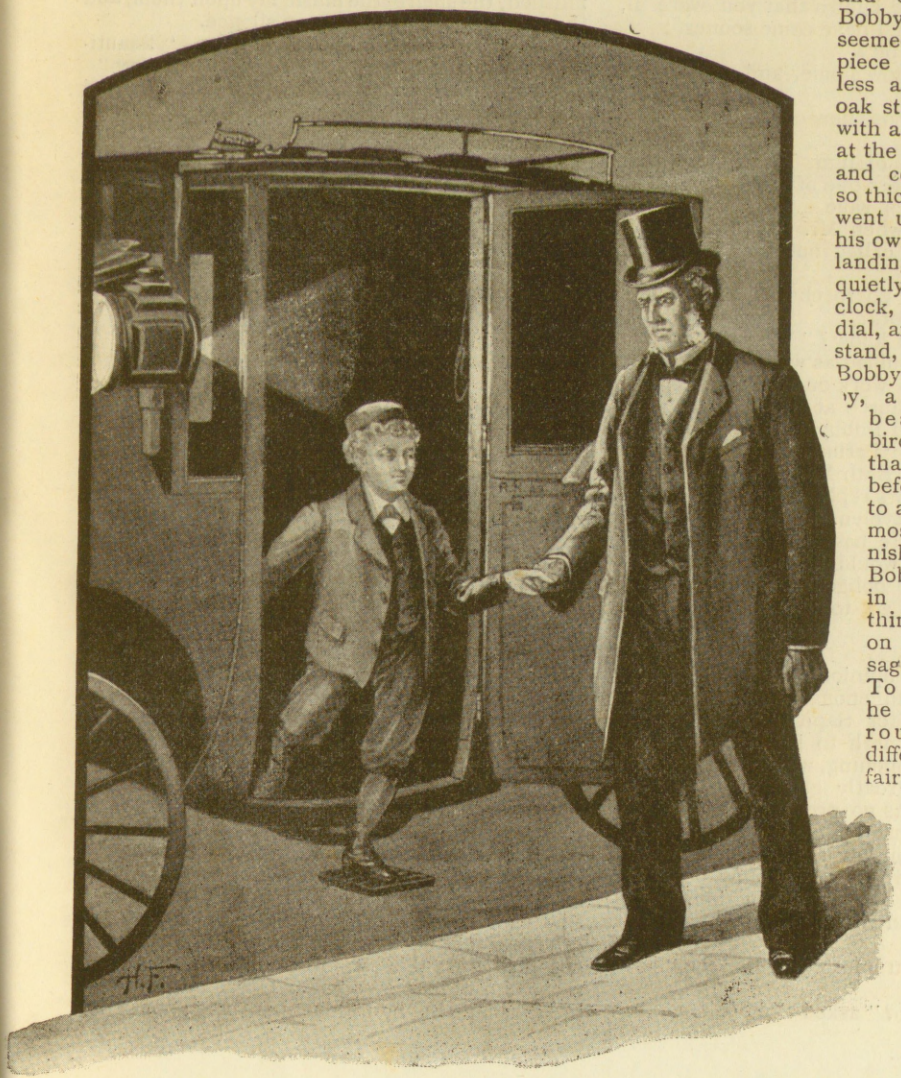
"You'd better see Nancy about that. I think she'd prefer to have him back to-night, and wait up for him; but you'll hear what she says."

"I should like to know more about the little fellow, if I am not keeping you," said Mr. Campbell, consulting his watch, "and you have no objections to tell me. Mr. Jardine gave me some information, but not all; possibly he did not know all."

"He did not," said Saph, and, without reluctance, feeling that Mr. Campbell was a man to be trusted, and already Bobby's friend, he related the whole story. Mr. Campbell was much interested, and, when Saph had finished, shook him warmly by the hand.

"You did a good deed in providing for the lad," said he, "a deed all the more to be admired, because, when you did it, you were not aware that the lad had any claim upon you. He was brought to you by God's hand. We must gratefully recognize the providence of God in a matter of this kind. He has already blessed you, and I believe He will bless you still more for what you have done; and I pray with all my heart that He may give you grace to help you to keep the resolve that you have made."

Later in the evening Bobby, in Mr. Campbell's company, alighted from the vehicle which Mr. Campbell had engaged and kept in waiting for Bobby's return, and entered a detached villa residence, really not large, but to the poor lad's eyes quite palatial. He had never seen the interior of such a residence before. With wonder he looked at the skin of a huge polar bear that partially covered the brightly-tiled entrance hall, the glass eyes and fierce head appearing to him perfectly natural. The polished oak hat-stand, with its burnished brass fittings and shining mirror, where, for a moment, he beheld his reflection, on which Mr. Campbell hung his hat and overcoat, and asked Bobby to do the same, seemed to him an amazing piece of furniture; and no less amazing was the wide oak staircase, also polished, with a stained-glass window at the top of the first flight, and covered with a carpet so thick and soft that, as he went up, he could not hear his own footfalls. From the landing, on which there quietly ticked a very old clock, with a chased brass dial, and where, on an oak stand, in a kind of recess, Bobby, noticed, as he passed by, a large glass case of beautiful ptarmigans, birds of snowy plumage that he had never seen before, he was ushered into an airy front bedroom, most elaborately furnished according to Bobby's idea, and quite in keeping with everything else he had seen on his short, quick passage from the hall below. To him, brought up, as he had been, amid surroundings so utterly different, it was like a fairyland. The moment, however, that he saw the little wasted figure upon the white bed, so changed from the ruddy healthfulness of a fortnight ago, he forgot the fairyland, and, in his deep and ready sympathy, had



eyes and ears only for Evelyn. He came to a stand about two yards from the bed, and looked tenderly and wistfully into the sufferer's face. For a few seconds she steadily returned the look as if she were in doubt who this could be, then the light of recognition leaped swiftly into her face, and, with a pathetic smile, she held out her arms toward him.

"You are the 'Christ-boy,'" said she. "You have been a long time coming," and, as Bobby drew near, she put her arms around his neck, and drew down his head, until it was beside her's on the pillow.

"I did not know that you were ill," Bobby replied.

"Didn't they tell you?" she asked, releasing him, and with a slight movement of the head indicating that she wished him to sit down.

"Who?" said Bobby.

"Grand-pa, Mr. Parke, the nurse, all of them. I wanted you so badly."

"They did not know where I was," answered Bobby. "As soon as Mr. Campbell knew, he came for me. If I had known that you were ill, and wanted me, I would have come sooner."

"And where were you?"

"I have found a new home, and now I live with my uncle."

"Did he give you those new clothes?"

"Yes!"

"It was very kind of him. I suppose that Christ told him you were one of His boys, and so he did it for Christ's sake. Was he at the church that morning when Mr. Parke preached, and you got up and called out that he meant you?"

"No! He dosen't go to church at all. He cannot. He has to work."

"Then how did he know?" asked Evelyn, a little puzzled, and troubled as well, that Bobby's uncle should have to work on the Sunday, and not be able to go to church at all.

"I cannot tell," said Bobby, rather at a loss to answer the question. "Perhaps Christ whispered it to him somehow." Both Mr. Campell and the nurse smiled at Bobby's reply.

"Perhaps," said Evelyn, her brow clearing, "He can whisper. He has often whispered to me. But I think it would be better, Bobby, if your uncle were not obliged to work on the Sunday, and could go to church sometimes. Don't you, grand-pa?"

"Yes! dear."

Bobby ventured no opinion on this point. He would have been glad enough, however, if the way had been open for Saph to have accompanied Nancy and himself to Rehoboth, and he knew that such an opening, with so gracious a result, would have greatly gladdened Nancy's heart. But there was no prospect of it. Saph was a stoker, gas must be made to supply the needs of the town Sunday and week-day alike, and this could not be done, so Bobby believed, with the authorities on gas production, if the retorts were permitted to die down one day in seven.

"Now, Bobby, you must sing for me," said Evelyn.

"What shall I sing?" asked Bobby.

"Anything you like," said she, confident that Bobby would make the right selection.

With exquisite modulation of tone, suited to the size of the room and the weakness of his auditor, Bobby sang two simple and sweet children's hymns which he had learned in the Sunday School, his clear voice trilling out the high notes, and falling so softly and perfectly on the low, that Mr. Campbell and the nurse were enraptured as well as Evelyn.

"Would you like something different now?" asked Bobby.

"Just as you like," said the invalid.

To the surprise of the two elders, who did not know that Bobby had been connected with the choir of the place he attended in Donniscombe, where, the choirmaster being very proud of him, he had learned many pieces, and really been well trained, he started "Angels ever bright and fair," and followed it up, after a few moments' pause, with "Come unto Him all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and He shall give you rest." Evelyn was entranced. For some time after he had finished, the spell of the music lay upon them, and they were hushed into a deep silence.

"Beautiful!" said Evelyn, at last. "Beautiful! You must come again, Bobby, some day."

"I will, if you wish me," said Bobby; and as Mr. Campbell now rose, he took it as an intimation that this visit was at an end. The grandfather was anxious that the strength of the invalid should not be overtaxed. "Good night," and Bobby held out his hand.

"Good night," said Evelyn, taking his hand in her's, and drawing him near enough to kiss him. "Thank you very much, and don't forget to come again."

(To be concluded.)

A SERVICE BY THE WAY.

By Uncle Ben.

TWO young men were taking a walking tour through part of the English lake district, and, as the shadows of a beautiful autumn afternoon closed in, they became convinced they were on the wrong road. They had followed, as they thought, the direction of the guide book and map, but for some time they had had doubts but had walked on, thinking they should meet someone to ask, but not a cottage or solitary man, woman or child could they see; for some miles they passed no one, except a tramp, who said he was a stranger and knew nothing of the roads. At last, by the lay of the land and the appearance of a small tarn, they felt sure they were a long way out of their right road. They held a consultation, and considered the question of turning back, when they saw a harvest field and a girl at work by herself. One of them went to her and inquired their way. She said her father, who was working at the other end of the large field, could tell them, and she further said he was working with some Irish men, who were quarrelling. It was no good her interfering, she had done her best; but her

father had told her to go home, and she did not like to leave him, for she was afraid they would injure him, as they "had had a drop or two of drink."

The young men went immediately to the place indicated, and found there men who were very noisy and rough and very angry, especially with one man, whom they judged to be the girl's father. The others were much enraged and more or less drunk; they all seemed bent on mischief. So without interfering or inquiring the cause of dispute, one of the young men civilly asked the way, and got a volley of oaths and abuse, except from the one man who was perfectly sober. He evidently was the only man who knew the neighbourhood. So the two friends asked him if he would come with them and show them the nearest way to their destination for the night, as he told them there was nothing for them but to go back three miles and get into the right road, or take their way across the fells without any path. They begged hard, and at last the man reluctantly consented at any rate to set them in the right direction.



The three left the drunken harvesters with a shower of bad language, and many threats of future evil intent were uttered.

When the travellers had escaped from the harvest field, and the guide had sent his daughter home with the message that it might be late before he would return, the two young men inquired what was the cause of all this ill-feeling. They learnt in reply that the reason was chiefly because this man was a strict abstainer. He said he always expected persecution, as he was a teetotaler, but generally he managed to bear all in good part. He said, "These Irishmen come over for the harvest, and are very useful and necessary as extra hands, but they are terrible boys for the whiskey and drink, and when they get much they become very unruly and impossible to control. Harvesting is thirsty work, especially when the weather is hot, and few farmers provide any non-intoxicating drink, so the men buy beer and spirits.

"On this occasion the Irishmen had got in a large stock in a common store. Many disputes had arisen about drinking fair, and the more they took the more thirsty they became. The jars of beer were covered up by the men's coats to keep them out of sight. One man made excuse to visit the store in order to get some matches or tobacco from his coat pocket, and whilst on this errand he doubtless improved the occasion by surreptitiously having an extra pull at the beer. All the men had taken too much, but this man had been most affected. As he seemed some time kneeling on the ground fumbling with the coats, the other men shouted to him to leave the beer alone. He jumped up suddenly and came away. Shortly after this they all went off "for a sup," and found one of the jars had been knocked over and the beer had run out. All the men were angry, and accused this man of doing this work. He promptly and indignantly denied it, saying the jar was knocked over when he went to his coat, only at the time he thought it empty and took no notice. Then they accused me of having done it on purpose, because I had remonstrated with them for drinking so much. I had not been near their store, my daughter having brought me some cold tea and said her mother could spare her to remain and work till we knocked off for the night. So I left her in that part of the field away from these drunken Irishmen, who were determined I should pay for more beer or they would do for me; and so the quarrel went on till you two gentlemen came up. What the end of it might have been if you had not appeared I don't know; for I doubt if the men would have gone back to work again in the state they were in."

"It was a good thing we mistook our way, and came to you for help," replied one of the young men.

"How long," asked the other, "have you been an abstainer?"

"It's three years this harvest time, and it happened this way:—I had never been accustomed to take much, and generally kept very steady, only every now and then I got over the mark; when I did it was because others drank either at harvesting, or Christmas, or fair time. My missis was often at me to be teetotal and so keep on the safe side, but I always said I did not want to take any pledge. I liked to keep a free man. I said moderation is my ticket, and the more strict the better. I had thought a good deal about taking the pledge, but generally found some excuse good enough to keep off signing it till I met a tourist, something like you gentlemen, whom I put on his way, for in holiday times there are a great many who want a bit of guidance, and it's better to go along with 'em and show 'em the right way than to tell 'em. Well this man began talking to me like a good 'un. He was a proper teetotaler, and told me how he used to say just the same as I did; but it was, he said, because he really liked a drop of drink and the habit was getting the better of him. But he said this is what fetched me:—

"'You must always keep master of yourself and your tastes or they'll master you; you want to keep the sober side of life, to do that you must put the stopper on somewhere, and so go into bondage. Moderation is a kind of fetter; it is'nt a safe one as I have proved. Whenever you exercise your will to control your taste you have to put the brake on. You must put it on somewhere, if you don't want to go to the devil. You are just as much a slave to good resolution when you say, "I'll have only a gill or pint," as when you say "no" to the first glass. The question is first, whether one will be a slave to one's appetite or to one's principle. If you choose for principle, then you might as well be a slave to safety and abstain, as to moderation and peril. When once you have made up your mind when you will say "no," you have settled the question, and are more free than when in the bondage of uncertainty. You must draw the line somewhere. I draw it before the first glass, and am no more a slave than the man who draws at two-and-twenty. If you will to draw it before you begin, you are more a free man than he who can't will to draw it anywhere.' In this sort of a way he talked to me till he gets out a pledge and says, 'just you decide where you think it best to draw the line,' and before we parted I signed the pledge in his book and took home a paper."

The tourists and their guide talked on and walked over the fells till they struck a path, then as the shades of evening were beginning to creep on, after receiving full directions for the rest of the way they parted. First they made it right with the guide by giving him a gratuity for his trouble, and said good-bye, hoping he would get on all right with the Irishmen. He said when the drink was out of them they would have no malice, and to-morrow he should not be working with them but on the rick in the farmyard. And before they shook hands one of them said "You have done for me what the tourist did for you—You have made me a teetotaler."

If, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.—George Macdonald.

THE MEADOW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—No. VI.

By Rev. John Foster.

NOT much has been said about Mr. Gee-gee. Readers may be assured that he continued in the faithful performance of his duties as president of the Society, and was much beloved and respected by all the members. He had one very interesting experience as to the benefit of abstinence. As the circumstance happened a little before the anniversary meeting, and as Mr. Gee-gee related it in his opening speech, it may be left to come in there in the account that is now to be given. With this report of the meeting this little history will close.

"We must have a good anniversary meeting," said young Ratter, "some of our meetings have been very sleepy affairs; it's been only by taking a snap now and then at our worthy president's legs that I kept myself awake."

The animals did what human creatures would have done with a grumbling member of their Society—they put him on the committee for arranging the meeting. The committee bestirred themselves, and soon the eventful day came round.

After singing a Temperance ode, in which all the members joined, the peacock (who in a very condescending manner had volunteered a song, which the committee could not but accept), gave the meeting a taste of his quality. The illustrious creature, first spreading his tail, as to the splendour of which there could be no question, sang what he called a cavatina. Opinion was divided upon the performance. Mr. Chanticleer, who spoke as though he represented the upper classes, said that what he liked about the singing was that it was perfectly unintelligible; in society nothing was acceptable that the generality of the hearers could understand. Jenny, the donkey's wife, called it a screech.

"They sneer at my dear Jack's performances; I'd like to know what they think of this. Give me a good honest bray for my money!"

But of course these remarks were made in a whisper. One thing there could be no doubt about, the peacock's last note, which was of the shrillest, woke up the audience. A young dormouse said he felt as though he should never go to sleep again.

Mr. Gee-gee then delivered his opening speech. "Dear Temperance friends, I have to congratulate you on the cheering account that our Secretary is able to give of our first year's work. We have had our ups and downs, but on the whole I may say that the noble cause in which we are engaged has progressed. If our members have kept in mind the origin of this Society, they will remember how it had to do with some severities practised upon me by my master when overcome by drink. I am sure I bear no malice, the poor man was sorry enough for it when he came to his senses. But a singular thing has happened, my master has himself become a teetotaler! And only last week he showed his attachment to our principles in a way that I am sure will interest you. My master and I were trotting along a country road (I was trotting, that is to say, and he was sitting on my back), in company with another gentleman on his horse. The two men got talking about their horses and their comparative rates of speed. The other horse's master said that he was in possession of an unrivalled recipe for increasing the speed and sustaining the strength of a horse. This turned out to be a quart of old ale, before starting on a gallop, laced, as the expression goes, with a quartern of gin. My master said he would back his teetotal horse against the gentleman's drinking one. They arranged for a three miles race, go how you like, the prize to be a new saddle and bridle.

"The ale and gin were duly administered, my four-legged friend, I am sorry to say, evidently enjoying it. The gentleman told my master that it was this reviving mixture that made Dick Turpin's mare, 'Black Bess,' the wonderful creature she was. He also said that the great race-horse, 'Eclipse,' was a drinker, but this my master contradicted."

At this point young Fluffy, thinking the speaker was getting long-winded (a valuable quality in a horse, but that Fluffy didn't know), called out in an exceedingly rude manner, "Get along, old 'oss!" His father, Mr. Gander, gave him what he called "one for himself," with his powerful beak, and sent him flying out of the assembly.

"You needn't have done that," said the good-nature Mr. Gee-gee, "goslings will be goslings. I shall soon have done. We started on the race at a smart pace. I was anxious to win the saddle for my master, and also desirous to maintain the honour of the Temperance cause; the other horse, too, seemed determined to do his best. To my unspeakable consternation, before the first mile-stone was reached I was considerably in the rear, my rival going at what I can only call a spanking rate. 'Cheer up, old boy,' said my master, 'it's staying power that wins;' and sure enough, as he spoke, I found my speed increasing. To make a long story short I overhauled the other chap at the half distance; he was then very much distressed, while I was improving at every stride. When I reached the second mile-stone I looked round and saw that the rider of the tippling gee-gee was leading him by the bridle. I cantered gaily to the third mile-stone, and waited for the others to come up, feeling quite fit for another race."

"Good old 'oss," cried the irrepressible Fluffy who returned to the meeting, his respected father's attention being concentrated on the speaker.

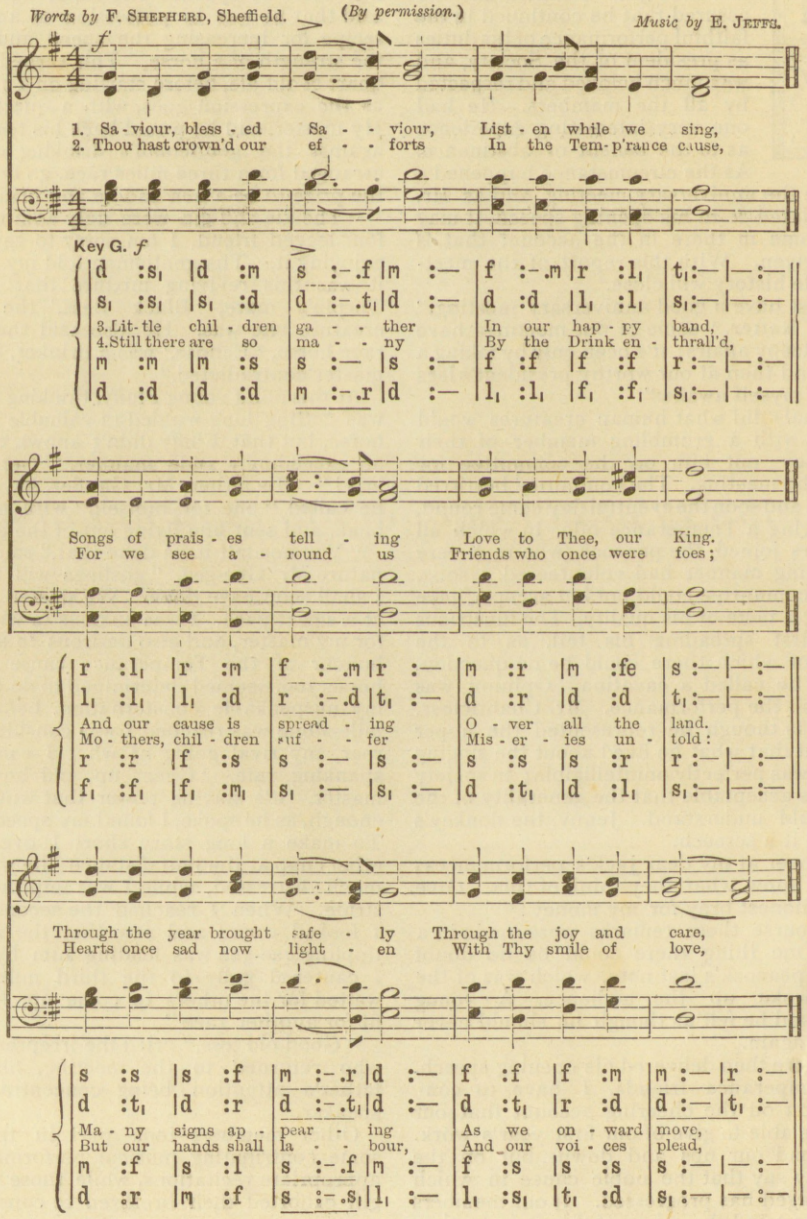
Other members took part in the meeting, some contributing musical performances, some appropriate recitations, while those who had the gift exhorted their brethren to constancy in the cause.

The moon had risen when the gathering broke up; for a little while the members remained rubbing noses and beaks, then they wended their way to their respective resting places, and silence settled on the scene.

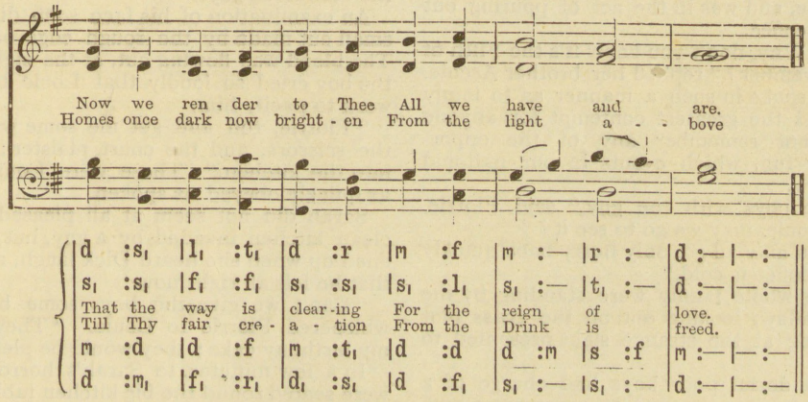
THE END.

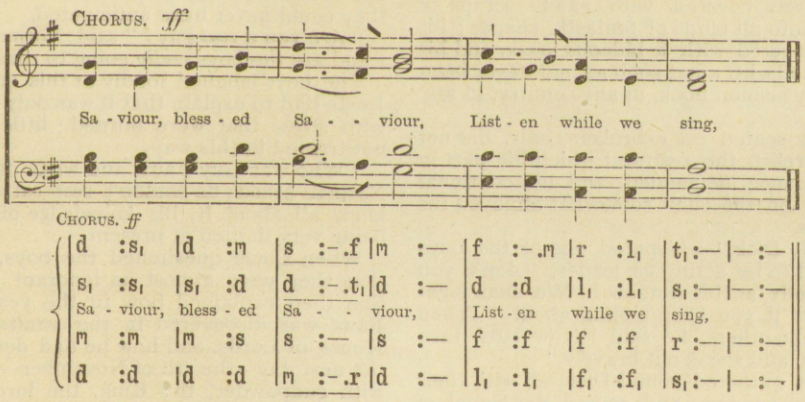
A BAND OF HOPE ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

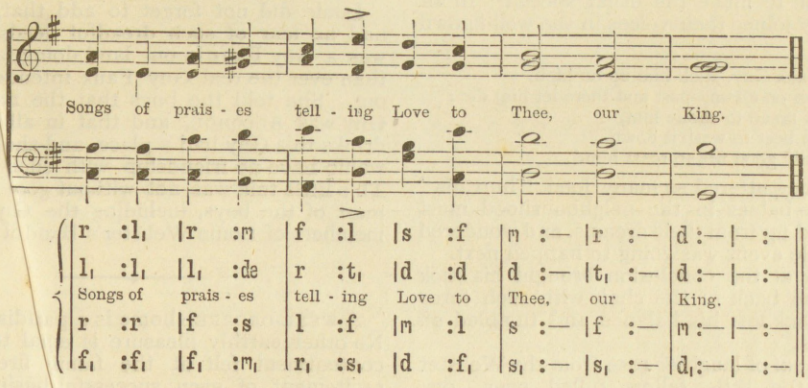
Words by F. SHEPHERD, Sheffield. *(By permission.)* *Music by* E. JEFFS.



A BAND OF HOPE ANNIVERSARY HYMN.







DICK, THE GUY.

By A. J. Glasspool.

"I WONDER what's that noise?" said Louie Webster, as she sat at the breakfast table, and was in the act of pouring out the coffee.

"Why, don't you know it's the Fifth of November?" replied her brother Archie. He spoke in such a manner as to imply that he had the greatest contempt for anyone who did not remember any of the opportunities for fun, which events in our national history allow.

"It's the boys with the guy," said Florrie. "Please, Louie, may we go to see it?"

"Yes, you may all go, only hurry back quickly before the coffee is cold."

Soon the whole family were standing by the parlour window, looking out on the grass plot and laughing at the strange sight presented to their view.

At least a dozen poor boys had charge of a little lad, who was dressed to represent a guy. His body was covered with gaudy scraps of paper, cut into all kinds of fantastic shapes; his face was covered with a hideous mask, and his head crowned with a hat such as had never been seen in any fashion book, in any country, in any age.

The boy, seated on a broken chair, did not appear to relish the restraint which his part in the performance demanded, and his continual movements on the chair somewhat annoyed his companions.

"Sit still, Dick," whispered one of the boys who seemed to be acting as leader, "don't you see the family at the window? We shan't get any coppers if you keep fooling about." Then turning to the others, he said "Now lads, take your places, and speak out bravely."

The boys gathered round Dick, all with their faces to the window, and waited the signal of their leader to make the usual speech. In an instant they joined their voices in the well-known lines:—

"Guy Faux Guy, stick him up on high,
Hang him on a lamp-post and there let him die;
A loaf of bread to choke him,
A pint of beer to wash it down,
And a jolly good fire to roast him."

And then they uttered so many loud "hurrahs" that all the babies in the neighbourhood must have started up from their dreams, and wondered what terrible event was going to happen next.

Each boy at the conclusion brought his stick down on the back of the chair with such force that poor Dick lost his balance and tumbled off on the grass.

A loud shout of laughter rose from the Webster family as the little fellow rolled over, disarranging his decorations and spoiling the whole performance. This merriment was, however, soon turned to pity when it was noticed that the fallen mask had made visible the tears which were falling down the guy's face.

"Poor boy," said Norman, "he's crying, because they are going to roast him; what a shame!"

Louie soon opened the door, and as a little crowd had now gathered she invited all the boys into the back garden, so that she might have an opportunity of seeing what was the matter with the distressed guy.

An examination of his face soon discovered a small cut made by the rough edge of the mask. The blood was flowing out, at the sight of which the boy cried so loudly that Louie had all her work to pacify him.

"Florrie, run and get me some warm water, the scissors, and the court plaister; take them into the kitchen." These were Louie's orders, as quickly obeyed as spoken.

Sarah did not seem at all pleased to see her clean kitchen invaded by a guy, but she brightened up when she heard Dick laugh, and declare that he felt all right now.

"Can't we give the boys some breakfast?" whispered Florrie to Louie. "They can have my birthday cake; they would be pleased."

In a few minutes, to Sarah's horror, the boys were seated round the big kitchen table, drinking hot coffee and enjoying themselves in a manner they could never have anticipated.

"Are you a *real* guy?" said Norman to Dick, "and are the boys *really* going to roast you?"

The boys laughed loudly at this question, and Louie had to explain that it was only guys stuffed with straw that were burned; little boys were not treated in this way.

"Who was Guy Faux, and what did he do?" Norman asked; he couldn't rest satisfied till he knew all about it, his knowledge of his history being very limited at present.

When Louie questioned the boys, she found that they were almost as ignorant as Norman. She then explained how in the year 1604 Guy Faux was discovered in the vaults under the House of Lords, and how he had determined on the next day—the 5th of November—to blow up, with gunpowder, the King, the lords, and the commons.

Louie did not forget to add that, though we had no fear of such dreadful deeds now, there was a Guy Faux in our land doing far more evil than ever the real Guy Faux intended to carry out. She told the boys that the name of this Guy was Alcohol, and that in all intoxicating drinks this Guy had a place, and she hoped they would have no friendship with such an enemy. This little talk was not without good results, for most of the boys, including the Guy, are now members of Louie Webster's Band of Hope.

A well-ordered home is a paradise on earth. No other earthly pleasure is equal to the calm contentment felt at the family fireside. The excitement of even successful business is attended with vexation; the enjoyments of travel are associated with fatigue and danger; the pursuit of fame is distracting; and even the pleasures of knowledge are combined with bitterness. But the happiness of the fireside is unalloyed.

DOLLY'S FROCK.

By Ruth B. Yates.



"I SHALL not be home to dinner to-day, Netta," said Mr. Henry Morgan, as he sat at his comfortable breakfast, looking ever so much brighter and better than he had done when he went to the station to meet his niece a week ago. "I want to get my work done so that I may get home early and take you all to the Zoological Gardens to-morrow. It will be a treat for Maggie I know."

"Can I have my best frock on?" asked Dolly eagerly.

"No, no, little one, or else it will soon be spoiled, and you have not had that one long."

"It is all teared," muttered Dolly, but her father had gone back to his paper.

After he had gone, Maggie called the child to her and looked at her frock. It was indeed "teared," for it had been torn and left until it had frayed out past repair, except by an unsightly patch which Maggie decided to put on for wear beneath the pinafore in the house, but it would not do to go out in.

"Is it not a shame that father won't buy Dolly a new frock? Her best one is trimmed with crape and will soon spoil, but that one is quite done. I am ashamed to be seen out with her," exclaimed Netta, petulantly.

"Let me see! You have a machine?"

"Yes, there is mother's, but I never use it, I have something else to do."

"Are you going to wear that old dress that is hanging behind the room door?" asked her cousin.

"No, indeed! It is as old as Adam, besides I have quite outgrown it. I mean to give it to the ragman, but I always forget when he is passing," responded Netta.

"Will you give it to me, dear?"

"Of course, if you want it, though I don't see what good it is."

"I think I can make some use of it, if you will wash up and then come and help me, for we must be content with a ready dinner to-day, since uncle is not coming."

Maggie had been at work since six o'clock and made the place tidy, and as she ran upstairs to get the dress she was singing merrily. When she returned she spread out the dress over a table and began to brush it briskly.

"I think this will do nicely," she said half-aloud.

"What are you going to do, Maggie?" asked Netta, as she eyed her curiously.

"Make Dolly a new frock," was the prompt reply.

The child clapped her hands and danced about with glee as she exclaimed—

"Tousin Maggie make me new frock. Dood Tousin Maggie."

"Oh, Maggie, you cannot," said Netta.

"I can, and I can get it done to-day if you will help me, Netta."

"You will have to show me what to do for I know nothing about it, Maggie."

"See, this will make up beautifully on the wrong side, and if I choose the best parts it will look as nice as new. I have helped mother to do it many a time. Will you oil the machine while I cut it out?"

"Yes, and I can work the machine if you will fix it for me."

"Very well, then we shall manage nicely. Have you a tape measure, Netta?"

"There is everything here in the machine drawers."

"Let me look. Yes, here it is, and here is the pattern of a yoke. Oh, I am so glad. I shall soon manage it now."

With nimble fingers Maggie cut out the yoke and lining, choosing the best part of the material; then she took Dolly's length with her tape measure, and managed by a little contrivance to get good pieces for back and front. Next she cut two little sleeves out of the dress sleeves.

"You cannot use those, they are too much worn," said Netta, who was watching proceedings with eager interest.

"The lining is good and that is all I want. Will you separate it from the material while I cut out the sleeves, Netta?"

"But you have not sufficient material left to cut out the sleeves, have you?"

"Yes, I think I can manage it," responded Maggie, as she cut off two straight pieces and looped them at one end.

"What are those for? They are not long enough for sleeves."

"These will make very pretty sleeves gathered in full at the shoulder and again at the elbow, and I can cut the long cuffs out of this velvet trimming."

Maggie deftly tacked the front into the yoke, and Netta stitched it while the next piece was being tacked, Maggie painting glowing pictures the while of her own home life until the little garment was at last completed and tried on.

Dolly was radiant, and Netta declared that she had never seen her look so well in a frock before, but Maggie shook her head and said—

"It looks too dull and heavy for a child, it wants a bit of lace round the neck and sleeves and then it will do."

"There are plenty of pieces in the rubbish drawer but I don't know if any of them are long enough."

"Can you bring them, dear, whilst I sew on the hooks and eyes?"

Netta disappeared, and presently returned with a drawer filled with odds and ends of every description.

"Oh, what a stock of treasures," exclaimed Maggie; "I wonder that you do not make more use of them, Netta," remarked Maggie, as she turned over the contents of the rubbish drawer. "This lace would look lovely on Dolly's frock."

"There are plenty of pieces like that, but I do not think there is one long enough."

"Pick out all the pieces of the same pattern dear, no matter what length they are."

Netta did so, and soon had quite a number of pieces.

"These will do splendidly. See, I will pleat it on quite full and the joinings will not show in the least."

"There now," said Maggie, when she held it up finished, "that is as good and pretty a dress as any little girl could wear, and has not cost a penny. Almost any of your cast-off things could be made up for Dolly, Netta, and you could dress her nicely at a very little cost."

"I never dreamt of such a thing before, Maggie. Mother used to make Dolly new things, but she always gave our old ones to the ragman."

Maggie, who was still turning over the odds and ends, held up a good sized piece of black velvet and asked, "What sort of a hat or bonnet has Dolly to wear to-morrow?"

"She has only this that she plays about in, except her best crape one," replied Netta, looking at the rather dilapidated hat ruefully as she spoke.

"That is quite good enough to play in but it will not match this frock, so I will make her one of those pretty close-fitting bonnets out of this, and put this fur round the edge. I think it will suit Dolly."

"Oh, Maggie, can you? That would be so nice."

"Will you put the kettle on, dear, and I will try to have it finished before tea and then you will have no need to be ashamed of your little sister to-morrow."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Netta, when at last the little bonnet was fitted on; and then it was duly impressed upon Dolly that it was a secret and she must not tell father until to-morrow.

The child dropped sundry mysterious hints, but did not betray her wonderful secret.

Uncle Henry sat dozing in his armchair, with a glass of beer beside him, from which he was in the habit of sipping occasionally—a habit that caused Maggie great concern, for she was a staunch Band of Hope girl, and had been brought up in firm temperance principles.

Next day, true to his promise, Mr. Morgan took them to the Zoological Gardens, and his praises of Dolly's costume were enthusiastic enough to satisfy even the exacting little lady herself.

That night he drew Maggie to him, ere she retired to rest, and kissing her fondly, he said,

"God bless you, my child, you have been as an angel in my home. Tell me what you would like, and you shall have it, whatever it is."

"I am so glad if I have been any help to Netta, uncle, and I don't want anything, but—"

"But what, my child? Don't be afraid to tell me."

"Dear Uncle Henry, I do so wish you were a teetotaler like father."

"I take very little, Maggie, but I have been so used to having something to sip—beer in summer and gin-and-water in winter—that I scarcely know how I should do without it."

"But couldn't you drink lemonade or ginger-ade just as well, uncle?"

"Perhaps better, but the gas in it doesn't suit me, and if it is not drunk immediately the bottle is opened it becomes very insipid. But you need not trouble about me, little one, for what I take at home will do me no harm, and if I remain as comfortable as I have been since you came, I shall not be tempted to go elsewhere."

Long after Netta was asleep, Maggie lay thinking over Uncle Henry's words, and she resolved to try what she could do to win him from the drink altogether.

COME UNDER OUR BANNER.

By B. Magennis.

COME under our banner, 'tis stainless and bright,
And rush to the vanguard to fight the good fight,
'Gainst a tyrant whose yoke's more oppressive and base
Than ever enslaved a bold freedom-born race—
A tyrant who leaves in his desolate track,
Nought but ruin, and sorrow, and misery black,
Who scowls on those homes once so happy and gay,
And the joys that illumine vanish away.

He looks on the maiden with withering eye,
And the rose-blushes soon on her cheeks fade and die;
He breathes on our youth and they bend 'neath his chains,
Till of manhood a vestige there scarcely remains;
Ah! once were they their homes brightest treasure and joy,
Till the drink-fiend came there to defile and destroy,
Who smiles a grim smile at the havoc he spreads,
While death marks his footsteps wherever he treads!

Come under our banner our cause it is blest,
And join in the holy crusade with the rest
Of our army, whose war-cry is "down with the drink,"
And who ne'er from the battle shall falter or shrink,
Till free from a bondage than the helots more curs'd,
Through the chains that the demon hath round us we burst;
Then brothers march on till we wipe out this shame,
This stigma so foul on Britannia's fair fame.

By the tears of the wives and the widows that flow,
From eyes dimm'd by weeping, from hearts full of woe;
By the hearths and the homes from which comfort hath fled,
By the mouths of the little ones crying for bread;
By the waifs and the strays through our cities that roam,
Abandoned, in rags, without food, without home,
By all we hold dear that we value and prize,
'Gainst the curse of our land then, in God's name, arise!



TALES FROM FAIRYLAND.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE LITTLE MILL-GIRLS.—*Continued from last issue.*

TOWARDS midnight, long after the two girls had gone to bed, True-eyes and his fairy companion were disturbed by a loud knocking at the door.

The weary, pale-faced woman was still up, although the heavy lids kept dropping over her eyes. She looked so utterly worn out that the two spirits had been wondering why she had not followed her daughters' example and gone to rest. But at last they came to the conclusion that she could not, as there was someone for whom she had to wait up.

"It must be the husband," thought True-eyes. And he was right, as after-events proved.

On hearing the knock at the door, the poor woman, who had been in a kind of doze, sprang to her feet. It was apparent that the newcomer inspired her with more dread than happiness. Timidly she crossed the floor, and with a trembling hand, opened the door. As she did so, a man staggered in, and had it not been for her weak arm, which was stretched out to aid him, he would have fallen forward on the floor.

"This miserable hole is not big enough to hold a mouse!" he cried, thickly, when his head, which was bobbing from side, came in contact with the wall. "Why don't yer get a decent house for a fellow to come home to?"

The poor woman made no reply; she might have answered, "Because you don't provide me with funds!" but she didn't. She knew from sad experience that to talk to him in his present condition would be worse than useless. So silently she placed her arm around his shoulders, and led him gently to the most comfortable chair in the room, into which he fell with a grunt.

"Beast!" ejaculated Sweet-voice, a flash of disgust lighting up his pretty eyes.

"Don't insult the beasts!" cried True-eyes.

"He is worse than any animal, a thousand times; they are as they were made, but he is not. He has wrecked his own manhood, and degraded human nature."

Of course the fairies spoke in such soft, low whispers that none but they themselves heard the tiny voices.

"Isn't their anythin' to eat?" asked the man, sullenly.

"Not much, dear," his wife replied, with a little sigh.

"There never is!" he answered, between his hiccoughs, "there is nothing here to bring a fellow home. Bare walls and empty cupboards, that's all that meets a chap's eyes here!"

A slight flush arose to his wife's pale face.

"You have the best of what we've got," she said, putting his supper beside him on the table, and then kneeling down to take his shoes off, she did not say, as she might have done with truth, "If you would not spend your money in the beer-house, but would bring it home to your wife and children, you might have better food." No, she waited patiently on him, and no word of reproach fell from her lips.

"What can we do?" asked Sweet-voice, "to save this poor woman and change this unfortunate man?"

"Let us bring into use our magic mirror," True-eyes replied. "If that man could only see himself as he really is, perhaps he would change!"

The little spirits agreed that they would, if opportunity offered a chance, let this drinker look upon himself, as they looked upon him.

"Of course, we must wait until we see him alone," said True-eyes, "then we'll try our experiment!"

So it was decided, and about half-an-hour afterwards, the drunken fellow fell asleep in his chair, and his weary wife did all she could to arouse him, but all to no purpose. Once she did partly succeed, but, after lifting his unsteady hand to strike her, with an oath he fell back into slumber.

The little fairies could hardly restrain their feelings when they saw the brute lift his hand against the patient, loving creature before him, who started back just in time to escape the blow, and then laid her pale, care-worn face against the

wall, where she sobbed as though her heart would break.

"If this goes on much longer I really don't know what I'll do!" True-eyes cried.

"Nor I!" ejaculated his companion, "my heart seems ready to burst!"

After a little while the weeping woman took the two shawls that her daughters had worn going to the mill, and wrapping them tenderly around her sleeping husband, she laid a timid kiss upon his forehead, and whispered:

"Dear Father in heaven, save him from a drunkard's grave and give him back to me just as he used to be in the dear, old days!"

With the tears still on her lashes, she went up to bed, and the two spirits were left alone with the drunken man.

"Wait until he awakes," said True-eyes. "He may sleep the drink off. We cannot do anything until he is sober!"

When the grey dawn was creeping into the skies, he awoke. He rubbed his eyes, and looked around the room in a dazed, queer way. Although it was a warm morning, he shivered, for the drink was dead in him now, and a sudden chill had taken possession of his body.

"Now's our time," cried True-eyes, creeping from under the table, and going over to where the man was sitting. He was closely followed by Sweet-voice, who held in his hands a curious-looking glass, which seemed to grow larger and larger, with every step he took.

The man, to whom we will give the name of Tom, had his eyes fixed just at that moment on the white ashes of the dead fire; and the two spirits held the mirror up, so that it would be just in front of him when he turned round.

After staring at the cinders for a few minutes, he suddenly drew his eyes away from them, and fixed them right upon the magic glass, where they remained in evident wonder. Nor is that fact remarkable, considering all they saw there. It was, indeed, a wonderful scene which they beheld, one which would be impressed upon the mind behind them for long days to come.

He saw a small room very like the one he was sitting in. It really was the same room, but he had never before seen it in the way he saw it now. A woman, who bore a striking resemblance to his own wife, was sitting by the dying embers of a small fire. He felt quite sorry for the woman, she looked so tired, so sorrowful, so intensely sorrowful. Now and again, she glanced longingly at a little table on which were a few pieces of bread and butter.

"I am so hungry," she said to herself, "but I must not touch anything there. It is all too little for my poor girls!"

"What an unselfish creature that is!" Tom cried. "Now if my wife were like that I might be a different man!"

He continued to look into the wonderful mirror, and to watch the woman, who was so like his wife, with a strange fascination. He saw the door open and two young girls enter the room.

"Dear me! How very like my own girls they are!" he said, "only more delicate and tired looking. Poor lasses! they must have been working hard all day! It is a shame for young girls like those to have to toil so!"

"That's just like the drinker!" True-eyes observed to his companion. "He has pity for everyone but his own!"

Tom was not aware of the presence of the two wee spirits. He was too intent upon the scene passing before him to notice them, and they continued to hold the mirror in front of his astonished eyes.

In a little while he saw the girls kiss their mother and leave the room.

"They're going to bed, poor things!" he said to himself, "and right glad I am, too, it will do them good. I'd like their mother to go as well, she looks as though she needed rest."

But the mother did not go, she sat by the fading fire, her thin hands clasped on her knees. After a time she arose and prepared something to eat.

"Ah! she's going to have her supper," thought Tom, "and she deserves it too!"

But no! after frying the meat she placed it in the oven, and sat down again to wait.

This rather surprised Tom, but eventually he came to the right conclusion that the meat was for her husband. "It would be better," he thought, "if she eat it herself, or gave it to the two girls, they look as if they could do with it!"

Just as he was so thinking, the door opened, and he saw a man stagger into the room.

"Ugh! What a beast he looks!" Tom cried; and the wee spirits laughed so, that they almost let the mirror fall.

Then Tom saw the woman put out her hand and gently lead the hiccoughing fellow to the fire. "I'd throw him out if I were her!" Tom ejaculated, and the fairies laughed again.

"It's working splendidly!" said True-eyes, and his companion nodded acquiescence.

But it was when Tom saw the man, after cursing and swearing at the trembling woman, lift up his fist to strike her, that the climax came.

"Here!" he shouted, springing to his feet, "stop that off! I'll never stand by to see a woman illused like that, and such a woman too, why, you drunken wretch, you're not fit———"

He didn't finish his sentence, he was really too excited; but he made a blow at the mirror, and if it had not been for a quick movement on the part of the fairies, that most wonderful apparatus would have come to grief.

But, as I have said, the little spirits were too quick. They drew the mirror away from the the descending fist with remarkable swiftness, and, of course, the scene Tom had been witnessing vanished, and he stood, dazed and bewildered, staring before him.

Then True-eyes spoke.

"You have been looking on a terrible, and yet a common scene in the drama of human life!" he said, addressing the astonished man. "Allow me to give you the names of these people, whose suffering and wrong-doing have aroused your pity and indignation. The people are well known to you, the scene is most familiar, although you knew it not. The woman and children whom you pitied so are your own wife and children; the man whose brutal conduct aroused you

to such a pitch of anger, is—your own self!"

For a time, Tom looked down at True-eyes, too utterly stunned to say a word. Then the light seemed to come to him, and laying his face against the wall, as his wife had done a few hours previous, he burst into a passion of tears—tears that sprung from both remorse and shame.

Silently True-eyes and his companion slipped back to their place of hiding, and when Tom's paroxysm of grief had passed, and he raised his head, nothing met his gaze save the walls of his own room, and the soft, grey dawn creeping through the little window. The fairies had flown; but, although Tom could not see them, they could see him, and they smiled with real happiness when he knelt down by the table to pray.

"Her Majesty *will* be pleased to hear of our success," whispered True-eyes, and so, indeed, she was. When the two little spirits returned to their own, dear Fairyland, all its inhabitants came out to meet them. And when True-eyes, in the most eloquent of speeches, related their adventures in the world of men and women, the fairies clapped their dainty hands, and lifted their silvery voices in shouts of praise.

"Yes!" concluded True-eyes, "We left that house with the lightest of hearts, for the last sight we got of its inhabitants was an inspiring one. Tom was standing with his arm around his smiling wife, and promising her that he would never touch drink again as long as he lived, while his two pretty daughters were kissing, and hugging him as though they would never let him go!"

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the little spirits who stood around, and the word was taken up by a thousand sweet voices, and echoed, and re-echoed across the beautiful plains of Fairyland.

UNDER SUSPICION;

OR, THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN

By Charles H. Barstow.

LITTLE Jack Morris was in prison. His friends (for he had made many in the shop where he had been employed) could hardly realise it. He was such a bright lad, always with a sunny smile on his ruddy face, and a cheerful word on his lips, and, above all, he was so willing to make himself useful. But for some time past, at different intervals, several valuable silk articles had been stolen, and at length suspicion became so strong against Jack that a policeman had been sent for and he was taken into custody. When his poor old grandmother was told the same night by the policeman who visited the house with a search-warrant, her grief and consternation were terrible to see.

"My little Jacky a thief," she cried, with tears streaming down her poor old cheeks. "The little lad I rocked in these arms, and nursed in the fear of the Lord? Nay, I'll never believe it. His innocence will be proved, for the Lord is mindful of His own."

When the policeman had gone, after his vain search, and old Mrs. Morris had locked the door of her cottage for the night, she sank down exhausted with grief by her little bed and prayed for Jack's safety.

"O Lord!" she murmured, lifting her thin toil-worn hands, and looking heavenwards with streaming eyes, "protect, in this dark hour, my little lad; *Thy* little lad, too, Lord. Comfort him, and put Thy everlasting arms about him, for he'll need Thee in this hour of sore trial."

Poor little Jacky. He could not have told himself how he spent that terrible night in the police-cell. He had never before been separated from his grandmother, and now to be locked up in prison on a charge of theft was too dreadful. His brain seemed paralysed. He could not think. He could not even pray. Only one comforting assurance found its way through his mental darkness, and that was when, looking up, he saw a bright gleaming star shining through the little grating in his cell. It seemed to him like the eye of God looking down upon him in his misery, and he whispered, "Thou, God, seest me, and Thou knowest I am innocent."

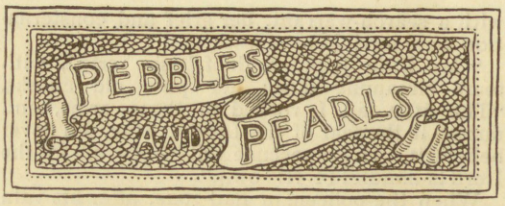
The next morning Jack was brought before the magistrate, but as no direct evidence could be brought against him, he was discharged. "Cheer up, Jacky, lad!" his grandmother said on meeting him as he came out of the courthouse. "Everything shall be made plain some day, the Lord'll never let thee suffer an hour longer than He thinks necessary."

But the days that followed were very dark to Jacky. He tried hard and harder still to get another situation, but always failed; for when success seemed near, and there only remained his character to be inquired into he was coldly told he might go, he was not wanted.

But his innocence was to shine forth as the noon-day. Some little time after his dismissal some repairs were needed at the shop where Jack had been employed, and the joiner, on taking up the boarded flooring, came upon a strange sight. A rat had made its nest and was rearing its young brood. But the nest itself became the object of the greatest attention, for it proved to be of the finest silken texture, and it required only careful examination to see that it was composed of the lost articles that poor Jack had been accused of stealing.

Jack's late master was a just man, and he straightway sent for the poor lad, and not only gave him his situation back, but also the several weeks' wages he had lost whilst he had been out of work.

"Didn't I tell thee, lad, that God would right thee in His own good time," old Mrs. Morris said, with tears of joy in her eyes, "and hasn't He justified our trust in Him? Ay, surely, the Lord is mindful of His own."



THE scientific Temperance instruction given in American schools on the effects of alcohol and narcotics is now being supplemented by pledging the boys against the smoking of cigarettes and the use of tobacco. In New York alone, 40,000 school boys are pledged, and the work is said to be spreading all over the country.



A SENSELESS QUESTION.

CITY YOUTH (to country boy digging for worms): "Going to get some fish for your dinner, sonny?" Sonny (disgustedly): "Naw; goin' ter git some worms for the fishes' dinner."

DRINK NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.—In a single slum lodging-house there were, within a short interval of time, two officers of the army and navy, a physician, a clergyman, two university men, a master of a college, and a Fellow of the Royal Society, all of whom had been brought to the last stage of degradation and poverty through drunkenness.—*G. R. Sims.*

THREE years ago a lad went out to Canada from the Boys' Refuge, Strangeways, Manchester. Writing to his old home, he says:—"Boys, the best thing to do is to leave old England with a clean mouth, free from all injurious narcotics, a clear, sound head, free from all bad thoughts, and most of all, a clean and contrite heart. Come! Come and arrive in this land with a strong determination to do well. You will make industrious Christian citizens of Canada, well able to represent it and to do it credit.

IT is the idea that alcohol is nourishment which makes half the drunkards we have.—*Dr. W. Cummins.*

IN past years England supplied 122 ships to export from Sierra Leone 40,000 slaves to America, and now it imports 800,000 gallons of spirits for making worse slavery.

"I SEE you are building a new house, Mr. Brown." "Yes, you are right." "Made the money out of whiskey, I suppose?" "No." "Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?" "Oh, yes, but the money I am putting into this house was made out of the water I put in the whisky."

LITTLE Gertrude, entering a butcher's shop for the first time, stood gazing around her in silent absorption. Presently she took her mother by the hand, and, leading her to where hung a string of Bologna sausages, she put a tiny finger on one big sausage, and gravely inquired: "Mamma, what was this when it was alive?"

I WANT to thank the boy who said he would rather any day take a good hiding—that's his word for licking—than be laughed at by other boys. That's the hardest thing to stand I know. I wonder if Robinson Crusoe was a real Christian? He must have had an easy time with no one to laugh at him but his parrot, and he could always have wrung its neck.—*Professor Drummond.*

TEACHER: "Boys, I would like to impress upon your young minds the necessity of forgiving and forgetting. Forgive the injury your companions may have done you, and forget the feelings of revenge that have filled your hearts." Small boy (whispering to teacher): "Teacher, won't you please say that over again? Jimmie Pease says he's going to wollop me within an inch of my life after school, and I want him to forget all about it, 'cos he's too big for me."

A GOOD story is told in connection with the examinations held at Edinburgh University. A certain student was being examined in physiology. His knowledge was soon gauged by the professor, who rather surprised the young man by asking if he had his card. The professor in question is one of the most genial men in the University, and the young "med.," fancying that he proposed to take some personal interest in him, replied that he had, and at once presented it. "Thanks," said the professor, blandly; "now will you kindly write on that all you know about physiology."

THE FIRST GLASS.—Charles Lamb, one of the brightest spirits extinguished by drink, wrote mournfully looking back on his childhood, "Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first glass was delicious, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself going down a precipice with open eye and passive will; to see his destruction, and not to have the power of will then to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not being able to forget the time when it was otherwise, how he would avoid the first temptation to drink!"

SAPH'S FOSTER BAIRN.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By ALFRED COLBECK.

(Author of "The Fall of the Staincliffes," the £100 Prize Tale on the Evils of Gambling, &c.; "Scarlea Grange," "Chertons' Workpeople," etc., etc.)

CHAPTER XII.

BOBBY'S FUTURE.



THE first visit to Mr. Campbell's was the precursor of many others, and the commencement of a warm and long friendship between Bobby and Evelyn. It had also a marked influence not only upon Bobby's future, but upon Saph's also. When he called to see him at the works, Mr. Campbell was struck first with Saph's magnificent frame, and, second, with the genuineness of his character. He felt a deep interest in him, and wondered how he could serve him. Evelyn's words about Saph's enforced Sunday work, and his consequent inability to attend a place of worship, started a new train of thought in Mr. Campbell's mind. Could he not serve him in this particular? Perhaps Saph, under the altered conditions of his home life, and in accordance with the resolve which he had made, would welcome a change of employment, if the change would relieve him from Sunday work, and leave him at liberty to go to God's house with his wife and foster child. Mr. Campbell was an employer of labour in connection with the manufacture of fancy dress materials. He had a fair-sized factory on one of the streams that ran through Desford, and a warehouse in the business quarter not far from the centre of the town. But even an employer of labour cannot always find a place such as he desires for the man he has in his mind. The workpeople who have faithfully served him, have, by reason of the service, certain claims upon him, which, if he is an honest man, he cannot arbitrarily set aside in favour of a stranger. He did not see how he could find work for Saph at his own mill, or in his own warehouse, unless something unexpected occured to open the way, but he might help him to work in the employ of some other man, if he were wishful to make the change. He would keep a sharp look out, and when anything suitable turned up he would consult Saph about it, and it would be difficult indeed, if, by his influence, he could not secure the place for him. This resolution he had come to, when, lo! the way opened in connection with his own works by the unforeseen departure of one of his employees for America, and he immediately arranged an interview with Saph, put the matter before him, and gave him three days to decide.

On the afternoon following the interview, Saph sat on one side of the hearth, with his long clay pipe between his fingers, musing. The tobacco had been put into the bowl, and carefully pressed down ready for lighting, but it remained unlit, and seemed to be entirely forgotten. Bobby was at school, for, as soon as the Christmas holidays were over, Saph and Nancy thought it well that he should go to school, and continue, without a longer interruption than was absolutely necessary, the education which, amid many struggles, his mother had secured for him in Donniscombe. Nancy had cleared away the remnants of their mid-day meal, washed up the dishes, tidied the hearth, given one or two things a flip with the duster, and then settled down opposite her husband for the half-hour's rest which she always took at this time of the day.

"A penny for thy thoughts, Jack," said she.

"They may not be worth it," said he, rousing himself. He placed the bowl of his pipe upon the hearthstone, and leaned the stem against the corner of the range. Then he folded his long arms across his capacious chest, and turned his bright brown eyes upon Nancy. This proceeding was so unusual that, although Nancy felt inclined for a nap, she immediately became wide awake and attentive. "Still, I don't mind telling thee, penny or no penny," her husband continued, "for I want to know thy thoughts, too, Nancy, on a matter of some importance to both of us. Where is that bit of paper I gave thee some time ago?"

"Which bit of paper, Jack—the pledge?"

"Yes."

"In that little box o' mine, where I keep most things that are precious."

"Let me look at it, Nancy."

Now, Nancy had noticed that Jack was in a serious mood. His face was very grave. Seldom had she seen him wear so quietly thoughtful an expression. The fear struck her like a chill when he asked to look at the pledge that he had already broken it, or intended to break it, and possibly wanted to make an end of it by committing it to the flames. She unlocked the box, however, and, with trembling fingers, gave him the paper.

"What's the matter, Nancy?" he asked, observing the agitation.

"Don't burn it, Jack," she pleaded, with a world of grief in her tones.

"*Burn it!*" shouted Jack, in a voice that rang through the house, while at the same time he leaped from the chair as if almost startled out of his senses. "I wouldn't burn it for a cap full of sovereigns. Oh! Nancy, my lass, thour't altogether mistaken." And before she was aware, he took her in his strong arms, and pressed her to his breast. As he released her, with a kiss which brought the warm blood tingling into Nancy's cheeks as it had not for years—never, indeed, since the day when he asked her to marry him—he said, "Trust me a little more than that, Nancy. If I burnt the paper, I shouldn't destroy the pledge. I took the pledge not with my lips only, but with my will; and I signed it not with my hand only, but with my heart. Fire couldn't burn such a pledge as that."

"Forgive me, Jack. I'm so sorry to have doubted thee, and I'll never doubt thee again."

"Come here, Nancy," said Jack, who had re-seated himself, and was now smoothing out the paper across his knee. "What does it say?"

"'I promise, by God's help,'" she began, and there he stopped her.

"'By God's help'?" repeated Jack.

DECEMBER, 1895. *All rights reserved.*

"So it says," continued Nancy.

"If a man makes a promise *by God's help*," said Jack, looking Nancy straight in the eyes, a calm, clear look that she ever afterwards remembered, "he must believe in God."

"Yes," said Nancy.

"And he must rely upon God."

"Yes," said Nancy again.

"And he can only keep the promise so long as he does rely."

"Yes," said Nancy once more.

"Well, Nancy, look here! That's what I've done, and that's what I'm doing; and if I can do it for one thing, to keep one promise, I don't see why I shouldn't do it for everything, and keep all the promises that a good man ought to make whether he signs his name to them or not. Can you follow me, Nancy?"

"I think so; and to do what you say, Jack, would be to live a Christian life."

"Then my mind's made up, Nancy, and, on your own showing, I may reckon myself a Christian. Would they receive me as a member at Rehoboth upon an explanation like this?"

"I don't know, Jack," said Nancy, dubiously. "You see the Word says, and they go by the Word at Rehoboth: '*Ye must be born again*,' and '*He that believeth hath the witness in himself*.'"

"There shouldn't be much difficulty about that, Nancy; I should be born again, and my life would be a new life, if I were to rely upon God for everything as completely as I have already relied upon Him for the keeping of that pledge. And, I suppose, even the folks at Rehoboth would confess that the best way to tell whether a man is really born again is to see whether his life is a new life. Then, as to the witness—a man has that in himself, you say, and so only he knows whether he has it or not; a man doesn't wear a window in his shirt front, through which folks can look and see what's going on inside; and if he is satisfied that he has the witness, and says so, his statement must be accepted, and the matter left with him altogether."



Nancy, however, could not quite reconcile Jack's homely theology with the customary experiences of Rehoboth folks. To be "born again" meant to pass through the spiritual crisis called conversion in moments of red-hot revivalism, and the more demonstrative were the phenomena accompanying the crisis the greater confidence had the Rehoboth folks in the reality of the change. A quiet change like that which Jack had passed through might be doubted, notwithstanding the newness of his life. So she made him no answer, except the answer of a puzzled face. This Jack was not slow to note.

"Well, Nancy," said he, "at any rate, if they won't have me as a member, they cannot object to my attendance at the services with thee and Bobby."

"But how can you go, Jack?"

"A Christian man ought to go," Jack responded.

"Perhaps he ought, but you have to work on the Sunday."

"Not from half-past ten to twelve on a Sunday morning."

"You are generally asleep then, Jack, and you cannot do without sleep, especially when you have to work so very hard."

"I might, at a pinch, one morning out of seven."

"I am afraid you would suffer for it."

"A Christian man should be willing to suffer, if need be."

"I know, Jack, I know; and maybe I oughtn't to say a single word against such a proposal, but I am afraid thy health would be injured, and thy work become laborious, and it would be a sad thing if thou wert to fail altogether, and have to stay at home."

"Fail! Do I look like failing when God has blessed me with a body like this?" and Jack stretched himself out, and displayed his magnificent proportions.

"Thou hast need of it all, Jack, with work like thine."

"Then supposing I give up my work, and seek something else, that I may go to chapel like other folks."

"And what shall we do in the meantime, Jack? We must live; and, remember, we are not alone. We have little Bobby to keep now."

"I do remember, but 'the Lord will provide.'"

"Jack! Thou hast more faith than I have. I am ashamed of myself. Here am I doubting, fearing, putting obstacles in thy way, and I have been a member of Rehoboth twenty-three years."

"Nancy! Look at that text: '*The Day-spring from on High hath visited Us.*' It was that text, and the truth which is in it, along with the softening influence which came with Bobby's adoption, and the effect of that part of Alice's letter where she told us what she had to suffer through her husband's drunkenness—all these together that worked the change in me, and led me to the making of that great resolve. It was a resolve that touched not the drunkenness only, but everything else, and since then I've been a new man. I suppose the preachers at Rehoboth would call it conversion. From that time I have had a growing desire to go to God's house with thee and Bobby, because it is a fitting thing to do, and only right that my soul should be fed as well as other people's; and I had come to the conclusion, if there was no other way, to lose that morning's sleep, or even to give up my work altogether, and seek some other employment which would leave my Sundays free, when a gentleman came to me, only yesterday, Nancy, only yesterday, and offered me a place as a fireman in his own factory, and the same wages that I am now receiving as a stoker at the gas works."

"The Lord be praised!" said Nancy.

"He gave me three days to decide in."

"And haven't you decided?"

"Yes; but I haven't told him. I shall tell him to-night."

So it was that Saph became a regular worshipper at Rehoboth, and his deep bass was heard rolling forth majestically in harmony with Bobby's sweet treble in the left-hand corner pew. Both Nancy and Fanny were delighted, and all the more so, when, having heard the circumstances connected with Saph's change of life, the good folks at Rehoboth did not make the slightest demur to receive him as a member, nay, they heartily welcomed him, and found, as the days went by, that the change was real.

Mr. Campbell's interest in Bobby became deeper, and what Saph could not do for him in the way of special training, because of his limited means, Mr. Campbell, out of his abundance, gladly supplied. Not only did he obtain a thoroughly sound education, but he was placed under the best musical teachers which Desford could supply. He became an accomplished singer, and a master on the organ, sought after far and wide, and yet preferring to exercise his talents at home. For the professional life of the musician he had no great liking, but remained an amateur, so-called, perhaps because that kept him near the side of Saph, and Nancy, and Fanny, whom he learned to love with all the fulness of his young, strong nature, and his simple, true heart; perhaps, also (who can tell?), because that kept him hear the side of his benefactor, Mr. Campbell, and his lovely granddaughter, Evelyn. He always cherished a very deep affection for quaint old Rehoboth, even after he outgrew the musical necessities of that humble place. His talents were transferred to Mr. Parke's church, where he not only presided at the organ, but was often seen and heard at the children's meetings in the schoolroom on the Sunday afternoon. Over that church a great change came, partly through Bobby's whole-hearted service; but the details of that change, and how it was wrought, with other matters relating to Bobby's future, closely affecting Mr. Campbell, into whose business Bobby was introduced, and affecting still more closely Evelyn's welfare, this story cannot tell, for it was only designed, and that design is now accomplished, to tell Bobby's story as Saph's foster bairn.

[THE END.]

THE LOST STICK.

By Uncle Ben.

MAB and Dick were the children of a fisherman. They were much neglected. Their father was often away; their mother was one of those unfortunate women, too much given to drink, and the house was wretched. The children had some of the grit of the sea-shore in their character, and were devotedly attached to each other. They lived almost entirely out of doors and ran about in summer weather without shoes and stockings.

One day, when Mab and Dick were on the beach, playing about, a gentleman and two children passed them. The gentleman was carrying some cloaks and wraps, a towel and walking stick, and the girl and boy with him had a big sailing boat and a little one. As there was a long pool of sea water between little stretches of sand, the children begged their father to let them sail their boats. The father told the children that, having walked along the shore, they would go back by the road, so that for half an hour they might play with their boats, and take their boots off and wade, whilst he sat down and read the paper.

The two children were soon absorbed in the sailing business, with Mab and Dick deeply

interested as spectators. The time soon passed. Suddenly the father jumped up and said,

"Come, it's time to be off!"

"Oh, father, do let's stay a little longer!" shouted the boy and girl.

"We are having such fun, and I haven't got my things so very wet," urged the girl.

"No!" replied the father; "we must be off, we shall be late as it is."

"Oh, father, do bring us the towel, if we must go, so as we needn't walk over the shingle to you; our boots are here," called the boy.

hurry to give the children the towel and be off, he had forgotten. Dick picked it up and said,

"Oh my, it is a beauty."

"Yes," said Mab, "I expect that top part is real silver."

"What shall we do?" said Dick.

"I must run after them, and try to catch up to the gentleman and give it back to him."

"But you won't get up to them, they are gone too far," Dick said.

"You wait here till I come back, like a good boy, and I'll run as fast as I can."



The father brought all the things, and helped the children to dry their feet and put on their stockings and boots. When they were ready, the father asked Mab and Dick the nearest way back to Mudbourne.

Mab gave them full directions to go up the gully and take the lane to the left till they came to the main road, and then keep straight on. They started off at a smart pace, and were soon out of sight.

As Mab and Dick, some little time later, passed the place where the gentleman had sat reading his paper they noticed his stick, which, in his

So off Mab started and ran as fast as she could. But when she got to the top of the gully she found that the party was out of sight. Mab made all the haste she could to follow them up. They had, however, made such good way that when she got on the main road to Mudbourne they were nowhere to be seen.

Disheartened Mab wondered if it were worth while to seek further, and almost gave up the chase, but the temptation was overcome, for she asked a man if he had seen anything of a gentleman with a girl and boy, and he told her that he had met the three not so far back. Mab then

redoubled her energies, and in a little time she saw the three hastening on ahead. She did not care so much now she could keep them in view. Running and walking she managed to gain upon them. At last, panting and shouting, Mab's voice reach them; the children turned and saw her signal to stop. Then the father looked round and waited till Mab came nearer, and, seeing her wave and flourish the stick, came to meet her. Mab was very hot and red, and so out of breath that she could hardly speak, but she managed to gasp out,

"This is your stick, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the gentleman, "and I am very much obliged to you, indeed, for I prize it very much. It belonged to my father, and I should have been sorry to lose it. We are leaving to-morrow and going back to London, so if you had not found it and caught us up I fear I might never have seen it again, for I had forgotten all about it in my hurry to return as quickly as possible. I am very much obliged to you, indeed, for the trouble you have taken, and the long way you have come after us."

"We didn't find it till some little time after you had gone. But I was sure it must belong to you, for no one else had been on the shore since you were there. Dick found it just where you sat reading the paper."

"Who's Dick?" asked the gentleman.

"He's my little brother, and I looks after him."

"Well, then, there's sixpence for Dick for finding it, and sixpence for you for bringing it; I am sorry you have had such a run."

Then he turned to the two children and said,

"Shake hands with this girl, for she is very honest and kind. What is your name, my little friend?"

"Mab, sir," she said, as the girl and boy shyly shook hands with her.

"Now, Mab, I am sorry I haven't got two sixpences, but here's a shilling; you'll divide it fair, I know. May it be the beginning of an honest fortune for you."

And seeing Mab's look of wonder and surprise he paused, and the girl said,

"Ain't it too much, sir?"

"No," he said, "keep it, or, if you like, spend it, but I should say, save it."

Mab looked very hard at the money in astonishment.

"What do you think of doing with your share?"

"I don't know, but I think I shall keep it to buy something to eat when mother don't give us none."

The gentleman realised the untold story of privation that lay behind that word; he was touched, and said,

"Are you often hungry, and are you very poor?"

"No," replied Mab; "only when father's away, fishing, mother spends the money in drink, and forgets us sometimes."

"That's very sad; one of the saddest things I ever heard a child say. I am very sorry. Do you know what the Band of Hope is?"

"It's meetings and a pledge card, and you don't drink no beer."

"I am in a hurry, and we must be off, but I shall not forget you, Mab; and, before we part, I should like you to promise me to belong to the Band of Hope, like my two children do."

"Me and Dick will, if father will let us," replied Mab.

"That's right; good-bye, and God bless you!"

Mab watched them out of sight, and then returned to Dick with almost the same haste as when she left him.

Dick had found the waiting time very long, but when he saw the shilling he was in ecstasy, though he only knew that it was silver money and would buy lots of things.

Mab and Dick sat down on the little jetty, and each held the shilling in turns and talked over the whole business. Mab told Dick what she meant to do with her sixpence. Dick said he would like to spend his at once, and buy a lot of sweets; but Mab persuaded him to wait till their father returned; they were expecting him to come back with the tide in the afternoon.

Mab and Dick remained lost in delight and great expectations until the fishing-boat of their father came in sight. Then the impatience of the two children grew till they hardly knew what to do as the boat came toward the shore. The moment the father stepped on to the jetty, with the baskets of fish, Mab and Dick clamoured round him to tell of their adventure. When he saw the shilling in Mab's hand, and the boundless joy of the brother and sister, he set down the baskets and listened to the whole story. Then, as Mab told him what she meant to do with her sixpence, he realised for the first time what they must have suffered through their mother's drinking.

"What, Dick, my lad, don't you get enough to eat when father's away?" said the father.

"Yes," he replied; "I get enough, Dick's not often very hungry, for if mother forgets us, Mab don't, she gives me bits of bread when you are away."

So this was Mab's work, to keep Dick from getting hungry when father was away.

"Where does Mab get it from?" asked the father.

"I don't know; she saves it up. She says she doesn't eat so much as me."

It was a revelation on the light of Mab's character. The father said nothing, but remembered Dick's saying, and knew how short Mab must have gone to keep Dick from being hungry.

Then, when Mab repeated all the conversation to the promise that if her father would let her she would join the Band of Hope, the father readily consented to that arrangement. About the money he was so pleased that he said Dick should have a penny to spend himself, and Mab should always have some money to buy food and bread when he was away, if their mother forgot them; and the shilling he would put by for them both and add to it as he could in the Post Office Savings Bank, that the gentleman's wish might be fulfilled.

"ALCOHOL is not included in the scheme of life."—*Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, F.R.S.*

THE MADDING CROWD.

By Rev. John Foster.

Jack.—"Why bless my heart, surely it isn't you, Lucy?"

Lucy.—"My dear Jack, who'd ever have thought of meeting you in this wretched London?"

Jack.—"Wretched? I should think it was. You and I always did agree, Lucy."

Lucy.—"So we did, Jack. But I'm sorry to see you though I'm glad, for I've been saying to myself, there's good old Jack all right down in dear, delightful Greenfields, he hasn't got to suffer what we're suffering."

Jack.—"It was your father and mother going to London that unsettled my father and mother. There came word to Greenfields that they were making their fortune. It was talked about that your father earned three or four pounds a week, so nothing would satisfy my father but he must come too."

Lucy.—"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I needn't ask whether any good came of it. It makes me sad to see you with nothing but that scrimpy little jacket on this cold day, and your boots taking water; how different it was down in the country!"

Jack.—"Ah, but look at you, Lucy, I remember how your mother used to wrap you up in the winter weather, and now it makes me cry to look at you. And your poor cheeks so thin and pale!"

Lucy.—"Never mind, Jack, let's think of the old, happy times that seem so long ago, when we used to have tea together on Sundays, one day at your house and one day at mine, and sing hymns when we came back from church."

Jack.—"And then the walks we took, over the hills and through the woods, and the nuts, and the blackberries, and the pretty little birds, how they used to sing!"

Lucy.—"But we might have been happy in London if father hadn't taken to drink. When first we lived here, we had all sorts of fun. We went to the parks, and we looked at the shops, and once father took us all to Crystal Palace. What you were told about father's wages was quite true, he brought home ever so much money on Saturday nights, and we had beef and pudding on Sundays, and oranges and apples afterwards, and father bought mother a silk dress, and he put money in the Savings Bank, oh, we did have times!"

Jack.—"How did the change come about, Lucy?"

Lucy.—"The usual way. One Saturday night father wasn't home at his regular time, and we waited and waited, mother hadn't got money to do the shopping; at last she got so frightened she went out to look for him, or try if she could hear some news. It was no use. At a little after twelve, he was brought home by two men, who were nearly as bad as he was, almost dead drunk, and with all his money gone. They helped, somehow, to tumble him upstairs and lay him on the bed; he was far too bad for us to undress him, so mother unloosed his collar and left him to sleep the drink off. I tried to cheer mother, I told her father would be so ashamed he'd never do it again, but she said it was no good hoping, we should never know a happy day again. She sat and sobbed off and on all night. I couldn't bear to leave her, and just as it began to get light, she fell asleep with her head on the table."

Jack.—"My dear Lucy, how dreadfully you must have suffered! What an awful thing the drink is! High wages, or low wages, or no wages at all, it's the same. Your father took to drink because he had too much money; my father went wrong because he could'nt get any work, 'must have comfort of some kind,' he said; fine comfort he'd get out of that! But our case is worse than yours, Lucy."

Lucy.—"I don't see how it *can* be worse."

Jack.—"You won't say a word, will you, Lucy? Mother's begun now. She's taken all the bits of clothes we'd got left to the pawnshop, and she's borrowed of neighbours, and she told the visiting lady we were starving (and so we are), and had a shilling from her, and every farthing has gone to the 'Blue Boar.' She has that nasty white stuff, I don't like to say the name, and I have to fetch it for her. The pawnshop man said he wouldn't take the things from me, I was too little, but the public-house man he don't care how little I am. Why, he sold a quartern of the horrid stuff mother takes to Sally, next door, and she isn't six till next birthday. They oughtn't to do it, Lucy; I wonder God doesn't punish 'em."

Lucy.—"Well, Jack, we'll never taste the wickedness."

Jack.—"I'd sooner take poison. But it's no good fretting, let's hope for the best, Lucy."

Lucy.—"That's right, Jack, you always look on the bright side of things. And that reminds me; I've been having a talk with the cabman who lodges round at the Mews. Father (he's very kind hearted when he don't drink), lent him a sovereign when he had an accident with his cab. He's a teetotaller, and now he's talking to father every moment when he's off his cab, persuading him to sign the pledge. Then, when he's signed he'll persuade your father to sign, and then we'll go back to Greenfields, and be happy ever afterwards."

Jack.—"I think it's you that's looking on the bright side of things now. There's my poor mother, what shall we do about her? A gentleman at the Teetotal Meeting I went to, said that women who took to drink were never cured."

Lucy.—"Teetotallers don't know everything. Besides, everybody runs us poor women down. When it's all right as to the fathers, I'll take your mother in hand, Jack; she'll mind me more than she would one of those blundering men. But I must go."

Jack.—"Good-bye, Lucy. I shall always be looking out for you. Next time we meet, I hope we shall have good news for each other."

Lucy.—"Good-bye, Jack."

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—*Charron.*

MR. FREDERIC SMITH.

MANY of our readers will readily recognise in our portrait of this month the well-known features of one of the most active and energetic workers devoted to the promotion of sobriety. Mr. Frederic Smith was born in 1841, and is almost a life worker in connection with juvenile Temperance work. He began very early as a voluntary worker, and during five years when he was a young teacher in a school, he induced nearly six hundred boys to sign the pledge of Total Abstinence. It is not surprising that one whose mind was so strongly set in this direction should have come to the front, and devoted the best years of his life solely to the promotion of the object which he had so fully at heart.

Mr. Smith had no ambition to be other than an honorary worker, but, happily for the cause, he was induced to accept an official position in connection with the London Band of Hope Union, in January, 1859, when it was in its infancy, and had the pleasure of seeing the society develop to its present highly successful position as a leading national organisation. For some time he was joint secretary with the late Rev. G. W. McCree, upon whose resignation Mr. Smith became General Secretary. For upwards of thirty years he has now been in the front as an organiser and a teacher, his great aim being to train the young in habits of abstinence from all kinds of alcoholic drinks, that in after life they may be proof against temptations to intemperance.

It is difficult to mention any single leading element in Mr. Smith's character or talents that has led to his success, as he excels in many directions. He reaches as near perfection as may be expected in humanity in several of the qualifications essentially necessary to make a successful leader. He is a telling speaker: his power to hold and instruct a youthful audience is seldom equalled, while his terse, vigorous addresses to workers and general audiences are always happy, helpful, and convincing. His power as a conductor of large choirs has led to the great success attending the Temperance Fêtes at the Crystal Palace.

He is justly entitled to have been called a model Secretary, and as editor of *The Band of Hope Chronicle* has shown much literary skill and ability. But we believe the chief features in Mr. Smith's success have been his devotion and power of organisation. Nothing but love for the work could have enabled him to do so much. When, with a small staff, the work was growing almost beyond control, it was devotion which caused him, upon many occasions, to lock the office doors from the inside at six o'clock, and set to work until midnight to get things straight. His zeal was an inspiration to all around him. The orderly method and system for which the Union is so well known, is easily traceable to Mr. Smith, who, if there be any truth in the science of phrenology, must have the organ of order abnormally developed.

The musical talents with which Mr. Smith has been endowed have proved of great value to the movement. In was in 1862 that he conducted the first Band of Hope concert at the Crystal Palace, and he has conducted in all twenty-five choirs at seventeen festivals. His chief success was in 1883, when he had three great choirs of 5,000 voices each, and the attendance at the fête was the greatest known—nearly 70,000. Altogether 108,250 persons have passed through his hands in these choirs. As several of the choirs were gathered from many towns in the provinces, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the labour involved in the rehearsing the various contingents, in addition to the constantly growing work of the Union. Mr. Smith's case is a good illustration of the inordinate amount of hard work abstainers can get through. In 1877, however, his health gave way, and he spent a short holiday in the United States, having received a well-earned recognition of appreciation from a few friends before his departure.

Mr. Smith has a family of three sons and three daughters, all of whom, with the exception of the youngest, are actively engaged in Temperance work. Mrs. Smith takes a keen interest in the movement, and has often ungrudgingly spared her husband from family duties when the work of the Union has so deeply engrossed his time. In 1879 Mr. Smith opened a Temperance Hotel in London, commencing with one large house. The business grew so fast that now eight houses are occupied, having accommodation for about 150 guests. The hotel is fitted and furnished with all essential modern improvements, and every detail in construction and management betokens the remarkable organising skill of its founder. It is now the largest Temperance Hotel in London, upwards of 30,000 beds being made up each year, affording an interesting proof of the rapid extension of Temperance principles.

Though Mr. Smith no longer gives the whole of his time to the society whose extensive operations he has shared so largely to bring about, and the Secretaryship of which has, during the past eleven years, been in the able hands of Mr. Chas. Wakely, he nevertheless, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, gives unremitting attention to the details of the work, which he appears to be as much interested in as at former times, and we sincerely hope that the movement will for many years continue to receive the benefit of his counsel and active co-operation.

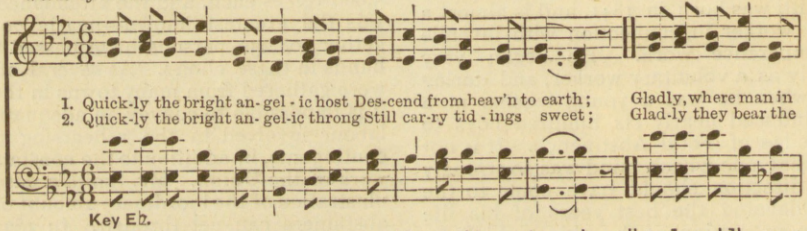
A BOONVILLE school-teacher had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and, drawing a long breath, remarked: "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey in Boonville."

"Who is happier, the man who owns a million dollars, or the man who has seven daughters?" "The one who has seven daughters." "Why so?" "He who has a million dollars wishes for more—the man who has seven daughters does not."

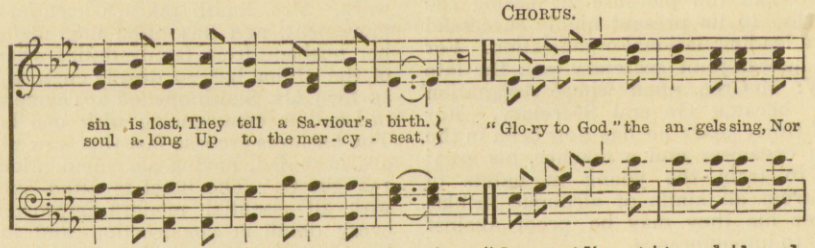
THE ANGELS' SONG.

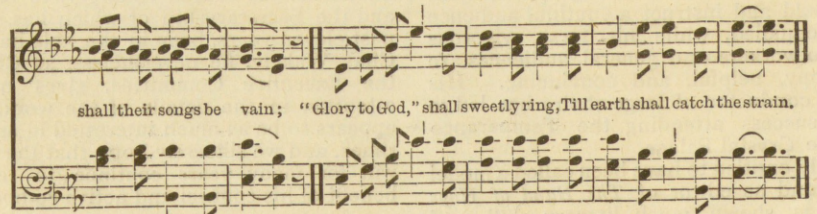
(From the popular Service of Song, "Daisy's Influence," price 4d., published at the "Onward" Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester.)

Words by WORTH ANDREWS. *Music by* J. H. TENNEY.



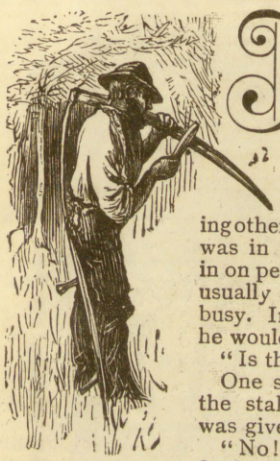
CHORUS.





"MIND THE PAINT!"

By J. G. Tolton.



JOHN B. GOUGH, the great Temperance orator of former years, used to tell a story about a village idler. This lounger was accustomed to stroll around, minding other people's business. He was in the habit of dropping in on people at awkward times, usually when they were very busy. In a drawling, lazy tone he would inquire:

"Is there anything fresh?"

One special time on asking the stale question, the reply was given:

"No! only that paint; *it* is fresh enough."

The lounger had rubbed himself up against a newly-painted door, and was obliged to take very much of the paint away with him on his coat. Afterwards, whenever this man heard any remark like "mind the paint," he always thought it was a personal allusion.

The man's explanation of his misfortune was that he "*did not know*" the door was newly painted. So ignorance brings misfortune.

"Wisdom is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

But when people get their clothes marked with paint and tar, is it not rather a lame excuse to put down the occurrence to lack of knowledge? Fresh paint and new tar have a fairly effective way of acquainting the nose, if not the eye, that there is something fresh on hand.

There always will be careless, thoughtless people about, who, having eyes, see not; and, having noses, smell not. They will not *mind the paint*. They fall into divers temptation, and into sundry difficulties, simply because they do not look where they are going. They rub against a newly painted lamp-post and then talk about their bad luck.

Children are often diverted at a lantern entertainment by the picture of a boy hotly pursuing a butterfly. The only thing the lad sees is the object of his pursuit. The pretty creature is before him, and likely to be, and so absorbed is the boy in the thought of a new possession that he does not perceive a gaping pond into which he subsequently steps.

In the next scene we are shown the boy struggling for life, while the butterfly is quite out of the way, and happier than ever. The pond had no means of announcing itself. It was reasonable to expect that the boy would mind, would look where he was going. He did not, therefore he came to grief.

Fortunately the butterfly chaser was not drowned, but lived long to profit by his experience. But there have been many cases of life lost just through not minding. Folks are run over by cabs, or by railway trains. A slight turn of the head before taking the fatal step and the life would have been saved. A thoughtful look at the label on a bottle of drugs would have prevented many a catastrophe. Indeed, there are very few accidents which could not have been warded off, or the mischief greatly lessened, by a little thoughtfulness.

We are anxious that every reader of this magazine should give thoughtful care to every occupation. The small duty should be as well performed as the larger one. The slight danger should be avoided with as much care as the danger called terrible. For how can it always be told whether the evil is small or large?

It would be as disastrous to your good coat if you leaned against a small cupboard door, or against a mighty cathedral gate, if the door and the gate had each received a new coat of enamel. So mind the paint.

It would be a very safe method to treat all dangers as of one size, and that size the largest.

We often use the expression that So-and-so "came to grief." Grief comes to us sometimes in the shape of sickness or bereavement, which no care on our part could have prevented. But more frequently, the true way to put it is that we "came to grief." People go to grief every day. We speak of temptation coming, but generally it is *we* who go to *it*.

A young man comfortably furnished with funds went across the Atlantic for his first time. On the vessel he saw a game of cards being played which was quite new to him. He wanted to play, and did. By the time the young Englishman reached New York his funds had touched the bottom dollar. That young man ran to grief and embraced it. So does everybody who is drawn into the snare of gambling.

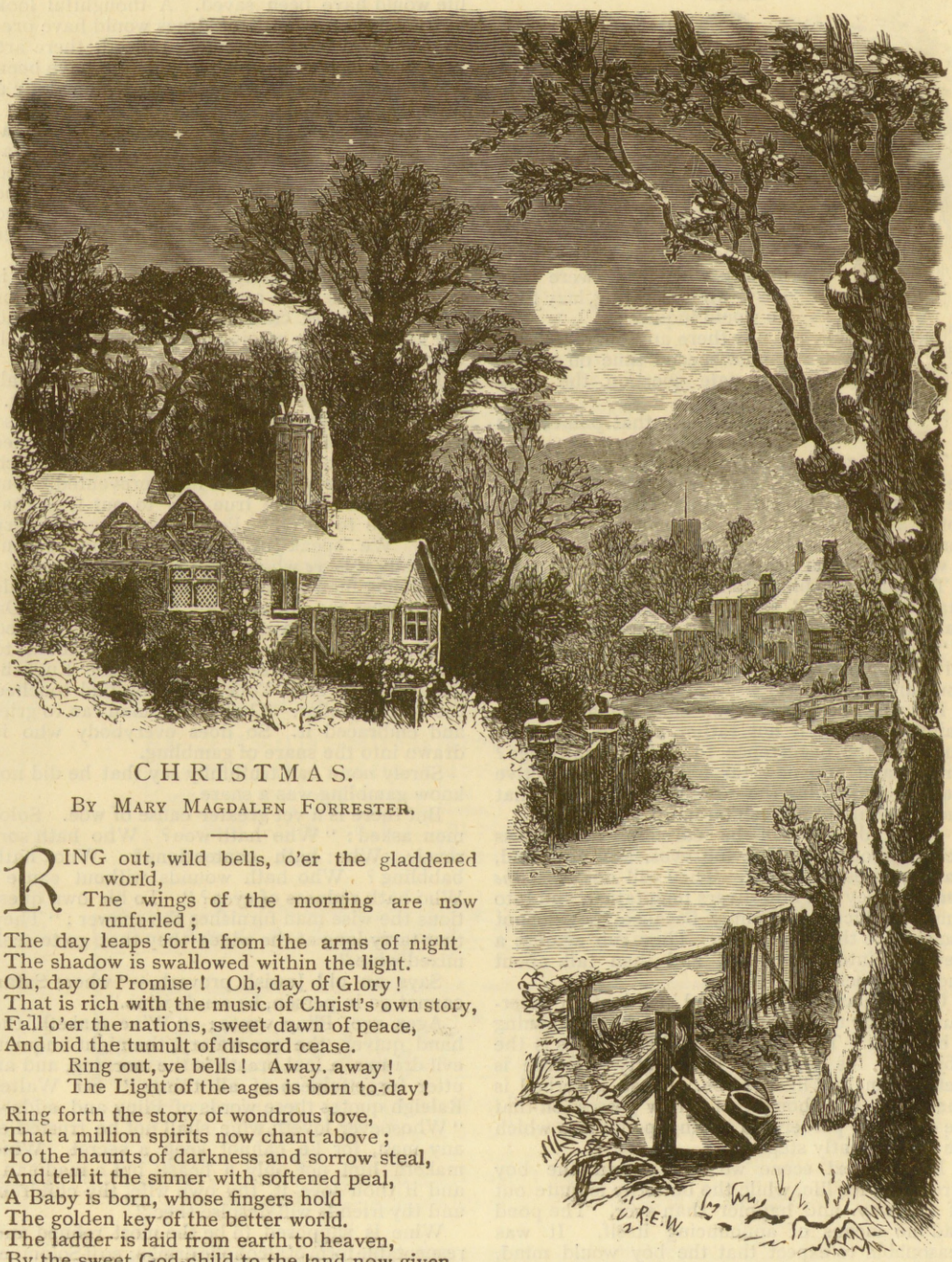
Surely none can truthfully say that he did not know gambling was a snare.

But there is a yet greater cause of woe. Solomon asked: "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" To his own questions the wise man furnishes the answer: "They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

Says an old Jewish proverb,—"where Satan cannot go in person, he sends wine."

Ages ago, Pliny wrote:—"Wine maketh the hand quiver, the eye watery, the night unquiet, evil dreams, a foul breath in the morning, and an utter forgetfulness of all things." Sir Walter Raleigh quotes these words of Pliny and adds—"Whosoever loveth wine shall not be trusted of any man, for he cannot keep a secret. Wine maketh him not only a beast, but a madman; and if thou love it, thy own wife, thy children, and thy friends will despise thee."

Wine is supposed to be the most refined and respectable form of alcoholic drinks; so if Solomon, Pliny, and Raleigh are correct in their indictment against wine, what shall be said about beer and spirits. When we hear the familiar words, "Mind the paint!" we may be reminded that there is more than one kind of paint to be avoided.



CHRISTMAS.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

RING out, wild bells, o'er the gladdened world,
The wings of the morning are now unfurled;
The day leaps forth from the arms of night
The shadow is swallowed within the light.
Oh, day of Promise! Oh, day of Glory!
That is rich with the music of Christ's own story,
Fall o'er the nations, sweet dawn of peace,
And bid the tumult of discord cease.
Ring out, ye bells! Away. away!
The Light of the ages is born to-day!

Ring forth the story of wondrous love,
That a million spirits now chant above;
To the haunts of darkness and sorrow steal,
And tell it the sinner with softened peal,
A Baby is born, whose fingers hold
The golden key of the better world.
The ladder is laid from earth to heaven,
By the sweet God-child to the land now given.
Ring out, ye bells! Away, away!
The Hope of the sinner is born to-day.

DOROTHY BERTRAM'S HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



DOROTHY BERTRAM sat in the big arm chair by the dining-room fire. Outside the wind was blowing a heavy gale, so that the windows rattled and the doors shook. Just enough snow had fallen to whiten the roads, and the cold was visible in the sparkling frost which glistened on the window-panes, and on every leaf and twig in the garden. All this did not disturb Dorothy; she was so happy, looking at the roaring fire, and seeing all manner of pretty pictures in the red hot coals, and especially when she began to count up in her mind all the presents she hoped to receive on Christmas morning.

Of course she didn't believe that Santa Claus brought presents to children, but she was still determined to hang out not only her stockings, but also a pillow case, so that she might obtain a good share of gifts.

"Let me see," said Dorothy to herself, as she began counting on her fingers, "Mother will no doubt give me a bracelet, that's one; father a broach, that's two; grandma a doll, that's three; Auntie Evans a book, that's four; and Uncle Alfred is sure to bring me a box of lovely sweets, that will be five. I wish Christmas would come; I should like to see my bracelet, I wonder whether it will be of silver or gold."

Just then a little text came into her mind, it was the well known words, *It is more blessed to give than to receive*; and then she remembered some of the words the dear old vicar had uttered on the last Sunday, when he specially warned the children against selfishness, and told them that the truest and best happiness was to be found in trying to make others happy.

Dorothy's face blushed, for though she had expected so much for herself, she had not given a thought about the poor, or considered for an instant how she could sacrifice one little pleasure to make one poorer than herself happy.

While she was thinking, she heard footsteps on the garden path; she thought at first it must be father, but no, the footsteps were too light, then she heard the steps stop outside the door, and in a minute some children's voices commenced to sing a Christmas carol. Their voices were weak and tearful as they sang:—

God bless you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day.

Dorothy opened the blind just a little and peeped out, there were two little girls standing outside the door; they were scantily dressed in old thin shawls and shabby frocks.

They shivered with cold as they sang, and turned their eyes towards the opening in the blind, for they could see the roaring fire, and very likely they had a peep of Dorothy's rosy face.

"Poor children, how cold they look," said Dorothy, "I must get them something to eat;" and then a voice seemed to remind her that perhaps these children had been sent by God, that she might show a little charity, and so have a happy time at Christmas.

She went upstairs to her mother, and begged to be allowed to give the children some warm tea and cake.

"Certainly, my darling," said Mrs. Bertram, "go and tell Annie to prepare tea for them at once, and do what you can to make them happy."

Dorothy flew to the door, and in her sweetest voice invited the little ones in.

"Thank you, Miss, but we don't like to come in," said the elder girl, "our boots are so dirty."

"Never mind that," replied Dorothy, "wipe them on the mat, and leave your shawls and hats on the hat-stand and come to the fire in the dining-room."

The children were astonished as they looked round on the bright carpet, the numerous pictures, the bronze ornaments, and the well-stocked book-case; it was so very different to the little room in which they lived, where they had to eat and sleep, and carry out all the duties of their little life.

The tea was soon on the table, and Dorothy acted the part of hostess, begging them to partake of the good things, and making them feel quite at home with her kind words and winning ways.

She was so glad she had them all to herself, for Mrs. Bertram, after she had welcomed the children, had purposely left them with Dorothy.

"Now you must come into the drawing-room and sing," said Dorothy, when tea was over.

The children by this time had gained confidence; then standing by the piano as Dorothy played, they sang some Christmas hymns so sweetly, that Dorothy quite admired their pretty voices.

"Now my dears," asked Mr. Bertram, who had joined the party, "tell me how much you get in an evening by singing?"

"We sometimes get fourpence, or even sixpence," said the elder one. "Many people drive us away, some let us sing, but they will not give us any money."

"And how do you spend the money you get?"

"We take it home to mother."

Mrs. Bertram, after many questions, learned that the children had a sick brother at home who got some little nourishment out of the things bought with the money the children earned by singing; their father was out of work, their mother was sickly, although compelled to go out daily to labour.

Dorothy took her mother aside and whispered: "May I give them each a warm jacket out of the wardrobe?"

"Yes, my dear, that is just what they want.

Very soon, the children were dressed in Dorothy's jackets, and each with a shilling in her hand hurried home to tell mother their good fortune.

Mrs. Bertram and Dorothy did not forget the children when they had left their house. Dorothy begged to have some money instead of a bracelet for her Christmas present, and with the money many nourishing things were bought for the sick brother.

It was just as Mrs. Bertram had expected. The husband had been drinking, and so had lost his situation.

Mr. Bertram had a long talk with the father, persuaded him to sign the pledge, and has found him some employment.

"Mother," said Dorothy, a few days after Christmas, "this is the happiest Christmas I have ever spent."

"And how is that, my child?"

"I have made some children happy, and so I have been happy myself."

UNCLE HENRY.

By Ruth B. Yates.



"NETTA, I am going to make some lemonade, will you help me?" said Maggie Morgan to her cousin.

"That's right, I like lemonade, but it always goes so bitter. I made some for father but he said it didn't taste good," replied Netta.

"Well, I want to try to make some that he will like well enough to drink instead of beer. Have you any lump sugar in the house, Netta?"

"Oh, yes, there is plenty of sugar, but I have only one lemon."

"That will do, as I know you have some essence of lemon and tartaric acid, so put the kettle on please. See, I will empty a pound of lump sugar into this pitcher. Now, you rub all the yellow off the lemon with the pieces of sugar. There, that will do, don't rub off the white or it will make it bitter."

"Oh, how funny! I just cut the lemon in slices and poured hot water over it," remarked Netta.

"The kettle is boiling, so I will pour a quart of water over the sugar and stir till it is melted, while you squeeze the juice from the lemon into a cup and add half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid and six drops of essence of lemon."

"Why don't you put this in at first and pour the water over it, Maggie?"

"Because that would spoil it, the syrup must be nearly cold before it is added," replied Maggie. "Now, we can put it in and stir it thoroughly, and then it will be ready to bottle. Bring those bottles that I scalded out, please Netta."

The bottles were brought and duly filled, when a small quantity still remained in the pitcher, which Maggie poured into a cup and offered to Netta, who tasted at it and then exclaimed:—

"Oh, Maggie, how nice! I never tasted any lemonade so good, *that* is not bitter. I do wish I was as clever as you are, Maggie."

"There is no reason why you should not be, Netta. All that I know mother taught me, and she always makes me write all recipes in a book after I have tried them, and you could do the same, and then you would be able to make everything after I have gone."

"Oh, I dare not think about you going, Maggie, and everything being so miserable again," said Netta, sorrowfully.

"You will not go back to the old ways, dear Netta," said her cousin, cheerfully, "You are able to do better now, and you will keep on doing it."

"I will try, Maggie, but it is not so easy when you are not here. Before you came sometimes father would come home drunk every night late, and give me hardly any money. I know now I didn't make the best use of what I had, for you can make many a nice meal of what I threw away."

"That makes me more anxious than ever that Uncle Henry should sign the pledge, and do you know, Netta, he said he would now his home is so comfortable, if he had something else to drink."

"You don't know how glad I should be, Maggie, for he has not been like the same father since you have been here, and I will try my very best."

"Don't forget to ask God to help you, dear Netta."

That evening Uncle Henry was very quiet over tea and when he sat down to peruse his paper he said nothing about the beer, but Maggie quietly filled a glass with the lemonade and placed it in the accustomed place beside him.

Shortly afterwards, from sheer force of habit, he reached out his hand and raised the glass to his lips without looking up. When he had tasted he gave a start of surprise and exclaimed:

"Well done, Maggie! this is capital. If your substitute for gin is anything like equal to this, I'll sign the pledge before you go home, and then I know your father will sing a song of thanksgiving."

After Dolly was put to bed the two girls put on their hats.

"Hallo! are you off somewhere?" inquired Mr. Morgan.

"We are only going to the chemist's, uncle; we shall not be many minutes."

When they had gone, Henry Morgan let his paper drop and sat with his head resting on his hand.

"I promised John I would turn over a new leaf, and I have tried, for his sending this dear girl has been a wonderful help to me, but I feel I am in a dangerous position and what John said is perfectly true, it would be easier to sign the pledge and say so boldly, than to refuse the other fellows and yet take a drop."

Next evening, much to her uncle's surprise, Maggie placed by his side half a glass of what appeared at first glance to be beer without any head on it. Curious to know what it was, Mr.

Morgan held it up to the light, it was a clear, rich colour, and looked tempting, so he tasted and tasted again. It was sweet and pleasant, but very warm and comforting.

He looked up and saw that both Maggie and Netta were watching him anxiously.

"How do you like it, uncle?" inquired the former.

"It is far better than the other was, so bring your pledge-book, Maggie."

Maggie needed no second bidding. In an instant she produced it, for she had it waiting in readiness, and Henry Morgan wrote his name in clear, bold characters, saying as he laid down the pen, "I will keep that pledge to my life's end, God helping me."

"May I sign, too, father?" said Netta, as she took up the pen.

"By all means, my child," replied her father.

"Dolly yite in Tousin Maggie's book," lisped the little one.

"So Dolly shall," said Maggie, as she lifted the little one on her knee and guided her hand as she wrote Dorothy Morgan.

How joyously Maggie wrote home the good news, and by the next post there arrived a large, beautifully coloured pledge card, with space for the three names, suitable for framing.

"This will help me," remarked Netta, "for I shall never look at it without thinking of Cousin Maggie and trying to be like her."

"It will help me, too," replied her father, "for with this on the wall I shall not be tempted to hide my colours."

"Will you wear this bit of blue, uncle, and then nobody will need to ask?" said Maggie, timidly.

"I will, Maggie, for I don't believe in doing things by halves."

Next morning, Maggie got a letter from home with an invitation enclosed for her uncle and cousins to come and spend Christmas at her home.

"I know father cannot get away just now," said Netta, "and I will not leave him alone."

"That's right, Netta," answered her cousin, "I must go home, but I hope you will all be able to come and spend Christmas with us."

"Yes, we could do that, but before you go, Maggie, I want you to write out the recipe for the gingerade, for though you have made three quarts, I shall want to make some more, and I'm sure I cannot remember what we got from the chemist's."

"Certainly, get the book and I will write it out for you at once. 'Over 3lbs. of lump sugar, pour 3 quarts of boiling water and stir until dissolved. When nearly cold add two teaspoonfuls of tartaric acid, 4 drs. of essence of cayenne, 4 drs. of essence of ginger and ½ oz. of burnt sugar. Bottle when cold and it will keep any length of time.'"

"Thank you so much, Maggie dear, now I shall be sure to make it all right."

Uncle Henry readily promised to take the children to spend Christmas at Fernleigh, and before Maggie went away he presented her with a pretty silver brooch with her name engraved on it, and asked her to wear it in remembrance of her visit to Uncle Henry.

TEMPERANCE SONGS.

NOT only have Services of Song done much to popularise Temperance gatherings, but to win many from the intoxicating cup. The *Onward* Publishing Office, of Manchester, is deserving of great credit for the admirable way in which they have provided Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope Missions with Services of Song of a really popular character; and also Recitations, Dialogues, and Melodies, for Temperance and Public School festivities. Their list of Publications, of Pledge Cards, Hymn Books, Melodies, and in fact all that is required in Temperance work, is an interesting one. Having made a speciality of this particular class of publications, they are deserving the high appreciation and support of Temperance Societies, School and Church Committees, for their praiseworthy enterprise. Their Services of Song are suited for all festive occasions, and may be obtained from all booksellers, or direct from the *Onward* Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester. Their London Agents are S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.—*Christian Union.*

A NEW & COMPLETE LIST

OF ALL KINDS OF

TEMPERANCE REQUISITES

INCLUDING

DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS.

SERVICES OF SONG.

PLEDGE CARDS. PLEDGE BOOKS.

REWARD BOOKS.

MEDALS. BANNERS. BADGES.

TEMPERANCE DIAGRAMS.

ALSO COMPLETE LIST OF

MAGIC LANTERNS AND SLIDES

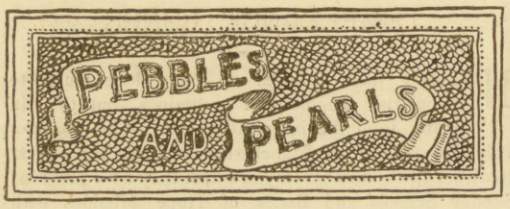
IN GREAT VARIETY, FOR SALE OR HIRE.

Both Lists will be sent post free on application to

W. P. INGHAM, SECRETARY,

"Onward" Publishing Office,

124 & 126, PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER.



DRINKING makes thinking impossible. Some day thinking will make drinking impossible.

DOST thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

ALCOHOL is not only a poison, with special affinity for the brain, but it is a poison with a fishhook barb—it can only go in; it cannot be pulled out without tearing the flesh. — *Joseph Cook.*



SHE: "These glasses are not strong enough for me. What comes next to number two?"
HE: "Number one."
"And after that?"
"After number one you will need a dog."

MR. GULLY, a great lawyer and the new Speaker of the House of Commons, states that although he has always been very abstemious, since becoming Speaker he has never tasted intoxicating liquor, and finds that total abstinence has done him much good. All he drinks is a glass of apollinaris water at lunch.

YOU may reform a liar, but you cannot reform a lie. You may reform a drunkard, but you cannot reform "the drink." Total abstinence from lying is the only cure for a liar. A liar is not reformed if he tell the very smallest of lies: he is still a liar. Total abstinence from alcohol is the only certain cure for a drunkard. A very little, almost imperceptible lie is morally mischievous; a very little alcohol poison is evil and only evil. A lie is a lie whether a wee little one or a thumper; alcohol is poison whether by the barrel or by the smallest glass.

IF you have got the love and taste for drink in your mouth, it will dog you and hound you through life, and your only safety is, renounce drink altogether.—*Cardinal Manning.*

WHEN some one remonstrated with an old publican for enticing in the boys, he replied, "Oh, it is beezness, beezness—the old drinkers will soon be dead, and where will my beezness be if I don't get the boys?"

TRUTH FROM A BLACK MAN.—A drinking man once tried to persuade a converted negro that God sent intoxicating drinks. The negro did not begin to argue about it, but just answered, "God made dog—you go eat dog. God made poison—go eat poison!"

IF any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter;
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter;
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lovely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

SOME Christians say they can drink without being in danger of ever getting drunk. My friend, don't be a fool: the drink doesn't stop to inquire whose throat it is going down, a saint's or a sinner's, and it will do exactly the same work in every man's stomach. You might as well say if you eat a salt herring you won't get thirsty, because of your piety. How ridiculous such silly talk sounds from men who boast of common sense.

HAVE YOU A BOY TO SPARE?

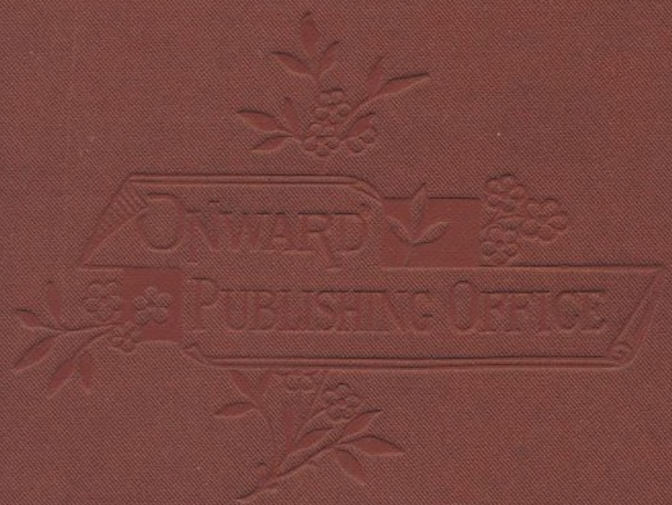
TO PARENTS.

THE public-house must have boys, or it must shut up the shop. Can't *you* furnish it one? The public-house is a great factory. Unless it can get about 2,000,000 boys every generation from somebody's homes, for raw material, some of these factories must close down, and the money in the public treasury must grow less.

WANTED—TWO MILLION BOYS,

is the notice we might read over every distillery, brewery, and dramshop. One family out of every five in the world must contribute at least one boy to keep up the supply.

DR. BACKERS, President of Hamilton College, United States, was upon his death-bed. His physician called upon him, and after approaching his bedside and examining his symptoms with interest and solemnity, he left the room without speaking, but as he opened the door to go out, was heard whispering something to the servant in attendance. "What did the physician say to you?" said the doctor. "He said, sir, you cannot live to exceed half-an-hour." "Is it so?" said the great and good man. "Then take me out of my bed, and place me upon my knees; let me spend that time in calling on God for the salvation of the world." His wish was complied with, and his last breath was spent in praying for the salvation of his fellow-men—he died upon his knees.


ONWARD
PUBLISHING OFFICE