ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE

1902

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

Onward:

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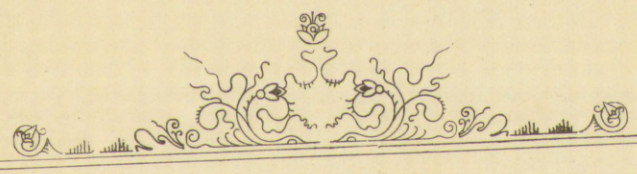

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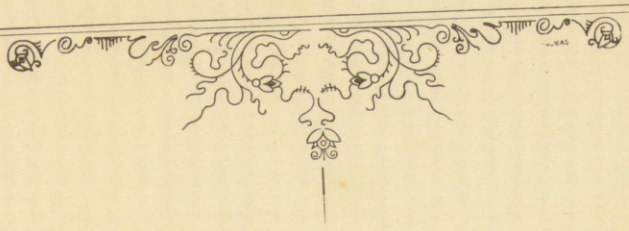

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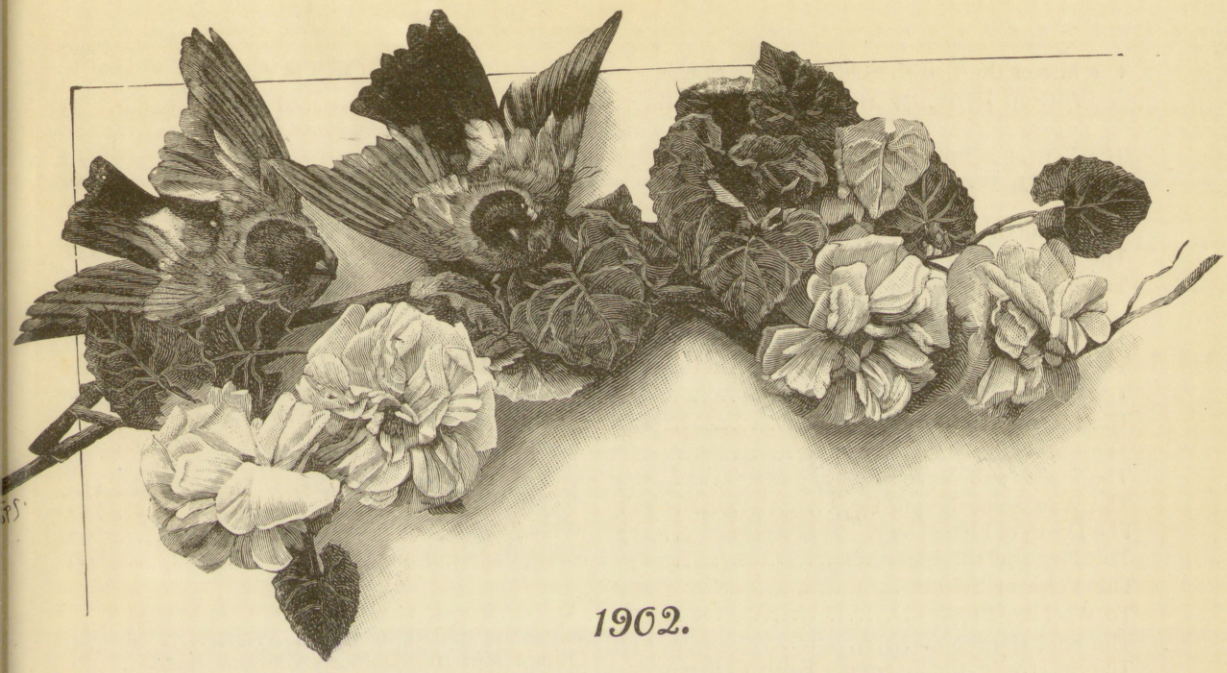

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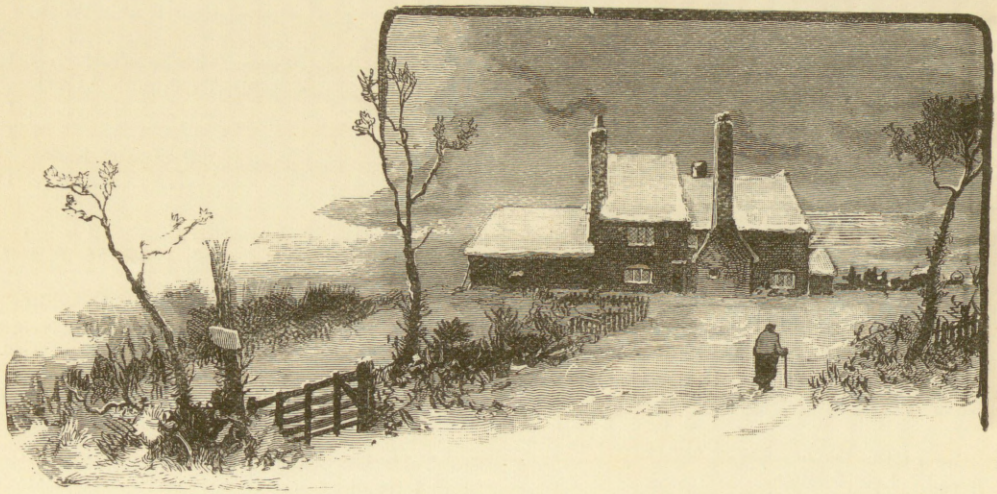


Exit 1901—Enter 1902.

THE Year 1901 is rapidly passing; 1902 is at hand. We speed the parting, welcome the coming.

1901 has been a year of change and perplexity. Nationally it has witnessed the close of the reign of a great monarch, and the assumption of empire by her son, with those numerous and official alterations such an event would naturally produce. Commercially, though not marked by very serious depression and decline, the year ends with our national credit and trade materially reduced, thanks largely, and mainly, to the strongly continuing South African troubles. Embroilments with foreign nations, at one time feared and more narrowly averted than the populace imagined, have happily been escaped; but the war in South Africa, which twelve months since was believed to be nearly settled, is still continued, and even the most optimistic is able to extract but small hope of its immediate conclusion from the present conditions.

Socially, 1901 has marked little or no progress. Materialism has been very rampant, notwithstanding the sobering influences at work, and the very vigorous philanthropic, religious and thoughtful activities of the year. And no wonder. The absorption of the community in the war has, as is always the effect of war (be it just or unjust, righteous or unrighteous), subordinated everything to its clamour, and stopped the development of civilisation. Consequently the Parliamentary record has been small in those acts which bespeak national progress.

Bung has remained king, though small measures like the Children's Act have given slight evidence of the communal revolt against the domination of Greed.

1901 has unmistakably been a year of remarkable indifferentism, of a strange and general apathy, of a public conscience aroused with difficulty. Yet hath there been a leaven of awakening at work, and at its close the prevalent unrest, anxiety, curious questioning, all indicate the coming revival, when hearts and lives shall be of first account, and the people's good the nation's chief concern.

So we welcome 1902 with its mysterious, untellable story, and utter our heart's desire — with wish that is truly father to the thought— that it may indeed be a "Happy New Year."

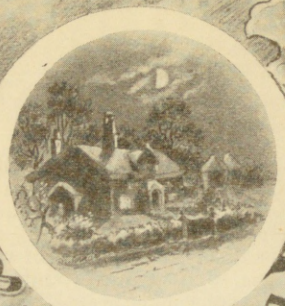
Happy to our nation as the beginning of a long era of peace.

Happy to the empire as the year of real, heartfelt, brotherly consolidation.

Happy as the time of the re-spiritualising of the aims and aspirations of the people.

Happy as the age of *real* commercial prosperity.

Happy as the time in which, no longer war-bound, or materialistic, the nation shall seek after righteousness, 'follow peace and ensue it,' finding real greatness in the social and moral well-being of her people, in their civilising development, and in the removal of those forces which make to their undoing and enthralment.



The Son of a Prodigal

By Mary Magdalen Forrester
Author of "Fighting the Traffic" "My Darling" "He is Your Brother" &c.

Chapter I.

A Queer Little Visitor.

"WHAT are you trying to do, Jane—break your neck, or hang yourself—which?"

"I'm just trying to hang a bit of holly on the wall here. Seeing that it's Christmas time, I thought I might make so bold, sir."

"Of course, Jane, of course. It's very nice of you, my girl, trying to make the dull old house look a bit seasonable. The red berries do look rare and well against the white wall. But it isn't Christmas weather, Jane, not like the weather we used to get in the old times."

"No, sir, I don't think we shall have an old-fashioned Christmas. If the rain keeps on there won't be many folk stirring to-night."

Having arranged the small boughs of holly to her satisfaction, Jane came cautiously down the ladder, pausing at the foot to look up at her own handiwork. The inspection apparently gave her pleasure, for she nodded her head, while her faded lips shaped themselves into their very best semblance of a smile. After a while she looked round for her master, but he had turned his back upon her, and was peering out through the window at the rain-drenched world beyond.

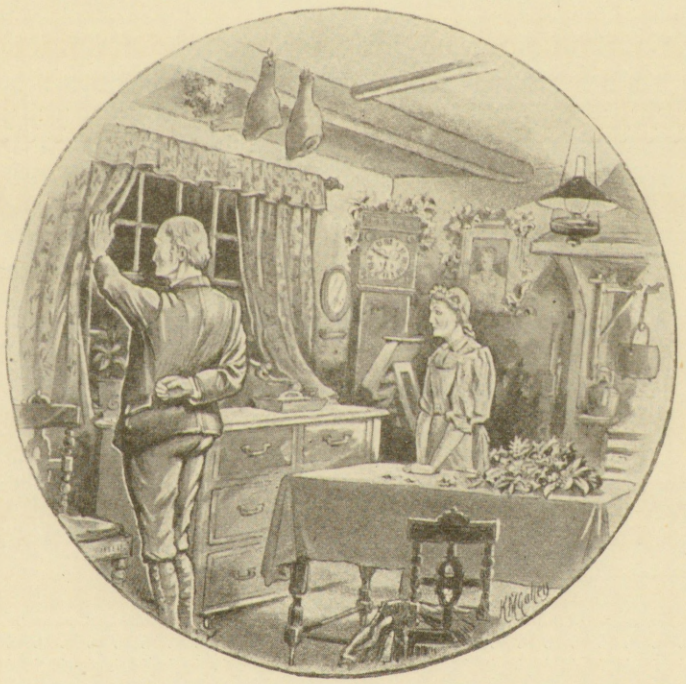
It was, indeed, unseasonable weather. The skies, to which the old man's gaze was directed, were dull and grey; although they had been pouring water upon the world for the last three days and nights, they still appeared heavy with unshed rains.

On such a night Amden Farm and its surroundings formed a dreary enough picture. The farm itself, low and square, had few, if any, claims to artistic beauty. It is true that in the summer time nature did her best with leaf and flower to cover the ungainly angles of the old house, and give it a picturesque appearance. And in this she succeeded. When the roses hung about its doors, and fruit trees clustered close to its walls, the farm house was bright, even pretty; but when the roses were dead, and the trees leafless, it seemed as desolate and dull as the heart of its owner, and, in all truth, that was as sad a heart as ever beat in human breast.

Philip Amden was, both in disposition and appearance, as fine a specimen of the educated English farmer as could be found in the whole country. Apparently simple, really shrewd, generous in his home, exacting in the market, interested in local matters, and keenly alive to affairs of State, as good a judge of men as he was of cattle, devoted to his crops in the day, and his books and papers in the evening, Amden was a wonderful mixture of farmer and scholar, a combined son of the soil and man of the world.

As he stood by the low old-fashioned window, holding back the curtain with a great, strong hand, he looked what he was—the inward combinations were emphasized in the outward man. The big figure, with its broad shoulders and massive head, the face with its red and brown complexion and keen-sighted eyes, told of a life lived in pure open air, while the high forehead and well-shaped brows bespoke a breadth of mind as well as body. There was a certain grace in his movements, and dignity in his bearing, that caused one to anticipate a better kind of speech from him than from the majority of his class. He looked hale and hearty, notwithstanding his sixty odd years of life, and the sorrow that was ever tugging at his spirit. He was not the man to wear his heart on his sleeve, but to-night, owing perhaps to the recollections the sight of the holly awakened in him, and the dull dreariness of the weather, his face and whole bearing seemed full of melancholy, so much so that the faithful old servant who had attended to his simple wants, and kept the old house clean for the last thirty years, glanced over now and again at the quiet figure by the windowwith a sympathetic mist in her own eyes. Although her glance rested on nothing more expressive than the back of a silver head, she could see the thoughts that were passing through that head more plainly than Philip Amden could see the sky through the thin curtain of rain which fell with a monotonous drip on to the sodden land. She knew the old man was thinking of other Christmas eves, when the farmhouse wore more signs of festivity than to-night; when there were two Philip Amdens present, one in the prime of life, strong, proud, and tender—he who stood by the window to-night—the other young, reckless, and self-willed—he who was out in the world, reaping as he had sown, and for whom the father's heart was now aching.

Presently the old man let the curtain fall back into its place and turned from the window, just in time to catch his servant looking at him with a suspicious mist in her eyes.



HE STOOD HOLDING BACK THE CURTAIN.

For a moment he fidgeted and appeared uncomfortable, then he smiled and said:—

"I suppose, if the rain clears off, you will want to go down to the village? It looks quite festive. You really mustn't miss it."

"I should like to go, sir, but seeing that Anna has gone out, and that you will be quite alone, perhaps—"

"I do not mind the solitude one bit; the night is young yet, so there is plenty of time for it to clear. Here is half-a-sovereign for you to get a new cap in honour of the season, and I trust you will have a very happy Christmas, Jane!"

Jane tried to curtsey as low as her poor old stiff legs would allow, while her eyes filled with tears of gratitude.

"Thank you, sir, and I hope you too will have a real happy Christmas, such as you used to have in the old times. God bless you, sir, God bless you!"

The rain continued to fall in a thin drizzle, which, although unpleasant enough, was altogether too paltry to prevent Jane from seeing all there was to see in the little village, whose shops were gaily decorated, and full of the many bright things associated in the mind with Christmas.

The night had ceased to be young, although there were few indications of it, when Jane turned her face in the direction of the old farm. The singers were beginning to congregate in the little streets, and Jane, thinking of the lonely old man at home, paused near one of the groups, many of whose members were known to her, to inquire if her master's house was among the places they intended to honour with their vocal powers that night. Being assured that the farmhouse was the very first on their list, she bustled off to prepare the coffee and cake, that the singers might be received in real old English fashion.

"Hello, Jane! is that you? Bless my life if you're not gettin' quite young and giddy again, trippin' away in that style! How's the farmer?"

"None the better for your asking," Jane retorted, straightening her little figure and setting her faded lips into a rigid line.

"Come now, old girl, don't be nasty. Isn't it Christmas time when folks forgive their enemies? Give us your hand, and let's be friends!"

"If I give you my hand, Mr. Tate, it won't be in the way you want it, so you'd better take yourself off."

"But I'm goin' your way, I want to wish the farmer the compliments of the season."

"The farmer doesn't want you or your wishes. I don't know how you can for shame look him in the face after all the trouble you've helped to bring him."

"Oh, come now, that's too bad. I know there's folks think I led young Mr. Philip astray, but I didn't, I did my best to keep him straight, but he was a bad one, was Philip."

Jane's face flushed, while she turned with flashing eyes on the man who had suddenly accosted her at the corner of one of the streets.

"Don't you dare to say a word against Master Philip! You that made him what he was! And let me tell you that if you come near the farm to-night, I'll set the dogs on you!"

Jim Tate, muttering something about "vindictive cats," turned on his heel, while Jane, still quivering with indignation, quickened her steps, turning her head several times to see if she were followed, for there was a long stretch of lonely road still before her, and the man she had just parted from was hardly the kind of individual one would desire for a follower.

"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, IT'S ONLY ME."

But the rest of Jane's journey, until she reached the gate of the farmyard, was uneventful. At that spot, however, another incident occurred to cause her alarm. Just as her fingers were laid upon the rusty old latch, a boy darted from among the withered trees and seized her arm. With her mind still full of Jim Tate and the many evil things he had done, she started back with a look of terror in her eyes and a little cry upon her lips.

"Please, ma'am, don't be frightened, it's only me," a small trembling voice exclaimed, and, turning at the sound, Jane beheld a young boy with a face that gleamed strangely pale through the misty night.

"And who may you be?" cried Jane, "and what do you want frightening a decent body out of her wits?"

On finding that the present intruder was nothing more formidable than a delicate-looking lad, Jane's courage returned with marvellous rapidity, and her eyes peered through the darkness to fix themselves with severe scrutiny on the little white face before her.

"I'm Phil," the boy replied, "Little Phil."

"Phil!" echoed Jane, "Phil!" with a lowering of the voice, and a sudden drawing in of the breath. "Well, what if it is Phil? there's many a Phil in the world. What do you want?"

"I want to see the farmer."

"Oh, you want a Christmas box, do you? Well, you must come in the morning, the farmer isn't giving anything away to-night."

"I don't want a Christmas box," the boy exclaimed a trifle impatiently, "I want to see him real particular, I've got a message for him."

Jane having opened the gate by this time and passed within, the great wooden structure now lay between the two.

"You'd best send your message, if it's so particular," she said, standing on tip-toe to look down on the boy who bore the name of Phil. She wished that the rain had not been blurring, the night so dark, that she might have seen more clearly her young visitor. She was interested — far more keenly than she cared to admit. The lad's name had recalled that other Philip, who was never far away from the old servant's thoughts; that Philip who had sold his birthright, and left his home to "herd with swine" more than fifteen years ago. What a length of time that fifteen years made, stretched out dark and dismal behind her; what a chasm between that night he went away and this night; and yet, standing with her hand on the old gate, with the unchanged outline of the white farm behind her, and the dark dense fields in front, how easy it was to bridge that chasm, and imagine herself back in that night; to see again before her the dark passionate face of young Mr. Philip, the handsome face, with its blue-grey eyes and low, broad brow. Fifteen years! why, it seemed only like yesterday. She remembered

how he had said, "Good-bye Jane. You may not see me again for some time." She had stood, just where she was standing to-night, and he had stood outside the gate, where the boy who had told her his name was Phil was standing now.

"Please ma'am, you might let me see the farmer; I was told not to give the message to anyone but Mr. Amden himself."

"Oh, you were told? Then somebody has sent you—eh? Very well; come inside and wait, while I see what Mr. Amden has to say. It's rather late for a little fellow like you to be out if it is Christmas eve. Now just sit here by the fire!" Jane went on, preceding the boy into the big, white-washed kitchen, where a great fire was crackling and blazing on the wide hearth. Pointing to a low chair, covered with gay red print, she motioned the little visitor to be seated; and saw him timidly approach the wonderful looking object dressed in red, as though he were afraid of it.

"There sit down—it won't bite you. Gracious, you're dripping wet! You'll get your death of cold!" she exclaimed laying her hand for a moment on the curly head, which even the rain had l een unable to straighten. "Sit close to the fire, my boy, and I'll see if I can find you a nice hot cup of coffee."

"Thank you, ma'am," the boy cried softly, looking up suddenly into her face.

Her sight was not very good; but it was sharp enough to catch the flash of a pair of beautiful eyes, blue-grey eyes, fringed with black lashes.

She went quietly away; but outside the kitchen door she paused, and clasping her wrinkled old hands together, exclaimed:

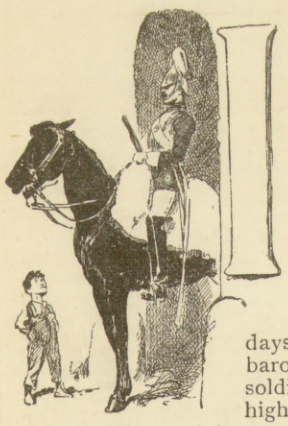
"What's going to happen this blessed Christmas time? Who is that boy in there who says his name is Phil, and who has eyes like that other Phil who went away 15 years ago?"

(To be continued.)

The Life of the British Soldier.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN HERO.

I.—Beginning His Career.



IN writing this life of the British Soldier I consult no books, use no heightened colours to give effect, but simply seek to show him as during my fourteen years' experience of the army I found him, in peace, in war, at home and abroad.

Never since the days of the old fighting barons has the British soldier been held in such high esteem by the public as during the past two warlike years. I well remember at the outbreak of the South African trouble being in London, in khaki dress, prepared to go out to the front, when ladies of the highest social standing waved their handkerchiefs and kissed their hands to us as we marched by their carriages, while the populace went well nigh mad with delight. Although that has somewhat subsided, there is no doubt that right down in the hearts of the people "Tommy Atkins" is respected more than he ever was, "absent-minded beggar" though he be. A little about his life and training will not therefore be out of place in this magazine.

"Tommy's" experience begins with the

RECRUITING SERGEANT,

that well set up, sprucely dressed, attractive representative of the War Office, to be found in all large towns, always on the look out for 'fresh fish,' raw recruits. To him it matters not how these are dressed, whether ugly or prepossessing. He knows that in the gymnastic school yonder in the depôt the roughest, the most unkempt, will soon be polished up and made to look as smart as the smartest. He has learned the diamond can be brought out of the rough; and, given soundness of limb and wind, is prepared to take the roughest, if he does not even express a fondness for them.

To me it has always seemed that

TEMPERANCE AND CHRISTIAN RECRUITERS

might with advantage take a lesson from the army recruiting sergeants: be always on the look out for fresh material, and not unmindful of the good which can be got out of every man, out of even the very roughest. If they did there would be less complaining about the lack of numbers and workers.

The day when a young man joins His Majesty's army is always a red letter day. He becomes a full-blown man at a stroke of the pen, even though only an "unit" in the country's fighting force. Unfortunately, however,

HIS FIRST PAY,

generally goes to buy drink from the public-house which the recruiter makes his headquarters.

THE RAW RECRUIT.
TYPE 1.—FROM THE TOWN.

a new-born babe into the world, cursed before it has a chance. Many a tippling soldier has had to date his downfall to "listing" day.

In a very short time the young man joins his depôt. He is told off to a barrack room, and allowed a few days' rest. Then he gets his clothing, equipment, etc., and begins to be a soldier in earnest. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he feels lost, a great home-sickness seizes him, even where his earlier surroundings have not been the brightest. He wants to go home again—many recruits do. An awful sense of loneliness oppresses him. He misses most of all the mother who used to look after him, do all sorts of kindnesses to him, and tell him best what to do. But this brooding is roughly disturbed by the martial voice of that most pragmatic of men, the

DRILL SERGEANT,

who, with padded chest and red nose, bids him "Wake up! Be a man. Stop that dreaming. You don't want always to be tied to your mammie's apron strings, do yer?"

The drillings of the day, the cleaning of his arms and accoutrements, the numerous duties he is initiated into, soon overcome these longings, or at least suppress them until night comes when, the day's work over, he will go to the library or billiard room, or, if he has any money, to the canteen, where he will be introduced to the least desirable side of the soldier's experience, and where in my soldier days I have heard women (engaged by the authorities) sing songs of a character that even Sodom in its most degenerate days would not have thought of.

The day I enlisted, my mother found me asleep amongst a lot of pigs, dead drunk. Surely different places ought to be provided to which to take the raw lad who has just enlisted than the drink-shop. Such a beginning of the soldier's life forebodes ill, and is most unworthy. To me it seems like a drunken woman bringing

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Happily the work of the

ARMY TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION,

with its branches at most, if not all, depôts, has been able to do much, not only to lessen the drinking among soldiers, but also to improve the tone and character of barrack-room life, where there is even now only sadly too much room for improvement. A good deal of horse-play is associated with the soldier's early barrack-room experiences.

His companions, all strangers to him, have gone through the same experience themselves before, and now take good care to pay out their score on him.

When before "Tattoo" he goes to his room, it is only to find he has committed some fictitious crime, such as (for example) leaving his room without consent, or some other such nonsense. A

BARRACK-ROOM COURT-MARTIAL

is held, which usually ends in his being sentenced amid much mock solemnity to a blanket. This sentence is executed as follows:—Four men put him in a blanket, toss him as high as they can, and let him fall to the ground, the operation being repeated until his executioners have had enough of it. Sometimes, instead, he is made to carry a big dish of water behind him, and to walk with bent legs over a blanket laid upon the floor, when just as he thinks he has accomplished his sentence, two who have gone through it before give the blanket a tug, and down he falls into the dish of water, amid the jeers

THE RAW RECRUIT.
TYPE 2.—FROM THE COUNTRY.

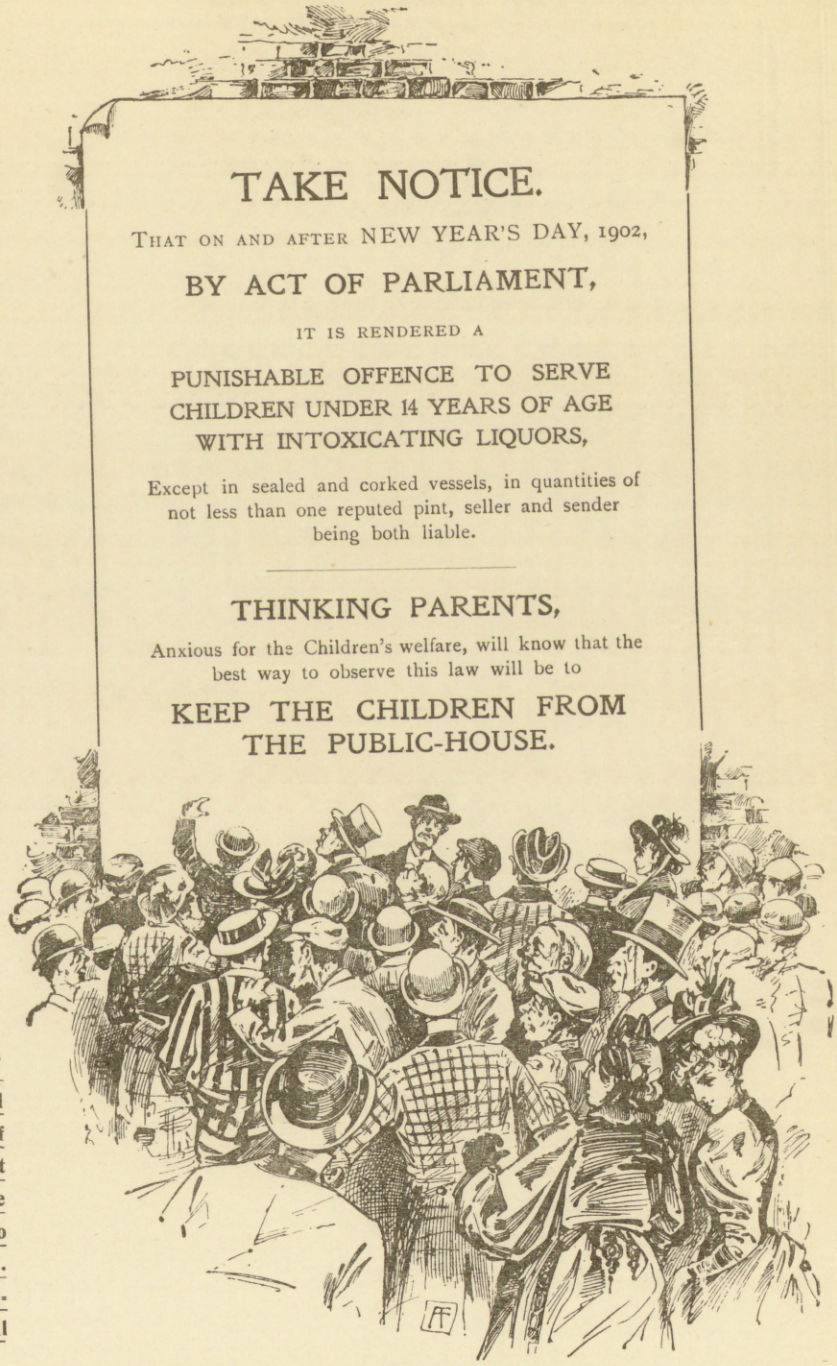
and laughter of his comrades, who, the angrier he grows, the more heartily enjoy the fun.

This naturally riles him, and often he gets up full of fight and makes for the bully, always to be found in the barrack-room, who is just spoiling for a "pitch in," especially with a raw recruit, who, after the mêlee, retires to his cot a sadder and a wiser man. "Tattoo" sounds, the orderly sergeant comes round to see that every man is at his bed, and then "Lights out." The lights go out and the wearied and depressed youngster tumbles into bed for a quiet time at last.

Hardly half an hour passes when there's a great thud; the recruit's bed has been "set," that is, arranged as a trap. Bed cots in the army are divided into two parts, and can be fixed so that a piece of string being attached to one part, it will come away, while the other falls to the floor, leaving the unfortunate man with his legs up in the air. No wonder the soldier tyro, as he gets up to fix his bed as best he may, feels that life in the army is a bit rough.

The horse-play, however, rough and tumble as it is, and trying to the temper of the uninitiated, may do its part in developing men, but the other things of which this frolicsomeness is but a small evidence, do much to unmake men, and need every counteracting influence.

(*To be continued.*)

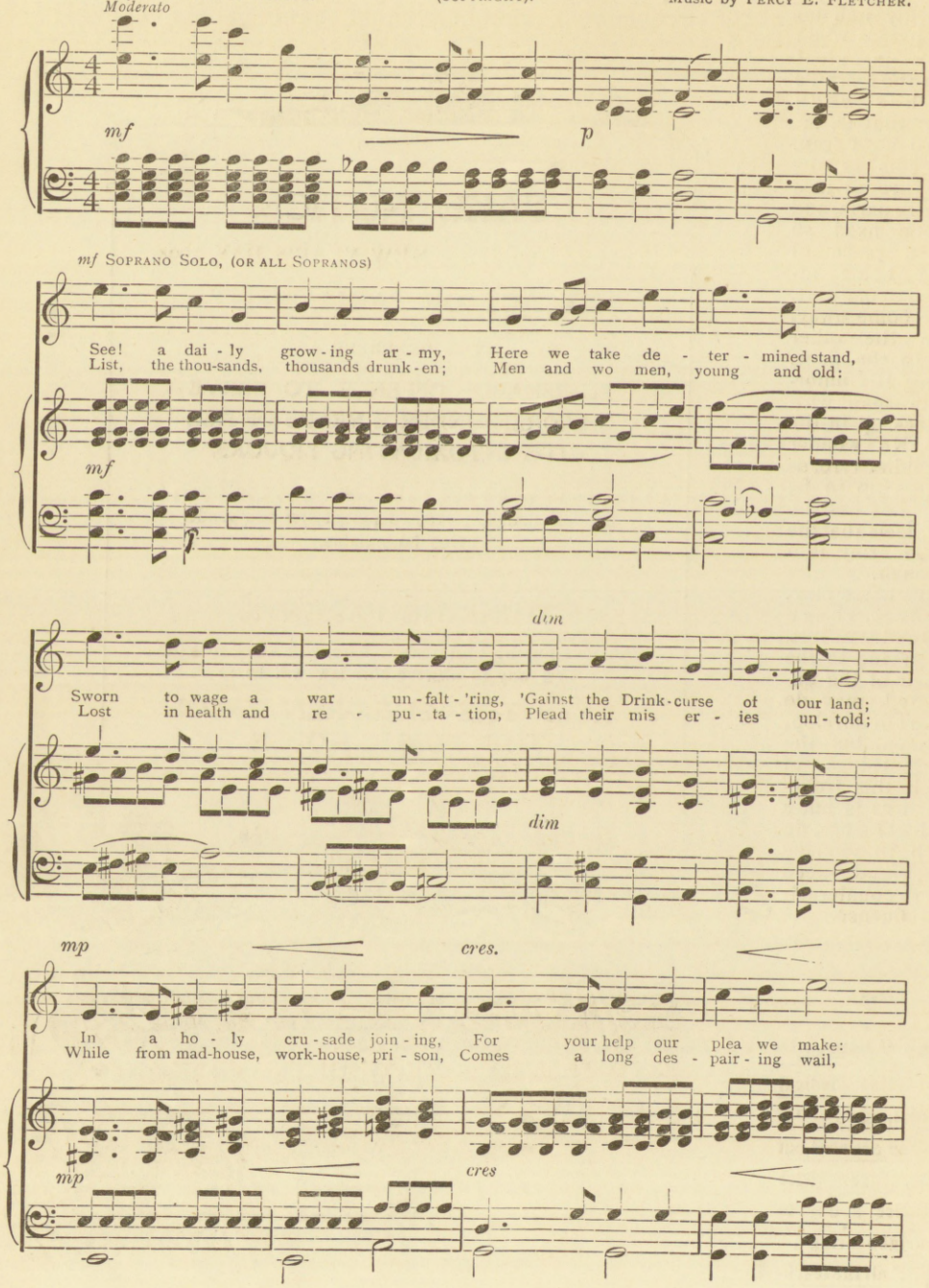


The "Lancet," the leading Medical Journal, says—"If children are sent out as messengers twice or thrice a day to the neighbouring . . 'public' all the teaching of the school will go for nothing."

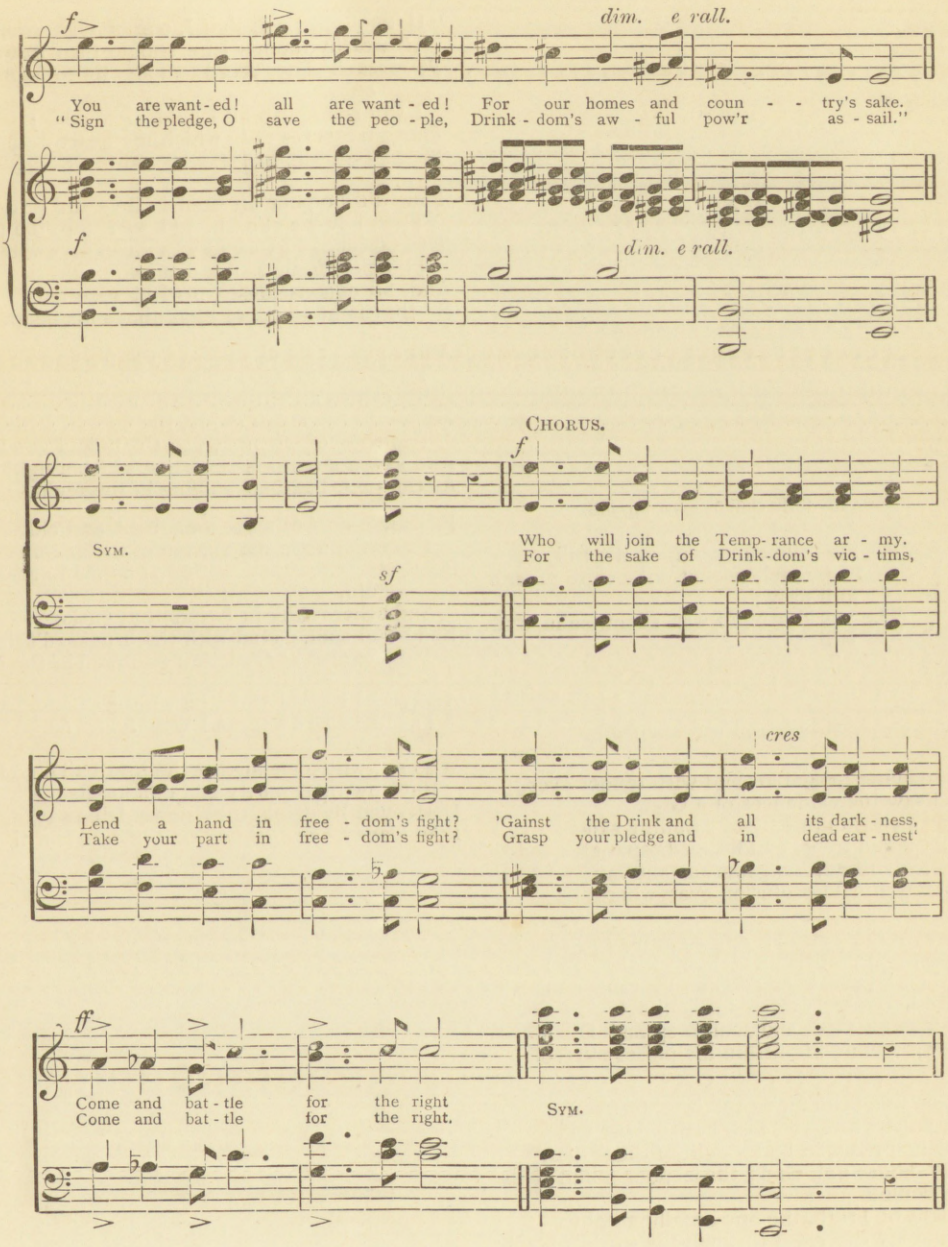
BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT!

TEMPERANCE BATTLE SONG.

Words by W. CHANDOS WILSON. (COPYRIGHT). Music by PERCY E. FLETCHER.



BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT!—*continued.*



Full Score Copies of this striking Temperance Song (O.N. and Tonic Sol-fa), with Solo passages for two other verses and full Accompaniment can be had from the Onward Publishing Office, 124 & 126, Portland Street, Manchester.

The Heathen at His Door.

Unto his little church upon the hill.

UNTO his little church upon the hill
The preacher went one eve to preach and pray;
The world around was silent, calm, and still,
Save in the distance where the city lay,
From whose great heart was heard a mighty throb,
An angry murmuring and a broken sob.

The preacher looked around with tender eyes,
And saw the evidences of a God,
Whose love is infinite: soft, smiling skies,
Fruit-laden trees, and flower-bespangled sod—
The sweets of nature, generous and fair,
Scattered in wild profusion everywhere.

He sought his church; and soon his little choir
Sang its first anthem, tremulous and low;
And then he preached; his ready tongue afire
With holy eloquence; his soul aglow
With love for God, and zeal to spread His word
While yet young life within his pulses stirred.

His face was brilliant as the brightest star,
His hope was great, his charity most wide,
For as he preached he thought of those afar,
Who knew not God; those poor blind souls denied
The light of Truth, the one unfailing light
That guides the spirit through the world's black night.

And though the night had fallen dim and grey,
And to their homes the worshippers returned,
He still stayed on awhile to think and pray;
And still his spirit in its fondness yearned
Towards the heathen, who in darkness trod,
Blind to the beauty of the living God.

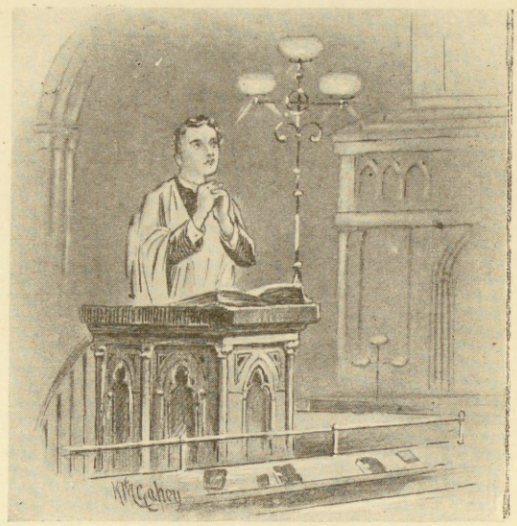
"If Thou dost will that I, one of Thy sons,
Unworthy though I be, should turn from here,
To preach Thy Word among those stumbling ones,
I will relinquish all I hold most dear;
Those treasures unto which my heart doth cling,
To do Thy will, my Master and my King!"

Thus did he pour his soul in love and prayer;
Then left the church, and went into the night.
The sky above his head was dark, save where
The city threw to it a flickering light;
And, all unconsciously, his feet were led
By that faint gleam of light above his head.

And soon he stood amidst a sea of life
That surged around him, throbbing full and strong;
He heard the laugh of joy, the note of strife,
The song of triumph, and the tale of wrong;
And saw a stream of souls, as far from light
As the poor heathen walking in the night.

He saw a host of men, some bent and old,
Tottering upon the margin of the grave;
Some stretched their withered hands to grasp at gold,
And others sank in fetters that enslave
Body and soul. Mad with the drunkard's lust
They cursed at God, and wallowed in the dust.

And there were women, on whose womanhood
The drunkard's brand was lying fierce and red;
Women, who once amidst the best had stood,
But now their purity and honour fled,
Destroyed by drink, they slowly fell away,
Like leaves, worm-eaten, dropping to the clay.



As he preached.

And then he heard the sobbing of a child,
Who crouched in rags upon the city stones;

Crouched in rags upon the city stones.

The dawn of life for her had never smiled,
She filled the night with old, world-weary tones.
A few short miles away the corn was spread,
Yet she was shrivelled up for want of bread.

And God was nothing, nothing but a word,
To this small mortal shivering in the night,
A word she loved not, for she often heard
The name shrieked out with all a drunkard's might;
No heathen far away, no savage wild,
Knew less of God, than this poor city child.

The preacher marvelled how these souls could stand
Out in the darkness, while the Bible lay
An open book, here in a Christian land,
Where God was taught to man, day after day;
Where churches raised their walls in every street,
And hands were stretched to guide the faltering feet.

And while he walked and pondered, on the sky
He saw outlined against the star-lit grey
The steeple of a church, straight, strong, and high,
Like holy finger pointing God's own way.
"Surely," he thought, "where this blest temple stood
The people's lives were beautiful and good."

But even at that moment, on the air,
There rose the chorus of a ribald song;
It came harsh and discordantly from where
Another building stood, bright, gay and strong.
The church was dark, but many a glittering ray
Shone from this other house across the way.

Its devotees were many; who shall say
They were not heathens, when their lives were spent
In serving self—poor little gods of clay—
Before whose shrines their erring souls were bent?
The real God was but a figure dim,
A drink mist lay between their eyes and Him.

So, as from street to street the preacher walked,
The truth was borne still clearer to his mind,
That here, where God's religion was so talked,
Souls stumbled in the darkness, lost and blind.
"My Father," was his prayer, prayed o'er and o'er,
"Will that I teach the heathen at my door!"

But how? Between him and those stumbling ones
He saw the drink trade stand, a mighty wall;
He might call out to them in loud, strong tones,
With this between they would not hear his call.
He could not save the heathen at his door
Until this power that darkened was no more.

Church was dark . . . Glittering ray from the other house across the way.

'Give me the power to smite the traffic!"

Out of the city, with its light and roar,
Into the lanes where sleeping wildflowers swayed,
The preacher, sad and thoughtful, turned once more;
And, as he went, again his warm soul prayed:
"Give me the power to smite the traffic, Lord,
Which stands between the people and Thy Word!"

M.M.F.

Do the duty which lies nearest thee; thy next duty will become the clearer.—CARLYLE.

A loving heart is the truest wisdom.—DICKENS.

A cigarette between a boy's lips in no way adds to his importance; nor does he increase his dignity in the least by performing the functions of a smokestack.

Ha! dash to the earth the poison bowl,
It hath a madness for the soul.—*Whittier.*

Drink is the mother of Want, and the nurse of Crime.—BROUGHAM.

BY W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

MEMBERS —

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

Our Club has only four members, but they are all earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them. We are privileged to listen to some of their talks and to follow in their arguments.

HARD WORK.

William: "The fact of it is, you fellows don't know what hard work is. You ought to be like me. Our shop opens at 8 in the morning, and I have to slave away till 9 at night—one constant grind all the day."

James: "I don't know what you call hard work,

but when a fellow has to keep his nose to the grindstone night and day as I have, in order to get through my exams., I think I know what hard work means. With all your hours, William, I don't suppose you ever have a touch of brain fag."

William: "Perhaps not, Jim, but I know what body fag is. Why, at the end of the day I am often dead tired, and shouldn't know what to do with myself were it not for a glass of ale to pull me together."

John: "Pull you together! Pull you to pieces, you mean. I work pretty hard myself, but I haven't come to believe in the fallacy that beer will help me."

Robert: "But it is called 'strong drink,' and is made from good grain, and it ought to be all right. What does it do, if it don't make any one strong?"

James: "There's lot of our fellows think it does them good, and when they get a bit fagged they find a glass of beer most helpful."

William: "Of course they do. Why, the great bulk of working men and women use beer and other strong drinks, and they must find them very good, or they would not use them."

John: "There are always two ways of looking at things. You may judge of a thing by what it appears to do, or you may judge of it by what it really does."

Robert: "Strong drink makes people drunk, and that doesn't look like giving strength, does it?"

William: "Look here, young man, no one is talking about getting drunk. A glass of good beer now and then is a very different thing."

Robert: "All right, old man, I don't know as much about it as you do; but if one glass gives a man a little strength, then many glasses ought to make him very strong; but, instead of that, they make him drunk."

John: "Well done, Robert. You have got a tough job to get over that, William."

William: "Oh, it's no good taking any notice of a youngster; wait till he has to work hard, and he will find out the difference."

James: "But is it true that these strong drinks are really nourishing?"

John: "Certainly, they do contain some nourishment; but there are not many people who know how little it is."

William: "Oh, that's all very well; but I speak from experience. Surely I ought to know whether a glass of beer does me good or not."

Robert: "There's one thing quite certain, and that is that we are the only animals that want beer to make us strong. A horse can pull a good load, and is much stronger than his driver, yet while the man goes in for his glass of beer, the horse finds sufficient for his strength in the water trough outside."

James: "We never hear of the elephant, the strongest of all animals, going to the public-house for half-a-pint of beer or half-a-quartern of gin."

William: "I see what it is, you fellows are laughing at me, but I can stick to my opinion for all that."

John: "But they are not so far wrong William, after all. Supposing you ate half-a-pound of bread, you would get about 286 grains of tissue builders, strength givers, out of it, and a half-a-pint of milk would yield 176 grains of the same good material, but half-a-pint of the best beer would only contain 20 grains. You can't get out of a thing that which it doesn't contain."

William: "Yes, but there are other things in the beer that do one good."

James: "Well, what is there? I know our people at home are always telling me that all kinds of strong drink are bad, and I have never tasted any of them yet, and don't mean to."

William: "Oh, well. I don't know exactly, but it does me good, and then look what a lot of people there are who use it. Do you think they would do so if it did not do some good?"

John: "But my dear fellow, these are not arguments in its favour. You think it does you good, but you can't say what part of the beer gives you strength. If the strength givers in foods are only present in the beer in small quantity, doesn't that clearly show that at least it is not a good food?"

Robert: "I know some one was telling me about a penny loaf containing as much nourishment as a gallon of ale costing two shillings."

James: "That's right enough. There's no getting over that because it is a well attested fact."

John: "Yes, or you can put it another way, as Liebig (the great chemist) did. In talking to his students, he took up on the point of a knife a little pile of barley meal, and told these young German students that there was more nutriment in that small pile of meal than in nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer."

William: "Well, you fellows are making it too hot for me. Why, there are some people who think beer to be quite equal to bread."

Robert: "If it is such a good food, why don't they feed horses upon it?"

James: "But, joking apart, it is a fact that a man like Weston, the pedestrian, who walked 5,000 miles in 100 days, is said to have accomplished the greatest feat of continued hard work on record, and yet he was a total abstainer."

John: "There is no lack of testimony from soldiers, sailors, iron workers, athletes, and many others that do hard work, that such work is better done without alcohol than with it."

William: "Ah, alcohol; doesn't that do some good?"

John: "It does plenty of good in the arts and manufactures, but never, I fear, in the healthy body. At any rate, its chemical composition proves that it cannot be a tissue builder, and that it cannot be a strength giver."

William: "Well, boys, I must be off; you have given me a teazer, and I must think it over. We shall meet again soon, and then we can talk it over a little further, if I haven't exhausted all your arguments."

John: "Not a bit of it. There's lots more to be said on our side, and we shall see you become a teetotaler yet, in spite of all your liking for a drop of beer."

. . IN THE NEW YEAR. .

By Mary E. Helsby.

Author of "One Woman's Opinion," "The Chord of Self," etc.

MRS. Theodore Hallis was "at home" every Tuesday. On one particular Tuesday a few callers had come and gone, leaving her at last to enjoy the society of her friend May Astley, as they lingered over the tea cups before a blazing fire.

"And so it is quite true that you have resolved never to marry, but to devote the rest of your life to sick and erring humanity?"

"Yes."

"It seems hard to imagine that Maurice Langbridge has really passed out of your life; forgive me for mentioning the subject, dear, but I shall never cease to regret it—you were made for each other."

May's fair face grew pale and troubled.

"I could not marry an intemperate man," she said, in a low voice.

"Was he really that?"

"By his own confession. He could not be called a drunkard, but he is young and excitable, it might come to that in time."

"How sad. You have tried to influence him, have you not?"

"Yes, but he is proud, and spoke hotly to me. If you don't mind, I'd prefer the subject not being discussed, Edith."

Her friend sighed, and stirred her tea slowly.

At this juncture the maid announced "Mr. Paddock," to Mrs. Hallis' dismay, as she knew May disliked meeting him. The gentleman alluded to advanced diffidently, stumbling over a footstool, to receive rather a haughty bow from May.

The hostess, assuming an air of ease which she was far from feeling, rang for fresh tea, and began a running fire of small talk, an art in which she was proficient. May toyed with her muff chain, and longed to go, for this man was a rejected suitor, and Maurice's false friend. With a supercilious smile on his dark face Mr. Paddock watched the girl, longing to let the news he had brought burst like a bomb shell at her feet.

At last it came.

"By the way, Mrs. Hallis, I heard something to-day which surprised me not a little."

"Really?"

"Yes, to my astonishment a mutual acquaintance of ours—Maurice Langbridge—has joined the Temperance party."

May nearly dropped her cup, she grew as white as her furs, and her large blue eyes glanced pleadingly at her friend.

"You do surprise me—by the way, May dear, you might bring my drawn-thread cloth from the morning-room, I feel industrious all at once."

Gratefully the young girl rose, and hurried from the room.

Immediately she had gone, the hostess turned to her remaining guest.

"Oh, how could you!" she asked, reproachfully.

Stroking his moustache to hide a smile, Mr. Paddock said coolly,

"How should I guess that my news affected Miss May? But that is not all, there is more to come."

"What! tell me before she returns?"

"As you please. Well, it is only that the young man in question is ruined."

"Ruined?" echoed Mrs. Hallis, wonderingly. "What do you mean?"

"His mines are flooded, it means ruin to him or nearly so."

"I am sorry to hear that."

"Yes, it is a pity, especially as lately he had 'turned over a new leaf,' and seems likely to win the heiress."

"You mean May?"

"Yes."

"But Maurice Langbridge is not the sort of man to marry a woman for her money."

"Ah, well, perhaps you are right," he said, rising to place a chair at May's disposal, as the girl returned—outwardly calm, inwardly agitated.

"You did not hear the rest of my gossip, Miss Astley, but I daresay your friend will retail it when I have departed."

"Must you go?" his hostess asked, as he held out his hand to take leave of her.

"Yes, I have an engagement to keep, good-bye."

"Good-bye," May said, coldly, ignoring his outstretched hand, and giving a sigh of relief as the door closed upon his retreating figure.

Then Mrs. Hallis carefully broke the news of Maurice's trouble. May received it bravely, surprising her friend by her composure. The stately gloom of the West End square increased the girl's depression, as she walked home in the December twilight. She walked quickly, glad of the exercise, and wishing that the distance was

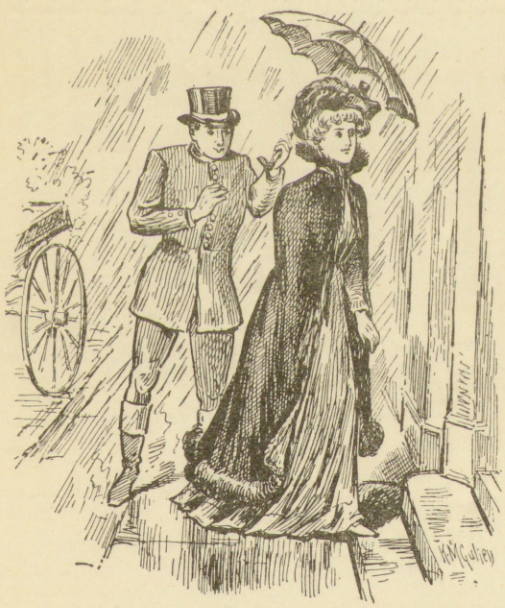
longer, for the aunt that lived with her as "chaperone" was talkative, and May wanted to think over the situation calmly. The man she loved was poor—he who had always been rich and was generous to a fault. Evidently before his misfortunes had come he had tried to do what she wished, and knowing him as well as she did, she felt confident that if he did love her he would never tell her while he was a poor man.

"If I only had the right to comfort him now," was the cry in her heart.

The wind soughed drearily through the leafless trees, seeming to murmur "to late, too late."

* * * * * * * *

It was New Year's Eve, and a wet night. Cabmen were plying a brisk trade, the rain dripping down from their shining hats on to their huge capes. A well appointed brougham stopped before a house in Cromwell Square, and a young lady alighted muffled in a fur trimmed cloak, her graceful fair head proudly carried and a look of determination in her beautiful eyes. The footman held an umbrella over her as she ascended



the stone steps. In another moment she was in the presence of Maurice Langbridge.

"Miss Astley—you?" he cried in astonishment.

"Yes," she faltered, holding out one little hand nervously.

The young man took it in his, wonderingly, looking at the pretty vision standing before him as if he were dreaming. They were in the library, a handsome room with panellings of dark oak and well-filled book-shelves. May sat down in a roomy arm chair and nerved herself for the coming ordeal. Maurice leant against the oak mantelpiece, his brown eyes fixed admiringly upon her face.

"It is good to see you again, but why have you come?" he asked her. "Are you in any trouble."

"*Yes* and *no*. I have no trouble of my own so I want some of other people's," she answered, not lifting her eyes to his.

"I don't understand."

"Oh, can't you guess!" she cried in sudden excitement, rising and walking the length of the room, the loose cloak falling back and displaying her white silk dress with its lace trimmings and the strings of pearls encircling her pretty throat.

Then she stood before him, the colour coming and going in her sweet face, her voice low and tender. "Maurice, I have come to ask you to take back my answer of a month ago."

Her golden head sank low until her face was hidden from his gaze.

His heart leapt with joy to know that she loved him, and had—woman-like—come to tell him because fortune had deserted him.

"I am not worthy," he told her gently, "and I am a poor man."

"I know, but that does not matter."

He held her to his heart for one brief moment and then pushed her gently from him. A tiny bunch of violets—her favourite flowers—fell from her bodice to the floor.

Stooping, he picked them up and held them. "What would your world say, May, your world and mine? I should be called 'a fortune hunter.'"

"What does the world matter if I have you and you have me?"

"Oh May, how can I send you away, my noble, generous girl?"

"Don't send me away. If you do I shall not go, Maurice. I shall go to your mother; she cares for me, if you don't."

"Indeed, she does, she adores you."

"And I want a mother so badly, Maurice."

How could he resist her?

"Did you know that I had joined the Temperance party? But of course you did, or you would not be here."

A glad light shone in her blue eyes.

"When I heard that, I knew you cared for me. Do you think I am wanting in modesty to come here like this," she asked almost tearfully.

"*Never*," he told her vehemently.

"Oh, May, I think you are a perfect darling, but——"

"You are too proud—that is what the 'but' means."

There was silence for a few minutes, which May broke.

"Pride is a sin, Maurice."

"But how could I take your money, dear?"

"I have more than I know what to do with. Auntie says I do foolish things because there is no one to advise me. You could help me so much in my schemes. Let the world go by and we shall live in one of our own, where there are no starving people, and above all, no drunkards."

"How dare I say 'No' to such a plea?" he said, his voice trembling with emotion as she nestled into his arms once more. He held her as if to defy the world to take her from him. Love had conquered pride.

Mrs. Hallis derived keen enjoyment from announcing the engagement to Mr. Paddock, wishing him at the same time "A Happy New Year."

Alcohol and Children.

"Alcohol should find no place in the dietary of a child; alcohol should find no place in the atmosphere, no place in the surroundings of the whole life and education of childhood. . . . Experience and science both, not only show that childhood needs no alcohol, and gets no good or help from alcohol, but, alas, it shows that childhood gets great harm from it. Not only is alcohol no help to a child physically, mentally, or morally, but abstinence from alcohol is a very important aid to the growth of a healthy man, both physically, mentally and morally. . . . If we would keep in view the rearing of a strong race, we must see that alcohol is put away from the children altogether."

"I wish," said the young man who is musically ambitious, "that there was a reliable recipe for making a pianist.

"Oh, there is," replied his friend, who never learned but one joke.

"What is it?"

"Why, first catch your air."

There is always a way to rise my boy,
Always a way to advance;
Yet the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance,
But goes through the stations of Work and Strife,
Through the valley of Persevere,
And the man that succeeds, while others fail,
Must be willing to pay most dear.

For there's always a way to fall, my boy,
Always a way to slide,
And the men you find at the foot of the hill.
All sought for an easy ride.
So on and up, though the road be rough,
And the storms come thick and fast;
There is room at the top for the man who tries,
And victory comes at last.

The bill-poster knows his place and there he sticks.

"Alcohol as a food is utterly and completely valueless."—Dr. R. M. Inman.

Never Too Old to Learn.

Socrates, at an extreme age, learned to play on musical instruments. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age. Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

"Drunkenness is the egg from which all vices are hatched."—*Seneca.*

"In America the statute book rests not on bayonets, but on the hearts of the people. A drunken people can never be the basis of free government."—*Phillips.*

Hodkinson: Splitter's automobile is something of a novelty, is it not? It seems to be made in two separate parts.

Perter: Oh! you must have seen it since he divided it with a lamp-post.

"Publicans seem to serve men to make unholy profits out of this horrid traffic."
—Justice Grantham.

Two Bad Things.

Shall I give you a parable? Once upon a time there was a man walking in the highway, and he fell. No doubt it was partly his own carelessness. He however, insisted that it was an accident. But the trouble was, that when he was down, he stayed there, and spent all his time in telling everybody who would listen how it happened. Some shook their heads doubtfully, and that made him angry. Some sympathised with him, and that made him sad. At last there came a simple man who asked: "How long have you been here?" It was ten, twelve, fifteen years or more. The simple man shook his head. "I am sorry, very sorry."

"Yes," said he who was down, "it is a terrible thing to tumble down." That may be, said the simple man, "but there's one thing a thousand times worse."

"What is that?"

"Why, not getting up again."—Mark Guy Pearse.

DRINK AND THE REVENUE.

"The excise is fattened with the rich results
Of all this riot. And ten thousand casks,
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas fingers of the State,
Bleed gold, for Ministers to sport away.
Drink to be mad, then, 'tis your country bids;
Gloriously drunk—obey the important call!
Her cause demands
The assistance of your throats;
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more."—
Cowper.

"One thing I like about her is she never gossips," said one woman.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Cayenne. "That doesn't indicate amiability. It merely shows she has no friends who will entrust her with a secret."

Ted: She said her age was twenty-two. What do you think of that?

Ned: I should call it an age of deception.

Synopsis:

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm. Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret —the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. Late on Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from making purchases in the village, she was startled at the farm gate by a small boy who darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil," asked to see the farmer, for which purpose he was taken into the great farm kitchen.

Chapter II.

The Prodigal's Return.

"A boy to see me, Jane?—Why, how scared you look, woman! Have you seen a ghost?"

"Maybe I have, sir," the servant answered with a lowering of the voice. "Must I send the boy in here? he's awful wet, sir."

"And you don't want the best carpet spoiled! All right, I'll penetrate the lower regions. You say the youngster is a stranger? Someone, I suppose, who has heard the old farmer is a fool, ready to be imposed upon by any concoction of lies. Ah well, better be blind to the deception than deaf to the real cry of distress. Dear me, Jane, what a sprightly old lady you are! I believe you could beat me in a race of fifty yards, and give me a dozen start."

With this ripple of light talk, the old farmer, preceded by Jane, made his way to the latter's quarters, and just as he reached the kitchen door the first notes of the fine old Christmas anthem, sung by a band of young people who intended to be early on the scene, and were bidding the "Christians, awake" long before the said Christians thought of sleeping, penetrated the walls of the farmhouse, and fell with a soft mellow tone on the old man's ear.

"They're beginning early, Jane," he remarked with a glance at the kitchen clock. Then his eyes fell on the quaint little figure by the fire. Stiff and prim, as though he were still afraid of the chair, the boy sat, his two small hands gripped tightly around a big cup, from the depths of which a faint cloud of steam was curling upwards. The fire was throwing from its great warm heart a red glow, against which the boy's dark head and pale face were clearly outlined. It is really only book or canvas faces that can look exquisitely beautiful under the most trying of conditions. Starvation and rags, cold and wet, are very detrimental to real flesh and blood beauty, still the farmer's eyes, which a close intercourse with nature had rendered artistic, were able to trace in the little face before him certain promises and possibilities. The features formed in the ruddy halo of firelight were small and well shaped, the head was set upon the shoulders with a sort of dignity and

grace very uncommon among the children of rustics, while the head itself, with its fine proportions and soft curly hair, was picturesque in the extreme.

"You want to see me, my little man?" the farmer asked; while the boy shuffled to his feet, his ragged cap falling from his knee on to a black rug, on which was inscribed in wonderful red letters, formed of the tiniest bits of cloth—"There's no place like home."

"If you're Mr. Amden, I've got a message for you," the little visitor exclaimed, his great eyes, beautiful under any conditions, on the drab gaiters that protected the farmer's legs.

"I'm Mr. Amden, sure enough, and shall be glad to hear the message."

The blue-grey eyes were lifted from the gaiters and thrown in the direction of Jane, with an expression there was no mistaking.

A merry twinkle shot into the old man's eyes, as he turned to his servant.

"The boy would see me alone," he said.

Jane glanced reproachfully at the young visitor she had taken in and fed, and he, reading the glance, tried to explain, or rather defend himself.

"It isn't my fault—it isn't on my word, ma'm. I'd tell you everything, only I was told to give my message to the farmer and nobody else."

"I'm sure I don't want your message," Jane retorted, with her nose in the air. "It hasn't anything to do with me."

With these words she departed, to await the developments which she felt sure would take place, in the passage outside.

"Well, now we are alone, what have you got to tell me?" asked the farmer.

The lad's face was thoughtful for a moment, while his lips moved as though he were trying to repeat to himself, before he ventured it aloud, some lesson.

During that pause, the words of the hymn now chanted by the distant singers stole softly into the little room—

> Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
> God and sinner reconciled.

"I was told to ask you if you would forgive your boy, who left you fifteen years ago; and will you have him back again, as he is very sorry that he ever left you."

Across the melody of distant voices, there arose a human cry, so intense in its fulness of heart-joy, that Jane, standing in the little dark passage, placed her hand over her eyes, as though a sudden ray of light had struck them.

"I knew something was coming," she muttered. "I saw it in the lad's eyes."

"You come from my boy? What do you know of him? Where is he?" the farmer was gasping all in a breath; and the young visitor felt himself lifted from his feet, up—up until his face was on a level with the old man's.

From that position he answered only the last query.

"Please, sir, he's outside in the fields—waiting."

"And I am inside, waiting, as I have been waiting for fifteen years."

Then the farmer laid his head against the lad's cheek, and broke into sobs.

He did not question the genuineness of this message come to him in so strange a fashion. He only realised that the moment had arrived, which he felt all along would arrive, when the prodigal, sickened of herding with swine, would creep back to his father's roof.

Placing the boy on his feet again, he took him by the hand, and together they went out into the wet night, to find the returned penitent; while Jane, only surmising what had happened, went back into the kitchen to stir the fire into a brighter glow, and relieve her pent up feeling by a "good cry."

After a while the two who had gone out into the night returned with—another; just as Jane, good, faithful, old soul, had anticipated. She heard their steps and the subdued manner of their voices as they passed into the best room the farm-house contained, used only on the most special of occasions.

"Truly the ways of the Lord are wonderful," she murmured; and then stirred the fire, and cried a little, and stirred the fire again. Presently she sat quite still to listen for the call she knew would come; for she had been in her master's service and confidence too long to be left outside on such an occasion as the present. So she smoothed her grey hair, arranged her cap, and straightened out her apron, so that she might be quite ready and presentable when the summons came.

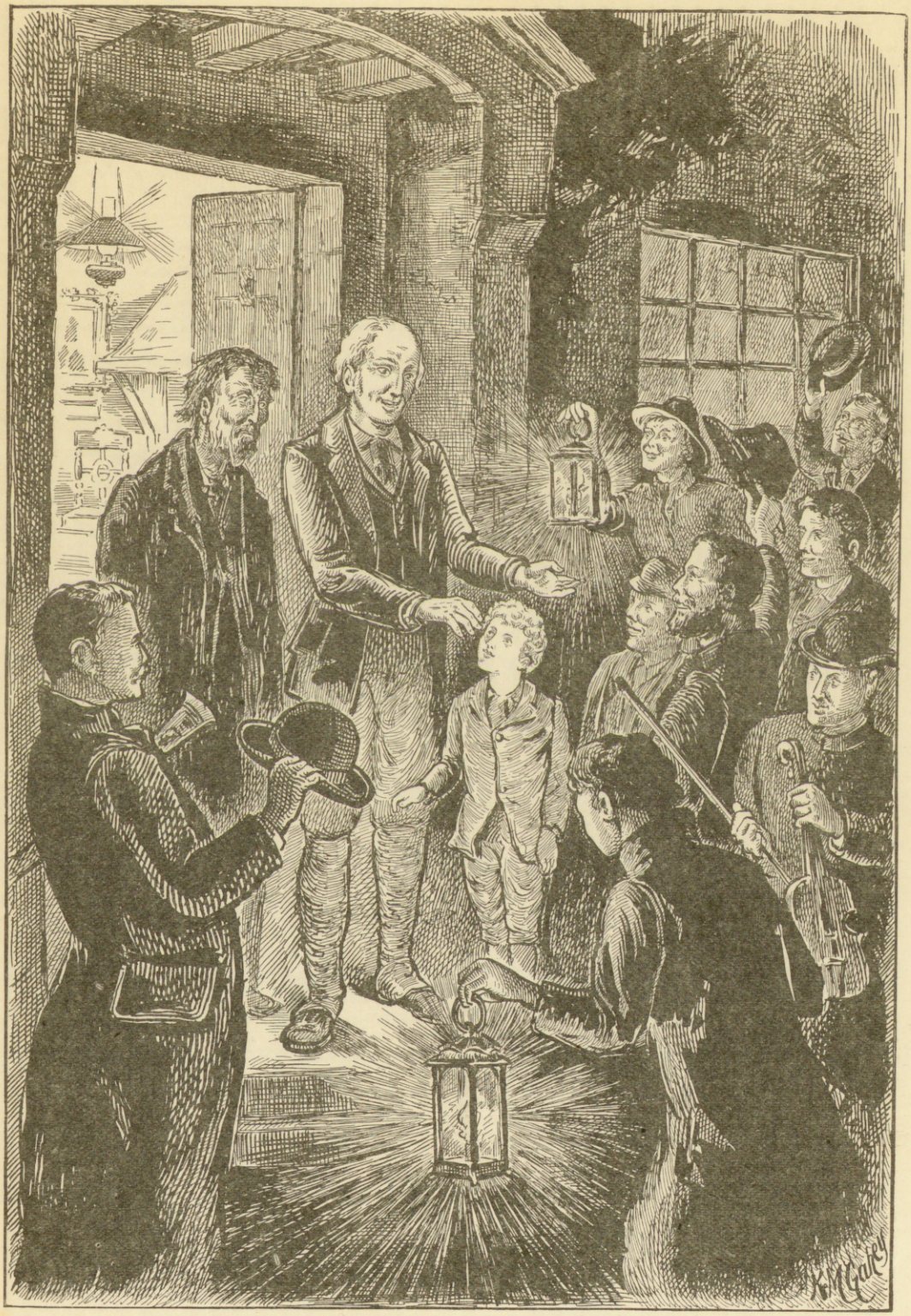
"Jane! Jane!! Such a wonderful thing has happened! My boy has come home! You shared in my sorrow when he went away, you must share in my rejoicings now he has returned!"

Although Jane was quite prepared for this announcement, she was not prepared for the change, the terrible change, that had taken place in her master's "boy" (as the old man still tenderly spoke of his only son). Fifteen years is a stretch of time big enough to leave a mark on all things human. But it was not time alone that had turned the strong-limbed, bright-eyed youth of fifteen years ago into an old, decrepit man—it was sin, and the suffering which is the shadow of sin. The prodigal had returned to pay, almost instantly, the "wages of sin."

But he had returned, and that was sufficient for the night. To-morrow the angel of death might summon the prodigal to his real Father, but to-night he belonged to the earth and those who loved him thereon.

And so there was rejoicing in the farm-house that night, and indeed in the whole village; for farmer Amden was beloved and respected, and the simple folks around participated in no small way in his troubles and joys. There were many, too, old enough to remember young Philip Amden, and to rejoice on his account that he had returned to his home. The news spread through the place like wildfire—just as quickly as the farmer wanted it to spread; he was so proud and glad.

It was the Christmas singers who first got the wonderful tidings. When, just as the clock was striking twelve, they gathered around the front entrance of the white farm, and were clearing their throats to begin their first song, the door



THE CHRISTMAS SINGERS FIRST GOT THE WONDERFUL TIDINGS.—*See page* 18.

was flung wide open, and the old farmer with his son on his right hand, and his grandson on his left, appeared on the threshold, and from that platform told the people what God had done for him that Christmas eve. And when the crowd beheld his fine old face, under its crown of silver hair, shining from the light within him, and heard the joyful tremble in his voice, they seemed to catch some of his gladness and enthusiasm, for they laughed and cheered, and when they sang, their very hearts seemed in their voices.

"It's just like a fairy tale," the leading tenor remarked to Jane, when a little later that good woman was handing round the coffee and cake.

"Nay," cried she, "it's like the good old story of the Prodigal from the Holy Book."

"Anyway, it's ended well, as we like all stories to end," another said.

Jane was cutting the cake at that moment, but she paused with the knife half-way through, and said thoughtfully:

"The story isn't ended yet. The prodigal has returned to his home—but what of the boy—what of his son?"

"Aye, what of his son?"

Night and day for weeks past, that question had been standing before the soul of the man who had squandered his life, and now at the end of it had nothing to leave the boy but a legacy of sin.

Fifteen years ago, Philip Amden, after almost ruining his father by his extravagant habits, had turned his back upon that father's home that he might have more freedom to go his own wild way; the way that had led to poverty, sin, disease, and death. The longing to be back with his father before this latter overtook him, had turned his steps homeward that Christmas eve; and while Jane was cutting the cake for the carol singers, he was pouring the story—the long, miserable story—of his downward career into his father's ears, was telling the simple old farmer, who had never travelled further than the village fair, of the wild fruitless seeking for pleasure in the giddy whirlpool of city life.

Saddest, and perhaps purest of that story, was the little chapter which dealt with his married life. He had wooed and won a good woman, and for a while, influenced by her purity and love, had tried to rise to her level; but the old temptations in new guises and places had assailed him, and his weak nature had gone under. Failing to drag down his wife to his own depths, and realising always the great distance which lay between them, he had at last deserted her, dragging with him into his miserable existence the one off-spring of their union, partly out of affection for the child, and partly out of spite against the mother, whose superiority to himself he realised and resented. When after two years of poverty and privation, amounting at times to absolute starvation, he returned to the place in which he had left his wife, to restore to her keeping the child he had so cruelly robbed her of, she had gone, leaving no trace behind her.

This was the story Philip Amden told to his father, while the Christmas bells rang out o'er a land sodden with long rains.

"If your wife were the good, true woman you thought her, it is not conceivable that she left the place with the purpose of avoiding you, knowing that you had her child too," the farmer exclaimed, when the long broken narrative had come to an end.

"She left to seek me," the son answered. "That was her avowed intention, and I am sure her only one. Had I been able to employ detective aid, I would probably have discovered her, but I was too poor."

"It may not be too late even now," the farmer remarked. "Did she know anything of your antecedents? She might make her way here if she is aware you have a father living in these parts."

"She knew that my father was the best, tenderest-hearted father in the whole world, but not where he lived—that I never told her."

"But perhaps you named my business—occupation?"

"Possibly."

"In that case she may trace me."

"You forget that she is without means, even had such an idea struck her. And if she has made the attempt, she will have given it up as hopeless by this time. Remember, father, it is six years since I left her—six long, weary years. No, father, I feel that I shall never see her again—but you may find her, after I am gone—and if you do, in my name ask her pardon for the great wrong I have done her. Promise me that you will—promise me, father?"

He stretched forth his hand, and the old man gripped it tight.

"I promise that all I can do shall be done. But you must not talk about going so soon. I have only just found you. You feel ill, no doubt, but under better conditions you will improve. All that medical skill can do shall be done. I am only a poor man, still I think——

The other held up his hand.

"Medical skill can do nothing for me—now."

"You must not say that, my boy—you are still a young man."

"Young! I, young? Why, father, I seem to have lived ages. I am old—far older than you, with all your years. No father, I have no youth in me, I threw it away—squandered it in folly and dissipation. The end has come—let me look the truth in the face. Do not grieve father; maybe my boy will be able to fill the place in your heart I know I have filled—unworthy as I am. I pray God, too, that he may live to make amends for all the loss and suffering I have brought upon you. You will look to my little lad, father—for my sake?"

"Aye, and for his own," the farmer answered, walking over to the couch on which the boy had fallen asleep, having placed his cap under his cheek, from sheer force of habit. "He is bonny enough," the old man continued, placing his hand on the boy's head, and running his fingers through the tangled curls.

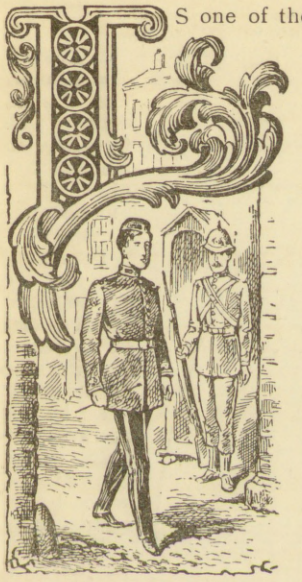
"Make your mind easy on that score, Philip—your little lad shall be all in all to me!"

(To be continued).

The Life of the British Soldier.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN HERO.

THE FIRST WALK OUT OF BARRACKS



IS one of the most momentous occasions in the young soldier's life. Generally he is right away from home, from all relatives, in a strange place and dependent entirely for the companionship of that walk upon one of his comrades. It makes all the difference to his future life if that chum be a sober or a drinking man.

I have known many young men who never tasted intoxicating drink until that first walk, when they were introduced into a public-house of the most questionable type, and then commenced a course which has cursed their whole life. Woe betide the recruit who chooses as his chum the drinking, seasoned Tommy who knows "life" as he calls it, and who, amid infamous surroundings (at which the recruit is first horrified, but to which he soon becomes familiar) persuades him that "a chap's not worth the name of a British soldier who cannot do his four quarts a night and walk straight past the guard after that." Even if this, the unfortunate lot of too many of our soldier lads, does not befal him, the recruit finds his first night out made memorable by the practical joking of the very roughest kind to which he is exposed, and which, partaking the nature of the "French bed," jocularly so called by his tormentors, makes him wonder which is worst, to be at the mercy of a raucous, sarcastic, testy drill sergeant, or the subject of the tender mercies of the barrack-room.

After about six months drill in the depôt, including ball firing, the recruit is drafted on to his regiment, if it be in England; if abroad, he generally has to serve a longer term at the depôt. When the soldier has joined his regiment and made so many marks in the annual course of musketry, he receives an advance of pay.

SOLDIERS ARE PAID AS FOLLOWS:—

If enlisted for seven years with the colours and five years on the reserve, 1s. per day; if for three years with the colours and nine years on the reserve, 8½d. per day; clothing, quarters, and rations free. Washing has to be paid for by the soldier at the rate of half-penny per day. In England, sergeants, corporals, and privates do the washing, which must not exceed one shirt, one pair of socks, and one towel per week for the above sum. Rations consist of ¾lb. of meat, 1lb. potatoes, 1lb. bread. Sometimes extras, such as eggs, butter, marmalade, jam, or bacon are provided for breakfast, and occasionally puddings for dinner. The bed is a straw pallet on an iron cot. Two suits of clothing are allowed a year, and two pairs of boots. The socks (three pairs) the recruit gets on joining have to last him his full term of service; if he wants more he must pay for them himself. The British Soldier is better paid now than ever; indeed, I wonder what would be said about the present rates of pay by Cobbett, who so thoroughly mastered English grammar while a private soldier, getting

A PENNY PER DAY.

He has left on record how he used to study whether to buy a penny herring for his breakfast, or whether to buy a penny's worth of foolscap for his studies.

Now Tommy Atkins has a fair amount of spending money; I don't say that he has too much, for if we want good soldiers we must give them good pay.

All soldiers are encouraged to open a

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT

in the regimental bank, and it is gratifying to know that many do so.

TOMMY GETS HIS BEER CHEAP.

In the canteens he can get the same quality of ale and beer for 3d. per quart that he would have to pay 6d. for in public-houses. In view of this and the facilities provided for drinking it, it is not hard to understand why there are so many drunkards amongst soldiers. Again, it is looked upon by so many soldiers as silly and childish to be

A BUN-WALLOPER (TEETOTALER).

I well remember once being brought up with a chum, charged with using obscene language when in drink. We turned the tables on our accuser by declaring he was the offender, when the major who told us off bade him (the corporal) to take no notice of it, as it was only

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' PRAYERS

to curse. I used to think so too, but thanks be to God I have learned different since. Some of the finest Christian praying men I have met have been soldiers.

When the recruit has joined his regiment, he feels more of a man. He drills with regiments and brigades, he sees more life, different things are expected of him than were in the depôt. He is trained for foreign or active service, and generally longs for it to come. Most soldiers like going abroad to see strange sights as they think, and they think right.

The man who has three years or longer at home is called

A FIRESIDE SOLDIER,

and has any amount of chaff to put up with. About 80 per cent. of the men of line battalions are sent abroad.

Men who are carpenters or mechanics are generally retained in the battalions serving at home as pioneers, and are well paid for their labour. There are also positions for tailors and shoemakers, who are put on the regimental staff. The young soldier is greatly

ENCOURAGED TO GO TO SCHOOL,

to qualify for promotion to corporal, sergeant, pay sergeant or sergeant-major. After one year's service, a man of good character is allowed one month's furlough, with full pay and sixpence a day in lieu of rations. Now a soldier of good character is allowed a pass to stay out of quarters until 12 o'clock every night when not for duty, and also a week end pass to visit his friends, almost as often as he desires.

There is

EVERY ENCOURAGEMENT FOR A MAN

to be steady and sober and good. In fact, a man who is not steady now has not the shadow of a chance of promotion or staff employment. I have known total abstainers to be employed to issue beer in the canteen because of their reliability and steadiness, though I strongly disapprove of the practice, and think it should be discontinued.

In all garrison towns there are

SOLDIERS' HOMES

where Tommy can spend his evenings, play billiards and various games, and purchase refreshments at very little cost. Ladies, or, as Paul would say, 'noble women,' are in charge of these homes. They are very kind to Tommy, and would be kinder if he would let them. There seems to be only one aim in life for them, and that is to teach soldiers and sailors to lead good lives. Sometimes very silly rough play takes place in the homes. Once I used to be in the thick of it, but yet I have

NOT FORGOTTEN THE GOOD LESSONS LEARNT IN THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

There is no name that quickens the pulse of the soldier, after that of our late Queen, so much as that of

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE,

the founder of Soldiers' Homes, and of so many institutions for his good.

I have known soldiers after marriage who have named their children after her, on account of her noble work, so faithfully and zealously continued by a band of devoted women.

After I was invalided from the war in South Africa and was in hospital in a large garrison town, three of these ladies from the Soldiers' Home used to come every week and bring flowers, writing paper, periodicals, and tracts to us. Every time they came this they asked:—"How can we reach the men to help them?" and that question seems to be the

SONG OF THEIR LIVES.

Good people are always asking that question, "How are we to reach the masses?" My answer is, "Do as the Saviour did, go to them, and let them see your peace on earth, and good-will to men."

(*To be continued*).

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BILLIE'S ONE IDEA.

BILLIE HOPKINS had lived eighteen years,
Though he hadn't much sense;
And it must be confessed, his ideas
Were as few as his pence.
Yet he wasn't an ill-natured lad,
Though devoid of ambition;
He was really more foolish than bad—
A most common condition.

Now it happened one night in October,
Billie got an idea;
Being perfectly sane, and quite sober,
It wasn't so queer,
That his brain, though not given to ponder,
For a moment was caught
By a something that struck him with wonder,
And allured him to thought.

A work-mate of Billie's—Jack Green—
Being fond of a ride,
Had purchased a cycling machine,
Which he viewed with great pride.
So he took it that October night,
For his work-mate's inspection,
And it was that most wonderful sight,
That caused Billie reflection.

"Who bought you the cycle—your mother?"
Billie asked with a stare;
"I bought it myself!" cried the other,
With his nose in the air.
Billie gasped; for he thought it most funny;
Then he slowly inquired,
"But how did you manage the money?—
Perhaps it is—hired?"

"It's my own," Jack replied, "Ain't it queer?
Don't it sound mighty funny?
But it won't seem so strange when you hear,
How I managed the money.
And it wasn't a difficult job,
Not a bit of it, Billie;
I had neither to starve, nor to rob,
Nor do anything silly.

"No, it wasn't by cunning or cheek
That I managed the bike;
For you know I get every week,
To spend as I like,
Just one shilling—it ain't a big sum,
But you see we are poor;
And perhaps when our better days come,
I shall have a bit more.

"As I say, it's a paltry amount,
In a single position,
But when saved every week, your account
Is in growing condition.
And in time, if all things go serene,
You will find with great joy
That your shillings are worth a machine;
That's what I found, my boy.

"Yes, that's how I managed the money;
And I think you will say,
There is nothing remarkably funny
In the method and way.
It is only a sum in addition,
A simple one, too,
That each youth who is in my position
Could easily do."

Thus, to poor Billie Hopkins, who listened
Amazed beyond measure,
Spoke Jack; while his honest eyes glistened
With pride and with pleasure.
Then bidding the other "good-night,"
He flew like the wind,
Away on his bicycle bright,
Leaving Billie behind.

Then Billie's idea came leaping,
In its brightness it broke
O'er his brain that so long had been sleeping
In a shadow of smoke—
All thrilling with promise the breaking,
That came with such speed,
Like the little gold sunbeam awaking
The life in the seed.

And what do you think was the thought
That struck Billie just then?
The sudden idea that caught
His poor wandering brain?
Only this—just that he, too, might save,
Like his work-mate, Jack Green,
A shilling a week, and then have
A fine cycling machine.

It is true he would have to forego—
Was he soldier enough?—
The weed, which delighted him so,
With its smoke, and its puff.
To leave off making wheels in the air
That so easily broke,
And were rather too fragile to bear,
Being cycles of smoke.

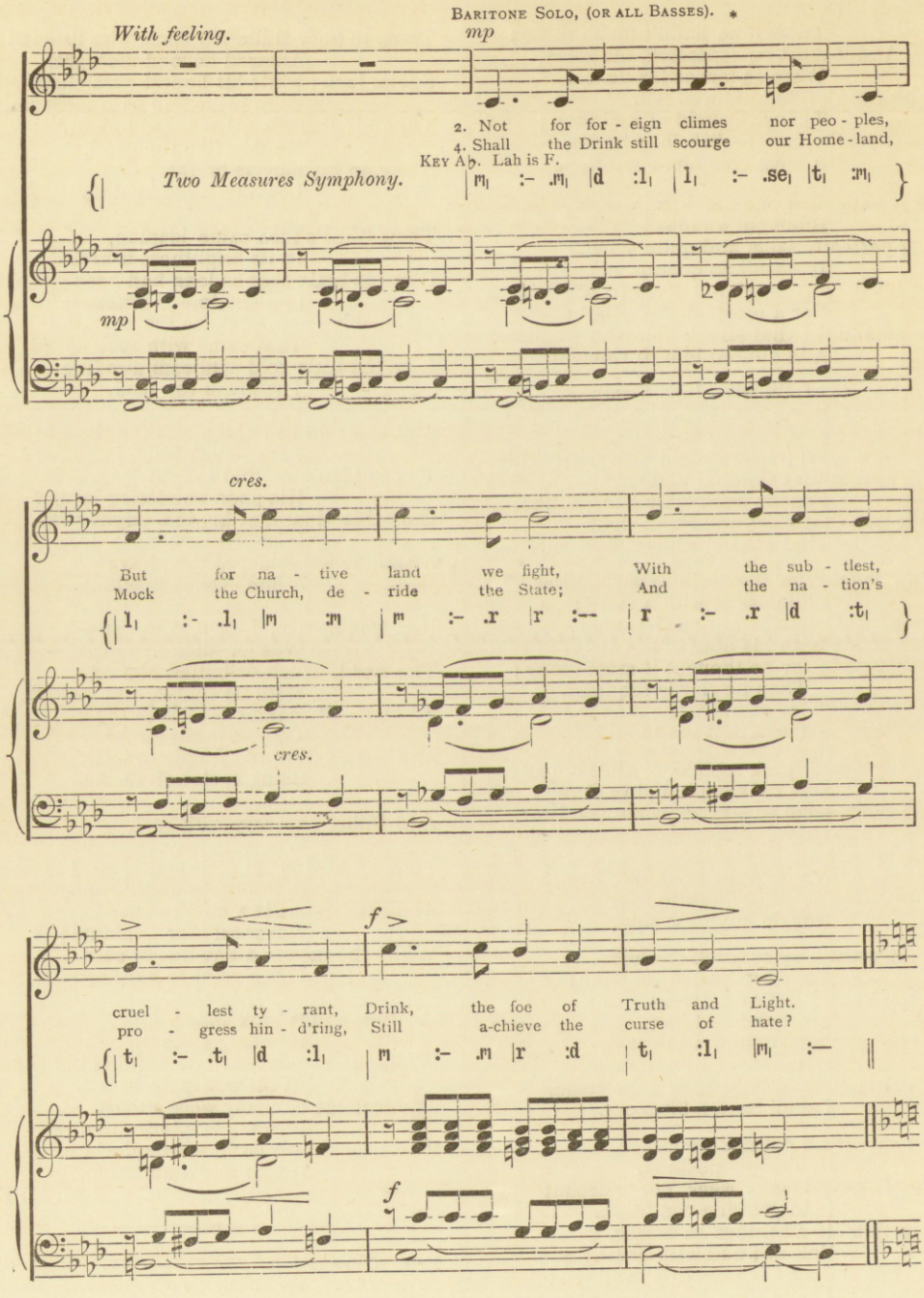
And Billie, now rosy with zeal,
Was not slow in deciding
That a wheel made of iron and steel
Is the best one for riding.
And that smoke is a flimsy concern,
Never safe for a minute;
While the money a boy has to earn
Is too good to put in it.

So Billie's idea took shape,
He clung so to it,
While his friends could do nothing but gape,
At his newly found wit.
The feelings of many were stirred
Into warm admiration,
While they were not few who declared
It was worth imitation.

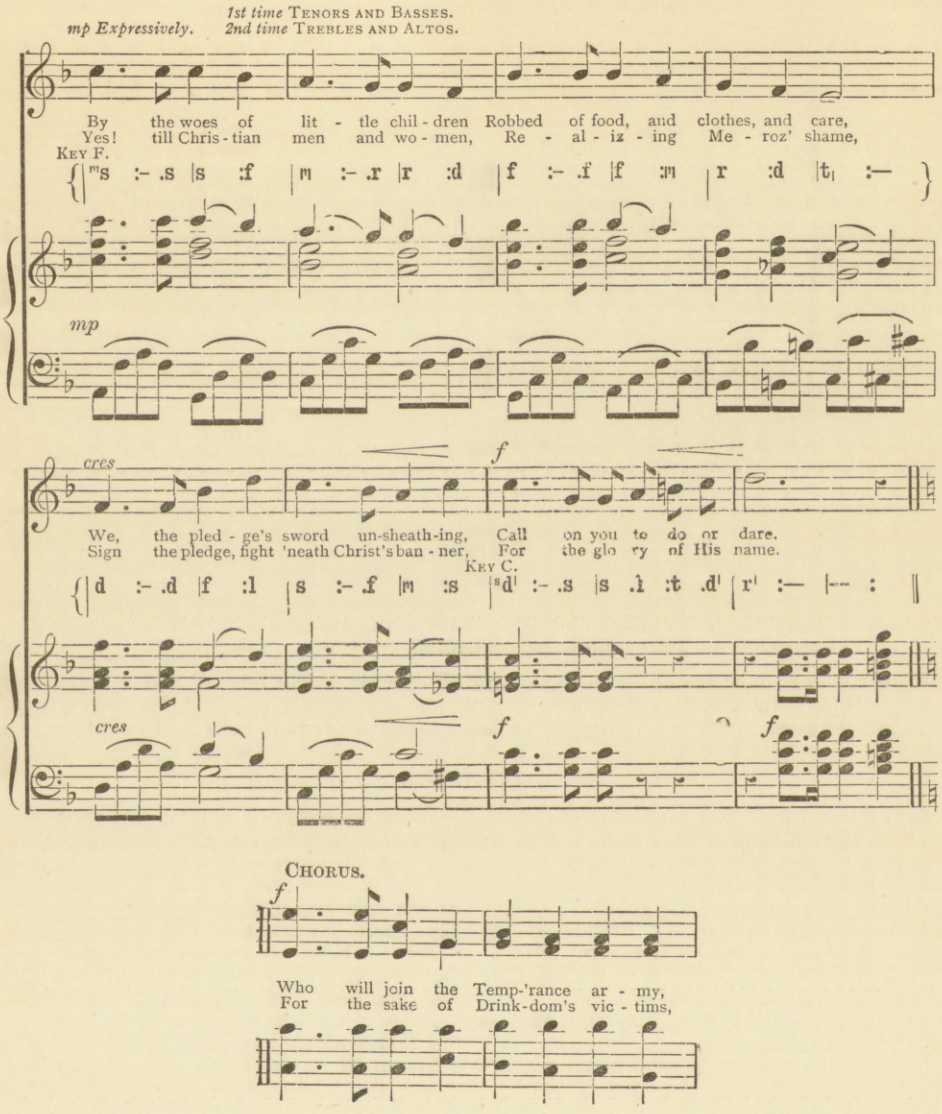
M. M. F.

The Folkestone magistrates, in a case before them on Jan. 16, decided that a gummed label attached to a corked vessel is not a seal within the meaning of the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors to Children's Act—a decision endorsed by other Benches on the same date.

BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT!—*continued.*



* This part may be taken by the Sopranos, or all Voices if preferred.



The foregoing are two other verses of the striking Temperance Battle Song by Percy E. Fletcher, the first part of which appeared in our January issue.

Full Score Copies of this Song (O.N. and Tonic Solfa), with Solo passages and full Accompaniment can be had from the Onward Publishing Office, 124 & 126, Portland Street, Manchester.

By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

Members —

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

Our Club has only four members, but they are all earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them. We are privileged to listen to some of their talks and to follow in their arguments.

ALCOHOL.

William: "I say, John, what was that you were saying about alcohol being a good thing? I have been thinking it over, and it seems to me that it just meets my case. Of course, it is the alcohol in my glass of beer that does me good."

John: "Not quite so fast, my friend. It is quite true that I said alcohol was a good thing; but it all depends upon where it is and what it is used for, as to whether it is good or not."

James: "I suppose it is like everything else—good in its proper place."

Robert: "But can things be good in one place, and bad in another? I should have thought a good thing was a good thing, and a bad thing was a bad thing, wherever it was."

John: "Look here, young man, we are not going to enter upon any long-winded argument about that. Fire is a good thing in the grate, but a very bad thing when it attacks the house. Water is a good thing in the stomach, but a very bad thing in the lungs. Gas is a good thing in the gas pipe, but a very bad thing in the rooms of a house; and, likewise, alcohol may be a good thing in the arts and sciences, but a very bad thing in a man's body."

James: "Well, we can all agree upon that point, and settle it once for all, that alcohol has its good qualities and its bad qualities, according to the uses to which it is put."

William: "Stop a bit; I don't quite agree to that. Let us be quite sure of our ground before we commit ourselves. Isn't it rather that alcohol is a good thing or a bad thing, according to the quantity that one uses? I think a little does good, but that a lot does harm."

John: "Now we are getting a little involved. Let us take one point at a time. It is a big question, and well worth our considering it fully."

Robert: "Right you are. Let us think of all the things alcohol is good for, and then having got them off, we can think of the things for which it is bad. I know some things it's good for, at any rate."

William: "Oh, of course, you youngsters are always jolly clever. What do you know about it?"

Robert: "I ought to know something about it. We use lots of it at our place in making methylated spirits and varnishes."

John: "Yes. There are hundreds of thousands of gallons of alcohol used every year in the spirit varnish trade and for other similar purposes."

James: "A very good thing, too. No one can object to alcohol for french polishing and varnishing. Then, of course, we use a lot of it in our laboratory for burning in spirit lamps. It gives a lot of heat without smoke, and so is very useful there."

Robert: "At our school we had a lot of things preserved in alcohol, so that is another use it has."

John: "That is one of its greatest uses. It has an antiseptic quality, and in our colleges and museums there are hundreds of thousands of specimens preserved in it. But this very quality is one of the things that renders it of bad service when we admit it within the body."

William: "Oh, indeed! Don't let us get on to that just yet. Let us learn all the good qualities of alcohol. I am intensely interested in hearing all that may be said in its favour."

James: "But what John has just said, reminds me of a saying I once heard, 'If you want to preserve a dead body, put it into alcohol; but, if you want to kill a living body, put alcohol into it.' What will preserve the dead body, is capable of killing the living one."

William: "That is all very fine, but I shall want proofs my boy, before I take in things of that sort."

John: "Don't let us get away from our point, there are many other uses that alcohol has. For instance, it does not freeze at ordinary temperatures, and is useful therefore in the making of thermometers. Besides that, although it preserves many things, yet it has the power of dissolving gums and resins, and thus becomes useful in making perfumes and tinctures. Many of these gums and resins, quite insoluble in water, readily dissolve in alcohol."

William: "I can contribute something to this discussion; now, don't laugh. I am not going to say anything about what I think are its uses in the body just yet. My time will come when you have all done; but is it not a fact that vinegar is produced from alcohol?"

John: "Certainly it is, and what is more, it would seem that acetic acid, which is the base of vinegar, is the natural outcome of the production of alcohol."

Robert: "Oh come, this is getting too jolly scientific for me. What do you mean by that, old fellow?"

John: "We can't expect boys to be able to grasp everything, but the point is this, that supposing sugar dissolved in water was exposed to the air, yeast germs would fall into it and change the sugar to alcohol; but if this alcoholic solution is allowed to stand, it will presently change to vinegar. That is to say, that presumably the formation of alcohol is only a stage in the natural production of vinegar."

James: "Very good; that is just the explanation we had at college a few weeks ago, and Dr. Browne explained that in the manufacture of wine and beer the processes were purposely stopped at the alcoholic stage, otherwise the whole mass would eventually become vinegar."

William: "Do you mean to say, then, that there is no real natural production of alcohol?"

John: "What I mean to say is, that although natural law turns sugar into alcohol, if let alone nature would go on with her work and proceed to change the alcohol that has been formed into vinegar, but man steps in at the alcoholic stage and stops the after processes, because he wants to obtain an alcoholic liquor."

William: "Well, I must say this is all new to me. I always thought that nature herself gave us alcohol as a part of her finished work."

James: "Well it seems that you are wrong, and that we can all live and learn."

William: "Well go on. Any other good qualities?"

John: "Oh yes, they are by no means exhausted."

Robert: "I have heard that ether is made from alcohol. We use lots of it at our place."

John: "Ether is a very valuable substance, and has many uses. In the manufactures it is largely used for producing intense cold in refrigerating and ice making, and in surgery it has many uses. As Robert says, it is a direct product from alcohol. First get alcohol, and then from it ether may be produced.

William: "It seems to me that alcohol is very wonderful stuff after all."

John: "You are quite right there. It has a still more wonderful use, and that is in the production of chloroform. What a marvellous agent that has been in the service of man, in the hand of the surgeon, enabling him to do all sorts of wonderful operations without the patient being sensible of it. Like ether, chloroform is the direct product of alcohol."

James: "I have heard of alcohol being called the devil in solution, but it seems to me that you are making it out to be an angel in disguise."

John: "Ah well, that brings us back to our old point: a devil in solution when admitted into the body; our very good friend when used in the arts and sciences. A good thing in its proper place, but as far as I can see, its proper place is always outside the body and never within."

William: "Well, I have learned a lot, but still, mind you, I am not convinced. I quite believe all you say about the good uses of alcohol, but I still think that it is not quite so bad as you make out, when we take just a little. Let's see, when do we meet again? I shall try to stagger you then."

Baiting a Grandmother.

By "Uncle Edward."

WELL, I've heard of bull-baiting in Spain, and have had my soul aroused within me by pictures of goaded and tortured quadrupeds, whose miserable existence was being drawn out to its utmost limits, and loaded with excruciating agony, for the sole purpose of providing "pleasure" for demoralised humanity; but "grandmother-baiting" I never heard of, even in "darkest Africa." Yet be it known that in Christian England it exists.

Proof, please! My own eyes have seen it, my own ears have heard it, and my own soul has mourned over it, and thus "I speak what I do know, and testify to what I have seen." Here is the grim story, *founded on fact.* Refined though the torture (beyond the reach of any Royal Society

for the Prevention of Cruelty), the hideous "game" is being played in a thousand homes in this favoured land, and no eye pities, and no arm is stretched out to give deliverance.

Scene, a *home* of the lower middle class; occupants—father, mother, "Jim and Charley," *and* grandmother. Father out at work all day, mother in charge (well-meaning, but hopelessly "easy" with the two matadors, "Jim and Charley"), grandmother *not* fond of children, but living with her married daughter, and "trying to be happy."

Total sum and substance of the position—"Jim and Charley" *in power*. How old did you say these matadors were? Ten and eight respectively. And able to rule the roost? Absolutely, unquestionably, and continually! We enter this dwelling—time, 7 a.m. Mother has been up an hour, the fire is lighted, the little boots are cleaned, the breakfast is laid, and a score of other details are attended to.

Grandmother quietly creeps downstairs, carrying a little heap of garments, and wearily greets her daughter.

"Good morning, my girl; they're not awake yet?"

"My girl," a tired-looking, anxious woman of not more than 30, holds up her finger.

"Hush, Gran., pray be careful."

Gran. looks towards the stairs with a face which betrays her inner feelings, and her voice drops into a whisper, "Shall I mend this hole in Jim's coat?"

"Yes, do, Gran.; they'll be another half hour yet if we're quiet."

Gran. takes the coat of one of the matadors, and looks for the weak spots, and traverses the seams for "rips" and "drags." Suddenly a voice is heard from above.

"Gran., bring my coat up!"

Gran.'s fingers hurry round the little garment as she replies, with a slight tremor in her voice, "It ain't done; you'll have to wait a few minutes."

"I *shan't* wait; I want it *now*," shouts Jim.

"Oh, he's getting out of bed," moans Gran., as a bump on the floor betokens a *decided* movement on his part. In a quarter of a minute, Jim bounds into the room in his night dress, and demands his coat. Gran. rises, holding the garment level with her chin, as she does so to keep it out of his way.

"Go back to your room, you naughty boy; you'll catch your death of cold."

"Give me my coat, then."

"No, you can *not* have your coat; it isn't mended yet."

Jim at once leaps up, snatches the coat in its unmended condition, and disappears upstairs in less time than it takes to tell about it. Gran. sighs, looks at her daughter, and says, resignedly, "Well, he must go in rags, that's all. Oh, whatever should I have felt if *you* or *your* brothers had done such a thing at Jim's age?"

The young mother replies, "He *is* a naughty boy, but it's no use talking to him; he doesn't seem to take a bit of notice of what I say."

Gran. walks across to the stairs, and listens. "I believe Charley's awake," she remarks; "now I shan't be able to put those buttons on his boot." Next moment Charley shouts, "Bring my boot!"

"Little boys should say 'please,'" replies Gran. in a firm voice; "say 'please,' and you shall have it when it's ready." She has the buttonless shoe in her hand, and a strong needle, and, with a slight tremor, she hastily tries to affix the most important button, for she knows by experience that Charley is an equally skilful matador to his elder brother, and to cross his will means a fierce conflict, to which she feels herself wholly unequal. But before the first thread has been drawn tight on the button shank, Charley (matador No. 2) flings the other boot down the stairs furiously, hitting the poor old dame sharply on the knuckles, and knocking boot and needle out of her hand. Gran. picks up the missile and the other boot at the same time, and, hastily gripping them together, she mounts the stairs, saying, "Oh, you good-for-nothing boy, you've nearly broke my finger, and your boot isn't ready. If I were your father, I'd give you a good thrashing; *that's* what would do you more good than anything."

Charley laughs a jeering laugh, and seizes the boots, dragging them on whilst Jim dons his unmended coat. Gran. creeps downstairs again, and, after various warnings of an impending storm ominously sounding from the bedroom, Jim and Charley arrive together on the scene, both looking angry and unhappy (N.B., *all* spoilt children are bound to be miserable). The first sight of Gran. arouses their spleen, for Gran. is the *bete noir* of them both—they would "bait" *any* grandmother—so, although she cannot be regarded as a typical "doting grandma," she is not wholly at fault.

"Gran.," shouts Charley, "why isn't the breakfast ready?"

The old lady looks down at his buttonless boot, and answers, "It would have been ready, you troublesome child, if I hadn't spent so long searching for cotton to sew your shoe buttons on with, searching that need never have had to be done if you hadn't turned the drawer inside out, and mixed all the things up, and shoe buttons which are on the shelf instead of on your boot, through your naughty, spoilt ways."

After this long sentence she looks straight at him, and pauses for breath; but Charley gives no answer except "Yah." Gran. glances at her daughter and sighs, and remarks, "*Another* day of misery." Next instant, Charley and Jim are engaged in a fierce struggle as to who is to have the corner seat by the fire. Gran. gives vent to sundry ejaculations, in which the youthful combatants' mother meekly joins.

"Oh, *do* stop, Jim! Charley, *pray* don't be so rough; you'll *hurt* each other. Oh, what *spiteful* ways; *do* stop, there's good boys."

Gran. sits down on a chair, and groans audibly. "There never *was* two such boys," she moans, doing scant justice to grammatical accuracy. The matadors fight it out, and Jim turns to his Gran.

"Get my breakfast." Gran rises, whispering the words, "If he were *my* boy, I'd put him on dry bread for a day or two; *that* would make him put his thinking cap on."

"Mind, Gran., don't upset him," quietly puts in the distracted mother. Gran. has no time to reply before a piece of coal bigger than a marble flies across the room, hitting her face with a sharp clink. "That was *you*, Charley; I know it was," she gasped. "That's *twice* you've struck me this morning; you boys will come to the gallows before you've done, you will *indeed*."

Charley plays a tum-tum-tum on the fender with his feet, and gives a jeering remark. "You're not taught respect to the aged," she mournfully remarks. "It's the spirit of the times, I suppose." Pulling herself together, she arouses herself from her troubled train of thought, and begins to lay the cloth, while the anxious mother, who sees the usual daily storm brewing, looks nervous and helpless. Jim suddenly makes a dash for the cat, seizing it by the tail, and pulls the cloth off, with two porridge plates, one of which, to my personal knowledge, *continue* to be made, day in and day out, and week in and week out, not only during "the first quarter of an hour," but during *all* hours when the young Bluebeards are about.

"Spoilt children," there's the secret; *now*, the cat is out of the bag. What is the remedy? Beating? No! Arguing? No! Preaching to? No? Preaching *at*? No! Loving? Yes! "Oh, but," shouts every mother and every Gran. in unison, "We *all* do that." Ah, but *how*? We all may have heard of the poor drunkard, whose wife was advised to try and reform him by "heaping coals of fire on his head," which advice the long-suffering wife rejected scornfully, with—"Bless yer, coals wouldn't be no use; I've tried bilin' water, and it didn't do 'im a bit o' good!"

The only way to *love* a child *properly* is to bring

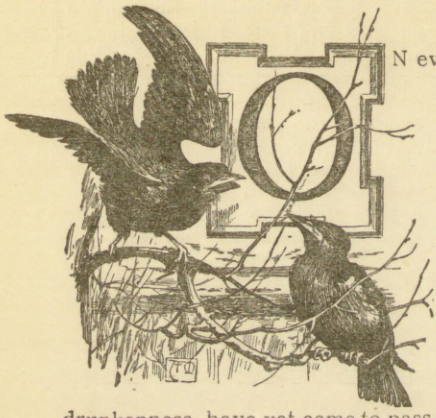
"ARE YOU FRIENDS?"

which is immediately smashed to atoms. The two young matadors grin with an air of superiority at poor old Gran., and Jim vouchsafes the remark, "A good job, too. *Who* wants porridge? that's pigs' food."

"Ah," almost fiercely wails the disconsolate Gran., "the day will come when you'll want it, and won't be able to get it." Which remark is met by an unnatural laugh, a weird elf-like grin, accompanied by guttural sarcasm from both "baiters."

Now, gentle reader, this is the first quarter of an hour of one day of this "family life." It is not overdrawn, it is *underdrawn*; for I have been especially careful in avoiding reference to several sentences which these little *Sunday School boys* addressed to their much-to-be-pitied Gran., and its will absolutely into subjection to yours before it gets out of its *first* year of life. Heap affection on it, don't limit either the love, *or the showing of it*; but, in the smallest and most insignificant detail, let it see from the very first that you are *head*. It is marvellous how soon a child, however strong-willed, learns the lesson, and henceforth your incessant labour for the welfare of your offspring will be rewarded by the devotion of a loving child, who will respect you ten times more than if you weakly yielded to its "little ways" until it became a perfect nuisance to itself and everybody else. A firm, loving, unbending will, exercised by "dear mother," will once and for ever knock on the head the too-frequent "game" of this degenerate age, to which I have drawn your thoughts, viz., "Baiting a Grandmother."

The Children's Act in Operation.



ON every hand the "Children's Act," now a month old, seems to be fairly well observed. None of the fearful results prophesied, of riotous parents determined to defy the law, of greater drunkenness, have yet come to pass.

True, the Act in operation is not as stringent as the Bill on which it was founded had proposed. The latter sought to prevent the child from entering licensed premises. The Act permits the child to go to the public-house, but aims at preventing it from getting at the liquor purchased, hence it has been facetiously described as "The Full Measure to Parents' Act."

In some towns, as for example, Liverpool, Chester, and many others, the Trade has shown itself better than the Legislature, and definitely refused to serve children under fourteen years of age with intoxicating liquors, whether for their own or others' consumption. In many instances, however, the service to children continues, a gummed label being fastened after the manner of a seal over the cork of, and to the neck of, the bottle.

Whether such service, "very troublesome," as the Trade declares it to be, is in accordance with the requirements of the New Act, is a moot point, which one or other of the threatened Test cases will make clear, opinion being about evenly divided for and against.

Already a few convictions have taken place under the Act, most of them—so far as we are aware—being convictions of senders of children for drink, the publicans having refused to serve. In one of these cases, at Bournemouth, a parent sent a young child with a corked bottle, which the licensee refused to fill. The Bench, before whom the case was brought, held such sending to be an infringement and penalised the sender.

It is quite evident that many magistrates are reading into the Act great stringency; and are determined to make it as effective as possible in stopping the sale of drink to children, whether as messengers or otherwise. This is not always the case, and there are not wanting indications that some justices have the ridiculous views, so unworthy of a Cabinet Minister (even though that Minister be Chancellor of the Exchequer), recently expressed by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, at Bristol, when he told an admiring audience of Licensed Victuallers, that he as "a boy of fourteen, frequently got liquor from a certain public-house near Eton, and that he was satisfied that children fetching drink from such places would not be harmed thereby," and this from a public man, member of the same Government whose Head, antagonist as he is of the Temperance party, yet described the public-house as a "centre of contamination."

Friends desirous that the Children's Act shall be fruitful of the greatest good must watch more keenly in a few months' time, when, but for such watchfulness, laxity in the administration of the law is almost sure to creep in.

A KING'S ACT.

It is said of Charles XII. of Sweden, that he one day drank too much wine, and while under its influence he said or did something very disrespectful to his mother. She showed her displeasure by rising and leaving the room. The king knew that he had displeased her, and when the effects of the wine had passed over and he was himself again, a courtly gentleman, he realised what he had done and felt ashamed of himself; ashamed and humiliated to think that he should forget himself and show want of respect for the mother whom he sincerely loved, and to whom he had been taught he should show the greatest respect, for in every way she was worthy of it. He then did what everybody should do who is in the wrong. He went to his mother and made an apology and asked her to forgive him for the ugly thing he had done. His mother forgave him and sealed her forgiveness with a kiss. But even that could not make him feel at ease after conduct so unbecoming to a king. He asked his mother to listen to his vow: Lifting his hand to heaven he promised that, God being witness, he would never again taste anything that could so make him give way to acts that it would cause him such pain to remember.

Given by an Angel.

By Naomi Bent,
Author of "Dora's Letter," &c., &c.

THE roses were playing and laughing together on the south wall.

The sunflowers stood in stately silence, and the dear little daisies and violets whispered together in the orchard.

Then little Annie came walking there; she had a beautiful doll in her arms, but she was not taking much notice of it just then, and by the quiet, sorrowful look on her face the little birdies who sat about in the trees and bushes knew that she was lonely.

"What shall we do to make her happy again?" they asked each other.

Then, as she sat down on the moss-covered trunk of an old tree in the orchard, they all together sang, "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!";

but Annie did not notice them, for she was so busy thinking of her own troubles that she neither saw nor heard the sights and sounds around.

"Oh, if I only had a little sister or brother to play with me I should be happy," she said to herself.

Annie was the only child, and she was often very tired of playing alone, and this afternoon everyone seemed too busy to play with her. Nurse was cross and said she could not waste her time, and mother was lying down with a headache.

So Annie was all alone, and as she sat on the garden seat she began to think how delightful it would be if God would send her a little baby brother.

"Mother says that He will give us anything we ask for if it is good for us," she said to herself. Then she wondered if a baby brother would be good for her, and then she knelt down beside the mossy seat, and, covering up her face, she whispered her prayer that she might have a baby brother or sister.

After that she felt happier and more contented, and forgot all about herself in watching the pink roses as they played a game of hide and seek with the green leaves.

And when the birdies saw the little girl looking happy and pleased they decided that it would be nice to give a concert, for they thought that in listening to their songs she would perhaps forget that she was lonely. So they all began to whistle their beautiful melodies, sometimes only one of them would sing and all the others would listen, then, when the song was finished, all the birds would sing a piece together, and if all was still for a moment the wind would begin to rustle around and beg of the birdies to sing again.

Then the birdies would sing a merry song, and the flowers and leaves would dance to the tune, and, as Annie listened and watched, she gradually grew tired and sleepy, and by-and-by she was lying on the grass with her head on the seat and was fast asleep.

As she slept she had a most beautiful dream. She dreamed that she sat on the garden seat crying because she was so lonely, and as she cried all at once she heard a sweet gentle voice saying softly:

"Why do you cry, my little one?"

Looking up, she saw a lovely white angel with a calm, kind face, and long white robes.

Just at first she was almost afraid to speak, then she saw how gentle and kind the angel looked, and found courage to say, "I am so lonely."

"So lonely are you, dear! That is sad; but I am the angel Giveall, and if you will tell me what would make you less lonely, I will try to help you."

"Oh, if you would give me a little baby brother, I should be so glad!" exclaimed Annie.

"Come with me, and you shall choose one," said the angel; and in a moment she had taken the little girl in her arms, and was flying, flying, flying up towards the bright, blue sky.

Annie was not afraid, for she loved the dear white angel, and we are not afraid when we love. Presently they came to a deep golden-red cloud, for the sun was setting, and they had flown towards the west.

When they came into the cloud, the angel put Annie by her side, and holding her hand, said: "Look and choose, dear."

Annie looked, and saw that the cloud was a beautiful garden, and all amongst the flowers and bushes thousands of tiny pink-limbed babies lay cooing and smiling. They passed in silence through the garden, and now that she had so many to choose from, Annie did not know which to take.

At last she chose a dear little round-faced baby boy, and she would have taken it in her arms, but the angel said:

"No, do not touch it. Let me take you home again, and the angel Greatpain will carry baby."

Then they flew back to the orchard, and the angel left the little girl lying on the mossy seat.

Then Annie woke, and felt so sorry that it had only been a dream! She slowly rose from the ground, and, as she turned towards the house, she saw nurse coming smiling towards her.

"Come in, dear, and be very good; then I will tell you what some good angel has brought for you," said nurse.

"Oh, I know!" said Annie; and then she told nurse about her dream, and nurse said that the dream had come true, for in mother's bedroom was a lovely baby brother. So Annie was never lonely again, now that she had a baby brother to love.

A Scotch Drunkard:

AND HOW HE WAS REFORMED.

A True Story.

IN Aberdeenshire the tale is told of a confirmed drunkard, a Mr. S——, the squire of ——, who once drank to such excess that he fell into a stupor, in which he continued for many hours without any visible signs of life, and was thought to be dead. He was accordingly laid out, a carpenter being sent for to measure the body for a coffin, and the funeral cakes (called burying bread) ordered. An old woman who watched by the corpse had fallen asleep, but was awakened by a noise resembling sneezing. She jumped up and saw the Laird moving one of his hands. Her fright and astonishment may be imagined. Rushing out of the room she alarmed the whole family. The doctor who had been called in was still in the house, and found the dead man come to life again. Restoratives were administered, and he was put into a warm bed, where he slept off the effects of intemperance. He was so horrified upon being told that he had escaped from being buried alive that he made a resolution to keep sober in future.

Seven years after he met the baker of the county town who had sent him the funeral cakes. This man being a wit said to the squire:—

"Squire, you have, I dare say, seen in your time many an unco thing, but saw you ever afore an account of your 'burying bread' due seven years and no paid for yet?" And at the same time he thrust the bill into his hand.

What Mark Twain says:—"As far as my experience goes, wine is a clog to the pen, not an inspiration. I have never seen the time when I could write to my satisfaction after drinking even one glass of wine."

• • • •

Some people are very fond of saying that we total abstainers are wrong to condemn the use of alcohol as we do, "because," they say, "everything is good for something." And they are right in so saying, but we are right also. For alcohol is good and useful in its own proper place, but that proper place is not on our tables as a beverage. It is very useful to put in a thermometer to register the degrees of heat and cold. It is useful to preserve specimens, whether animal or vegetable, such as you see often in museums. It is useful to burn in a lamp. It is useful to dissolve gums and hard substances, which would resist the action of water. It is useful for making varnishes, perfumes and tinctures. But it is not useful to drink.

• • • •

Kind thoughts are wings which bear us on to kinder deeds.

• • • •

Keep your head cool, your heart warm, conscience pure; these are life's riches.

• • • •

MISTRESS: Mary! Mary! I've just broken my hand-glass. You know how unlucky it is—seven years' unhappiness.

MAID: Oh, that's nothin', ma'am; 'ow about me? I've just smashed the large glass in the drawing-room!

• • • •

WIGGS; Just think of the wealth of that multi-millionaire! It would take an ordinary man two thousand five hundred years to earn that much.

WAGGS: Nonsense! Before he was two hundred years old he'd be commanding one thousand dollars a week in a peep-show.

• • • •

As well add wood to fire to extinguish fire, as to drink alcohol to quench thirst.

MOTHER: Johnny, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here you sit in bed, while the sun has been up for hours.

JOHNNY: Yes, but the sun is warm, while I am always cold when I get up. There are different kinds of sons, and you've got them mixed up.

• • • •

One of the best Greek scholars in New York city is a guard on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railway. Not long ago a famous professor in one of our leading universities published a volume on certain features of the ancient Grecian dialects, of interest only to scholars. The "L" guard referred to wrote to a newspaper, pointing out several errors made by the professor in his book, aud signed himself by his road and number. After a month's search a correspondent found the man. "How does it happen," he said, showing his card, "that you, a Greek scholar of first rank, should be doing such work as this?" He looked at the correspondent sadly, and his red face flushed more than usual. "I was the best Hellenist of my year at Dublin," he replied. "My Greek is still what it used to be, but my career has been ruined by—whisky!"

• • • •

WILLIAMS: Have you bought that dog to keep the burglars away?

POODLESBY: Yes.

WILLIAMS: Then you're not troubled any more at nights, I suppose?

POODLESBY: Only by the dog.

• • • •

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

Sir Walter Scott.

• • • •

True Worth.

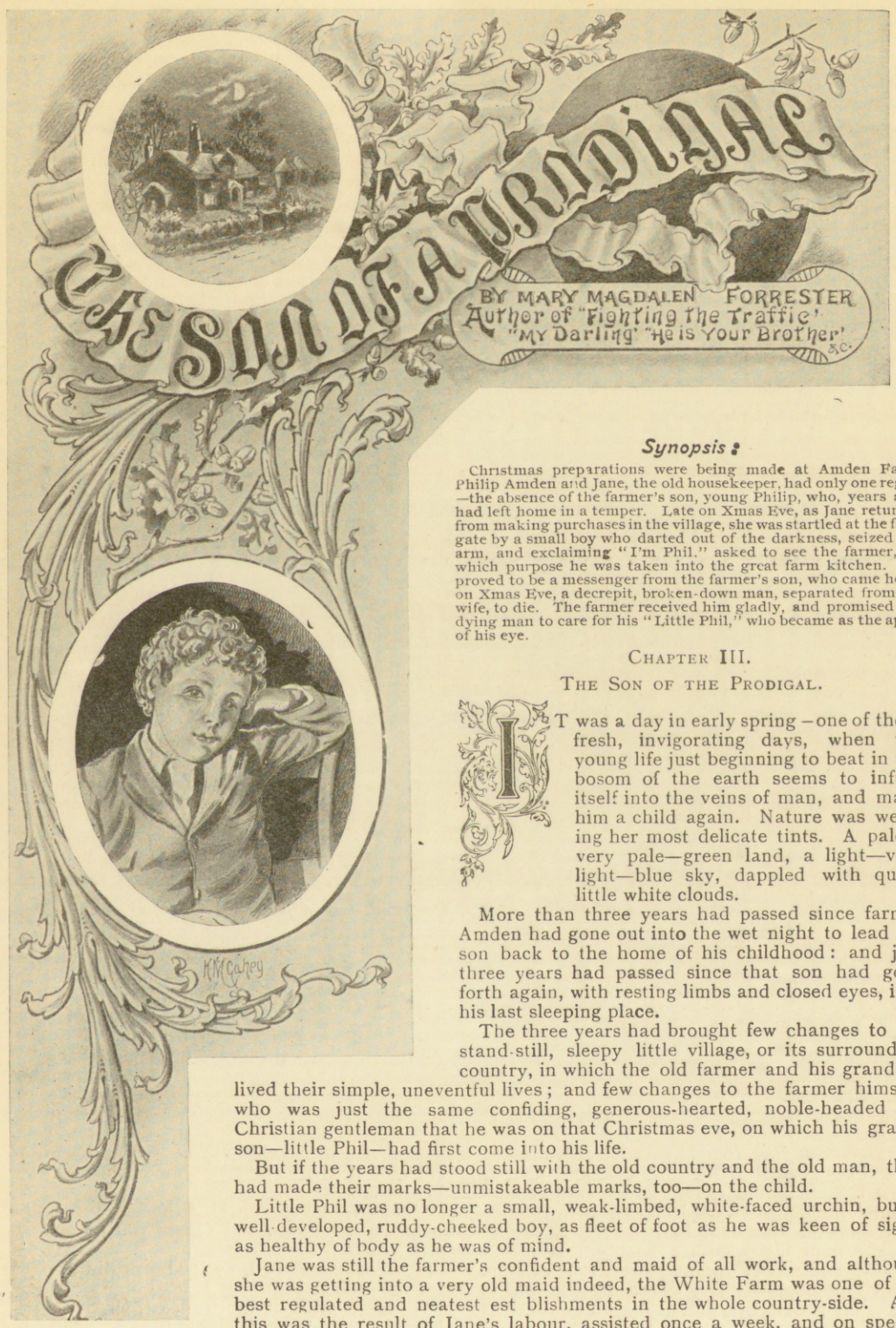
True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure—
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

Alice Cary.

• • • •

Alcohol is a dangerous and tricky spirit. . . Moderation oils the hinges of the gate leading to excess.—*G. H. Lewis.*



Synopsis:

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm. Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret—the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. Late on Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from making purchases in the village, she was startled at the farm gate by a small boy who darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil," asked to see the farmer, for which purpose he was taken into the great farm kitchen. He proved to be a messenger from the farmer's son, who came home on Xmas Eve, a decrepit, broken-down man, separated from his wife, to die. The farmer received him gladly, and promised the dying man to care for his "Little Phil," who became as the apple of his eye.

Chapter III.

The Son of the Prodigal.

IT was a day in early spring—one of those fresh, invigorating days, when the young life just beginning to beat in the bosom of the earth seems to infuse itself into the veins of man, and make him a child again. Nature was wearing her most delicate tints. A pale—very pale—green land, a light—very light—blue sky, dappled with queer little white clouds.

More than three years had passed since farmer Amden had gone out into the wet night to lead his son back to the home of his childhood: and just three years had passed since that son had gone forth again, with resting limbs and closed eyes, into his last sleeping place.

The three years had brought few changes to the stand-still, sleepy little village, or its surrounding country, in which the old farmer and his grandson lived their simple, uneventful lives; and few changes to the farmer himself, who was just the same confiding, generous-hearted, noble-headed old Christian gentleman that he was on that Christmas eve, on which his grandson—little Phil—had first come into his life.

But if the years had stood still with the old country and the old man, they had made their marks—unmistakeable marks, too—on the child.

Little Phil was no longer a small, weak-limbed, white-faced urchin, but a well-developed, ruddy-cheeked boy, as fleet of foot as he was keen of sight, as healthy of body as he was of mind.

Jane was still the farmer's confident and maid of all work, and although she was getting into a very old maid indeed, the White Farm was one of the best regulated and neatest est blishments in the whole country-side. And this was the result of Jane's labour, assisted once a week, and on special occasions, by a girl from the village.

Farmer Amden, faithful to the promise he had given his son, had made an effort to find the

mother of the boy. But the effort was not, perhaps, as great or continued as it would have been had his heart been in it. Having a large amount of human nature bubbling over in his composition, he could not but hope—although he was really ashamed of this feeling—that the mother, who would have a greater claim on little Phil than he had, would never be found. He was afraid that she might assert that claim; and he had grown so passionately fond of the boy that the mere thought of losing him was in itself an agony. So the mother was still undiscovered, and every day that passed seemed to lessen the chances of her turning up. The fear of having to resign into the hands of another the young life that had become so precious to him was now too feeble to trouble the old man much, and life flowed smoothly and happily away, both for him and the other inmates of the White Farm.

On that particular day in spring, when the pulsation of life was so strong and full in the green breast of the earth, the farmer was unusually light of heart. Standing at the gate of his farm, with the sharp, clear light vividly displaying every object around, and bathing in radiance the wide green fields before the undulating sweep of land that stretched out, and out, until it seemed to merge into the blue of the sky, the old man felt that life was sometimes worth living, even after one has passed the allotted span. Every yard of land around the house aroused him to keen interest and concern, and had, in his eyes, a deeper quality than mere surface beauty. It meant money, and money meant power, not for him, but for the boy—the boy, whose life was still in the future; a glorious gift, unshaped as yet, that would require all the care, influence, and money he, the old man, could obtain for it. He was ambitious to give that life a place in the world, where it could expand to full beauty and nobility.

"If this fine weather continues, we shall soon have the trees in blossom," he remarked to Jane who had just left her own work in the house to assist a boy to wash the milk-pails in the yard.

"Yes, sir; it's a real fine day," the old servant replied, with her head half-way down a tub.

"A most promising day," the farmer continued, with his mind still fixed on the future. "There's every sign of a good summer."

"If the season is good, you will be requiring a lot of out-door workers," Jane ventured, with a little smile hovering at the corners of her mouth. She was almost as interested in her master's fortunes as he was himself.

"That I will, Jane; and another in-door one as well."

Jane's silver head went up straight and erect, while a slight spot of red showed in her cheeks.

"Isn't the inside work done to your liking, sir?" she asked, with a little tremour in her voice.

"The inside work is done beautifully, perfectly, I might say; but it is getting too much for one pair of hands."

"You mean the hands that do it now are getting too old," Jane answered, with a sigh, and a covert glance at her wrinkled fingers, that had done such good service in their time.

"I mean nothing of the sort. I would feel inclined to knock down the man who dared to insinuate that you, you, Jane, were growing old." This was said with a smile, but it won no response for once from the old servant.

FULL OF LIFE AND ANIMATION.

"You see," he continued, "the boy turns the house up-side-down, and causes you no end of extra labour."

Jane's face softened, as it always did at the mention of little Phil.

"I don't mind it in the least, sir," she exclaimed. "Perhaps I really like it. But, of course, it wouldn't do to tell the boy so."

"I'm afraid not. I'm thinking if we did, there wouldn't be much house left after a time. Phil has quite a talent for pulling things down.—Ah!

here the little fellow comes, in such a state of excitement, too.—Bless the boy ; what ails him ? He's fairly flying ! "

Jane shaded her eyes to watch the graceful little figure, skimming like a bird across the fields.

" He's got something to tell us," she said.

" And something very important, in his estimation, anyway," the farmer added.

But when Phil reached the farm-yard gate he was too much out of breath to instantly unburden his mind of its load of interesting intelligence. After some spluttering and gasping, he did succeed in bringing his grandfather to understand that old Mr. Simpson, the undertaker, had invited him, Phil, to go with him in his cart, the following evening, to K——, a small market town, some ten or twelve miles distant, and that he, Phil, had promised he would, if his grandfather would consent.

" We're going to take milk, and cake, and have such fun ! " Phil gasped, his face bright with excitement and anticipation.

The old farmer leaned his arms upon the gate, and looked down at his grandson with twinkling eyes.

" An undertaker's cart is quite a new sort of conveyance to go pleasuring in, isn't it ? " he asked.

" But there won't be anything in it, but a coffin," Phil replied.

Jane almost fell head-first into one of the milk-pails. With an effort, she steadied herself, and turned on the boy, with something like horror in her eyes.

" Lor ! Master Phil, you don't want to go picnicking with a coffin, do you ? " she exclaimed, while her master's laugh rang out across the fresh green fields, with something almost boyish in its gladness.

" There's old farmer Amden laughing just like a big schoolboy," remarked the village butcher, who, some distance away, was having a little chat with the baker.

" Yis, he's talking to the young 'un, I suppose. Lor, how he does love that boy ! "

" Aye, and feeds him like a young lion."

" Yis, the little 'un can eat, and no mistake. You should see the difference in the farmer's bread bill since the boy came to these quarters. He'll cost the old man a pretty penny before he's finished with him."

" That he will. And what will the farmer get in return ? Ingratitude, nothing else. Depend upon it, the boy will take the old man in. He's too much like his father is young Phil to turn out steady. You mark my words, the old fellow will have trouble with the boy before he's done with him."

" I hope not ! I hope not ! " the baker ejaculated, as he bustled away.

Meanwhile the farmer was listening to Phil's rather disjointed account of the wonderful things Mr. Simpson had arranged for the benefit of the young people who would be fortunate enough to accompany him on the following day.

" And you would really like to go ? " Mr. Amden asked, when at last Phil paused, as much for lack of breath as any other reason.

" Like ? Oh, grandfather, I should love to go."

" And who are the other boys who intend going on this strange pleasure trip ? "

Phil ran over their names.

" Mr. Simpson says he would take a dozen of us, if he could ; but the coffin-cart will only take four beside himself. So he's asked Dickie Taylor, Charley Brown, Bert Tate, and me."

" Simpson's a decent chap enough, and Dickie and Charley are all right ; but I don't like Bert Tate."

" Oh, grandfather, Bert's awfully jolly. I like him immensely."

There was a slight shadow in the old man's eyes, which seemed to deepen at the boy's words.

" I shall be going to the market town myself at the end of the week ; can't you wait until then, and come along with me ? "

" I would like to go with you at the end of the week, and go with Mr. Simpson to-morrow, as well," Phil retorted.

The farmer laughed again, as Phil intended him to do.

" You will let me go to-morrow, won't you, grandfather ? " the boy pleaded, standing on tip-toe and laying his fresh young cheek among the old man's grey locks.

Phil's pleadings generally resulted in the complete surrender of the farmer, who, notwithstanding the warnings of his friends, and experience with the dead Philip, had no armour strong enough to resist the soft voice and beautiful eyes of his only grandchild. So Phil, as a rule, had his own way, and the present occasion proved no exception to the rule. His pleading resulted in his grandfather consenting to his going on the following day, with Mr. Simpson and the boys, to that little market town ten miles away.

But the old man would have given his consent more readily, and with fewer doubts as to the wisdom of it, had he not heard that the son of Jim Tate was to be one of the little party. Under these circumstances, he felt compelled to read his grandson a short, plain lesson.

" I told you a while ago, Phil, that I did not like Bert Tate. I repeat it ; and hope that after to-morrow I shall never hear of you being in his company again."

Phil was thirteen years of age, and, in his own opinion, was quite able to choose his companions for himself, and judge of their quality.

" Oh, Bert's all right," he ejaculated, throwing his cap at one of the hens that was strutting about the farm-yard.

" But I say that he is not all right," the farmer exclaimed, " and I won't have you associating with him. I hope you will heed what I am saying."

With these words, the farmer went indoors, and Phil turned his attention to Jane.

" What makes the old man so down on Bert Tate ? " he asked.

Jane, for once in a way, flashed a look of displeasure on her young favourite.

" Don't call your grandfather the 'old man.' It isn't respectful," she cried. " And if you want to know why he's so 'down,' as you call it, on Bert Tate, it's because he is a real bad lad."

Phil had a schoolboy's standard of honour, which does not admit of standing silent when a

companion is spoken ill of. So he flashed up into sudden fire,

"Bert is not a bad lad! What has he done?"

"Done! echoed Jane. "What has he not done? You ask his poor mother if you want to know what he's done! He's broken her heart almost; him and his wicked father. What do they say of him in the village?"

"Oh, I don't bother about what they say in the village!" exclaimed Phil, with superb scorn. Then philosophically: "There's many a person gets a bad name without deserving it. I've heard my grandfather say so."

"And it's true enough; but Bert deserves all the bad that's said about him, and a lot more. He's no good."

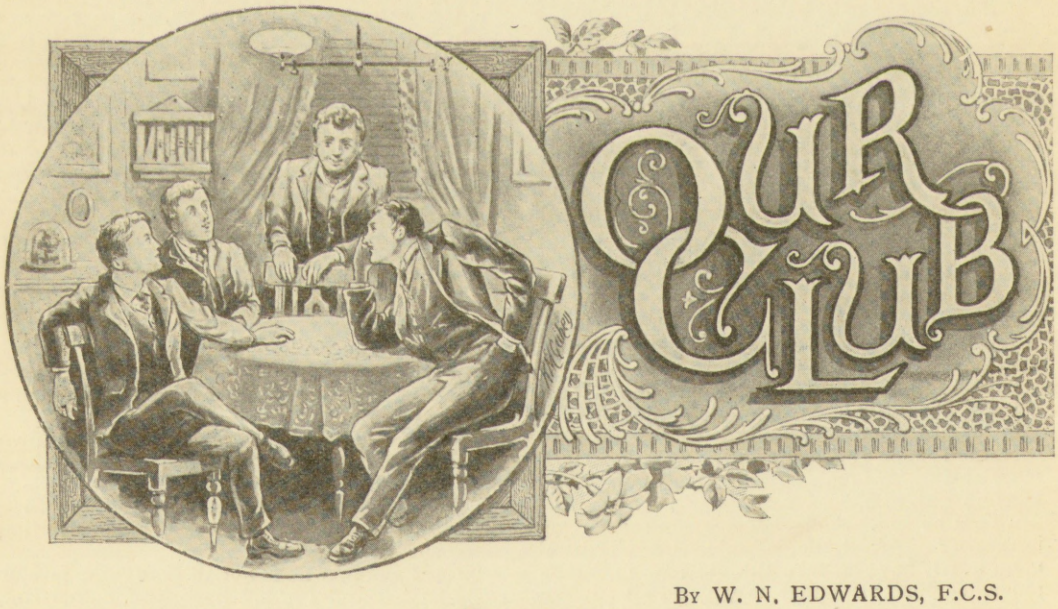
This time Phil allowed the old servant's words to pass without comment. He had acted up to his ideas of chivalry, by speaking as he had already done in defence of his absent schoolmate; but he did not feel called upon, nor was he deeply enough impressed by Bert Tate's virtues, to keep on defending him. So he turned to other matters.

"I'm glad grandfather's letting me go to-morrow," he exclaimed, leaning his elbows on the gate, and his chin in the palms of his hands. "I want to see a town. It isn't a real one, but Mr. Simpson says it will give a little idea of what a real one is like. Oh, Jane, I would like to see a proper city! Mr. Simpson says London lies over there! Right behind those hills, Jane! Just think of it! London—Where all the great people are—and the Tower—and Madame Tussaud—and the river—Oh, Jane, I would like to go! Just once!"

Jane emptied a pail of water with such a sudden jerk, that instead of going down the place it ought to have gone, it splashed all over the farm-yard, sending a little brood of yellow chickens paddling through it in fright. Then she rattled the cans so noisily that the chickens flew from her still further, to take refuge under their mother's wing.

But Phil noticed neither water nor noise. He was still standing by the gate, looking with dreamy eyes at the distant hills, which lay between him and London.

(*To be continued.*)



By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

MEMBERS:—

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

Our Club has only four members, but they are all earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them. We are privileged to listen to some of their talks and to follow in their arguments.

III.—IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

John: "Well, chums, here we are again, all burning to hear what William has to say to stagger us. You remember his parting words when we last met, that he would bring some

staggering arguments in favour of the use of alcohol."

William: "Now, look here, John, don't you lead off by laughing at me. I believe one side is as good as the other, and I mean to thrash this thing out fairly and squarely, and I think that before I have done I shall knock all your arguments into a cocked hat."

Robert: "Oh, that's all right; but it will want some doing, old man."

James: "Yes, come on; I am waiting for the fun."

William: "Oh, yes, it's all very well for you youngsters to be so jolly cock-sure about everything; but this is a case, my boys, for proofs and not for mere beliefs and prejudices."

John: "That's the very point, William; if we put aside beliefs and prejudices, and consider the ascertained facts, then I for one don't fear the result of our argument."

James: "Well, let us begin at the beginning. You say, William, that alcohol is a good thing when taken into the body. We are all agreed that it has many good uses outside, but what do you think it is good for when taken into the system?"

William: "I say that alcohol is a food, and therefore we are quite justified in using it in moderation; a man can eat too much pudding or too much meat. In moderation they do him good; when he takes too much they do him harm."

Robert: "I like that. What, too much pudding? that's a puzzle; I always have two or three helpings when there's a chance."

James: "Look here, you shut up; if you can't argue properly, you had better leave it alone. I think the first thing is to find out what really is a food, and then to see whether alcohol answers to that definition."

William: "Oh, I am not good at definitions. Everybody ought to know what a food is without asking; anything we eat and drink, of course, would be a food."

John: "I am not so sure of that. There is a proper definition of a food, and we ought to have it before us."

William: "Well, if you know what it is, let us have it."

James: "We had it up at the college the other day, and Dr. Browne put it in this way: 'That a substance, in order to be a food, must be able to build up or renew our tissues, or it must be able to supply materials to keep us warm, or in some way to develop force.'"

John: "Yes; I think that will do. What do you say, William?"

William: "I am not a student; but I'll agree to that. It seems fair enough, and, of course, it shows that alcohol is a food because it does build up the body."

John: "That remains to be proved. I admit that many people think that it does so, and yet it is not difficult to bring scientific evidence to show that it does not do so."

James: "Yes, let us stick to the evidence; and in the first place we can be quite sure that alcohol is not a tissue builder because its very composition proves that point."

Robert: "We had it all over in our evening class the other night; carbon, so much; oxygen, so much; hydrogen, so much; and that was all."

John: "Just so; carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Those three, and no more; but any substance to be a tissue builder, whatever else it contains, must have nitrogen, and no kind of tissue can be built without it. It is evident that this particular and necessary stuff is absent from alcohol."

Robert: "I suppose you are arguing that you can't get out of a substance that which it does not contain?"

John: "Precisely."

William: "How is it, then, that many people who are drinkers, get big and heavy? If they get stouter, and increase in weight, they must be building up tissue."

John: "That is a different tale, and is really an illustration of the harm that alcohol does. This increase in weight is not due to healthy growth. It is due to the increase of superfluous fat, and is really an unhealthy and undesirable condition. Alcohol retards waste, and thus leads to the storing up of useless material, and, further, under its influence fat increases abnormally, greatly to the injury of the body."

William: "Oh, I don't see that it is any great harm to anyone to have a little extra fat."

John: "It must be remembered that every ounce of superfluous fat has to be fed, to be warmed, and to be carried, and thus a lot of extra work is imposed on the body, which must result in harm."

Robert: "I say, William, you had better give in. It's no use your arguing with a scientific chap like John; he knows everything."

James: "That last one ought to be a clincher for you; you thought it was doing good, John proves it to be doing harm all the time."

William: "Not a bit of it. What John says is new to me, and I am ready to accept it. I am always open to learn, but we have still the other function of food to consider. The warming of the body and the development of force is quite as important as the building up of tissue. We'll admit that alcohol is not a tissue builder, but I think you'll find it a teazer to prove that alcohol does not give heat and force."

John: "I don't think we will go into that, now. It will do very well for the next time we meet. You'll find, William, that I shan't shirk it then, so you had better come up in full force with all your arguments."

James: "I suppose, then, that we are quite agreed that alcohol can't supply any iota of tissue to bone, muscle, brain, or nerves?"

John: "That is, I think, the only conclusion we can come to. It is quite certain, from its chemical composition, that it cannot supply the mineral matter for bones, the nitrogenous matter for muscles, nor the phosphates for brain and nerves. You chaps ought to know that fourteen of the chemical elements, in various combinations, are necessary to keep the body going, and of these only three are found in alcohol."

William: "Well, we have made some progress. Fresh light begins to dawn upon me, and I can see that too often alcohol is judged by mere

appearances, and not by ascertained facts. I am very glad that John has made the matter so clear as far as it has gone, but I am not going to recede from my position just yet. I still maintain that, in spite of all, alcohol may be a heat giver, and thus be of great service."

James: "Well, we shall see; but I believe, William, old man, that you will get turned inside out next time we meet."

William: "I am off; I have had just about enough for once. Good-bye, old fellows, till we meet again."

March!

What does the blustery winter bring?
March.
What do the howling tempests sing?
"March!"
What is the cry of the world to-day,
Whether we work or whether we play?
March! March! March!

What is the law! tho' snows abide?
March.
What's the order from sun and tide?
"March!"
What do the frail buds, whispering, say
As they crowd and cluster towards May?
March! March! March!

What are the children bound to do?
March.
What their charge to the years anew?
"March!"
What will be said as Licence stands
Pleading, with gold in her bloody hands?
March! March! March!

Right! and tread to the throb of Truth!
March.
Centuries step to the pulse of youth;
"March!"
Swords for sin and a shield for woe,
These will the rushing years bestow.
March! March! March!

Alcohol and Mental Work.

BY ALFRED F. EDWARDS.
Lecture Demonstrator, Owens College.

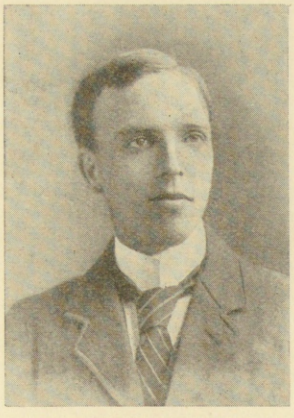
THERE is an increasing demand for mental exertion in most callings. The pace at which things go, and the amount of work crowded into each day, makes greater demands on human thought and energy than formerly. To a corresponding degree, therefore, we need to know what will best help, and what hinder us, in such work.

From the Excise returns there is evidently little diminution in the extent to which people resort to alcoholic beverages. From other sources we learn that there is no diminution—indeed, there is in many directions an increase—in the evil wrought by alcohol. M. Brouardel has recently referred to this, and tells us how repeatedly the system is so weakened by alcohol, that diseases, otherwise easily withstood, cannot be resisted. This helps to account for the crowded state of our Lunatic Asylums, for careful inquiry has shown that more people come there through drinking intoxicating drink, than any other one cause.

An extended inquiry into the question of the use of intoxicants for Mental Work made some time since by Mr. A. A. Reade, resulted in a general consensus of opinion that "our best writers, clearest thinkers, and greatest scholars, do not regard the use of alcohol as essential to thinking." It was, indeed, the experience of many, such as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Farrar, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, etc., that they worked better when not using *any* alcoholic beverages. And this we find receives strong support and confirmation from some of the highest medical authorities. Sir Henry Thompson, for example, gives, as the result of 20 years' experience in his professional life, that "the habitual use of fermented liquor to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce intoxication—and such is quite common in all ranks of society—injures the body, and diminishes mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of."

Similarly, Professor James Miller, in his work on "Alcohol, its place and power," says "it really puzzles one to know how alcohol can benefit the student. Driving blood to the brain in unusual quantity, and that blood deteriorated in quality, so as to be no longer well fitted for healthy stimulus and nutrition, but calculated rather to produce stupor; the brain stimulated in an irregular and untoward way, reason hampered, if not perverted, and the power of voluntary control more or less diminished; the brain's actual substance, too, undergoing some structural change, not for the better; how can this state of things favour any form of sound mental labour?"

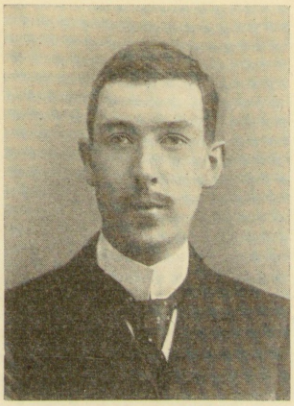
Such statements as these—and there are many more one might cite—should perhaps prepare us for the evidence afforded by those who have gained recent successes in severe examinations at our universities. This evidence does, in a most striking manner, confirm what has been stated. In 1900, as many are aware, the senior Wrangler at Cambridge, Mr. J. E. Wright, was practically a teetotaler, and the second Wrangler, Mr. A. Cyril Aldis, was a life abstainer; whilst others, at Oxford and in the Victoria University, taking Honours in their respective schools, gained the most prominent positions without resource to alcohol in any shape or form.



MR. ALEXANDER BROWN.
Senior Wrangler, 1901.

Last year affords equally striking and convincing proof that alcohol is in no way necessary to

sustained mental effort of the highest order. Mr. Alexander Brown, of Caius College, Cambridge, the senior Wrangler, has kindly written: "I have never found alcoholic stimulants either useful or necessary to my work, in fact, I studiously avoid them when special concentration is necessary. I may add, that apart from my own practice in the matter, I have known at least one case where a stimulant was taken before an exam., with disastrous results." Similarly Mr. H. Knapmann, the second Wrangler, says, "I have always been a total abstainer from alcoholic beverages, and I have at no time felt any need of them. You will thus understand that my personal experience is of a somewhat one-sided nature, but I may perhaps add that it is my firm conviction that alcohol is in general neither necessary nor in any way beneficial to mental or other work."



MR. H. KNAPMANN.

Mr. Harold A. Brown, who has gained renown as an athlete as well as by his high position amongst the Wranglers, says "I have never found alcoholic liquors necessary for severe brain-work or for hard physical exercise."

From the first Lady Wrangler we learn, with great interest, that it is quite the exception for any alcoholic beverages whatever to be used by any of the students of Newnham or Girton.

The first Craven Scholar at Oxford, Mr. James Kelly, writes: "Alcohol has never helped me in my work, and that for the reason I have never given it the chance. I think it can scarcely be possible that strong stimulants should be necessary for any student."

In Victoria University, there has been a steady succession of men and women who have gained the highest positions in the various Honour Schools, who either have never tasted intoxicants, or have given them up in view of the mental strain called for by the approach of "The Final." In Chemistry, Engineering, Mathematics, English Language and Literature, all alike have contributed, men and women who worked hard and successfully, and we may say, so successfully, because they did not indulge in intoxicants. For in the Victoria exams., as will already have been indicated from two of the replies from Cambridge, we have strongly brought this most important fact, that men who had tried using some form of alcoholic beverage found they could work better, particularly in the evenings, (when so much of their hardest reading is done), and rise in the morning far fresher, when no intoxicants whatever had been used. The best work was likewise done in the laboratories when the lunch had been without resource to alcohol.

OWENS COLLEGE STUDENTS IN THE HONOURS SCHOOL OF CHEMISTRY, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, 1901.

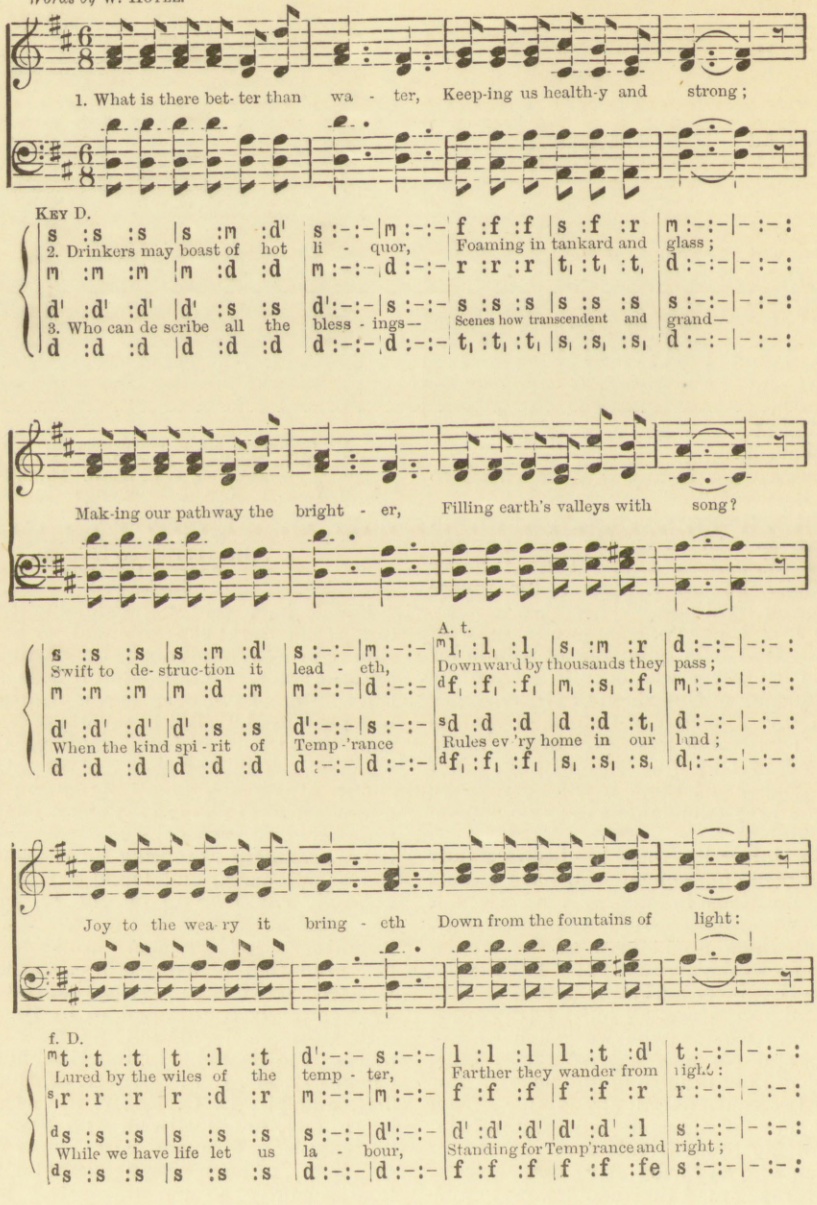
Mr. J. K. Starkie.
Mr. G. Nelson. Mr. F. Popplewell. Mr. E. B. LeMare.
Mr. E. R. Needham. Mr. S. Heap. Mr. S. Baldwin.
Mr. A. England. Mr. E. C. Edgar. Mr. S. D. Stennitt.
Mr. J. Yates. (Awarded University Scholarship. 2nd on list, 1901.) Mr. A. Sturges.
Mr. D. Trevor Jones. (Head of Honours List, 1901. Awarded University Scholarship.)

People have said, "the statement that this or that result has been obtained without alcohol, simply proves that it *can* be done without—an important point, certainly—but it does not say that it would not have been accomplished if alcohol had been used." But in several cases the intoxicants *were* tried and found wanting. One student who had usually had a glass of beer at lunch, and claret at dinner, found it extremely hard to read after 10 at night, and did not rise sufficiently refreshed to do any good in the morning. Finding others were not using intoxicants, he tried the same course, and found as the result that not only could he go on till 12, but that he awakened in the morning far fresher, in spite of a shorter period of sleep. And his experience has been that of many others, so that we may well feel confidence in saying that these successes were certainly contributed to by the practice of total abstinence, and would not have been helped by resort to alcohol. In the Honours School of Chemistry, Mr. J. F. Spencer, of Liverpool, the first, and Mr. E. C. Edgar, the second in the list, in fact, practically all who have taken the highest places for many years, have either been abstainers, or have become such, for the time at least, in order to put themselves in the best possible condition for their work.

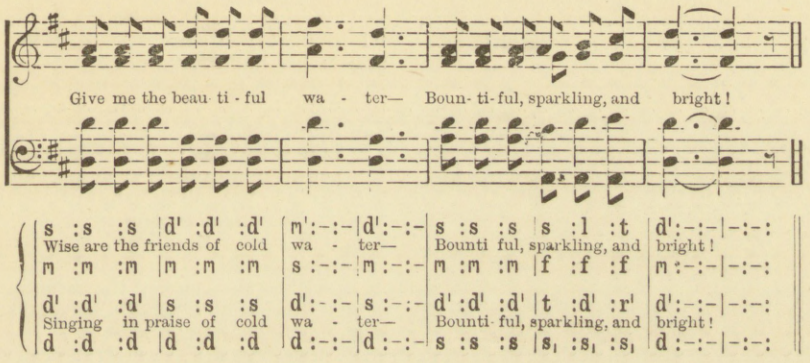
These experiences compel us to the conclusion that alcoholic beverages are not only quite unnecessary for the best mental work, but that they are much better left severely alone, a fact of no small importance to all interested in Education.

WHAT IS THERE BETTER?

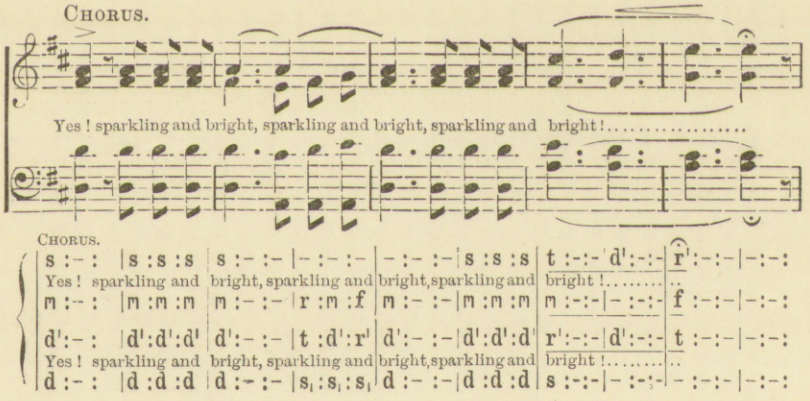
Words by W. HOYLE. *Music by* FRANK M. DAVIS.

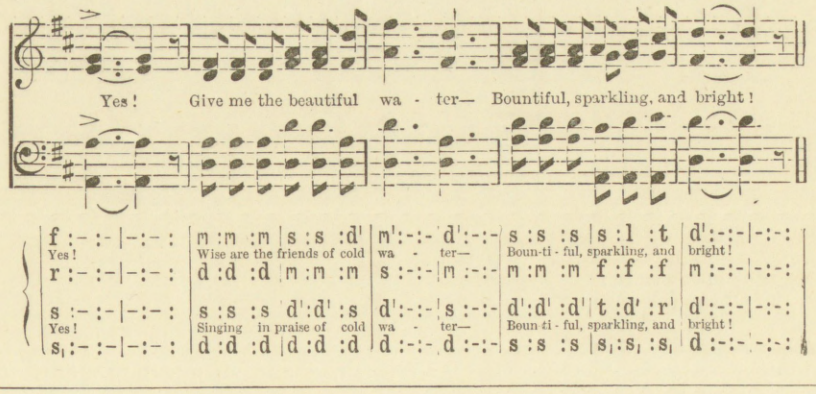


WHAT IS THERE BETTER?—*continued.*



CHORUS.





A Disregarded Warning.

By B. E. Slade.

"I wish Dr. Bertram had been at Jericho, that I do, before he met our dad!"

"'Sh! Here's Miss Nettie coming."

The *speakers, two little girls, relapsed into silence, except that the sobs of one were re-doubled in vehemence*, while she made a vigorous use of her well-worn pinafore, which served to receive her copious tears. Down the lane came tripping a tall, slim girl. She carried a basket on her arm, but her appearance betokened that she did not belong to the labouring class, such a bright, winsome face glowed beneath the grey fur of her pretty toque, sparkling with colour, and radiant with smiles. Essie Brown, the little girl who was not absorbed in grief, watched her with admiring eyes.

"WHAT IS THE MATTER, DEAR?"

"Miss Nettie always looks happy, don't she?" she remarked in a hurried whisper; "I don't believe she've ever had anything to cry about in her life!"

The smiles, however, gave place to a look of concern as "Miss Nettie" caught sight of the two children; she recognised a favourite in the one who was crying.

"Why, Lily," she exclaimed, "*tears* this bright morning! What is the matter, dear?"

"It's her dad, miss," explained Essie, "he and her mum have been having a row, and he hit her, and Lil's afraid to go back home."

"Oh dear!" sighed Nettie, in consternation; "I thought you were all going to be so happy now father had come home."

"I—wish—he—hadn't—never—come!" cried the child, between her sobs, "we—was—happier—without him!"

"This is sad; is your father in now?"

"Yes—I'm afraid he've killed mother!"

"No he haven't," said Essie, consolingly; "Mrs. Blackman's gone in, and she won't let him kill her. Besides, I heard her talkin' a minute ago."

Even as she spoke, the sound of voices in angry altercation reached their ears, coming from a cottage close at hand.

"I must see if I can make peace," said Nettie.

"Oh, miss, ain't you *afraid* to go in?" cried Essie, in horror.

"No! Lily's father will not hurt me," answered Nettie, bravely.

Her heart quaked, nevertheless, as she turned towards the cottage, for a drunken man was a thing of terror to her. Still, she might have a little influence, being the daughter of the vicar, and it was her duty to go.

THE MAN RUSHED HURRIEDLY OUT.

It was a relief, however, when the cottage door opened with a bang, and the man in question rushed hurriedly out, looking half demented with

drink and anger. Nettie stood aside to let him pass, and Lily flew for shelter inside her neighbour's gate—but he did not notice either of them; he went straight off in the direction of the nearest public house. Then Nettie entered the cottage, where she found Mrs. Hansome and an older girl than Lily both in tears, and a neighbour talking excitedly.

"I've been saying, Miss," said the latter, turning to Nettie, "it's a burning shame for people to go treating the soldiers when they comes home, and after what Lord Roberts and them had put in the papers and all! This poor soul ain't had a bit o' peace or rest since the first day after her man come home."

"But how was it?" asked Nettie; "I thought it was an understood thing there was to be no treating in our village! I am sure my father has tried his utmost to prevent temptation being placed in the way of the returned soldiers."

"Yes; but you see, Miss, he met with Dr. Bertram out against the 'Bull and Horn,' and he would have him take a glass with him, just to drink his health and success to the British. Young men are thoughtless, you know, Miss; he didn't mean any harm."

The good woman concluded in an apologetic tone; perhaps she had seen the startled look that flashed into Nettie's eyes, and the pitiful quiver of the sensitive mouth.

It was with a heavy heart that the young visitor listened to the conversation of the two women. She knew well what a long, anxious time this wife and mother had endured, while her husband was away at the war. He had been a drinker before he went, but she had hoped his terrible experiences in South Africa would have sobered him; and his letters had led her to hope that if he were spared to return home, he would lead a different life. His return had been so eagerly awaited, and so carefully prepared for; and for the first day, happiness had reigned in the little cottage. But then came the meeting with the good-natured, popular young doctor, and his thoughtless act of "good fellowship" had recalled the reservist to his old haunts, where all better associations, all spiritual peril, are apt to be lost sight of, buried beneath the sensual pleasure of the hour.

"He meant no harm, Miss," the neighbour reiterated, as Nettie at last turned away from the scene in which she was so powerless to offer any real comfort. And Nettie knew the words were true; but this did not excuse him even to her heart.

"He ought to have known better!" she said, sharply, to herself, as she went home.

Dr. Bertram was a frequent visitor at the Vicarage. The four miles between the village and his home were nothing to a cyclist, and the villagers had begun to suspect that an "attraction" lay within the grey old house, in which most of them were more or less interested.

Here, in the cosy drawing-room in which he had hitherto been a welcome visitor, Eustace Bertram was held that evening at the bar of Nettie's righteously indignant soul. Her wrath had been gradually rising until it "boiled up," and it is probable that she spoke unadvisedly, and in too hot and angry a spirit. At any rate, her lover's feelings underwent changes which were scarcely desirable. He was first amused, then annoyed, then contemptuous—and, finally, furiously angry. Good breeding kept his temper within control, but Nettie saw it in the flashing eye, the curling lip, the heightened colour, and heard it quivering beneath the coldness of his voice as he bade her farewell. So their friendship, with its beauteous promise, came to an abrupt termination, drowned in John Hansome's glass, with the good resolutions and the anticipated happiness and well-being of the wife and family. It is astonishing what a number of things can be swallowed up in the drink consumed by even one man.

Little Essie might no more say with truth that "Miss Nettie always looked happy, and had never had anything to cry about in her life." Very bitter were the tears she shed, and the people in the village missed her frequent visits, for she went out less often now. No one knew how she dreaded those chance encounters with the doctor which sometimes occurred, and had been such a source of pleasure before. It would have been almost easier to bear, she thought, if he had carried out a threat he had made to go off to South Africa himself. Yet the thought of peril for him even now made her heart quail. She benefited by the experience, however, for one shaft of his had struck home.

"I never expected a Temperance homily from you," he had said, "considering that I am in the habit of taking wine at your father's table. Surely if a *clergyman* may make use of it, a man like myself, professing only to care for the *body*, need not be counted so deadly a sinner for taking a social glass, even though it be obtained at a public-house."

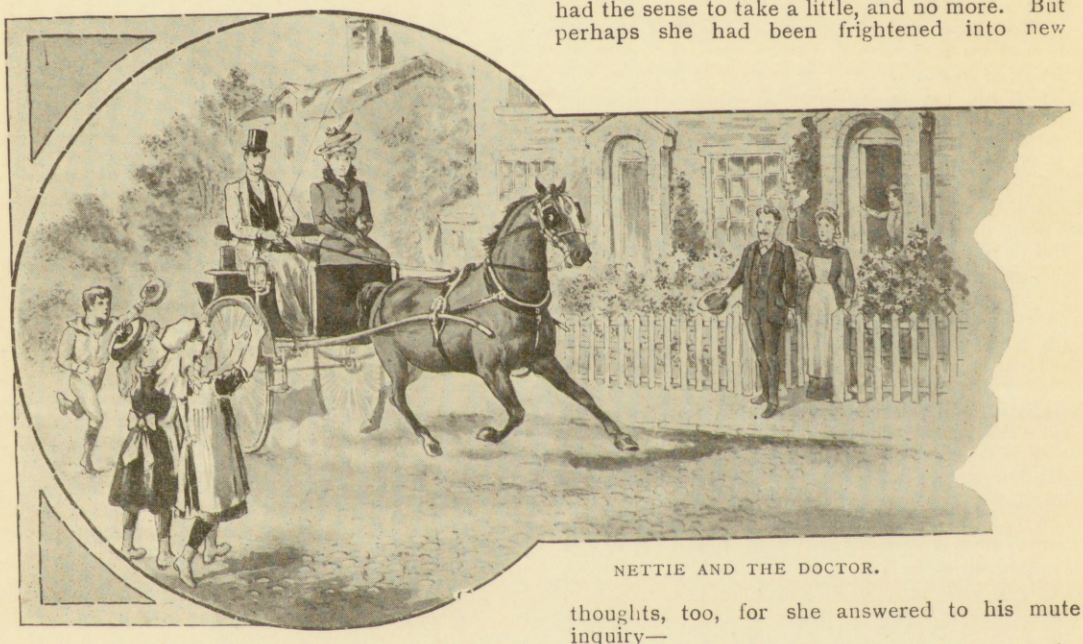
Nettie pondered over the words, and so did her father, to whom she repeated them. And thus out of the great cloud of evil sprang one ray of light.

A few months had elapsed, when one afternoon found Dr. Bertram driving through the village, which was now by no means a favourite part of his rounds. It was getting towards dusk, and he was driving at a fair pace, but his mind was so pre-occupied that he fairly started when a sound of excited voices fell on his ear. His attention was recalled just in time to avert an accident, for his horse swerved and shied, as the gate of a cottage was swung open, and a man staggered out, half undressed, shouting in awful, blasphemous language, and trying to escape from the grasp of two or three women and a young lad, who were clinging to him. In an instant, the horse was turned and driven back a short distance, and then, leaving it to the care of his man, the doctor sprang from the trap, and ran to the assistance of the struggling little party at the cottage gate. It needed no words to tell him what had occurred—his professional eye caught at a glance the meaning of this painful scene, and he also recognised at once the "hero" of the village, the man whose safe return he had toasted in a "friendly glass." He wished it had been some other man.

When he had succeeded, after obtaining as-

sistance, in getting his patient to bed, and safely strapping him down, Eustace Bertram's mind was far from comfortable, as he drove home. Some words of that memorable quarrel—as fresh in his mind as in Nettie's—recurred to him persistently—

"If you, an educated man, so deliberately set at nought the counsel of experienced leaders, what can you expect of men like John Hansome?" And then had come those bitter words of retaliation which we have already quoted, and which led to the Vicar and his household renouncing alcoholic drinks.



NETTIE AND THE DOCTOR.

Dr. Bertram had heard of their adoption of Total Abstinence principles, and had shrugged his shoulders, and said "it was time they thought of their own responsibilities as well as those of other people."

But by John Hansome's bedside, he came to see that it behoved not only clergymen to preach abstinence by example as well as precept, but also *all* persons who by reason of superior privileges—mental, moral, or spiritual—set in some measure the standard of conduct for those who possessed fewer advantages.

He had seen *delirium tremens* before—was, in fact, too sadly familiar with the awful disease—but its horrors had never come home to him as they came now, because never before had he felt that the suffering was dealt by his own hand. He did his best for the sufferer: how he studied and strove—yes, and prayed for success—no one guessed; but everyone agreed afterwards that he "was a very clever doctor, or he would never have pulled him through."

But great was the surprise of John Hansome and his wife when, upon his last visit, the doctor made a startling suggestion which, indeed, sounded like a command.

"Now, John, said he, "you and I are going to make a fresh start. You know the drink means death to you; one more bout such as this, and nothing short of a miracle could save you. I fear it was I who did this mischief, by inviting you to drink at the 'Bull and Horn,' and I want to atone for my error by tempting no other man. See, I have bought a pledge-book, and I want you and your good wife to sign your names with mine in it."

Poor John looked doubtfully at his wife; he had grown to lean on her in his weakness, and she had always stuck up for her "drop of beer," which she was sure "did everybody good," if they had the sense to take a little, and no more. But perhaps she had been frightened into new thoughts, too, for she answered to his mute inquiry—

"I'd do it, John; we can't say 'no' to the doctor, now he's been so terrible kind to us, and all."

The children entered in time to see the pledge-signing, and their faces grew radiant.

"Oh! won't Miss Nettie be pleased?" exclaimed Lily, involuntarily.

She spoke to Alice, in what she called a whisper; but the words reached Dr. Bertram's ears, and Alice declared afterwards that "he blushed like a lady."

And when, a few weeks later, Nettie and the doctor drove through the village side by side, these little girls and their friend Essie clapped their hands gleefully, and exclaimed—

"Oh, won't we gather a lot of flowers to strew their path when they are married!"

Diogenes, being presented at a feast with a large goblet of wine, threw it on the ground. When blamed for wasting so much good liquor, he said: "Had I drunk it there would have been double waste, I, as well as the wine, would have been lost."

"Drink is the fruitful source of Crime and Pauperism."—*Father Mathew.*

The Life of the British Soldier.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN HERO.

IN his first year's service a soldier has to undergo much training before he becomes a duty man. This includes a three months' gymnastic course, which I believe does more to keep our soldiers healthy than all the other training put together. Before, however, he is allowed to take the course, he must pass a medical examination as to soundness of heart and general fitness. It consists of swimming, running, and climbing, as well as club and dumb-bell drills, parallel bar and horizontal bar drills.

Gymnastic instructors know full well that

CIGARETTE SMOKING IS BAD

for their work, and, in consequence, discourage it as much as possible amongst their pupils. It is surprising what enormous numbers of cigarettes are smoked in the army, and also how many of the smokers have a nasal twang or nasty cough. When they come to do practices which require a lot of wind they are behind the non-smokers. I have observed, time and again, young men who were quite skilful gymnasts, but who had to give up through this practice of cigarette smoking.

For the young man who is a bit clever in commencing his course, and shows ability to learn, there is a good opening, as he is encouraged, and recommended for a special course, with a view to being sent to Aldershot School to be

TRAINED AS AN INSTRUCTOR.

This means a nice wage, and promotion for him, providing he behaves himself. I would advise any reader who gets near a military gymnastic school to get permission to watch the troops at drill, and he will be surprised at the exactness of the instructor, and the implicit obedience of the men. It is this training, conducted on the best scientific basis, which gives the soldier so much pride in his walking and standing, and general erectness.

Another important part of a soldier's training is "field training." This consists of route marches, digging trenches, rope splicing, and a little practice—with more theory—of outpost duty. There is more pleasure, and, I believe, more sense, in this part of a soldier's training, although much harder than a lot of the

SILLY DRILLS ON THE BARRACK SQUARE.

According to new regulations, field training has to occupy eight-tenths of the year at home.

At these times the troops take their rations out with them, and have to make field kitchens to cook their food. Outpost duty, unlike times of war, is play, except at night, when there is a little excitement. The troops get a few pints of beer before going out to a night attack, and

THINGS GET A BIT LIVELY

when one party comes near to the other, and fire into each other with blank cartridge. I have seen men, myself included, with very bad wounds during these exciting times. The field training lasts about five weeks in each year.

Next in importance is that part which makes a soldier know whether he is to be called a good soldier or not; *i.e.*, musketry course. If he makes a good score he is called a good soldier, if not a bad one. Soldiers are very much encouraged to become good shots. Prizes are given to all who make a certain number of points, and over and above these there are special prizes. All soldiers who want to get a marksman's badge go on the 'tack'—teetotal—for about two months before they fire their annual course, for they know that

SHAKY NERVES CAUSED BY DRINKING

mean third class shots. Before I gave up the drink I was always a third class shot; after I gave it up I became one of the best half dozen shots in my regiment, and won many good prizes. I have known the most inveterate boozers to give up the drink to try and win prizes.

Again, if a soldier is a good shot, he is qualified to get staff employment, even if he is not a good scholar, so that there is always some reward awaits the good shot. The course commences with three days' "poking," or aiming drill, and learning the best way of handling the rifle and taking aim. Many young soldiers are afraid of the rifle "kicking," and knocking them backwards. The musketry instructor always says they are afraid of the bullet coming out at the wrong end. I have seen men's shoulders as blue as could be with the recoil of a rifle, through not being held right.

The person who makes the highest score in the regiment is called the regimental shot, and wears a badge of gold crossed guns and a crown above them, and generally a medal on the right breast. The best shot of each company wears a badge of gold crossed guns, and a marksman a badge of crossed white cotton guns. Then there are first class, second class, and third class shots. The poor third class shots seldom or never get promoted, as officers almost hate to have them in their companies. I remember, on one occasion, a lot of men in the canteen complaining to the colonel of insufficient sitting accommodation, when he told them to 'sit on third class shots.' This same colonel was the worst shot I ever saw handle a rifle. It was rum drinking that made him so, and yet scarcely a month passed but he gave us a military sermon on drinking.

(To be continued.)

. . . The Unfinished Painting. . . .

By Mary E. Helsby.

Author of "Golden Gorse," "Enid," "In the New Year," etc.

"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."—*Edward Gibbon.*

"IT is good of you to try to inspire me with hope, Edna, but I am quite convinced that my best working days are over."

"No, no, you shall not say so; you are quite, *quite* mistaken. Only rest for a few days or weeks, have a nice real holiday, and *then* we shall see 'Richard is himself again.'"

The girl, with her cheery voice and bright face, seemed to the man like a sunbeam; he smiled even while he sighed, and gazed with something akin to envy into her brave eyes.

"I cannot feel as you feel, I have not half your pluck, Edna, you look like Hope herself. How I should enjoy painting your head as that goddess."

The girl clapped her hands, "I knew you only wanted rousing. You shall have my head for a model if you are good. I assure you I am mighty conceited at the notion, for I am not a beauty; as a mutual lady friend of ours observed the other day when discussing me: 'She is not pretty, you know, but her expression is pleasing, and her eyes are bright.'" The man laughed at her clever mimicry of his aunt,

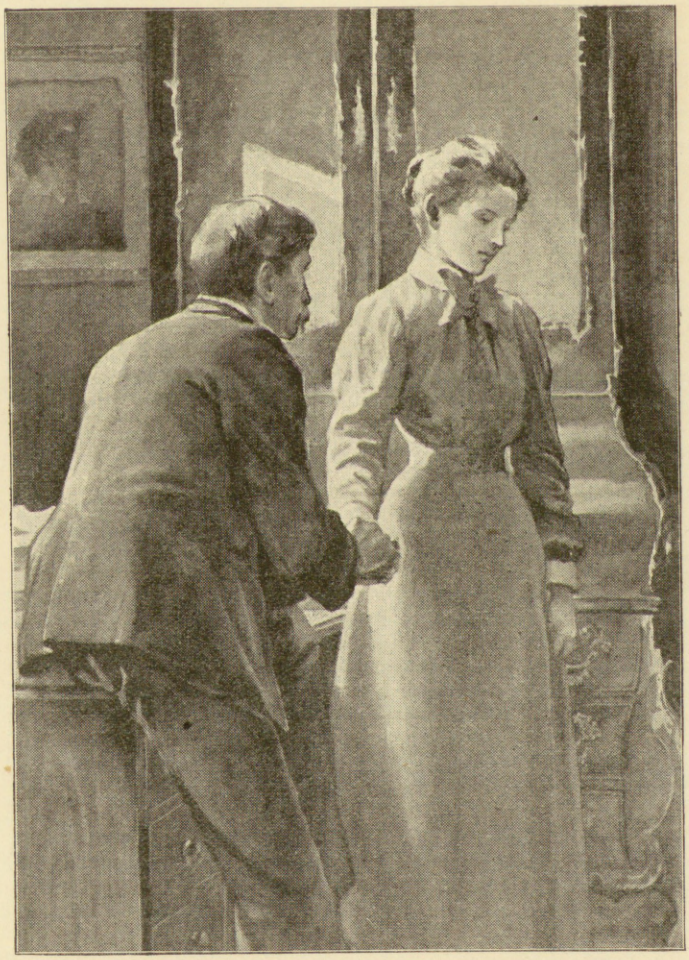
"What a puss you are! But how could you know what she said?"

"Ah, that's telling; the fact remains that she did say it, and it is not far from the truth."

"Some people would call you pretty, although the term hardly suits you, you have so much in your face, it is never the same for more than a few moments at a time."

His glance lingered on her wistfully; she blushed, and laughed to hide her confusion.

Walter Bevan looked like an artist, as people used to say. His face a long oval, with classical features and dreamy light blue eyes.



"WHY DON'T YOU REPROACH ME, EDNA?"

"Will you promise to take my advice?" Edna asked him in a serious tone.

He held up a book in one hand and met her gaze gloomily as the volume trembled in his grasp.

"That looks like holding a brush, doesn't it?"

"Never mind, don't let it worry you; it is a question of time, that is all."

"Why don't you reproach me, Edna? Why don't you tell me that it is the natural consequence of drinking brandy?"

"Because I know that you did not do it for drinking's sake; because I know that a few months ago you worked too hard, far beyond your strength, so that you tried alcohol to give you strength for the moment, in order that you could work on. Some people may call that a sin—it was very foolish, I know—but I am not your judge, Walter, I am only sorry for your weakness. You know it was only fictitious strength after all, and that you are now weaker than you might have been."

"What a charitable little soul you are!"

"Well, cheer up, and be firm with yourself in the future."

"Perhaps I shall with you to help me, my good little friend; but that panel worries me, it can never be finished in time for the mayor to give his wife on her birthday. I am jolly hard up, you know."

A shadow chased away the sunshine from the girl's sweet face, her heart ached for her friend. Being a follower of art herself, she could sympathise with him, and understand how he must chafe under enforced idleness.

She sat lost in thought. Her mind reverted to the past, when Walter had helped her with advice and kindness at the time of her dear mother's death. He had taught her that work must be her physician, and wrote down for her a passage from Carlyle—"Labore is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God."

"What are you thinking about, Edna? You look quite up in the clouds."

"Do I? Oh, I was only wondering why things go all topsy-turvy sometimes."

She gave herself a little impatient shake, rising hurriedly as the clock struck five.

"How time flies!"

"Never mind if it does. Stay and have some tea; auntie expected to be back at five, she told me to keep you. Why, here she is!" he exclaimed as an elderly lady entered, followed by a maid carrying the tea-tray.

"I am glad to see you, Edna. No, you must not run away, sit down again."

"Well, a cup of tea is always tempting, and the fog is rather thick and uninviting."

"So it is not our society that tempts you," Walter said teasingly, handing her a cup of tea.

Half an hour stole away in pleasant chatter, and then the girl drew on her gloves, being escorted to the front door by Walter.

"Good-bye, remember all I said," she told him, gently lifting her brown eyes to his.

"I'll try; you mean no more Dutch courage—in other words, brandy?"

"Yes, I do mean that," and with a friendly smile she tripped down the steps into the fog. The streets of busy Manchester were muddy that afternoon in early spring, but Edna was quite oblivious of the atmosphere and the mud, her mind being absorbed in the idea of saving her friend from himself.

* * * *

A faint gleam of sunshine found its way into Edna's studio the next morning as she entered it. The somewhat bare looking room was redeemed from ugliness by crimson curtains, and one or two oriental rugs. An easel stood near the gas stove, where the portrait of a child smiled down from the canvas only wanting a few finishing touches to make it a very creditable piece of work. Upon a large square table were scattered designs in water colours for Christmas, At Home, and Menu cards. This was how the girl supported herself, though she had the help of a tiny income. She stood in thought as the sparrows chirped noisily outside her glass roof, and the shaft of sunlight kissed the twisted coil of her brown hair, lending it its gold. Then, turning to the table with a determined air, she worked steadily on for some hours. The postman brought her a letter in the afternoon; it was from Walter asking her to call as he had something to say to her. "How odd, when he saw me yesterday," she murmured, putting away her brushes, for the light was waning. The fog had cleared, and the streets were not as muddy as they had been on the day previous. Edna's heart was light as she threaded her way through hurrying pedestrians. She preferred walking to driving in a 'bus, the exercise did her good. When she reached her destination in the suburbs, something in her friend's face made her timid.

"I should have come to you, but I know you don't like it," he said, holding her hand in a lingering clasp.

"What is it? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, but sit down there, where I can see you," he said, placing a chair at her disposal near one of the windows. She waited silently for what he had to tell. He, evidently agitated, walked up and down the room without saying a word for a few moments, and then stopped abruptly in front of her.

"Edna, I learnt something last night after you left me, dear, and that something is—that I love you."

The colour rose suddenly in a crimson tide on her drooping face.

"Look up, and tell me that you don't care!" he demanded, reading her face and reading it aright. The large black hat with its soft feathers shaded her features completely, and the little gloved hands trembled in his own.

"You are mine, darling, all my own."

And he would have drawn her into his arms, but that she drew away from him. Pale as death he stood watching her, as she rose, resting one hand on the back of the chair.

"Forgive me," she faltered, nervously, "it is such a surprise—I never guessed—I—I"

"Oh, but Edna, is it so hard to love me?"

"No, not at all hard, perhaps too easy, but you know what comes between us even now."

He took her hand in his again, using every term of endearment, encouraged by what she had said.

"You do love me?"

"I think I do," she whispered, in sweet confusion, shrinking from inflicting pain, and yet strong in her resolve to do her duty, cost her what it might.

"But you have a doubt about it because I am not a total abstainer; is that it, little one?"

Bravely lifting her brown eyes, she answered: "Yes, that is it."

"And if I vow to abstain from this moment, will you on your part promise to love me?"

With a happy little laugh, she said: "Yes."

The compact was sealed with a kiss.

Contrary to expectation, the panel was finished in time for the mayoress's birthday after all, so great a physician is love, and so powerful an enemy to alcohol.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear, for that were stupid and irrational; but he whose noble soul its fear subdues, and bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.—JOANNA BAILLIE.

* * * *

Be Strong.

Be strong!
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long,
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song!

—*From a volume of verses by the late Dr. M. D. Babcock.*

* * * *

A GOOD REASON.—Papa: "You know, James, how much I disapprove of fighting—still, it is gratifying to know that you have beaten a bigger boy than yourself. Why did you fight him?"

James: "'E said I looked like you, dad."

* * * *

PROSPECTIVE.—Visitor: "Why, how big you are growing, Tommy! If you don't look out you will be getting taller than your father."

Tommy: "Won't that be jolly? Then pop'll have to wear my old trousers cut down for him."

* * * *

FLOWERY FIELDS: Willie, hev you noticed any signs uv mental decay about me lately?

WEARY WILLIE: No, no, comrade; fur frum it.

FLOWERY FIELDS: Well, den, I wonder wot dat lady over dere could hev meant by askin' me w'y I didn't work fer a liv'n'?

Dr. Maclaren says: Never mind whereabouts your work is. Never mind whether your name is associated with it. You may never see the issue of your toils. You are working for eternity. If you cannot see the results in the hot working day, the cool evening hours are drawing near when you may rest from your labours, and then they will follow you.

* * * *

A gentle word is better
Oft-times than gift of gold;
A smile may break the fetter
That long some heart did hold.

Few rarer gifts are ours
Than handclasps warmly given,
And kind deeds are the flowers
That make of earth a heaven.

So let each passing day
Record some kind deed done;
Go smiling, giving, all thy way,
Be of thy world the sun!

* * * *

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 hushed, and she said: "Well, if you are sorry, it doesn't hurt me."

* * * *

You Will Not be Sorry.

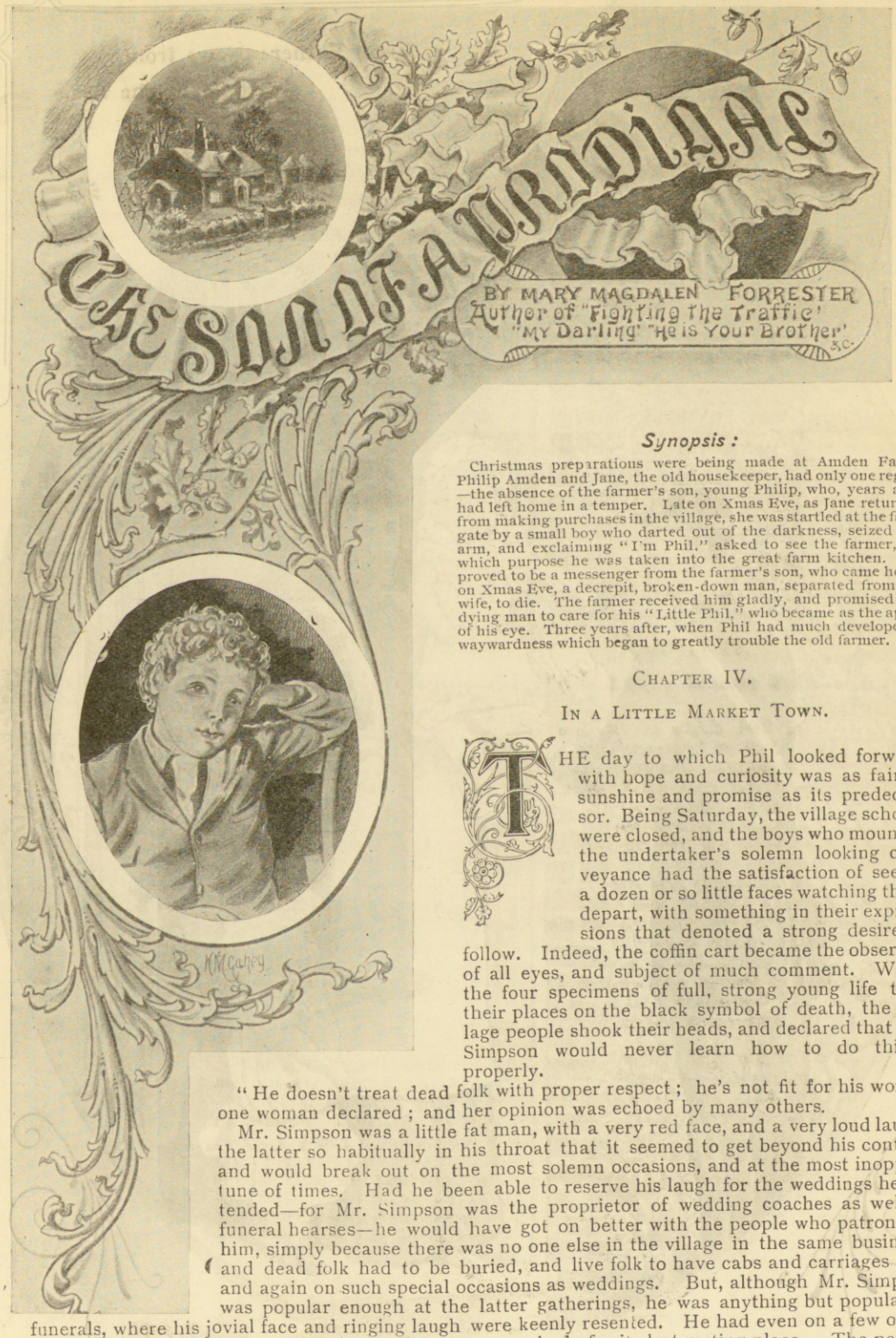
For being courteous to all.
For doing good to all men.
For speaking evil of no one.
For hearing before judging.
For holding an angry tongue.
For thinking before speaking.
For being kind to the distressed.
For asking pardon for all wrongs.
For being patient towards everybody.
For stopping the ears of a talebearer.
For disbelieving most of the ill reports.

* * * *

George Herbert and Drink.

He that is drunken may his mother kill,
Destroy his friend, for he hath lost the reins,
Is outlaw'd by himself; all kinds of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits man, and doth divest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.
It must be just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

From Father: News from over the Sea.



Synopsis :

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm. Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret —the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. Late on Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from making purchases in the village, she was startled at the farm gate by a small boy who darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil," asked to see the farmer, for which purpose he was taken into the great farm kitchen. He proved to be a messenger from the farmer's son, who came home on Xmas Eve, a decrepit, broken-down man, separated from his wife, to die. The farmer received him gladly, and promised the dying man to care for his "Little Phil," who became as the apple of his eye. Three years after, when Phil had much developed a waywardness which began to greatly trouble the old farmer.

Chapter IV.

In a Little Market Town.

THE day to which Phil looked forward with hope and curiosity was as fair in sunshine and promise as its predecessor. Being Saturday, the village schools were closed, and the boys who mounted the undertaker's solemn looking conveyance had the satisfaction of seeing a dozen or so little faces watching them depart, with something in their expressions that denoted a strong desire to follow. Indeed, the coffin cart became the observed of all eyes, and subject of much comment. When the four specimens of full, strong young life took their places on the black symbol of death, the village people shook their heads, and declared that Mr. Simpson would never learn how to do things properly.

"He doesn't treat dead folk with proper respect; he's not fit for his work," one woman declared; and her opinion was echoed by many others.

Mr. Simpson was a little fat man, with a very red face, and a very loud laugh, the latter so habitually in his throat that it seemed to get beyond his control, and would break out on the most solemn occasions, and at the most inopportune of times. Had he been able to reserve his laugh for the weddings he attended—for Mr. Simpson was the proprietor of wedding coaches as well as funeral hearses—he would have got on better with the people who patronised him, simply because there was no one else in the village in the same business, and dead folk had to be buried, and live folk to have cabs and carriages now and again on such special occasions as weddings. But, although Mr. Simpson was popular enough at the latter gatherings, he was anything but popular at funerals, where his jovial face and ringing laugh were keenly resented. He had even on a few occasions been heard whistling while measuring some poor body for its last resting place. The people could but conclude that he had no sense of propriety, or the fitness of things, though they may not have used these exact words when expressing their opinions. That he should use his coffin cart as a kind of picnic vehicle for four healthy, noisy boys was only in keeping with

previous acts of his, and caused little or no surprise, although it did cause a good deal of comment, not unmixed with amusement. In fact, there was open mirth when Phil Amden, the farmer's grandson, shoved, with quite an air of pride, into the box cart, close to the wooden shell it contained, a can of milk his grandfather had provided for the occasion.

Notwithstanding the unfitness of the seats, and the strange suggestiveness of the whole affair, the boys meant to enjoy themselves, and when Mr. Simpson cracked his whip, and the horse—a funeral one, with a long tail—started off at a lively trot, they raised a cheer, which was continued until they had passed from the main street of the village, and were out in the country road.

That day Mr. Simpson was in one of his very best and most talkative humours, and when they entered unfamiliar ground he pointed out to his young companions all the spots of interest, and told them so many funny stories and anecdotes about the places and people they passed, that they one and all voted him the jolliest old fellow they had ever met.

The horse, trained to move slowly and with dignity, entered into the spirit of the affair, and reached the little market town in good time. The coffin arrived at its destination, and its future tenant having been settled comfortably therein by the undertaker's own hands, the horse and cart were removed to friends of the latter gentleman to be left there until the evening, the little party set forth on an expedition of investigation.

Although K——, if compared with real towns, was nothing more than a big village, it appeared to the boys quite a city, both in importance and magnitude. Its main street contained a chapel, a small library, two public houses, and a police station, to say nothing of a dozen or more well-stocked, attractive-looking shops. But its chief interest lay in its market, which was really a spot of life and bustle. To this resort of youth and age, Mr. Simpson led his delighted little friends, and told them that once the great Gladstone himself had driven through the market place. The boys stared, and were impressed, although it must be confessed they knew very little about the great Gladstone. However, they were willing to learn, and one of them at least, eager.

"Was Mr. Gladstone a very great man?" Phil asked; and Mr. Simpson, glad of the opportunity of testifying to the worth of his political idol, held forth for quite half-an-hour on the virtues and talents of the same. Mr. Simpson eulogised with much dramatic force, which inspired his young companions with a higher opinion of England's statesman than their knowledge of his work warranted.

"Was Mr. Gladstone as great as Dick Turpin?" asked Bert Tate, who was better acquainted with the rider of Black Bess than he was with better characters.

"I never thought much of Dick Turpin," Mr. Simpson exclaimed. "I consider him a very much over-rated gentleman."

"My grandfather says that he was a real bad man, and that he is sorry I ever heard of him," Phil put in.

"And I think your grandfather quite right," the undertaker said. "You tell him so from me; tell him I share his opinion that Dick Turpin is a character that would be best lost in oblivion."

"Doesn't he use hard words?; isn't he hawful clever," whispered Dickey Taylor to Charley Brown.

The latter nodded his head. "He's bin ta college," he whispered back.

Phil heard these words, and looked at Mr. Simpson with new interest and admiration. In Phil's estimation, a man who had been to college was a being to inspire ordinary folk with awe. During a lull in the conversation, he ventured to ask the undertaker if they were all very rich boys who went to college. Mr. Simpson, who liked to be considered an authority on such respectable subjects as places of education, replied that there were plenty of boys at colleges whose parents were only moderately wealthy.

"I have known farmers no better off than your own grandfather, who have sent their boys to Oxford, or—or—well—somewhere else, and had the pleasure of beholding them shining lights in the Church, or the Law, or even the Army."

Phil's face was wonderful in its eagerness just at that moment.

"Tell us something about other great men!" he urged, laying a slim, brown hand on Mr. Simpson's coat-sleeve.

"Certainly, my boy, certainly," the little man replied, highly flattered by the request; and straightway he began to narrate what he did know, and many things he did not know about some of the world's heroes. His heart was in the work Phil had set him, and Phil's heart was in his eyes as he listened. The two walked on some yards in advance of the rest of the little party, who were more interested in the men and women around them, than in those who had become mere memories.

In a while, Mr. Simpson and Phil found themselves quite alone. They had passed out of the market-place into a long crooked road, which looked like a street at one end—that nearest the market—and a country lane at the other—that into which the undertaker and his young companion had wandered. The former was the first to stop and glance around him.

"We have strayed into unknown regions," he exclaimed, with a laugh. "But, no—I surely have seen that little church before."

The said church lay well back from the road, its lower part almost hidden by a circle of trees. To the left of it lay the grave-yard, and Phil, catching a gleam of the white head-stones through the green foliage, expressed a desire to go in and inspect them. Finding the gate open, the two passed within, and Mr. Simpson began to point out to the boy the resting places of those he had dressed for their last sleep.

"I thought the spot looked familiar; it ought to do. I've been here often enough. I know the parson very well; as nice a man as ever walked. Why, bless us, here he comes!"

Mr. Simpson straightened himself, adjusted into exact position the little black bow at his neck, and then turned a red, beaming face on a man who was coming slowly from the side entrance of the church.

The man responded to the undertaker's broad grin with a long, soft smile, that seemed to come up from the depths of his eyes, and wander down his face until it reached his lips, where it rested.

"Well, Mr. Simpson, how are you?" the newcomer asked, holding out a slender, white hand, marked with a tracery of blue veins.

"I'm very well, very well indeed, sir," the little man answered, gripping the thin hand with his short fat fingers. "This is Mr. Hope, Phil—I should say the Reverend; and this, Mr. Hope, is Phil Amden, Farmer Amden's grandson."

Phil saw a quick light flash into the parson's eyes, which were turned instantly on his face.

Taking the boy's hand, he held it close, while he looked long and earnestly into his eyes.

"I knew your father, my boy," he said, after a short pause. "I knew him when he was a boy, like you."

Phil thought the minister's voice sounded rather sad; but then his father was dead, and so it was only natural that anyone who had known him would feel a little sad on meeting his son for the first time.

"You are very like your father," Mr. Hope continued, after another short pause. "You have his mouth, and his eyes. I hope you will be a good lad."

"He is a good lad, a very good lad," Mr. Simpson exclaimed warmly. "I believe he will live to make his grandfather a proud man. I'm afraid, though, that he's rather ambitious, sir," the undertaker concluded, rubbing his hands, and looking at Phil with a certain kind of fond pride.

"Ambitious! Well, that is a good fault. I hope his ambition is a noble one. I hope, too, that Phil will come to see me sometimes. Will you, my boy? See! I live yonder in that house behind the church. I think if you ask your grandfather he will allow you to come. You can tell me then of your ambition."

"I would like to see you again, very much," Phil exclaimed in a simple pretty way he had of speaking.

"Well, ask your grandfather, and come as soon as you like. I have a little girl about your age, who is ambitious too. She will be very glad to know you I am sure."

The parson's voice was very soft and low when he spoke of his little daughter, and the long sweet smile crept into his eyes again.

When he had gone, and the last sound of his footstep had died away, Phil turned to Mr. Simpson.

"What did you mean when you told that gentleman I was ambitious? What is ambition?"

"It is wanting to be something you are not,' said Mr. Simpson, rather lamely. The explanation was vague, and puzzled Phil more than a trifle. He pondered over the matter even after they had returned to the market-place, and joined the other three boys. And after they had all partaken of the milk and cake provided for the occasion, and were returning home in the coffin-cart, he startled Mr. Simpson, by nudging that gentleman and whispering, "I think I know what you mean, Mr. Simpson, and I would like to be something I am not."

"Oh! And what would you like to be?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"What you said Mr. Gladstone was," faltered Phil, with a blush.

"What, a great man?"

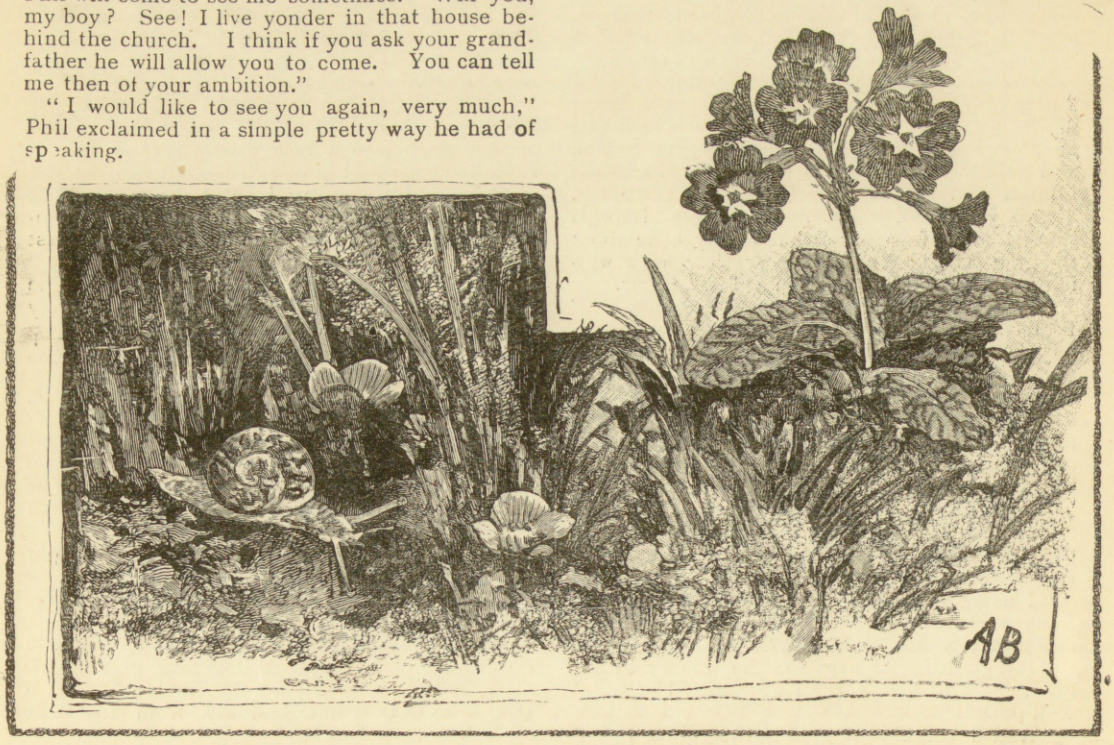
Phil nodded.

"Great in the same way?"

"I think so," Phil answered, with another blush.

"Well, you are ambitious, and no mistake. Just you tell your grandfather to-night that you would like to be a great statesman like Mr. Gladstone, and hear what he has to say about it."

(To be continued.)



The Life of the British Soldier.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN HERO.

A DUTY SOLDIER.

AFTER getting through his gymnastic, field training, and musketry courses, the soldier is called a duty soldier, and is excused many parades, fatigues, etc., that he used to attend. Now he has to do the more manly duty, *e.g.*, guards and picquets, escort duty, etc., etc. Guard mounting and trooping colours are most imposing sights, and are well worth seeing. Anyone wishing to see these services may do so at St. James's Palace, London, any day at 9-30.

Every soldier, no matter what sect he may belong to, has to go to church at least once on Sunday. There are four recognised bodies, and chaplains for them. They are the Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Wesleyans. Jews sometimes are exempt. This was the case in South Africa, when all sects were joining colonial regiments. The Jews in Thorneycroft's Light horse protested against having to attend Christian services, when they were excused. Next week, a dozen men calling themselves Atheists, protested against having to attend religious services.

COLONEL THORNEYCROFT

excused them; "but," said he, "seeing you have no religious scruples, you will do stable picquets, etc., every Sunday." They were converted in a week.

Nothing looks nicer than a brigade of troops in full dress, with band playing, and drum-major, swinging his staff, leading them to church. In my roughest days I loved to go to church parade every Sunday morning, and I believe that nearly every soldier likes (in spite of what he may say) to go to the house of God.

THE ANNUAL SPORTS

in the army form no little event, physical development being more in the soldier line than mental. Hence the much drilling, gymnastics, swimming, football, cricket and general sports, and the little time devoted to study. If our soldiers could be got to study good books, the moral standard of the army would go up by leaps and bounds. However,

TOMMY IS FOND OF SPORT

and it is provided for him. There are regimental sports and garrison sports, with lots of good fun for the competitors as well as for the lookers on. Pillow fighting, cock fighting, tilting the bucket, with a sure wetting for the tilter, and many other laughable games are indulged in. Sports day is a general holiday, and the colonels of most regiments take a keen interest in the various events. Men train for months before the time, and it is not through listening to Temperance lectures but from

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE THAT, WHEN IN TRAINING, THE MEN GO ON THE "TACK"

(teetotal). Each man learns for himself what to eat and what to drink to benefit him.

AN EXPERIENCE.

I well remember when training for a mile race, making a goose pie. I made it in a large wash-basin, and put the goose, cut in four pieces, along with some onions, into the basin, and then a good thick crust. Half-an-hour after having a good square feed, I turned out to run the mile. I got about half-way and then had to give up. The goose or the paste, or both, were too heavy, and I was ill for a few days. My chum, who had no more sense, did likewise, and he too was ill for some days. We said the goose was bad, or the solder came off the tin and poisoned us, any cause but the right one, which was overfeeding. Good prizes are given for the various events on the programme, but when the sports are over, nearly all the winnings are spent in drink, and many poor fellows are worse physically, and certainly morally, than before the sports. I well remember one fellow who

COULD DRINK MORE BEER THAN ANYBODY ELSE.

He used to take a handful of salt before going to the canteen, to make him thirsty. He was always a hanger on, and would be in a boozing school. If the quart pot was handed to him full he would drink it all. One of my chums who had won a lot of money at the sports, set out to take this swill-barrel down. All the old school went and sat round a table, and my chum went to get two quarts of beer; he also got two packets of baking powder and put them in one mug and gave it to this fellow, who drank all that was in the pot. Soon he began to feel uneasy, and to swell, until he was a terrible size. He was taken to the hospital where the stomach pump was used, and after several weeks he got all right. But even this did not cure him.

This is a sample of

HORSE PLAY IN THE ARMY.

Many rough games are indulged in in the barrack room. Men steal each other's kit, brushes and cleaning straps and all manner of things. Some are sold to civilians to buy drink with, and lots of men sell all their kit to buy drink. I remember when only 19½ years old selling all my kit, boots too, to get drink, and mine is unfortunately not an isolated case.

The tricks played on each other in barracks are not to be treated as mere harmless jokes. One which is very often played consists in putting a large dish of water on top of a slightly opened door, waiting for a certain person to come in and push the door open, when down come water and dish upon him. On one occasion a man put a packet of

BALL AMMUNITION DOWN A CHIMNEY

where a lot of men were sitting round the stove in the room. The shot exploded and blew the stove to pieces, but fortunately no one was injured. Of course severe punishment is attached to such jokes if the offenders are brought up.

IN MILITARY PRISONS,

as in all other prisons, the discipline is most severe. Hard labour consists of shot drill—*i.e.*: carrying a 16 pound or 20 pound shot upon the flat hands, one hand upon the other, with the elbows close to the sides. The prisoner carries it about 12 yards, puts it on the ground, and then has to pick it up again and continue the practice for an hour; this is terrible punishment. The prisoners clean the barracks and do the navvy work. They also trim and dress the officers' gardens. An escort is sent with them to see they don't steal and eat the fruit. I have seen both escort and prisoners sitting down eating and enjoying the fruit to their heart's content.

Whatever else may be said against soldiers, it cannot be said their barrack rooms are dirty. The boarded floors are kept as

CLEAN AS A NEW PLANED BOARD.

The rooms are scrubbed out with water once or twice a week with very hard scrubbers, and after each meal are dry scrubbed and swept. The tins, too, are cleaned every morning, and the blacking of stove, etc., is done each morning. So many men are told off to each job and they take a great pride in having

EACH ARTICLE IN ITS PLACE

scrupulously clean. A barrack room is well worth a visit before dinner. Each man's bed is rolled up with blankets and sheets neatly folded between and strapped up to his bed-cot, and a bed-card with the man's name and number on. Not a thing must be out of its proper place when the officer makes his morning visit to the rooms, and no dust or cobwebs must be found anywhere. A young officer visiting a barrack room discovered a cob in a corner and asked what it was doing there. The orderly, who happened to be a big Irishman, was in a fix, but got out of it by answering that it was kept in case anyone cut his finger, to be used to stop the bleeding.

There's a kind of garrison sport, so Tommy calls it, which has to be done every Saturday; it is coal fatigue. So many boxes of coal have to be carried to the rooms, married quarters, and officers' mess and quarters. There is no fatigue which

SOLDIERS DISLIKE

as this one. It takes about four hours to get through, simply four hours of grumbling, and non-commissioned officers have to keep a strict look out or the men would loaf. There certainly ought to be a better system than men carrying about 80 pounds of coal on their shoulders. This kind of thing makes Tommy long for warmer climes, where the sun spreads its rays in greater degree than in England.

(*To be continued.*)

Alcohol: a Funny Medicine.

Mr. A.: "I must have a drop because my blood is poor."

Answer by Dr. Kerr: "Alcohol injures the blood."

Mr. B.: "I can't do without a little because I suffer from indigestion."

Answer by Dr. Bowman: "Alcohol retards digestion."

Mr. C.: "I have had brain fever, and I need alcohol."

Answer by Sir Henry Thompson: "Of all the people who cannot stand alcohol it is the brain workers."

Mr. D.: "I am rather nervous and, therefore, I take a little."

Answer by Dr. Brunton: "The effect of alcohol upon the nervous system is to paralyse it."

Mr. E.: "I suffer with my liver, so I take a little occasionally."

Answer by Dr. Norman Kerr: "Alcohol hardens the liver."

Mr. F.: "I am a victim to kidney disease, that is my reason for taking alcohol."

Answer by Dr. Norman Kerr: "Alcohol destroys the kidneys."

Mr. G.: "I am weak and I need something to strengthen my muscles."

Answer by Sir B. Richardson: "The action of alcohol is to lessen the muscular power."

Mr. H.: "I have to work in a cold place, and must have some alcohol to warm me."

Answer by Dr. John Rae: "The greater the cold the more injurious is the use of alcohol."

Mr. J.: "I don't get enough food, so I rely upon a little alcohol to supply extra food to nourish me."

Answer by Dr. J. C. Reid: "There is no support to the body in the use of alcohol."

Mr. J.: "I have to undergo an operation, and I must take a little."

Answer by Dr. Bantock: "I believe that all classes of operation are better without alcohol."

Mrs. K.: "I have a little babe to nurse, and therefore I have to take stout."

Answer by Dr. Heywood Smith: "It is a popular mistake to think that the drinking of stout makes you better nurses."

Mr. L.: "I feel low sometimes, so it is needful for me."

Answer by Dr. Wilkes: "Alcohol is a depressor, and people are under a delusion who think otherwise."

Mr. M.: "I am rather 'run down,' and I have to take a little alcohol to build me up."

Answer by THE LANCET: "As an agent for producing degeneration alcohol is unrivalled."

Mr. N.: "I have a weak heart, that is my reason."

Dr. Sims Woodhead: "I never use brandy for the heart; hot milk is better."

Mr. O.: "I have a complication of complaints, I am forced to take it."

Answer by Dr. Dickson, Canada: "Alcohol is a most destructive agent to every organ and tissue of the body, either in a state of health or disease."

Well, we won't go on to the end of the alphabet, but we might go on to the end of twelve alphabets to show how useless alcohol is, and what an absurd thing it is to believe it to be a good medicine. Surely everybody who wants to know the TRUTH will be satisfied with this: Now the next thing to do is to LIVE IT OUT.

—Irish Temperance League Journal.

APRIL.

BY MARY ALICIA STEWARD.

A wealth of bloom on cherry boughs,
A blush of red on peach-blow tips,
A thrill of life in fresh oak leaves,—
For spring has come.

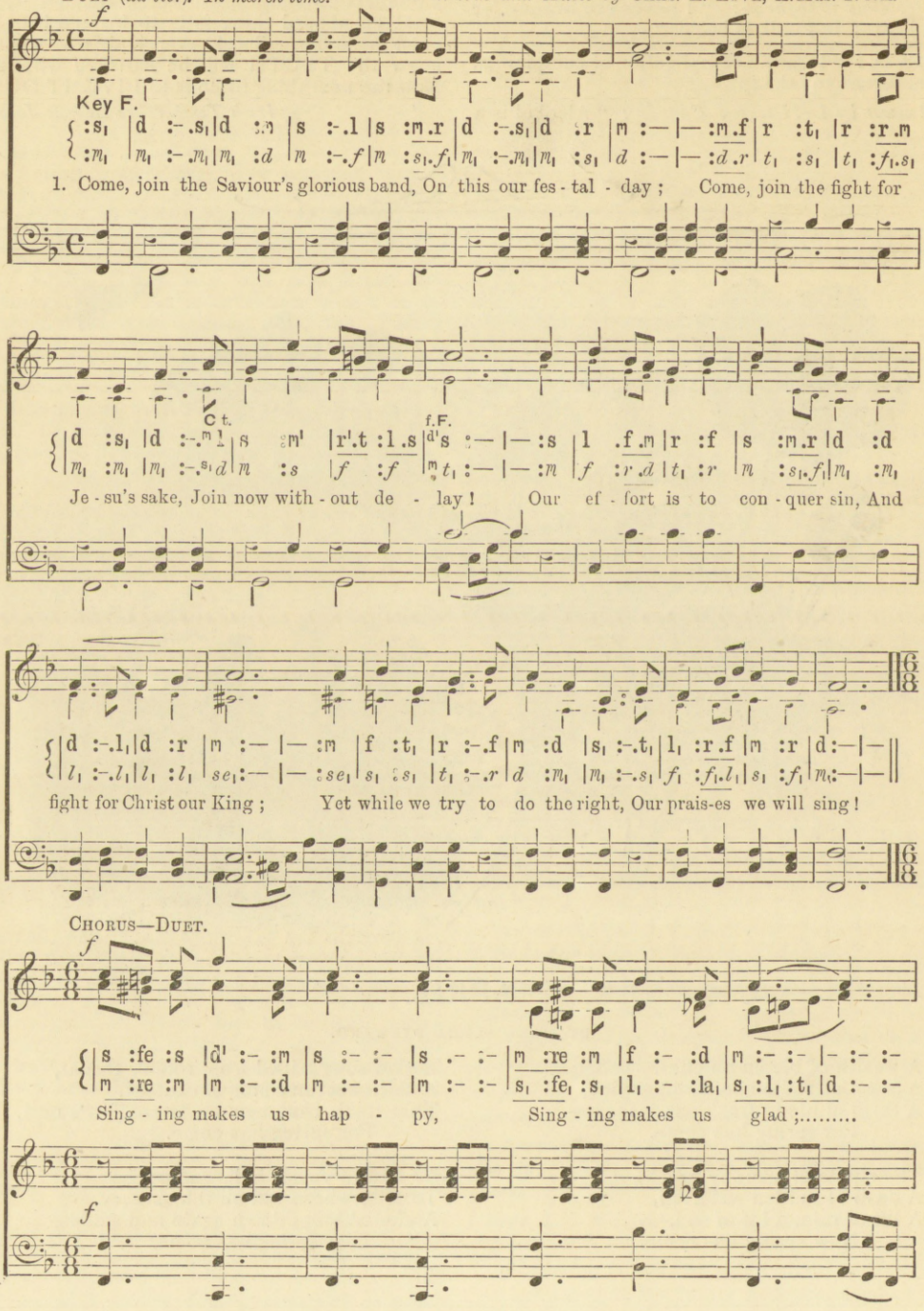
The ripple of a sunny brook,
A dash of sudden waterfall,
A bit of rain, a bit of sun,
Now spring has come.

A glad song trilled from robin's throat,
A soft sweet murmur of content,
That steals from new-made swallow's nest,
For spring has come.

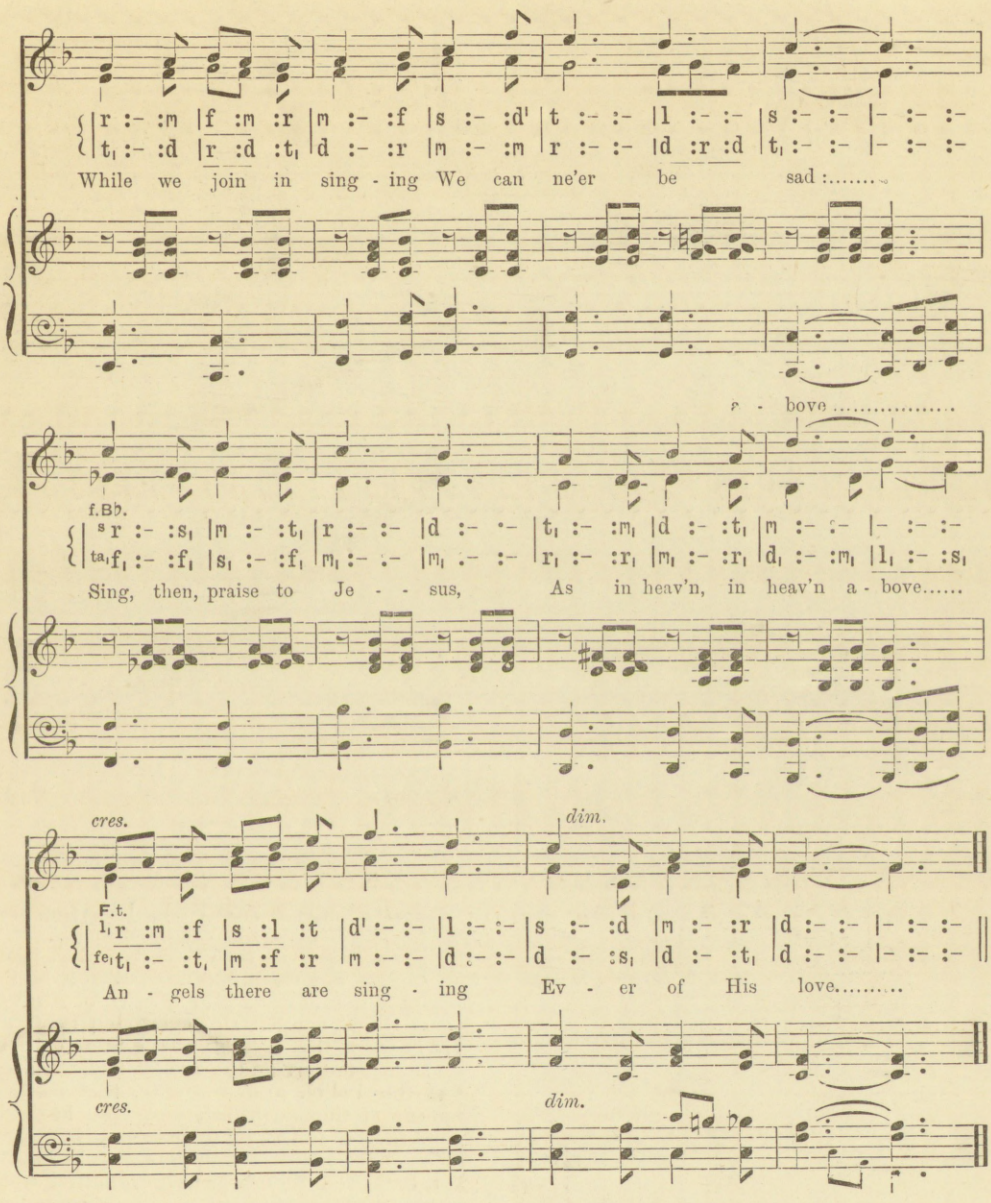
All nature voices hallowed praise
To Him whose will all things obey,
And God looks down again and smiles,
That spring has come.

COME, JOIN THE SAVIOUR'S GLORIOUS BAND.

DUET (*ad lib.*). *In march time.* *Words and Music by* CHAS. E. LOVE, A.Mus. T.C.L.



COME, JOIN THE SAVIOUR'S GLORIOUS BAND.



2. Come, join the Saviour's glorious band,
   And help us in the fight;
   Our foes are strong; but who can stand
   Against the truth and right?
   And though we have our work to do,
   We sing along the way;
   It gives us strength and courage in
   The battle and the fray.
   Singing, &c.

3. Our Saviour leads, we need not fear,
   He never lets us fall;
   For He is near at danger's hour—
   He watches over all:
   He'll lead us to the land above
   Where loved ones for us wait,
   For there they sing around the throne
   Within the golden gate.
   Singing, &c.

Short Stories by Detective C. J. BLOOMFIELD.
Author of "Sidelights on Modern Police Work."

Dolly Maxwell's Plea.

HERBERT MAXWELL, J.P., was one of those good living men who delighted in seeing everybody happy. As a parent, he was stern, but not unkindly so; as a business man, exact; as a Justice of the Peace, some would say a little severe, but not unduly. He believed that his duty to the State demanded he should not err on the side of leniency; and it was this belief, and this only, that made him appear at times a little stern. But he had his good points, and on more than one occasion his little golden-haired daughter, Dolly, as he called her, had been the means of his remitting what he afterwards thought was a severe sentence on some poor wretch who had come within the clutches of the law.

It was a hot, sultry day, and he was just preparing to go for a drive when he saw the village constable hurrying up the garden walk. "Well, Clarke! and what can I do for you?" he asked, good humouredly. "Want a warrant signed, I suppose, eh?"

"Well, not exactly sir," replied the constable, saluting; "but the Magistrates' Clerk wants to know if you will come and try a case, as the Justice whose turn it is for Court is taken ill, and cannot come. There's only one case; it's Tom Fogg again. He be a perfect pest; it would be a good job if he was dead, sir, that it would!"

"What's he charged with, Clarke?" asked Mr. Maxwell.

"The usual drunk and disorderly, sir," was the reply.

"Well! I'll come at once," and, suiting his words, he hurriedly told the footman to order the carriage.

"Do take me with you, pa," pleaded Dolly; "I should so like to see a trial."

"My darling," he replied, "the Police Court is no place for you.

"Oh, but pa, I will sit quiet; and you know it is a Court of Justice where all are allowed to go."

"Well, my dear, if you want to go, I suppose I have no other alternative; and, as it's a simple case, you will not see or hear much to harm you."

A few minutes later, father and daughter were off towards the Court House, which, on arrival, they found partly filled with villagers.

Dolly sat on the Bench a little away from her father, and intently viewed everything there was to be seen—the small dock, the burly policeman, the busy clerk, and the spectators were all objects of interest to her. At last, Tom Fogg was brought in, and the charge read over to him.

Tom was the village pest, the man who had the worst record in the place. No one cared for him; all hated him, and so he got little chance. He lived like a dog almost, and was treated as such.

"You are charged with being drunk and disorderly," said Mr. Maxwell; "do you deny the charge?"

"Well, it's like this, sir," pleaded Fogg; "I was drunk, but I deny being disorderly!"

"I will hear the evidence, then!" said His Worship; and up got the constable who had charge of the case, and in official style stated how he arrested Tom, who was drunk, and using bad language, and, added the constable, "he is the worst character in the whole place, and gives more trouble than all the villagers put together!"

After this, Tom thought it was useless to deny the charge further, and, when asked what he had to say, he addressed His Worship as follows: "It's like this 'ere, your honour; I'm a bad lot, and I know it. I haven't a friend in the whole place, and what is a man without a friend? I have never had a chance given me yet," and he dropped his head in his hands.

"I'm afraid your record is too bad to admit of my giving you a chance," said Mr. Maxwell after a few minutes' deliberation. "You don't deserve it, in fact. The only option I have is to send you to gaol. You're a worthless fellow, and——"

What Maxwell, J.P., would have said next will never be known, for at this point little Dolly put her hand on her father's arm, and bending her head towards him, said pleadingly: "Do please give him one more chance, papa, for my sake. I am sure he will be good."

The father looked at his daughter with a frown, saying: "You must not interfere with justice, dear."

"But father," she pleaded, "to be merciful is justice itself. Do please give him one more chance, papa," and her pretty eyes filled with tears.

That was enough for Mr. Maxwell, for turning to the prisoner he said: "It was my intention to send you to gaol, Fogg, but for the pleading of my daughter here. I am afraid I am doing wrong in giving you a chance, but for her sake I will let you off this time with a hope that you will never come here again. You can go!"

Fogg, bad as he was, seemed bewildered, but bracing himself up with a sort of determination he replied: "I thank 'ee, sir, also the little lady, and for her sake I will never do wrong again. This is the last chance I shall want. God bless you, little lady!" And with these words he left the dock.

"You know it was very wrong, Dolly, for you to interfere; you must not do so again," said her father on the journey home; but the little maid only nestled closer to her father, which had a wonderful effect in appeasing his wrath.

* * * * *

The story does not end here. There is a sequel. Tom Fogg got employment after this repairing the roadway. One day, whilst so employed, he was startled to see a horse, which had taken fright, come dashing down the roadway, dragging behind it a carriage in which was a little girl screaming for help. Tom made a dash for the horse, and catching hold of the bridle managed, after being dragged some distance, to bring the animal to a standstill, but not before he had been severely hurt. By his bravery he had undoubtedly saved the life of the girl who was no other than his Police Court friend, Dolly Maxwell.

Divine Compassion.

LONG since a dream of heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft;
I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft;
But hearing still, in middle song,
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong;
And shrinking, with hid faces, from the strain
Of sad beseeching eyes full of remorse and pain.

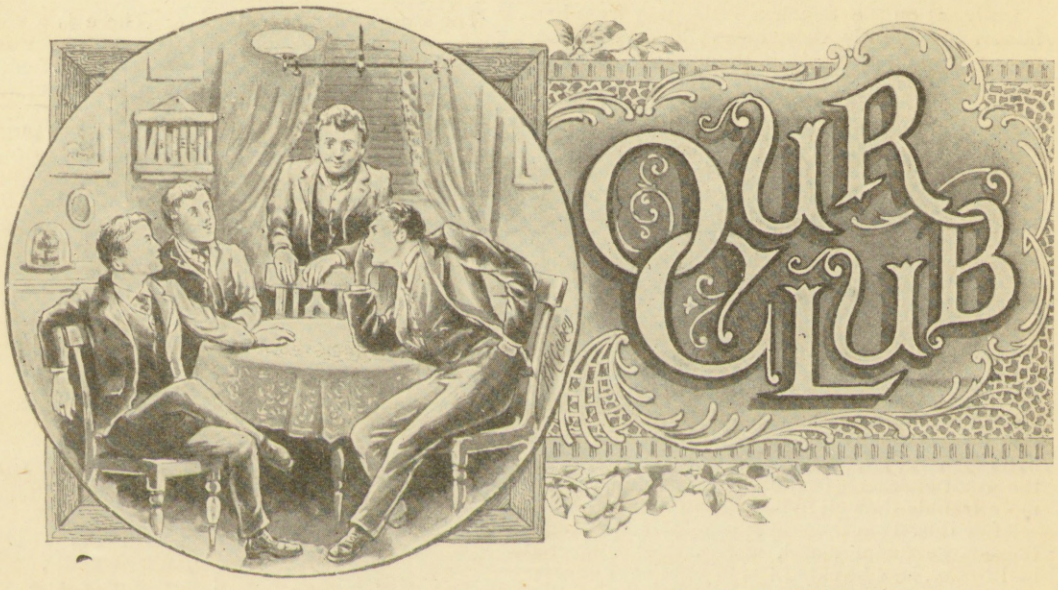
The glad song falters to a wail,
The harping sinks to low lament,
Before the still uplifted veil
I see the crowned foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly air,
With breathings of unselfish prayer;
And a Voice saith: "O pity which is pain,
O Love that weeps, fill up My sufferings which remain.

"Shall souls redeemed by Me refuse
To share my sorrow in their turn?
Or, sin-forgiven, My gift abuse
Of peace with selfish unconcern?
Has saintly ease no pitying care?
Has faith no work, and love no care?
While sin remains, and souls in darkness dwell,
Can heaven itself be heaven, and look unmoved on hell?"

Then through the gates of pain I dream
A wind of heaven blows coolly in ;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torrent grows more thin,
Tears quench the burning soil and thence
Spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence ;
And through the dreary realm of man's despair,
Star-crowned an angel walks, and lo ! God's hope
is there.

Is it a dream ? Is heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air ?
Its happy eyes for ever dry ?
Its holy lips without a prayer ?
My God. My God. If thither led
By Thy free grace unmerited,
No crown nor palm be mine, but let me keep
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that still can
weep.

—*Whittier.*



By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

MEMBERS:—

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

Our Club has only four members, but they are all earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them. We are privileged to listen to some of their talks and to follow in their arguments.

IV.—ALCOHOL AND BODILY WARMTH.

William : "So glad to see you fellows again ; you had the best of me in the argument last time, but I think I shall have an innings this time."

James : "Well, come on, what great gun are you going to fire off that will knock us all into a cocked hat ? "

William : "No, my boy, there is no great gun, but simply the calm statement of matter of fact."

Robert : "That's all right. As the professor says: 'We don't want theories or opinions, but the simply ascertained facts.' "

William : "All right, my lads, laugh away, but look here, you have shown that, as far as bone and muscle, brain and nerve are concerned, alcohol is of no service to us. Now, I'll agree to that, but you can't show that alcohol don't help to keep the body warm."

John : "Well, let's have your version of it. In what way does alcohol help to maintain the heat of the body ? "

William : "Oh, the matter can't be stated in that off-hand way. I have been looking the matter up, and I am simply chock full of arguments to support my case."

James : "Well, fire them off, old boy. Where will you begin ? "

Robert : "I say, William, we had a lesson the other day proving that there was really more carbon in alcohol than in sugar."

William: "I don't know much about the science of it myself, but you will all agree, I think, that those foods which give heat and vitality to the body must be carbonaceous, that is, they are fairly rich in carbon."

John: "Oh, that is all right, and as we are going to discuss the question, it is as well to remember that the classes of food that are of service in this respect are the starches, sugars, and fats."

Robert: "Yes, but that don't mean that everything that is rich in carbon would be good heat givers."

James: "Why, of course not. A lump of coal is rich in carbon, but we should look very funny if we tried to eat it, and even if we did we should not get the heat-giving material out of it."

William: "You fellows will wander off the track. You will, I suppose, admit that alcohol does contain this heat-giving material?"

John: "Certainly, there is no dispute about that; chemical analysis easily determines the point, and tells us exactly how much there is, and, as Robert says, there is actually a greater percentage in alcohol than in ordinary sugar."

William: "Well, if that is so, you give the case away, for, more carbon, more heat, and there is an end to the matter."

James: "I don't know so much about that, it all depends on whether the carbon is burnt up in the body. It is not so much the quantity, as what becomes of it."

Robert: "We were told the other day that recent experiments had proved that of any given quantity of alcohol taken into the body the greater proportion was oxydised, that really is, it was burnt and turned into heat."

William: "There you are, it is just as I said, more carbon, more heat, and therefore it is clear that alcohol is of service in this way."

John: "Not quite so fast. I quite agree that, on the face of it, things appear as you say, but we must never judge of scientific fact by mere appearance. It is true that alcohol is burnt up in the body, and heat is produced, and yet it can be shown that, after all, it is a heat reducer and not a heat giver."

William: "Oh, come now, don't go stretching a point just to get the argument on your side."

James: "It almost seems a contradiction, first to say that a substance makes heat and then that it reduces it."

John: "It does so, yet it is a fact all the same. It is in this way: Alcohol is rapidly turned into heat, and if all the heat produced was retained in the body it would become warmer than is necessary. We must ask ourselves this question, 'Has alcohol any effect upon the body before it is burnt up?' and the answer is that it has."

Robert: "I know. I have heard something about it rapidly getting into the blood and deadening the nerves that control the arteries so that they now get engorged with blood, and, consequently, it is brought nearer to the surface of the body, and heat more rapidly escapes."

John: "Why, you are getting quite an expert, Bob. At any rate the fact is stated with a fair amount of exactitude. Alcohol is turned into heat, but it sets up a condition that allows of more heat escaping than it makes, and so the body really loses heat."

William: "That won't do at all. Why, a man feels warmer after drinking a glass of grog, and you don't want any better proof than that, surely?"

James: "Although he feels warmer, that is no proof that he really is warmer."

William: "I should think it was; you surely can't have a better proof than a man's own feeling?"

John: "The escape of heat from the body gives us a feeling of warmth. When we perspire freely, that sensation of heat is due to its rapid escape from the body, and not to any real increase of heat, otherwise the body would be at fever heat, whereas in good health it is always at one level of temperature."

Robert: "Can't it be tested by the thermometer?"

John: "Certainly it can, and delicate experiments have shown that in many cases the use of alcohol results in lowered temperature, and lowered vitality."

James: "What I can't understand is this, William. If, as you say, it is a heat giver, why don't they use alcohol in cold climates? I mean by explorers in Arctic regions, and the like. Why, in all modern explorations, has alcohol been most strictly avoided?"

John: "And for a good reason. It renders the men more liable to suffer from the cold. Instead of putting heat into them, it lets the heat out. Why, what a handy thing it would be; the men could carry it with them, and use it whilst they were on the march. But they don't. Experience has taught them to strictly let it alone."

William: "Well, I had never thought of that, and it does seem strange that if alcohol is, as many suppose it to be, a heat-giving food, that it should not serve in these cold climates."

John: "The fact is that alcohol deceives people in this respect, as it does in many others. Under its influence they feel a glow of warmth, but they are really colder than they would have been without it. The lowest temperatures of the human body that are known to modern science, are those of drunken persons, sleeping exposed to the air."

Robert: "There is a story in one of my school books confirming that. It is about an awful calamity that occurred in Russia in the reign of Catherine the Great, when, on the occasion of some great festival, brandy was allowed to run almost free, with the terrible result that many thousands died of cold and exposure."

William: "It seems no good, you always get the best of me in the argument, but I must be off now. I shan't let it drop though. You wait till we meet again."

Three Penn'orth of Mother-in-Law.

By "Uncle Edward."

"THREE penn'orth of mother-in-law," shouted a rough boorish-looking man over the bar of a London gin palace, to a sleek shiny-faced youth whose young life, once full of promise, was devoted to the not very intellectual task of dragging back the levers liberating a supply of the curse-fraught beverages which his employer hurled broadcast without intermission among the squalid inhabitants of one of the great city's worst slums.

The shiny-faced youth gazed with lack-lustre eyes at his customer and, without a word, waited for some more explicit order.

"Don't ye understand me," growled the speaker, "I want three penn'orth o' *old and bitter*."

The sleek youth smiled a ghastly smile, and stepping to the far end of the bar he pulled back the smartest-looking handle which adorned the fatally brilliant man-trap, a handle composed of red coloured glass and standing out by itself in grim contrast to the filthy rags of the sodden slaves to alcohol who clustered up to the bar as flies to garbage. He drew the handle towards him and a muddy-looking stream flowed into the mug which he held under the tap. *That* was the "mother-in-law," and a round hole in the counter explained to the initiated what was the composition thereof. Dregs of gin, remains of rum, odd drops of whisky, washings out of brandy bottles, spilt tumblers of "half-and-half," the "exuberance" of hastily-opened "sodas," little pools of "nourishing stout," which trickled over from time to time, as bloated mothers with babies at their breast unsteadily planted their glasses upon the counter between their sips—all, in short, that was liquid enough to trickle found its way towards the round hole, and, minute by minute, during the livelong day, it added to the contents of the horrid receptacle which nestled under the bar and which yielded its disgusting mixture as the handle from time to time was wrenched forward by the guilty hand of one or other of the conscience-less employees of the owner of the "Red Dragon."

The sleek youth stepped quickly back to his customer, who greedily seized the mug and with one gulp swallowed the hideous conglomeration, and put down his threepence and departed. He wended his way through the crowds which thronged the pathway and turned off into a side street, thence to a narrower street, and finally stopped before a broken-down shanty in front of which was deposited loathsome heaps of decayed vegetable remains and repulsive-looking odds and ends, and rejected bits from the "family plate." The shanty door needed no great effort to open it, for there had been no lock, key, bolt or bar for many a long year. It was the easiest thing possible to walk in by night or by day. There was no fear of burglars, for the simple reason that there was nothing to "burgle."

The hero of this little story, John Crow by name, revelled in this immunity from marauders. *He lived with his wife's mother*, and among the few jokes that John Crow was ever known to perpetrate, was one concerning this elderly and decidedly sour and cantankerous lady. It was this, "We shan't have no burglars come here except they come after *you*, and if they carry *you* off in the dark they'll put you down when they get under the first lamp-post." Yes, John Crow had a "caution" for a mother-in-law truly enough, and nothing but the fact that his wife, who was incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, and was expected to be liberated daily, could have constrained him to live alone with her for an hour longer. She was a terror when John Crow's wife was about; but in her absence she was a fiend incarnate.

As John pushed open the door and entered his wretched little dwelling, his eyes met those of his mother-in-law, and rough and daredevil as was his temperament, he was utterly unable to fix them upon her face, and involuntarily they dropped. But the hasty view he had of her unbearable features convinced him that she was in one of her very worst humours.

"You great hulkin' brute," she began, "*you're* the sort o' man as ort to be 'ung, drawd and quartered."

John Crow didn't dispute her statement audibly, for he had found by experience that she had a will of her own, and to cross it, even by disputing such uncomplimentary statements concerning himself, meant failure so far as he was concerned. So he just sat down on a backless chair and listened.

Leastwise, she continued, "'Angin', drawin', an' quarterin' 'd be 'eaven for sich as yew. Ah, just to think on it, my pore dorter what never know'd what it wor to feel the wants o' nothink, tied up for life to sich as yew, no wonder as she went ravin' mad. *I* should if I lived wi' yew another blessed week, yew hugly, leer-eyed, pudden-faced 'ypocrit. I'd *make* yer work if *I'd* married yer, ah, *that* I would, I'd foller yer about an' scratch yer ole phiz till yer *did* work. A good thing as yer pore little gals died, both on 'em; they wouldn't ha' 'ad no bread to satisfy their cravin's wi' if they *'ad* a lived. Ah, *you'll* ha' somethin' to answer for, yer great lollopin mud-scraper of a man."

John Crow was a slave truly enough, to the pot in general, and to the very odious form it took at the opening of this account of him, in

particular; but the change from a decent workman to the present John Crow had been only the work of time. Given a mother-in-law such as his, and a wife who was a chip of the same block, and his ball rolled rapidly down hill from the fatal hour when he took his mother-in-law's daughter for better or for worse. But it often puzzled John to know whether the "mother-in-law" that he swallowed at the "Green Dragon," or the mother-in-law who always seemed "fit to swallow *him*" when he reached his desolate home and hearth was the most to be avoided. God pity the man who has two such mothers-in-law!

Not What She Went For.

By William Luff.

She went for a pint of the liquid curse,
That fair small child of my simple verse:
Her mother sent her, and little thought
What more those pence for her daughter bought.

She got her beer; but she got beside
A thousand evils that eventide;
For she saw the examples of sin and shame,
Results of the drink for which she came.

She heard the talk at that bar of death,
And breathed for a moment that tainted breath;
And the pure young mind got an unknown thought,
None knew the stain that she homeward brought.

She saw, she heard, and she tasted, too,
The foaming draught of that hellish brew;
And the first dire love for the drink that night
Was bought with the money by that fair mite.

Her mother took from the childish hand
The drink she fetched at her sad command;
But she could not take from those bright blue eyes
The scenes like clouds upon azure skies.

She took the change that the maiden brought;
But she could not take from her mind one thought,
Or word, or memory of that hour,
Where first she learned the infernal power.

Years passed away, and the fair young child
Was a drunken woman with passions wild.
Her mother was dying with broken heart,
That she in her drunkenness first had part.

For she saw too late that her pence had bought
A curse for her daughter she little thought;
But she might have thought, and she should have known
That the house of sin was the tempter's throne.

O mothers, fathers, and Christians, say,
Shall the children still in this Gospel day
Be offered thus to this Moloch grim?
Nay! cry through your armies "Away with him."

And if his worship must still go on,
Disgracing the world where the Christ was born,
Though the hosts of evil may rage and scoff,
Yet over the little ones cry, "Hands off!"

Who would Succeed, must

Attend carefully to the details of his business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep his mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few special acquaintances.
Never try to appear what he is not.
Observe good manners.
Pay his debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of his parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use his leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over his passions.
Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labour for the right.
& Success is certain.

The Gun and the Bar.

They talk of the man behind the gun
And the deadly work that he has done;
But much more deadly work, by far,
Is done by the fellow behind the bar.
They talk of the man behind the gun—
Yet only in battle his work is done;
But never ceases, in peace or war,
The work of the man behind the bar.

The distinction between a Manchester man and a Liverpool gentleman is an old one. A guard on one of the old stage coaches between Preston and London was once asked who he had inside. "Oh," was the reply, "a gentleman fra Liverpool, a mon fra Manchester, a chap fra Owdham, and a felly fra Wigan." The distinctions are decidedly subtle.

Joaquin Miller, the poet who has spent some time in Alaska, says: "To use intoxicants in Alaska is fatal. No one can use stimulants without serious results. Even coffee is not necessary to the habitual coffee drinker. Tea is the proper beverage there, and that is the popular drink. Whisky is a deadly thing to the Indians, and they are perishing in Alaska very rapidly."

TOMMY: "Ma, I bought you some candy down town."

MA: "That was kind, Tommy, where is it?"

TOMMY: "Well ma, I was so long comin' home on the cars that it didn't last till I got here."

"Wine brings on a tenfold curse. It brings a curse
On him who makes it for another's use
On him who makes it for himself alone
On him who drinketh of the poison draught
On him who carries it from place to place
On him to whom the poisoned grape is brought,
On him who serves it to the eager guest,
On him who sells it to another's hurt,
On him who profits by the harmful sale,
On him who buys it for himself alone,
On him who buys it for another's use:—
These ten shall be accursed," Mohammed said.

TOMMY: "Father, what does 'hereditary' mean?"

FATHER: "Something that goes from father to son."

TOMMY: "Then these clothes are hereditary, ain't they, as they did belong to you?"

What is a Baby?—The prince of wails; an inhabitant of Lapland; the morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler; the only precious possession that never excites envy; a key that opens the heart of all classes, the rich and poor alike, in all countries; a stranger with unspeakable cheek, which is received with open arms by everyone.

Who'll Buy?

(Suggested on seeing the advertisement of a wholesale liquor dealer.)

Forty casks of liquid woe—
Who'll buy?
Murder by the gallon. Oh!
Who'll buy?
Larceny and theft made thin,
Beggary and death thrown in,
Packages of liquid sin—
Who'll buy?

Foreign death imported pure—
Who'll buy?
Warranted not slow, but sure—
Who'll buy?
Empty pockets by the cask,
T ngled brains by pint or flask,
Vice of any kind you ask—
Who'll buy?

Competition we defy—
Who'll buy?
Dye, to make the soul jet black;
Dye to make the conscience slack;
Nothing vile do our casks lack—
Who'll buy?

A man staggered into a pawnbroker's shop, and, laying down a package on the counter, exclaimed: "Give me ten cents!" The proprietor opened the parcel and found a pair of little red shoes so slightly soiled as to indicate that they had seen but little wear. "Where did you get these?" he asked. "Got them home," said the man; "my wife bought them for the baby." Mad with thirst he cried: "Give me ten cents! I must have a drink!" "You had better take them back to your wife," said the pawnbroker, "the baby will need them." "No, she won't," said the man, "because she's dead. She's dead, I say; died in the night." And he bowed his head on the counter and wept like a child.

Yet it is only a few years since that same man, when invited by a friend to sign the total abstinence pledge and join a Good Templar Lodge, declined, saying, "Why should I deny myself the use of the cheering wine, because some people abuse it? I can drink and leave it alone!"

Synopsis

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm. Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret —the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. Late on Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from making purchases in the village, she was startled at the farm gate by a small boy who darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil." asked to see the farmer, for which purpose he was taken into the great farm kitchen. He proved to be a messenger from the farmer's son, who came home on Xmas Eve, a decrepit, broken-down man, separated from his wife, to die. The farmer received him gladly, and promised the dying man to care for his "Little Phil," who became as the apple of his eye. Three years after, Phil had much developed a waywardness which began to greatly trouble the old farmer. Some of his chums were not quite all the farmer desired for him. The latter was greatly troubled when Phil insisted upon going with them and the local undertaker to a neighbouring town, where, after visiting various places, he went to the church, where he was introduced to the Vicar, Mr. Hope, a meeting full of potentialities.

Chapter V.

A Stranger Speaks to Phil.

ONE mid-day in May, some little time after the events of the last chapter, a tall, rather well-dressed man, wearing the check stockings and small cap of a cyclist, turned slowly into the road that led past the White Farm, guiding very carefully a light, well-polished machine. The rider who had any respect for his neck generally dismounted at this point, as the road fell somewhat suddenly, and as the farm was half-way down the incline, it was not safe to mount again until well past it. This being the case, the action of that particular wheelman in jumping off his machine and taking to the road on foot called for no special comment, nor was there anything remarkable about the manner in which he stared at the farmhouse as he passed. There were very few people, coming upon it for the first time, who did not stop to look at it. Its bold outlines invited attention, while its white walls gleaming through a veil of foliage were picturesque in the extreme. Amateur artists who had come to the neighbourhood in search of subjects had made a point of gaining Farmer Amden's permission to sketch his house. So no one was suspicious or surprised when on that day in May a stranger paused on his way down the road to look at the white walls, gleaming almost like marble in the clear young light.

The farmer was as usual bustling about the yard, and Phil, who had come from school to his dinner, was seated on the step eating his meal in the sunshine.

The eyes of the stranger dropped from the walls of the house to the face of the boy who was sitting beside them. Phil, with his dark curls and bright expressive face, from which eyes as clear as stars

looked forth, made a very attractive picture, whose every detail the man with the cycle seemed to take in with one long, keen glance, which might, to the casual observer, have seemed a careless glance.

About half a mile down the road, on the same side as the farm-house, was a stile, and here the stranger stopped, and resting his machine against the hedge, he sat down. He did not speak aloud, but if he had given utterance to his thoughts he might have spoken thus:

"I wonder if that was the boy. Most likely. I'd best make sure though. He's a schoolboy, evidently. I'd like to know which way he'll go back to school."

About half-an-hour later Phil came out of the farm-yard gate, and glanced up and down the road. From his seat by the stile the man with the cycle could see him if he chanced to be looking his way. and as he was looking his way he did see him. Phil was just a little bit undecided which way to take back to school. He had just enough curiosity in his composition to be influenced by the sight of a strange man sitting on a seat, with an idle machine by his side. So Phil took the road the man watching him wanted him to take.

A CYCLIST WITH AN IDLE MACHINE BY HIS SIDE.

As the boy drew near, the stranger appeared to be engaged in knocking dust from his stockings.

He allowed Phil to pass, and then called after him:

"I say youngster, can I get to the village this way?"

Phil stopped and turned round on his heel.

"You can, Sir; but it's a long way round."

The man knew it was; that's why he had asked.

"Which way shall I go for the nearest?"

"Just through this turning. It will take you on to the main road, and then you can go straight ahead."

"Are you going that way?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Oh, well, you can show me."

The man got up, and once more guiding his bike, walked with Phil towards the main road.

"One get's a little mixed up in these lanes,' he remarked carelessly.

"They are bad roads for riding on," Phil exclaimed.

"But awfully pretty," the stranger returned. "Yon farm house I have just passed was a treat. He's a lucky beggar who can live there all the summer round. Who owns it?"

"My grandfather," replied Phil, with a touch of pride.

"Oh! And have you just come from there?"

"Yes, I live with my grandfather," Phil replied, with the freedom of an unsuspicious boy.

"Do you? Well, all I've got to say is that you've got a jolly nice home, and your parents ought to be thankful that you've got such a pretty place to live in."

"I've got no parents," Phil said with simple pathos.

"Poor little chap! You're rather young to be left without father or mother. Have they been dead long?"

"I don't remember my mother at all, but I remember my father. He has been dead three years."

"Of course you will remember your father if he has only been dead three years. You would be a big boy when he died."

"I was ten years old."

"What! Are you only thirteen? What a little giant you are! All boys who are left without parents don't come off as lucky as you. Was that your grandfather I saw as I came along—a big man with grey hair; I think he was in the yard?

"Yes, that would be him."

"Well, he looks a kind-hearted old gentleman."

"He's just splendid."

"That's right my lad! Always have a good word for your own!"

"He deserves it; and if he wasn't my own I'd have a good word for him."

"The path looks a bit decent here, so I'll drag this thing no further; I'll make it drag me. Thank you, my boy, and good day to you!"

With these words the man mounted his machine, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

If Phil could only have seen what was passing through the man's mind he would have been

surprised. But perhaps it was as well that the knowledge was denied him. He returned to his lessons at school with nothing to disturb his young mind, and the stranger he had directed to the village was very quickly forgotten.

Meanwhile, that man himself was in a strange state of excitement; for although Phil had forgotten him, he had not forgotten Phil. He was thinking of him as he hastened to the nearest railway station, from which he and his machine were conveyed to another more important station, where he took train for London. And all along the way he thought of Phil, recalling every word the boy had uttered, and stamping it on the tablets of his memory. Scene after scene flew by, but he saw nothing but Phil's face, the face with its sweet mouth and beautiful eyes.

It was night when he reached London, deep, dark night, and when he walked from the platform into the streets, with their signs of life and pleasure, he carried with him Phil's every feature, Phil's every word. He took them with him in the cab which conveyed him to one of the outskirts of the great city, and left him at the door of a small but pretty house. There was a smile on his lips when he knocked at the door, and he was still thinking of Phil.

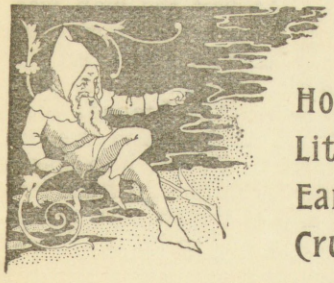
A few minutes later he was sitting in the front room, awaiting the coming of the mistress of the house, and still he thought of Phil. Even when the woman he was waiting for entered, he was recalling the pretty way in which the farmer's grandson had looked at him, the pretty way in which he had spoken to him, and when the woman advanced and held out her hands, and cried:

"Well?"

He answered: "I have found him."

And it was of Phil he was thinking, and of Phil he was speaking.

(To be continued.)



How the . . . Little Devil . . Earned the . . Crust of Bread.

BY LEO TOLSTOY.

A poor peasant went out to plough his field one morning, before breakfast, taking with him a crust of bread. He tipped the plough over, took out the bar, and laid it under a bush with the crust, and spread his coat over all. Presently the peasant got hungry, and the horse was tired. So he stuck the plough into the ground, unharnessed the horse and let her loose to graze, and went to the bush to have a bite and rest awhile. He lifted the coat; the crust had gone! He looked and looked, rummaged in the coat, shook it—still no crust! The peasant wondered. "That's strange," he said; "I saw no one, yet

SOMEONE MUST HAVE TAKEN THE BREAD."

It was a little Devil who had taken the crust while the peasant was ploughing, and he now sat behind the bush to listen how the peasant would swear and call on his—the devil's—name.

The peasant was sorry.

"Oh, well," he said; "I shan't die of hunger! I suppose whoever took it was in need of it. Let him eat it, and may it give him health!"

And the peasant went to the well, drank some water, rested, caught the horse, harnessed her, and set to work again.

The little devil was disappointed that he had not led the peasant into sin, and he went to tell it to the big devil.

He came to the big devil and told how he had stolen the bread, and how the peasant instead of swearing, had wished him good health.

The big devil was very angry.

"If the peasant has had the best of you in this matter," he said, "it's your own fault: you were a fool about it. If the peasants and then their women get into that sort of habit, we shall have nothing left to live by. The matter can't be left like this! Go to that peasant again, and earn your crust. If in three years you haven't got the better of the peasant, I'll throw you into holy water!"

The little devil was frightened, and ran out on to the earth thinking how to redeem his error. He thought and thought, and at last found it.

He turned himself into a workman and hired himself out to the poor peasant. The following year was a dry summer, and the little devil told the peasant to sow his corn on marshy ground. All the other peasant's corn was burned up by the sun; but

THE POOR PEASANT'S CORN GREW

tall and thick and full-eared. The peasant lived on it till the next harvest and still had a lot left. Next summer the little devil told the peasant to sow his corn on the mountain. The summer was a rainy one: all the corn was beaten down, and rotted, and the grain died, but the peasant's crops on the mountain side were splendid.

He had still more extra corn now, and didn't know what to do with it.

And the little devil taught the peasant how to crush the grain and to make whisky out of it. And the peasant

BEGAN TO MAKE WHISKY,

to drink it himself, and to give it to others.

The little devil went to the big devil and began to boast that he had earned the crust. The big devil went to see.

He came to the peasant's house and saw that the peasant had some guests and was treating them with whisky. His wife poured it out, but just as she was about to carry it round she tripped against the table and let the glass fall.

The peasant was furious and shouted at her. "You devil's fool!" he said; "can't you take care, you idiot, and not pour the spirit on the floor as if it were dirty water!"

The little devil nudged the big one with his elbow, and said: "What do you think he would do now if someone stole his crust?"

When the peasant had finished swearing, he began to carry the spirit round himself. Soon a poor peasant returning from his day's work came in uninvited, and sat down.

HE SAW THE PEOPLE DRINKING,

and being very weary, he thought he would also like to have a drink. So he sat and sat, licking his lips, but the master didn't offer him any, and only muttered under his breath: "I don't make whisky for all the vagrants that happen to want it."

This pleased the big devil; but the little devil only boasted the more and said: "You wait; you'll see some more!"

The rich peasants drank and the master drank also. Then they all began to toady to each other, and to flatter and speak oily and lying words to one another.

The big devil listened and listened, and praised the little devil. "If," said he, "this drink can make them as full of lies and cunning as I have seen, then they are in our hands."

"Wait a bit," said the little devil, "this is only the beginning; wait till they drink a little more. Now, like foxes, they are wagging their tails and trying to trick each other, but soon they'll be as cruel as wolves."

The peasants drank another glass each, and their talk grew louder and rougher. Instead of oily words, there was wrangling and curses, and soon they worked themselves into a fury and flew at each other and smashed each other's noses in. The master also fought and got beaten.

The big devil looked on and was very pleased. "This is good," he said.

But the little devil said: "Wait a bit, there's more to follow. Let them drink a little more. Now they rage like wolves, but soon they will wallow like swine."

The peasants drank again, and

SOON WERE MAUDLIN DRUNK.

They shouted, and muttered they knew not what, unable to understand each other.

Presently they began to disperse and went slouching through the streets, alone or in twos and threes. The master went to see his guests off, but he fell into the gutter and lay covered with filth and grunting like a pig.

This pleased the big devil immensely. "You have made a good drink," he said, "and you deserve your crust. Only tell me, what did you make it of? You must have mixed in it first the blood of the fox—that was why they grew as cunning as foxes; then the blood of the wolf—that was why they grew as cruel as wolves; then the blood of the swine—that was why they grovelled like pigs."

"No," said the little devil, "I did none of those things. The only thing I did was to give him more bread than he needed. The blood of the beast is always in man, but when he earns his bread with labour it hasn't free scope. At first the man was willing to part with his last crust, but when he began to have more bread than he needed, he began also to think how to provide for his pleasures. And I taught him a pleasure—to drink whisky. And as soon as he began to turn God's gift into spirit for his own pleasure, the blood of the fox and of the wolf and of the swine rose up within him. And as long as he continues to drink he will

ALWAYS REMAIN A BEAST."

The big devil praised the little devil and forgave him for losing his crust and appointed him chief among his servants.—

Translated by N. . ., and A. C. Fifield.

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By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

MEMBERS:—

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

Our Club has only four members, but they are all earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them. We are privileged to listen to some of their talks and to follow in their arguments.

V.—INSIDIOUS HARM.

John: "Well, old chums, very glad to see you again. What is it going to be to-night? I am afraid that William won't give us the chance of getting at him as we did last time."

William: "Oh, that's all right; I don't mind how hard you knock me. I am getting hold of the thing bit by bit; but, look here, I am not coming over to your side until you have convinced me to the last iota."

James: "Why, what more do you want? Some of you fellows never know when you've got a licking. You first of all want to tell us that beer can make you strong, and then when that is all knocked over you give way, but come up smiling again with some cock and bull story about alcohol making us warm; and when that goes by the board, you've got the cheek to come up again as though nothing had happened."

William: "It's all very fine to talk like that; but I have been taught to use a little drop of drink all my life, and I don't know that I am any the worse for it."

Robert: "But how about strength and warmth and all that sort of thing? You're not going to take up those arguments again, are you?"

William: "Oh, as far as you've gone, I agree with you; but you have only touched the fringe of the question. Can you show that I am any the worse man because I take a glass of beer with my dinner and supper?"

John: "In judging of a thing like alcohol, one can never take individual cases if the truth is to be arrived at. The thing is to ascertain what is its effect on men generally."

William: "I don't quite agree with that; let every man be judged by himself, I say."

James: "But it is not the man who is to be judged, but the stuff he uses."

Robert: "One man might eat a piece of bread, and in his case it might set up indigestion; and if judged by this one case, it might be supposed that bread was a bad thing. Judged by the masses, it is seen to be a good thing."

John: "Or you may put the case this way: Everyone knows that insanitary conditions are bad for health. They breed fevers and disease; but here and there you will find one case where a man lives long and apparently well in spite of his bad surroundings. Could it be argued that because this one man apparently suffers no ill that the bad conditions were good?"

William: "Oh, drop that; you are too philosophical for me. How do you know that strong drink is bad for the masses if you don't judge by individual cases?"

James: "By taking averages, of course."

William: "Well, how will that help you?"

John. "In this way. If one man is singled out, it might be that he was exceptionally strong and that other conditions were exceptional in his favour. Such a person apparently escapes the harm that alcohol does to the greater proportion of those who use it."

Robert: "I suppose it can do harm long before the user knows it."

William: "Oh, come, I can't see that. Who is to know it if the user don't? Surely a man ought to know best about his own body."

James: "One would think so; but I believe the fact is that experiments show the contrary."

John: "You have a good example of that in Professor Krapelin's experiments. He invented an apparatus by means of which the time occupied by any mental operation, like that of the quickness of seeing any object, could be measured."

William: "Well, how does that help us in the present case?"

James: "Can't you see that if any mental operation can be measured, it could first be done without alcohol, and then with it, and the two compared."

William: "Oh, of course, I know that when a man has had a lot of drink, he can't see so well, or think so well, or indeed do anything so well; but then he is half drunk."

John: "This is a very different case. In Krapelin's experiments, the amount of alcohol used was the equivalent of that contained in a quarter of a pint of beer."

Robert: "And did that very small amount show any difference?"

John: "Certainly, it did."

James: "But there are lots of people who talk of alcohol as being a kind of brain reviver, a sort of mental pick-me-up."

William: "What do ministers and students and busy brain workers use it for if it don't help them?"

John: "First of all, I don't think that many busy brain workers put their trust in alcohol; and, secondly, if they do, I am quite sure that they are trusting to a broken reed."

James: "In these experiments of Krapelin's, I suppose they compare teetotalers with drinkers, and find out which of them does the work best?"

John: "Nothing of the kind. The tests are made on a person whilst he is free from alcohol, and then having found the mental time re-action of that person, alcohol, in the small quantity I have mentioned, is administered, and the tests made again."

Robert: "Do they do it better or worse?"

John: "Always worse. It seems that the action of alcohol is to brighten up the mental operation just for a moment or so, and then follows the lengthened period of depression when the work is being done worse than before."

James: "Don't the people themselves know that they are doing worse?"

William: "The curious thing is that they honestly believe that they are doing better; but the experiments invariably show that they are doing worse."

Robert: "I suppose that is why they call alcohol a deceiver?"

John: "It is certainly one of the evidences that it is a deceiver; the point, however, is that it proves that there is this harm caused by what are believed to be perfectly harmless quantities of alcohol."

William: "Well, well, you get over me; but I must think it all over, and see where I am. Good-bye, till we meet again."

Are the Days of Innocence Over?

ARE the days of innocence over,
The days when the world was young,
The days of that golden spring-time
Of which the poets sung?

Are they past, those joys of childhood,
When baby fingers twined
Round the hearts of tender mothers
And of fathers, strong and kind?

Oh! where are the Guardian Angels?
They are weeping at many a door,
They are weeping for little children
Who are childlike never more.

The doors by which they are watching
Are doors to a palace of sin,
A palace where spirits of evil
Keep watch and ward within.

Oh! hark to the words of cursing
Those infants' lips breath forth,
As they reel in the fierce drink fever,
And laugh in Satanic mirth!

Shall we suffer the Prince of Darkness
Those tender lambs to hold,
The lambs whom the loving Saviour
Would draw to His Blessed Fold?

Oh, England, Christian England,
Awake from your heavy sleep;
You must answer to God for the children
He has given to you to keep!

Cast down at His Feet the riches
Obtained at such fearful cost;
What worth the gold of a Crœsus
If the soul thereby is lost?

Let us lift our hearts together,
And vow unto God to-day,
That our toil shall know no respite
Till this sin is done away.

Till the spirit of drink is banished,
And the spirit of peace and love,
Shall descend on the homes of England
From the Kingdom of Heaven above!

—CLAUDIA F. HERNAMAN.

She took Her Father Home.

A Touching Story Illustrating a Sad Phase of the Liquor Question.

THE following story of a pathetic incident which happened in Atlanta is told by a paper of that city. It is not an unusual incident at all, as its counterpart has been witnessed in every large city where the open saloon tempts weak men to their ruin.

It was nine o'clock at night, bitterly cold, and the winds whistled around the police barracks in Atlanta. Hardly a person was on the street, it was so bleak and cold.

The officers at the barracks had gathered around the warm heater telling their experiences in the past, when a little, gentle rap was heard on the door.

"Come in," cried the call officer.

There was silence for a moment, and the rap was repeated again.

"For Heaven's sake tell whoever it is to come in out of the cold," called the station sergeant.

Then an effort was made to open the door, but it failed, and then for the third time the tap on the door was repeated, and the call man jumped up and opened the door.

Out in the cold on the stone steps stood a tiny little girl. She was thinly clad, although it was freezing outside. Her thin brown hair clung in damp threads about her pale forehead.

"Great God," exclaimed the officer, "come in, little girl, and get warm."

The child shuddered either from fright or cold and slowly walked into the office.

"What do you want?" asked the astonished sergeant.

"Is—is—papa here?" said the child, her eyes filling with tears.

"Your papa," said the sergeant, "who is your papa, and why do you think he is in such a place as this?"

Brushing away the tears, the child replied in a trembling voice: "Mamma said to-night that papa was sick, and the police had him. So I came here to find him. Is he here?"

The little one then gave the name of her father, and the sergeant found that he was docketted as being drunk. He called the turnkey and asked him to see if the man had sobered up.

The turnkey reported that the man was sober enough to go home.

"Then let him out," said the kind-hearted officer, "and give him a copy of charges. It's not business, but the little girl shall have her papa."

The man came out haggard and weak from the effects of his spree. The child ran with a glad cry into his arms and kissed him again and again.

"Mamma told me you were sick," she said, "and I have come to take you home."

The man made no reply. His hands trembled as he tried to smooth back his brown hair. In silence he passed from the barracks with his trusting loving little girl.

"If that man doesn't reform, and let this be his last drunk," remarked the station sergeant, "he is made of stone."

Yet a Christian nation, for a few dollars, will legalise a traffic that renders such sad cases possible.

RECITATION FOR A BOY.

WHATEVER grown persons do themselves, they always say "Boys should not smoke." It is an extraordinary thing that smoking fathers never wish for smoking sons.

"Why is it?"

Oh, they say, "It is bad for growing lads; their constitutions are not set."

That answer says a great deal against tobacco. If it is bad for a growing boy, why is it not equally bad for a boy already grown? That is what men are, after all, only boys of larger growth.

If tobacco hurts a boy, why does it not hurt a man? And I rather guess it does harm them, in spite of all they can say to the contrary.

I saw a man the other day who was awful sick. He had just smoked his first cigar. He was pale as death, and said he didn't want any supper. But he was bound to smoke, and said he'd just keep on trying, even if he *was* sick for awhile.

His sister called him "a silly," and asked him why he wanted to smoke, and he said, "Oh, because a man looks so sociable when he's puffing a cigar with his friends."

"Why wouldn't it be good for we women folk too, then?" asked his sister. But the man seemed disgusted at such a question, for he turned up his nose and would not answer.

My mother says if anybody needs comforting things, women do, with all the cares of the house upon them, and crying babies and naughty children, and cross husbands who growl and fret if a shirt button is minus. She says it is no wonder they are nervous. If tobacco quiets the nerves, why won't it be good for them?

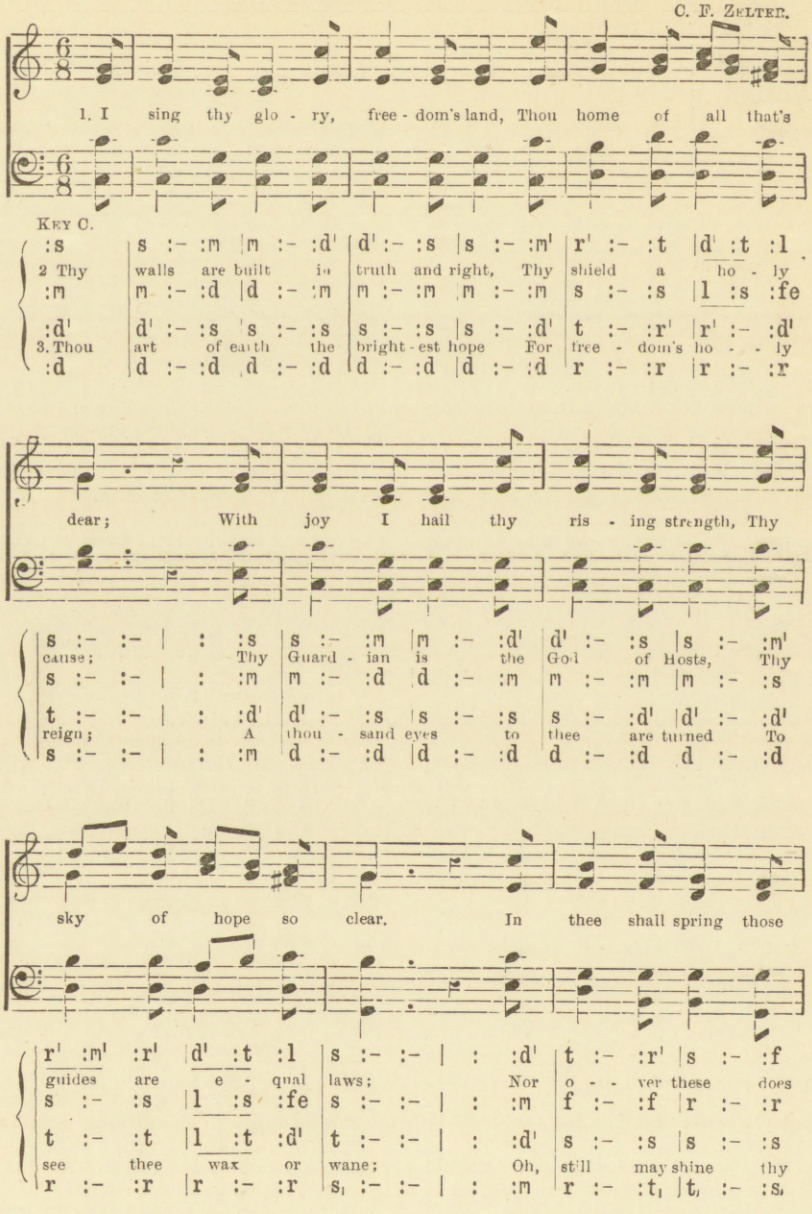
Isn't "sauce for goose sauce for gander?"

That is not a very elegant expression, I know; but I've heard it lots of times.

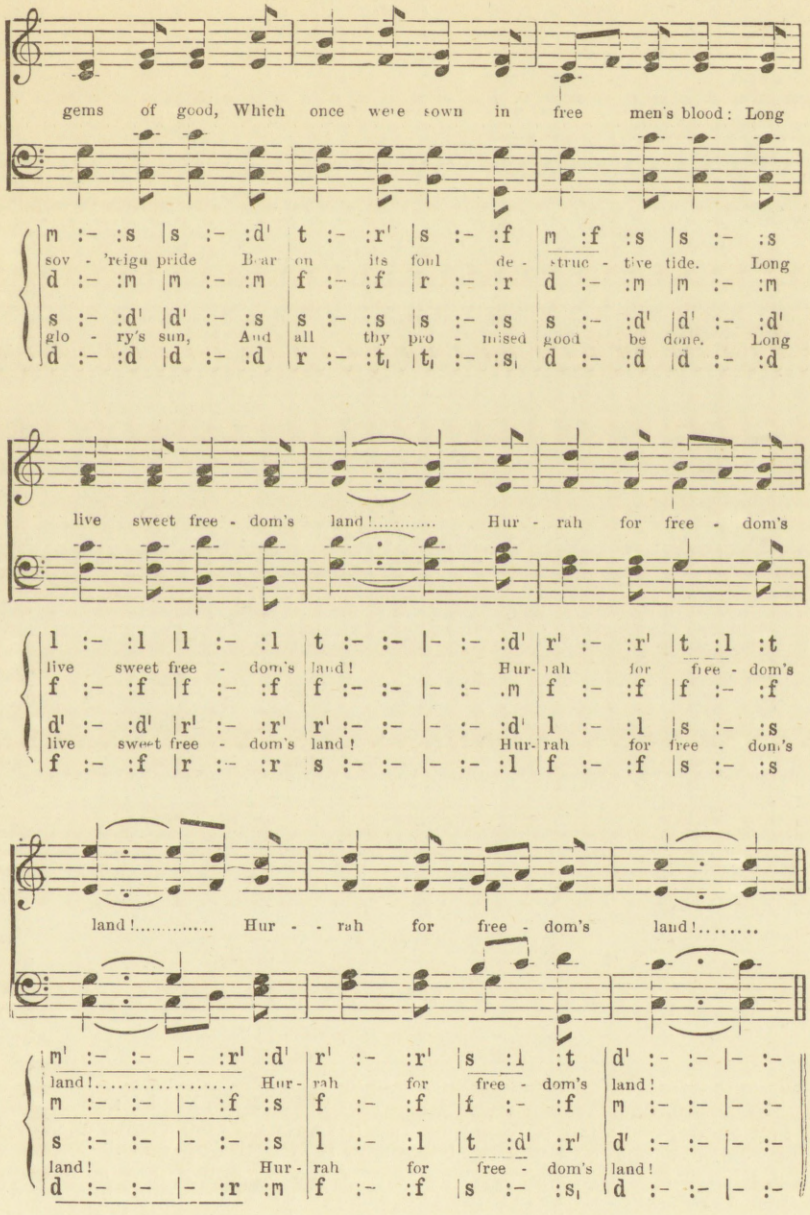
Why should men persist in doing what they would not have their wives do for the world, or their mothers, or sisters, or their boys? It is a puzzle to me. Can anyone tell me?

FREEDOM'S LAND.

C. F. ZELTER.



FREEDOM'S LAND—*(continued).*



. . . In the North Country. . . .

By Mary E. Helsby.

Author of "A Country Mouse," "Gold or Dross," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"So we are to have Temperance meetings, are we? Humph! I suppose that is the new curate's doing, as we never had such meetings before, had we Violet?"

"Not that I know of, dad; perhaps they are a want supplied."

"I can't quite see it, little girl," said the Squire of A——, spreading out the morning paper, and scanning the latest news from 'the front.'

His second son, Frank, was fighting for his Queen and country, like thousands of other brave men; therefore, the squire took a personal interest in the war, and successfully hid his anxiety from Violet. The old man had the robust look derived from open air pursuits, and a fine head crowned with "age's glory"—grey hairs. Violet Burrell's fair young face wore a troubled look, as she continued reading "The Parish Magazine." It was only within the last few months that she had given any thought to parish affairs, having been educated at a college in London, her mind occupied by study. She was certainly not at all "blue," but loved music and languages. Most people were inclined to spoil Violet, she had such a pretty face and winning ways, being kind-hearted and thoughtful for others. She could not quite understand why her father should find fault with Everard Stanhope, the new curate, who seemed to her to be almost perfect. How energetic he was and yet never obtrusive in his endeavours for waking up the rather sleepy parish of A——, in the lake districts.

"Well, my dear, Frank's name is not down this time, thank goodness!" exclaimed Squire Burrell, heartily.

Violet's blue eyes filled with grateful tears.

"I feel such a coward, dad, when you read the lists first, and yet we know the War Office would send at once to tell us, if there were bad news."

"Yes, yes. You can have *The Telegraph* now, if you wish; I daresay you want to read about your favourite hero, Baden Powell."

"Thank you, dad, I do! He is a marvel, but they are all heroes."

"FRANK'S NAME IS NOT DOWN!"

"And the prettiest girl in the lake country does them honour."

"Dad, how can you be so silly? It is all your vanity, because I am your daughter."

"Is it? Then who was the belle of the country ball?" asked the good-humoured old man, pinching her soft, round cheek playfully, as he stood beside her chair.

"I am sure I don't know."

"Then ask Algy Seaton, and all the other boys who filled up your programme."

"Oh, Algy Seaton!" Violet cried, tossing her golden head, with a pretty little air of disdain.

"I thought you liked him."

"We are very old chums, of course. How he used to victimise my dolls."

"Ah, yes; and it only seems the other day when he used to come rat-hunting with Bert and Frank. By the way, it is time Bert wrote, is it not?"

"Yes; perhaps he is studying very hard," Violet suggested. Bert was her eldest brother, at Cambridge.

"May be. Well, now I'm off to the farm; tell

your aunt when you see her that I hope her headache will go before lunch."

"Yes, dad."

"If I meet the curate I shall feel tempted to tell him that we don't exactly need any Temperance reform down here. I'm sure my own labourers are steady enough; it is only now and then that they indulge themselves in what they call 'a spree.'"

"All the villagers are not like your men, dear. If you do meet Mr. Stanhope, please be careful not to hurt his feelings. Remember that he has as much right to his opinions as you have to yours, excuse me for saying so."

The squire looked amused.

"I did not know the new curate had such a warm partisan in you. You see the old vicar and I got on very well, we both belong to the old school. I wonder how he is, by-the-bye. Well, if I meet Stanhope, I shall be careful with my tongue. I am afraid I am inclined to be a bear, sometimes. Ta-ta!"

"Ta-ta, dad!" called out Violet, in her sweet, clear voice, as the door closed behind the substantial form of the squire. A shaft of Autumn sunshine found its way into the room, finding out the bright things there—flowers, a canary in a gilded cage, pictures and books, Violet's piano, Italian guitar and mandoline. It was the girl's own room, containing all her treasures, and she sometimes persuaded her father to sit there for a while after breakfast. "Temperance meetings," she murmured to herself as, with a restless movement she rose, gazing out of the window with dreamy eyes that did not see the landscape. She had been brought up to believe that a glass of wine after dinner was a matter of course. Could it really be wrong? she asked herself as the curate's words recurred to her mind. "'We should set an example to our weaker brethren.' He must be *right*, and yet dad is *so* clever and good."

It was all very puzzling to the girl; but she dismissed the subject from her mind, with an effort, as she sat down to practise her guitar.

(To be continued.)

The Life of the British Soldier.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN HERO.

SELECTED FOR FOREIGN SERVICE.

IT is always an exciting time when the names of the troops, who are to go abroad, come out. Many of the men are very anxious to go out and see the sights of the world, which old soldiers (who never forget to stretch things a little) have told them about. The stories of the East, with their adventures, act as a kind of stimulant to the young soldier, who is very anxious to know if his name is in orders for the draft. Drafts are sent out every trooping season to take the places of men returning home, of the time expired, and of the dead. Before going abroad, the soldier is allowed four or six weeks' furlough to see his friends and say good-bye—in many cases for the last time on earth. Fourteen or fifteen years ago, going to India was looked upon as going to the grave, but, thanks to improved sanitation and Army Temperance Rooms, with encouragement to live soberly, the soldier now looks upon India as a grand place, where rupees (£ s. d.) can be found under every tree. He returns from furlough, and all is hurry and bustle for about a month. Each soldier must pass a medical examination, and also be vaccinated. If any old soldier reads this, he will laugh.

TOMMY ATKINS IS THE MOST JOCULAR OF MEN,

and if only the officers could hear the remarks of the men about vaccination, I believe they would grant a conscience clause to Tommy. However, each soldier must be successfully vaccinated before he is sent abroad. Inoculation is quite voluntary, and many soldiers get done. I have often observed that those

MEN WHO DRINK MOST ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES SUFFER

worst from vaccination and inoculation. No soldier under twenty years of age is allowed to go abroad unless he is a drummer boy, who can go when he is fourteen years old. Boys are recruited from reformatory schools and ships to send out as musicians to the battalions serving abroad, as no home battalion cares to send its experienced bandsmen away. It may appear strange, but those who are sent out as boys seem to stand the climate better than most men. Boys, of course, have to do duty on board ship as buglers, and to play at the officers' mess a few nights a week along with the band, if there happens to be one on board. Boys, too, must be vaccinated.

Vaccination parades over, each man has to get his Indian and sea kits, and then all is ready for the boat. Generally before leaving, the "Soldiers' Home" gives a free tea to those who are leaving Old England, or there is a "bust up" in the canteen—often both. Next morning they are to leave for the ship; but they have not said their good-byes yet. There is an old saying, that all old debts are paid off each Christmas with pokers, etc.; but this "good-byeing" is worse than Christmas.

THE LAST NIGHT BEFORE GOING ABROAD,

many of the troops get nearly drunk, and it is no use the orderly sergeant going in to see if all are present; in fact, it is more than his bones are worth, especially if he has been a bit "snidy" (unpopular) with the troops. The "fun" starts at lights out; there are fighting and yelling, then a

crash of glass, now a noise as of something falling from a good height. I have seen forms about 80 lbs. weight hurled from three-storied high buildings, and arm chests, too. The silly fellows think they will not have to pay for this damage; but they always pay for nearly twice as much. When I was going to South Africa two years ago, I had to pay 5s. barrack damages, notwithstanding that all the part I and lots of others played was to sit on our beds, as it was useless trying to sleep. If crimes are commited, they follow the offenders to their destination.

About five or six o'clock next morning, they have to fall in for marching away. Then is the time that the officers know whether they are popular with the men or not. If the commanding officer has not been so good as the men think he ought to have been, some one calls out for three cheers for the colonel, and then comes

THE WORST HOOTING ONE COULD IMAGINE.

If he has been all right, cheer after cheer rings through the air, and, of course, "he's a jolly good fellow!" All the officers are similarly treated before leaving the parade ground. Three or four bands play them down to the railway station, and, although it is early morning, there are lots of Tommy's lassies following after or with them. These are

TOMMY'S WHISKY CARRIERS,

and, at the first opportune time, a bottle of something "warm" is slipped into his haversack. I have seen these poor girls crying and weeping as though they would break their hearts, as Tommy sings "Auld Lang Syne," and says, "Good-bye! Good-bye!" They lose their sweetheart; but, never mind, there will be another draft from the depôt soon, and they will be comforted. Indeed, they grow accustomed to an annual change of sweetheart.

But Tommy's train is off for Southampton, and at every station he is wished God-speed and good-bye. I well remember going to India. *En route* we stopped at Waterloo, and were cheering, when a ragged young urchin came up to the train, and said in true Cockney style, "I say!

YOU CHEER WHEN YOU COME BACK."

Many of my chums heard the youngster's advice, whose bones lie rotting in burning India. The old story: they did not look after themselves, got drunk, and lay on the cold floor night after night until it finished them. "You cannot live without drink in India," one is told; but I say, after many years' experience, "You cannot live long in India and drink."

Upon arrival at Southampton, the outgoing troops are told off to their messes and duties; and then, after getting all their baggage on board, wait orders to sail. Tommy only now begins to think it is a reality that he is leaving England. The order comes to slack off. "Auld Lang Syne" once more is sung, with the soldier's chorus:—

Friends were saying good-bye, good-bye,
There was a tear in every eye;
Poor mothers cried, true (and false!) lovers sighed,
As the ship sailed away from Old England.

Then last and most touching of all, with tears in their eyes and lumps in their throats,

THEY SING "HOME, SWEET HOME."

It just dawns upon them they are leaving, not so much England, but home. And, yet, poor Tommy has not in many cases realised what "Home!" really means to him.

(To be Continued).

Making the Most of Ourselves in Our Work.

An Address delivered at the Annual Meetings of the Lancashire and Cheshire B. H. & T. U. by ARTHUR BLACK, *Hon. Sec., Liverpool Temperance Union.*

MY text is capable of two very different interpretations. Say that it means "Push myself to the front, insist on my own importance"; and that way lies failure in all Christian service, especially among the young. Ambition, pride, jealousy are only suggested in my motto as a sure road to disappointment and defeat.

But my text means "I have never yet been my best, and done my utmost. I may invest more of my gifts and powers; and, if I do, it is what my Society most needs of me." Use the most up-to-date methods and the best organisation you can, but remember these only give you a machine that needs the full power of your

PERSONAL INFLUENCE

to keep it running, and producing from the precious raw material of childhood sober, righteous, and godly men and women. I fear not a few societies exhaust their energy in merely keeping their meetings going, and fail to turn out adequate and fine results in the young people they deal with. There is no magical moral charm in the mere name or existence of a Band of Hope; it is simply an arrangement by which Temperance enthusiasts may enter a larger "sphere of influence" than was otherwise possible. All its value depends on them, their personal character, and substantial efforts. In it the workers not only talk, but live and love; not only inform the mind, but form and reform the life habits of the members. It is a

HIGH, BUT RESPONSIBLE DUTY.

"It is a greater work to educate a child, in the true and large sense, than to rule a state," greater because it demands more

purity of heart and singleness of aim. We have to create a healthy atmosphere in which young souls may thrive, to transmit our strength and goodness to them, and set such an example that they may follow with safety and delight.

WHO IS SUFFICIENT FOR THESE THINGS?

Our past experience surely convinces us all that the chief room for improvement in our Bands of Hope is in ourselves. If this is assured, the rest will follow. I urge that this be resolutely looked into, and remedied. If we will, we may all have our best yet to come. Remember the inspired advice of a veteran worker, "Give heed to thyself and to thy doctrine." Neglect not the gift that is in thee; make full proof of thy ministry! Let us attend to these personal qualifications, and our next addresses will be brighter and sweeter than our last, and will be driven home by the force of our

CONSECRATED CHARACTER.

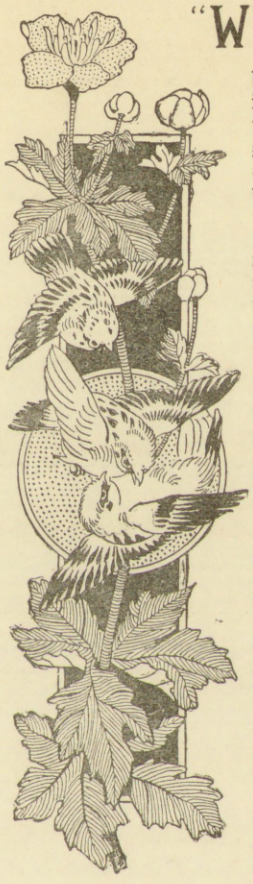
Call out the reserves, press into the ranks every distant member of our soul's empire, for the enemy is still in the field, and any one of our children may fall a victim. Supply the one thing lacking in our service. The whole of our Christian life is immeasurably greater than any part of it. Make afresh the vow of dedication, body, soul, and spirit; but

KEEP NOT BACK PART OF THE PRICE

lest the gift be reckoned a theft. Love after all is, as everywhere else, the greatest thing in the Band of Hope world. Having this, our work cannot fail, even though our instruments and conditions are faulty, for like true craftsmen we shall make up for these hindrances by our extra care, devotion, and skill.

"Let self be so surrendered that all we have is invested in the one absorbing enterprise of our life—the profit of humanity." Thus shall we wear the crown of influence when we bear the cross of service, and make the most of ourselves and of our work when we make the most of God.

WHICH WAS THE HERO?



"WHAT'S a hero?" asked little Bob.

"A hero?" said his brother Frank. "Why, it is one who does something very brave and great. I am going to be a hero when I'm grown up."

"Are you really?"

"Yes," said Frank, nodding. "I shall be a soldier, and go out to the wars and fight. You'll see me coming home some day, Bob, wearing, oh, such a lot of medals!"

"Well, I s'pose *I* can't be a hero, then?" said Bob, sadly. "'Cause I don't want to be a soldier. I shouldn't like to kill people."

Frank laughed. "You are a regular little coward, Bob, that's what you are."

That afternoon they had a visit from cousin Jack, and when they were out in the orchard he pulled out a box of cigarettes and wanted them to smoke. Frank took one, and smoked it, too. It was horrid, but Jack would have laughed at him so if he had refused. Bob said no, and although both Jack and Frank tried to make him take a whiff, he wouldn't.

That evening Frank was ill; his mother thought it was a bilious attack, until Frank, who was feeling very miserable, told her the truth.

"And did Bobbie smoke?" she asked.

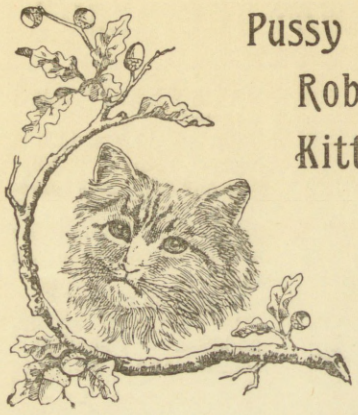
"No, mother," said Bobbie, promptly.

"How was that?"

"Why, you and dad said we mustn't."

"That's my brave boy," replied his mother. "Before you go for a soldier, Frank, you will have to learn obedience," she added, for she had overheard their talk in the morning. "But tell me which behaved most like a hero to-day?"

And Frank was obliged to admit that Bobbie had.



Pussy Willows, Robins, and Kittykin.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"LIFT up the latch and walk in!"

Those were the words Laura Goodwin heard in answer to her knock at Mrs. Barker's door.

Laura lifted up the latch, and walked in to find her dearest friend, Amy Barker, sitting in the large armchair by the fire.

"How much better you look, to day, Amy dear," she said, as she seated herself in a low stool by Amy's chair.

"Yes; I'm ever so much better, Laura, but is it not a shame that I will not be able to get out on Easter Sunday?"

"It will be quite a doleful Easter without you at the church, Amy, and Jack says, to make a bad matter worse, that there will be no pussy willows or robins, the spring is so cold and late."

"Jack doesn't know everything, Laura, if he is your brother. The pussy willows were always on hand, and the robins, too, at Easter time. I think I could find some if I could get down to the brook by the mill. What would an Easter be without pussy willows and robins?"

"And without you, Amy, at the church, too," Laura added.

"I've been turning this question over and over in my mind, as I've been sitting here alone; why should I be ill just at this particular time when I wished to be at my best? I believe most things in this world go by contraries, Laura."

"Grandma says things that happen which we cannot understand the whys and wherefores of often are for our best good, and some time we understand what seemed such a mystery once. Grandma has lived for over seventy years, you know, and has seen a great deal more of the ways of God's dealing with His children than we have."

"Yes, Laura, I know that such very good people as your grandma do reason that way—probably it is true. Jennie Marks is going to speak my piece at the concert, and I really believe she is glad of the chance, and Alice Hunt is going to sing my song. Probably they will do them both much better credit than I should, but it isn't pleasant to think of, nevertheless."

"Oh, Amy, dear, you know you were always the star speaker and singer at such doings, and, of course, those girls will not fill your place. I really think they are quite sorry that you cannot be in your usual role yourself. Jennie said the same to me this morning."

"I believe I'll take a run to the brook and see if I can find any pussy willows," Laura added, as she put on her hood and jacket, which Amy had prevailed upon her to take off when she came in.

The young girl was soon running across the meadow over the crusty snow to the brookside. The little brook was frozen and not a bit as it was in the sunshiny days. It could not run and jump over the rocks as it did in the glad summer time, hurrying to mingle itself in the large lake a mile beyond.

Laura often watched it and wondered why the little brook always seemed to be running away from the green banks and the pretty flowers and the tall, wide-spreading trees where the birds sang all the day. Why did it wish to be swallowed up in the great lake and lost forever? She was sure she would always want to stay a happy little brook on the shady wooded mountain side.

"Ha! ha! ha!" Jack did not know everything, after all. Amy was right. The pussy willows were creeping out of their winter cradles, sure enough. It was three days before Easter, and if they were carried indoors and put in water, they would open and show off their pretty furry coats.

Pussy willows for Easter! How fine, after all, it would be! Laura gathered her arms full of them, but as she was coming down the bank she slipped and fell. She tried to get up, but her ankle did hurt so much that she could not help crying out with pain. Just at that moment, Amy's father came along the road with his load of grist, which he had been taking to the mill to have ground.

Laura called to him, for she was quite a little way from the road. Mr. Barker left his horses, and made haste to find out what had happened to his little girl's dearest friend. Laura was soon in his strong arms, and he lifted her gently upon the bags of grist. His house was much nearer than Laura's, so he carried her there.

Mrs. Barker found the ankle badly swollen, and when Mr. Barker brought Laura's father and the doctor, the latter said Laura would have to keep very quiet for some days.

"It looks as if both of us would be left out of the Easter doings, this year, Amy," she said; "but we have pussy willows, and perhaps the robins will hear of our misfortunes, and come to cheer us. What do you think, Kittykin?"

Amy's pet cat had jumped up on the chair at Laura's side, as if to condole with her.

"I never knew before that cats were so sympathetic," she said, smiling through her tears, and stroking Kittykin.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker were anxious that Laura should stay with Amy until after Easter so that her ankle might have complete rest, and her father and mother were willing she should do so.

On Easter morning, when the girls woke up, the sun was shining bright and full in through the bedroom window. The frost was on the trees, and the ground and the air were cold.

"How little we poor mortals know what is before us, Amy," Laura said. "Who would have imagined, even, that you and I would be 'shut ins' together, this Easter morning!"

"See Kittykin at the window pane, Laura. How intently she is looking. I wonder what she sees?"

"Mother! Mother!" called Amy; "we girls can't either of us get to the window because of infirmities, this Easter morning, and we are very curious to know what Kittykin is seeing out there that is so interesting to her."

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Barker, as she looked out of the window. "There are two dear little robins on the ground in the snow. They have come for an Easter breakfast. They look very cold and hungry. I will feed them right off."

"Don't let Kittykin out, mother. She would think they had come to make an Easter breakfast for her benefit," called out Amy.

After Mrs. Barker had fed the robins, they flew up into the bare branches of the trees, and sang their spring song, "Cheer-up! Cheer-up! Cheer-up!"

"We will cheer up, little robins, because you came," the girls said, in answer.

In the afternoon the girls had a great surprise. Their young friends came in to sing with them, and the good pastor spoke precious words about the risen Jesus. James Hunt brought his grandmother over on his sled to attend the service. She had not been able to get to church for months, and others of the neighbours who could not get so far to the service at the church, came in to enjoy the blessed privilege of a cottage Easter service.

"It was a blessed time!" spoke old Mrs. Hunt, "and such a privilege for a poor old body like me. I'll never forget this Easter Sunday afternoon."

"Laura," said Amy, after the friends had gone, "your grandmother spoke true words. You and I can see that 'goodness and mercy' followed our misfortunes. I do not believe Tim Harvey has heard a hymn or a prayer for the longest time. He never goes to church, but he came here, and I saw a look of the deepest interest on his face when the minister was talking of Jesus. Perhaps it will make him better all the rest of his life."

"Yes, Amy; I think now that you and I will have more faith to believe that God knoweth better than we do what is best for us."

A Neat Retort!

A GOOD story is told of a purse-proud old nobleman, who was travelling through the rural districts of Sweden. In that country the people do not have quite as much respect for the titled aristocracy as in some other localities on the Continent.

One day, the nobleman came rolling up to a country tavern; and, as he stopped his carriage, he called out in an imperious tone,

"Horses, landlord—horses at once!"

"I am very much pained to inform you that you will have to wait over an hour before fresh horses can be brought up," replied the landlord, calmly.

"How!" violently exclaimed the nobleman. "This to me! My man, I demand horses immediately."

Then, observing the fresh, sleek-looking ones which were being led up to another carriage, he continued,—

"For whom are those horses?"

"They are ordered for this gentleman," replied the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

"I say, my man," called out the nobleman, "will you let me have those horses if I pay you a liberal bonus?"

"No," answered the slim man, "I intend to use them myself."

"Perhaps you are not aware who I am," roared the now thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. "I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron George Sparre, the last and only one of my race."

"I am very glad to hear that," said the slim man, stepping into his carriage. "It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a foot race."

The slim man was the King of Sweden.

—*Young Days.*

"How My Boy Went Down."

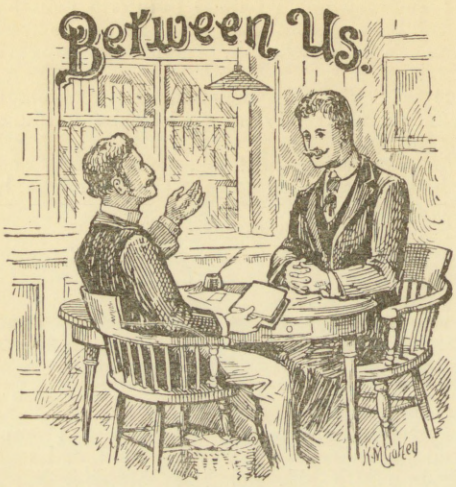
IT was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the tempting wine-cup
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope of what might have been.
For the brand of a beast besotted
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
That mothers so often tell,
With accents of infinite sadness,
Like the tones of a funeral bell;
But I never thought, once, when I heard it,
I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But, alas! for my hopes, all delusion!
Alas! for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
No bar in its pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maëlstrom
The thousands of boys going down?

—*Selected.*



Beware of Alcohol: the foe
That meets you wheresoe'er you go;
A foe that wrecks so many lives—
Parents and children—husbands—wives—
Crushing the strong, cheating the wise—
Listen! the voice of wisdom cries—
Beware!

Beware! for tempters wait around;
In paths you think not they abound;
"Angels of light" they oft appear—
Be not deceived; danger is near:
When thus enticed, watch, strive, and pray,
And you shall conquer in that day—
Beware!

Beware! touch not the fatal glass;
For if you do, alas! alas!
Your downward course may then begin—
A course of sorrow and of sin—
Ending in darkness and despair;
Take heed, and shun the lion's lair.
Beware!

—*E. De Courcy.*

* * * *

Queries.

Q. "The argument has been used against total abstinence, that if alcohol increases the number of heart beats, so does running a sprint of a quarter of a mile. What is to be said to this"?

REPLY. The increased action of the heart in the latter case is in order to supply the active muscles with an extra supply of oxygen and nourishment and to remove the waste. In the case of taking alcohol the heart is put to extra work without any corresponding advantage to the system. Indeed, part of the increased action may be due to the fact that as the exchange of gases is diminished, a more rapid circulation is required to make up for the deficiency. There is a considerable difference between parting with money for useful articles and throwing it into the sea, but in both cases it is got rid of.

Make the best of everything; think the best of everybody; hope the best for yourself and persevere.—GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Little Isaac, who was barely six years old, was paid by his mother a penny per dozen for pins picked up from the carpet, to keep the baby from getting them.

"Nurse," said little Isaac, as his stock of pennies increased, "do you know what I am going to do when I have sixpence?"

"No," answered the nurse.

"I am going to buy a paper of pins and scatter them all over the floor, and then pick them up," replied the young financier.

* * * *

John Ruskin says—

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

* * * *

THE BEST KIND OF WINE.—One of the best respected and most widely known Vicars in Westmorland suffered some years ago from a serious illness. Sir Wm. Gull was consulted, and he at once detected the complaint, and gave instructions accordingly. As no intoxicants were recommended, the Vicar (who enjoyed a glass of wine) asked, "Won't a little wine do me good?" "Yes," said the famous physician, "I think it will; but you must only take it in the form I prescribe. If you want wine you must eat grapes."

* * * *

Thomas A. Edison's recent advice to a young man who queried of him advice as to success, "Don't watch the clock," deserves a place in the rules of any young man who is ambitious and striving for success in any line. Don't be a time-server. Remember that you are working for something more than a stipulated sum for a certain number of hours. Keep your employer in your debt by doing a little more or a little better work than is actually required of you, and sooner or later there will come a day of reckoning when you will get your pay.

* * * *

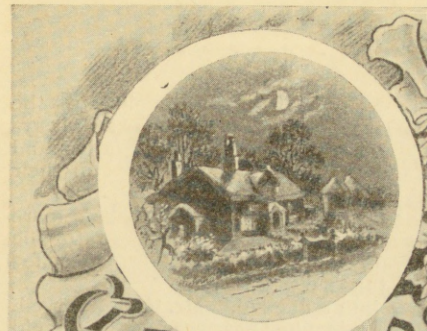
The late Dr. F. R. Lees says—

"For myself, I feel more hope, and see more grounds for hope, that our truth is making its way to a grand and not distant triumph, than I ever had."

"Drunkenness, in its essence, is nothing else than a 'transient insanity.' It may assume any form; and indeed all the forms assumed by insanity are imitated with great accuracy."

Ha!—dash to the earth the poison bowl,
And seek it not again—
It hath a madness for the soul—
A scorching for the brain.
The curses and the plagues of hell
Are flashing on its brim—
Woe to the victim of its spell:
There is no hope for him.

—*John G. Whittier.*



The Son of a Prodigal

By Mary Magdalen Forrester
Author of "Fighting the Traffic" "My Darling" "He is Your Brother" &c.

Synopsis :

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm. Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret —the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. Late on Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from making purchases in the village, she was startled at the farm gate by a small boy who darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil." asked to see the farmer, for which purpose he was taken into the great farm kitchen. He proved to be a messenger from the farmer's son, who came home on Xmas Eve, a decrepit, broken-down man, separated from his wife, to die. The farmer received him gladly, and promised the dying man to care for his "Little Phil," who became as the apple of his eye. Three years after, Phil had much developed a waywardness which began to greatly trouble the old farmer. Some of his chums were not quite all the farmer desired for him. The latter was greatly troubled when Phil insisted upon going with them and the local undertaker to a neighbouring town, where, after visiting various places, he went to the church, where he was introduced to the Vicar, Mr. Hope, a meeting full of potentialities. Shortly after a stranger, a cyclist, passing the farm particularly notices Phil, and draws him into conversation, afterwards returning in great haste to London, where he announces to an excited and anxious woman, "I have found him."

Chapter VI.

Rose Cottage, and its New Tenant.

FARMER AMDEN was thinking. It was night, and Phil was in bed, and Jane in another part of the house attending to her duties. The fire had died out, and it was only a heap of white ash into which the old man was looking with unseeing eyes. The ticking of the old-fashioned clock in the corner, and the rustle of leaves against the window, were the only sounds to disturb the silence, except an occasional sigh from the farmer himself.

Presently he arose, and taking a key from his pocket, unlocked a small drawer in one of the tables. A tapping of a branch upon the window caused him to start as though he were engaged in some wicked act.

Discovering the cause of the noise, he crept back to the table, opened the drawer, and drew from it a bundle of papers, tied firmly around with strong twine. With fingers that trembled, he cut the string, and then seating himself by the table, drew the lamp close to him and opened the papers.

Again the trees tapped against the window, and again he started, guiltily.

"I'm growing old—old," he muttered. "It is that which makes me so nervous. If I were to die before this debt is paid, they will find out all. And I have kept the secret so long—so long!"

Spreading before him the papers, he leaned low over the table to inspect them. He was an old man, but his sight was young. His simple habits, and healthy out-door life, had done nothing to injure the eyes, which had always been keen of sight.

Slowly and carefully he went over the various documents, and after a long inspection he pushed them from him, and sat for some time staring into space, his mouth set, his brows lowered.

"It was a shame—a shame!" he muttered. "The prodigal squandered, not only his own birthright, but the birthright of his son. The boy, who should have had much—has nothing—nothing—but this," bringing his hand down heavily on the still open papers—"this, which may stand for ever between him and his chances."

He jumped to his feet and began to pace with long swift strides the limits of the small room. It was not often that the jovial old farmer showed such strong signs of perturbation. His eyes under their grey brows flashed, his lips twitched, his hands locked and unlocked. For a time a strong resentment against the dead, and mighty pity for the living, swept him like storms. So tightly did these feelings grip him that he became almost careless of the secret he had guarded for so many years with a very jealous care, and made no effort to remove the papers even when a good loud rap sounded on the front door.

He continued his perambulations to-and-fro the room until he heard the front door opened by Jane, and a deep masculine voice inquiring for himself. Then he stopped by the table, gathered the papers together, and pushed them back into the drawer, which he hastily locked. When Jane knocked at the door he was standing in the centre of the room, stiff, and almost expressionless.

"It's Mr. Holt, sir."

The farmer glanced at the clock, whose little finger pointed to the figure nine—quite a late hour in that part of the world. What could the parson want?

"It's all right, Amden," a pleasant voice exclaimed from the door-way. "Nothing of very great moment has brought me here, although it is so late. I have just discovered that my mare has cast a shoe; as the discovery took place at your door, I thought you might let me put her up in your stable for the night, and I will return home on foot."

The farmer had by this time rubbed out—from the outer man at any rate—every sign of the storm which so recently swept his soul. He turned to the minister—a man for whom he had both liking and respect—with out-stretched hand.

"You are welcome Mr. Holt at any hour. Sit down. I will look to your mare, myself. She shall have a comfortable lodgings for the night; and you can take my horse for the rest of your journey home. He has done next to nothing this last day or two, so a canter will do him no harm. Jane will get a cup of coffee ready for us while I go to the stable."

The parson was delighted. He was very fond of the farmer, and fonder still of the farmer's grandson. Of late he had seen a lot of the latter. Indeed, he seemed to have taken Phil under his wing. The intercourse might have been even closer had the homes of the two not been divided by so many miles. As it was it was only in good weather that Phil could pay visits to the minister's house, at which place he was always sure of a warm welcome both from father and daughter, and a few happy hours spent in their company.

When the farmer had put the minister's mare into the stable, and his own horse into the minister's trap, the two men sat down to coffee and cake of Jane's own making.

"Phil gets into a fine lad," Mr. Holt observed, touching the subject he knew was nearest the old man's heart. "He is wonderfully bright, and clever too, and observant for his years. What do you think of putting him to? Farming?"

Mr. Amden shook his head.

"Phil will never take to farming," he said.

"No, I don't think he will. Excuse me for saying it, Amden, but I think the boy is meant for something better. He has brains and ambition enough to get on if he only had education and opportunity."

The farmer sighed as he pushed his plate from him.

"I am not a rich man," he said, "or Phil should have both. Farming in England does not pay as well as it used to do. What with bad crops and foreign competition, there is little more than a mere living to be made out of it."

"You would like the boy to have his chance then?"

"Of course I would."

"I thought that perhaps you wanted him to follow in your footsteps; that you might be afraid of him aiming too high."

"Not at all. Even though he never reach what he aims at the effort will stretch him, so to speak, and I believe make a finer man of him."

"I am delighted, Amden, to hear you speak so. Men in your run of life have not, as a rule, such a broad outlook. Phil is in the right hands."

"But unfortunately the hands are almost empty. They cannot command money enough to fit the boy to aim. He would like to go to college; I am afraid it is not in my power to gratify his wish."

"You would feel the separation, too?"

"I would, keenly. More than you can imagine. I am an old man, but that youngster has put new life into me. I am so bound up in him that separation would seem like the tearing of my soul from my body. But I would not allow my feelings to stand in his way if I had the means to send him."

The parson was silent for some minutes, then he said:

"There might be cheaper ways of having the boy educated than sending him to college, and ways too that would not necessitate the tearing of your soul from your body. It might be cheaper and altogether better to have him tutored at home. There are university men to-day whose services can be commanded for very little. Many a poor city scholar would jump at the chance of a spell of life in these health-giving quarters. Supposing you advertise, offering as big a salary as you can afford."

"The idea is worth considering. Anything I can do to give the lad a better education than he is likely to get at the village school shall be done."

After this the parson took his leave, the farmer accompanying him down the long garden path, with its borders of sweet-scented flowers, to where his conveyance stood in the road. As the path was very uneven here, Mr. Holt led the horse some considerable distance before mounting the trap, the old man still walking by his side.

"You see I am to have a neighbour after all," the latter remarked, as they paused almost in front of a small rather broken-down-looking cottage. "I suppose Phil has told you that Rose Cottage is at last inhabited?"

"He did say something to that effect. Who is the tenant?"

"I cannot say. I have heard of no one yet but a woman, who seems to keep rather close. Anyway, I have not seen her yet — unless —see, there is someone at the door now!"

The two men glanced across to where Rose Cottage stood, a dark pile, save where a faint light glimmered through it's old-fashioned window and open door-way, though here the light was blocked by a slim dark-robed figure.

"GOD BLESS YOU FOR ALL YOU HAVE DONE."

Rose Cottage had been vacant for many months. Its position and sanitary conditions did not recommend it as a pleasant or healthy place of abode. It lay at the foot of a little incline, and in wet weather the rain ran down its garden path to settle in a pool right in front of its door. It had its disadvantages in dry weather too, for the dust was apt to play the same tricks as the rain, and settle in heaps before the house. It was situated about fifty yards from the farmer's house, but on the other side of the road. Its dirty windows and desolate air had been an eyesore to Jane for many a day, and no one rejoiced more than she to hear at last that it had been taken. She did all that was possible to find out who the new tenants were, intrusting to Phil the work of investigation; but it must be confessed that Phil did not arise to the mission. He had not Jane's curiosity about the matter, not being either of her sex or disposition. So, although the house had been tenanted for some days, neither Jane or any else in the place knew who by.

Once or twice Jane had spoken on the subject to her master, and he had caught just a little of her curiosity; so it was not without interest that he looked over at the figure in the door-way that night on which he stood with the parson in the road.

But the glimpse he obtained was nothing more than the bare outline of a woman's form standing dark and still against a patch of light.

The farmer would have been even more interested if he could have seen the woman rush down the garden path, as by day and night she had often done since taking up her residence at Rose Cottage, and hear her murmur:

"God bless you! God bless you, for all you have done for—*my boy*!"

(To be continued).

Searching for the Fairies.

By MAY GERALD.

THE land was clad in the green of June,
And the birds were sing- their sweetest tune,
When out of the town with its shadows grey,
Into the country went little May.

There was no cloud in the space on high,
And the wind on the hill tops had ne'er a sigh,
But all looked sunny, and fresh, and gay,
For the child of the city, that sweet June day.

Never before had her young eyes seen
The stately hills in their skirts of green;
Never before had her young ears heard
The glorious anthem of free, wild bird.

The daisies lifted their petals sweet,
To lay them gently against her feet;
The grand old trees in the sunlight spread
Their boughs, like banners, above her head.

She saw where the bracken grew rank and tall,
The silver gleam of the waterfall;
While over the meadows softly blew
The scent from gardens where roses grew.

Was this the world that the fairies know,
With its scent, and song, and glint and glow—
The magic world of the elf and sprite,
Who dance in rings on each starry night?

To little May, who had ne'er before
Beheld the wild flowers on Nature's floor,
This fair, bright spot in the country's heart
Had a touch of magic in every part.

The hill was the castle, where giants dwelt,
And the rill at the foot was some monster's belt,
While the roses drooping their lovely heads
Were surely the fairies' scented beds.

She was only an ill-clad city child,
But her head held fancies all strange and wild;
For life's long lessons of bitter truth
Are slow to scatter the dreams of youth.

So May, in spite of the want and strife
That crowded the scenes of her daily life,
Had a world of her own, all sweet and bright,
Built up in the hush of the city night.

And this world was full of the strangest things—
Such tiny spirits with shining wings,
And a mermaid 'rising from ocean foam,
Combing her locks with a golden comb.

The skies of her dreams were densely blue,
The grass was thick, and the flowers peeped through;
While roses—like those in the market-place—
Hung from the tree in languid grace.

To-day she was looking with waking eyes
On the same thick grass and the same blue skies,
For the train had borne her from city gloom,
Into the country's wealth and bloom.

And she saw a part of her brightest dream
In smiling meadow and shining stream.
So surely the rest must be somewhere near—
Those fairies, and mermaids, fair and queer?

She sought for them vainly—those strange, sweet things,
Those little spirits with shining wings,
In the wooded hollow, all still and deep;
And the dizzy summit of grassy steep.

On sun-swept meadows, in sheltered spots;
On banks all blue with forget-me-nots;
On marshes yellow with iris bloom,
And places dark with the forest gloom.

'Midst tangled grasses that swept her knees,
In the drooping boughs of the giant trees,
At the root of ferns—in the heart of flowers,
She sought for the fairies through long, long hours.

But the ladybird in its garments bright,
And the butterfly with its wings of white,
Were the only fairies that little May
Found in the fields that bright June day.

Bet she lost not faith in the sweet, bright things,
The little spirits with shining wings,
For she said: "They're in bed, that is very plain,
But perhaps they'll wake up when I come again!'

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Searching for the Fairies.

See page 84.

GOVERNMENT LICENSING BILL.

WHEN MR. HOME SECRETARY RITCHIE presented the Government's Licensing Bill (which has been nicknamed "the Drunkard's Bill") to the House of Commons on January 30th, 1902, not a few Temperance people were prepared to believe that the measure was simply introduced for form's sake, that it would not be proceeded with, that nothing would come of it. Even the Trade held this view, and so adopted an attitude of

Benevolent Neutrality

towards it.

We did not share this opinion. We believed, with many other ardent reformers, that Mr. Ritchie was in earnest—that his frank, outspoken utterances, when explaining his proposals, were sincere, and that business was meant; and, although the measure was, strictly speaking,

Not a Temperance Measure,

but one principally concerned with regulation plus certain humane considerations for the helpless victims of others' intemperance, we believed it would, indirectly and directly, assist Temperance efforts.

Accordingly, therefore, it was with great satisfaction we noted the hearty and complete response given by the Temperance party to the Home Secretary's appeal, a response so immediate and powerful, that the Legislature was impressed and the

Trade Discomfited.

Indeed, the 'Benevolent Neutrality' of the latter soon developed into something approaching consternation, and later, into a violent antagonism, which vented itself in efforts to block the Bill, in fumings and threatenings, and in noisy complaints of desertion on the part of those whom they had so largely helped to return to power.

Whether these reproaches were justifiable we have no need to enquire. We know the outcry was in vain. Public opinion was manifestly strongly

Favourable to the Proposals.

Men of all shades of politics and creeds, of Temperance and Non-Temperance views, all except the interested Trade, blessed the Bill and pressed for the speedy enactment of the measure which should forbid the sale of liquor to habitual drunkards; make drunkenness in public places an offence; render drunkenness while in charge of young children punishable; provide the humane opportunity for the legal separation of husband or wife from a habitually drunken partner; bring

Grocers' Licenses under the Control

of Licensing Justices; prohibit Clerks to Licensing Benches from having financial interest in the grant of licenses; secure that applications for occasional licenses shall be publicly notified and considered in open court only; alter the date of Brewster Sessions from August to the winter months; and cause

Clubs

to be registered, make annual returns, and also enable the police to enter the same on sworn information of misconduct therein.

The Bill passed its Second Reading without a division on April 7th, and at the time of going to press had made capital progress in the Grand Committee on Trade, from which it seems likely to emerge without material modification, and in time to get through its final stages and to receive the

Royal Assent

before Parliament is prorogued.

If it does, though far short of what we could have desired, and far short of the proposals embodied in the Minority Report of the Royal Commission (Lord Peel's Report), it will mark a decided step in advance. The Children's Act of 1901 gave statutory confirmation to the desirability of keeping drink from young persons. The present Licensing Bill goes further. In effect it says, there are adults who must be kept from Drink and from whom Drink must be withheld for their own and the community's protection—that to serve these is to supply them with that which cannot be other than the cause of public and private danger. The Bill even recognises that, through the same agent, many people become temporarily unfit to be at large and in charge of children. Nay, it goes further, and by its proposals for control, admits that the same substance sold under what have hitherto been

Considered Safe Conditions

is equally, if not more, dangerous.

In other words, the Bill implies a legislative admission that *the something* which causes all this defection—the Drink—is dangerous even under the most respectable conditions; that

Regulation is well-nigh Impossible;

that through it peril to the individual, the family and the community is created—the drinker and non-drinker being alike involved.

Sooner or later the nation will be compelled to cease tinkering with this question, to be honest in the matter, and to frankly admit what it is now loth to recognise, that the

Evil is in the Drink Itself;

and that so long as the common sale is permitted, encouraged and legalised, grave iniquities are bound to ensue, be the restrictions and regulations what they may.

When that day comes—maybe after the nation has drunk yet more deeply of this degradation—the claims of class, money and interest will be ignored. The nation will know and accept the only true

Solution of the Drink Problem,

which is:—Abstinence from Drink by the Individual plus the Prohibition by the State of the Manufacture and Sale of Drink.

Till then Temperance workers must labour unceasingly; teaching, persuading, convincing; accepting everything that will tend towards that end; and at the same time by moral suasion, by education, by legislation, creating that individual and national conviction through which alone can such a drastic and blessed reform be accomplished.—W.C.W.

Who Killed the Baby?

(Founded on Fact.)

By "Uncle Edward."

I WAS wandering in a country town, and suddenly drew myself up and listened, for a noise greeted my ears which was, to say the least of it, a painful one. Whatever was it? It sounded like a mixture between an unoiled mangle, a croupy hen, and the last gasp of a Christmas sucking pig. It seemed to come from an iron grating belonging to a small house within ten yards of me. I listened more keenly. Was it a human being in distress, or only one of the many strange conglomerations of sound which may often be detected when the imagination is worked up by an o'er sensitive brain, and which takes to itself some distinct form, although, like the "point" of the unforgettable Euclid of our school days, it "hath no parts and hath no magnitude." Following the noise, I stepped forward and peered down the grating. No sound came from it, and I began to wonder whether my heated imagination had played me false, when, seemingly close to my elbow, the strange sound piped out, giving me a queer all-overish sort of feeling which brought the warm blood to my face and made me whirl round on my heel with a speed that surprised me, for I am no longer a schoolboy. Nothing was to be seen, and visions of ghosts, witches, and hobgoblins floated before my brain. *There it is again!* That perambulator standing just inside the narrow passage of the house with the grating must contain the object of my quest! I instinctively strode to the rescue, forgetting for the moment that I was walking into another man's dwelling, an innate dread that there was a suffocated, dying child under the cushions of the baby-carriage and nobody was aware of its condition being my only excuse. I hastily raised a fluffy blanket-looking counterpane, when a woman's voice caused me to pause with a sudden start.

"What now?" said the surprised mother, with a look of mingled wonder and indignation which indicated that she thought I was hunting round in search of stray babies to kidnap.

"I beg your pardon," I at once blurted out, "but I think your baby is ill."

"No, that it ain't," she immediately responded, "that's as well as you an' me is."

"But," I pleaded, "it *cannot* be well, my good woman; *no* child in health could possibly make a lamentable noise of that kind continually (here the little mortal gave a pitiful high-keyed gurgle); it *must* be ill."

"Garn wi' ye," growled the mother, "that allers makes that noise."

Here the baby whined cruelly, and frantically sucked at a bottle which it had by its side, attached to which was a half-yard or so of foul-looking india-rubber tubing.

"My friend," I said, with real tenderness in my voice, for I felt sick at heart, "do forgive me if I tell you that little child will die if you are not very careful."

For a moment she melted, and said in a voice which showed a little concern: "I 'ope not;" and instantly contracted again into a note of grim hardness. "The baby's right enough; who asked *you* to interfere with it?"

"Nobody asked me, madam," I said, "but I love children, and I am anxious about this little dear; may I ask you would you mind telling me what you are feeding it on?"

"If yer so very anxious to know," she replied, "it's a havin' biskits and warm water at the present time."

"Biscuits and water!" I almost shouted. "My dear, good woman, that child is not six weeks old, is it?"

"Six weeks," she hissed, "I should think it is; it's above three months."

"But don't you know, you dear, young mother, that no baby of even three months can *possibly* digest biscuits and water?"

"All stuff and nonsense," she grinned out, "you give 'em what you think best, and they can 'disgest it.' My mother had lebben and buried sebben, and that's what *she* taught me, and if *she* didn'nt know, who did?"

"Now listen to me," I pleaded, "your poor babe will, if you don't change its diet, follow your mother's *sebben buried ones* before it reaches its first birthday; it *cannot* digest farinaceous food."

"That ain't fallacious food," she grunted, "I tell ye it's biscuits."

"Then, my friend, will you let me put it in this way: Those biscuits are *poisoning* your child. Turn out the mess from that bottle and put new milk in its place, with just a pinch of sugar and a third of pure water. You will then get the nearest approach to the natural food with which God intended you to nourish your helpless babe."

She gave me a withering look and muttered: "Don't yer try to teach yer gran'mother to suck eggs; the child wants summat to *strengthen* it, not a bottle full o' slip slop. Goo and starve yer own children if ye like, an' leave me to look arter mine."

She thereupon turned round and called: "Moggy, fetch the bottle and break up some more biskits and mix 'em up for the baby."

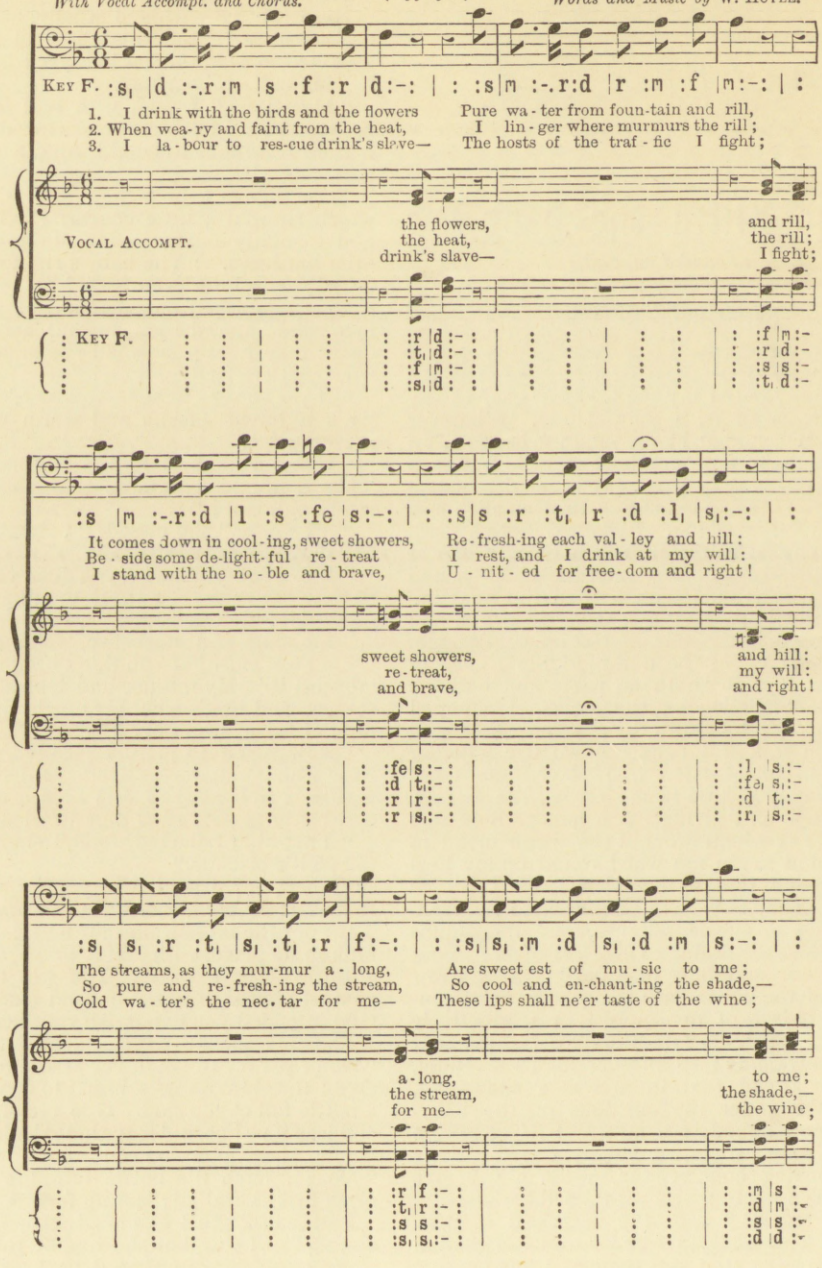
I felt as though I was looking upon a murderess, and so I was, but she had'nt the heart of a murderess. She murdered because she was as ignorant as the babe she was murdering. Next week the blinds were down, and the perambulator was empty.

I DRINK WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS

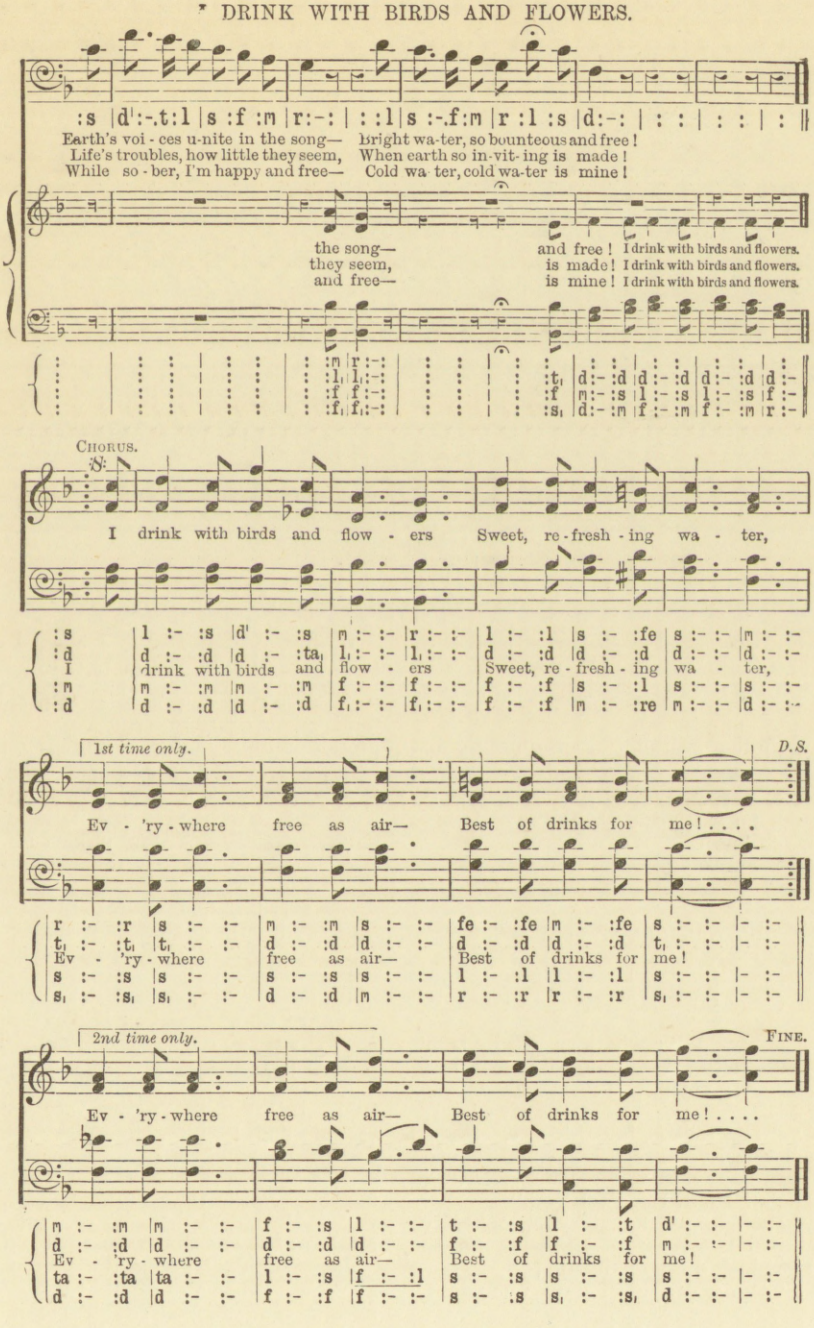
TENOR OR BASS SOLO.
With Vocal Accompt. and Chorus.

(Copyright.)

Words and Music by W. HOYLE.



DRINK WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS.



By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

MEMBERS:—

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

VI.—WILL IT PAY?

William: "How glad I am to meet you fellows again. Since I saw you, I have been knocking about all over the country—first down south, and then right up in the north—and I am jolly glad to get home again."

John: "Well, we are glad enough to see you back again. What sort of time have you had?"

William: "Oh, rough enough. Plenty of work, and not much for it; but, still, I have had some jolly times, you know."

James: "I suppose you have been on the strict T.T. whilst you have been roaming all over the country?"

William: "No fear. After what you fellows said last time, I felt a bit shaky about taking a glass of beer, and thought I would go in for trying teetotal; but I soon dropped it, I can tell you."

Robert: "Dropped it; whatever for? Don't you think it all right? Why, my dad has been teetotal these forty years, and from what he says it must be A1."

William: "The fact is, it don't pay. It's all right enough whilst you are at home and amongst chums, I dare say; but when you get out and about, it falls a bit flat, I can tell you."

John: "I should have thought you would have tried it a bit longer, before throwing up the sponge. How long did you abstain?"

William: "Oh, a couple of days was enough for me."

James: "Rather short trial, wasn't it?"

Robert: "I don't see how anyone can tell whether a thing is good or bad in a couple of days."

William: "Oh, go it. I knew I should get a roasting if I told you chaps; but you have not had to go through my experience."

John: "Well, where doesn't it pay?"

William: "It's like this—you go into a fresh place; you meet a fellow, you get a bit chummie with him, then he says 'Come and have a drink.' Well, what's a fellow to do? You can't throw everybody overboard; and, besides, what's the harm, after all, in a glass of beer?"

James: "You say it don't pay to be a teetotaler, that's what I can't understand. If a fellow says that he is going to take a glass because he likes it, and is ready to run all risks, I can understand it, although I don't admire him any the more for that."

William: "If you want to get on with fellows, you must do as they do; if you don't, they very soon shunt you off, I can tell you. That's where it don't pay."

Robert: "My dad says that if a fellow is going to be teetotal, that's the very thing he must expect; and, besides, what's the odds if a chap does throw you over?"

John: "It seems to me that it is a question of backbone more than anything else. Of course, you can't expect drinkers to chum in with teetotalers; but who has the best of it in the long run?"

James: "That seems the proper way of looking at it. When you say that it does not pay, my friend, William, you simply mean that it may make a passing moment unpleasant."

William: "You can put it that way, if you like; but I don't care to be ousted from good company just because of a fad."

Robert: "Why, William, you seem to have taken quite a turn in defence of strong drink."

William: "As I say, it may be all very well to be a teetotaler; but it don't pay."

James: "I think we ought to thrash that matter out. I think it does 'pay.'"

William: "Well, how does it pay? Tell me that."

John: "It pays in more senses than one. It is impossible to show that strong drink is in the slightest degree necessary to the human body, and it can be easily proved that its use in many cases occasions physical harm.

Robert: "Look at poor old Timms; what a wreck he is. No one can say that the use of strong drink has been a paying matter in his case. Why, he has spent hundreds of pounds in beer and wine, and has ruined mind and body into the bargain."

William: "Oh, that's all very well; but you can't argue from one extreme case."

John: "But is it one extreme case? Old Timms is simply one of an immense class; what is said of him can be said of almost every drunkard in the country."

William: "No one is talking about drunkards. I am talking of just a glass now and then, when you are in company."

James: "All the same, you must, when you talk of being a teetotaler not paying, take into account the effect of drinking."

John: "There is no need, really, to refer to drunkenness; as far as the healthy body is concerned, there is no physical good got out of strong drink, and, therefore, it does not pay to use it."

Robert: "Especially if it is remembered that, whilst no one gets good out of it, a lot of people get harm."

William: "What sort of harm?"

John: "There is no doubt that harm of every kind comes out of the use of liquor."

William: "Come, come, that is rather too strong, Master John."

John: "I don't think it is, if we look at the matter with a perfectly free mind."

Robert: "William says he likes a drop, and that, no doubt, weighs against his better judgment."

James: "Undoubtedly it does; desire and appetite make themselves felt, and judgment is often set aside in order to satisfy them."

William: "But all this don't prove to me that what I affirm, when I say that teetotalism don't pay, is not true."

John: "We quite see what you mean. You mean to say that, in using a little strong drink, you don't hurt yourself very much, and you are able to keep in with business friends, who can help you."

William: "Now, you've hit the nail on the head. That is just what I do mean."

Robert: "I believe in being out and out, even if you do lose a little."

James: "Besides, they can't be very good friends, where the friendship depends on a glass of beer."

John: "I think we ought to take higher ground than that of mere convenience, or merely doing a business turn. In a great question such as this, where the welfare of millions is at stake, and the nation's life and interest are concerned, we ought to take the line of duty, and not that of gratifying a passing moment."

William: "Why, John, you are coming out; anyone would think you had a brief for the teetotalers."

John: Ah, William, your bark is a good deal worse than your bite, and I believe you have only been putting it on a bit just to see what we could say."

William: "Well, perhaps I have; but still I don't go all the way with you. When you speak of teetotalism being a paying game, I don't follow you."

James: "It pays from the moral standpoint, don't it? Nine-tenths of the crime is due to strong drink, because it makes it easy to fall into temptation. We escape that, at any rate."

Robert: "It must pay financially, for money spent in drink is wasted, is it not?"

John: "Yes, if you think about it, you will see that it pays socially, personally, physically, and in every way."

William: "Well, boys, I'll think it over; what a time you'll have when I sign the pledge. I suppose it will come to that before you have done with me."

Health and Long Life

Important Facts.

IN the early days of the Temperance movement it was a common belief that to abstain from intoxicating liquors was to shorten life. Experience has long since shown the folly of this, and conclusively demonstrated that not only as compared with drunkenness, but even as contrasted with the moderate use of intoxicants, abstinence, instead of being prejudicial to, is decidedly beneficial both to health and longevity.

Every year adds confirmation to the value of teetotalism in promoting health. Simultaneously drink is proved to be a very large contributor to physical weakness, and an aider and abettor of disease and early death. The attention recently paid to the ravages of tuberculosis (consumption) called forth striking testimony on this point from eminent medical men at home and abroad, including Prof. Sims Woodhead, Dr. T. N. Kelynack, and others. Dr. Brouardel, the eminent French physician who was introduced to the British Congress on Tuberculosis, convened in 1901 by His Majesty King Edward VII., as the greatest living sanitary authority in Europe, was very pronounced. Said he:—

Alcoholism is the most potent factor in propagating tuberculosis. The strongest man, who has once taken to drink, is powerless against it. Any measures, State or individual, tending to limit the ravages of alcoholism will be our most precious auxiliaries in the crusade against tuberculosis. . . . This invasion of alcoholism

ought to be regarded by everyone as a public danger, and this principle, the truth of which is incontestable, should be inculcated into the masses, that the future of the world will be in the hands of the temperate. . . . Jules Simon was right when he said: "The slum is the feeder of the public house," but we may add "The

PUBLIC HOUSE IS THE FEEDER OF TUBERCULOSIS."

Eloquent testimony is forthcoming that the Teetotaler enjoys greater immunity not only from this dread scourge but from many other forms of disease and epidemics, and that, all other things being equal, he has the prospect of considerable advantage in health and long life over even the moderate drinker. Hence it is that many Insurance Societies now give the Abstainer specially favourable pecuniary terms over those offered to the most abstemious moderate drinker.

The full significance of this will be more apparent on taking a concrete case. Should A., an abstainer up to one o'clock of a given date, break his pledge at two o'clock and thereafter seek to effect an insurance upon his life, he being then unable to declare himself a teetotaler, would find himself compelled by these Societies to pay a higher rate varying from five to ten per cent. above the premium at which, as an Abstainer, he could have insured. The only difference apparently in him would be that caused by the drink which the Societies have found, when spread over a period, to be so depreciatory of life as to necessitate the higher premium.

Confirmation of this experience is found in the published returns of several offices.

Thus the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, during the period 1866-1900,

	among Teetotalers.		among Moderate Drinking Members.
Expected Deaths	10,856		11,736
Actual Deaths	8,442		11,293
Excess Expected over Actual	2,414	as against	443

For the year ending December 31st, 1901, 396 deaths were expected among Abstainers and 434 in the General Section, whereas the actual deaths were: among Abstainers 272, in General Section 391, or only 69 per cent. in the case of the Abstainers, as against 90 per cent. among the moderate drinkers.

In the Sceptre Life Association the deaths in the General Section were 117, as against 143 expected; in the Temperance Section there were 50, as against 103 expected; the percentages being 81·52 and 48·54 respectively. Seventeen years' experience shows in the General Section a mortality of 79·21, as against 55·72 in the Temperance Section.

A table in the report of the Abstainers and General Insurance Company for the year 1901, which gives the experience in the Abstainers' Division of the ordinary life department during the 18 years 1884-1901, shows that but 267 deaths have occurred, as against 539 expected under the H.M. table of the Institute of Actuaries, being but 49·5 per cent. of the expectancy.

To promote Teetotalism, to seek to make the nation sober and abstinent, is not merely to push a fad; it is to increase the working power, to enlarge the earning capacity, and to do what the sanitarian by many and tortuous means is seeking to achieve, viz.: to promote the health and well-being of the people.—W.C.W.

White Roses.

MRS. PHILIP HENSLEY, whose beautiful picture, "White Roses," is reproduced in this number, has a world-wide reputation for her studies of flower and botanical subjects. Better known as Miss Marie Low, the pupil of Rivoiro, she was responsible for the whole of the charming designs which decorate the popular "One and All" seed packets, prepared by the Agricultural and Horticultural Association for working-class amateur gardeners.

At the present time an Exhibition of Mrs. Hensley's works is being held in New Bond Street, London, where many attractive and interesting pictures will well repay the visitor.

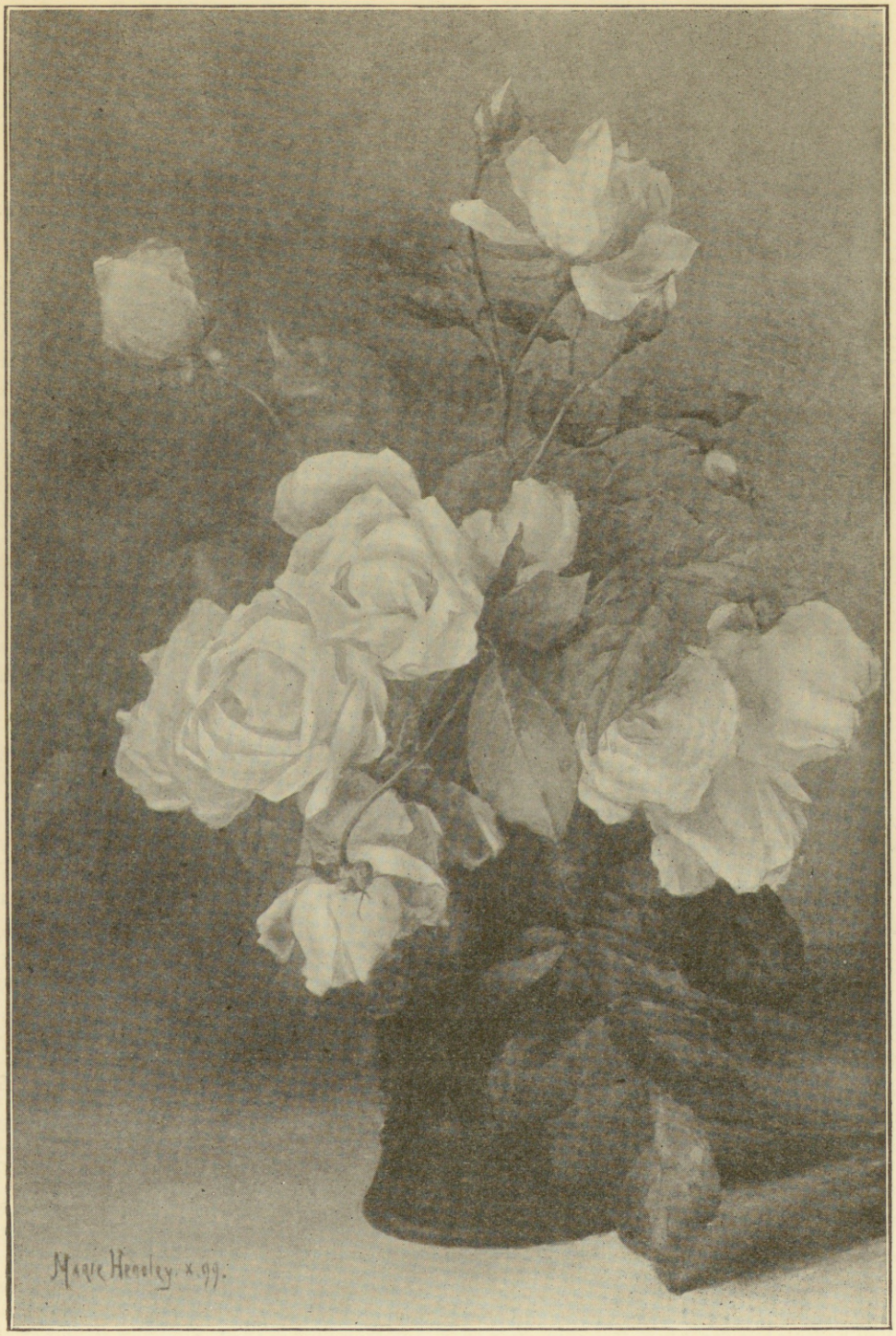
"One and All" is now an established favourite among gardeners generally, and especially among amateurs. We look forward to its Annual Exhibition and to its *Gardening* with great interest. The hobby it encourages—the cultivation of the garden—is at once both profitable and healthful, a source of pleasure to the eye and of gladness to the mind.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Hence, we encourage hobbies generally, but especially that which promotes the joys of the garden, and, as the Editor of *Gardening*, Mr. E. O. Greening (to whom we are indebted for the block of Mrs. Hensley's picture) says, enables the garden-lover to weave "visions of joy and sorrow, of love and delight, of tender memories and glorious hopes, all of which convert themselves by subtle ties of imagination with his beloved floral pets."

A heart and brain to feel and judge,
Two feet which none may fetter;
These powers I'll use without a grudge,
To make the world grow better.

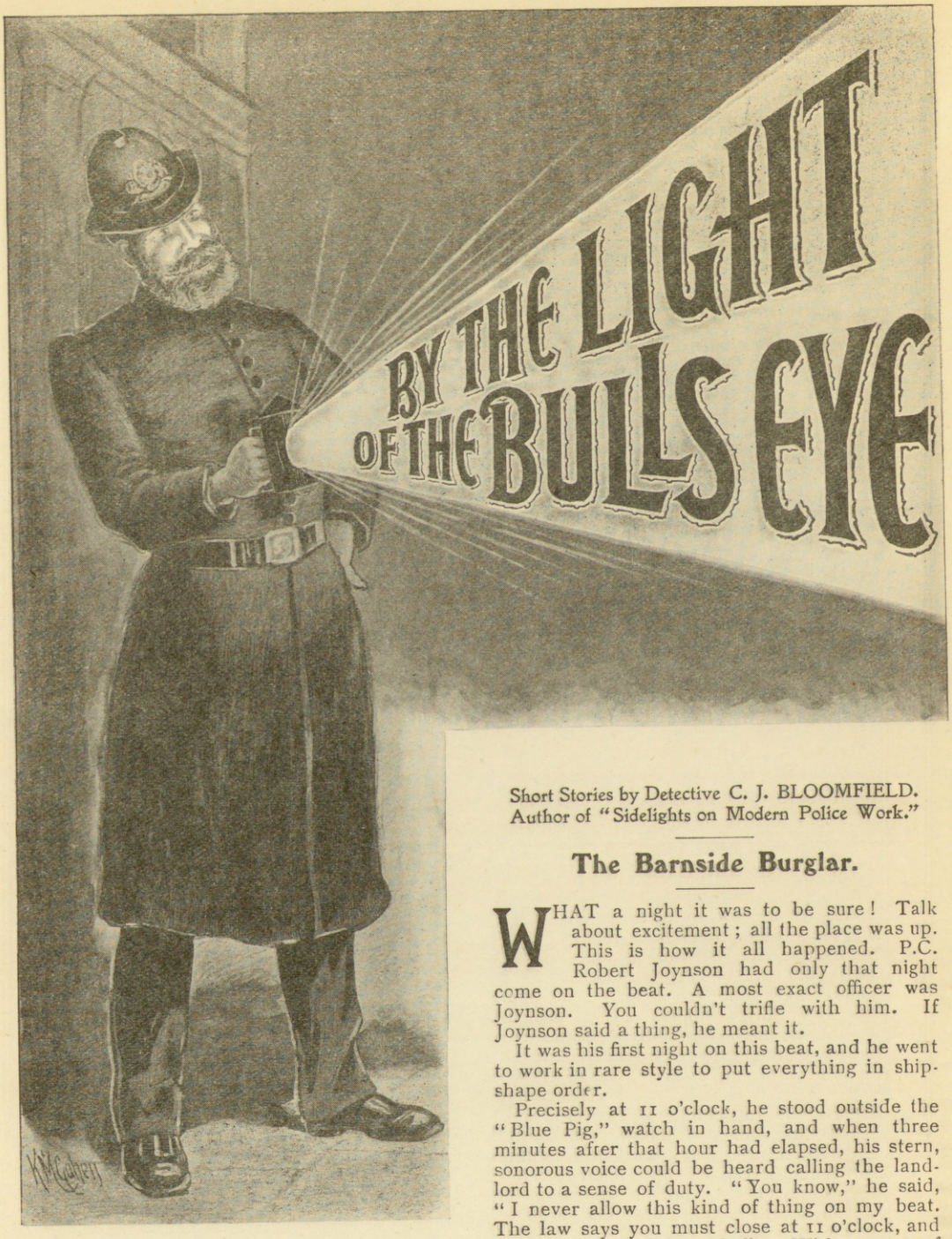
A bull was striving with all his might to squeeze himself through a narrow passage which led to his stall. A young calf came up and offered to go before and show him the way by which he could manage to pass. "Save yourself the trouble," said the bull; "I knew that way long before you were born."—*Æsop.*

"Let every call that comes to us to enter into new and untried ways, be to us the summons to leave our worthless way and foolish sins behind us, but to tighten our hold on truth and goodness, to renew the covenant of our souls with God before we go on where He shall lead us."—*Phillips Brooks.*



White Roses.

FROM A PAINTING BY MARIE HENSLEY.



Short Stories by Detective C. J. BLOOMFIELD.
Author of "Sidelights on Modern Police Work."

The Barnside Burglar.

WHAT a night it was to be sure! Talk about excitement; all the place was up. This is how it all happened. P.C. Robert Joynson had only that night come on the beat. A most exact officer was Joynson. You couldn't trifle with him. If Joynson said a thing, he meant it.

It was his first night on this beat, and he went to work in rare style to put everything in ship-shape order.

Precisely at 11 o'clock, he stood outside the "Blue Pig," watch in hand, and when three minutes after that hour had elapsed, his stern, sonorous voice could be heard calling the landlord to a sense of duty. "You know," he said, "I never allow this kind of thing on my beat. The law says you must close at 11 o'clock, and close at 11 o'clock you shall." With a wave of the hand he stalked on a few yards to give the trembling Boniface space to close up.

After this important part of his duty had been fulfilled, he proceeded cautiously round his beat. Where he found a shopkeeper had by chance left an empty basket on the pavement outside his shop, he would ran-tan at the door until he got him up, and made him come down and take it in. "You know it is a great temptation to any passing thief, and my duty is to prevent robberies as well as to detect them," were his remarks to the offending shopkeeper.

Yes, he was a most exact man, was P.C. Joynson. Why, when shortly before midnight the Rector and the Doctor, who were returning home after visiting a sick patient, were conversing a little loudly, he called them to order. "You know, gentlemen, it is midnight, and by talking too loud you

are liable to commit a breach of the peace. So I warn you to disperse quietly to your homes." Both gentlemen took things good humouredly; at least there was no more heard about it.

It would be about 3 a.m. when as Joynson was passing the Bank premises he heard a most unusual tapping noise inside. There was no mistaking it, someone was at work inside. Visions of sergeant's stripes, inspector's braided tunics, rose before P.C. Joynson. His chance had come at last. He even imagined the evening papers giving a thrilling account of his desperate struggle with Bank thieves. Now was his chance or never. In the Bank were burglars. He could hear their muffled movements.

What should be done? The place ought to be surrounded at once. But how? Where, oh where could he get assistance at that hour? There was nothing else for it; he must hold the door and blow his whistle. And blow he did with all his might.

Sleepy little Barnside was soon aroused. A police whistle in the dead hour of the night was a most unusual occurrence there.

The first to arrive was the village barber. "Whatever's the matter?" he asked of P.C. Joynson. "Matter, man? Why! burglars in the Bank to be sure! I have 'em fast though, but it's been a terrible struggle!"

Soon, others arrived, and, feeling safe, P.C. Joynson commenced to show them what authority he possessed. Addressing the crowd which had collected, he said in authoritative tones, "I call upon you all in the King's name to assist me. In this Bank are burglars. Now surround the place."

Several bystanders suggested something that might have simplified matters. But Joynson would not hear of it, and it was only on the arrival of the Superintendent of Police, who had been attracted by the noise and excitement, that things were put in order.

"What is the matter. Joynson?" he asked.

"Burglars in the Bank, Sir!" said he, saluting.

"Have you seen them?" asked the Superintendent calmly.

"Yes, Sir! and heard them too."

"Then go and bring the Bank Manager, who has the keys, and don't be long away. You know where he lives. I will stay here until you return."

And poor Joynson had to trudge off and leave his case in the hands of his superior. It did not take him long, however, to reach the Manager's house, who very speedily returned with him, assuring him on the way that he would be handsomely rewarded for that night's work.

On reaching the Bank, the crowd were bidden to stand on one side while the doors were undone. Staff in hand, P.C. Joynson led the way, followed by his Superintendent and the Manager, and a few other loyal citizens.

High and low they searched, but no burglar could they discover. But one thing they did discover—the Manager's large pet black cat, which had by mischance got locked in an inner office, and had been vainly trying to get out.

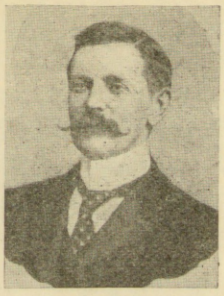
* * * *

If anyone should ask you why the little boys of Barnside shout "Cats" after P.C. Joynson, you know the reason now.

The Honourable Member for Bury.

The latest addition to the Legislature,

Mr. GEORGE TOULMIN,



M.P. for Bury, Lancashire,

is an old Band of Hope boy, a thorough-going teetotaler, and a Vice-President of the Band of Hope Union of his native town, Preston.

We are non-political in Band of Hope work, as we are also non-sectarian. We none the less heartily rejoice when a stalwart Temperance man is returned to Parliament. The more Band of Hope lads go to St. Stephens to make our laws the better hope we shall have of gaining real Temperance reforms.

"Drink baffles us, shames us, and mocks us at every point."—London *Times*.

"Kind words are the music of the world, they have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way, and come on earth."—F. W. Faber.

A Recitation—The Reign of Drink.

Do you hear an ominous muttering, as of thunder gathering round ?
Do you hear the city tremble, as an earthquake shakes the ground ?
'Tis the waking of a people—'tis a mighty battle sound.

Do you see the grand uprising of the people in their might ?
They are girding on the armour, they are arming for a fight,
They are going forth to battle for the triumph of the right.

For the power of drink hath bound us, and the power of drink hath reigned,
Till the glorious robes of Liberty are tarnished, torn, and stained,
Till the struggling city shudders as its forces lie enchained.

It hath trampled over hearthstone and hath left it desolate ;
It hath slain the wife and mother, it hath filled the town with hate ;
It hath wrecked the noblest manhood, and hath laughed to scorn the great.

Shall it longer reign in triumph, longer wear its tyrant crown ?
Shall it firmer wield the fetters that now bind the city down ?
Shall this grand old country longer bow and tremble 'neath its frown ?

No ! let every heart re-echo; rouse, ye gallant men, and true !
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers ! see ! the night is almost through ;
Rouse, ye, every Man and Woman—God is calling now for you.

A gentleman, while taking an evening walk, saw two men supporting a third, who appeared to be unable to walk. "What is the matter ?" "Why, that poor man has been bitten by the brewer's dog." "Indeed !" said he, feeling rather concerned at the disaster. "Yes, sir; and he is not the first by a good many that he has done mischief to." "Why is not that dog made away with ?" "Ah, sir, he ought to have been made away with a long time ago; but it wants resolution to do it. It is Strong Drink, sir—that's the brewer's dog !" Beware of the dog !

"Oh, what can we do, my brothers,
To haste the longed-for day,
When weeping babes and mothers
Shall wipe their tears away ?
We can sow the seed and reap it,
We can help the sad hearts sing,
We can sign the pledge, and keep it
In the strength of Christ our King."

The Rev. J. W. Horsley, who for ten years was chaplain at one of the largest prisons in England—Clerkenwell—came in touch with over 100,000 offenders, has been saying to a friend that "Poverty has very little to do with crime. Prosperity leads to much more crime than adversity. Prosperity means drink, and drink means crime, and crime is applied alcohol." Mr. Horsley further emphasised the fact that the saddest wrecks from intemperance had been among brain-workers—doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and school teachers—and amongst the brain-workers who gave way to intemperance, very few indeed were reclaimed.

A mouse of merit watched a boy
Who stood upon his head.
"Now, that's a clever thing to do,"
The mouse of merit said.

"But if I train my muscles well,
And stick to what I'm at,
I think in time I may perform
A trick worth two of that."

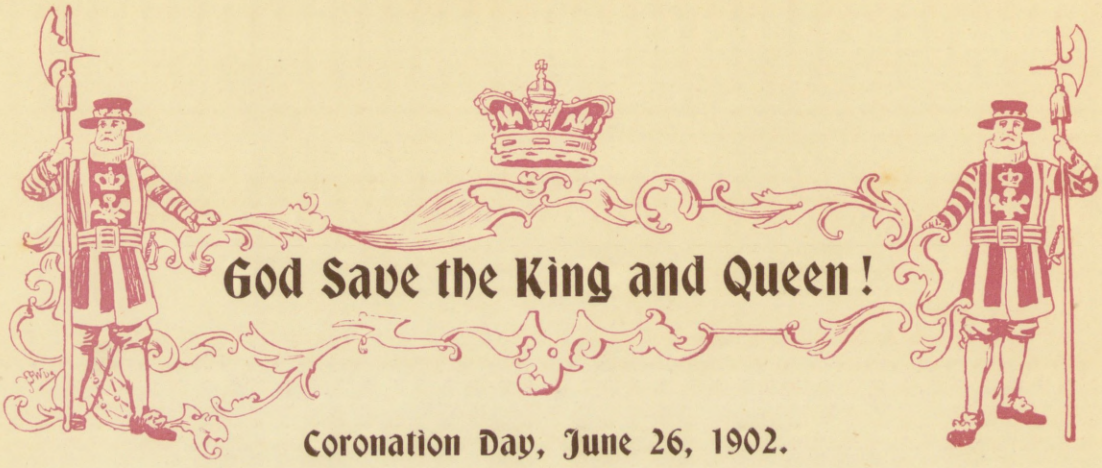
So he began to practise hard—
It's *lazy* mice who fail—
And he was able, in the end,
To stand upon his tail !

Why He Gave It Up.

A sea captain testified that he became an abstainer from watching the effect upon his seamanship of a single glass of spirits. He had to decide, for instance, whether he could safely sail through a fog. Without the drink, he said to himself, "It will not be safe; better lie to till the fog clears." He took a glass of whiskey, and at once found himself saying, "Oh, it is safe enough; go ahead." He at once resolved never to touch it again, for he realised that the false courage, caused by a single glass, might lead him to an act of imprudent seamanship that might involve the loss of his ship. The one glass may lead a young man to take a fatal step that he would never have taken without it.

KING EDWARD VII. and QUEEN ALEXANDRA,

With the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Prince Edward of York.



God Save the King and Queen!

Coronation Day, June 26, 1902.

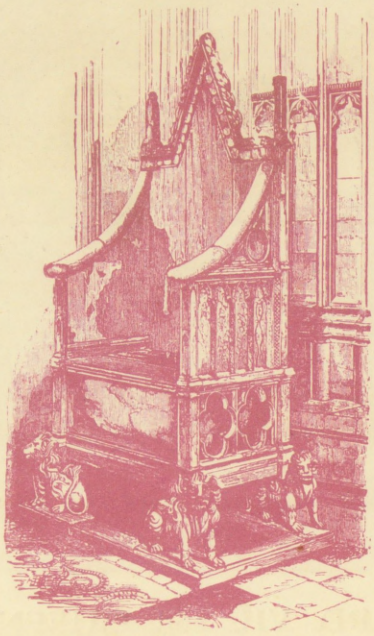
"WHAT does all this Coronation mean?" asked a child. "Wasn't the King *really* King until he'd been crowned?"

The question was one which not only children have been asking.

So far as can be seen, the status of the occupant of the throne is in these times in no wise affected by the performance or neglect of this ceremony, although in bygone ages no monarch felt securely established until he had been crowned. The rite is essentially religious, and has been performed in Westminster Abbey in the case of all British rulers since 1066, except Oliver Cromwell and Edward V.

Probably its origin dates back to the times when, under tribal conditions, the people selected a leader, who was also their priest, and signalised their choice by certain symbolic investitures. The kingly and priestly offices now no longer associated, except in the Coronation service, wherein the form of the vestments, the anointings, the regalia, as well as in the oblations and sacrament, the spiritual and temporal are strangely blended.

The whole service, with its expressive symbolism, seems based upon the creed that kings can only rule by the Grace of God, and with the sanction and support of their people. So it includes special invocations for Divine help in connection with the duties and attributes of kingship, and also provides for the people's approval of the ruler, and for their homage and fealty to him. Each successive Coronation, though possessing its own distinctive features, follows largely upon the lines of the past.



THE CORONATION CHAIR,
Showing the Coronation Stone.

The most interesting part of the ritual for the present occasion is undoubtedly the second, when, after a special Collect, Epistle, Gospel, and a Sermon, the King, supported by the great Officers of State, kneels at the Altar, and with his right hand upon the Gospels, declares "The things which I have promised, I will perform, so help me God."

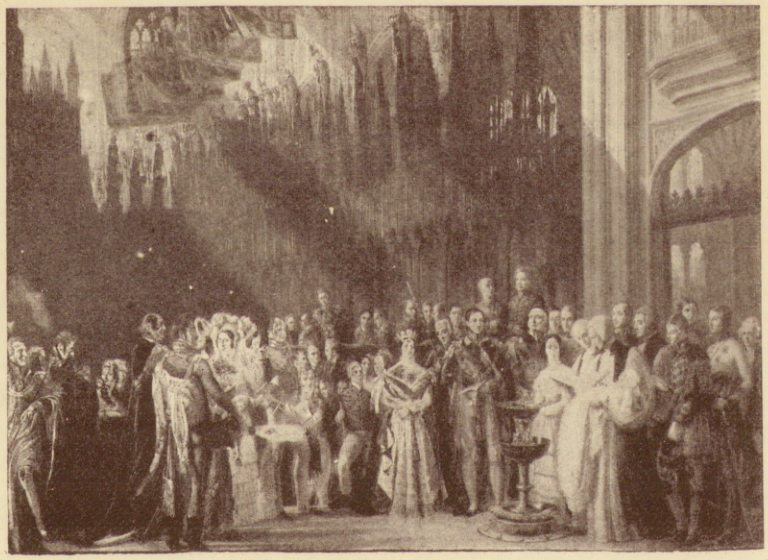
Afterwards, the King being seated in the Coronation Chair, which dates from the time of Edward I., and contains the famous Coronation Stone, that legend alleges to have been the stony pillow whereon Jacob slept at Bethel, the solemn ceremony of the Anointing is proceeded with. Then he is girt with the Sword of State, while the Archbishop says: "With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order." The Orb and Sceptre and other parts of the Regalia are in turn presented with due ceremony.

When the moment arrives for the actual Crowning, the Archbishop of Canterbury, laying the Crown upon the Altar, prays that as a crown of pure gold is placed upon the King's head, so may his heart be enriched with heavenly grace; and then, the King being seated in the Coronation Chair, the Primate places the Crown upon his head, while those present shout "God save the King!" trumpets blare, and, at a given signal, a salute of guns announces the fact to the outside world.

Then, after the presentation of a Bible to the Monarch, and

a Benediction in the form, "The Lord give you a religious and victorious prosperity to rule these Kingdoms in all ages, Amen," the King is placed on his throne, where, headed by the Archbishop and the Royal Princes, the peers proceed to do homage.

After this follows the shorter form of Crowning of the Queen Consort, the Archbishop of York officiating. Then the King and Queen together take the Sacrament, and shortly pass down the stately nave of the grand old abbey of Westminster to take their places in the Coronation Coach for the subsequent junketings and procession.



From the Painting by Sir G. Hayter, R.A., At Windsor Castle

1842. January 25th.

THE KING CHRISTENED IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

What the King Might Do:

OLD BROWN'S SPEECH ON CORONATION DAY.

THEY were ringing the bells in the old, grey church—
It was Coronation Day;
And the Union Jack waved proudly forth
From the windows over the way:
The crowd was gay—but the old man sat
From the noisy throng apart
To hear the peal of the bells that spoke
The joy of a nation's heart.

He was old, and withered, and yet his soul
Was sunny and glad to-day,
And it smiled from his face, with a young, sweet light,
Like a child in a ruin grey.
He was full of hope, and a simple faith
Made his eyes look clear and soft,
As he doffed his cap with an old-world grace
To the flag as it waved aloft.

The people saw him, and laughing said—
"Old Brown is a boy once more!"
Then they gathered around him where he sat
In the shade of his cottage door.

"Come, tell us—you've lived so many years,
And are wise—so tell us, pray,
What would you like the King to do
On his Coronation Day?"

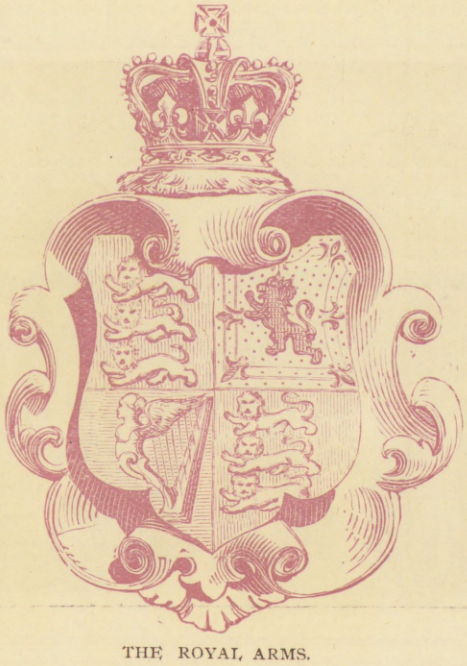
Then the old man smiled—"You are right," he said,
As he turned on his wooden stool,
"For those who would learn of wisdom's truths,
Old Time keeps the finest school!
And he has a way of rubbing the gloss
From the face of things, you know,
And showing us all the ugly wounds
That are sometimes hidden below."

"What would I like the King to do?
Well, betwixt you and me,
I would like him to try to heal those wounds
Which Time makes the old folks see;
I would like him to turn his eyes awhile
To the Empire's weakest part,
To leave her limbs for awhile alone,
And make her sound at the heart.

"I would like him to write on yon dear old flag
The message God sent to men,
The word that is oil for the troubled waves,
And balm for the heavy pain;
The word that will dry the women's tears,
Bidding all conflict cease,
And so I would like the King to write
On our flag, that one word—'Peace!'

"And then I would like him to take his place
At the head of that youthful band,
That will one day bring
this England of ours
To stand where she
ought to stand;
That band that carries the
torch of truth
To places as black as
night,
The future makers of Eng-
land's laws,
And builders of Eng-
land's might.

"I would have him to use
his Royal powers
In the causes of love
and truth,
To overthrow with no fal-
tering hand
The foes to his country's
youth;
To close the doors that can
lead to wrong,
And open the gates to
right,
To make the crown that
he wears to-day,
A star with a spreading
light."



THE ROYAL ARMS.

The old man paused; then
he turned his eyes
To the flag—red, white, and blue,
And he said, while his face grew bright with hope,
"I have faith that the King will do
Just as I'd like the King to do;
You see he's Victoria's son,
And he knows that the world will look to him
To finish what she begun!"

—MAY GERALD.

The King and Queen.

"IS it a boy?" bluntly asked the Iron Duke of the nurse at Buckingham Palace, on November 9th, 1841, when he heard of the arrival of a little stranger in the household of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. "It is a PRINCE, your Grace," came the dignified reply, announcing to the Duke of Wellington that the succession to the throne was secured.

That boy was, nearly sixty years after, on January 24th, 1901, in the same city, proclaimed King Edward the Seventh.

His birth occasioned great national rejoicing, prisoners were released, honours were plentifully bestowed, and the widest satisfaction promoted. Within a month he was created Prince of the United Kingdom, Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, etc., and on January 25th, 1842, he was christened by the names "Albert Edward" in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

His childhood was very happy and simple, Queen Victoria holding strongly that the Royal children should be 'brought up simply and in as domestic a way as possible, that, not interfering with their lessons, they should as much as possible be with their parents, and learn to place their confidence in them in all things.'

His early education was first entrusted to a tutor, Mr. Henry Birch, for whom the young Prince entertained a very touching affection, and afterwards to Mr. F. W. Gibbs.

It is noteworthy that the Prince's first acquaintance with Parliament was at the opening of the Crimean War, when he stood beside his mother on the throne; and that when as King he first visited Parliament, war should have again been under consideration.

In 1858, according to the custom by which Princes and Princesses are regarded as having attained their majority at eighteen years, he came of age, and shortly after set up a separate establishment at White Lodge, Richmond, at which place in 1893 (thirty-five years after), his son, George, and probable successor in the kingship, found his bride in the people's idol, the Princess May.

After a Continental tour, Albert Edward became a student at Edinburgh, and subsequently at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he appears to have shown zeal and good will.

Then followed, in 1860, his first official tour, to the Dominion across the Atlantic, where he created the most favourable impression by his bonhomie and courtesy. His tour also included the United States, where he was rapturously received, and where by his tact and geniality he, the great-grandson of George III., as President Buchanan said, conciliated the kindness and respect of a sensitive and discriminating people!

In 1861 he entered Cambridge University, and also received private tuition from the late Charles Kingsley. In the same year, he made the

acquaintance of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark at Heidelberg, whither he had gone ostensibly to witness certain military manœuvres, but in reality for reasons not unconnected with the tender passion. In the same year, so are joy and sorrow intermingled, the Prince Consort died. His removal meant not only the loss of a father, but of a prudent, sagacious, trusted adviser and counsellor to the young Prince, who felt the blow most keenly, and brooded over it to such an extent that his health was threatened, till, despite his reluctance, the Queen insisted on his taking a tour through the Holy Land, accompanied by the late Dean Stanley.

In 1863, on March 10th, amid the heartiest congratulations and the liveliest manifestations of national goodwill, there were celebrated the nuptials of the Prince and the Sea King's daughter, the beautiful Princess Alexandra of Denmark, who, from the moment of her arrival on English shores up to this day, has been beloved by the nation with the deepest attachment. Whether for the struggles of her early years, when, though a princess, comparative poverty was not unknown, or because of her wifeliness, or for her own personal charm, or for her beneficence, goodness, and sympathy with the poor and afflicted, or for all together, she has won her way into the hearts of the British people as no Princess of Wales and no Queen Consort has ever done.

The marriage thus celebrated has apparently been a very happy one, though naturally with the heavy demands of public duties, much domesticity has been denied the royal pair, although both at Sandringham and Marlborough House, as far as circumstances would allow, they have lived the simple life of gentlefolk rather than that of a Prince and Princess.

In 1871, just one day after his birth, the Prince and Princess suffered their first bereavement, and in the same year, towards its close, the Prince became dangerously ill, and for what seemed a long time a fatal result was feared.

In the years which followed, the lives of the Prince and Princess seemed to pass singularly happily and equably, until in January, 1892, they experienced their greatest sorrow in the death of their eldest son, Prince Albert Victor, the next heir to the throne.

Nine years later, in January, 1901, after a long reign, rich in years and in the affections of her people, Queen Victoria yielded up her sceptre to the Mighty Conqueror, and the Prince and Princess of Wales became King and Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Kingdoms beyond the Seas.

THE KING, AGED SIX.

OUR CLUB.

By
W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

Our Club has only four members, but they are all earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them.

VII.—SELF-RESTRAINT.

John : "Well, William, old man, how are you? I was awfully sorry to hear of your accident. Are you all right again?"

William : "Oh, I am pretty fit, but still not A1. I have had a long turn, and can't get over it all at once."

Robert : "Why, what has been the matter?"

James : "Don't you know? William had a spill, smashed up his bike, and almost smashed himself, too."

William : "Don't you joke about it, old boy; your turn may come some of these days, and then you won't find it a laughing matter."

Robert : "I say though William, were you much hurt? You might tell a fellow about it."

William : "Oh, well, it is a short story. I had been out for a run with the club. It was a terribly hot afternoon, and I had some tea and then some ices, and a little later on a glass or two of ale. Coming down the hill by Jones's corner, I got a bit unsteady, and went over."

John : "A good job it was no worse; but it is bad enough to be laid up for a fortnight. You'll have to fight shy of tea and ices and ale in future."

Robert : "I shouldn't think ale was a good thing for cycling with on a hot day."

AT PEACE ONCE MORE!

James : "You're right there. The less to drink the better; and, after all, there's nothing beats cold water if you are dry."

William : "I know what to expect from you teetotal chaps. There's nothing but the pump or the teapot that suits you."

John : "Well, you go in for ale, and get a sprained ankle and a jolly good shaking; so there's not much to boast of, anyhow."

William : "All right, John, you and I will agree to differ. I had the ale, and I mean to have it just when I like. None of your teetotal slavery for me."

Robert : "What do you mean by slavery, William? It's a free country. Surely we have as much right to abstain, as you to drink a glass of ale!"

William : "There you go. When anyone touches you on the teetotal point, you are up directly."

John : "It's only fair to look at things all round. Such a lot of people take a one-sided view of things. You talked about slavery; Robert wants to know where it comes in."

James : "So do I. For the life of me, I can't see that a fellow in signing the pledge becomes a slave. It seems to me that he is showing everyone that he is his own master."

William : "I like to have a glass if I think I will, and to let it alone if I think I will; that's what I call freedom. There's no binding a man down to one thing. When a man's bound, he is practically a slave."

Robert : "What about habit? Our old parson was lecturing us about it the other day, and he seems to think that habit can make slaves of all of us."

John : "That is true enough, and what is more, it is often the case that those who are the greatest slaves to habit, talk the loudest about being free."

James : "There are tens of thousands of people slaves to strong drink who would give a good deal to be free from the chains that bind them."

William : "I am glad that I am not one of them."

John : "And we are glad, too; but there is this difference between us: We assert our freedom by making up our minds that we won't touch strong drink. You put yourself in the position of possibly becoming a slave to it. The doctrine of self-restraint is a very good one to practise."

Robert : "As Tennyson says:—

'Self reverence, self knowledge, self control:
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.'"

James : "Well said, Robert!"

William : "That's all very well. There's all the difference between going to excess and just taking a glass now and then."

John : "Small beginnings have great endings, and every poor drunkard has at one time used precisely the same argument. Surely it is better in the time of youth to say 'No!' absolutely to strong drink."

William : "I want to get a little pleasure out of life. Why not become a monk at once, and spend your life in a cell."

John: "What pleasure is got out of drinking intoxicants? It can only be an artificial and depraved appetite that is pandered to."

William: "Oh, but a fellow wants to enjoy himself. You can't always be thinking about what may happen in the future. Here is the present: let us live in it, and enjoy it."

James: So *we* do, and probably get vastly more enjoyment as teetotalers than could possibly be the case if we were drinkers."

Robert: "There are other things in life than mere enjoyment. Our influence and example tell upon others."

William: "I quite agree with that. At the same time, if you want to jog along comfortably you must make yourself agreeable, and do as others do."

as I keep straight I don't see where the harm comes in."

John: "There is this way of looking at it. You may be able to keep straight, but you can't be sure of it. You may be influencing others to drink who are not so strong as yourself, and at any rate you range yourself on the side of drink instead of against it."

James: "How much better to say at once, 'I won't take strong drink,' and impose that measure of self-restraint that not only ensures your own safety, but sets an example that all others may be secure in following."

Robert: "I suppose it is just as easy and just as natural to be an abstainer as it is to be a drinker?"

James: "I should say that it is far easier and

From the Painting by W. P. Frith, R.A. *At Windsor Castle.*

1863. March 10th.
THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

John: "Come, William, I know you better than to think that that is your doctrine. It is about the lowest standard a man can take. Surely there is something more in life than mere animal enjoyment."

James: "If everybody is going on the principle of doing as others do, so as to jog along easily, then there is an end of all social and moral reform."

William: "You fellows are a little bit too hard! All I say is, that I don't want to bind myself one way or the other."

Robert: "But it would be better, wouldn't it, to take a stand, and be on the safe side?"

William: "Yes, but I can't stand being laughed at, and when fellows ask me to have a drink with them I like to be sociable, and so long

far more natural. Easier, because the formation of a bad habit is avoided; and more natural, because by using strong drink an unnatural appetite is gratified."

John: "Well, I must go. Think it over, William, and you will see that it is a good thing to hold the body in subjection, and to be the master of all our habits and desires."

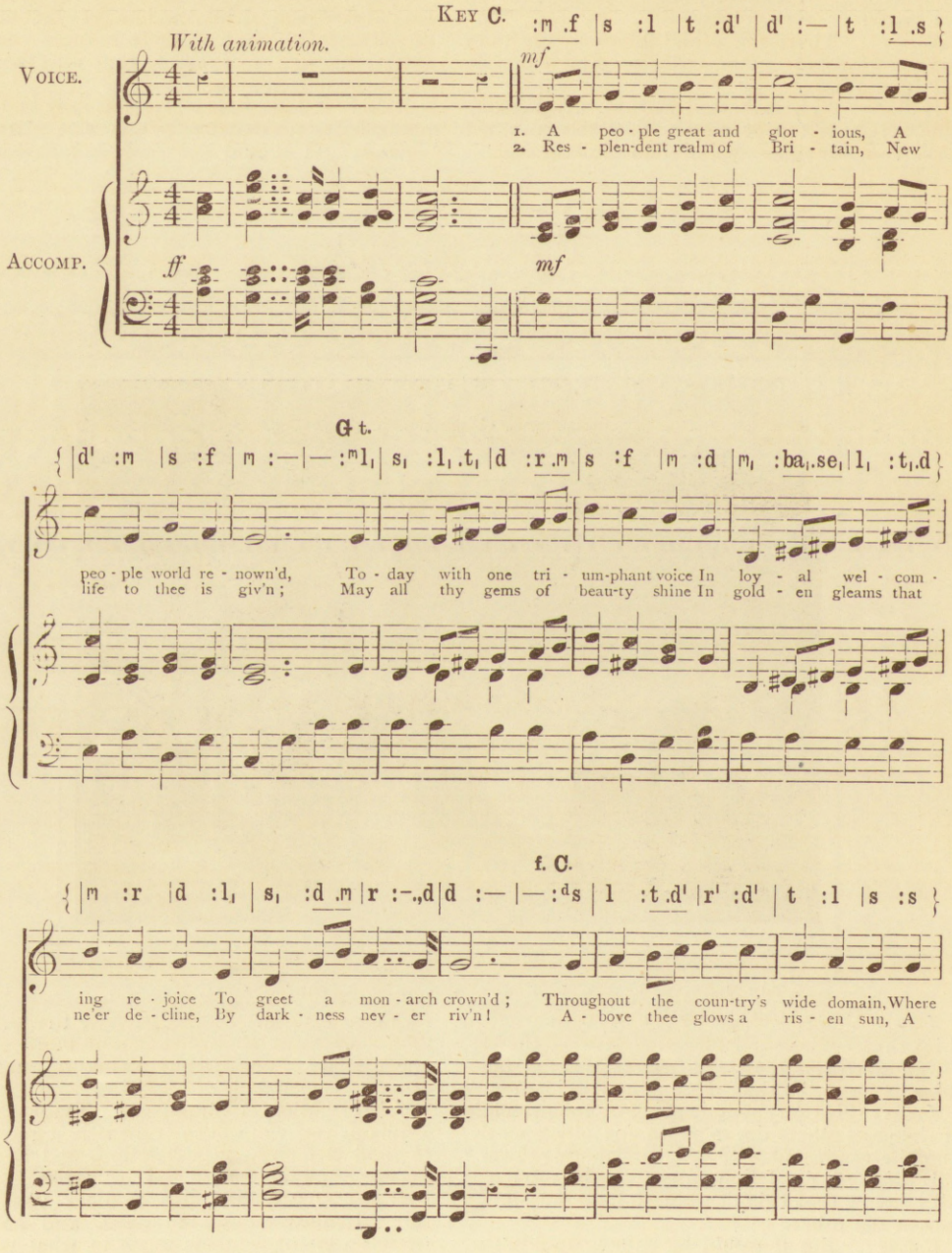
William: "Well, I like to hear you fellows talk. It always does me good, and no doubt there's a lot of common sense in what you say. I shall be asking for the pledge book one of these days, and then won't you crow a bit over me?"

Robert: "Not a bit of it. We are a trio of teetotalers now, and if you come in we shall be a quartette."

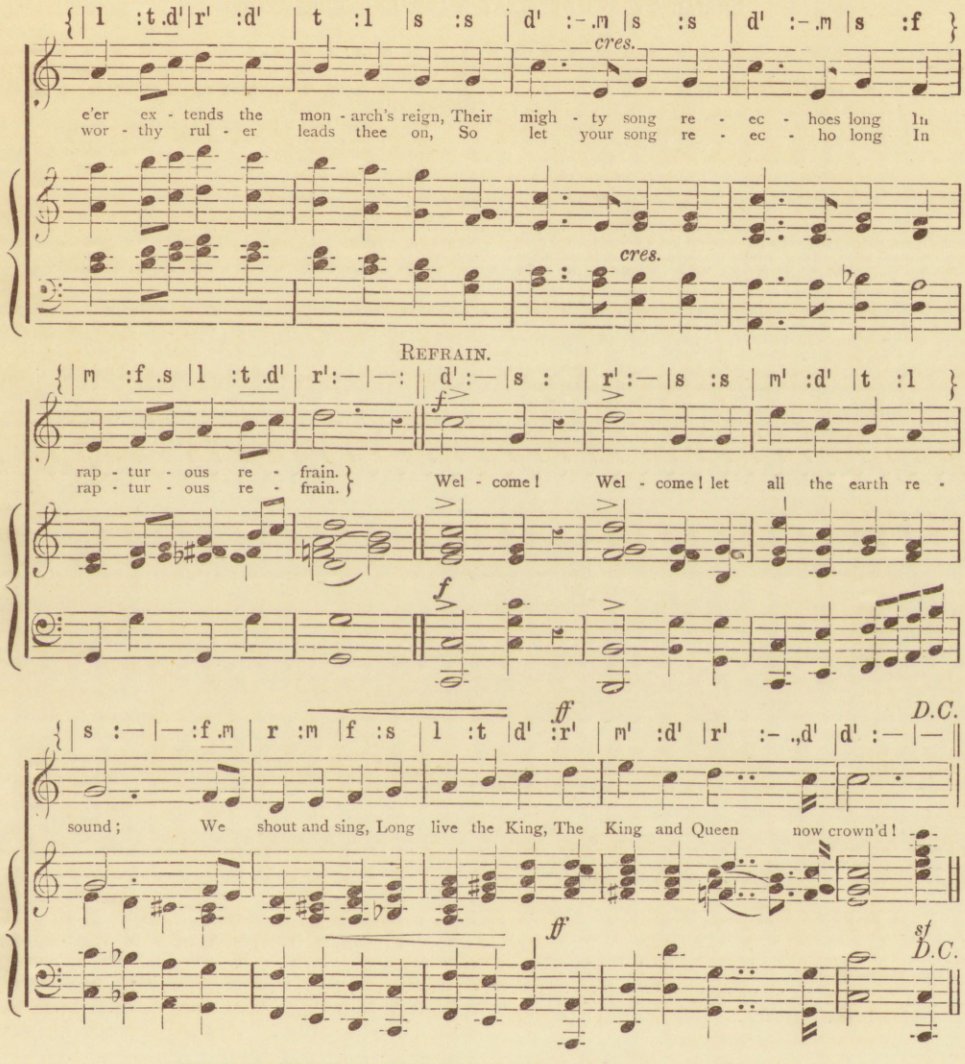
WELCOME TO OUR KING!

CORONATION SONG.

Words by Gus Ellerton. Music by Percy E. Fletcher.



WELCOME TO OUR KING!—*continued.*



The following alternative verses may be used for Band of Hope Festivals and Meetings—

ARRAYED in mighty numbers,
Approved by Heaven's smile,
Our Bands of Hope united stand,
For God, and Home, and Fatherland,
The glory of our isle.
They cry a theme of common sense,
The proven truth that Abstinence
Shall crown the land with good untold
And benefits immense.—REFRAIN.

For holy Freedom standing,
For love of God and Right,
These hosts themselves from drink abstain,
They seek to break the drunkard's chain
And end Drink's awful might.
With truth upon their banners borne,
Unheeding foe, nor fearing scorn,
Unfalt'ring war 'gainst Drink they wage
In youth's all-glorious dawn.—REFRAIN.

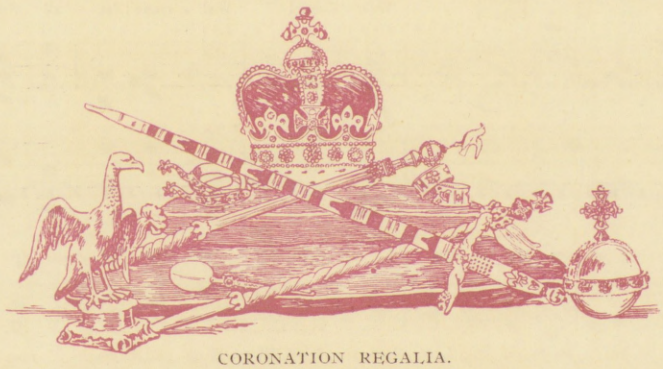
REFRAIN.—Fight on! Fight on! Let hills and vales resound:
"The Bands of Hope
With drinkdom cope,
With victory shall be crowned!"

THE SON OF A PRODIGAL.

SERIAL STORY: BY MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

Introduction:

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm. Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret—the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. Late on Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from making purchases in the village, she was startled at the farm gate by a small boy who darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil," asked to see the farmer, for which purpose he was taken into the great farm kitchen. He proved to be a messenger from the farmer's son, who came home on Xmas Eve, a decrepit, broken-down man, separated from his wife, to die. The farmer received him gladly, and promised the dying man to care for his "Little Phil," who became as the apple of his eye. Three years after, Phil developed a waywardness which began to greatly trouble the old farmer. Some of his chums were not quite all the farmer desired for him. The latter was greatly troubled when Phil insisted upon going with them and the local undertaker to a neighbouring town, where, after visiting various places, he went to the church, where he was introduced to the Vicar, Mr. Hope, a meeting full of potentialities. Shortly after a stranger, a cyclist, passing the farm particularly noticed Phil, and drew him into conversation, afterwards returning in great haste to London, where he announced to an excited and anxious woman, "I have found him." Farmer Amden, who had heavily mortgaged his farm to pay Phil's father's debts, became very worried lest he should be unable to clear the estate, provide a suitable education for Phil, and leave him a competence. At about the same time, a long uninhabited house adjoining Amden Farm became occupied by a woman, who evidently was deeply interested in the farmer and his grandson.



CORONATION REGALIA.

Showing the Crown, Orb, Sceptre, Lictor's Rod, Sword of State, Golden Spurs, Ampulla and Anointing Spoon, and Bracelets.

CHAPTER VII.—A SCENE.

"DON'T you think, Phil, it's blooming slow in this hole?" Bert Tate asked one morning, as the two boys turned into the school-yard.

"It does seem a bit dull sometimes," Phil admitted, with a backward glance at the green hills that seemed, to the boy's eyes, great finger-posts pointing the road to London.

"A bit dull! I call it beastly dull. What is there to see? What is there to hear? What is there to do? Nothing; only the same old tiresome things over and over again. I'm getting sick of it; and mean to hook it soon—I want to see life—proper life. None of your old trees, and cabbages—I hate 'em—I want to see play-houses, and big shops, and races, and——"

"Oh, I daresay you do," Phil interrupted. "We all do for that matter. But we know very well that we never shall see them; so what's the use of bothering about them?"

"You speak for yourself, Phil Amden. I have made up my mind that I shall. If you're content to live all your life among cabbages, I'm not. I mean to run away."

"Oh, I've heard you say that before," Phil answered scornfully. "If you ever do run away, you may be glad to get back among the cabbages."

"Like your father was, eh?" exclaimed Bert with a sneer. "But you see he was different. He had to run away, or else face the prison."

The two boys were close to the school-house door by this time; but Phil wheeled round, an angry glitter in his eyes, red flame in his cheeks.

"You're a prig, Bert Tate!" he cried, not caring whether the schoolmaster heard him or not. "Don't you dare say anything about my father. I owe you a licking for what you said before, and I'll give it you yet!"

"You lick me! I'd like to see you do it!" Bert retorted in lowered tones. He was afraid of the schoolmaster, if Phil wasn't.

"Would you? Then wait for me after school's over," Phil almost hissed in his ear.

The door of the school-house was wide open, and the old schoolmaster standing near heard plainly the words, "You're a prig, Bert Tate"; though the remainder of the conversation was inaudible. He allowed the boys to pass to their places without comment; but his eyes followed them, passing from one to the other with keen scrutiny. Towards twelve o'clock he called Bert Tate to him.

Such a proceeding naturally aroused the suspicions of the other boys. Dickie Taylor, who was always at the foot of the class, glanced knowingly at Phil, who was always at the head; but the latter did not catch the look; and Dickie nudged the boy next to him, and whispered, "Bert and Phil's bin rowin', and Grass-top's found it out."—"Grass-top" was the sobriquet bestowed by the boys on the schoolmaster, on account of his rather long and wavy hair.

"How do you know they've been rowing?" asked the boy nudged.

"Oh, I don't really know. I'm only guessin'. But just you see if Grass-top doesn't send for Phil when he's done with t'other one."

Dickie's guess was a pretty shrewd one. At the very moment he was whispering it into the ear of his companion, the schoolmaster was

putting a few questions, bearing on the same subject, to Bert Tate.

"What had you been saying to Phil Amden, this morning, when he called you 'a prig'?" was the leading question.

Bert had been anticipating this question all morning, and was quite prepared with an answer. It was not a truthful answer, but that fact had little weight with Bert, who only spoke the truth when it served his own ends to do so.

"I hadn't been saying anything to him at all, sir; only that I didn't want to fight him."

"Did he ask you to fight him?"

"Yes, sir."

"But he wouldn't want you to fight him for nothing. You must have been saying something to him—tell the truth—what was it?"

Bert looked at his shoes as he replied: "Well, sir, he had been calling you 'Grass-top,' and I said that wasn't a proper way to speak of you, then he called me a 'little prig.'"

"Go to your place," the schoolmaster said, and Bert, with just one long vindictive glance at Phil, went.

Dickie Taylor listened eagerly for Phil to be called out, but it was not until the twelve o'clock bell had rung, and the boys were ready to march out in file, that the call came.

"Philip Amden, stay behind, I wish to speak to you."

Every eye was turned on Phil, who, stepping from the little procession, waited, cap in hand.

Once free from the keen eye of the master, Bert was surrounded by an excited, eager group of boys.

"What's the row, Bert?" "What did old Grass-top want you for?" "What have you and Phil Amden been doing?" were questions hurled at Bert when the school-yard was reached.

"I haven't been doing anything. Phil Amden has been using bad language. But I will do something this evening, when school's over; I'll give Phil Amden the biggest licking he's ever had in his life."

1872. February 27th.

THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Some of the boys looked as though they rather doubted this assertion.

"What for?" they asked.

"Because he's a sneak and a coward," Bert answered.

"Oh, no he's not," Dickie Taylor cried. "He may be a bit stuck up, but he isn't a coward."

"No, he isn't; and if you fight, I know which will come off second best," said another—by name, Arthur Bell.

"I'd back Phil Amden against a dozen of your sort," exclaimed a small, fair boy, pushing his way to the front.

"Perhaps you'd like to back yourself against me?" Bert retorted, looking down menacingly at the small boy before him. Bert Tate could always wear a bold front to anyone less than himself.

"No, I would not. I can't fight a big lad like you; I'm too little and delicate."

"And too frightened, eh?" sneered Bert.

"Oh, no I'm not. If I could reach you, I'd hit you on the nose now."

This remark was greeted with loud applause, and cries of "Bravo, little Billie." And little Billie thus encouraged, shoved his fists in his pockets, squared his shoulders, and glared up at his foe.

Had the two been alone, it is probable the smaller one would have suffered for his bravado. But Bert was too wise to turn on the delicate little Billie in front of the other lads. Billie Bamber was only nine years old, and a poor weakling for that, for during his short life he had suffered more bodily pain than the majority of men who have lived the allotted span. All the ailments under the sun seemed to try and fasten themselves upon this tiny morsel of humanity who was so little able to bear them. But bear them he did, with a spirit as big as his body was small. Within the delicate little frame, there was much of the stuff that the world's greatest

heroes have been made of. Courage, patience, and intelligence were his chief attributes, but his home life was not of a character calculated to encourage the growth of these qualities, or the proper application of them, and so his courage often degenerated into mere impudence. Every boy has his hero, or ideal, whom he finds either in real life, or the pages of some romance. Billie Bamber's lived in the form of the old farmer's grandson, Phil Amden. Never did boy tender to boy greater admiration and affection than did little delicate Billie to big healthy Phil. And by the order of contradiction the physical strength he was wanting in himself was the attribute he most admired in the other.

While Billie Bamber was trying to prove his affection for Phil in the school-yard, Phil himself was standing before the schoolmaster giving his version of the incident which had led to the catechising of both himself and Bert Tate.

his opinion, nothing but his fists could wipe out the insult the other boy had flung at his dead father's memory.

The schoolmaster saw the struggle going on in the mind and heart of his young pupil. He was able to realise that the promise he had just obtained from him was not given without self-sacrifice. He was an old man, and had a long experience of boys and their various dispositions. He recognised in the composition of the lad now standing before him much that was true and beautiful, pure, and noble; but he saw other qualities which might, under certain conditions, prove very dangerous elements. Pride, impulsiveness, and an over-sensitive regard for the opinions of his companions, were conspicuous traits in young Phil's character. A lovable character, truly; but one that would require careful handling.

"You can go now, my boy. God bless you, Phil!"

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"He said that my father had either to run away or go to prison, that's why I called him a prig. I meant to say 'liar,' but the other word came out. Then I told him that I owed him a licking, which I meant to give him this afternoon, and—I think that's all, sir."

"And I should say, 'Quite enough, too.' You know, Phil, how much I dislike fighting. To resort to your fists to settle your disputes, is very vulgar; and I won't have it. It was very wrong of Bert to speak about your father as he did, and I shall deal with him for doing so; but, in the meantime, you must promise me that you will not fight. I have enough faith in you to believe that you will keep your word, if you once pledge it."

Phil give the required promise; but there were tears of mortification in his eyes as he did so. In

The old schoolmaster rested his hands for a moment on the boy's shoulders, and looked earnestly into the frank young face. Many, many years ago, he had looked so at another little Phil, and wondered, as he was wondering now, what the future would make of the lad. That other Phil had gone wrong; his whole life had been a failure, and now in the little churchyard, a short distance away, the grass was green on his grave.

There was a rush of excited young people towards Phil, when the latter was observed coming slowly down the school steps into the yard. Among them was little Billie Bamber, who was the first to reach his friend's side.

"What did old Grass-top say? Was he nasty? You make Bert Tate sit up! You'll fight him, won't you? I've backed you!"

Phil waved the boys away.

"The schoolmaster was anything but nasty; and I'm not going to fight."

"But Bert says he'll lick you," little Billie cried.

"Bert can say what he likes. I've promised that I won't fight, and I won't."

"I knew you wouldn't when it came to the pinch," Bert shouted. He stood some distance away from the rest, his hands in his pockets, and an insolent sneer on his face. "Own up that you're afraid to fight; you might as well own it, for we can all see that you are."

Phil made no reply, though he squared his shoulders as he walked towards the yard gate, followed by Billie, who for once felt that his hero was not acting quite up to his expectations.

"They'll say you're a coward, Phil," he whispered; and, as though to prove his words true, several lips hurled the accusation after Phil's retreating figure.

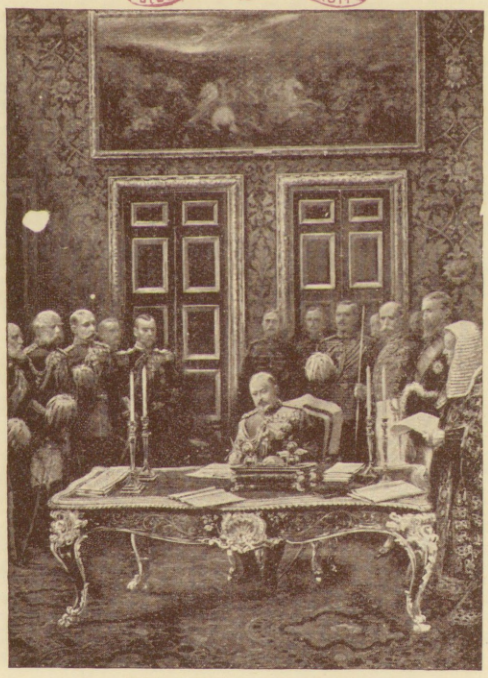
"You're a coward, Phil Amden; you're like your father—he was a coward, as well as a thief!"

These ugly words, spoken in Bert Tate's most ugly voice, were shot across the yard, and, if they had really been bullets, they could not have brought Phil to a more sudden standstill. He stopped for a moment quite still, then wheeled round on his heel, and would have rushed back to where the other boys were standing, and probably have broken his promise to the old schoolmaster, if something very strange and unforeseen had not happened just at that minute.

The old schoolmaster himself was discovered standing on the top of the steps, which led into the school-house, a quiet listener and spectator. Little Billie, who had turned round with Phil, was the first to observe that motionless figure; but the effect of the unexpected sight upon Billie was so great that in less than half-a-minute every pair of eyes in the whole yard had seen the schoolmaster. Some of the boys were about to take to their heels and run; but the old teacher on top of the steps held up his hand.

"Stay where you are, every one of you! I have something to say to you!"

(To be continued).



1901.—THE KING'S FIRST COUNCIL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Westminster Abbey.

THE scene of the Coronation, though not the largest nor the oldest church in the Kingdom, is the most venerated by English-speaking people the world over.

The original Abbey was erected by Edward the Confessor, who lies buried within its walls, but the present building was largely built during the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. Thirteen kings, five queens and many queens - consort lie buried within its magnificent pile, which, for a considerable period, was exclusively a royal burying-place.

During the reign of Richard II., other persons than those of royal blood were interred in the Abbey, and in process of time it became the National Valhalla of the great dead, the uncrowned kings of thought and action, whose bodies are buried therein, or whose memorials are to be met with at almost every step—poets, writers, actors, musicians and statesmen; Chaucer, Spenser, Johnson, Dickens, Tennyson, Purcell and Gladstone lie buried there. By tomb or monument the Abbey reminds us of Wm. Pitt, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Beaconsfield, Wordsworth, David Livingstone, Robert Stephenson, William Wilberforce, Balfe, Ruskin—and a host of others, moulders of thought and kings of action.

Our National Prayer.

By Birdie E. Slade.

ESTABLISHED on the throne—that stately seat
Set in the view of all the gazing world—
Above our King and Queen the banner bright
Of a great people's love be now unfurled!
Ye patriots, rise—as erst your fathers rose,
Fit tribute to your native land to bring,
And cry from inmost depths of loyal hearts—
God save the King.

God save the King! And grant him grace to reign
In righteousness and peace! Give him light,
That from his high-exalted place may shine,
Cast into corners now deep hid in night,
The piercing rays of knowledge and of truth,
To cleanse the haunts where vice and error cling,
And that for holy deeds he may be strong—
God save the King!

God save the Queen! God grant her woman-heart
May feel for those—her sisters—drifting low
Into depths of sin and want and shame,
Or sinking 'neath the weight of pain and woe.
God send her pitying love, that thro' the land
Her spirit may be felt, her grace be seen;
That womanhood in her be blest—we pray
God save the Queen!

God save the King and Queen! Throughout their reign,
Or long or short, His cause make certain way—
Till Drink's dark stain, that marks the nation's shame,
And curses myriad hearts and homes to day,
Shall be erased; and men with stern resolve
Shall purify the land, and make it clean:
That *they* may leaders be, we cry—God save
Both King and Queen!

God save the people, too! From rulers' eyes
Remove the scales of selfish ignorance,
And make with honest gaze those facts to face
Which flatt'rers frown on, nor look askance:
Then soon from sober lips, from prayerful hearts,
The oft-repeated cry shall sweetly ring—
Concordant with a grateful country's love—
God save the King!

Teetotalers and the last Coronation.

FROM all accounts, Queen Victoria's Coronation though not so popularly celebrated as that of her son, Edward VII., was accompanied by great drunkenness. Drink was freely supplied to children and adults, and, according to a contemporary, "long before mid-day the people were gloriously hilarious."

There were notable exceptions, however, due to the action of the Temperance Societies of the day which in many towns took advantage of the national holiday to organise Processions and Demonstrations and thus to refute the charge levelled against the new movement that it was disloyal and sought to turn the State upside down.

Those Victorian Coronation Temperance Processions were on a grand scale and were remarkable alike for the numbers taking part, for the zeal of the processionists, and for their orderliness, in which respect they contrasted most favourably with the surrounding conditions.

The organizers sought to demonstrate that Teetotalism improved health, home and comfort, and that it in no wise lessened but rather increased good citizenship. How well they succeeded the newspapers of that day bear testimony; many eulogistic comments being passed on the "Teetotalers' splendid Procession." In one newspaper of June 30, 1838, we read that at Cheltenham

"Among the Festivities of the Day we must not forget the Tee-totallers, whose loyalty to the Queen and love to their country called forth a manifestation of their principles. The members of the Society, who got their spirits up without pouring spirits down, met at the . . . Coffee House . ., from whence they set out, preceded by a band of music and banners, some of which had the following appropriate sentences: 'Love to our Country leads us on'; 'Because of Drunkenness the land mourneth.' Another, this stanza

'I've a coat to my back, a good hat on my head,
My wife and my children are well clothed and fed;—
Sure these have a claim on my earnings before
The house with a picture hung over the door.'"

After the procession, the processionists, to the number of six hundred men and women, partook of cake and tea, and then held a meeting in a large hall decorated with loyal emblems, when, so the same newspaper, adds "after a few introductory speeches, Mr. Thomas Barlow, a working coach smith, rivetted the attention of the meeting for upwards of *two hours*."

The procession just described was typical of others held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Liverpool, Leicester, Dublin, Belfast, Penzance, and other centres. In some places they were demonstrations of protest, as at March, where, as the Secretary of the Temperance Society of that day says, "As Ale was to be freely dispensed at the Town Coronation Festival, our Committee agreed to hold a Festival for its members and friends by themselves. . . . Fourteen persons signed the pledge."

At Preston, on June 28th, 1838, the Temperance Procession included a working Printing Press from which a most appropriate Temperance Coronation Ode was issued to the public on the line of route.

Those were the days of the stalwarts when no opportunity was missed to proclaim the Temperance Gospel.

A Teetotaler Crowns the King.

WHEN the late Queen Victoria was crowned the Total Abstinence movement in the United Kingdom was only a few years old. Even then, thanks largely to the pioneer advocacy of such notable exponents as Joseph Livesey, Edward Grubb, James Teare, J. Cassell, Thomas Whittaker and others, backed up by the keenly energetic British Association for the Promotion of Temperance (with Frederic Richard Lees as Secretary) and the London New British and Foreign Temperance Society, vigorous Tee-TOTAL Societies were to be found doing magnificent work in all parts of the Kingdom. The movement was, however, regarded with mixed feelings and suspicion. The Churches as a whole were decidedly antagonistic. Teetotal advocates were often treated with violence by the common people, while they were ridiculed and opposed by the ministerial, the educated and the governing classes who, nevertheless, affected to deplore the all too-prevalent drunkenness of the age. Even the Archbishop of Canterbury who crowned the Queen, while sympathising with efforts to diminish intemperance, could not extend his patronage to the Temperance Movement, which he, in common with many of the eminent men of the day, feared might become subversive of law, order, and liberty.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Of the many thousands who assembled in Westminster Abbey on June 28th, 1838, probably the then Earl and Countess of Stanhope and Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, M.P. were the only teetotalers present.

When, in that year, Mr. Gilbert, Treasurer of the London New British and Foreign Temperance Society, ventured to forecast that in sixty or seventy years there might be found a teetotal Archbishop of Canterbury, surrounded by teetotal bishops, supported by teetotal peers and members of parliament, the whole thing seemed so improbable that his remarks were received with boisterous laughter and treated as a huge joke, even by teetotalers. They lived when drunken rowdyism was a lordly pastime, and when no gentleman, so it was said, would refuse intoxicants except he were a bit weak in the head.

Things have moved since then. The teachings of our teetotal fathers have been increasingly confirmed, and have permeated all ranks and conditions. At the Coronation of Edward VII., Temperance workers will find representatives in the persons of Mr. Richardson Campbell (High Secretary of the Rechabites) and Mr. W. Wightman (Grand Scribe of the Sons of Temperance), while among the brilliant throng assembled there will be a considerable number of teetotal peers and commoners famous in the realms of fashion, intellect, and politics. Conspicuous among them all will be the aged, yet virile Temperance leader, who, for many years, often amid great unpopularity, has fearlessly and undauntedly championed the cause of sobriety and righteousness, Frederick Temple, the stalwart teetotal Archbishop of Canterbury, who officiated at Her late Majesty's Diamond Jubilee service, and by whom His present Majesty, King Edward the Seventh, will be crowned.

Between Us.

Peace Day, June 2nd, 1902, was gleefully celebrated all the country over. The only regrettable feature in connection with the rejoicings was the drunkenness. Many newspapers drew attention to this, and especially to the numbers of intoxicated young women seen reeling about the public streets, not of one but of many large centres of population. Yet a widely-circulated non-trade organ had the audacity to say that at such a time,

"Beer, glorious Beer,"

was the only beverage wherein to celebrate Peace! What peace would the wretched girl victims enjoy does the Editor think?

. . . .

Dr. Thomas Bickerton, of Liverpool, speaking recently, said he was firmly convinced that alcohol, which was at all times poison, even when taken in the smallest quantities, shortened a man's life. From his hospital experience, he could say that without alcohol we could close our hospitals, asylums, and workhouses.

The Game of the Hour.

A good story used to be told of Professor Humphrey, of Amherst College. One morning, before recitation, some of the students fastened a live goose on the president's chair. When he entered the room and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he turned on his heel, and coolly observed, "Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies."

. . . .

"Papa, what is firmness?"
"The exercise of will-power, my boy."
"Well, and what is obstinacy?"
"The exercise of won't-power."

The brewer's dog is abroad, boys,
Be careful where you stray;
His teeth are coated with poison,
And he's on the watch for prey.
The brewery is his kennel,
But he lurks on every hand,
And seeks for easy victims
The children of the land.

His eyes gleam through the windows
Of the gay saloon at night;
And in many a grocer's window
He crouches full in sight.
Be careful where you enter,
And if you smell his breath,
Flee as you would from a viper,
For its fumes are the fumes of death.

O boys! would you kill the bloodhound?
Would you slay the snarling whelp?
I know that you can do it,
If every one will help.
You must make a solemn promise
To drink no ale or beer,
And soon the feeble death-wail
Of the brewer's dog we'll hear.

For, if all keep the promise,
You can starve him out, I know;
But if boys and men keep drinking,
The dog will thrive and grow.

. . . .

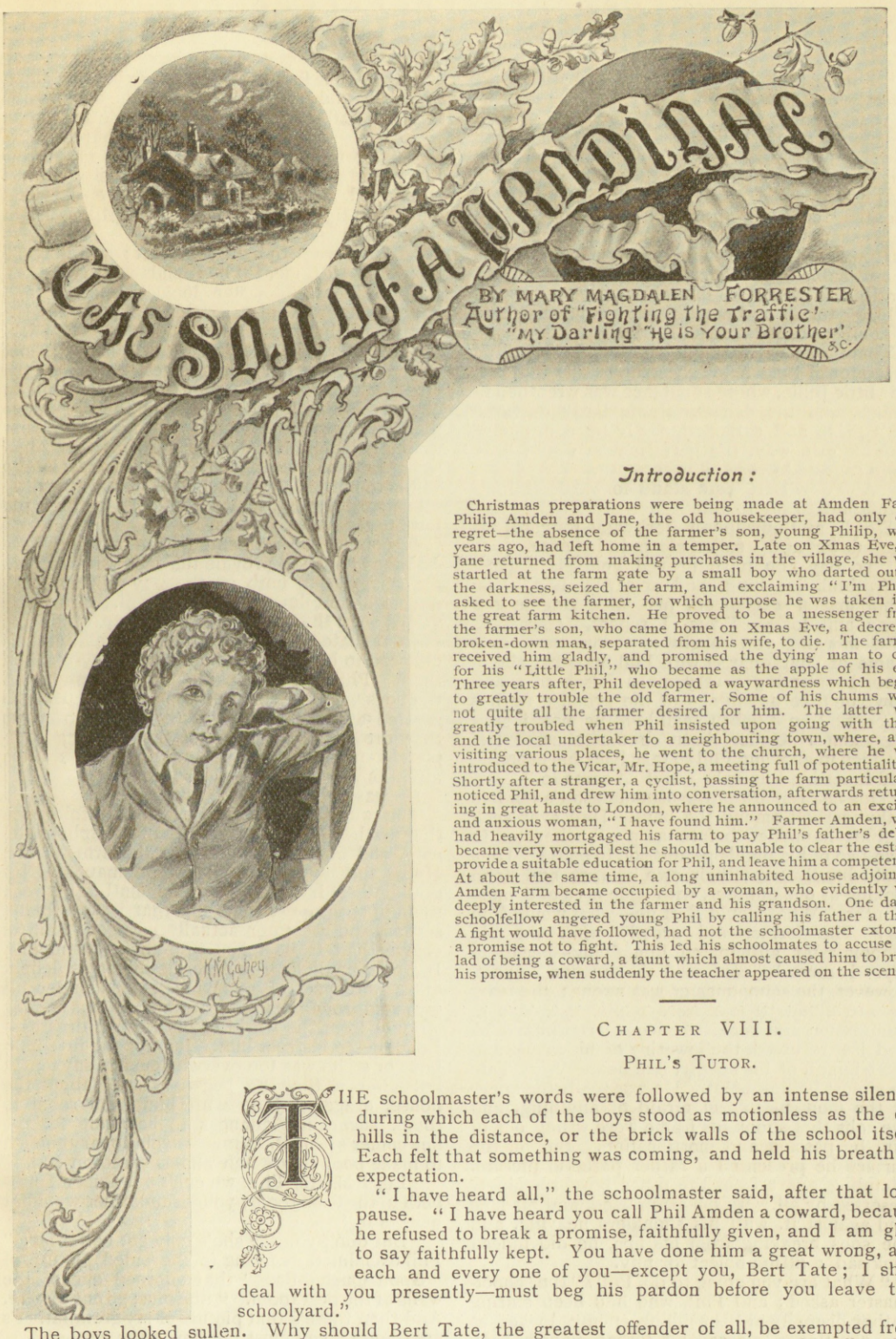
It would need six hundred years to send a Bible to each inhabitant of the globe at the present rate of progress; the drink bill would enable us to do it in six months. Missions cost us seven shillings for each tick of the clock; drink about eight guineas.

. . . .

Dr. W. G. Grace, the cricketer, says:—"Abstain, if you wish to excel as an athlete;" so does Weston, the walker; so does Hanlon, the rower; so does Zimmerman, the cyclist; so does Prince Ranjitsinhji, the batsman; so did Webb, the swimmer; so even did those who trained for the old Olympic games. If you wish to be a good soldier, Roberts and Wolseley say, Abstain. If you wish to be an explorer, Nansen says, Abstain. If you wish to have a mind always clear and able to perform exhausting mental labours, Lincoln and Garfield, and I might almost add the late President McKinley, say, Abstain. Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford, says, Abstain; so does Dr. Murray, the editor of the monumental lexicon now in course of publication; so said Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson; so said Dr. Westcott, the great saint and scholar lately gone from us.

. . . .

"What a grand thing it will be when Monarch and people are all abstainers. Then the only enemy England has to fear will have been defeated."



Introduction :

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret—the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. Late on Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from making purchases in the village, she was startled at the farm gate by a small boy who darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil." asked to see the farmer, for which purpose he was taken into the great farm kitchen. He proved to be a messenger from the farmer's son, who came home on Xmas Eve, a decrepit, broken-down man, separated from his wife, to die. The farmer received him gladly, and promised the dying man to care for his "Little Phil," who became as the apple of his eye. Three years after, Phil developed a waywardness which began to greatly trouble the old farmer. Some of his chums were not quite all the farmer desired for him. The latter was greatly troubled when Phil insisted upon going with them and the local undertaker to a neighbouring town, where, after visiting various places, he went to the church, where he was introduced to the Vicar, Mr. Hope, a meeting full of potentialities. Shortly after a stranger, a cyclist, passing the farm particularly noticed Phil, and drew him into conversation, afterwards returning in great haste to London, where he announced to an excited and anxious woman, "I have found him." Farmer Amden, who had heavily mortgaged his farm to pay Phil's father's debts, became very worried lest he should be unable to clear the estate, provide a suitable education for Phil, and leave him a competence. At about the same time, a long uninhabited house adjoining Amden Farm became occupied by a woman, who evidently was deeply interested in the farmer and his grandson. One day a schoolfellow angered young Phil by calling his father a thief. A fight would have followed, had not the schoolmaster extorted a promise not to fight. This led his schoolmates to accuse the lad of being a coward, a taunt which almost caused him to break his promise, when suddenly the teacher appeared on the scene.

Chapter VIII.

Phil's Tutor.

THE schoolmaster's words were followed by an intense silence, during which each of the boys stood as motionless as the old hills in the distance, or the brick walls of the school itself. Each felt that something was coming, and held his breath in expectation.

"I have heard all," the schoolmaster said, after that long pause. "I have heard you call Phil Amden a coward, because he refused to break a promise, faithfully given, and I am glad to say faithfully kept. You have done him a great wrong, and each and every one of you—except you, Bert Tate; I shall deal with you presently—must beg his pardon before you leave this schoolyard."

The boys looked sullen. Why should Bert Tate, the greatest offender of all, be exempted from this humiliating proceeding? One of the older boys tried to stammer something to this effect, but again the schoolmaster waved his hand.

"I have told you that I will deal with Bert afterwards," he said.

These words had an ominous ring, which seemed to partly satisfy the boys, though they had anything but a reassuring effect upon Bert himself, who fidgeted uncomfortably under the master's eyes. One by one the lads who had shouted "coward" after Phil, now came forward and asked his pardon, in some instances with but poor grace, in others readily enough. It is questionable if any one of them felt as uncomfortable as poor Phil himself, who went hot and cold by turns, and faced this way and that, and altogether wished himself far away.

There was at least one thoroughly delighted spectator of the whole proceedings, and that one was little Billie, whose small face was wreathed in smiles, and his delicate frame fairly quivered with pride and satisfaction. If he could have had his own way, the performance would have been repeated over and over again.

"And now Bert Tate stand forward. I have something to say to you."

Slowly and unwillingly Bert came forward, his head down, and a sullen gleam in his eyes.

"To day you have proved yourself a most untruthful, insulting, and cowardly boy," the schoolmaster exclaimed, his voice ringing out clear and loud. "Yes, I repeat, 'cowardly.' This morning you sought to throw the whole blame of your quarrel with Phil upon his shoulders, by uttering a very mean falsehood; and now you take advantage of the promise he has given me to not fight to call him the most insulting names. Under these circumstances I feel justified in allowing Phil to take back his promise, and in letting him fight you if he cares to."

This last remark of the schoolmaster's fell like a thunderbolt among the boys. Had ever such a thing happened before as a schoolmaster to give two of his pupils permission to fight? They could hardly trust their own hearing, and stood looking at one another, with wide eyes and open mouths. What would Bert do—what would Phil do? The former did exactly what the old schoolmaster anticipated him doing—began to cry. It must be confessed that in one respect, however, the schoolmaster was wrong; the tears he attributed to fear were more expressive of humiliation and rage. The open reprimand he had just received, the lowering of his pride, and the triumph of his enemy, had heated Bert Tate to almost boiling point. He was really too angry at the moment to feel afraid of anything, and the sobs that shook his frame were wrung out of him by passion and mortification. But on the surface he presented a rather pathetic picture. Standing apart from the other boys, seemingly deserted by all, with his arm raised, and his face laid against it, with his shoulders heaving, and the sobs breaking from his lips, he did indeed look sad, a fitting object for pity.

"What are you going to do, Phil?" the schoolmaster asked; and Phil, who had been staring rather dismally at his sobbing enemy, looked at the questioner, cleared his throat, glanced back at Bert, and altogether looked as though he didn't really know what he was going to do. The insulting words that Bert had hurled at him, not only once, but twice that day, were beating about his brain, and trying to harden him against the boy who had used them; but on the other hand, the sight and sound of Bert's distress were appealing to his better nature, and prompting him to forgive. His natural generosity at last triumphed, and walking over to where Bert was standing, he held out his hand with a bright frank smile and said:

"I don't want to fight you, Bert; and if you'll be friends with me, I'll be friends with you."

The old schoolmaster looked relieved and happy; he was just a trifle doubtful of the wisdom of the course he had adopted. If it had resulted in a fight, the parents or guardians, not only of the two boys themselves, but of all the other school-children, might have held him to blame. But with a firm belief in the old adage that "All's well that ends well," he rather congratulated himself upon his little plan that had worked out so successfully. So with a few kindly words to both of the principal actors in this little schoolyard drama, he went indoors, and left the boys to their own devices.

Of course, the incidents of the morning were exciting enough to provide the lads with subject for conversation both on the way to their midday meal and during the meal itself. Many and varied were the versions of the story which the boys repeated to such of their relatives as chanced to be in their homes when they reached there. Phil was perhaps the only one among all the boys who was silent on the subject. He was greeted at the farm gate with a piece of news that drove the incidents of the morning completely from his mind, and absorbed all his attention.

He was going to have a tutor.

This was the wonderful piece of intelligence that awaited him when he lifted the latch of the gate, and almost tumbled into the arms of Mr. Hope, the minister. That gentleman and his grandfather had arranged the matter between them in strict quiet; but now that it was finally settled, and the tutor actually engaged, Phil, of course, had to be taken into their confidence. It would be difficult to describe the boy's delight at the prospect of receiving lessons under his own roof from a man of learning who was coming straight from the world of his (Phil's) dreams—London—to instruct him. Just for the first half-hour or so he was too overwhelmed to say much, but after a time he began to rush about the house, dragging Jane with him from room to room, suggesting changes to be made for the newcomer's benefit, changes revolutionary enough to make poor Jane's hair almost stand on end.

"Lor! Master Phil, we can't put Queen Elizabeth in the back room; your grandfather wouldn't hear of it."

"But don't you see she's only got half a face," Phil exclaimed, pointing to the faded picture of "Good Queen Bess" that adorned one of the walls of the best room. "She must go out of here. And then there's that picture of my grandfather's great-aunt; you must put her in the kitchen."

Jane dropped into a chair with a little gasp.

"Your grandfather's great-aunt go in the kitchen? Why, she's been hanging on that wall

for the last thirty years. It's enough to make her turn in her grave to hear you talk about taking her down."

But little Phil was not as conservative in his ideas as old Jane. He wanted change, and being his grandfather's idol, he generally got what he wanted, and so the pictures were removed, though not without sighs and protests from poor Jane. Indeed, for a few days the house was in such a state of upheaval and general disorder that the old farmer spent most of his time out of doors, leaving Phil to play the part of house manager, a post the boy accepted with pleasure. It was under his direct supervision that a certain little room, hitherto seldom used, was converted into a kind of study for the special use of himself and tutor. He also assisted in preparing the bedroom set aside for the latter; for it had been arranged that the tutor was for a time to be as one of the family, taking his meals with them, and sleeping under their roof. It was Mr. Hope, the parson, who had done all the negotiations, and he was the only person so far who had seen the gentleman who was about to take little Phil's education in hand. But Mr. Hope's reports had been so favourable, the farmer felt quite satisfied that he was going to receive good value for his money in the able services of a scholar and a gentleman.

Phil was in a wild state of speculation as to the personality of the coming member of their household, and although Mr. Hope had drawn as good a word picture of Mr. Wilson, the gentleman in question, as it were possible to draw, Phil's curiosity did not abate.

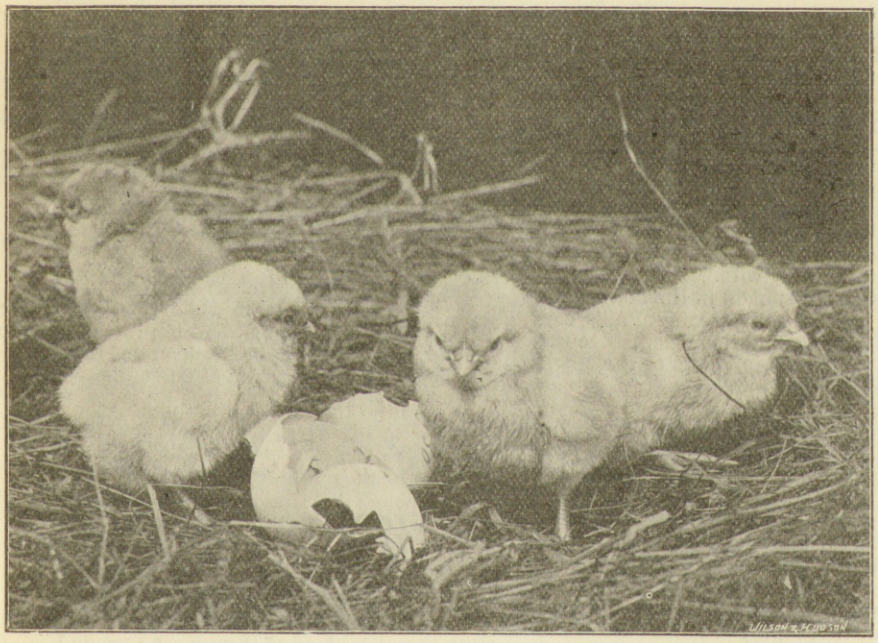
Mr. Hope and Phil had become fast friends the latter spending many a pleasant evening at the former's house, in the company of the minister himself and the minister's pretty daughter, Nelly. The latter was a blue-eyed, fair-haired little maiden of twelve years, as lovely in face as she was in disposition. She had no brother of her own, and so welcomed heartily the visits of Phil, who appeared to her not only a handsome boy but a manly one as well. She deplored rather his lack of accomplishments—being an accomplished little personage herself—and tried to teach him the piano, but as the farmhouse did not boast such an instrument he got little practice, and her lessons resulted in nothing more than Phil being able to play the first line of "God Save the King," with one finger. But these lessons were very pleasant affairs for all that, and neither of the children would have missed them for a trifle. Phil did not mind in the least being called a "stupid" when he struck A instead of B, so long as it was only Nelly who did the calling. It must be confessed that the minister's little daughter did not look forward to the coming of Phil's tutor with as much pleasure as one would have expected from a young lady so eager for the boy's instruction.

"You won't want to come here for music lessons any more when you get your new tutor," she remarked one evening in a rather wistful way.

"Oh, won't I? You see. He won't go in for such silly teaching as pianos," Phil retorted. "He's real clever."

This reply seemed to offend Nelly somehow, and it took Phil the remainder of the evening to get back into her good graces.

The day on which the tutor was expected to make his appearance at last dawned, and as Phil had now left school he had all the early part of



By Miss E. A. WHIELDON.

"Just Out."

Taken with a Thornton-Pickard "Ruby" Camera and Time and Instantaneous Shutter. Exposure 1-25th second.

the day to himself, to spend just as he liked. Some portion of the time he passed with his grandfather on the farm, inspecting the crops and cattle, but after a while he wandered away across the fields that stretched wide and green in the summer light. It was a warm day, and towards noon the sun got fierce in its splendour, and poured on the earth a rain of fire, that made everything with life in it limp and tired. Phil feeling decidedly sleepy, and being as much at home in the open air as in his own little bedroom, stretched himself out on the shady side of a certain field to have a nap. A low wall of bushes separated him from the main road, but the foliage was so thick that he felt quite safe from observation, and settled himself comfortably on his grass bed. Here he dropped into a sound sleep, and when he awoke the day was well advanced. Raising his head from its pillow among the buttercups he glanced around him, and was just in the act of jumping to his feet when the sound of voices on the other side of the hedge arrested his attention.

"You know, Mildred, that it is only to be near you, to get into your life, and make myself dear to one who is dear to you, that I have come here. I have loved you silently for years, and even now when there is no-one between us, when you are free to love me if you can, I do not ask you to marry me straight off, only to promise that when all things are set right, when you and the boy are united, you will be my wife."

This was the speech, spoken in the softest and most refined of voices, that greeted Phil's ears on his awaking from a mid-day sleep. He was not particularly interested in lovers or their conversations, which generally dealt with a subject outside his life as yet; and had these two on the other side of the bushes been some village swain and maiden, Phil would no doubt have gone his way without giving them a second thought. But the voice of the man did not belong to the village —Phil's hearing was quick enough to discern that fact—nor did he know any girl who owned the name of Mildred. So Phil felt a bit curious to see the owner of the voice and the woman he wanted for a wife, and being too young and country-bred to thoroughly realise the rudeness and dishonour of such an act, he parted some of the leaves and peeped at them. He looked first at the man, and saw that he was tall and well dressed, with a face that he (Phil) felt sure he would know again wherever he saw it. Then he glanced at the girl or woman, and was hardly able to refrain from some expression of astonishment when he saw her, for she was the new tenant of "Rose Cottage," and in the boy's estimation quite an elderly person. Letting the leaves fall back into their places, Phil lay down on the grass again. Some few yards away there was a gap in the hedge through which Phil intended to let himself out, but did not care to do so until the man and woman had gone. He did not want them to see him, lest they might think he had been listening to their conversation. So it was not until he knew that they had passed quite out of sight that he crept through the gap and proceeded home. When he arrived there he learnt from Jane that the tutor had just come. A few minutes later he was summoned by his grandfather into the presence of this most important newcomer, and Phil's eyes and mouth both opened very wide when he recognised in his tutor the man who had been making love to the tenant of "Rose Cottage."

(To be continued.)

The Tramp and the Rose.

By May Gerald.

WEARY of limb, and hot and sore of feet,
He tramped the quiet lanes at close of day,
Bathed in the evening light the land looked sweet,
But he saw not the gems which round him lay;
In their dry sockets burned his heavy eyes,
Too tired to note the beauty of the skies.

Homeless and hungry—what to him the light
Which through the western clouds in beauty stole;
He cursed the glare, and longed for deep, black night,
When he might creep away to some dark hole,
And hide his wretchedness, his load of pain,
Far from the prying eyes of heartless men.

The world had once been his—health, wealth, and love,
But now he stood loveless and desolate;
Even the great God Heart, which throbbed above,
Seemed to have turned and left him to his fate.
And so he cursed the world as on he trod,
Aye, even raised his voice to curse his God!

And soon the tinkling of a brook near by
Came to his ears; while through the foliage burst
A gleam of silver waters—With a cry
He reached their banks. Here he might quench his thirst;
Man gave no bread, but by the streamlet's brink
Nature would give him of her wine to drink.

And then he heard a deeper, fuller sound,
The river singing as it went its way,
With the rich glory of the sunset crowned—
Gurgling in places where the grasses lay
Across its path; where weed, and branch, and flower,
United to withold its rushing power.

How tempting was the deep, mysterious gloom
Of the cool waters in their grassy bed;
Here he might find a safe, and ready tomb,
Where he might stretch his limbs and rest his head;
Here he might drift to sleep without the pain
Of feeling he would wake to life again.

One plunge—just one—a moment's agony,
And then a rest—a long, unbroken rest.
His soul? Bah! what of that? "Curse God and die!"
The tempter whispered close against his breast;
And then, with noiseless movement—graceful, sweet—
A little angel fluttered to his feet.

"OH! WHAT A HOST OF MEMORIES . . THAT FLOWER AWAKED WITHIN HIS BRAIN."

Just a wild rose, that left its parent bough
To drift with some light breeze along the lane;
The wind, grown weary, dropped it idly now
Beside the feet of him so torn with pain.
He saw it, and he raised it gently up,
Looking with haggard eyes into its cup.

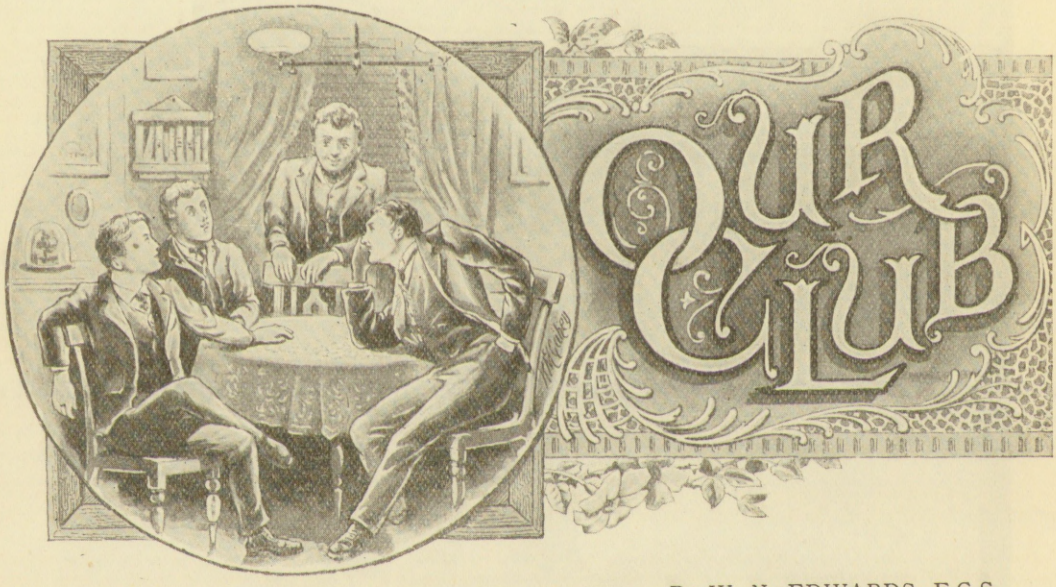
Oh, what a host of memories—tender, fair,
That tiny flower awoke within his brain!
He saw again the little cottage where
He passed his boyhood; heard the soft refrain
Of a sweet song his mother used to croon
In low, rich voice—a pretty, old-world tune.

He held the silken petals to his lips—
His poor, parched lips, that hungered so for food,
And from the velvet leaves, the wildflower tips
He gathered to his heart, his mind, his blood,
An influence so sacred, pure, and sweet,
It seemed to cool his spirit's fever-heat.

His thoughts went backward to the glowing hours
When he had dreamed life's warmest, brightest dreams;
When he had watched the growing of the flowers
With all a poet's interest. Pure, fair beams
Stole from the ashes of that long ago
To calm the present time with all its woe.

Within his breast the flick'ring spark of hope
Leapt into flame, and thrilled him with its fire;
He would no longer in the blackness grope,
His manhood claimed the right to still aspire
To brighter, happier things; though in this hour
The clouds of poverty above him lower.

And with the wild-rose nestling in his breast,
Soothing the pangs of hunger and of sorrow,
He went his way; and now he saw the west,
Rich with the promise of a bright to-morrow.
He blesses the mission of that tiny flower,
And faced his life again with pride and power.



By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

MEMBERS:—

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

Our Club has only four members, but they are all earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them.

VIII.—COMMON ERRORS.

William: "Why, James, old man, what's the matter? You look as though you have had a fright."

Robert: "Yes, what's up?"

James: "We have had a regular to-do down at the college to-day, and it has upset everybody. Old Collins, who takes us in 'science,' has been suspended. The fact is, he came down to class to-day so muddled with drink that he made a regular fool of himself."

John: "Are you sure that it was drink, Jim? In my time at the college there was no better teacher than old Collins, and no one more popular with the fellows."

James: "Well, it's the same now, but there's no mistake about his being drunk. Several times lately he has been confused, and made the most absurd mistakes. The Dean got to hear of it, and he came down to-day, and as luck would have it, Collins could hardly stand upright. I am afraid it's all over with him."

William: "Oh, you must not be too hard on the poor old chap. He may have had a drop too much and yet not be any the worse for it."

John: "I don't follow you there, William. It is a very serious thing indeed for a college tutor to be drunk in class, and I should say that he is sure to get dismissed."

Robert: "And serve him right, too, I say. If a fellow can't keep sober he is not fit to be a teacher."

William: "You don't see what I mean. What you say is all right enough, as far as it goes, but the mere fact of a man getting a little too much of a good thing ought not to bring him so great a punishment."

James: "Well, we all feel very sorry for him, and it has upset the lot of us. Timms says that he has found a lot of empty bottles in Collins'

study, and there is no doubt but that he has been drinking for a long time."

William: "Yes, but look how the fellow worked. Why, he did the work of any other two men at the college, what with big classes and any amount of paper work. With all that brain fag, I don't wonder at his wanting something to help him."

Robert: "I don't think whisky and brandy would help him. I know that my dad works as hard with his brain as any living man, but he is very strong on brain workers being teetotalers."

William: "Well, your father is a bit of a faddist, you know, and what he does should not govern other people."

James: "But you must not forget that it is a very common error for people who are brain workers to think that alcohol helps them."

John: "If there is one thing about alcohol more certain than another, it is that it is a brain poison."

William: "I know all about that. Of course, when people indulge in excess it is bound to hurt the brain, just as other organs may be injured, but that is a very different thing from anyone taking a little as a stimulant."

Robert: "I always thought alcohol was a narcotic, and if so, it is not at all easy to understand how the brain can be helped by it. A narcotic is something that numbs and dulls brain tissue."

William: "Go it, you scientific chaps, but is not an ounce of experience worth a ton of theory, and don't you know that many of our greatest literary geniuses have been drinkers of alcohol? What about their brilliant work?"

James: "Well, strong drink killed off Robbie Burns and Edgar Allan Poe and other men of brilliant genius, long before their time, and robbed the world of a good deal of beautiful poetry that would have flowed from their pens under happier circumstances."

John: "Their brilliant work was done in their sober moments. They were really brilliant in spite of strong drink, and not because of it, and they suffered through it, as all thus do who become its slave."

William: "There you go off to extremes again. What I mean is, that the ordinary brain worker is revived and helped by taking a little alcohol."

Robert: "Well, give us a case to show what you do mean."

William: "That is very easy. Take an ordinary public dinner. Hardly a word is said until the wine begins to pass. Then there is sparkle and gaiety and humour. The whole thing is changed under the genial influence of wine."

John: "You are right there. The whole thing is changed. How many of those who join this brilliant conversation would like to have their exact words repeated the next morning, when their brains are free from alcohol? Much of the flow of language comes, I fear, more from loss of control than from any other cause, and some very stupid and foolish things are said."

William: "Oh, but you have the experience of those who use wine, and they will tell you very differently. They can speak of the satisfaction and the pleasure they got out of the wine, and the way in which it helps the imagination."

James: "You have yet to learn, William, a very elementary truth, and it is this—that those who use alcohol are the least able to judge of its effect upon themselves."

Robert: "I wonder why that is?"

John: "The reason after all is a simple one. If alcohol has a narcotic effect, it becomes a brain and nerve paralyser, and thus the perceptive qualities are lessened. A man under its influence imagines that he is less tired, and goes on with his work when he ought to be at rest. Under the influence of alcohol, a man feels less cold, and imagines that he has derived warmth from its use. And so the illustrations might be multiplied.

William: "That's all very well; but I should want some very positive proofs before I believed that stuff."

John: "Well, you can have them."

Robert: "I know my father was talking to Dr. Benson the other day about it, and he said that there was no doubt that very small quantities of alcohol have a disturbing and paralysing effect on the brain."

William: "That is a mere matter of belief."

John: "I think not. They were probably referring to the experiments of Professor Kraepelin, of Heidelberg, who has devised an apparatus, by means of which the time occupied in any act of perception, such as observing a given object, can be measured."

James: "It must be a wonderful apparatus if it is accurate."

John: "It is wonderful. Time is divided by it into 500th parts of a second, and these fractions are recorded on a revolving drum by means of a wavy line. Supposing the mental time re-action of a person is found to be so many five hundredth parts of a second, the question then arises as to whether, if a small quantity of alcohol is administered, the work will be done more quickly or more slowly."

Robert: "If William's belief is correct, it ought to be done more quickly under the influence of alcohol."

William: "It all depends how much."

John: "The amount used is about the same as would be found in a quarter of a pint of beer."

James: "And what was the result?"

John: "Strange to say, there was a momentary quickening of brain activity, but this was followed by a long period of depression, during which the work was less well done."

William: "But there was a quickening?"

John: "Yes, and that was really due to the numbing effect of alcohol, allowing for a moment or two a larger flow of blood to the brain, but as it was followed by a lowering of perceptive quality for a considerable time, the momentary quickening don't count for much."

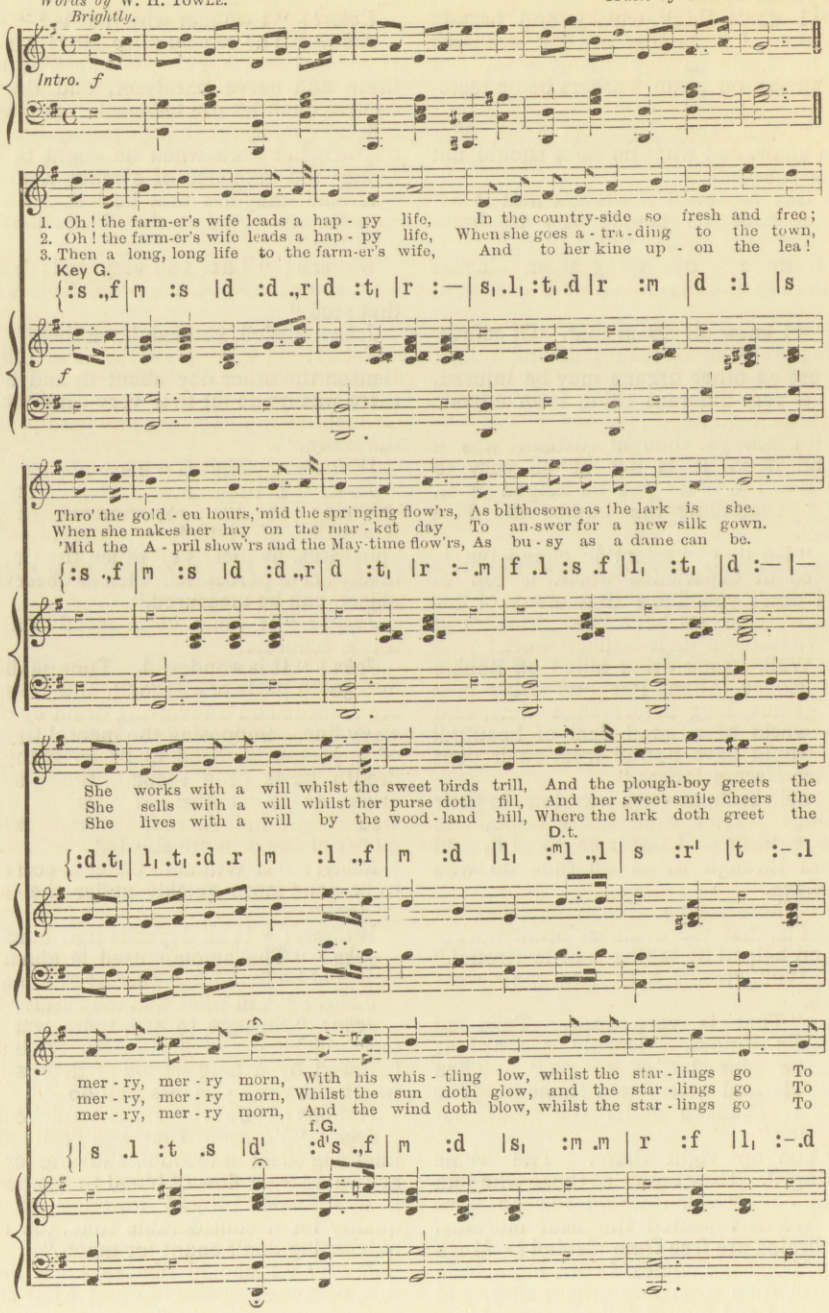
James: "I should like to know more about this, because it seems to upset what after all is a very common mistake."

William: "Well, well, I must be off now, but we'll have another chat about this."

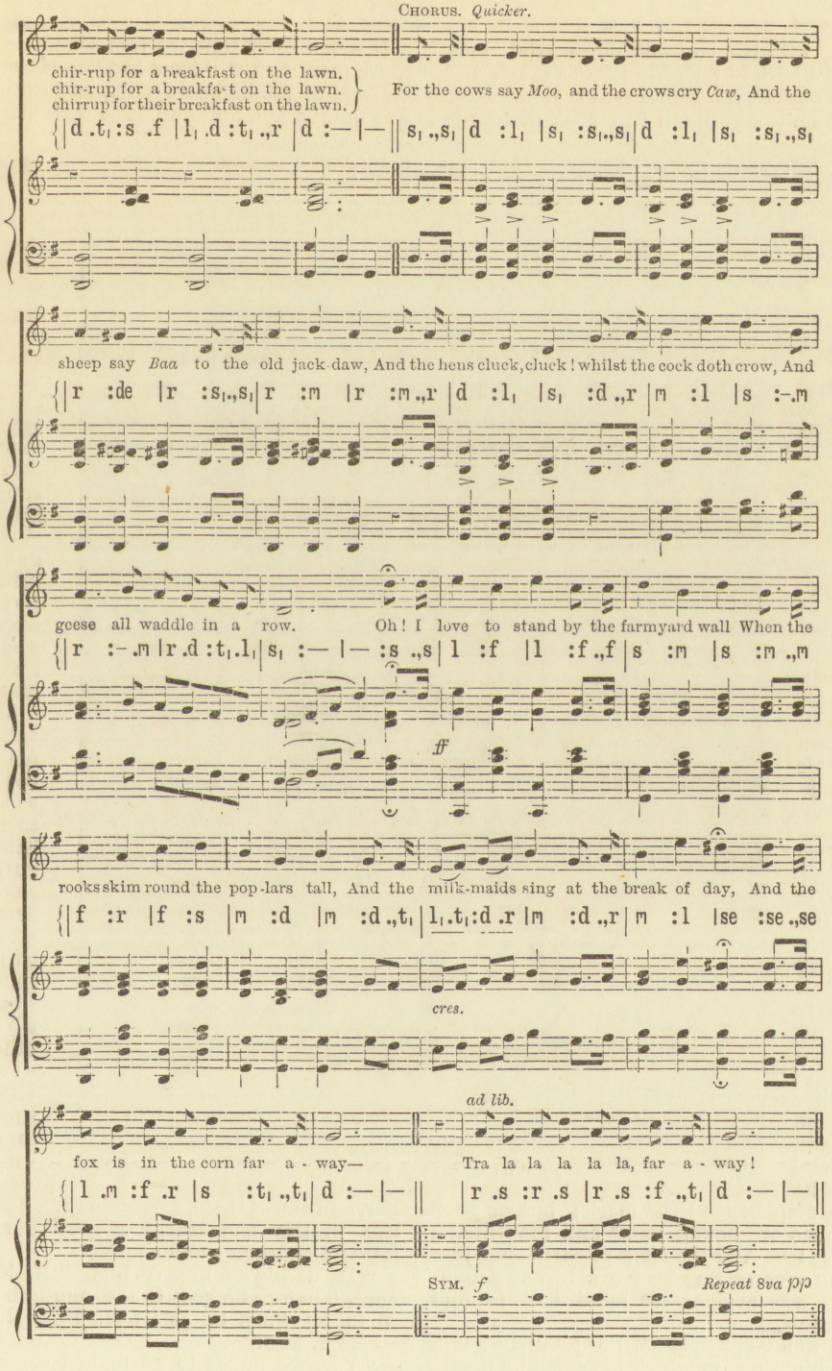
THE FARMER'S WIFE.

N.B.—This can be made an effective Action Song if the acts of the farmer's wife and the calls of the different animals and birds are imitated.

Words by W. H. TOWLE. *Music by* CHAS. E. LOVE.



THE FARMER'S WIFE.



JEM ERROL'S LAST SLIP.

By B. E. S.

"WELL, I'll give you one more trial, Jem, but it's only for Miss Ethel's sake; and it's *the last*, remember that! If you make one more 'slip,' as you call it, I shall discharge you at once."

Mr. Percival spoke more haughtily than he was accustomed to do, and it was evident he meant what he said. He had been very much annoyed, and his gardener, whom he addressed, saw plainly enough that he was indeed "in for his last chance."

With a murmured "Thank you, sir," he turned away to his work.

But though circumstances had compelled him to put on a respectful air while speaking to his employer, a sullen look came into his face when he was left alone. "He don't know what 'tis!" he muttered. "He can take his wine and spirits out of his own cellar just when he chooses, and nobody be any the wiser if he does get a step beyond the mark; but we poor labouring men are bound hand and foot—that's what we are!" And the clods of earth that Jem was turning over received such a hearty pounding that it was evident his mind had to find relief somehow.

It might well be perturbed, for Jem had a stiff job before him—one in which his splendid bodily strength would avail him little—and poor Jem's moral physique was not so well developed as his physical.

"HE'S SILLY DRUNK!"

It was a sorry time for Jem when he first took to frequenting the "New Inn." He had been a bit fond of public-house company ever since he was quite a lad, and had gone with his father to have a nightly "half-pint and chat," and the habit had clung to him even after his marriage. But it was not till he found himself in close proximity to an ale-house that he first began to "go wrong," as his wife would have expressed it.

Several times he had narrowly escaped dismissal from his situation, and but for the pleadings of Mr. Percival's daughter, would have been away long since.

Miss Percival was sorry for the poor fellow, and still more sorry for his wife and little ones. There were five children—bright-faced, intelligent little things, who stood one above the other "like steps," as Ethel sometimes laughingly remarked. They were fond of her, and she of them, and from their amusing, artless prattle she learnt a good deal of their father's character and conduct.

"My daddy's a nice daddy," little Robbie said once, "before he goes to the pub-pub; but he's so funny when he gets back from there, we'se afraid of him."

"Yes, we haves to go to bed sometimes, you know, Miss," the sedate, motherly eldest added; "but that's when he's what mother calls 'cross drunk.'"

"Yes, there's a lot of kind of drunks, you know," put in Robbie sagely; "there's sleepy drunk, and cross drunk, and contrayery drunk, and silly drunk—"

Here Winnie interrupted him.

"Oh, when he's silly drunk he's nice, and we likes him, but mother don't."

"No, she calls 'em 'wild fits' when he laughs, and sings, and dances, and says funny things," said Robbie, "and she won't let us go near him if she can help it."

"That's cos he frightened her about baby," Winnie hastened to add. "You see, Miss, he was tossing baby up one night, and she fell right out of his arms, only the sofa caught her, and it had a lot of clean clothes heaped on it, and so it was nice and soft, and didn't hurt her. But mother never lets dad have her now when he's had any drink."

From such bits of information as these, Miss Percival had gained a better insight into the home of her gardener than she would have done during any amount of formal visits; and she had reiterated again and again the opinion that Jem would be a splendid fellow if he would leave the drink alone. Personally, she liked him very much. As a rule, he was a jolly, good-humoured fellow, brimming over with life and fun, and drollery; just such a disposition as falls an easy prey to the temptations of the ale-house.

But now he was to be a prey no longer. He was bound by his promise to his employer to leave off visiting the "New Inn" and all other Inns, and to keep entirely from the drink. Ethel was away now; it was by letter she had pleaded so eloquently and successfully for Jem; but when she came home he had resolved to sign a pledge in her presence. He preferred that she should witness his pledge—for she had often pleaded with him to take this step.

She had pleaded with her father, too, but to no purpose; he did not believe in pledges, and even this morning, while delivering his lecture to Jim, he had curtly told him that if he needed to bind himself by a "paper vow," he was not half a man. Still, if Miss Ethel wished it, Jem would sign, for he certainly had a weak spot for her. If all the aristocracy had been of her stamp, he would sometimes say, there would be less bitterness and complaining in the country.

He was glad when he heard that she was coming home. His struggle was a weary one, and he wanted some sympathetic friend to give him an encouraging word. So it was with a feeling of satisfaction he watched the carriage drive away that was to convey her from the station.

But, alas! for Jem's jubilant mood. He was in precisely the frame of mind which was most dangerous to him, and in which he yielded most readily to temptation. He had an errand in the village that night, and he had to pass three public-houses on his way. *Three*—within a radius of two miles. And this in a country neighbourhood.

Perhaps it would be as well if we could put reformed drunkards on the Licensing Benches—those who know what it is to *thirst for drink, and have public-houses meeting them at every turn.*

They were all passed in safety on the outward journey, and two of them were reluctantly left unentered as he went home; but the third was the "New Inn," and there was a cluster of Jem's old pals about the door—some with whom he had not exchanged a word for a long time. Of course they urged him to stop and take a friendly glass; and so the old, old history of good resolutions was re-enacted. There was a sharp, short struggle; a remembrance that Miss Ethel was coming—followed by a suggestion from the tempter that this was the last chance to get another taste of the drink before he signed away his liberty. So Jem joined the company, and drank with them.

It was late when he left the Inn. He had only a short walk, but his progress was not very swift.

It was a splendid night, with a clear moon almost at full, and Jem was in one of his hilarious moods; as little Robbie would have said, he was "silly drunk,"—though too far gone in intoxication to be capable of executing a dance very gracefully. He shouted and sang as he went, forgetting that his character and situation were at stake, and that he was incurring imminent risk of detection.

Ah! if that had been the worst result of his indulgence.

Presently, there was the sound of rolling wheels behind him, and a carriage came dashing along the moon-lit road. Jem never remembered it clearly. He had only a hazy recollection of feeling a sudden foolish, frenzied desire to "have a lark." Suddenly lurching forward with outstretched hands and a loud "Hulloa!" he startled the spirited horses, and sent them dashing aside. There was a steep bank there, and upon this, in another moment, the vehicle and its occupants were overturned together.

* * * * * *

"I tell you, Ethel, it's no use to plead for him again. I can't keep him! Why, I could never bear to see him about." Mr. Percival's mouth twitched as he spoke, and he turned aside that Ethel might not see the bitter pain in his eyes.

But she raised herself in her bed, and gently drew his head down to her.

"Yes, dear papa, for my sake you will bear it. Think of his shame and remorse, how awful it must be for him. But I feel quite sure that he will never touch the drink again now. And, you know, papa, it was not the man that did the mischief—it was the drink. Oh! if we could only get rid of that 'New Inn!' couldn't you use your influence, papa, to do away with it?"

He shook his head.

"I fear it is of no use to try, darling. And, besides, it is too late now; I don't feel to have heart for anything."

"Oh, papa, you mustn't talk like that," she cried, cheerily; "why, you speak as if I were going to die, or be a wreck for life. But you know, the doctor says the worst result he anticipates is the lameness of my left foot; and, really, considering what might have been, I think we ought not to consider the need of a crutch as such a gigantic misfortune. I do not mean to be a hopeless and despondent invalid, papa, if I do have to hobble about slowly, instead of prancing round as I used to do. So you need not look so very gloomy."

But he could not be comforted so easily, and reiterated that it was "a burning shame: he could never forgive Jem, nor keep him on."

Ethel again laid her hand on his arm, and spoke more seriously.

"Papa, it was not Jem, it was Jem's *enemy*. Just think, papa, *every day* strong drink is bringing sorrow to someone. Hearts are broken, hopes are crushed, limbs are maimed; yes, and even lives are lost. Our case is only one of a multitude. *Every day* this is going on, papa, just because people will not give up this one luxury. *You* are helping to support the trade that heaps sorrow upon others, dear papa, every time you take your 'little drop'; so I don't think it is quite fair to blame Jem too much, do you?

"He might have controlled himself," said Mr. Percival, huskily.

"Yes, he might, and he ought. But perhaps we don't quite know what it means to give up the drink, papa, when one has grown fond of it. It must possess some terrible power of fascination, or there would not be so many among all classes fall victims to it."

Mr. Percival sat lost in a gloomy silence, thinking over his daughter's words. She was the only person from whom he would have taken such plain speaking. And he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he understood Jem's temptation better than she did. She—for the sake of her example—had renounced the drink without a pang; but he, as his resolve was half taken to go over to her side, felt that it would be more of a sacrifice than he had supposed to empty his wine cellars.

But he did it: Ethel won her way in the end. Side by side the rich man and the poor took their stand against the foe of both classes.

Ethel's crutch was a constant reminder to them both of the treachery and power of strong drink, and the pain it gave Jem could never be wholly pourtrayed. He would not have stayed on had not Ethel begged him to do so; but perhaps it was well for him that he did. In a fresh place he might have forgotten in some measure the salutary lesson taught by that affliction his hand had wrought, but with it constantly before him his Temperance pledge appeared his greatest friend.

They did not close the "New Inn," but the adoption by Mr. Percival of total abstinence principles wrought a great stir in the neighbourhood, and his efforts, seconded by those of his daughter, resulted in the rescue and preservation of many of the villagers.

It is not an uncommon event, even now, when inquiries are made about the splendid Temperance Hall and Institute, to hear the answer—

"Oh, Mr. and Miss Percival set it going; they gave a good deal towards building it, and begged the rest. They've been staunch teetotalers for years, ever since Miss Ethel got lamed, when Jem Errol had his last 'slip,' and frightened the horses."

And when one sees the good achieved by the efforts of the three thus turned to abstinence, one wishes that all calamities brought about by the drink would produce like results.

The Life of the British Soldier.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN HERO.

ON BOARD SHIP.

ON board ship the life of the soldier is anything but pleasant, though there have been great improvements during the last eight years. The living is none too good—biscuits four times per week, and often more; bully-beef, salt junk, or salt pork are issued on alternate days for dinner; sometimes pickles are given. Porter used to be given to dinner, and some sad sights were to be seen as a consequence after the issue, numbers of the men lying about the decks helplessly drunk. Thanks, however, to the efforts of Christian ladies, the porter issue and rum issue have been discontinued, and lime-juice and other drinks substituted. Under the old regime men who would fain have escaped temptation were exposed to it daily. In my earlier soldiering days I saw

BOYS, ONLY FOURTEEN YEARS OLD,

drinking the porter that was allowed them daily, and, indeed, more than was allowed them, for the men used to give it them to make them drunk and to have a hearty laugh at a poor boy who was abusing everybody. Last time I left England as a soldier this

PRACTICE WAS CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE,

and the troops were sober. It would be a good thing if some one in authority would take a journey incognito on board a troopship and see how the troops are packed—

LIKE SARDINES IN TINS.

It is almost impossible to sleep below deck one night without waking (if one can get to sleep) with a sore throat and a thick tongue, or a terrible headache. Men who care for their health prefer to sleep on the top deck in all kinds of unfavourable weather, and thus escape the dangers of below deck. In the early morning all the work has to be done, and the captain of the ship inspects all the messes and decks; after that, the troops are at liberty to lie about the decks all day.

GAMBLING IS THE WORST CURSE ON BOARD NOW.

Almost the whole space is occupied by gamblers. Some, thieving games, others, barefaced cheating games, are indulged in to pass away the time, as it is called. There is no step taken to stop this gambling. I remember being at divine service in the saloon on one occasion when we could scarcely hear a word the chaplain was saying for the noise of gamblers. Of course there is much horseplay. The troops try all they can to make each other sick. They puff tobacco smoke into each other's face; or get a piece of fat pork and squeeze it in their hands so that the oil runs between their fingers, and thus many of the troops are made very ill. It needed none of this to make me

PAY NEPTUNE'S TOLL.

I succumbed from going aboard until setting foot on land again.

Ordinarily, when carrying troops for peace service at foreign stations, transports call at several coaling stations. Thus Tommy gets to see a lot of nice and nasty places. At these coaling stations the natives bring all kinds of fruit, silks, fancy work, feathers, and birds for sale to the soldiers at very small prices, and amongst the unleaven comes the leaven. Bottles of whiskey and rum, along with liquor unknown to us in this country, are smuggled on board. There are harbour police, but not sufficient to cope with all the wily tactics of hundreds of natives, whom I have known to send liquor aboard as boxes of cigars, among the fruit, and by many other cunning devices.

SERVICE IN INDIA.

A good deal of my foreign service was spent in India, so I propose giving my readers a glimpse of Tommy's life there. Although I have spent years in other countries, I think it best to select India, as the majority of troops going on foreign service are sent there. Bombay, the port of arrival, looked at from the sea, is a very pretty place, with its cocoa-nut and date palms standing very high; and so many light-coloured buildings. After getting weary of the sea, no wonder Tommy is naturally drawn to such a pretty place. After disembarking, the troops are taken to sheds, where they can get some food before proceeding for what may be from a four to fourteen days' ride up country. Tommy wonders at the strange sights he sees. Natives

CARRY EVERYTHING ON THEIR HEADS.

No matter how small, or how large, it must be carried on the head. A story is told of a native who was put to wheel a wheelbarrow off board, but asked a man to give him a lift upon his head, as he preferred to carry it. All troops travel by night and rest by day in India on account of the hot weather, so that the troops are kept in Bombay until the cool of day, and then are sent up country. After travelling all night they arrive in Poona, or Deolali, and rest all day. It is great fun to see a soldier walking about, or sitting at a tent door getting his breakfast, when a kite-hawk comes flying swiftly, but noiselessly along, and takes away the meat off his bread out of his hand. He can scarcely believe it is a bird. Worse than losing his meat is the chaff he gets from his chums. There are

THOUSANDS OF THESE KITE-HAWKS

in every troop station, and it is interesting and amusing to watch them come down so swiftly and pick up food from the ground without a pause. In fact, if a bit of meat is thrown in the air it will not come down before one of these birds catches it; and often two or three crash into each other with such force that they are felled to the ground. These birds fly through the windows of the barrack rooms, and as the troops are getting their dinners in the verandah,

STEAL THE MEAT

off their plates. No harm must be done to these birds under a severe penalty, as they are the scavengers of the country. They are about four times as large as the sparrow-hawk in our country, and are very strong, as they steal and carry away good sized chickens.

The troops meet some new experience in each place of rest until they arrive at their destination, where the regimental band or a band of the station meets them, and all the troops turn out and give them a hearty reception.

(To be continued).

Far Worse than Bullets.

The following lines, written after a former campaign, in protest against Toasting the Returning Troops in Alcoholic Liquors will not be inappropriate now.

Drink, drink, drink!
Each brand of the Nation's curse!
But think, think, think!
While you deeds of the brave rehearse.

A natural law of life controls:
Though you heed it not, you may swallow souls;
For men are watching, your ranks to swell,
Whose ruined lives may your influence tell.

Drink, drink, drink!
In spite of our prayers and tears!
But think, think, think!
What gives us our "woman's fears?"

The foes of the home with a subtle dart,
Have taken aim at the nation's heart!
And many who fought with our brave who died,
Are fighting now on the other side.

Drink, drink, drink!
Our boys, must they follow still?
Oh, think, think, think!
Far worse than bullets can kill!

God speed the day when with might divine
Some bold brave leader may conquer wine
And win a victory pure, that may
Protect our homes, and our boys, for aye.

RETURN OF THE TROOPS.

LETTER FROM LORD ROBERTS.

THE Commander-in-Chief of the British Army has again manifested his solicitude for the honour and welfare of the troops in the timely letter he has issued to the nation with reference to the welcome to be offered to the returning soldiers. It is surely to be hoped that the gallant Field-Marshal's appeal (which we print below) will be heeded, and that the men who have escaped the "ravages of war" will not be exposed by any mistaken notions of kindness to the unsparing, dishonouring horrors of drink.

"WAR OFFICE,

"June 23rd, 1902.

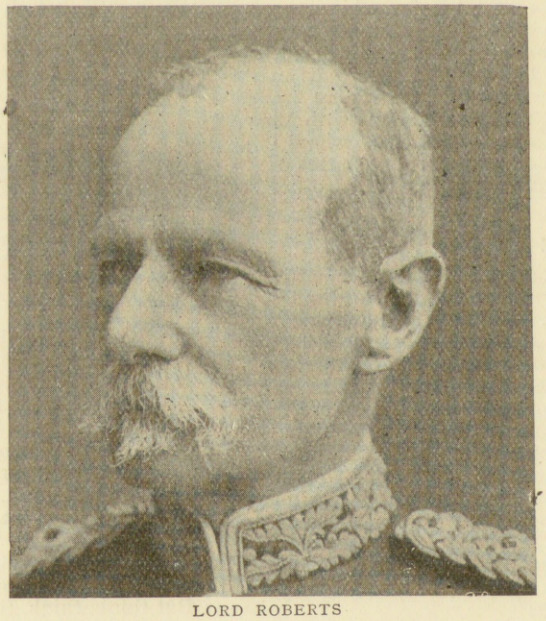
"In response to a request which I made to you in a letter from Pretoria on September 30th, 1900, you were good enough to enable me, through the medium of your paper, to publish an appeal to my fellow-countrymen and women on a subject which I had then, and have now, very much at heart.

"That appeal was with reference to the character of the welcome which I knew awaited our troops in their native land when the time came for them to return to it.

"One of the most happy results of the Peace, for which we are all so profoundly thankful, is the fact that ere long the bulk of our Army will be coming back from South Africa, and I am confident that all classes of the community desire to give our brave soldiers the hearty welcome they so well deserve. Some of them are expected to reach these shores in a few days. May I therefore claim the indulgence of the public if I once more urge upon them the necessity for being

CAREFUL IN THE NATURE OF THEIR WELCOME,

so that it may not be the means of sullying the fair fame of my gallant comrades, of whose stainless reputation I am as jealous as I am proud.



LORD ROBERTS

"My sincere hope still is that the

WELCOME MAY NOT TAKE THE FORM OF 'TREATING'

the men to stimulants in public-houses or in the streets, and thus lead them into excesses which must tend to degrade those whom the nation delights to honour, and to lower the

SOLDIERS OF THE KING

in the eyes of the world—that world which has watched with undisguised admiration the grand work they have performed for their Sovereign and their country.

"I would again point out that, from the very kindness of their hearts, their innate politeness, and their gratitude for the welcome accorded them, it will be difficult for the men to refuse what is offered to them by their generous friends.

"I once more, therefore, most earnestly beg that the British public

WILL REFRAIN FROM TEMPTING MY COMRADES,

but will rather aid them to uphold the splendid reputation they have won for the Imperial Army, and thus show their appreciation of the gallantry and humanity of our troops. I would entreat my fellow-subjects, in return for all these grand men have done for them, to abstain from any action that might bring the smallest discredit upon those who have so worthily upheld the credit of their country.

"ROBERTS, F.-M."

A little boy, one bright summer morning, was standing near the window, through which the sun was shedding his cheerful light and the morning breezes were softly blowing, when a bird commenced his song. The little fellow listened till his ears were entranced, and he turned his eyes, full of joy and wonder, to his mother, and said: "Mamma, what make him sing so sweet? Do he eat flowers?"

THE LICENSING BILL.

THE Government Licensing Bill, notwithstanding the very great attention bestowed upon it in Grand Committee, did not, even in the form in which it was presented to the House of Commons, get through its Third Reading without somewhat prolonged and contentious discussion and division. On the whole, the Committee's emendations were approved. Unfortunately, however, a very regrettable amendment was adopted in connection with the section of the Bill dealing with Off Licences. This amendment, in effect, provided that existing Wine and Sweet and Grocers' Licences shall not be taken away during the life of the present holders except for such offences only as without the passing of the present Bill would have caused their withdrawal. The practical effect of this will be to limit the powers of Licensing Justices to licences of these classes which may be issued after the passing of the Act.

The Home Secretary, who had stoutly resisted other amendments, accepted this insidious suggestion almost without shadow of protest, even as if he welcomed it. Evidently strong pressure had been brought to bear upon him, and once again

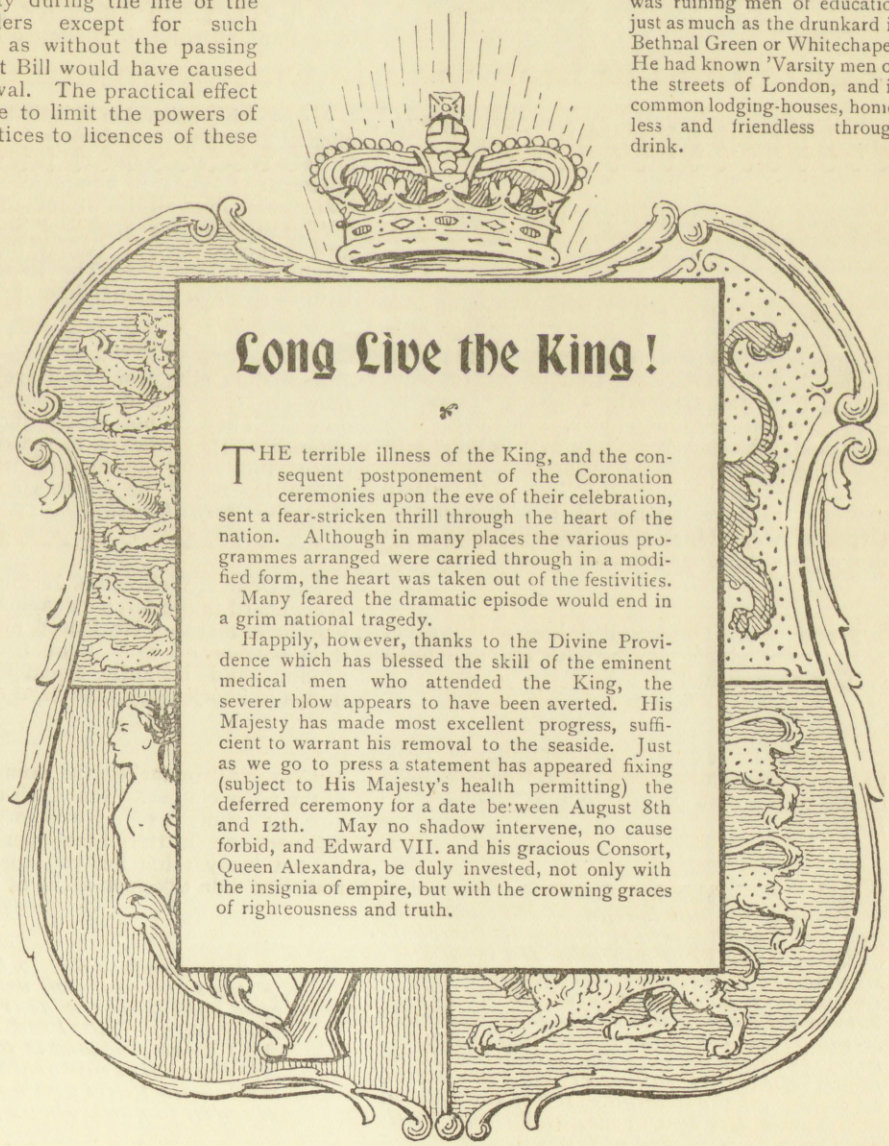
INTEREST TRIUMPHED

notwithstanding the generally recognised increase of female drinking, so largely the result of the Grocers' and Sweet Licences.

With the baneful amendment the measure passed from the Commons to the Lords. There is a hope, a very faint one, that the hereditary legislators may be wiser than the elected, and decline to adopt the new and regrettable clause.

"PLAYING WITH FIRE."

Speaking to University men at Cambridge the Bishop of London, referring to the crime and vice of London, said that one of the horrors of the city was drunkenness. When they in Cambridge, in a light-hearted, careless way, took too much at a college supper, they were playing with fire. They were playing with something which was ruining men of education just as much as the drunkard in Bethnal Green or Whitechapel. He had known 'Varsity men on the streets of London, and in common lodging-houses, homeless and friendless through drink.



Long Live the King!

THE terrible illness of the King, and the consequent postponement of the Coronation ceremonies upon the eve of their celebration, sent a fear-stricken thrill through the heart of the nation. Although in many places the various programmes arranged were carried through in a modified form, the heart was taken out of the festivities.

Many feared the dramatic episode would end in a grim national tragedy.

Happily, however, thanks to the Divine Providence which has blessed the skill of the eminent medical men who attended the King, the severer blow appears to have been averted. His Majesty has made most excellent progress, sufficient to warrant his removal to the seaside. Just as we go to press a statement has appeared fixing (subject to His Majesty's health permitting) the deferred ceremony for a date between August 8th and 12th. May no shadow intervene, no cause forbid, and Edward VII. and his gracious Consort, Queen Alexandra, be duly invested, not only with the insignia of empire, but with the crowning graces of righteousness and truth.

Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.

* * * *

Out of commonplace lives God makes His beautiful whole.

* * * *

At one time during the Civil war a number of officers were holding a party at General Grant's headquarters. When invited to drink, all joined but one. A few days after that officer received a note from the General. Obeying orders, he went. "You are the officer, I believe, who remarked, the other day, you never drank," said the General. The officer acknowledged that it was so. "Then," replied the General, "you are the man to take charge of the Commissary Department." He served through the war in that responsible department.

* * * *

The mariner who has sailed into nearly every port on the globe says he does not remember visiting "Portfolio."

* * * *

"He who has extended the dominion of Jesus to the furthest limits of his being, will know most of the peace that passeth understanding."—*F. B. Meyer.*

* * * *

Said Dr. Alexander MacLaren recently: *"There is an old legend of an enchanted cup filled with poison, and put treacherously into the king's hand. He signed the sign of the cross, and named the name of God over it, and it shivered in his grasp. Do you take this name of the Lord as a test? Name Him over many a cup which you are eager to drink of, and the glittering fragments will lie at your feet, and the poison be spilled on the ground. What you cannot lift before His pure eyes, and enjoy while thinking of Him, is not for you.*

"Drink is the mother of want and the nurse of crime."—*Lord Brougham.*

* * * *

An amusing incident was witnessed in the Castle Yard, Dublin. A farmer had purchased at one of the sales an old troop horse which was no longer fit for military service. It was a quiet animal, and so the farmer let his daughter ride it to town with milk and eggs. One day she had the misfortune to arrive at the Exchange just at the time of relieving guard. The horse, hearing the strains to which he had been so long accustomed, bolted into the Castle Yard in spite of his rider's vigorous efforts to restrain him, and took his place in the ranks. Picture the amusement of the onlookers when they saw the farmer's daughter, milk-pails, egg-basket and all, riding in the midst of the soldiers.

* * * *

A surprising collection of little-known facts was elicited during an examination in general knowledge. Here are some of the questions and answers:—"What is botany?"—"Botany is a plant which lives all the winter and never dies." "Who was Shakespeare?"—"Shakespeare was a very large poet." "What did the Romans teach the Britons?"—"The Romans taught the Britons the Ten Commandments."

* * * *

Exceeding gifts from God are not blessings they are duties, and very solemn and heavy duties. They do not always increase a man's happiness, they always increase his responsibility, the awful account of which he must render at last of the Talents committed to his charge.—*Charles Kingsley.*

* * * *

The Duke of Wellington, during the Peninsular War, heard that a large magazine of wine lay on his line of march. He feared more for his men from barrels of wine than from batteries of cannon, and instantly dispatched a body of troops to knock every wine-barrel on the head.

* * * *

"Yes, sir," remarked the pompous individual in the noisy clothes, "I'm a self-made man, sir, and the architect of my own fortune." "Well," rejoined the matter-of-fact person addressed, "it's a lucky thing for you that the building inspector didn't happen along at the time."

* * * *

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear;
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!
—*Lowell.*

Introduction :

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret—the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. Late on Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from making purchases in the village, she was startled at the farm gate by a small boy who darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil," asked to see the farmer, for which purpose he was taken into the great farm kitchen. He proved to be a messenger from the farmer's son, who came home on Xmas Eve, a decrepit, broken-down man, separated from his wife, to die. The farmer received him gladly, and promised the dying man to care for his "Little Phil," who became as the apple of his eye. Three years after, Phil developed a waywardness which began to greatly trouble the old farmer. Some of his chums were not quite all the farmer desired for him. The latter was greatly troubled when Phil insisted upon going with them and the local undertaker to a neighbouring town, where, after visiting various places, he went to the church, where he was introduced to the Vicar, Mr. Hope, a meeting full of potentialities. Shortly after a stranger, a cyclist, passing the farm particularly noticed Phil, and drew him into conversation, afterwards returning in great haste to London, where he announced to an excited and anxious woman, "I have found him." Farmer Amden, who had heavily mortgaged his farm to pay Phil's father's debts, became very worried lest he should be unable to clear the estate, provide a suitable education for Phil, and leave him a competence. At about the same time, a long uninhabited house adjoining Amden Farm became occupied by a woman, who evidently was deeply interested in the farmer and his grandson. One day a schoolfellow angered young Phil by calling his father a thief. A fight would have followed, had not the schoolmaster extorted a promise not to fight. This led his schoolmates to accuse the lad of being a coward, a taunt which almost caused him to break his promise, when suddenly the teacher appeared on the scene. The schoolmaster having reproached the lads, compelled them to apologise to Phil, who, the same day, heard that he was to have a private tutor. On the date fixed for the latter's arrival, Phil, while in the fields, overheard a conversation between the tenant of Rose Cottage and a stranger, who turned out to be the tutor, Mr. Wilson.

Chapter IX.

A Secret for a Secret.

EVEN in great progressive England there are spots in which time makes little history; quiet, sleepy spots whose only growth seems in the churchyards among the gravestones.

Such a place was the speck of green world in whose bosom Phil Amden dreamed of becoming a great man, and drifting out to that fuller, wider world, to which all great Englishmen drift sooner or later—that mighty, throbbing London, whose lights flamed beyond the line of hills that rose like a grey wall in front of Phil's home. The seasons came and went with their bloom and rot; the fruits of the earth grew, ripened, and were gathered; year in and year out it was always the same, only sometimes the fruit was not as full as it might be when the time of gathering came, and the farmer's exchequer in consequence suffered.

The seasons, like our friends, often fail us in the hour of need. Anyway, one particular season

failed the old farmer just when its success was a matter of vast importance to him and his household.

Donald Wilson, the tutor, had now been a member of the Amden's household for twelve months, and his salary was due. The tutor's entry into the farmer's house meant more expense for the latter than he had quite anticipated. It was not a mere matter of salary, although that in itself was a big item to a man of limited means; but his table had undergone a change that meant a bigger expenditure. He did not care to set before a man who he supposed had been used to a daintier, and more varied diet, the rough homely fare that he and Phil were satisfied with. And then there were books, and other sundries, which all meant money. He did not for a moment bewail the extra expense; he was perfectly satisfied with his bargain, as, indeed, he ought to be. Mr. Wilson had, during the first twelve months at any rate, proved himself a splendid teacher, and Phil as good a pupil. The tutor was pleased with Phil, and Phil was pleased with the tutor, while the old farmer was pleased with both. But there were other matters outside this that caused the old man some anxiety. His crops were decidedly bad, and there was disease among his cattle; altogether he felt that when all things were reckoned up there would be a big loss on the season. He was therefore more startled than he might otherwise have been when Phil burst into his presence one day with a very unusual request.

"Grandfather," cried the boy, "I want you to grant me a favour—I want it very, very much!"

"Well, my lad, what is it?" the old man asked with an indulgent smile. "Anything I can do for you I will do, you know that, don't you?"

"I want two pounds!" Phil exclaimed abruptly, and if he had asked for the moon his grandfather could not have viewed him with more astonishment.

"Two pounds! Good gracious! What on earth do you want two pounds for?"

It was true that of late Phil had developed a taste for things beyond his means, but this was the first time in his life he had made a request for a big sum of money.

"I want it for a particular purpose," he answered his grandfather. "And if you can let me have it I shall be very, very grateful!"

He approached the old man as he spoke, and laid his head on his breast, a trick of his childhood which still remained with him.

"I really have not got it, Phil. But if I had, my boy, I could not possibly let you have so large a sum of money without knowing for what purpose you wanted it," Mr. Amden said, stroking the boy's wavy hair back from his brow, and looking wistfully into his eyes.

"Of course, if you haven't got it, grandfather, I shall have to do without it," Phil said, with a sigh, and there was an expression of bitter disappointment on his face.

"But you might tell me what you want it for," the old man persisted.

"I have promised not to," was all Phil answered.

"Do you want to buy something for yourself?"

"No, I don't require it for myself at all."

"To assist someone else?"

"Something in that way."

The farmer smiled. He was generous, and unsuspicious—some people said foolishly generous, and still more foolishly unsuspicious.

"Just hand me that box, Phil!" he exclaimed, after a short pause, pointing to a tin box which he always kept on one of the tables.

When the box was placed before him, he took a small key from his pocket and unlocked it, while Phil looked on with some interest and hope.

He saw his grandfather take two small packets from the box and lay them carefully aside; then he emptied the remainder of the contents, consisting of some silver and copper, upon the table. This latter he proceeded to count; and when he had finished he glanced at the boy and smiled.

"There are just twelve-shillings-and-sixpence here," he said; "if this will do you any good you can have it. This"—taking up one of the paper packets—"is Mr. Wilson's salary, which is due to him to-day."

He said nothing about the other packet, and Phil, full of curiosity, raised and opened it, while his grandfather was gathering together the loose coins.

"Why grandfather, what a lot of gold you have here! What are you going to do with all this money?" he exclaimed.

The old man's fingers opened, and the coins he had gathered up fell from them on the table and floor.

"That! Oh, that — is — is — something I owe," he faltered, his face turning from red to white, and from white to red again.

"Something you owe!" Phil cried, proceeding to count the coins with the air of a boy who did pretty much as he liked.

"Give them to me, Phil!" the farmer cried, holding out his hands. "Let me put them back in the box!"

Phil put the sovereigns back into the paper, wrapped them up, and handed the packet to his grandfather.

"There's an awful lot of money there!" he remarked. "I didn't think you owed so much as that!

The farmer said nothing further on the subject, but his face looked troubled and his hand trembled as he placed the two packets of gold back in the box, and locked the latter.

Phil took the twelve-and-sixpence, but before he departed he made another request.

"I would like a holiday this afternoon to take the horse out for a gallop; Mr. Hope has asked me to go over there for an hour or so this evening. May I go grandfather?"

"Certainly, my boy. You may have the afternoon if Mr. Wilson is willing."

"Oh, I've made it all right with him," Phil retorted, and then he went his way.

For some time after the boy had left him, the farmer sat in deep thought, his face troubled, and anxious Phil's request for two pounds had opened up an avenue of thought the old man did not care to follow. It was true that the lad's assertion that he wanted it to assist someone else

had in a certain degree reassured him, but who was that somebody? Why could not Phil tell the whole truth, simply and straight? And then there was the incident of the packet of gold. How careless he—the farmer—had been in thus actually placing his secret under the boy's nose, and inviting suspicion. What a good thing it was that Phil had not evinced any special curiosity about the matter. He would have to be more careful in future. Then his thoughts went back to Phil's request for money. He did not feel quite comfortable about the affair. He did not for a moment doubt that his grandson wanted it for a charitable purpose, as he had intimated. But how could a boy like Phil judge whether a case deserved assistance or not? Was someone trying to impose upon the boy? The farmer found himself regretting that he had given him even the twelve-and-sixpence; and wondering if Phil had left the house he summoned Jane to enquire.

Yes, the boy had gone out on Tony's back—Tony was the horse—after this the old man put a few questions to his confidential servant. Did she know if any of Phil's acquaintances were in distress, or in any special need of money; or if the boy had been asked to assist?

Jane didn't know; but she knew something else, which was causing her a lot of trouble, and about which she had intended speaking to the farmer for some time. Phil had been seen playing cards with Dickie Taylor and Bert Tate, and she was afraid they had been playing for money, as money was seen passing from one to the other.

The farmer was distressed—terribly distressed. Was the boy going to develop the qualities that had led his father into ruin and disgrace? Had he told the truth when he said that he wanted the money which he had asked a few minutes before to help another person? Was he already learning the art of deception? Was the gambler implanted in his nature, and even now bearing fruit? All these queries presented themselves before the mind of the old man. Of course the case might be exaggerated; it might even be utterly untrue. Anyway "forewarned, forearmed." He—the grandfather—would question Phil on the subject, and warn the tutor. The latter was sent for immediately.

Mr. Wilson was astonished, but a trifle unbelieving. Jane had probably heard an exaggerated account of the affair. The tutor felt confident that Phil was not in the habit of playing cards with Jim Tate or anybody else. The boy had really been kept too close at his studies to admit of him spending much time at anything else; and the hours he did spend in the fields or among his companions, were generally passed under the very eye of the tutor. Of course it was possible that he had played a game of cards with the boys mentioned, but Mr. Wilson felt sure that such a thing had not occurred often, and he would see that it did not occur again, while he remained at the house.

Thus reassured the old farmer went about his duties again, but the incidents of the day, added to the bad season, shadowed his eyes and made him unusually grave.

Meanwhile the cause of much of the old man's anxiety was pursuing his way in the direction o Mr. Hope's, the minister's house, but as he was not due there until evening, and the day was yet young, he loitered somewhat upon the way, leading his horse slowly where the path was uneven, and trotting him briskly where it was smooth.

By Rose Cottage, Phil paused to peep in at the open door.

Mrs. Armitage—such was the name by which the tenant of Rose Cottage was known—was sitting by the window, sewing. Sewing was her principal occupation, as she made dresses for the village women and children, as a means of livelihood. She and Phil had become good friends during the last few months, and the boy was often seen leaning on the gate of Rose Cottage garden, or standing by its door.

"Why don't you make your dresses in the open air, Mrs. Armitage? You wouldn't have such white cheeks if you did."

Mrs. Armitage, at the sound of the young voice, laid down her sewing and went to the door. No one could truthfully say that her cheeks were white at that moment; they were pink, deliciously pink, while her pretty brown eyes were bright with joy and a glad welcome.

"Won't you come in?" she asked, but Phil shook his head and pointed to the horse.

"No! I've got Tony to look after, and ever so many places to go to, and besides, I'm in a bad temper, and you wouldn't care to have me."

"Why are you bad-tempered?" Mrs. Armitage asked, her dark eyes turned tenderly towards the boy's face.

"Well, I wanted some money ever so badly, and my grandfather couldn't let me have it."

"Your grandfather has such a lot to do with his money. But how much did you want?—twopence?"

Phil laughed.

"You must think me a kid," he exclaimed.

"Well, so you are a 'kid' as you call it. You won't be fourteen until the tenth of October."

"Oh! And who told you my age? Mr. Wilson—eh? Oh, I know he tells you a lot of things. I heard him tell you something once, and it did make me laugh. He doesn't know I heard; he would look sheepish if he did."

Mrs. Armitage's forehead and chin, as well as her cheeks, were pink now.

"Never mind Mr. Wilson, tell me how much money you want?"

"I've got some," Phil replied, drawing the twelve-and-sixpence from his pocket, "but I want more than twice as much; but as I can't get it I'll have to do without it."

Mrs. Armitage glanced at the silver coins in the boy's hand, and her face looked startled.

"What can a boy like you want with so much money?" she asked, and the pink faded swiftly out of her face.

Phil looked at her for a moment and then he said, "Well, I don't mind telling you, though I promised that I wouldn't say anything to my grandfather about it. But I didn't promise that I wouldn't tell you, so I will. Remember, if you ever tell anyone about it, I'll tell what I heard Mr. Wilson say to you. A secret for a secret, eh, Mrs. Armitage?"

(To be continued.)

A WORD WITH WORKERS.

By X.

"TIME and tide wait for no man." Opportunities must be seized just when they are presented. Nay, they must be anticipated, prepared for, and, upon the instant of their arrival, grasped, else they become as if they had never been.

Success to men and movements is not measured by opportunities offered, but by opportunities seized and fully used. Failure is ever the register of missed opportunities.

As Shakespeare has it: "We must take the current when it serves or lose our venture."

Such a serving current is at hand for the Temperance enterprise. Shall it be taken advantage of, or lost?

The teaching of years with regard to drunkenness is understood, appreciated, accepted. With no merely courteous acquiescence, but of a truth, the nation in all ranks and conditions has ceased to condone bestiality. Teetotaler and drinker alike, the latter often with the greater severity, condemn it. For it, none—not even an interested trade to whose wealth it has so largely contributed!—offer excuse.

All now censure drunkenness,

occasional or habitual, whether the drunkard be gifted or idiot, rich or poor.

This attitude of mind has been but slowly produced. It is the outcome of prolonged arduous and thankless agitation, often enough carried on in spite of the **unworthy indifference of the Churches** and in face of the strongest

Opposition of the State.

Nevertheless, though all unconsciously, the growth of the new opinions was attested by pious resolutions in the case of the Church, and by various State enactments for the regulation of the sale of intoxicants. The Licensing Act of 1902, incomplete and paltry as it must appear when considered as an attempt to deal with the evils arising from intemperance, yet officially stamps drunkenness as lunatic, criminal, and dehumanizing.

STAGE ONE OF THE GREAT TEMPERANCE REFORM HAS BEEN REACHED AND PASSED.

To attack drunkenness is no longer essential, though it must be long before such gross intemperance shall be altogether banished.

Now the Temperance reform enters upon Stage Two, that of educating the national mind and conscience until the mere drinking of intoxicating liquors shall become as

utterly abhorrent to the conscience of the nation as is drunkenness to-day.

How

Hard and Difficult

this task will be is seen at once when we remember, as Onlooker has told us, that John Bull spends £320 per minute, night and day, on Strong Drink; that out of a National Drink Bill of £162,180,934 no less than £110,000,000 is spent by the working classes, a sum equal to £16 18s. 5½d. per family, or £3 7s. 8½d. per head, per annum, or 6s. 6d. per head per week, teetotalers and drinkers, men, women and children being included.

Then also there must be taken into account the grave fact that the consumption of alcoholic liquors per head shows no decline. Drunkards, gross, bestial, may be fewer, drunkenness less, but

Soaking, Continuous Drinking

has taken its place in all classes of society. Those who drink imbibe more continuously, and thus, notwithstanding the ever increasing number of teetotalers, the aggregate consumption, and the average *per capita*, show no diminution.

Moreover, bad as drunkenness is, so gross, so vulgar! **sipping** is far worse, physically, mentally, morally, and socially. Its

Wreckage of stamina, character and physique

is far more serious even than occasional drunkenness, disgusting and loathsome as the latter ever must be.

What now the Temperance reformer has to specially teach, demonstrate, and educate the nation to believe, is the truth which the pioneers of the movement hesitatingly affirmed, that the

Use of Drink is Bad,

essentially bad, and to resort thereto is to ignore the plain teachings of nature, and to endanger health, mentality, and social and moral rectitude.

This is no new teaching, we know. But it is upon this he must concentrate effort, fearlessly proclaiming it, and unceasingly, unwaveringly, seeking to gain new adherents to it.

Indeed, as the Temperance workers apply themselves to this among young and old, and create stalwart teetotalers, so will legislation, partially and completely prohibitive, follow.

"INCREASE THE NUMBER OF TEETOTALERS"

is the appeal of the times to every abstainer, and especially to every Temperance organisation, juvenile and adult.

The magnitude of the task will daunt none but the thoughtless and the idler. The intelligent worker will see, in the stage now passed, every incentive to enterprise. If this be insufficient encouragement, then let him look in the Daily Press, in the Registrar-General's Returns, and in the Medical Press. There he will see that it is not to be convinced of the folly of drunkenness

The Nation appeals,

but to be told how to eradicate the subtler, but no less vicious consequences of drinking. Never in the history of this country has that desire been so strongly articulated.

True, it seems for a moment as if the loudly advocated proposals for Restriction, Public House Trust, Gothenburg, and similar schemes would make against the enterprise.

Such effect, however, can only be temporary. These very schemes, which, at best, are merely palliative and not remedial, afford emphatic proof of the nation's appeal for guidance.

The Drink-sick Nation,

conscious of the debility from which it suffers, clamours for the suppression of the drink delirium, but, if possible, without suppressing the cause.

From the consequence the Temperance reformer must point to the symptom and the cause. No more **favourable time** could offer than now, when the patient, conscious of distress, is eager and ready to hear of any remedy.

How much shall be made of the opportunity, what response shall be given to the appeal, depends upon the instant and continuing response of the Temperance people themselves.

Psychologically, nationally, commercially the nation is

RIPE FOR THE FORWARD STEP,

the Churches too!

This is the day and the hour for societies to organise, and more earnestly than ever before to teach, to convince, to gain adherents to Teetotalism. Now are the times propitious. Now the current serves, now is a full tide. We must take the current when it serves, or—!

By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

MEMBERS:—

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

Our Club has only four members, but they are earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them.

IX.—BRAIN POISON.

John: "Hullo! you fellows! give me your congratulations."

William: "Why, what's up; somebody left you a fortune?"

Robert: "I know. He has got through his exams.; that's it, I'll warrant."

James: "Have you, John? I am glad. What luck have you had?"

John: "Tip top; double honours and almost top of the list."

James: "That's grand; I thought you would come out all right."

Robert: "Teetotal brains are bound to win, all other things being equal."

William: "Oh, fudge; you want to drag teetotalism into everything. Just as though a fellow couldn't pass an exam. without being a teetotaler."

James: "You can say what you like, William; but I believe the abstainer has the best of it. Why, it's only a year or two ago that the Senior Wrangler avowed himself a teetotaler, and the Second Wrangler at the same University was a life abstainer. How do you account for that?"

William: "Of course, you can take exceptional cases, and prove anything."

John: "But I was reading the other day that an extended inquiry was made by one of our literary men, with the result that there was a general consensus of opinion that our best writers and clearest thinkers do not regard the use of alcohol as essential."

William: "I don't believe it."

James: "But that don't alter the fact. You can take the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Farrar, the Bishop of London, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and plenty of others, as being examples of its truth."

Robert: "It's only the other day my dad was talking to Dr. Benson, and he called alcohol a brain poison. He said that there was no other name that fitted it so well."

William: "Oh, of course; but I am always telling you that your father is an extreme man."

Robert: "No fear. He's a teetotaler, and sticks to it through thick and thin, that's all."

James: "What does Shakespeare say? 'Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.'"

William: "What did Shakespeare know about modern science?"

John: "Not much, I dare say. He spoke from general observation; but there's no doubt that modern science would support him in what he said."

William: "Well, I think it is an exaggeration to speak of alcohol as a brain poison."

Robert: "How about a man when he is dead drunk?"

James: "There's no doubt about the effect of alcohol in such a case. It is quite certain that brain power is for the most part suspended, for the man can neither see, hear, smell, taste, nor feel. You could brand him with hot irons, and he would be unconscious of it."

William: "Yes; but he soon gets over it, and is nothing the worse."

John: "Don't be too sure of that. At any

rate, it is a pure assumption, and facts seem to tend in the opposite direction."

William: "Yes, but look what a lot he had to take to make him dead drunk. There's a difference between that and taking a glass or two."

James: "Certainly there's a difference in degree, but not in kind."

William: "What do you mean?"

John: "He means this. That if it took ten glasses to make a man dead drunk, that the first glass must have done its share. If ten glasses completely intoxicate, then one glass can do a tenth part of that injury."

James: "You can't get away from that, William. Every drop taken must contribute its quota to the whole."

William: "Still, you must allow that there's all the difference between the little drop and getting drunk, and see how much better a man feels when he has had a little."

Robert: "Well, he can't feel so well, I should think, for when the man is dead drunk he can't feel at all, and when he has begun to drink, the alcohol must be doing its benumbing work from the first sip."

James: "Besides, it is a very dangerous thing to trust to mere sensations of feeling to find out the physiological action of alcohol."

John: "Yes. One can easily be led astray in that way. For instance, if you were blindfolded and then place your right hand in a basin of hot water and the left hand in a basin of cold water, and kept them there for a few minutes, and then someone came suddenly and lifting both your hands out of the basins together, plunged them immediately into a basin of tepid water, it would be almost impossible for you to believe that both your hands were in one basin."

William: "How is that?"

James: "The tepid water would feel cold to the hand that had been in the hot water, and hot to the hand that had been in the cold water, and so a wrong impression would be conveyed to the brain by simply trusting to feelings and sensations."

John: There is no doubt that alcohol is neither food nor force. Really it is an anæsthetic—something that sends the brain to sleep."

Robert: "Old Benson said that one of the great dangers of a narcotic like alcohol is that a gradually increasing dose is demanded to produce the same results."

James: "That is true of all narcotics. Hence the opium eater, the morphine maniac, and the alcoholic find it difficult, and in some cases impossible, to break away from the habit they have formed."

William: "Still, there's a good many who get off free from these pains and penalties."

John: "Apparently so, but not in reality. If it is the nature of alcohol to do certain physiological injury, that injury will be done irrespective of time, or place, or person. Of course there may be, and doubtless there are, some more susceptible to the influence of alcohol than others."

Robert: "We were told the other night by Dr. Benson that a lot of people became insane through it. That shows it to be a brain poison, doesn't it?"

William: "Life would be unbearable to many of the poor if you took alcohol away."

James: "Possibly! Their present kind of life! But I understand that they drink to drown their troubles and to forget their poverty and misery, and if that is so, it quite supports the contention of the benumbing effect of alcohol. It is evident there is loss of sense and perception."

John: "There is the great fact that with many drinkers that as time progresses two glasses are necessary to do what one formerly accomplished, and the two grow to three and four and still more, until the drinker becomes a slave to it. That is the physiological history of the downfall of many a powerful and intellectual mind."

William: "Well, perhaps you are right, but you have been trained in a different school to me. None of our people, as you know, are teetotalers."

James: "There's no doubt about people becoming insane through drink. It was said not long ago that 31 per cent. of all the lunatics in England and Wales were in that awful condition of mental loss entirely through strong drink."

William: "Well, I should think that was too high a figure."

John: "There is good authority for it, but suppose we put it at 20 per cent., then it means, as there are over 100,000 people in lunatic asylums in England and Wales, that there are at this moment over 20,000 people who have lost brain power to an alarming extent, who would not have been there excepting for drink."

William: "I never saw it in that light before."

Robert: "I am jolly glad I am a teetotaler, and I shall take good care to stick to it."

James: "Same here, and I think it won't be long before William joins us."

John: "Well, now we must part, for I am oft for a bit of a holiday after all my hard work. Good-bye till we meet again."

THE CORONATION

of King Edward VII. and his Queen Alexandra, postponed from June 26th, was duly celebrated in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, August 9th, amid the loyal and sympathetic congratulations of the people, who rejoiced not least to see His Majesty about again after his very critical illness.

For Temperance reformers, the Coronation year will possess special interest. First, because it was the year in which

The Children's Act

came into operation; and second, by reason of the passing of the

Licensing Act, 1902,

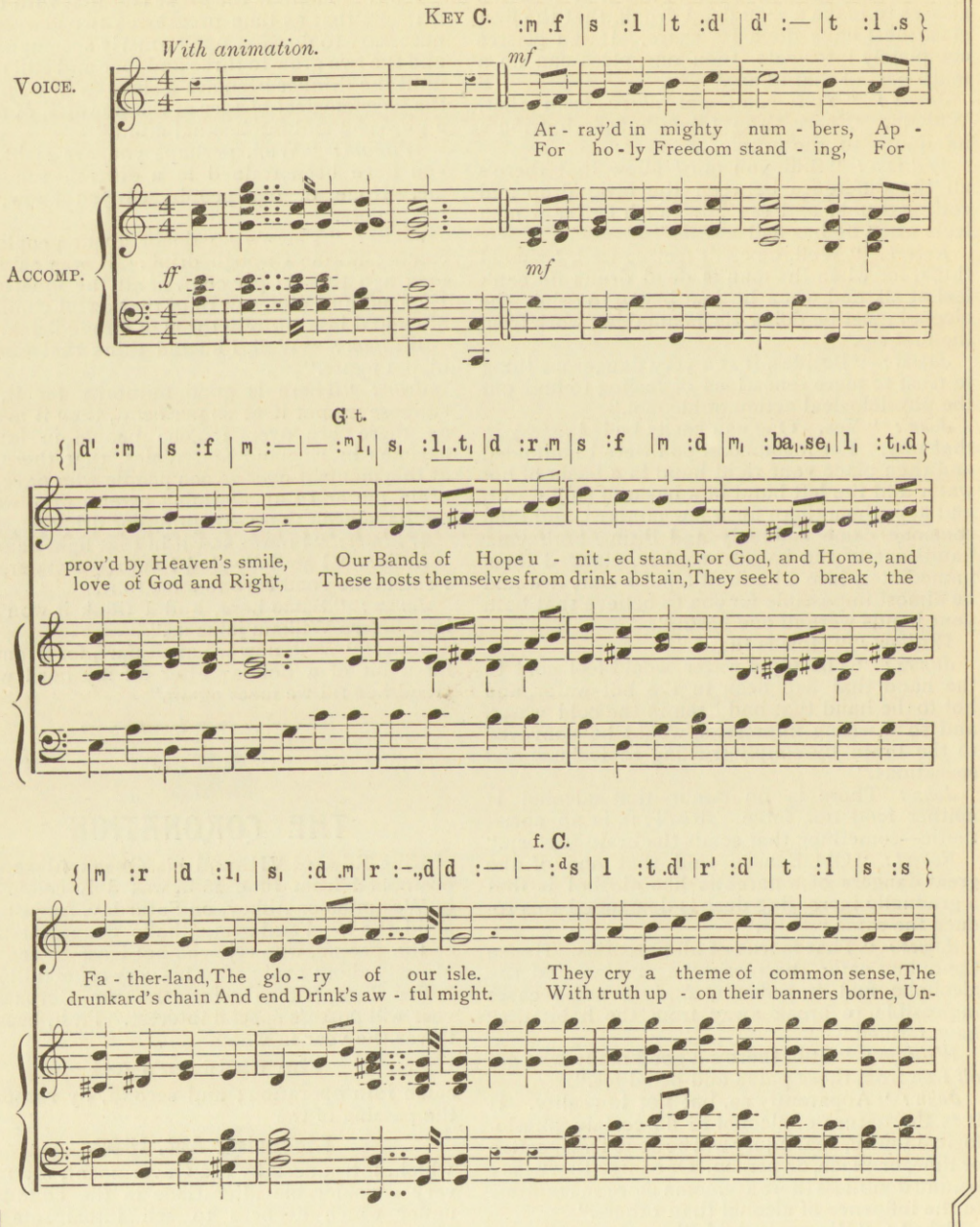
which, introduced by the Government, will make very considerable alterations in the conditions under which licences to sell intoxicants will afterwards be granted.

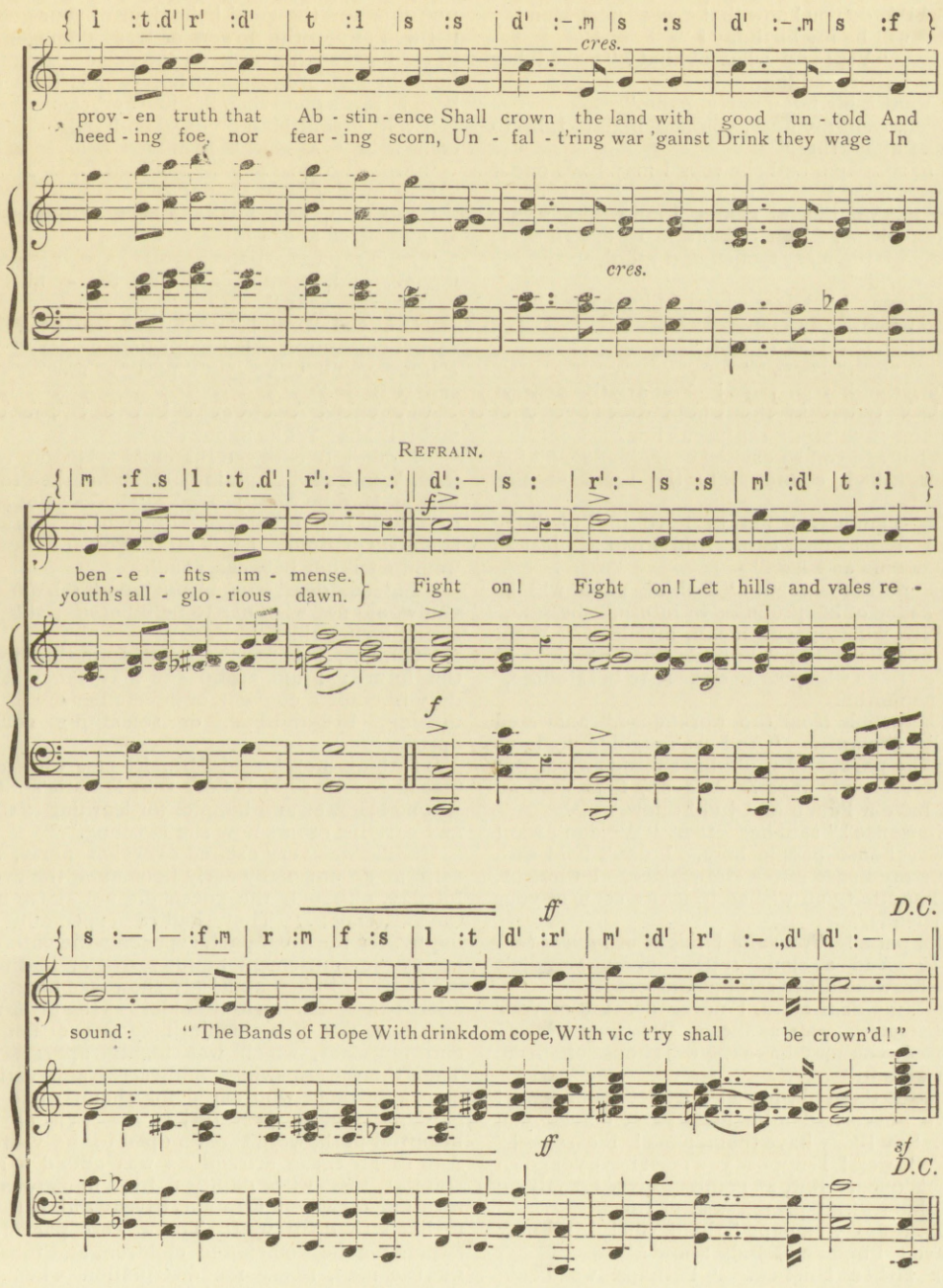
The latter measure came into operation immediately upon its adoption, that is, practically speaking, at Coronation-time.

OUR BANDS OF HOPE UNITED STAND.

TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL SONG.

Words by DEXTRA. Music by PERCY E. FLETCHER.




cres.
prov - en truth that Ab - stin - ence Shall crown the land with good un - told And
heed - ing foe, nor fear - ing scorn, Un - fal - t'ring war 'gainst Drink they wage In
cres.
Refrain.
ben - e - fits im - mense.
youth's all - glo - rious dawn.
Fight on! Fight on! Let hills and vales re -
f
f
ff
D.C.
sound: "The Bands of Hope With drinkdom cope, With vic t'ry shall be crown'd!"
ff
af
D.C.

Maddie's Birthday Party.

By Louie Slade.

"PAPA, do you know that a week next Monday will be my birthday?"

"Yes; and what of that?" asked her father, smiling.

"I want a birthday party, papa."

"Well, well, my dear, you had better talk to mamma about that."

"I have, papa, and she says I may have one if you are willing."

"Why, Maddie, of course I am willing; why shouldn't I be? You talk as if I were an ogre, instead of the most foolish and indulgent father in the world."

"And may I ask just whom I like, papa?"

"To be sure you may."

"And as many as I like?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

"Oh, thank you, papa! You are the dearest and best father in the whole world!" And Madeline gave him a rapturous hug.

"What are you so excited over, Maddie?" her mother asked, coming into the room at this moment.

"Oh, mamma, I am to have my birthday party! Papa says I can. And I can ask just as many people as I like."

Her mother smiled. "I think papa will be more chary of his promises in future," she said.

"Why, what do you mean, my dear? What freak has the child got into her head now?"

"Tell papa who your guests are to be, Maddie," said the mother.

"The people from the workhouse," answered Maddie promptly. "And we're going to have tea in the park, and you'll have some swings put up,—won't you, papa? And oh, I *do* wish we could have a Punch and Judy Show."

"Nonsense!" said her father. "We don't want any workhouse people here. I don't hold with turning my house into a show place. I thought, of course, that you wished to invite some of your little friends."

"Oh, papa! You said I might ask *anybody* I liked!" And a cloud settled upon Maddie's sunny brow, and her red lips quivered.

"But, my dear child, I never dreamt of your inviting such people as these. However, since I promised, you may have the workhouse children, if you wish it."

"I want them all, papa! Do let them come! I have never had a birthday party before, you know. Say I may have them, papa! Please do!"

"Well, well! I suppose you must have your own way this once. But, as mamma says, I shall be more chary of my promises after this."

"Oh, thank you, papa! thank you! And may we have a Punch and Judy Show?"

Her father laughed. "Perhaps we could arrange for a visit from Sanger's Circus while we are about it," said he. "But you don't get any more promises out of me to-day. And look here—I shall expect you and mamma to be responsible for the good behaviour of your guests; if I find any of the flowers or trees damaged, I'll never have such people on the place again. But how do you propose getting your visitors over here? It is a good six miles journey, remember."

"Why," said Maddie quickly, "they'll have to come in brakes,—like they did to Uncle Horace's."

"And who is to pay for the brakes, eh?"

"You will, of course, papa."

"Indeed! Your birthday party is to be rather an expensive affair, it seems to me."

"Never mind, papa; you have plenty of money, and I won't ask you for a birthday present this year."

"Oh, you won't! Well that will be a little saved, certainly. All I can say, my dear, is that I hope you'll enjoy your party as much as you expect to do."

"I shall be *sure* to enjoy it, papa! I must go and tell Miss Willis about it now."

"I don't like to see the child taking up these fads, Winifred," Captain Rivers remarked to his wife as Maddie disappeared. "It does not seem natural in one of her age, although, of course, it is not surprising. I was afraid you and Horace would spoil her between you."

"Indeed, dear, she is not spoilt; I am sure you would not wish her to be different; she is a sweet, loving child."

"Oh, yes, I know that, but I am thinking of the future; I am afraid she may fancy it her duty to enter a convent, or devote her life to sick nursing, bye-and-bye, or something equally quixotic."

"I think not," said Mrs. Rivers, with a reassuring smile; "I believe that Maddie's future will be brighter and happier for learning to think and care for others now she is young."

Maddie was very excited over her party, and astir at an unusually early hour upon the eventful day, although the guests did not arrive until the afternoon. They looked expectant and happy, for the most part, especially the children, for whose amusement ample provision had been made. The Punch and Judy show was here, and afforded as much fun to the elders as the juveniles, and there was also a conjuring and ventriloquial entertainment, which was highly appreciated. Then there were swings, and races, and various games for those who cared for them, while the gardens and conservatories, as well as the beautiful park, were thrown open to the visitors. And to all these attractions was added a substantial tea, with dainties too numerous to mention, for when Captain Rivers did a thing, he liked to do it well. There were packets of sweets for the women and children, and tobacco for the men, ready for distribution when the visitors should take their leave, and a liberal supply of ale for all who liked to have it.

Maddie proved a very graceful and gracious little hostess; she was on the watch all the after-

"I AM AFRAID YOU ARE IN TROUBLE." *(See page 140.)*

noon to see that her guests were kept happy and amused, and her own bright face showed that she at least was having a good time. But presently, in passing through the shrubbery, she came across an old man, all alone upon a seat, his head sunk upon his breast, and his whole attitude bespeaking dejection and misery. Maddie knew from his dress that he was one of her visitors, and as she drew closer to him she saw that big tears were rolling down the withered, weather-beaten cheeks. She stopped in consternation: she had never seen a man in tears before, and would have liked to steal away again, but her tender little heart would not let her. She went up to him and gently touched his arm.

"I am afraid you are in trouble," she said, softly; "can I help you?"

The old man looked up with a start, and tried to brush away the tears with the back of his hand. "No, no, Missy; nobody can help me."

"I think Uncle Horace could," said Maddie, eagerly. "He's a clergyman, and he knows how to talk to people when they are in trouble. Shall I fetch him?"

But he shook his head, with a faint smile. "No," he said, again; "there is no help for a trouble like mine. I am afraid I frightened you," he added.

"Oh, no! I am not frightened—only sorry. I don't like to see people cry. Won't you tell me what is the matter? Aren't they kind to you at the workhouse?"

"Yes, they're kind enough. There, there, don't worry about me! Run away and enjoy yourself."

Maddie looked at him wistfully. "I can't enjoy myself when you are so unhappy. This is my birthday party, you know, and I did so want everybody to have a good time."

"So we have," he answered, "a first-rate time. Just hear how the children are laughing yonder!"

"Oh, but *you* are not having a good time," said Maddie.

"Well, well, it is my own fault if I am not; you and your good father and mother have done everything for our enjoyment that could be done. But we are only paupers after all—only paupers!" He spoke the last words more to himself than to Madeline, but young as she was she realised something of the bitterness underlying them.

"If we could only forget, life might be bearable," he went on, after a pause; then, turning his eyes suddenly upon her, he said, abruptly, "What should you think, my dear, if I were to tell you that once I owned an estate every whit as fine as this, and drove my own carriage and pair?"

"Did you?" cried Maddie; did you, really?"

He nodded. "Yes, I did, indeed—though it seems more like a dream than anything else to look back upon it. This is not the first time I have seen this place; I came here often in your grandfather's time."

"Did you know my papa?" asked Maddie, eagerly.

"Yes, I knew him when he was a curly headed little fellow in petticoats. There," he added, trying to call up a smile, "now you know what was the matter with me just now. It is not often I give way, but coming here brought back the old times so clearly. Ah! who would have dreamt then that I should end my days in a workhouse?"

Maddie's eyes were full of tears. "I am so sorry for you," she whispered.

"Sorry! You needn't be, child. I have only myself to blame—myself and the cursed drink!" he added, in a bitter undertone. "There, run away and play with the little ones, my dear, and leave me to my memories."

And this time Maddie did go, for she had caught a glimpse of her father not far off. Running up to him, she exclaimed, breathlessly, "Oh, papa, do come into the shrubbery! There's an old man there from the workhouse, and he says he knew grandpapa, and used to stay here, and had a place as nice as this, and drove a carriage and pair!"

Captain Rivers laughed. "A trumped-up story, depend upon it, Maddie."

"Oh, no, papa! I'm sure it isn't. He was crying when I found him. Do come and see him, papa!"

"Very well; we'll investigate this strange tale," said he, taking her hand, and suffering her to lead him away.

About an hour later Captain Rivers came across his brother-in-law, the vicar of the parish. "Well, Horace," said he, "You have been trying for years to make me a convert to total abstinence; but I think I have had the most effective Temperance lesson to-day that I have ever had in my life."

"Really!" said the vicar. "Where?"

"Here. In one of Maddie's pauper guests I have discovered a man who was my father's greatest chum. You may have heard of him, perhaps—Harrison Williams?"

"Yes; I have heard your father often mention his name."

"He had one of the finest estates in the county," the Captain went on; "but he gave way to drink, and ran through everything. I tell you, Horace, it made me feel quite creepy to see him sitting there in his pauper dress, and think of what he used to be."

"Yet such cases might be multiplied by scores and hundreds," said the vicar, quietly.

"I know, but I never realised it before. I think we won't give them the beer after all, Horace, they will be just as well without it."

"Better," said the vicar, with a smile.

"And we must see what we can do for poor old Williams. I can't bear the thought of his spending his last days in the workhouse."

"Mrs. Rogers has a couple of rooms to let," said the vicar; "she would make him comfortable."

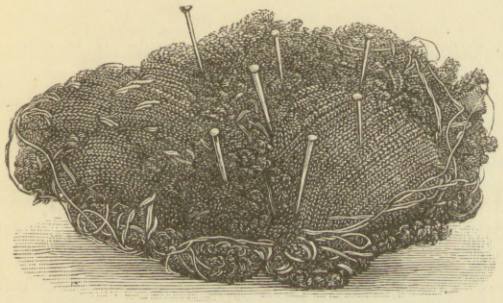
"Well, well, we must hear what the wife has to say before we decide on anything. I declare it has given me quite a turn to come across the poor old fellow under such circumstances."

"Well, Maddie, has your party turned out as well as you expected?" Mrs. Rivers asked that evening, when the brakes had driven off.

"Oh, yes, mamma, better!" was the enthusiastic reply. "I think they had a good time, don't you? And I know papa means to do

something for that poor old man who knew grandpapa, I heard him tell uncle so. And I shouldn't wonder if papa were to put his name in Uncle Horace's pledge book—not a bit!"

"Don't you know, Maddie, that it is never safe to prophesy till after the event?" asked a laughing voice in the doorway, and the captain himself came in. "Still, stranger things than that have happened, I'll admit."



My Little Margery's Pin-cushion.

By "Uncle Edward."

IT was years back, when the grey hairs had not begun to assert themselves, that a little incident occurred in my life which made a great impression upon me.

Truly it was a trifle, a veritable trifle which perhaps on some other occasion and under different circumstances would have passed unheeded; but, as it was, I think it stirred up my whole being as few trifles have done from the hour when I first took impressions from the perishing world in which (without my wishes being consulted) I found myself something more than half-a-century ago, to the present moment.

It was my birthday, a cold January morning, the bed was "very clinging," and the most delightful hour of repose, namely, the hour when a delicious sense of ability to enjoy the paradox of being asleep and awake at the same time was upon me—an hour seemingly equally composed of moments when "Nature's sweet restorer" had almost written "Enough," and of moments when "the voice of the sluggard" might be heard weakly pleading for "a little more sleep, a little more slumber."

In the midst of this delectable haziness, my bedroom door gave a gentle creak, followed by the muffled tread of tiny footsteps, and then a sweet musical little voice rang out in the morning stillness with the words, "Birfday pesent, dadda; made it all myself." Then some dimpled four-year-old fingers pushed a tiny parcel in my hand, and the next instant the little toddling feet retraced their steps to the bedroom door, and all was quiet.

Whether the incident got woven into the dreams which at that moment were encompassing me, I know not; but I relapsed into my former condition, and hovered backwards and forwards between unconsciousness and semi-consciousness for about an hour. Suddenly I woke up, and found myself clasping a little brown paper parcel, and then I recalled the soft footsteps and the sweet musical voice, and it dawned upon me that my darling little Margery had been so early on that cold January morning to show her love for me by "doing what she could."

Whatever had the precious mite made "all herself' for me? I had no idea that she could *make* anything, except perhaps a fine "scatteration" over her nursery floor for somebody else to clear up; but I hastily opened out the jumbled up little package, and my eyes fell upon the queerest birthday present that any human being surely had ever received from another! After inspecting it, I hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry, and I certainly felt inclined to do both. The little pet's birthday offering was a *pincushion made out of a bit of the darned heel of an old stocking*, which she had fished out of the rag bag, and had fashioned into a love offering for me. And what a curious piece of workmanship it was to be sure! The stitches all round it were long and straggling, some were an inch, some half-an-inch, some a quarter-of-an-inch in length, and all round the edges were knots and bits of unfinished-off thread which rendered it, I should think, the most intensely quaint piece of work ever turned out by fair fingers.

But what did I do with it? Did I just look at it, and say, "Foolish child, whatever use can such a thing be to me?"; or did I say, "Why didn't you cut off some of those straggling pieces of thread before you brought it to me?"

No, no, it was what she had done for me, not what she had left undone or done badly, which was engrossing my thoughts, and instead of throwing the strange little offering on one side as useless, I put it among my greatest treasures, and even now, after all these years, when I look at it I can see no imperfections in it, I can only see the LOVE which prompted the ragged offering. To an outsider it is a despicable jumble. To me it is THE EXPRESSION OF MY LITTLE MARGERY'S LOVE.

Is there one reading this who has felt utterly cast down when the thought of the unworthy service he is rendering to the Great Master weighs heavily upon him? If so, will that one remember that LIKE AS A FATHER PITIETH HIS CHILDREN *so* THE LORD PITIETH THOSE WHO FEAR HIM? and let the thought of "My little Margery's Pin-cushion" cause him to GO FORWARD looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith.

Ladies First.

Little Tommy and his younger sister were going to bed without a light. They had just reached the bottom of the stairs when Tommy, after vainly endeavouring to pierce the darkness, turned round and said:

"Ma, is it polite for a gentleman to precede a lady when they have to walk in single file?"

"No, my son," replied the mother, "the lady should always take the lead."

"I thought so," said Tommy, delightedly; "go ahead, Sue."

The Scheme of Sebastian Brown.

SEBASTIAN Brown was a clever youth,
And he had a beautiful plan,
For running the world in a different way
To it ever was run, since the very first day
The world, as a world, began.

All men should be equal—at least, as far
As money would make them so.
The mighty wealth of the mighty world
Would be broken up, and each man hold
His share, as a *right*, you know.

And the land, and all that the land doth yield,
Should be treated the selfsame way.
And all would share alike in the labour,
No man would toil, while his lazy neighbour
Idled the livelong day.

Such was the scheme of Sebastian Brown—
A beautiful, noble scheme—
And it haunted his mind with its phantom light,
And it penetrated his sleep at night
With many a muddled dream.

He spouted his plans in the family ear
Again, and again, and again;
Till his brother, weary, stayed out at night,
And his little sister grew weak and white,
While his father went queer in the brain.

His children calling, the latter one night
A plan of his own unfurled.
"Sebastian's scheme has got into my head,
It is time I ran this house," he said,
"In the way he would run the world."

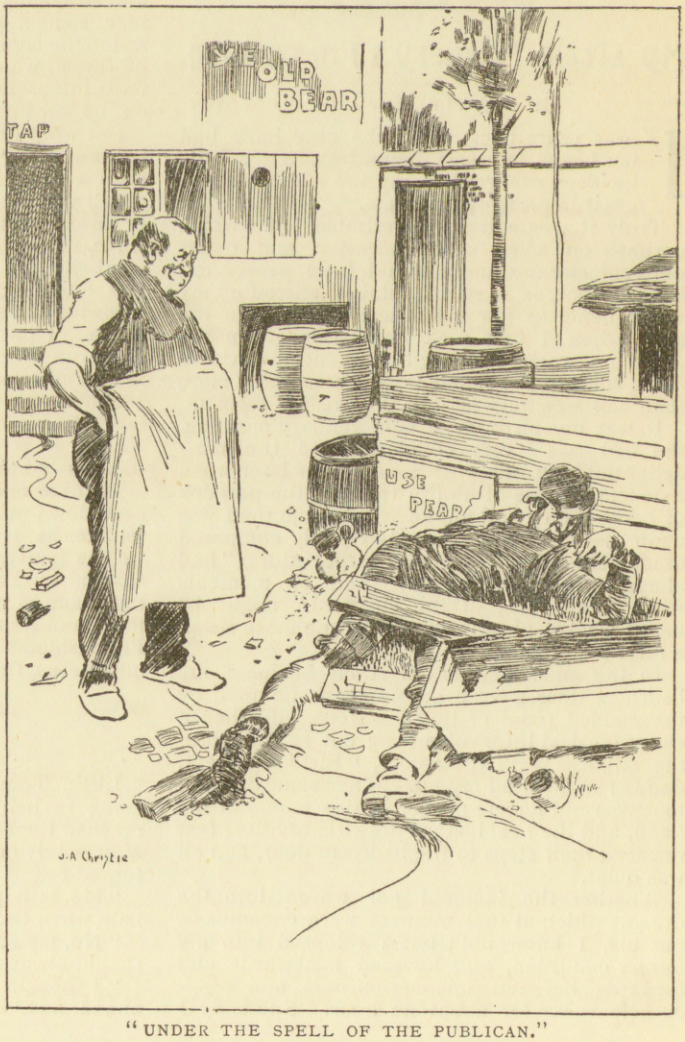
"We are four," he cried, while his children's eyes
Grew wide in a big surprise.
"There is Dan, who was always a trifle wild,
And Nelly, a maiden, meek and mild,
And Sebastian, great and wise."

Then the old man went on: "I have twenty pounds
Hid away in my old oak chest;
But I'll share it to-day on Sebastian's plan,
Five go to him, and five to Dan,
And to Nelly and I the rest."

"And you know I have four good acres of land,
Which shall go in the selfsame way;
An acre for each to plough and till,
So away you go, work with a will,
It is yours from this very day.

"So now to labour!" the old man cried,
While a smile 'neath his eyelid lurked.
"In a year from now we shall meet again,
And then we shall see quite straight and plain
How Sebastian's scheme has worked."

But Dan was idle—his mind and brain
Were under the publican's spell—
And his five gold coins to the alehouse went,
And when every penny of them was spent,
He borrowed from sister Nell.



"UNDER THE SPELL OF THE PUBLICAN."

And the acre of land he called his own
Was wasted, and bare, and poor,
For he would not sow, and he would not till,
And the weeds grew up at their own sweet will,
From their roots in the earth's green floor.

And the acre beside it, it must be owned,
Looked sadly neglected too;
For Sebastian did little to help the ground
In dreaming, and dreaming the season round
Of things he was going to do.

So when the year had gone its course,
The seasons dawned and paled;
When the four good people met again
There were tales and excuses, which made it plain
That the scheme had somehow failed.

For Sebastian had nothing but high-flown words,
He had dreamed all the season round;
While Nell was too weak to care for the land,
And Dan came in with an empty hand,
And an acre of barren ground.

But another twenty pounds were laid
Away in the old oak chest,
For the father, though age had chilled his blood,
Had toiled, and saved, till again he stood
Richer than all the rest.

"Our plans have failed," he sadly cried,
"For now that the year is o'er,
Though we started, my lads, as well you know,
On equal ground, twelve months ago,
We are as we were before!"

To Sebastian then he turned, and said,
With a shake of his head so old,
"I'm afraid, my boy, that your little scheme
Is nothing more than a pretty dream,
With so many Dans in the world!"

MAY GERALD.

The Power and Meaning of a Bottle.

From "New York Journal," June 15th.

How should a whisky drinker talk to his son? If he talked as he feels, he would hold up the flat, brown bottle and say:

"My boy, you know that I am a poor man and have nothing to leave to you or your mother.

"The difference between myself and successful men who have passed me is this:

"I have gone through life with this bottle in my hand or in my pocket. They have not."

A man comes into the world prepared to do his share of the world's work well or ill, as his brain and his physical strength may decide. Of all his qualities the most important practically is balance.

The whisky in that bottle destroys balance, both mental and physical.

It substitutes dreaming and foolish self-confidence for real effort.

It presents all of life's problems and duties in a false light. It makes those things seem unimportant which are most important.

It dulls the conscience, which alone can make men do their duty, in spite of temptation, and struggle on to success in spite of exhaustion.

Keep away from this bottle, and keep away from those who praise it. He who hands it to his fellow man is a criminal, and he who hands it to a young man is a worse criminal and a villain.

"It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe unto him, through whom they come."—St. Luke, xvii., 1.

It is a well established fact that in the usual order of events drunkenness would be handed down from father to son, and hundreds of thousands of families would be ultimately wiped out by whisky.

It is not true, fortunately, that the son of a drunkard actually inherits drunkenness fully developed. But a drunkard gives to his son weakened nerves and a diminished will power, which tends to make him a drunkard more easily than his father was made a drunkard before him.

The great safeguard of a drunkard's children undoubtedly lies in the warning which they see every day in their home and in the earnest advice which the man who drinks will give to all young people if he have any conscience left.

If the man who drinks would save his own children from the same danger he can do so better than any other. He need not lose their respect by telling them of his own mistakes, if these mistakes have been hidden from them. Let him simply tell them without personal reference what he knows about whisky, its effects on a man's happiness, success, self-respect, and physical comfort.

Whisky gives a great many things to men—negative gifts most of them. Of these gifts here are a few:

Lack of friends, lack of will, lack of self-respect, lack of nervous force—lack of everything save the hideous craving that can end only with unconsciousness, and that begins again with increased suffering when consciousness is restored.

With the fear of whisky, there should be impressed upon children sympathy and sorrow for the unfortunate drunkard.

One of the ablest men, and one of the most earnest in America, said to his friend very recently:—

"I never drink, as you know. But when I see a man lying drunk in the gutter, I know that he has probably made that very day a harder effort at self-control, a nobler struggle to control himself, than I ever made in my life. He has yielded and fallen at last, but only because all of his strength is insufficient to overcome the disease that possesses him."

Teach your children that drunkenness is a horrible disease, as bad as leprosy. Teach them that it can be avoided; that the disease is contracted in youth through carelessness, and that it is spread by those who encourage drinking in others. Tell them that the avoiding of whisky is not merely a question of morals or obedience to parents, but a question involving mental and physical salvation, success in life, happiness, and the respect of others.

Some Advertisement Curiosities.

"Lost, by the Rev. ——, a sermon preached at ——, last Sunday, on ——. Of no possible use to anyone but the owner."

"Lost, on Saturday evening, in the Haymarket, a wallet belonging to a gentleman made of calf skin."

"Lost—supposed to be left in a carriage on the S.W.R.—a large blue, Spanish gentleman's cloak."

Here again:

"A lady, highly educated and intelligent, wishes for a *post* as a *Companion*."

Here are two, one provincial, the other London:

"Splendid bull terrier, 2 years old, over 30lbs., best house or yard living, would tear a man to pieces, broken to gun and ferrets, good night dog used to children. Approval. (Address.)"

Here is a doctor who is a little hard on himself. He says that he "has changed his residence to the neighbourhood of the *churchyard*, which he hopes may prove a convenience to his numerous patients."

* * * *

"I AM full of gratitude," said the speaker; "so full that my heart is on my tongue." His auditors laughed; they thought it a huge joke. They did not see that gratitude which is not from, of, and with the heart, is meaningless.

* * * *

THE true test of enjoyment is the memory it leaves behind.

* * * *

"A general principle to be borne in mind is that commonly alcohol attacks the weakest point of the organism, and at its weakest time, whether the weakness be due to heredity, critical periods of life, over exertion, injury, or disease. Thus, a man may have stood a moderate amount of alcohol well, and had no uncontrollable craving for it till he had a severe attack of influenza; yet after that he may become a drunkard, and rapidly develop alcoholism."—Dr. Longhurst.

A Scientific Grandpa.

"See, grandpapa, my flower!" she cried,
"I found it in the grasses!"
And with a kindly smile the sage
Surveyed it through his glasses.

"Ah, yes, he said, "involucrate,
And all the florets ligulate,
Corolla gamopetalous,
Compositæ, exogenous—
A pretty specimen it is,
Taraacum dens-leonis!"

She took the blossom back again,
His face her wistful eye on,
"I thought," she said, with quivering lip,
"It was a dandelion."

* * * *

A VERY practical illustration of the benefits derived from being a teetotaler was given the other day at a railway union open-air meeting. The speaker, a railway man, said:

"At one time I used to belong to the one-suit army. That was when I was drinking. This morning I said to the wife, 'Which suit of clothes shall I wear to-day?' I've got four suits to choose from, now. That's something teetotalism has done for me."

* * * *

HOUSE AND HOME.

A HOUSE is built of bricks and stones, of sills, and posts, and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds that stand a thousand years.
A house, though but an humble cot, within its walls may hold
A home of priceless beauty, rich in love's eternal gold.
The men of earth build houses—halls and chambers, roofs and domes—
But the women of the earth—God knows—the women build the homes.
Eve could not stray from Paradise, for, oh, no matter where
Her gracious presence lit the way—lo! Paradise was there.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

* * * *

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain once said:—"Drink is the curse of the country. It ruins the fortunes, it injures the health, it destroys the lives of one in twenty of our population. If I could destroy to-morrow the desire for strong drink in the people of England, what changes should we see? We should see our taxes reduced by millions sterling! We should see our gaols and workhouses empty! We should see more lives saved in twelve months than are consumed in a century of bitter and savage war."

Introduction :

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm. Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret—the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. Late on Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from making purchases in the village, she was startled at the farm gate by a small boy who darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil." asked to see the farmer, for which purpose he was taken into the great farm kitchen. He proved to be a messenger from the farmer's son, who came home on Xmas Eve, a decrepit, broken-down man, separated from his wife, to die. The farmer received him gladly, and promised the dying man to care for his "Little Phil," who became as the apple of his eye. Three years after, Phil developed a waywardness which began to greatly trouble the old farmer. Some of his chums were not quite all the farmer desired for him. The latter was greatly troubled when Phil insisted upon going with them and the local undertaker to a neighbouring town, where, after visiting various places, he went to the church, where he was introduced to the Vicar, Mr. Hope, a meeting full of potentialities. Shortly after a stranger, a cyclist, passing the farm particularly noticed Phil, and drew him into conversation, afterwards returning in great haste to London, where he announced to an excited and anxious woman, "I have found him." Farmer Amden, who had heavily mortgaged his farm to pay Phil's father's debts, became very worried lest he should be unable to clear the estate, provide a suitable education for Phil, and leave him a competence. At about the same time, a long uninhabited house adjoining Amden Farm became occupied by a woman, who evidently was deeply interested in the farmer and his grandson. One day a schoolfellow angered young Phil by calling his father a thief. A fight would have followed, had not the schoolmaster extorted a promise not to fight. This led his schoolmates to accuse the lad of being a coward, a taunt which almost caused him to break his promise, when suddenly the teacher appeared on the scene. The schoolmaster having reproached the lads, compelled them to apologise to Phil, who, the same day, heard that he was to have a private tutor. On the date fixed for the latter's arrival, Phil, while in the fields, overheard a conversation between the tenant of Rose Cottage and a stranger, who turned out to be the tutor, Mr. Wilson. One day Phil astonished his grandfather by requesting £2 for some mysterious friend of his, and failing to get all that sum, tells his need and his secret to the tenant of Rose Cottage.

Chapter X.

Jim Tate's Plot.

WHEN Phil had finished telling his little secret, the face of Mrs. Armitage looked very grave, and her eyes, so full of sunlight before, sad, very sad. Indeed, Phil thought he detected a small tear in one of their corners.

"Phil," she said softly, "you are a noble, generous boy; and I am proud to—to—know you. But this man who asks you for money, although he may be in need of it, is not honest, or frank. Why should he be afraid of going himself to your grandfather? He knows—he must know—that Mr. Amden is generous and good, and would help him if he could, and if he thought him deserving of help. Depend upon it, your grandfather knows something about him—"

"He says that he knows something about my grandfather," the boy interrupted.

"He knows nothing wrong; and if he hints that he does, it proves what I say, that he is a bad man. He is trying to make you deceive your grandfather, too. But don't you do it, Phil," she paused with a little catch in her voice, "don't my dar——"

Phil looked up surprised, and the word of endearment died on her lip.

"I promised to get him the money—I did faithful. But if I can't, I can't, can I?"

Mrs. Armitage laughed at this quaint speech.

"No, dear, you can't; and you go and tell him so. And tell him at the same time that when he wants your grandfather to help him again, he must go to him himself."

"I think I will," Phil answered. "My grandfather would give it him if he had it, I know he would."

Soon after this Phil went back to his horse, and leading the patient animal on to level ground, he mounted it; then turning he raised his cap to the woman by the gate, and with a bright smile rode away.

She watched the light young figure sitting gracefully on the old horse, watched it until the curves of the lane hid it from her view, and even then she looked tenderly into the space through which he had ridden. She was still standing by the gate, her elbows resting on the wooden rail, and her little brown chin pillowed in the palms of her hands, when Mr. Wilson, the tutor, passed in search of Phil. He saw her long before she saw him, and his eyes drank in the sweet, homely picture she made, standing there in the sunlight, with the breeze blowing the fluffy little tendrils of her hair about her brow, and ruffling the lace around her slender neck. The longing to stop and speak with her was strong within him, but he resisted it, and would have passed her with a mere lifting of the hat had she not called him back. In answer to that call he turned, and noticed that her face—always pale—was even paler than usual, and that her eyes were troubled. He had only just left the old farmer's presence, and was a trifle worried himself.

"Have you seen the boy to-day?" he asked. He knew that there was only one boy in the world for her.

"It is of him I wish to speak to you," she exclaimed. "He has got into bad company. If you love me as you say you do, you will lift him out of it. Follow him now and see that he comes to no harm. He has gone into the village to see a man named Tate, who, from what I have heard, I feel sure is no fitting companion for—my boy."

The tutor was only too glad to do her bidding.

"If you find Phil, do not tell him that I have sent you after him," she exclaimed, "and now go! Go quickly, for there is danger in every moment the boy spends with that man."

The tutor hurried, but Phil had a good start, and a good quick horse, and besides that he knew the straight road across the fields. So he was explaining matters to Mr. Jim Tate—Bert's father—long before the tutor had gone half his journey.

"I hope the 12s. 6d. will be of some use to you, Mr. Tate. I am sorry I couldn't manage the sum you wanted. But grandfather hadn't it. He really hadn't," seeing a look of doubt creep into the elder Tate's eyes; the younger one was present, but took no part in the conversation. "My grandfather opened the box in which he keeps his money, before my eyes, and I saw what he had exactly. There were two parcels of gold, one contained Mr. Wilson's salary, and the other another sum which my grandfather owes; all the loose cash he gave me, and I have brought it to you."

Mr. Jim Tate looked at the toes of his boots.

"It is very good of you, Phil, to do what you have done, and I won't forget it. And your grandfather too, how kind he is! And what confidence he has in you, too! Fancy him showing you the box in which he keeps his money!"

Phil looked surprised that Mr. Tate should consider such an ordinary thing a mark of confidence.

"Oh, everyone in the house knows where grandfather keeps his money. He makes no secret of it. The box is always there on the sitting-room table. Of course he keeps it locked;" then qualifying the statement a little, "Well, sometimes, any way."

"Of course," repeated Mr. Tate, a trifle absently. "Well, he's a good grandfather to you. That tutor he has got for you must mean a big expense. You won't get a scholar like him for a trifle."

Phil dropped into the net quite innocently.

"I don't know how much a year grandfather is paying him, but it looked a pretty big parcel of gold that was laid aside for him, very near as big as the other, and I am sure there were fifty pounds in that."

Mr. Jim Tate and his son Bert exchanged glances.

"Well, I suppose he deserves a big salary; he's making a fine gentleman of you. How is it you are not at your lessons to-day?"

"I asked off," Phil replied.

"Mr. Wilson going away, perhaps, for the day?"

"I dare say he'll take a holiday when he finds that I've gone out."

"The poor old grandfather doesn't get many holidays!"

"No, he's always working."

Mr. Tate lapsed into another spell of absent-mindedness.

"Well, I've a little bit of work to do too. Perhaps you and Bert there will have a game while I'm away?"

But Phil shook his head.

"I don't think I'll play cards any more," he said. "I think my grandfather would be vexed if he knew I played, and I feel deceitful doing anything that I am afraid to tell him about. I hope you do not mind, Mr. Tate."

"Certainly not," Jim Tate replied, but the queer gleam in his eyes contradicted his words.

"And if you cannot manage with the few shillings I have brought you," Phil remarked, suddenly remembering Mrs. Armitage's words, "I think my grandfather would help you, if you were to ask him yourself, that is if he could."

"Your grandfather was never over fond of

me," Mr. Tate retorted, "though I could never understand why he should dislike me. I was a good friend to your father, the best he ever had, and he would tell you that if he was alive, poor fellow! Ah, well—there's nobody that isn't misjudged sometime or other; perhaps people will understand me some day."

With these words he passed out, and Phil rose to follow his example.

"You won't stay for a game of cards, then?" the younger Tate asked somewhat sullenly.

"No, not to-day, thank you, Bert."

"All right, please yourself. I'm jolly glad though that I've no blooming old grandfather to tie me to his coat-tails. But I wouldn't be tied if I had. I'm not such a milksop."

"My grandfather doesn't try to tie me to his coat-tails," Phil retorted. "He gives me all my own way, and trusts me. That is why I feel so mean when I do anything that he might not like. He's a jolly good sort, and I hope I shall never do anything to give him pain."

When Phil had gone, and was far out of sight, Jim Tate crept back into the house, and shook his son—who had settled himself for a sleep—by the arm.

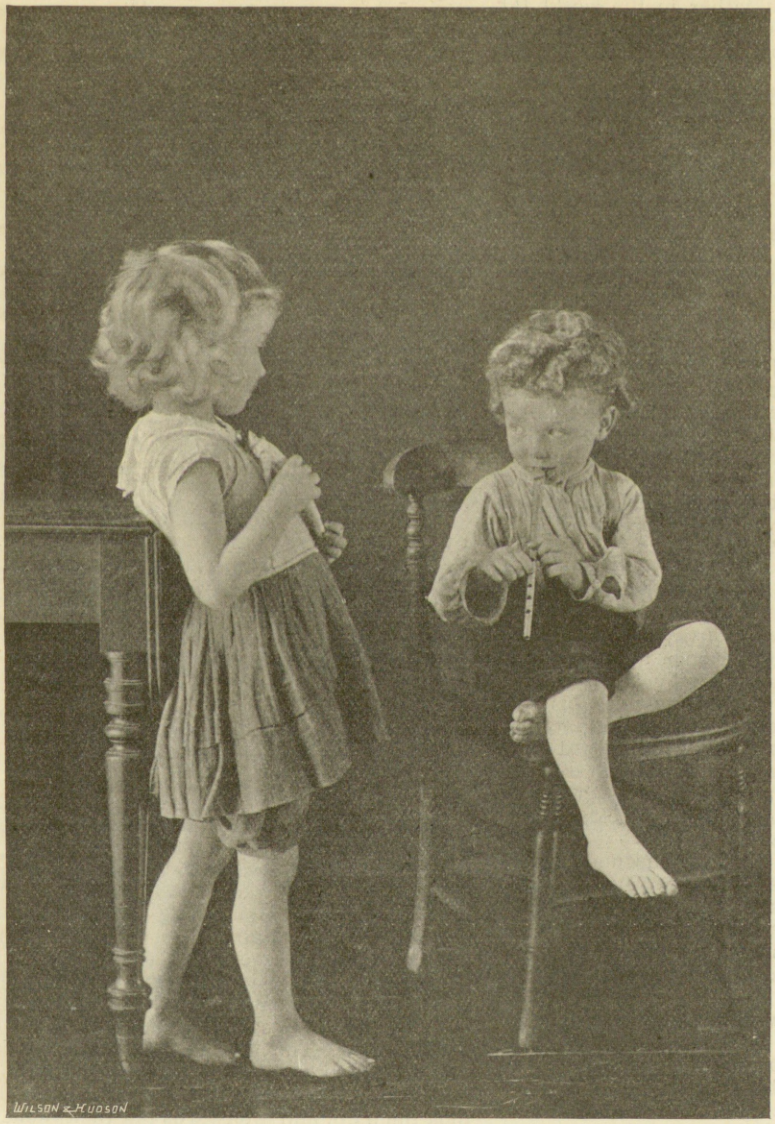
"You heard what he said about the box and the money?" he whispered.

"What if I did?"

"Well, we must have it. You don't often do anything for me, but you must do that. If I don't have some money by the end of the week, we'll be turned out of the house, neck and crop."

"How can I get the box, or the money?"

PRIZE PICTURE.



Music hath Charms.

After a photo by
Miss ELLA I TOMLINSON.

Taken with a Thornton-Pickard "Amber" Camera Lens and Studio Shutter.

"You can try."

"And supposing I'm copped?"

"You little coward! Have I brought you up to this?"

"Oh, I know you've brought me up well, father," the boy answered with a burst of passion. "You've brought me up to crib, and lie, and cheat at cards, and ——"

But he said no more. His father silenced him with a blow in the mouth.

"Take that! you impudent young brat! And if I wasn't the kindest father in the world I'd give you more! Now clear out, and do what I tell you. If you are copped, the old chap—curse him—dare not say a word. I know something will shut his mouth. But you won't be copped if you keep you're wits about you. If the money disappears, they're as likely to think that young idiot, Phil, has taken it as you. Do the trick well, and I'll reward you."

"I don't want your reward," Bert retorted, rubbing his sleeve across the place where his father had struck him. "If I do crib the money, it won't be for your sake, it will be to make him look a thief—I hate him!"

"I don't care why you do it, if you bring me the money, that's all I care."

Thus speaking, Mr. Jim Tate went out again, to be confronted almost at the door, with Mr. Wilson, the man whose salary had inspired him with such a wicked plot.

Mr. Wilson was sorry to learn that Phil, of whom he had come in search, had gone. Did Mr. Tate know in what direction he had gone? Mr. Tate was genuinely delighted to be able to inform the tutor that Phil had taken the directly opposite way to home. He believed the boy had expressed his intention of spending the evening with some clergyman, who lived some distance off. All this was perfectly true, and Mr. Tate was glad to tell the truth for once in a way, as it might serve his own purpose, by keeping both Phil and his tutor out of the way until his son Bert had performed the little task he had set him.

The tutor was not favourably impressed with Mr. Tate, and felt more resolved than ever to keep his eye on Phil, and prevent him as far as lay in his power from coming into too close touch with company so undesirable.

Strange to say, Mr. Simpson, the undertaker, was at that very moment trying to perform the same friendly act towards Phil that the latter's teacher was contemplating doing. Phil, having a few hours still at his disposal, walked into the undertaker's shop some little time after leaving the Tates.

Mr. Simpson was always glad to see Phil; he found the boy such an intelligent listener. The undertaker preferred a good listener to a good talker, as he felt capable of doing all the talking necessary himself. He was full of anecdotes and stories, and had a slight acquaintance with the history of most of the nations, and their leading men and women. Phil was intensely interested in all Mr. Simpson had to say, and Mr. Simpson was intensely pleased to behold Phil's interest. So the two got on pretty well together. But although the undertaker was never happy except when talking, there were moments when he was capable of both listening and observing. And during a few of those moments he had heard and seen enough to make him wish that Phil Amden did not see so much of the Tates—father and son. So hearing from Phil on that particular day that the latter had just come from their company, he took the opportunity to unburden his mind on the subject.

"You keep away from the Tates. They're no good, Phil; and nothing but trouble can come of your visits to them. If you knew what I know you would never go near them!"

Phil had a very high opinion of Mr. Simpson's judgment, so he was naturally impressed a little by what he said. The fact struck him, too, that it was the second time that day that he had been warned against the Tates. He began to feel a bit uncomfortable, and to wish that he had not kept so many things in connection with his visits to them secret from his grandfather—the dear old man, who was so kind to him. When he turned his back on Mr. Simpson's shop, an impulse to run straight home and tell his grandfather all about his card-playing took hold of him. He made no effort to resist it, so mounting old Tony, turned the horse in the direction of home.

Arriving there, Phil at once ran into the sitting-room in search of the old farmer, and not finding him there, came out again to look for him in the grounds just as Jane, who had been hanging some dusters out in the sun to dry, was returning to the house.

"Lor! Master Phil, what a start you gave me. I thought you had gone out for the afternoon."

"So did I, but I wanted to speak to my grandfather about something—where is he?"

"He's gone out on business, and won't be back for some time," Jane replied.

"Oh, well, I won't wait. You needn't tell him that I was looking for him. I'll be off now."

And jumping on old Tony's back he galloped away.

(To be continued.)

During the coal strike a Roman Catholic priest in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, did a bit of excellent public service, and at the same time a most helpful service to the strikers and their families in his congregation. One morning when his church was full of worshippers, he took occasion to preach a strong temperance sermon. At its close he called upon all the men who were present to rise and take the oath of total abstinence which they should keep sacred so long as the strike should last. The men seeing the wisdom of this act and the good that would result to themselves and their families, obeyed the request, took the oath, and afterwards put their names to a temperance pledge. It would be well if this example were followed in other communities.

ERRATUM.—In line 13, *first column, page* 133, *September issue, appear the words "or 6s. 6d. per head, per week, etc." This should read "6s. 6d. per family, per week."*

The Life of the British Soldier.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN HERO.

IN INDIA.

TROOPS arriving in India get a good feed either in the canteen or in the temperance room. The meal is invariably provided in the latter place now. I well remember when I arrived, the old soldiers put ale upon our plates, with pudding, for sauce. Thanks largely to the efforts of Lord Roberts and other good officers the Temperance rooms are made well worthy of their names. Let us take a glimpse inside one.

THE TEMPERANCE ROOM.

A rather large room is given by the officer in command, and in most cases is very well furnished. At one end is the refreshment bar where the troops may obtain light refreshment all day, and where at night a good supper may be had for very little. All the refreshments are served outside the room on the verandah. One portion of the room is partitioned off for a reading room and library; another for recreation, *i.e.*, billiards, draughts, chess, cards, and many other games. Cricket and football clubs are also provided for those who play, all that is charged for membership being four annas (about 4d.) per month. Each total abstaining member gets a medal after six months, and one each year he continues as such. After four years the medals become very valuable. A large gold medal is given for seven years' total abstinence, and as the years advance the more valuable is the medal given.

Tommy finds life in India altogether different to the one experienced in England. In hot stations nearly all the work has to be done in the morning before breakfast, and the soldier is not allowed out between breakfast and tea. In each barrack-room and over each soldier's bed is a punkah. The windows are stuffed with hay-chicks, and are kept wet so as to cool the air passing into the room. The punkahs are pulled by a man known as the punkah-wallah, and so act as a fan over each bed and circulate the cool air through the whole room. Sometimes the punkah-wallah in the night falls asleep. Then the rooms get so warm that it is hard to sleep, and the

MOSQUITOES GET LIVELY,

when up jumps Tommy and throws a boot at the punkha-wallah, or worse still, he gets a quantity of water and walks up to the poor sleeping Hindu and drops the whole lot upon him.

The atmosphere is so hot that some of the men when they get a wee bit tipsy wet their sheets to keep them cool, but when steam begins to fly they are worse off than before. Some of the men sleep under the bed on the cold flags.

Soldiering in India is much easier than in England. Tommy has a native who will black his boots and keep his knife and fork clean, and also his cot, all for four annas per month. He can get his hair cut twice a month and be shaved every day for four annas a month. The nappie (barber) comes very early each morning and hangs his lamp over the man's head so that the light shines upon the face to be shaved, and in a very short time the job is finished. His washing, too, is done cheap. For ten annas a month he gets all his washing, including bedding, white shirts, four white suits of clothes, which are got up beautifully, and would shame any English washerwoman if compared with her clothes.

Tommy's cooking is done well and cheaply. Twenty men may order as many different dinners and have them cooked and served up in style. The rations provide for one pound of beef or mutton per day (half for breakfast and half for dinner). After the native cook has finished with a steak it is double the size it was, for he flattens and beats it until it is as thin as a shilling. Tommy can purchase extra beef or mutton at six pice (1½d.) per pound, and vegetables may be bought equally cheap. Fancy, tomatoes twelve pounds for one anna (1d.) A chicken can be bought for four annas, and a duck for six annas, and a goose for eight or ten annas.

The troops are

PAID BETTER IN INDIA

than at home, and with everything being cheaper they stand a better chance of saving something and providing for the time when they come home.

Jungling is a favourite pastime with a lot of men. Each company has at least four rifles that are lent out to the men, while many buy for themselves. Jungling passes are allowed to parties of three or more, sometimes for a fortnight and sometimes even longer, to soldiers of fair character. Big game as well as small game abounds in India. Tigers, cheetahs, elephants, panthers and hyenas among the former, and deer, foxes, hares, and rabbits the latter. Wild pigs and birds are to be found in abundance.

It is a bit awkward, though, when a party seeking small game comes across unwished for large game. I remember such a case when out

with another man in search of small game. At dusk we came across a tiger. It is putting it mildly to say we felt a bit creepy, and wanted to leave

OUR FRIEND THE TIGER

quite to himself, but he showed a bit of a daring spirit and his eyes shone close to us at dark. Happily, however, he acted very wisely and retired unmolested, and when we got back to barracks laughed at each other and made promises to be prepared for future occasions.

To be in the jungle day after day with nothing to eat or drink only what one can pick up is no laughing matter. Men are driven at times to do desperate things. I remember two men going out for a fortnight, who while in the jungle were so put to it that they had to drink the blood of deer and eat its flesh raw. One died in the jungle and the other was ill for a long time after.

"Toddy" may be had from the natives when you can get near their dwellings. This is an intoxicating drink. Many men find dharu shops. Dharu, or red-harric, is

A MOST REVOLTING DRINK.

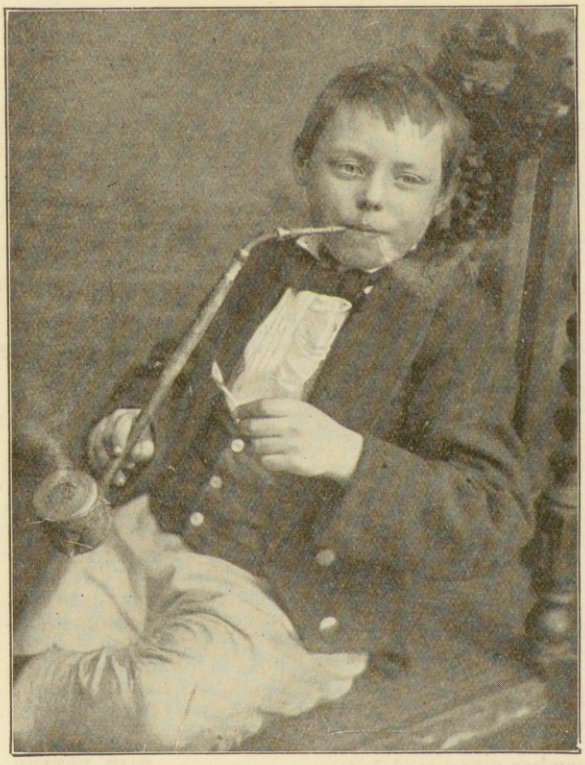
It stinks horribly and burns dreadfully. The troops call it 'fix bayonets' and 'billy stink,' and hold their noses when drinking it. It is very cheap, and drives men mad. Men seek passes specially to go in search of this stuff. One place, one-and-a-half miles from barracks, in Mhow, which the troops called "McKay's Hotel," a dirty hovel into which scarcely any light entered, was the filthiest place I have ever seen. Here the troops went to get red-harric, and often blacks and whites used to fight until they nearly killed each other.

I remember my own chum going out with another fellow seeking something to drink. On returning my chum stooped to drink at a dirty stream proceeding from a village. He returned to barracks and was taken ill. His feet went black and then his legs. Men began to turn quite pale for they knew quite well what it was. We took him to hospital, and in a couple of hours he was dead. The doctor said it was cholera, and at once ordered his company out

"CHOLERA-DODGING."

The same day two other cases developed, and one died at night. The epidemic spread like wild-fire, and all the regiment was isolated from the other troops. New cases developed daily until we were burying five and six, and more, each day. Every evening found us in a new camping ground, but with always some of the men left behind victims to the horrible plague. "War!" said an old soldier with a breast full of medals to me one evening, when we were remarking about the very carrion birds leaving us while we had cholera amongst us, "I would rather fight all the Russian, German, and French soldiers as one united army than be in a cholera plague." So say I. At two o'clock a man was walking about apparently healthy, and at four the same afternoon he was buried. Night and day for six weeks the most heartrending scenes were enacted. And all this suffering through the wrong-doing of one man. How true it is that the community have to suffer for the few.

"In South Africa" will form the subject of the next two articles.



HIS FIRST SMOKE: "ISN'T IT JOLLY!"

Shall I Smoke?

PARS FOR SMOKERS.

One Cigar a Day.

"How can you afford all these books?" asked a young man, calling upon a friend; "I can't seem to find spare cash for even the leading magazines."

"Oh, that library is only my 'one cigar a day,'" was the reply.

"What do you mean?" inquired the visitor.

"Mean? Just this: When you advised me to indulge in an occasional cigar, several years ago, I had been reading about a young fellow who bought books with money which others would have burned in cigars, and I thought I would try to do the same. You may remember that I said I should allow myself one cigar a day?"

"Yes, I recall the conversation, but don't quite see the connection."

"Well, I never smoked, but I put by the price of a cigar every day; and, as the money accumulated, I bought books—the very books you see."

"You don't mean to say that your books cost

no more than that! Why, there is quite a valuable collection!"

"Yes, I know there is. I had six years more of my apprenticeship to serve when you advised me 'to be a man.' I keep these books by themselves as a result of my apprenticeship cigar money; and, if you'd done as I did, you would by this time have saved more money than I have, and been better off in health and self-respect besides."

"I Have Orders Not to Go."

"I have orders—positive orders—not to go there; orders that I dare not disobey," said the youth, who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us if you can. Show us your orders!"

John took out a neat wallet from his pocket, and showed them a carefully folded paper.

They looked, and read aloud:—

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of the evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." (Prov. 4: 14-15).

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going there with you. They are God's orders, and by His help I do not mean to break them."

HIS FIRST SMOKE: "OH-H-H! NEVER AGAIN."

The Way Some People Do.

A little girl standing by the curb as one of her father's parishioners drove up while smoking a cigar, thus accosted him:

"Why! do you smoke?"

"Sorry to say I do," answered the member.

"Well, my papa does, too, but he goes up to his study where God can't see him."

The Boy and the Cigarette.

It is possible that the refusal of merchants, manufacturers and professional men to employ boys addicted to the cigarette habit will do more to check the evil than all the laws ever passed or planned. When a boy knows that his future chance to earn a livelihood depends on his quitting the ill-smelling cigarette the knowledge will doubtless have more effect on him than a dozen parents' or pedagogues' lectures on the subject. The beauty of the thing is that no manner of deceit will avail, for the cigarette-smoking boy carries the literal sign manual of his vice on his fingers. A boy confessed last week that out of ten places to which he had applied for work the head of not one had neglected to ask him if he smoked cigarettes. In a number of instances he was made to show his fore fingers. Few people will be sorry even if the action of the employers results in cutting off some of the profits of the Cigarette Trusts. The dividend paid in brain, body and muscle will more than compensate the community.

God Grant it.

And peace is here; and hope and love
Are round us as a mantle thrown,
And unto Thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But oh, for those this day can bring,
As unto us, a joyful thrill—
For those, who, under Freedom's wing,
Are bound in slavish fetters still:

For those to whom Thy living word
Of light and love is never given—
For those whose ears have never heard
The promise and the hope of heaven!

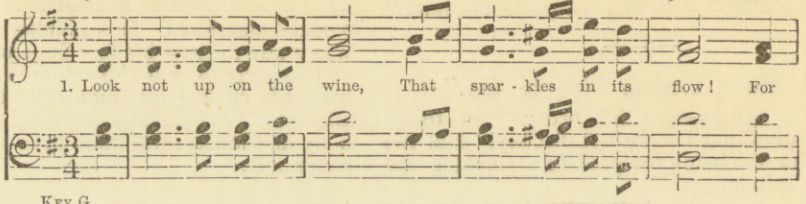
For broken hearts and clouded minds
Whereon no human mercies fall,
Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined,
Who, as a father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land and tongue and clime
The message of Thy love shall hear.

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust;
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

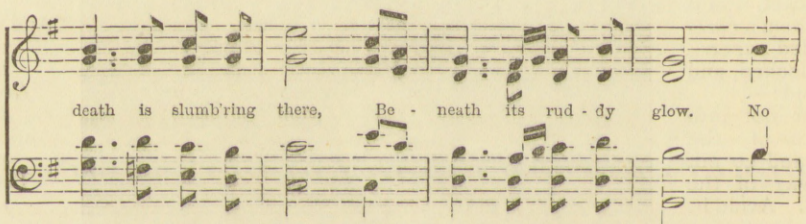
SHUN THE TEMPTING SNARE.

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

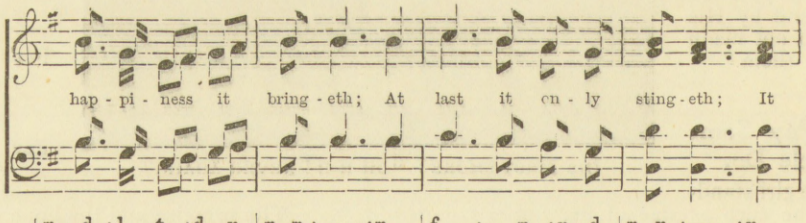


KEY G.

:d	d :- .d :d .r	m :— :m .f	s :- .fe,s:l .s	r :— :r	
2. Be -	hold the gi - ant	fiend Who	laughs in mock-er-	y! He	
:s_1	s_1 :- .s_1 :s_1 .d	d :— :d	d :- .d :d .d	t_1 :— :t_1	
3. Go	thou, un - veil his	form, And	bid the err-ing	flee; Oh,	
:m	m :- .m :m .f	s :— :d .r	m :- .re,m:f .s	s :— :s	
4. Lift	up the tempted	soul Now	fall - en in de-	spair; Oh,	
:d	d :- .d :d .d	d :— :d	d :- .d :d .m_1	s_1 :— :s_1	

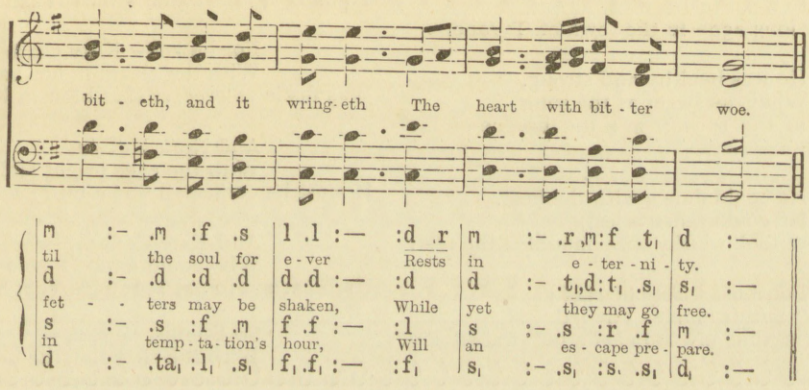


m :- .m :f .s	l :— :f .r	d :- .t_1,d:r .m	d :— :m	
binds the strongest	heart, And	beasts of vic - to -	ry. No	
d :- .d :d .d	d :— :d .l_1	s_1 :- .s_1 :s_1 .s_1	s_1 :— :m	
lift the de-mon's	mask, And	let the tempted	see! Im -	
s :- .s :f .m	f :— :l .f	m :- .r,m:f .s	m :— :m	
lead his thoughts a -	bove, To	God, who hear-eth	prayer! His	
d :- .ta,:l_1 .s_1	f_1 :— :f_1	s_1 :- .s_1 :s_1 .s_1	d_1 :— :m	

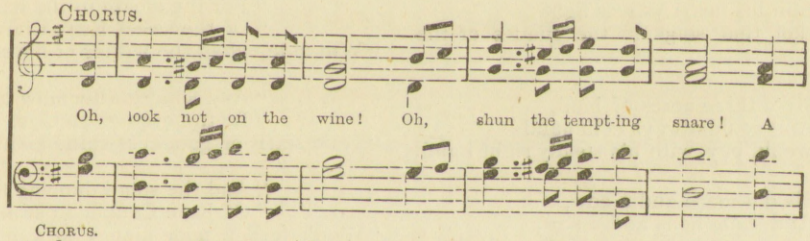


m .,d :l_1 .t_1 :d .r	m .m :— :m	f :- .m :r .d	m .r :— :r	
hu - man hand can	se - ver His	bands, that loosen	ne-ver Un	
m .,d :l_1 .t_1 :d .r	m .m :— :m	f :- .m :r .d	d .t_1 :— :t_1	
plore them to a -	waken Ere	hap - - pi - ness be	taken, While	
m .,d :l_1 .t_1 :d .r	m .m :— :m	f :- .m :r .d	s .s :— :s	
arm, in migh - ty	power, Can	bid the de-mon	cower, And	
m .,d :l_1 .t_1 :d .r	m .m :— :m	f :- .m :r .d	s_1 .s_1 :— :s_1	

SHUN THE TEMPTING SNARE—*continued.*

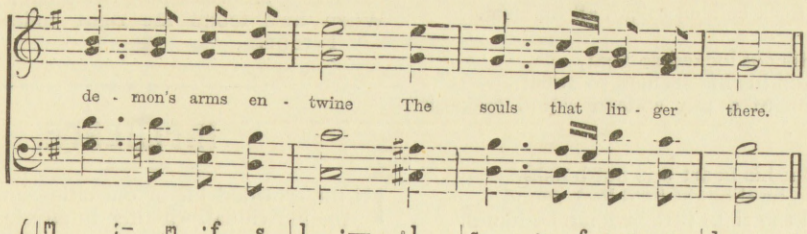


CHORUS.



CHORUS.

:d | r :- .de,r:m .r | d :— :m .f | s :- .fe,s:l .s | r :— :r
:s, | s, :- .s, :s, .s, | s, :— :s, | d :- .d :d .d | t, :— :t,
Oh, look not on the wine! Oh, shun the tempting snare! A
:m | f :- .m ,f:s .f | m :— :d .r | m :- .re,m:f .s | s :— :s
:d | s, :- .s, :s, .s, | d :— :d | d :- .d :d .m, | s, :— :s,



m :- .m :f .s | l :— :l | s :- .f ,m :m .r | d :—
d :- .d :d .d | d :— :d | d :- .d :d .t, | d :—
de - - mon's arms en - twine The souls that lin - ger there.
s :- .s :f .m | f :— :re | m :- .r ,d :s .f | m :—
d :- .ta, :l, .s, | f, :— :fe, | s, :- .s, :s, .s, | d, :—

The Choice of Dennis Malone.

By May Gerald.

One Dennis Malone,
In a cot of his own
Lived—not long ago—in the town of Tyrone.

He was healthy and strong,
While, as sweet as the song
Of a bird in the spring, was the brogue of his tongue.

He could dance with the best,
He could relish a jest,
But he never took whisky that muddled the rest.

For most wisely he said:
"Sure whiniver I'm fed,
'Tis to stringthin my stomach, not waken my head."

If times were not bright,
Still his heart was as light
As the cricket that sings in the shades of the night.

He'd three acres of land,
And could always command
A job that would pay, with his steady right hand.

He'd a mare and a cow,
And some hens and a sow,
And with these he had plenty, I think you'll allow.

And between you and me,
He was careless and free
As the little wild bird on the top of the tree.

Yet, he sometimes felt lone,
In that house in Tyrone,
And longed for a colleen to call all his own.

His cot looked so neat,
And his life seemed so sweet,
That he thought a fair colleen would make it complete.

But his heart was not bound,
So he thought he'd look round
And wait till the right little woman be found.

There were maidens I'll own,
In the town of Tyrone,
Who looked lovely enough for a king on his throne.

There was sweet Kitty Clare,
With a gleam in her hair
Like the sunshine that kisses the hills of Kildare.

There was Nora McCue,
With the eyes bright and blue
As the skies of the June, when the sun's peeping through.

There was Kate Conner, sweet,
Who could dance it so neat,
You would think little fairies had got in her feet.

But Dennis he sighed,
And all vainly he tried
To make up his mind, while the maidens he eyed.

For he knew Kitty Clare
With the gleam in her hair
Was fickle as breezes that blow in Kildare.

And Nora McCue,
With the eyes bright and blue,
It must be confessed was a bit of a shrew.

And Kate Conner, sweet,
Who could dance it so neat,
Had learned to use nothing except her small feet.

So Dennis, he said—
With the shake of the head—
"I'm afraid these sweet colleens are better unwed.

"For the gleam in the hair
"Of the sweet Kitty Clare
"Will fade, when the winter of life settles there!

"And what matter how blue
"Be the eyes of McCue,
"If no spirit of goodness shine lovingly through.

"And the small dancing feet
"Of Kate Conner so sweet,
"Won't feed a poor man who wants something to eat.

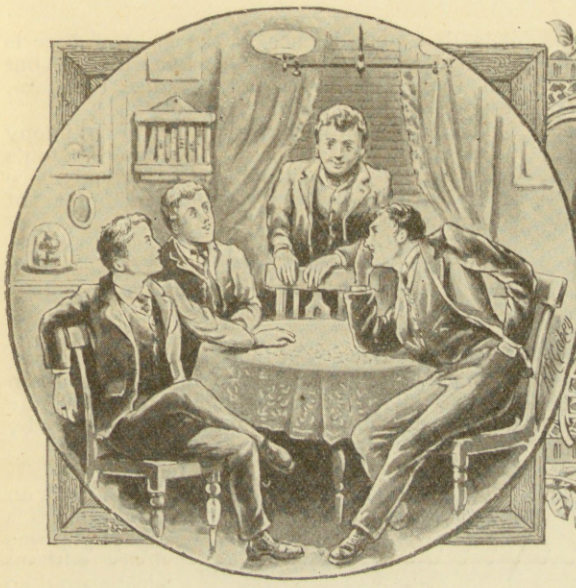
"So I'll keep a free mind
"Till a colleen I find
"With hand that is useful, and heart that is kind."

Now let it be known,
He won't long live alone,
When he's found the right colleen in lovely Tyrone.

INFLUENCE.

IN the crowded life of our cities, any change in the individual, whether in physical health or moral character, is communicated in an almost mysterious way to his fellow-citizens. One degraded or ill-conducted worker will demoralise a whole family; one disorderly family inexplicably lowers the conduct of a whole street; the low-caste life of a single street spreads its evil influence over the entire quarter; and the slum quarter, connected with the others by a thousand unnoticed threads of human intercourse, subtly deteriorates the standard of health, morality, and public spirit of the whole city. Fortunately, though this is less often noted, improvement is as contagious as deterioration.

—*Mrs. Sidney Webb*



OUR CLUB

By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

MEMBERS:—

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

Our Club has only four members, but they are earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them.

X.—PHYSICAL ADVANTAGES OF ABSTINENCE.

William: "You seem to be very deep in that paper, Jim, what is there that is so very interesting? A fellow drops in to have a bit of a chat, and you busy yourself in the newspaper and don't say a word."

James: "So sorry, old man, but I had got hold of a very interesting bit, and wanted to finish it."

William: "Well, what was this very interesting bit? You may as well pass it on for our information."

James: "Here it is. I'll read it you. Diavolo is performing a most daring cycling feat in London. It is called looping the loop. The performer comes down a slope at the rate of forty miles an hour, and enters a circle some thirty feet in diameter, standing like the section of a huge pipe on the floor. The rider traverses the whole of this circle, at one point, therefore, being head downwards, his speed slackening to about twelve miles an hour, and then as he comes down the inner slope of the loop, he emerges to the level platform again at forty miles an hour.

John: "What a foolhardy thing! He must risk his life every time he does the performance."

Robert: "That's what I call cycling with a vengeance."

William: "Well, a man would want plenty of pluck and plenty of nerve to do a thing like that. Why, he would want muscles of iron and nerve of steel. The slightest deviation when he is going over the circle and he must be killed."

James: "He does it though, and what is more he has been telling the newspaper interviewer, that in order to preserve a steady nerve, and to keep hinself in the best form, he is a total abstainer."

William: "There you go again. What fellows you are. You can't talk for five minutes without bringing teetotalism in."

Robert: "He didn't bring it in. You asked him what there was in the paper, and then you round on him for telling you."

John: "It's just an ordinary everyday newspaper fact that James has read, so you must not be angry with him."

William: "That's all very well, but you never begin on a subject without teetotalism comes in sooner or later."

James: "Well, we can't help it. It shows how the subject touches every phase of life."

William: "I don't believe half of it. Why, there's lots of these chaps in the athletic world who are drinkers."

John: "Undoubtedly there are. The probability, however, is, that they would be still better than they are if they added total abstinence to their other virtues."

James: "As it is, they all, of necessity, must be strictly abstemious, and the tip top ones, as a rule, are teetotalers."

Robert: "It is quite certain that a man who indulges freely in strong drink could never be a good athlete."

William: "Why, young Solon. What can you know about it?"

Robert: "A good deal. My dad was a top man in his young days. He has a room full of trophies that he won, and he will tell you that in his experience the teetotaler has all the best of it in athletics."

John : "Talking about nerve and steadiness, it seems that motor car racing wants more than any other sport known. I saw in the paper a day or two ago that Mr. Jarrott, a notable racer, said that for motor racing a man needs quick judgment, and nerves as sound as a bell."

William : "Go on. Tell us he was a teetotaler, and then the statement will be complete."

John : "How riled you seem to be when any fact is against you. I don't know anything about Mr. Jarrott, whether he is a teetotaler or not, but I am sure that if he is a successful motorist, he is an abstemious man."

William : "Ah, that's all right. I am an abstemious man, myself. I quite agree with that."

Robert : "I dare say there are plenty of motorists who are teetotalers though."

James : "I know one, and that is Mr. S. F. Edge, who was the winner of the Gordon-Bennett International Cup. All his splendid motoring feats have been achieved without alcohol."

John : "There's no doubt about it, that the best physical powers can be got without alcohol in any form."

William : "That's just where you and I don't agree."

Robert : "But you can't get away from facts I saw in a book for boys the other day, that Grace, the cricketer, says: 'All intoxicating drinks are unnecessary, and only make you more thirsty than before you took them. He also said that he had played many long innings without anything to drink. Beer is a very bad thing for cricket.'"

Mr. W. N. Edwards (the Author of "Our Club" Dialogues), in his Laboratory.

James : "I think we must agree that amongst prominent athletes there is a strong conviction that alcohol is antagonistic to the best results. The well known brothers, J. E. K. Studd and C. T. Studd, were in the very front rank of athletes, and they were both total abstainers."

John : "Then there is Mr. J. C. Clegg, of Sheffield, who was one of the best runners of his day, and during his career won eighty-four prizes, seventy-four of them being first prizes. He also was a staunch abstainer."

William : "Well, you fellows completely get over me. No sooner do I say a word in defence of my glass of beer than you are ready with people from all quarters of the globe to confute me."

John : "There is a simple reason for that, and it is that your defence of the glass of beer is founded on fallacies in which you believe, but which are none the less fallacies, and, therefore, it is so easy to knock them over."

James : "There is any amount of testimony if you want that, William. Think of Weston's great walk of 5,000 miles in 100 days, and more recently when between sixty and seventy years of age he undertook to walk 112 miles in twenty-four hours, in the Ice Skating Palace, New York. He had previously done this feat, but on this occasion he only made 103¼ miles. But that was a wonderful feat. Weston has been a teetotaler many years."

Robert : "But wasn't there Holbein, the great swimmer, who the other day (August, 1902) swam 50 miles in the English Channel? Although he did not succeed in reaching the English shore by about half a mile, yet it was a record swim."

William : "But is Holbein a teetotaler?"

John : "I do not think we can claim him as an avowed abstainer, but it is quite certain that this great swim was done without alcohol, and so was Captain Webb's great swim, when he crossed from Dover to Calais."

James : "There is Frank Holmes, who is also a great swimmer, and has done some record work; he is an avowed teetotaler."

Robert: "But Holbein is also a great cyclist, and I was reading that he cycled 324 miles in 24 hours on one occasion, and all that time he was a teetotaler."

William : "Well, I can't argue the question with you. It seems to me that you always get the best of it. The long and short of it is that I shall have to turn teetotal."

John : "There is no doubt that we have the best of evidence that anyone who wishes to get physical perfection must be a total abstainer, and it seems to me, therefore, only common sense that we should be abstainers."

William : "Well, I must be off now. I'll think it over before we meet again."

Just *do* a thing, and don't talk about it. This is the great secret of success in all enterprises. Talk means discussion: discussion means irritation: irritation means opposition: and opposition means hindrance always, whether you are right or wrong. . . . Sarah Grand.

The Death of Little Mary.

By T. S. Arthur.

"FATHER!" The stillness was broken by Mary. Her voice was clear and even.

"Father, I want to tell you something."

"What is it, Mary."

"There'll be nobody to go for you, father.'

The child's lips now quivered and tears filled her eyes.

"Don't talk about that, Mary. I'm not going out in the evening any more until you get well. Don't you remember I promised?"

"But, father——" she hesitated.

"What, dear?"

"I'm going to leave you and mother."

"Oh, no—no—no, Mary! Don't say that"—the poor man's voice was broken—"don't say that! We can't let you go, dear!"

"God has called me."

The child's voice had a solemn tone, and her eyes turned reverently upward.

"I wish He would call me! Oh, I wish He would call me!" groaned Morgan, hiding his face in his hands. "What shall I do when you are gone? Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Father!" Mary spoke calmly again. "You are not ready to go yet. God will let you live here longer, that you may get ready."

"How can I get ready without you to help me, Mary?—my angel child!"

"Haven't I tried to help you, father, oh so many times?" said Mary.

"Yes—yes, you've always tried."

"But it wasn't any use. You would go to the tavern. It seemed almost as if you couldn't help it."

Morgan groaned in spirit.

"Maybe I can help you better, father, after I die. I love you so much that I'm sure God will let me come to you and stay without always and be your angel. Don't you think that He will, mother?"

But Mrs. Morgan's heart was too full. She did not even try to answer, but sat with streaming eyes gazing upon her child's face.

Nearly five minutes glided away and then Mary whispered the name of her father, but without opening her eyes.

Morgan answered, and bent down his ear.

"You will only have mother left," she said; "only mother. And she cries so much when you are away."

"I won't leave her, Mary, only when I go to work," said Morgan, whispering back to the child. "And I'll never go out at night any more."

"Yes; you promise me that?"

"And I'll promise more."

"What, father?"

"Never to go in a tavern again."

"Never?"

"No, never. And I'll promise still more."

"Father?"

"Never to drink a drop of liquor as long as I live."

"Oh, father—dear, dear father!" And, with a cry of joy, Mary started up and flung herself upon his breast.

Morgan drew his arms tightly around her, and sat for a long time with his lips on her cheeks, whilst she lay against his bosom as still as death.

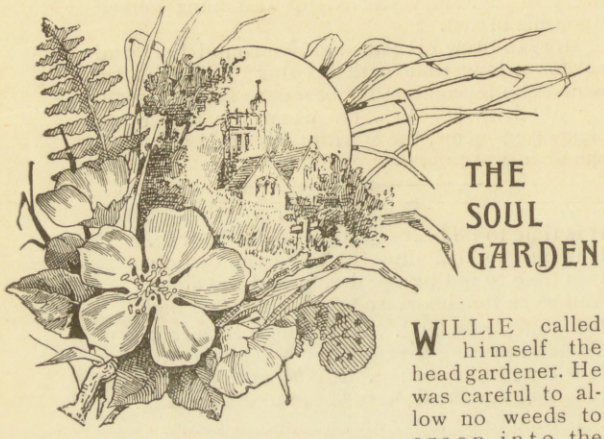
"As death!" Yes, for when the father unclasped his arms, the spirit of his child was with the angels of the resurrection!

It is Time.

It is time to be brave. It is time to be true.
It is time to be finding the thing you can do.
It is time to put by the dream and the sigh,
And work for the cause that is holy and high.
It is time to be kind. It is time to be sweet,
To be scattering roses for somebody's feet.
It is time to be sowing. It is time to be growing,
It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing.
It is time to be lowly and humble of heart.
It is time for the lilies of meekness to start;
For the heart to be white, and the steps to be right,
And the hands to be weaving a garment of light.

TO WORKING PEOPLE.

WE talk of overcrowding and the housing question. This is the sum which would provide the needed additional accommodation. We deplore that children are underfed. Here is a sum that would go far to supplement their under-supply of food into sufficiency. Indeed, it is not too much to say that amongst a large section of the poor and working classes, the expenditure of their money on drink means that the health and strength, and the physical and mental powers of the children are being sacrificed—they are being swallowed. We talk of old age pensions, but we are apt to forget, not only that drinking, and the conditions which result from it, hasten the infirmities of old age, and shorten the active and vigorous period of life, but, also, that the money frittered away on drink would far more than provide the pensions commonly talked about. An annual payment of 33s. a year, commencing at age 20, would provide a pension of 10s. a week at age 65 for life. Yet the consumers of alcohol among the working classes on the average spend four times as much per head on drink. Another minor, but by no means unimportant, phase is, that the cost of living is much increased to the working classes because they buy in small quantities, and live so much from hand to mouth. A little capital in hand would enable them to save probably 25 per cent. on their outlay. That capital they could secure by thrift and abstinence in youth, and they could steadily increase it through life. Further, working people pay an undue share of taxation because they drink. All the outcry against the extent to which they are taxed is really based on the fact that they spend a much larger proportion of their income on drink than do those who are in the middle and wealthy classes. A working man who is an abstainer and does not smoke pays comparatively little taxation.—From *The Economic Aspect of the Drink Problem*, by T. P. Whittaker, M. P.



THE SOUL GARDEN

WILLIE called himself the head gardener. He was careful to allow no weeds to creep into the bit of garden which he and his little brother Tommy called their own, not even into the walks. No one worked more industriously than they with spade, hoe, and wheel barrow when gardening time came.

They were proud of their nice garden, and well they might be, it was so well kept. They worked "like little beavers," Uncle Joe said, and one day when they were resting a bit after a hard tussle with the weeds, he took their pictures.

Another time they sat together watching their big sister, Susie, as she worked in her garden.

"Susie, I wouldn't bother 'bout them teenty weeds," said Tommy, as Susie was carefully raking out some intruders that had crept in; "the big posies'll crowd 'em out, sure."

"Best way is not to let them creep in," said Susie. "I don't mean to let them creep in here or in my other garden, either."

"Into your other garden! Have you got another garden, one all your own, Susie?"

"Yes, Tommy, and so have you. Everybody has a soul garden; grandma told me so. And we plant it ourselves."

"I don't see how, Susie."

"Every true good thing we learn or do is good seed, and brings flowers and fruit, and every false evil thing is weeds, and spoils all. Beer, cider, cards, cigarettes; oh, there's lots of bad seed to spoil boys' gardens. I'm glad I ain't a boy."

"I'm glad I am," said Willie. "I'll be a man some day."

"And a grand true one, I hope."

The children looked up, and there sat grandma by the open window. She had heard all.

"It is a great thing to be alive, my dears, and to have gardens of your own," said grandma. "In every house there is a Bible, and that is full of good seed. Just plant it in your soul garden. It will make it beautiful, and you will be happy for ever."

"Thank you, grandma, we will," said Susie, and after this when they worked in their pretty garden the children thought of their own, the garden of the soul.

* * * *

"The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day."—MILTON.

Aunt Maggie's Rug.

"OH, dear, what a dreary day, to be sure!" exclaimed Muriel, as she looked at the clouded sky and steadily falling rain. "I pity those who have to be out in it."

"Yes, it is nicer to be here, beside a cosy fire," said her sister Hester. "And rug-making is a very good occupation for a rainy day. I should think, Aunt Maggie, we shall almost finish it to-day, shouldn't you?"

But Aunt Maggie looked dubious.

"Many hands make light work, I know, my dear," she replied; "but there is a good space yet uncovered of the canvas, and it will require a good many strips of material to cover it."

"Yes, and we have not many more pieces ready," added Edith, the senior girl of the group. "Cyril," she added, turning to her brother, the only male representative in the party, "you could help cut for us; it would be better employment than teasing Hector."

Cyril demurred, muttering something about rug-making being girls' work. When Aunt Maggie, however, said, in her pretty, polite manner, that she would be glad if he would lend a little assistance, he yielded. He was not rude enough to refuse Aunt Maggie, especially as he had been her guest for three weeks, and expected to be for two or three weeks longer. So he was soon busy with cloth and scissors, and Hector—Aunt Maggie's beautiful retriever—was left in peace."

"Which room is the rug for when it is finished, Auntie?" asked Hester; "for the kitchen, I presume."

"No, Hettie, not for the kitchen; it is to grace my parlour," was the answer of Aunt Maggie. "Don't you think it will be good enough, dear?"

"Oh, well, of course, it will look fairly nice, Aunt Maggie, quite presentable," answered Hester. "Still, Auntie, to confess the truth, I don't myself care for rugs made of cloth or rag—not in a parlour. Somehow, a *made* rug seems to say that one is poor, and cannot afford another."

"Well, Hettie, if my rug should say this, it will say only what is truth," returned Aunt Maggie, "and it will not distress me in the least, though it might have done so at one time,"

"At one time, Aunt Maggie, when? Used you to be prouder than you are now?" inquired Edith.

"Well, yes, I think I was—though I'm afraid I am proud enough now, Edie. I certainly liked to have handsome rugs and carpets, made of other materials than discarded jackets and dresses. The days were too, when I could afford to have such, but I cannot now."

Her nieces looked at her rather wonderingly. Aunt Maggie was quite an old woman; at least, so she appeared to them, and they knew but little of her earlier life. Had she really been better off once? They did not like to ask her.

Perhaps, however, their Aunt guessed their thoughts, for she went on.

"Yes, it is true, Hester, though few are aware of it, that I can remember such a season of prosperity. In fact, my dear, I had at one time almost all that a woman can desire in the way of

luxury, and had I then had nephews and nieces to invite to my home, I should not have dreamed of setting them to work to help make rugs for my rooms, nor would there have been any need. These times, however, have long been over, and I am glad now to have your assistance."

"And we are pleased to give it, Aunt Maggie," replied Edith, "as we ought to be after all your kindness to us. I suppose," she added, "that you lost your nice home and your money through some bad investment?"

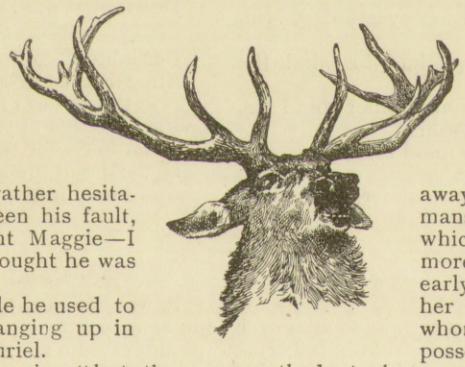
"Yes, my dear," was the answer, "it was lost through a very bad investment—though not of the kind which you are thinking, Edie. It was an investment in Strong Drink which robbed us, my dear,—my husband and myself, and reduced us from affluence to poverty; an investment which alas! brings many home to ruin, and many, many lives to sorrow and disgrace."

"Drink!" exclaimed Cyril quickly; "Oh, then, I suppose you took shares in a brewery company, or anyhow that Uncle did? But I didn't know such shares brought folks down; I have always heard, I'm sure, that brewers are rich."

"Yes, so they are said to be," added Muriel, "and I suppose it is generally true. But I don't believe, Cyril, that this is what Aunt Maggie means; is it, Auntie?"

Aunt Maggie shook her head.

"No, I did not mean that we had any share in making the drink," she returned, "only in taking it, but that brought us trouble enough."



"Was Uncle a bad man then?" asked Muriel, but rather hesitatingly, "for it must have been his fault, chiefly, it was not yours, Aunt Maggie—I feel sure of that. I always thought he was very, very good."

"Yes, you have the big Bible he used to read, and his pledge-card hanging up in your bed-room too," added Muriel.

"True," returned Aunt Maggie; "but these are treasures of his later life, Murie; for neither he nor I—I am grieved to say—cared for either the Bible or for pledge-cards during many years. You can scarcely believe it, perhaps, my dears, but strong drink was a bane to me as well as to him; we were both fond of it, ahd although it is true I did not drihk to what we call excess, as did he, yet I did not encourage him to give up its use, did not renounce the glass myself, and at length, as I say, through its constant use, and the contraction of other evil habits it brought in its train, we at length lost our beautiful home, our wealth, our business, and our position, and had to begin afresh, in a far more humble way."

"Poor Auntie!" said Hester pityingly. "But," she added, "don't talk about these things it it hurts you, Aunt Maggie, if you would rather not."

"It certainly does hurt me, Hettie, and it is not often I allude to that time," replied Aunt Maggie; "though those dark, wretched years were, thank God! followed by brighter ones, when—though poor in both health and pocket—your Uncle and I found the Saviour, and learned through His strength, to shun the thing which had brought us so low. But I speak of it now, Hester, first, because your words brought that period to mind, and also because it occurred to me that the recital of it might be a warning to you young people,—especially, perhaps, to Cyril. And, dwelling on my own experience, my advice is, 'Never touch strong drink, never use it, but shun it as a dangerous thing—a foe which robs one not only of handsome carpets and costly nick-nacks but of other things also which are far, far more valuable than these.'"

"I never will use alcohol again, Aunt Maggie," said Edith. "Indeed, I have had thoughts of signing the Temperance pledge before to-day, only I have never quite made up my mind. It is made up now, however."

"Let us all sign," said Murial. "You would be pleased, shouldn't you, Aunt Maggie?"

"Yes, Muriel, very. I have a pledge book of my own, too, in which I can enroll you"

Cyril was the only one who demurred. "He never meant to let drink bring him down," he declared, "or to make him poor again if he should once grow rich." But he was again won over by Aunt Maggie's kind, persuasive words, and when the wet, wintry day was ended, and evening came, it found them all enlisted as hopeful Temperance recruits.

They finished the rug a day or two after, and it really looked quite nice, even for a parlour. It adorned Aunt Maggie's home for several years until the time, indeed, when she was called away to one of the "many mansions" above—a home which was, doubtless, far more beautiful than even her early home had been. Then her nephew and nieces, to whom all her few earthly possessions had been bequeathed, took possession of it with tender hands.

"It was all through our helping make it that Aunt Maggie told us her history," said Muriel.

"Yes, so even a rug can preach," added Cyril. "And I am glad, very glad, she got me to sign the pledge in boyhood, or I'm afraid after all I shouldn't have proved very strong, for I see for myself now, every day, what an awful temptation drink can prove, and how it drags folks down."

And his sisters, as they looked on his bright, manly brow and active figure, and thought of what might have been—yes, and not only for him, but themselves, were glad also; recalling, with thankful hearts, that dreary, rainy day when they had helped make Aunt Maggie's rug.

FAITH CHILTERN.

* * * *

What we do, however trivial, leaves its impress upon our character.

* * * *

Be loving and you will never want for love; be humble and you will never want for guiding.

The mistake of the State is locking up the drinker instead of the drink.

* * * *

A lady teacher in one of our public schools relates the following conversation between herself and a pupil:

Teacher: "You were not here yesterday, Minnie; how was that?"

Pupil: "Please, teacher, I had to mind the baby."

Teacher: "Could not your mother mind the baby while you were at school?"

"No, teacher, she had to mind father."

"Oh, how was that?"

"Father is drinking again, teacher."

* * * *

For Mothers.

To bring up a child in the way he should go—travel that way yourself.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never dries up in our journey through scorching years.

Children need models more than criticism.

We can never check what is evil in the young unless we cherish what is good in them.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have in a home. But we must also have serenity, peace, and the absence of petty fault-finding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven's growing plants.

There are no men or women, however poor they may be, but have it in their power by the grace of God to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth—character—and their children might rise up after them and thank God that their mother was a pious woman or their father a pious man.—*Dr. McLeod.*

* * * *

"I will set aside this question by saying, from personal experience, and from experiments most carefully conducted over large bodies of men, it is capable of proof beyond all possibility of question, that alcohol, in ordinary circumstances, not only does not help work, but is a serious hinderer of work."—Late SIR ANDREW CLARK.

No more wine for banquets. This is the decision of the Alumni Association of the William and Mary College, of Richmond, Va.

* * * *

WHATEVER you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil your manuscript down.

For if you go spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through.
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil your manuscript down.

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

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

* * * *

Be Good Where You Are.

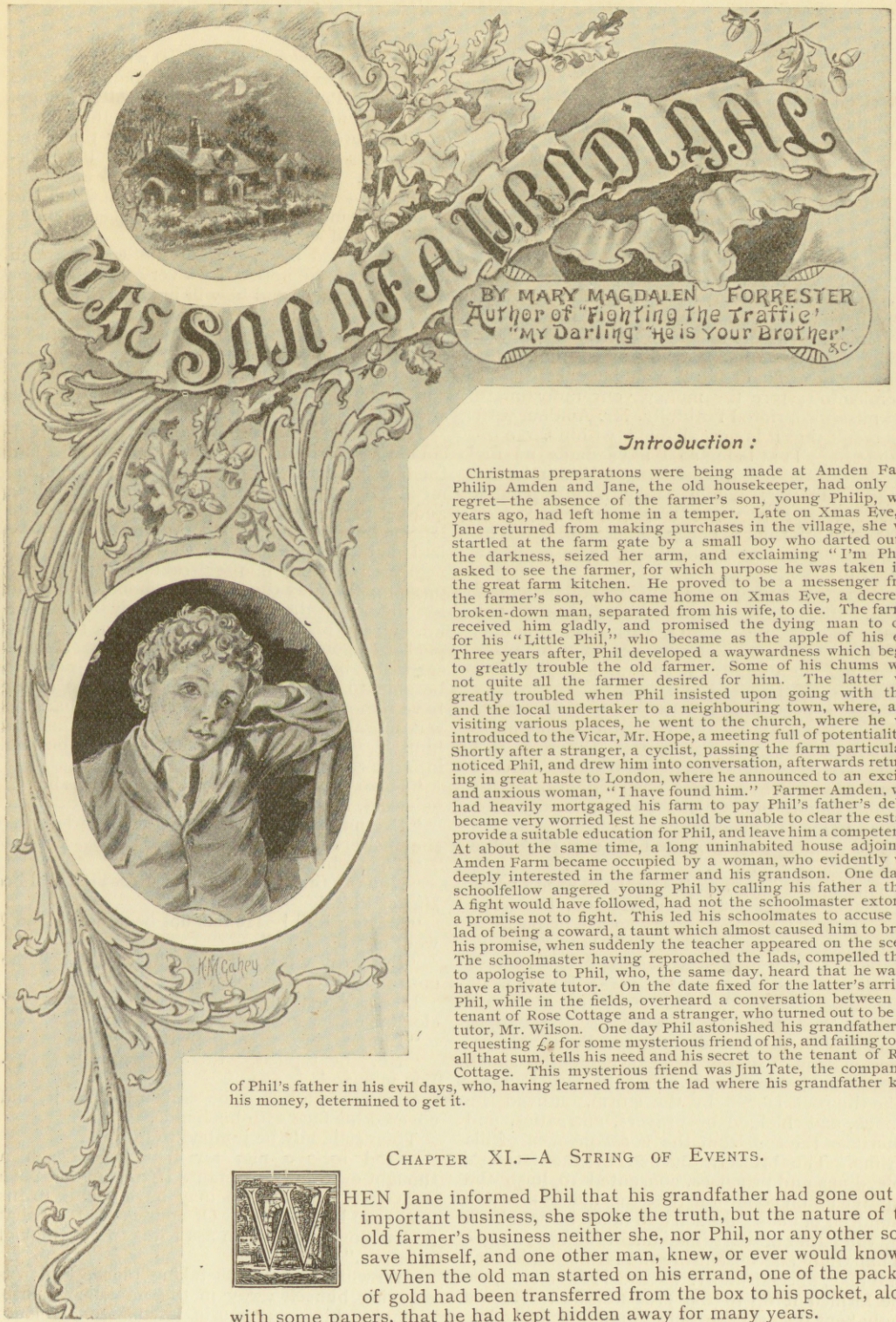
It was a naughty, mud-stained, sobbing little maiden, partly cross, but partly repentent, too, perhaps—who knows?—who was approached by a gentle relative with an offer to tell her "how to be a good girl, and go to heaven."

"I don't want to be a good girl, and go to heaven," emphatically responded the small tempest. "I want to be a girl that's good 'nough to stay where I are."

There might have been considerable petulance in the reply, but there was some sound wisdom also. The being good where we are is what the world most needs of us, and what we most need for ourselves. It is not people who are ready to be translated, but people who are ready to conduct the affairs of this life on a righteous basis who are in demand. The persons who are always anxious about "being good enough to go to heaven," are seldom the ones who are making a little heaven about them where they are.

It is not being ready to sing with the angels which comes first, but being ready to bring our voices into harmony with the voices round us here; not wings that we need, but steady feet, true hearts, and willing hands.

The being good enough for heaven will take care of itself if only we can learn to be good enough for earth.



Introduction :

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm. Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret—the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. Late on Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from making purchases in the village, she was startled at the farm gate by a small boy who darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil." asked to see the farmer, for which purpose he was taken into the great farm kitchen. He proved to be a messenger from the farmer's son, who came home on Xmas Eve, a decrepit, broken-down man, separated from his wife, to die. The farmer received him gladly, and promised the dying man to care for his "Little Phil," who became as the apple of his eye. Three years after, Phil developed a waywardness which began to greatly trouble the old farmer. Some of his chums were not quite all the farmer desired for him. The latter was greatly troubled when Phil insisted upon going with them and the local undertaker to a neighbouring town, where, after visiting various places, he went to the church, where he was introduced to the Vicar, Mr. Hope, a meeting full of potentialities. Shortly after a stranger, a cyclist, passing the farm particularly noticed Phil, and drew him into conversation, afterwards returning in great haste to London, where he announced to an excited and anxious woman, "I have found him." Farmer Amden, who had heavily mortgaged his farm to pay Phil's father's debts, became very worried lest he should be unable to clear the estate, provide a suitable education for Phil, and leave him a competence. At about the same time, a long uninhabited house adjoining Amden Farm became occupied by a woman, who evidently was deeply interested in the farmer and his grandson. One day a schoolfellow angered young Phil by calling his father a thief. A fight would have followed, had not the schoolmaster extorted a promise not to fight. This led his schoolmates to accuse the lad of being a coward, a taunt which almost caused him to break his promise, when suddenly the teacher appeared on the scene. The schoolmaster having reproached the lads, compelled them to apologise to Phil, who, the same day, heard that he was to have a private tutor. On the date fixed for the latter's arrival, Phil, while in the fields, overheard a conversation between the tenant of Rose Cottage and a stranger, who turned out to be the tutor, Mr. Wilson. One day Phil astonished his grandfather by requesting £2 for some mysterious friend of his, and failing to get all that sum, tells his need and his secret to the tenant of Rose Cottage. This mysterious friend was Jim Tate, the companion of Phil's father in his evil days, who, having learned from the lad where his grandfather kept his money, determined to get it.

Chapter XI.—A String of Events.

WHEN Jane informed Phil that his grandfather had gone out on important business, she spoke the truth, but the nature of the old farmer's business neither she, nor Phil, nor any other soul, save himself, and one other man, knew, or ever would know.

When the old man started on his errand, one of the packets of gold had been transferred from the box to his pocket, along with some papers, that he had kept hidden away for many years.

Choosing the quietest roads, the farmer proceeded to the private house of a certain Mr. Makin, a well-known brewer, whose brewery was situated some few miles away from the village, and at which

establishment the farmer's dead son, Philip, had once been employed.

Arrived at the house, Mr. Amden glanced furtively around him, then, satisfied that no one with whom he was acquainted was in sight, he rang the bell and inquired for Mr. Makin.

The brewer was at home, and in a few minutes he and the farmer were seated together in the former's study.

Mr. Amden immediately drew from his pocket the packet of gold and the papers.

"I hope I am not behind time," he remarked, as he placed them on the table.

"I have been thinking about you," the brewer exclaimed, without a single glance at either money or documents. "I have been thinking of you pretty often of late. You have kept your promise to restore the money your unfortunate son misappropriated faithfully, Mr. Amden, with the result that it is now all paid within three instalments. That being so I have made up my mind to straighten the papers to-day, and conclude the matter. You can take the fifty pounds back, Mr. Amden; we shall call you clear."

The old farmer's cheek went red, and he straightened his broad shoulders, as he replied a little huskily:

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Makin, indeed I am. But I think I would rather pay the money to the last farthing. Call it a whim, if you like, but I fancy my boy, if he can see from his place in heaven the things of earth, would rather that I paid in full the money he took."

"Just as you please," the brewer answered, "I would feel happier, though, if you allowed me to have my own way in the matter. Sometimes, I must confess, my conscience troubles me. I think that perhaps your son acquired in my establishment one of the habits, at any rate, which helped to his downfall.'

The farmer was silent; but the brewer read in the silence agreement.

This was the old man's secret. Twenty years ago, his prodigal son, Philip Amden, had used money, which in the ordinary course of business had to pass through his hands, belonging to his employer. That employer was the brewer, whose black business had helped to make Philip what he was. It was the old story of a nature weakened by drink yielding to temptation. When his fault was discovered, Philip Amden flew, leaving his father to bear alone the shock of the whole black story. But the father's love, like the rock lashed by the storm, outlived the shock, and shielded by prayers, entreaties, and sacrifice the son from the consequences of his crime. The brewer, touched by the farmer's pleadings and promises, consented to hush the matter up on condition that the money—twelve hundred pounds—the son had taken be paid back by the father in yearly instalments of fifty pounds. Thankfully and unselfishly the farmer undertook the task, and faithfully, as the brewer said, he performed it up to the present hour. He not only kept his promise, but he had kept locked up in his own heart the secret of his boy's sin. No one ever heard a whisper of the story from his lips. He guarded it jealously, and if it did leak out, it was from the only man in the village (besides the brewer and himself) who knew of it. That other man was Jim Tate, the companion who had helped Phil to squander the ill-gotten money.

As cautiously as he had entered it the farmer left the brewer's house, still owing the three instalments the maker of beer would have forgiven him. But the farmer was proud and conscientious. He wished for no benefit from the hands of a man whose wealth he looked upon as ill-gotten and shameful.

As he walked back, part of the way through his own farm, he noticed how very thin and poor the crops looked, and how ill many of his beasts, but although his face was worried when he entered the house, no regret for having refused the brewer's offer stirred within him. He made straight for the sitting-room; he had transacted one piece of business, he would now conclude another.

The day was now well advanced, and he concluded Mr. Wilson would be somewhere about the house, as it was almost time for the evening meal. He would pay him the money due at once, and get that bit of business over. With this intention he went to the little tin box in which he had left the money for the tutor. He had neglected locking it after taking from it the packet containing the brewer's money, but had left the key in the lock. He merely raised the lid, and put his hand inside to take out the other packet of gold, but the box was empty. He was surprised, but thought that Jane would perhaps be able to offer some explanation. She might have removed it for safety. He knew that she was more careful of his property than he was himself. So he called to her, and she bustled into the room.

"Have you removed anything from this box?" he asked, but she shook her head.

"I've not been in the room since you left it," she answered.

"Then who has?"

"Nobody that I know of, sir, unless it could be Master Phil."

"Master Phil! He has not been here since I went out, has he?"

"I've let it out, now; though he did ask me not to say anything about it."

Jane saw a strange pallor creeping like a grey cloud over her master's face.

"I hope there is nothing wrong," she said.

"No," he replied, "there is nothing wrong. You may go."

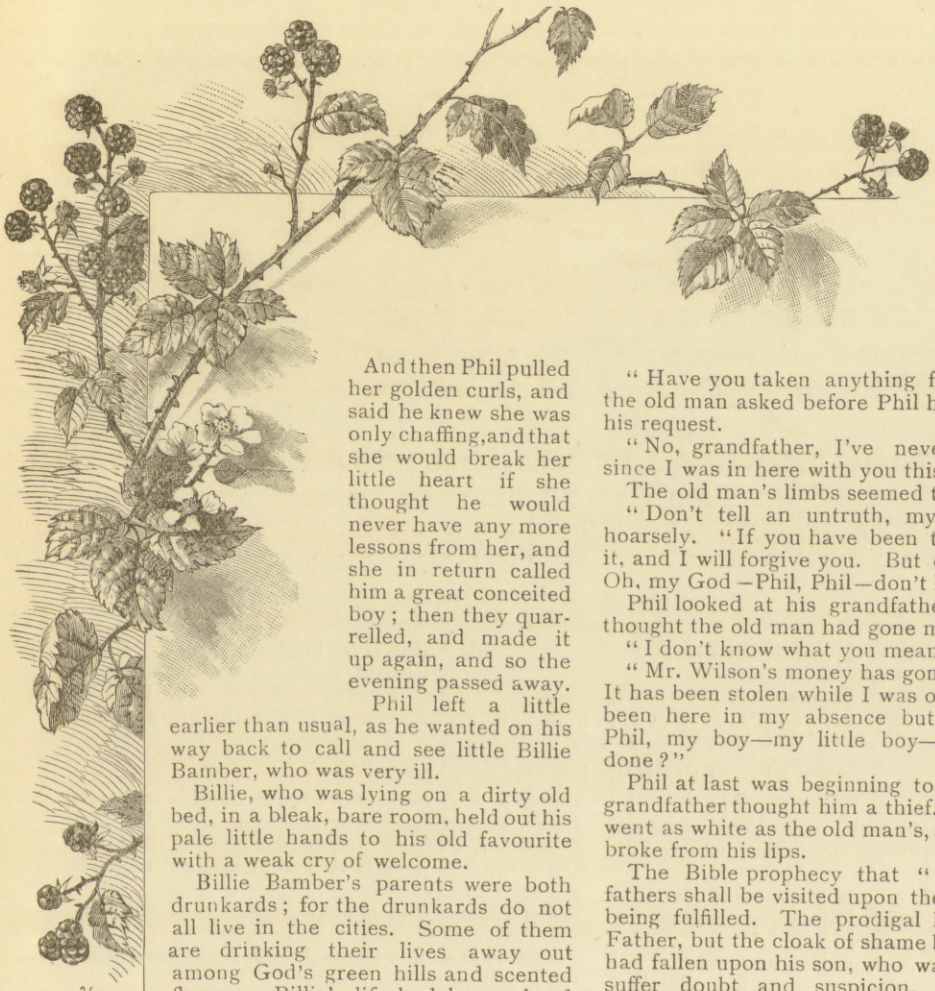
When she had gone, he sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

Then suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"God forgive me, for harbouring such a thought even for an instant. If the boy has been here and taken it, he may have put it in his pocket to keep for me. Of course, that is what he has done. What an ass I was to not think of it before."

And while all this was taking place, Phil was enjoying himself away in the minister's house, receiving his usual music lesson from golden-haired Nelly, and almost driving her crazy with his inability to learn.

"You're a great stupid, Phil!" she cried, "and I won't try to teach you any more."



And then Phil pulled her golden curls, and said he knew she was only chaffing, and that she would break her little heart if she thought he would never have any more lessons from her, and she in return called him a great conceited boy; then they quarrelled, and made it up again, and so the evening passed away.

Phil left a little earlier than usual, as he wanted on his way back to call and see little Billie Bamber, who was very ill.

Billie, who was lying on a dirty old bed, in a bleak, bare room, held out his pale little hands to his old favourite with a weak cry of welcome.

Billie Bamber's parents were both drunkards; for the drunkards do not all live in the cities. Some of them are drinking their lives away out among God's green hills and scented flowers. Billie's life had been a hard one, and now when he was face to face with death, there was no mother's hand to smooth his little pillow or moisten his dying lips. His mother was out drinking in a neighbour's house.

Phil knelt down beside the little sufferer, and passed his strong young arm across the delicate and wasted body. The two were silent for a while, and then little Billie spoke.

"I'm goin' to die to-night, Phil," he said. "I heard the doctor tell mother so, to-day. I'm ony a little 'un, Phil, and I can't help feelin' frightened a bit. I wouldn't feel so bad if there was somebody with me. But it's awful to have to die by one's self. I wish you could stay with me Phil, you're so strong. I wouldn't be a bit frightened if you had hold of my hand."

"I'll get my grandfather to let me come and stay with you to-night; it is awful, Billie, for you to be here alone. Just let me run home and tell grandfather, and I'll be back in no time."

Billie smiled up into his hero's face, and rubbed his cold little cheek against Phil's warm hand.

"I do hope you'll be able to come. I'll die quite brave if you do," he cried. But before he passed into the world of angels Billie was to prove himself a hero.

When Phil reached home he was informed by Jane that his grandfather wanted him in the sitting-room.

He hurried there, thinking of little Billie.

"Have you taken anything from this box?" the old man asked before Phil had time to make his request.

"No, grandfather, I've never seen the box since I was in here with you this morning."

The old man's limbs seemed to tremble.

"Don't tell an untruth, my lad," he cried hoarsely. "If you have been tempted, confess it, and I will forgive you. But don't lie to me! Oh, my God—Phil, Phil—don't lie to me!"

Phil looked at his grandfather as though he thought the old man had gone mad.

"I don't know what you mean," he faltered.

"Mr. Wilson's money has gone from this box. It has been stolen while I was out. No one has been here in my absence but you. Oh, Phil, Phil, my boy—my little boy—what have you done?"

Phil at last was beginning to realise that his grandfather thought him a thief. The boy's face went as white as the old man's, and a tearful sob broke from his lips.

The Bible prophecy that "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," was being fulfilled. The prodigal had gone to his Father, but the cloak of shame he had once worn had fallen upon his son, who was left behind to suffer doubt and suspicion, because of his father's sins.

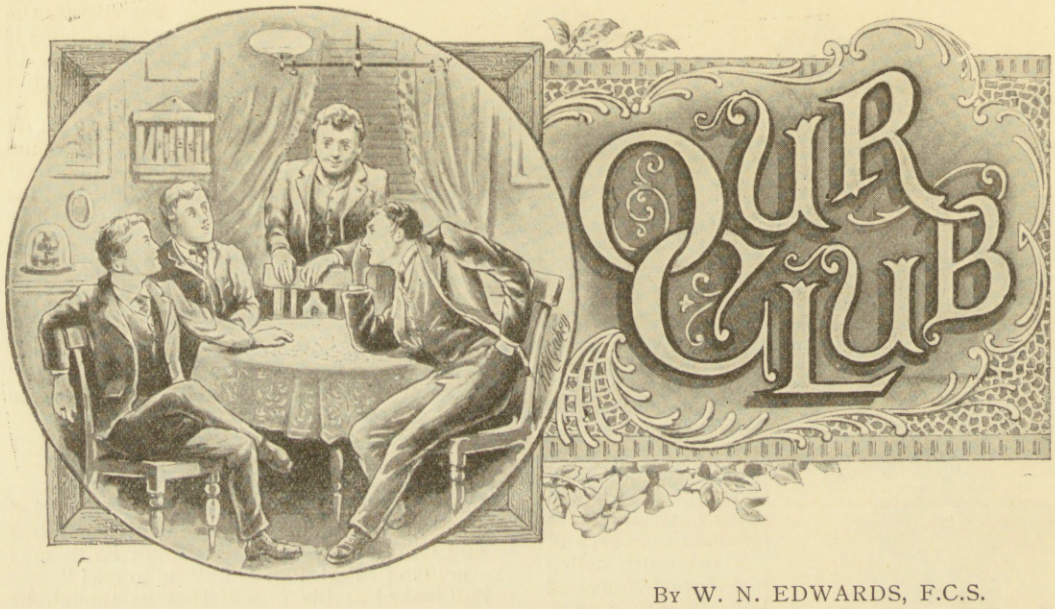
With a heart that felt as though it were bursting, Phil rushed out of the room, and out of the house, into the soft beauty of the night.

(To be continued.)

When Miss Frances E. Willard was once asked why she did not take any of the many drinks that would stimulate her she replied, "I have a better use for my head." Edison, the great inventor, was asked the same question and he replied, "Why should I fog my brain?" He knew he could not work out a difficult problem when excited by wine.

"Indifference to the wickedness of the liquor business is too large a sin to leave room for ample piety in any man."

For a Christian nation to support public houses, the father of every vice, is a burlesque upon the Christianity we boast of. The public-house and the Christian church are a paradox that must surely fill the heathen world with bewilderment, doubt and prejudice.



By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

MEMBERS:—

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

Our Club has only four members, but they are earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them.

XI.—ALCOHOL UNNECESSARY.

John: "Whom do you think I met just now?"

William: "Goodness knows. You have such a lot of chums; there's no telling who might run across you."

John: "Well, it wasn't a chum of mine, so much as one of yours; it was your old friend, Tompkins."

William: "Why, where did you meet him? I have only seen him once since we left school; I thought he was far away from here."

John: "He has only just come out of the hospital, where he has been laid up for nearly three months."

James: "He has had a long turn of it. What was the matter with him?"

John: "I only had a minute or so with him; but, as far as I could learn, he has had a close shave of his life. It seems to have been some internal disorder."

Robert: "Well, he's got over it all right, so we need not be sad about it."

John: "The last word he said, as we parted, was that the doctor told him that his being a teetotaler had pulled him through."

William: "I thought as much. We never did start a talk without it came round to that in the first five minutes, and I don't suppose we ever shall; so I was quite expecting it."

John: "I am sorry you take it that way. I was only telling you what your old chum said."

James: "Besides, you don't object, surely, to a mere statement of fact?"

William: "But look here, chums. Isn't it a bit galling that because a fellow drinks a glass of ale now and then, he should everlastingly be hearing about people being teetotalers?"

Robert: "That's your tender spot, William. I don't say it's the only one you have, but really it is very tender."

William: "You cheeky young dog; it's only your extreme youth that saves you."

James: "Bob is right, though; you are a little too sensitive on the point."

William: "Oh, but it is a little too hard. Why, only the last time we met, you were pitching into a fellow about athletics and teetotalers, and all that sort of thing."

John: "It's only because your education is deficient, old man. You are not up-to-date in these matters."

Robert: "That's it; we are only trying to improve you a bit, and make you a twentieth century man."

James: "Besides which, I quite believe old Tompkins is right. I have frequently read of the fact that teetotalers pull round in illness better than drinkers."

William: It's all very well. You put some old toper, with his poor old carcass saturated with alcohol, alongside some man who happens to be an abstainer, and, of course, the teetotaler has the best of it. There's no argument in that."

John: "Well, let us go back a bit. You think your glass of beer a necessity, and we three think the contrary."

Robert: That's so; now we are going to logically reason out the case."

John : " Don't interrupt. Can you tell us when the necessity for it naturally begins ? "

William : " Now, you are trying to get me into a corner. How do I know when it begins to be necessary. I suppose it varies with different people."

James : " Oh, but everybody is agreed that for children and growing young people alcohol is absolutely unnecessary, and even highly injurious."

John : " I think the great bulk of medical and scientific men will subscribe to that."

Robert : " Let as regard that point as settled. It is no good to the tiny tots, and it's no good to the boys and girls."

William : " I can agree with you so far; but when fellows go to work, and have to rough it a bit, it is a different thing."

John : " I don't agree with you. It is generally conceded now-a-days that healthy people don't need alcohol in any form."

James : " It appears to me that those who have studied the question most, find it very difficult to believe that there is any period in life where alcohol is really useful."

William : " I go upon the general principle, that where a lot of people are constantly doing a certain thing, and apparently without suffering any harm, there must be some good in it."

Robert : " That is the good old plan of doing what everybody else does, because everybody else is doing it."

John : " That might have been all very well before intellect and reason came into force. We all know that a flock of sheep will follow one of their number, although it may be over the edge of a precipice; and monkeys are proverbial for doing just what they see others do, although the doing it may lead them into danger and death."

William : " But what I mean is, that if the majority of men do a certain thing, there must be something good in it, or else the majority are fools."

James : " You need not put it so strongly as that, and yet the majority may be wrong. Take the case of the medical world. Seventy or eighty years ago they one and all believed in bleeding their patients; but it is now known that they were all wrong, and bleeding is entirely abandoned."

John : " That is a very good point, and William will see that because the majority may do a thing, that fact does not necessarily prove the thing to be good."

William : " Why don't you at once say that alcohol is a perfectly valueless thing, and is everywhere harmful?"

Robert : " They don't say it, because it is not true. I am only a learner, but I know that alcohol has many uses."

James : " Yes, we have discussed them already; but it must be remembered that its uses are outside the body, and never within."

William : " What, not when anyone is ill ? Why, there's nothing like a drop of brandy then. That is one of the uses of alcohol."

John : " Even in cases of illness, its use is greatly over-estimated. In the first place, it is agreed by all authorities that alcohol is the most potent cause of disease known. What a very curious kind of remedy, then, to prescribe 'in cases of illness.' "

Robert : " It is like killing and curing with the same drug. If it don't kill, it will cure."

James : " Joking aside. There is, I think, very little need, if any, for the use of alcohol in illness. The teaching of the Temperance Hospital shows how small a place it has, and there are hundreds of doctors who avoid its prescription, and yet they are both popular and successful."

William : " And there are thousands of doctors who do use it."

John : " Admitted. The number is, however, getting less and less every year. Those who do use it, are getting more cautious in prescribing it, and in hospitals the quantity used is less and less as the years pass by, whilst in many infirmaries the quantity is almost *nil*."

Robert : " I have heard father say, that the prescribing of alcoholic liquors has been the downfall of many a good man and woman."

John : " That touches a point that is often overlooked. If doctors prescribe alcohol, they should supply it as a medicine, in a medicine bottle, in specified doses, and without the patient knowing what it is, any more than he does any other medicine."

William : " Why, half its value would be lost then."

James : " How's that ? You think the patients take the medicine because they like it, if it is in the form of port wine or brandy."

John : " Well, when a doctor orders stout or port wine or any form of intoxicating liquor, he departs from his usual scientific procedure, and unless he has analysed every sample that he orders his patients to use, he is himself unaware of the actual constituents of the thing he prescribes."

James : " That must be so, for there are many qualities, many brands, many different kinds, and some of them, especially wines, are simply concoctions of the chemist."

William : " Well, I'm beaten again. It's no use my arguing with you fellows; you know too much for me."

John : " Well, the more one knows, the wiser they get; so we shall hope to have you on our side before long."

ON ALCOHOL TAKEN AS A MEDICINE.

" Difficulty and sacrifice, in a personal respect, can scarcely be pleaded. The measure which brings happiness to our neighbours in this instance secures it also to ourselves. We are called to abstain from nothing but which is a positive mischief, a mischief of serious and threatening magnitude. At the same time, let no man omit to subject this apprehended necessity, or medicinal utility, to a renewed examination by the light of modern science. It is a thousand to one that he will discover 'a more excellent way.' "

Finding Life.

By May Gerald.

"OH, would I could live," the maiden cried,
"A life that is rich, and deep, and wide;
To drink of pleasure, from morn till night,
To steep my heart in affection's light.

"Would I had wealth, that I might command,
The rarest treasures of men and land;
To pluck the gems, that the world doth hold,
And make them mine, with a key of gold.

"Oh, to measure the ocean's breast,
And soar to the mountain's noblest crest;
To view the wonders that nature keeps
On her highest heights, in her deepest deeps.

"To laugh the laugh, that is clear and long,
To love the love, that is full, and strong;
To look at the world with the poet's eyes.
To watch the giddy! to know the wise.

"To walk for ever through flowery ways,
To keep in mine ears the song of praise;
To keep in mine eyes the gold of day,
To keep in my heart the bloom of May.

"To go, where a creature is blessed to go,
To know what is sweetest and best to know;
To be full in the soul, and satisfied,
To live the life that is full and wide!"

The maiden was young, and in her face
Was beauty that won her a foremost place;
She found the life that her youth and pride
Told her was rich, and full, and wide.

* * * *

She drank of pleasure from morn till night,
And her soul grew tired of the glaring light;
She tried to grasp at her sweetest hours,
And found them nothing but phantom flowers.

She loved the love that is deep as death,
But it scorched her heart with its fevered breath;
Her joy and the pain alike were strong,
But her joy was short, and her pain was long.

The gem-filled casket—that men call "world,"
She opened at will with a key of gold;
Yet she searched with a discontented mind,
Yearning for something she could not find

She climbed up nature's steepest steeps,
And penetrated its deepest deeps;
She measured the ocean's glorious breast,
Yet her soul was filled with a great unrest.

* * * *

"Would I could live a life that is rich, and deep, and wide."

And then, one night, when the air was bleak,
A night that was harsh to the poor and weak;
A cry that was young, yet old, arose,
From a child who was bearing a woman's woes.

And that cry went straight to the maiden's ears,
That were tired of the praise they had kept for years;
And she followed the sound to affliction's door,
And found what she'd somehow missed before.

The place was dark with a deeper shade
Than that which the blackest night has made;
For poverty, sin, and the darkest woe
Had mingled their shadows to make it so.

Then the maiden saw with a joy untold,
The wondrous power of her key of gold;
More priceless than she had deemed it yet,
It opened shadows from suns long set.

And there at the heart of sin and strife,
She found the secret of perfect life;
Bringing through blackness the light of truth,
Healing sorrow and making youth.

Not where the song is loud and glad,
Not where the dance is long and mad;
But close to the Cross, where the God-Man died,
To the life that is rich, and deep, and wide.

Nourishment and Poison.

(By Professor Kassowitz, of Vienna.)

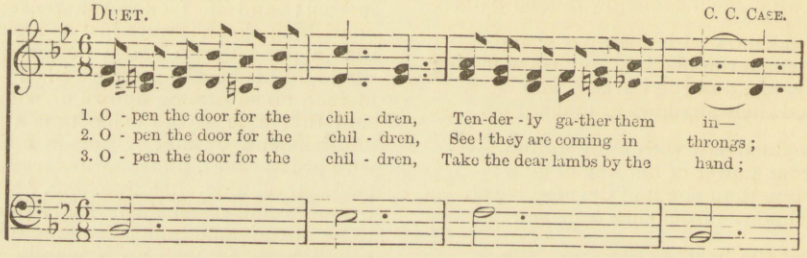
HOW many people, even those belonging to the best society, know that, without any circumlocution, alcohol is labelled by scientists and doctors as poison; and in manuals appears under the head of narcotic poisons, along with chloroform, chloral, ether, etc.? To how many non-medical men is it known that this poisonous substance, besides its intoxicating effect, works the greatest harm in all the principal organs of the body, in the kidneys, the liver, the muscles of the heart, the veins, the brain, the nerves, etc.; and that thousands of persons fall victims to this poison every year? How many laymen know or think about it, that every animal and plant can be killed by alcohol?

I do not think I shall be going too far when I say that the poisonous results of alcohol, which every expert holds to be an indisputable truth, is either quite unknown to most people who are in the habit of taking it, or the knowledge does not come home to their conscience. But not only are most people in complete ignorance of the poisonous nature of alcohol, they even ascribe to it all sorts of beneficial properties which it does not possess. Above all it is held to be a nourishing and strengthening substance, and is put by them in the same category as meat, bread, sugar, etc., which everyone knows are needful to sustain life, which satisfy hunger and give strength to the weary. . . . When we warn anyone against alcohol, and recommend total abstinence from its use as the best safeguard against its harmful effects, we do not seek to deprive anyone of nourishment; we do it for the reason that a poison never can be a nourishing substance. A poison destroys the vital parts of the body, while a nourishing substance keeps them in strength and repairs waste. One and the same substance never can combine the directly opposite results of destroying and preserving; and if I expect a poison to have a nourishing effect, it were just as logical to expect that a person who had a design upon my life would do his best to preserve it. . . There is, in fact, no substance known of which it can be said that it is at the same time a poison and a nourishment. Can any person nourish himself with prussic acid, phosphorus, arsenic, sulphuric acid, strychnine, nicotine, etc.? No sensible person would assert this. And so alcohol, were it to be at the same time poisonous and nourishing, would have to take up a wholly singular and exceptional position among all known substances, and that this exceptional position it does not occupy I will now show in the clearest manner.

We know that every really nourishing substance first of all gives us power to work, and when taken in sufficient quantity preserves our bodies. If a working man, or an animal accustomed to the yoke, is not properly nourished, he soon shows less power for work, and becomes thin on account of having to do the work at the cost of his own body. Should he have more nourishment than is necessary, then follows, in spite of an expenditure of strength in labour, an addition to the body in the shape of fat, which accumulates. If alcohol were a food, and therefore nourishing, it must be possible to replace part of the necessary food by alcohol. But a French naturalist, named Chauveau, made the following experiment: He fed a dog, for several weeks, with a weighed amount of meat and sugar daily, and let him run for two hours on a treadmill. The animal was easily able to cover twenty kilometres every time. His health was in no way harmed, and he had even increased in weight. A third of the sugar ration was now taken away and replaced by alcohol, the other food remaining the same. What was the result? The dog, although lively, could not be constrained to cover more than seventeen kilometres. There was less working power than in the period when no alcohol was given, and so the experimenter had to come to the conclusion that food cannot be replaced by alcohol. In every instance during these experiments a loss of weight was shown when alcohol was given. The alcohol not only made the dog lazy and incapable of working so much, it had lessened the weight of the body and injured the vital organs. This proves most certainly that the nourishing and strengthening properties of alcohol are a fable. Were it commonly known, and were it possible to have it taught in all schools, that alcohol can never strengthen or nourish, but always weakens and poisons, then would we be able to fight this popular poison with greater hope of success than is possible now seeing that alcohol befools its victims under the deceitful mask of being a nourishing substance.—*Die Abstinenz*, of Berlin.

OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

DUET. C. C. CASE.



KEY B♭. DUET.

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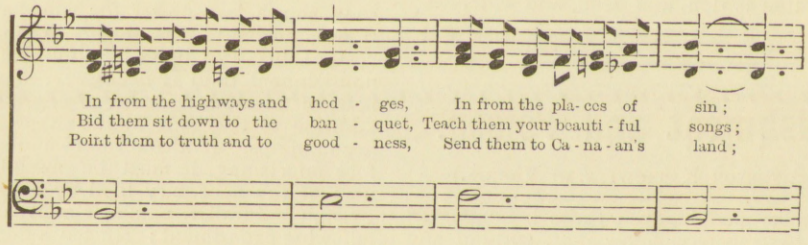

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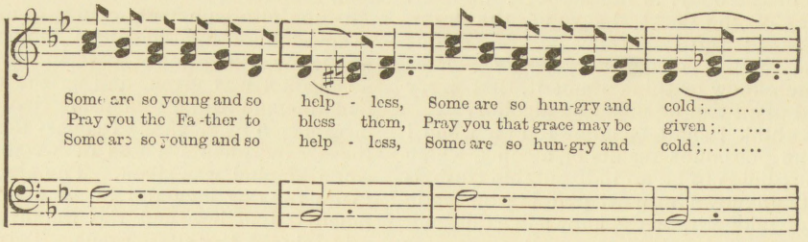

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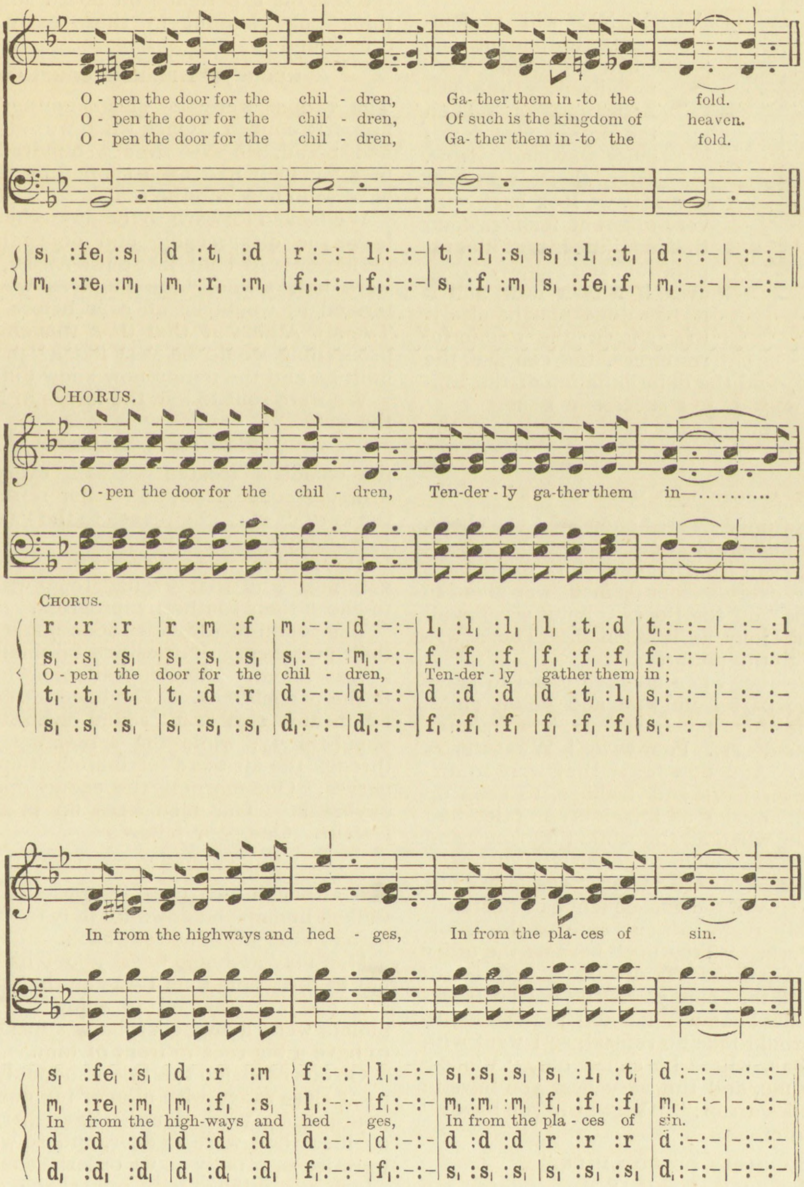
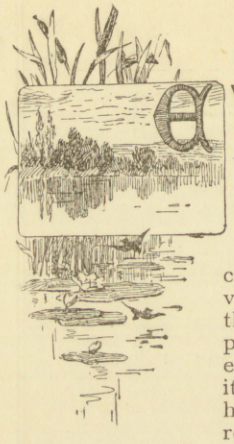
OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN—(*continued.*)



The Life of the British Soldier.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN HERO.



SOUTH AFRICA.

EVERYONE will remember the autumn of 1899 when the troops were mobilized for the South African War. Then the nation was deliriously war-mad. Now, after three years of carnage, we look back with very different feelings upon the appalling loss of life, reputation, and money. However, it is over now, and if it has done nought else it has shown the wonderful resources, the courage, the stubbornness, and the determination of the Empire to carry matters to a successful issue.

When those of us who had passed into the Reserves were mobilized and had donned our khaki,

WHAT A FUSS WAS MADE OF US!

That autumn-time we were honoured everywhere. "Invites" innumerable were showered upon us. On all sides, even from people who should have known better, every encouragement was given to "knock lumps" off the Boers. But it was not all so bright and jolly as it seemed. There was another side to the picture.

I well remember when my turn came to leave and I had to part from wife and infant child, what awful feelings possessed me, how I almost longed even to desert. Poor wives! What stories we told them. And how brave they were to disguise their own fears and feelings, to keep up their courage, and let us imagine our tales had deceived them, when all the while they knew and faced the facts we sought to colour and distort.

Many of the men were "fresh," and not a few were unfit to travel, the consequence of mistaken kindness. My regiment, en route to the front, stopped at York. "Treating" became the order of the day. Civilians of all classes wanted to drink with, and to, Tommy. A silk-hatted, frock-coated individual came to me and pressed me to drink. He would take no refusal, so I went with him to the bar, where he called out, "Whisky and soda for me, and the very best you have in the bar for this warrior." "What will you have?" asked the waiter.

"A GLASS OF HOT MILK,"

was my reply. "Hot milk!" expostulated my treater, "that's not a soldier's drink! Have something that will put life into you, man." "All right," answered I, "then I will have milk," and milk I had. But to many hundreds of Tommies the mistaken kindness of friends brought both shame and a condition of drunkenness which was degrading and bestial.

But whatever Tommy's experience en route to the sea, his experience on board ship was anything but pleasant in those early days, and occasioned

MUCH JUSTIFIABLE COMPLAINT.

The rations were not clean, neither were they properly cooked. Once when we ought to have had bread, we saw over a hundred loaves of bread, which had been spoiled by the drunken baker, pitched into the sea.

We looked forward to the days when we should leave the disagreeable and detestable ship experiences and land in South Africa, though we were half afraid "the fun," as we facetiously termed it, would be all over before we landed. Tommy Atkins at that time thought the whole proceeding would be very like a "picnic." But both he and the nation now know different.

We were sent to join the forces in Natal. All the way

UP TO PIETERMARITZBURG

the colonists treated us with every kindness, bringing coffee, fruit, and other refreshments at the various stopping places to the "coal trucks" in which we went to the front.

At 'Maritzburg, we learned that the Boers were very near and that we had to go with all speed to check their southward progress.

The sound of ordnance soon made us aware of their presence. Battles are fascinating enough to *read* about. They appear somewhat different to the participants. The boom of cannon is by no means a pleasant sound even to the most blood-thirsty, while the screaming of a shell through the air has a terrible effect upon a man's nerves. One morning the enemy opened fire at daybreak. Our men were up in arms in an instant. One poor fellow's

NERVES GAVE WAY,

and although two men took each an arm and walked him up and down for fully twenty minutes, he had after all to be sent back.

Men may at home boast about liking fighting, but in the whole time I was at the front I never met one who seemed to enjoy it. When the bullets were flying, everybody appeared anxious to have a big rock in front of him.

On one occasion the Boers suddenly came upon us at close range with nine or ten guns and some pom-poms. We had, until the artillery fire began, no idea they were so near, and so were ordered to retire as rapidly as we orderly could, an order which was fulfilled with remarkable celerity, the cover of some sheltering rocks being hurriedly sought by all, though many fell by the way.

One morning, our regiment was ordered to attack a certain position. The men knew the danger they were exposed to, and not a few dreaded the flying messengers of death. One, overcome at the thoughts of his wife and family,

dropped behind a sheltering rock, exclaiming,

"WHAT WILL WIFE AND BAIRNS

do if I get killed," when up came an officer, a British officer, who, pointing his revolver at the man's head, threatened to blow his brains out if he did not go on.

It is easy enough for stay-at-home people with their families around them to call him "a coward," to say "it served him right." The men of the fighting-line didn't say so. They, exposed to the dread realities of war, understood and sympathised with him. Few, very few indeed—if any—but were glad enough when the fight was over.

I was naturally considerably interested to see how the remarks of such noble officers as Lords Wolseley, Roberts, and Kitchener, concerning the

BETTER MARCHING WITHOUT ALCOHOLIC DRINKS

were supported by fact. With us were six big fellows who always used to fall out after a mile or two of marching. These men I had known in India as drunkards, and while in the Reserve in England they were always on the look-out for drink. In our brigade numbers of men used to fall out who openly confessed that they found themselves handicapped as the result of their drinking habits. Many of them when they had a chance sought for Kaffir beer and were prepared to pay almost any sum for it.

Once we were on outpost duty when heavy rain continued for several hours, but, of course, we had to lie out in it without cover. On returning to camp the Major in charge, a thorough gentleman, ordered an extra issue of rum. This I declined and asked for an extra biscuit, which I did not get. Indeed, it was not a little surprising throughout the whole campaign to find with what ease issues of rum could be secured, even when we were nearly starving and

WITHOUT CLOTHES AND BOOTS

fit to march in.

After the testimony of Lords Wolseley and Roberts, and the admission of the men themselves that the marching and work are better done without alcoholic liquors, it seemed strange that so much rum should be issued. Doctors in South Africa used to advise the troops to wash their feet in the rum (of course to harden them) and not to drink it.

The

BOERS HAD NO DRINK

given them; yet they endured harder privations and certainly had less sickness. When they captured a convoy their Commandants would not let them have the intoxicating liquors found among the stores. When, however, they took any of our men prisoners, they would dose them with the liquor. An instance of this occurred at Watervaal, where a convoy train was derailed and the escort captured. These men, after the Boers had retired, were found in a helpless state of intoxication, caused by the liquor with which their captors had plied them. The men were taken back to headquarters and court-martialled for being drunk while on duty.

Such instances are not rare. To me it seemed a great pity that with all the knowledge possessed by the authorities on this topic, they should have ignored that knowledge and thus exposed Tommy Atkins to so fierce a temptation.

A Visit to a Madhouse.

By UNCLE EDWARD.

DURING a varied experience of a life-time it has been my lot to cross the thresholds of these unfortunately necessary institutions from time to time—never, I am thankful to say, as a patient!

A few weeks ago I was asked by the chaplain of an asylum in Hertfordshire if I would give an address to the women. Now I am not expert in addressing women at any time and under any circumstances, but the idea of holding a meeting of *mad* women almost took my breath away. However, as the chaplain assured me that many of the poor souls were receptive, and that they would be able to understand a simple earnest talk, I acceded to his request. Taking for my "text" the three words—"God is love," I endeavoured simply to dwell upon those blessings that God had given them, such as sight, hearing, fresh air, food and clothing, etc., and tried to reverently draw their warped minds to submission to His inscrutable decree in the matters which seemed to be so all-important to their well-being, but which He had seen fit to withhold from them. They listened keenly as I very slowly and very simply strove to bring them in touch with the Father's love, and I had evidence that the words were not fruitless. But, oh, what an overwhelming spectacle it was to be sure.

I was conducted round the whole establishment by a kindly official, whose gentle manner with the smitten ones was delightful to see as we went on our way. The "cases" which were specially introduced to me were strangely interesting. "Would you like to see the King of Scotland?" said the kindly official.

with a spark of humour playing round his eyes. Of course, I would like to see the King of Scotland, and in a few moments I was face to face with a fine-looking Scotchman, with the merriest of countenances. I said, holding out my hand, "How do you do, I am very pleased to meet the King of Scotland." Then I asked, "Where were you crowned?" "Oh, at Hyde Park," he immediately answered. "And who was at the Coronation?" I said. He at once went through a long string of notabilities with the most perfect nonchalance and the most pleasing of manners. My son, who was with me, remarked to him, "But what does King Edward VII. say to it?" "Oh, he was there," immediately replied the self-constituted King. I said, "Where is your crown?" "Oh," he said, "I have one crown here in a box and another in a box at Paddington Station!" "Did you have a good Coronation dinner, I inquired. "Rather," he said. What did you have? "We had soup, fish, entrees, several 'sweets,' and hock, claret, champagne, and liqueurs." The way in which he unhesitatingly and apparently truthfully answered every question without a moment's thought, struck me as most remarkable. We wished the genial King "Good-bye," and passed on.

The Champion Chessplayer was introduced to us. A keen, sharp man, thoroughly up in the "moves," and able to beat the warder at chess, lunatic or no lunatic, again gave us considerable astonishment. Here was a man reading a newspaper keenly; I went up to him and spoke to him, he at once turned to me, and, referring to a chapter in St. Matthew, asked me to explain "the instantaneous harvest." I could not satisfactorily keep pace with his subtle reasoning, and he was evidently rather indignant with my profound ignorance, so I moved on without fully satisfying him as to what the "instantaneous harvest" was, or how it came about! Here we met five poor fellows, being led smartly round the grounds for exercise, they being all "suicidal cases," and having to be watched by night and day. Then we met a warder (or "assistant," as they are designated, the former word being suggestive of prison life), having with him one thick-set, bright-looking young man, a Swede, with whom we chatted. This young fellow, the picture of joviality, was, it appeared, a "case" demanding perpetual attention, as, though apparently all right, he was liable at any moment to become mad, and then shortly to return to sanity.

A lad of about 13 ran up to us. "Is *he* a lunatic?" I asked, for he bore no resemblance to one. Yes, was the reply, he has uncontrollable fits of mental aberration come on periodically. In one of these fits he broke into a magistrate's house and smashed about £50 worth of valuable works of art before he could be secured.

A fine, 6-foot Cornishman, with a big, flowing beard, attracted my attention. I walked up to him and shook hands with him, expressing a hope that he would soon be quite well. I *am* quite well, he said, but I am being kept here by the scheming of my relatives. He seemed so sane that I interrogated the warder, who replied that his fits of lunacy came on early in the morning only. From face to face the eye glanced all, or nearly all, bearing the impress of a weakened mental power.

Where is the evil genius which is at work to bring about all this? Is it God's will that this kind of thing should exist? I do not believe it for one instant. Let us go into another of the women's wards, and there we will put our foot upon the evil genius which has the grim power of bringing about all this stupendous sorrow. Oh, that we could stamp it out of existence. In the ward, amid the rest, there stood a woman—more like a fiend of the bottomless pit than anything I have ever seen in my life (if any just conception of such unclean spirits has ever been conveyed to me by the pencil of the artist). The matron, who was now walking near by, remarked, "Ah, that's a drink case." On inquiry, I found that this patient had been a poor woman, but had been left a sum of money and had never stopped drinking until she got like that. Oh, look at her *if you can*, and then answer me "what are our legislators doing for it to be *possible* for such destruction of body, soul, and spirit to go on under our eyes?" Twenty to forty per cent. was the verdict which I received when I strove to obtain information from one and another of the officials as to the percentage of those poor victims who were there through DRINK. And, as one leading official remarked to me,

"Drink is indeed making havoc of this generation, but how about the next if the liquor traffic is not stopped?"

Well, there is food for thought in a lunatic asylum. Let us all think AND ACT.

A Cause of Failure.

YOUNG men often fail to get on in this world because they neglect small opportunities. Not being faithful in small things, they are not promoted to the charge of greater things.

A young man who gets a subordinate situation sometimes think it not necessary for him to give it much attention. He will wait till he gets a place of responsibility, and then he will show people what he can do. This is a very great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully.

The habit of doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously is what is most likely to enable a young man to make his way. With this habit a person of only ordinary abilities would outstrip one of greater talents who is in the habit of slighting subordinate matters.

But, after all, the mere adoption by a young man of this great essential rule of success shows him to be possessed of superior abilities.—*Christian Guardian.*

The law of love says that we should help our neighbour every day.

GRUMBLE CORNER.

I knew a man whose name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner;
Grumble Corner in Cross-patch town,
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that,
He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat,
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night,
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was never a cloud about,
He grumbled because of a threatened drought.

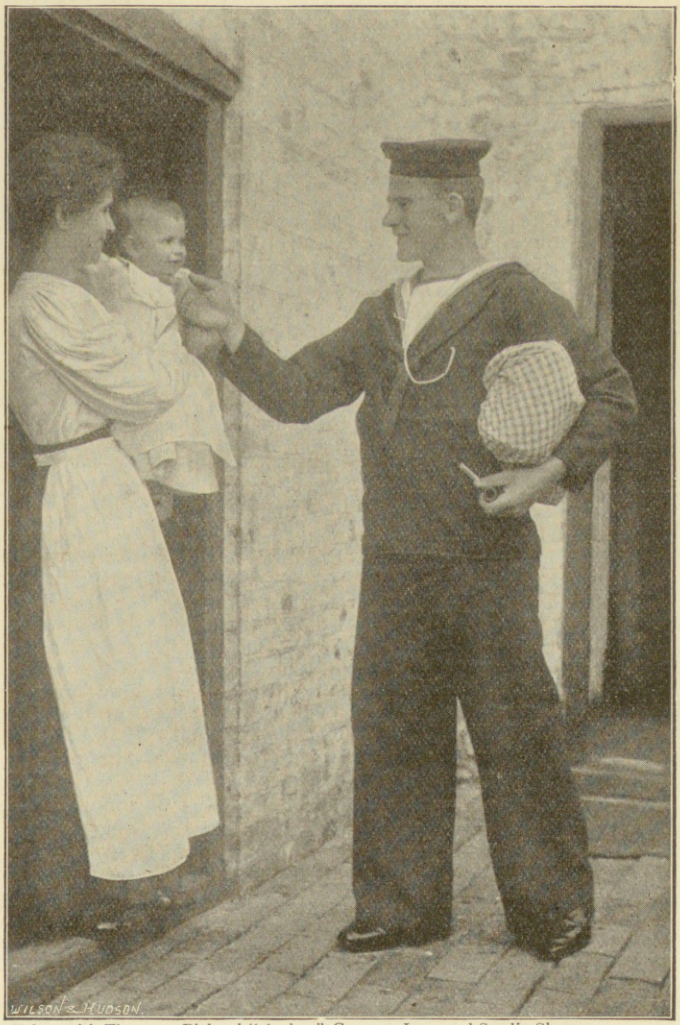
His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet.
His face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown it used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head;
"But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner
Who lived so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him next day, and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up, and when stocks were down,
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much, and so one day
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl:
"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!"
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner,
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving Street."

Now every day I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell,
Where men and women and children dwell;
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.



Taken with Thornton-Pickard "Amber" Camera, Lens and Studio Shutter.

"DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR DAD?"

Prize Picture by MISS AGNES TOMLISON.

The Spectre in the Avenue.

By Faith Chiltern.

"WHY, Alice, whatever ails you? There! leave off shaking and crying, do, and give some account of yourself!"

Miss Haye, the housekeeper at "The Beeches," might well ask this question, and demand an explanation of her young assistant; for the latter, having started out on a brief errand, in the gay spirits usual to her, had rushed back within five minutes trembling, pale, and hysterical.

"Come, tell me what it is! Have you met anyone to interfere with you?" again demanded Miss Haye.

"No; but—but—oh, Miss Haye, do you know that this place is haunted?"

"The place haunted? Nonsense! What silly notion will you get hold of next?" was the unsympathising reply. "Your nerves are haunted, more likely."

"It isn't my nerves," returned Alice. "I—I am sure it's haunted. You may believe me or not, Miss Haye, but what you see with your own eyes, you can't disbelieve in, you know."

"I have never seen anything yet with my own eyes," was the calm response to this remark; "at least, nothing out of the common. But drink this water, and, as I say, give some coherent account of your fancy."

"It wasn't fancy, I tell you. And, oh, Miss Haye, just put a drop of brandy in the water for once! I don't feel as if I shall ever be myself again."

But to this request the housekeeper did not seem inclined to accede.

"Brandy won't bring you to yourself," she said; "and to my mind, Alice, you are far too fond of flying to it. There! you'll feel better soon now," she added, as the girl gulped down a few drops of the draught held to her lips. "And now tell me what you really have seen, and where?"

"It was in the avenue; there's a spectre there, the ghost of a woman, Miss Haye! I saw her there amongst the trees. She was wringing her hands, too, and crying as if her heart would break."

"Rubbish! The evening was casting shadows, and the wind shrieking, more likely; it is getting rough."

"It wasn't the wind, and it wasn't shadows. Why, the figure was moving about; I thought she was coming towards me."

"Perhaps she was. It may be a real person," returned Miss Haye; "though why a woman should wander about the avenue crying, is more than I can tell. I'd go out myself if I wasn't so busy, and see."

"Oh, Miss Haye, don't! And don't make me go for those things to-night; I can't!"

"Very well, the things must wait. Ah! there's Miss Hardley's bell! I'll go in, though, for you aren't fit. You may take the biscuits out of the oven meanwhile, and put them aside. I suspect Miss Hardley is growing impatient for her tea."

Miss Hardley, the mistress of "The Beeches," was a lady of about sixty years, with a face which some people were discourteous enough to say matched her name, and yet on which any close observer might have noted signs of suffering, as well as of sharpness. She was seated beside the fire, and had been knitting; but her work was now laid aside, and her first words struck the housekeeper with great surprise.

"Where has Alice been? And what made her run in in so undignified a manner?" she asked. "I was at my bedroom window just now, and it gave me quite a turn. I thought someone must be pursuing her. Was it so?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; but I am afraid Alice is a rather nervous girl, that is all," replied Miss Haye. "I sent her, or rather was going to send her, for a few things we shall be wanting to-morrow; but she fancied she saw someone, or something, in the avenue."

"Saw someone in the avenue! And whom did she take it to be?"

"Well, ma'am, she thought it was a spectre or ghost; but, as I tell her, that is nothing but rubbish."

"Of course it is," replied Miss Hardley; "and I hope Alice isn't going to be fanciful. If she is so silly, you had better discharge her, Miss Haye; I can't have a girl with nerves and foolish whims"

"Oh, as to that, ma'am, I've never known her take such an idea before," rejoined Miss Haye, "and I trust it won't come to that. Alice is a good girl to work, a very good girl indeed; and is quite trustworthy, I believe. I haven't had a better under me for years."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it; but I can't have her making scenes," replied the mistress. "And, Miss Haye, be sure you lock up early and securely. If any person at all should be concealed among the avenue trees, it could only be a real person, hiding there for purposes of robbery."

"Very well, ma'am," returned the housekeeper. And she added mentally that she locked up early and securely every evening.

Perhaps Miss Haye's report to Alice of what her mistress had said concerning her did more to restore her equilibrium than anything else. Anyhow, nothing more was said of the "spectre," and ere long, the housekeeper having taken in the tea equipage to Miss Hardley, the two sat down to their own meal in the snug, warm kitchen.

"Where does Miss Hardley come from?" inquired Alice, presently. "Has she lived here very long?"

"Yes, for many years, and her father before her," was the reply. "I don't know very much about the family though, for I haven't been in these parts very long, and Miss Hardley is not at all a communicative lady."

"I wonder if she hadn't any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, there were others, I know that; but I should think they are dead, or else she and they must have separated, for they never come here, and she does not talk about them."

"No, she seems a rather peculiar lady."

"Yes, but she is not at all a bad mistress; and the place is easy."

"Yes," assented Alice. "But whoever can that be?" she exclaimed, as a loud knock reached their ears; and she began to tremble again.

"Don't be silly, Alice! It is only the postman," said Miss Haye. "Fetch the letters, please!"

The housekeeper was right; it was the letter-carrier's knock. Instead, however, of at once delivering the missives he held, and then turning away at once, as was his wont, he said to Alice:

"Is Miss Haye at hand, or your mistress? I want to speak to one of them."

Before Alice could reply, Miss Haye, having overheard the remark, hurried forward, and the serious face of the man rather startled her.

"Sorry to disturb you, ma'am," he said; "but I have just made a sad discovery. There is a poor woman lying down in the avenue; she's either fainted away or something worse. I hope not the latter. What are we to do with her? We can't leave her there."

Of course they could not, and Miss Haye went in to consult with her mistress; while Alice, despite her pity, yet felt rather triumphant that her report had "something" in it, and could not now be attributed to fancy.

Miss Hardley, who herself came out with the housekeeper, said, as they all went along together, that the postman had better fetch other assistance, and have the poor creature conveyed to the workhouse; but when the spot in which she lay was reached, and she gazed on the unconscious, stricken figure, lying so helplessly among the trees, her tone changed, and, to the great surprise of the others, she burst into tears; and, taking the cold hands in her own, pressed them to her lips.

"It is my sister, my poor, poor sister Addie!" she exclaimed, all reserve shaken off by her intense emotion. "Oh, how can she have come here, and in this state? She is the last left, and used to be well and prosperous, and now—now to think she should only come here to die close to my door!"

"Oh, she isn't dead, ma'am; she's only in a swoon, I believe," replied Miss Haye, who was bending over the prostrate form. "She soon will be, though, poor lady, if left here much longer. Shall we carry her in, ma'm?"

"Yes, yes, carry her in," was the reply, "into the drawing room; I will help. Alice, you can run for Dr. Bates."

"I'll send him, ma'am. I am just off to his house with letters," said the postman; "and I have my bicycle too, so shall be there in a trice." After having assisted in the removal of the unexpected guest, he went his way.

Meanwhile those within were trying to arouse their patient, and no one who could have seen the distressed expression of Miss Hardley, and the gentleness in her eyes, could have said now that her face matched her name.

"Here, drink this, Addie, it will do you good," she was saying a short time after, as her sister opened her eyes; "then you can tell me all about yourself, and how you came here."

"What is it?"

The voice was low and weak.

"A drop of brandy. Come, dear, drink it up."

But to her surprise, the patient turned away.

"Not brandy," she whispered, "not anything of the kind. O, Esther, don't ask me!"

"But you must, dearest, for it will revive you, you see. Why, Addie, you used to be fond of brandy, don't you remember? You used to tease us to give it you."

"Yes, I know, I know. But, oh, it has since then been my ruin, Esther. You don't know, you can't guess, how wicked and low I have been, or maybe you wouldn't have brought me in. Perhaps you will turn me out again when you know all."

"Then don't tell me *all*," was Miss Hardley's reply, as she tenderly put back the tangled hair.

"Yes, I must—I ought. I had a good home, as you know, Essie; a good husband, too—though he is dead now, I gave him a deal of trouble, and even caused him to become bankrupt by my extravagance and drinking habits. Since his death, however, I have learned what poverty is—bitter, bitter poverty, and yet I still drank—drank to drown care."

"You should have written to me, Addie, or have come. Why did you not?"

"I was ashamed, I suppose, and more than once, Esther, oh, more than once, I have been in a work-house, yes, and even in a prison, the last for disorderly conduct when I was tipsy. But I have repented since, I really have, and have been in a Salvation Army shelter just lately. I have felt so bad, however, and so I thought I must see you once more before I died. Why, I set off and came; at least, I came to the Avenue, the dear old Avenue where I used to run about as a child, but somehow, I lost courage then."

"Well, it is a good thing we found you, dear, and now you must stay with me always."

"No, I can't do that, I really can't, not if I am to be amongst the drink, Esther, for I am afraid of myself. In fact, perhaps you had better send me to the Union now."

But this Miss Hardley would not hear of. For years now her own life had been a very solitary one, and having got one sister back, she was determined to keep her, even though it should involve a great self-sacrifice.

Great was the surprise of Alice, and also of the housekeeper, when that same evening they received orders to pour all the brandy, port wine, etc., which could be found, down the drain, and were told that the brewer was to receive orders to call no more.

So the poor wanderer was not tempted, neither did she die, though she was ill for a long time. She recovered at length, however, and the two sisters lived very happily together, while Miss Hardley and Alice both found that brandy and other intoxicants are not the necessary articles they had supposed them to be. Indeed, Alice was often heard to declare afterwards that she believed she had cause to be thankful for the "Spectre" she had seen that memorable day in the Avenue.

Doing a little good is better than doing no good. But doing good as we have opportunity is even better than doing a little good, for every one of us has opportunity of doing good in more than one way and usually to more than one person, every day of our lives. Therefore let us do good as we have opportunity, and let us watch for opportunities. Our power to find opportunities, and to meet them, will grow with its exercise. All of us can do a great deal of good.

* * * *

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then you may count that hour well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If, through it all,
You've nothing done which you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face;
No act so small
That helped some soul and nothing cost—
Then count that day as worse than lost.

* * * *

In the early days of the war a large number of colonists at the Cape were recruited and hastily trained. Drill they detested, but cheerfully put up with it like true Britons. On one occasion an officer was putting a fresh batch through their facings.

"Form fours," he shouted, and they bumped into something like order.

"As you were," he called, and back they all came except one fat farmer, who stood stock still.

"As you were," again yelled the officer in the bewildered man's ear.

"Beg pardon, sir," muttered the man, "but I'm blowed if I know where I were."

Madame Patti.—*"Drink nothing but water or milk—especially drink lots of water. You never can drink too much of it.*

"On the other hand, remember that alcohol is a poison, which does untold damage within you; that wine, beer, coffee, and tea are poisons, too. Shun all of them as you would diluted vitriol."

* * * *

"Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

"Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong;
How hard the battle goes; the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song."

* * * *

RIDDLES.

When does water resemble a gymnast?—When it makes a spring.

When does it resemble a horse?—When it is in a race.

When is it most interesting?—When it comes in volumes.

When is it royal?—When it reigns (rains).

When is it eloquent?—When it spouts.

* * * *

"Be cheerful. Give this lonesome world a smile.
We stay, at longest, but a little while.
Hasten we must, or we shall lose the chance
To give the gentle word, the kindly glance.
Be sweet and tender—that is doing good;
'Tis done what no other good deed could."

* * * *

A gentleman was once accosted in the Kennington-road by an elderly female. She had a small bottle of gin in her hand, and not knowing the way to the workhouse, where she had business, she said, "Please, sir, I beg your pardon, but is *this* the way to the poorhouse?"

The gentleman, looking at her very earnestly, and pointing to the bottle, said, "No, my good woman, but *that* is!"

* * * *

"Be strong, be good, be pure,
The right only shall endure."

* * * *

"What wouldst thou be?
A blessing to each one surrounding thee?
A chalice of dew to the weary heart,
A sunbeam of joy bidding sorrow depart;
To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon light,
A nightingale song in the darkest night,
A beckoning hand to a far off goal,
An Angel of love to each friendless soul,
An echo of Heaven's unceasing praise,
A mirror here of His light and love;
And a polished gem in His crown above."

* * * *

"Alcohol is a very, very slow poison in the great majority of instances; but I do not regard its action as any less sure because it is slow."—Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

The Son of a Prodigal.

By MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.
(Author of "Fighting the Traffic," etc., etc.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:

Christmas preparations were being made at Amden Farm. Philip Amden and Jane, the old housekeeper, had only one regret—the absence of the farmer's son, young Philip, who, years ago, had left home in a temper. On Xmas Eve, as Jane returned from the village, a small boy darted out of the darkness, seized her arm, and exclaiming "I'm Phil," asked to see the farmer. He proved to be a messenger from the farmer's son, who came home a decrepit, broken-down man, separated from his wife, to die. The farmer received him gladly, and promised the dying man to care for his "Little Phil." Three years after, Phil developed waywardness. Some of his chums were not quite all the farmer desired for him. The latter was greatly troubled when Phil insisted upon going with them and the local undertaker to a neighbouring town, where, after visiting various places, he was introduced to the Vicar, Mr. Hope, a meeting full of potentialities. Shortly after a cyclist, passing the farm, particularly noticed Phil, and drew him into conversation, afterwards returning in great haste to London, where he announced to an excited and anxious woman, "I have found him." Farmer Amden had heavily mortgaged his farm to pay Phil's father's debts, became worried lest he should be unable to provide a suitable education for Phil, and leave him a competence. A long-uninhabited house adjoining Amden Farm became occupied by a woman, who was deeply interested in the farmer and his grandson. One day a schoolfellow angered young Phil by calling his father a thief. Phil, the same day, heard that he was to have a private tutor. On the date fixed for the latter's arrival, Phil, while in the fields, overheard a conversation between the tenant of Rose Cottage and a stranger, who turned out to be the tutor, Mr. Wilson One day Phil astonished his grandfather by requesting £2 for some mysterious friend of his, and failing to get all that sum, told his need and his secret to the tenant of Rose Cottage. This mysterious friend was Jim Tate, the companion of Phil's father in his evi days, who, having learned from the lad where his grandfather kept his money, determined to get it, and succeeded. The theft being discovered, Phil, suspected by his grandfather, and, accused of it, ran away from Amden Farm, lending colour to the suspicion.

CHAPTER XII.—AND LAST.

LITTLE Billie was staring up at a smoke-begrimed ceiling, when Phil crept back to his side; but such a different Phil to the one who had left him. The eyes of the dying boy were still keen enough to detect the change that had taken place in his favourite during the last hour.

"What is it, Phil?" he asked, putting out his thin hand, and laying it on Phil's arm. The latter sank down by the bed, and broke into sobs.

"I'm going away, Billie. My grandfather thinks I am a thief, and—and—I cannot bear it. I'll go away to London, to-morrow."

"Tell me all about it, Phil," Billie pleaded, and, between his sobs, Phil panted out all he knew, which, after all, was very little, save that the money his grandfather had set aside for the tutor had been stolen, and he—Phil—had been accused of stealing it.

In and out Phil's dark hair crept the thin fingers of the dying boy, and the little weak voice, so soon to be hushed for ever, tried to whisper words of comfort.

"It is hard, Phil; but don't cry. It will all come right—but you musn't run away, Phil; that would do no good; you must stop and face it."

"Face it? Face being thought a thief? No, Billie; I'll go straight away in the morning. I've made my mind up on that point, Billie. There's nothing to keep me here now. My grandfather neither trusts nor loves me, and so the best thing I can do is to leave him. But it is selfish for me to bother you with my troubles, Billie. Let us talk of something else. Is there anything you would like me to do for you?"

Billie shook his head.

"No, Phil; nothing. Only hold my hand, tight—very tight—it makes me feel brave."

Phil took the little fingers in his own warm palm. "Poor little Billie," he murmured; "poor little Billie!"

And so they remained, hand clasped in hand; while the long, weary hours wore themselves out, and the candle dropped lower and lower. Once Billie's half-drunken mother stumbled into the room, to ask if the boy wanted anything, and, seeing Phil, she nodded her head approvingly.

"Oh! you're here, are yer? Well, I'm very glad; you'll look after Billie, and let me have a night's rest. I need it, goodness knows!"

Taking the candle in her shaking hand, she held it for a moment over the haggard little face on the hard pillow. Perhaps that indescribable something which accompanies death, and seems to hang in the air, touched for an instant even her drink-deadened senses. Anyway, she bent lower over the pillow, and laid her lips on the boy's cold brow.

"Good-night, Billie!" she said; "I haven't bin a good mother to yer; but I'll be better—yes, I will; I promise you."

Billie looked up at her with his dim eyes and smiled. It was his last good-bye to her.

When she had gone, he lay thinking and thinking, and forming in his mind a wonderful and brave resolution.

Phil was still knelt beside him, with his dark head leaned against the bed, and his eyes fixed on the face of his friend. Presently, the lids began to droop over those eyes, and the silence and hour began to have their effect upon young healthy nature.

Patiently and quietly Billie watched; and when at last he was thoroughly satisfied that his companion slept, he drew his hand away as softly as he could, and then, summoning all his fading strength to his aid, he crept out of bed. It required a big, big effort to accomplish this task, and, when it was done, he sat exhausted, and almost unconscious on the side of the bed.

"I can't do it—and oh! I do wish I could!" he whispered faintly to himself.

Phil moved uneasily in his sleep, and Billie sat and watched him.

"I didn't do it, grandfather! I didn't!" Phil muttered, and the broken words breathed in sleep seemed to have a wonderful effect upon Billie. He stumbled weakly to his feet and, with little shaking hands, drew on his clothes.

"Dear, kind God," he whispered, "just let me do this—only this!"

An answer seemed to drop straight down from Heaven into that tiny frame; the weak limbs gathered strength, the thin face became bright, even the blood seemed to rise to the occasion, and send a thrill of warmth through the body; indeed, Billie was inspired, and death stayed its hand for a moment to let him have his way. With one glance at his sleeping friend, he groped his way to the door, and down the rickety stairs, then out into the night.

Meanwhile, in the White Farm there were many signs of excitement and distress. Phil's disappearance after the scene with his grandfather, and his failure to return as the night wore late, caused consternation and sorrow among those who loved him, and had his welfare at heart. The old

PHIL!

farmer wandered from room to room, his usually cheery face drawn and haggard; while Jane, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, kept faithful watch by the farm gate. But towards midnight she crept into the house with something like despair in her eyes. Meeting the farmer in the passage, she answered the mute inquiry in his face with a shake of her old head.

"There's no signs of him," she said; "I'm afraid he won't come back to night."

"But he must," the farmer retorted hoarsely; "he cannot be far away; we must find him!"

The tutor was summoned, and the whole story told to him. He suggested going to the village, and searching for Phil among the latter's companions. The old farmer seized on the idea hungrily. He would accompany the tutor as far as the village; once there, one could go one way, and the other in an opposite direction. This suggestion was acted upon, and the two set forth.

Passing by "Rose Cottage," they noticed a light, and the tutor feeling it his duty to let the woman who lived therein know what had happened, paused at the door.

"Pardon me for a few minutes," he said to the farmer; "I think I will make a few inquiries here."

The farmer stopped willingly, allowing his companion to pass up the little walk to the cottage door, he remaining in the lane.

To the old man pacing the country road, with a terrible anxiety tugging at his heart-strings, the minutes seemed like hours while the tutor was away. Presently, the latter appeared, accompanied by a slight, black-robed figure, which seemed to glide out of the shadows of the garden, into the white starlight that bathed the lane in wondrous lustre, and there stand before the farmer, with something of reproach and sorrow in its every curve and gesture.

The farmer glanced at the woman, through the faint light, and saw a pale, refined face, with sweet mouth and sad eyes. He had never met the tenant of "Rose Cottage" face to face before.

"This lady wishes to join in the search," the tutor remarked; then, seeing surprise on the farmer's face, he stammered something about her taking an interest in Phil, but with a proud little gesture, she raised her hand, and cut him short.

"I take more than what would be called 'an interest' in Phil," she said, with a tremor in her sweet voice, and her glance fixed full on the farmer's face, "and if you have driven him to harm, with your unjust and cruel suspicion, you will have broken my heart!"

They were strange words to fall from the lips of a mere neighbour, and the farmer raised his brows in surprise; then a sudden suspicion caught at his heart and brain, and shot his eyes to her face.

"Who are you, that you should care so much about the boy?" he asked, with something like a gasp.

She was silent for a moment; then she drew herself up, and faced him again.

"Why should I hide my identity any longer? The boy is in danger, and my place is by his side—I am his mother!"

There was a long, long silence, then the farmer held out his hand, but Phil's mother made no effort to take it.

"When the boy—my boy—is found, I will take your hand—not before!"

They proceeded along the lane for some distance in complete silence, which was at last broken by the tutor.

"This lady tells me that she saw a boy leaving your house to-day; she was struck by his strange movements and guilty appearance. Now, I have my suspicions about that boy, and mean to act upon them," he remarked to the old man, who seemed to walk like one in a dream; the troubles and revelations of the last few hours had overwhelmed him.

It was arranged that at the entrance to the village they would separate, the tutor and Phil's mother to proceed to Jim Tate's, and the old man to some of the homes of the other boys with whom Phil associated.

But before they reached the village an unexpected and startling thing occurred. They were cutting across one of the fields when a low moan struck on their ears. They stopped, and, looking in the direction from whence the sound came, perceived in the soft starlight a small, tottering figure trying to grope its way along by the hedges. Recognising in the tiny trembling mortal little Billie Bamber, one of Phil's old school-mates, the farmer hastened towards him.

"Billie!"

At the sound of the old man's voice, a small, deathly-white face was raised, and the moan was changed to a little cry of joy, as Billie dropped in a heap at the farmer's feet.

Very tenderly the tutor raised him in his arms, and, from that safe shelter, Billie, with many a struggle for strength and breath, told his sad but brave little tale.

"I was comin' for yer," he said, faintly; "'cause I didn't want Phil to go away. But it wus so hard gettin' along, and—my—breath—kept—goin'—and—goin'; —but—it's—all—right—now."

They took Billie home, and there found Phil,

just as his brave little friend had left him, fast asleep, with his head leaned against the bed, and the events of the night troubling his sleep, and bringing sad disjointed sentences to his lips.

But he was awakened by his mother's kiss—to wonder and joy.

"My work is not yet complete," the tutor remarked, a few minutes later; "I must go my errand to the Tates."

And go he did, much to the astonishment and alarm of both Jim and his son Bert.

The tutor immediately tackled the latter.

"You were at the White Farm to-day," he exclaimed, and before the other had time to deny it, he went on, "Own up; you will find it best. We know all. You were seen. Make a clean breast of it and you may be forgiven; deny it, and I'll go at once for a policeman."

Thus cleverly cornered, Bert made a weeping, blubbering confession; and the tutor went back to the house of the Bamber's able to clear the suspicion from Phil's character, and, consequently, a happy man. When he arrived there, he found Phil crying with his face against his mother's breast, and one hand clasped in the fingers of his grandfather.

From this picture to the little form on the bed the tutor looked, and one glance at the sweet, white face on the pillow, with its softly-closed eyes and still lips, showed him that the angel of Death had been in his absence, and had taken little Billie Home.

* * * *

Some time has passed since Billie shut his eyes on the sorrows of life, and some little winter snow flakes have woven a white cover for his grave. It is Christmas-time, and the white farm shows many signs of the happy season. Rose Cottage is again "To Let," for its recent occupant is established in the farmhouse, where she is likely to remain, even after she has rewarded the tutor's long devotion by taking his name; for both he and she are great favourites with the old farmer, and he is looking forward to their marriage with no small amount of pleasure.

On Christmas Eve, a small party was gathered in the best room of the White Farm, whose walls were gay with boughs of holly, hung there by Jane herself. The snow was white in the fields outside, and the winter skies studded with stars.

The old farmer sitting by the log fire thinks of another Christmas Eve some years ago, and his eyes dim for a moment; but the merry faces and voices around soon banish the cloud, and in a little while he smiles as brightly as any there.

Phil was absent from the room, and the conversation turned on him, and the little cloud which had threatened their lives so short a time ago, but which, happily, had blown over. None but those who were in the farmer's confidence were present—Phil's mother, the tutor, and Mr. Hope, the minister—and so the conversation was full and free.

"Does it not show how unfair the prodigal is to his children, to whom he leaves the shadow of his sins, the weaknesses of his nature, the extravagance of his tastes, and the bankruptcy of his latter days?" asked the minister.

"And does it not also show," put in Mrs. Amden, who had dropped her maiden name of Armitage, and was known everywhere now, by her proper title, "does it not also show how powerful is that breath of divinity breathed by the Creator into His creatures to overcome that human heredita-ment, if only the child be protected from temptation?"

But the queries of both remain unanswered; for Phil entered the room at that moment, to tell the company that Nelly Hope had at last succeeded in teaching him to play the second line of "God Save the King!"

[THE END.]

"WHERE IS FATHER CHRISTMAS?"

By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

MEMBERS :—

Robert Falconer (14), an Apprentice,
James Heather (16), Student,
William Bell (17), Tradesman, and
John Smith (19), Chemist.

Our Club has only four members, but they are earnest young fellows, and are very fond of thrashing out in their own way arguments both for and against many of the things they find existing around them.

XII.—"IF MEN WOULD THINK THEY WOULDN'T DRINK."

William: "Hullo, chums; here we are once more. I have got something good to tell you. I am going to cave in and sign teetotal."

John: "That's good, William. I knew you would come to it sooner or later, and I am right glad to know that you have made up your mind."

William: "Well, it's not to be wondered at. We have had many a chat about it, and although I may at times have been a bit obstinate, I like to look at the question all round."

Robert: "You like to take what they call 'a bird's-eye view?'"

William: "That is so, if you like to put it that way. It's all very well for fellows like you, who have been born and bred teetotalers, to keep to it, and to think that everyone else is wrong; but fellows like myself, who have been taught to believe that a glass of beer is a good thing, look at the matter from a very different standpoint, I can tell you."

James: "I can quite believe that. You get to like the taste of it. You can't see that the little you take does you any harm, and you fail to see the vital connection between moderate drinking and intemperance."

William: "I dare say that is true, but you need not begin to preach about it. There are always two sides to every question, and sometimes I think that teetotalers are a little bigoted in their own views."

John: "There is some allowance to be made for them when you think of the enormity of the evils caused by drink."

William: "Would you not rather say, caused by intemperance?"

James: "I think we ought to take the question as a whole, and I should support John in saying evils caused by drink."

William: "Well, we won't argue the point. I have made up my mind to abstain, and that ought to be some satisfaction to you."

Robert: "And to what may we attribute your sudden conversion?"

William: "That's where you're wrong. Mine is not a case of sudden conversion. It has been a process of gradual development, which I think is far better."

Robert: "It has been a kind of secondary education."

John: "You had better keep quiet, young man. It's all very well for youths to be frolicsome, but this is an occasion when sarcasm is out of place."

Robert: "Well, we have been educating him, anyway."

William: "Quite right. Your arguments have had weight. I am not an easy chap to convince, and I am not going to be led away by any wave of enthusiasm, but you have made me think for myself."

James: "That is the best kind of thinking, I imagine. I believe if men and women would only think more, they would drink less."

John: "Not a doubt about it. Men are governed by habit and custom, and by what other people will think about them, far more than by thinking for themselves."

Robert: "Thinking is jolly hard work, I can tell you."

James: "That's why you do so little of it, I suppose?"

Robert: "I don't know about that. We have to do some hard thinking if we want to come out at the top of the class."

William: "That's just the point. I like that expression, 'top of the class,' and it was that idea that helped me to make up my mind to abstain."

Robert: "What do you mean? You don't go to school or college, and I should have thought that your class days were over."

James: "That shows how much you are given to thinking. Don't you know that in the greater world around us, classes still exist? There are classes or grades in every trade and profession."

Robert: "I see what you mean. It's being at the top of the tree, wherever you are."

William: "That's not very lucid. When people talk of being 'up a tree' they generally mean that they are in difficulties, but you mean, I suppose, being at the top in whatever place you may occupy?"

Robert: "Yes. Top sawyer, top housemaid, top boot-black, or anything else you like."

John: "That's certainly a good idea, but when you say, William, that being at the top of the class influenced you, what do you mean?"

William: "Simply this: That it has been shown that strong drink makes men less fit for life's duties than more fit, and, as it is only those who are most fit who can come to the top, it follows that we stand a better chance if we abstain from strong drink than if we use it."

James: "That is very well put. It sums up what we have been arguing all along, that it does not matter what particular phase of our bodies or our lives you may consider, strong drink is harmful and not beneficial."

William: "Yes, I am coming to think so after well weighing all the evidence, but it is not an easy task."

John: "I suppose the difficulty is increased because you have learned to like a glass of ale, and formed the habit of looking forward to it?"

William: "There's a lot in that. I have been trying abstinence since we met a fortnight ago. I don't feel any the worse but I have felt a strong desire for my glass of ale at the usual time."

Robert: "I suppose you would call that an illustration of the power of habit?"

James: "Certainly it is, and it is just that same power that has led many thousands to destruction. They have thought a little about strong drink. They have seen that it is not necessary, and even that it is hurtful, and, whilst their intelligence leaned towards abstinence, the power of habit had too great a pull upon them, and so, in spite of their better selves, they fell."

John: "I should say that that was the history of the moral and physical bankruptcy of many a man and woman."

William: "Not a doubt of it. My thinking has led to conviction, and I don't think anything will shake me from it now. It stands to reason that those with the clearest heads should be the most proficient; that those with the healthiest bodies should live the longest and have the least amount of sickness; that those physically strong should be most likely to win in the race."

James: "Well, the more one looks into the matter, the more certain it becomes that the abstainer has all the advantages, morally, physically, and mentally on his side."

John: "I think that is certain. It don't mean that everyone who is a teetotaler will be at the top of the class, but it does mean that, all other things being equal, the abstainer has the greater chance of the two in forging ahead of his competitor."

William: "Well, I should have beaten you if I could, for I will candidly tell you that I was prejudiced against total abstinence."

Robert: "That was before you began to think."

William: "Precisely. It was the thinking over each of the positions advanced that compelled me to come to the decision to abstain, and I am quite certain that, as James says: That if men and women would think more, they would drink less."

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY.

By Nellie Glasco Wicks.

"Christmas once more; I am weary of it—weary," sighed a ragged unkempt man who stood, hands in pockets, at a street corner.

"Lord; look at the folks," he continued to mutter; "they might all have come into a fortune by the way of them. There are some lucky cusses about. The Christmas cards staring at you from each blessed window gives yer the 'ump."

Just then a rosy, happy child passed him, and looked at him with pitying eyes.

"Father," she said, tugging at the hand of the man by her side," do you see that poor man?"

"Yes, lazy beggar," answered her parent, "I knew him long ago; we went to school together."

"Oh! father, and what a difference between you now; poor, poor man"

"My darling! an evil spirit has gained possession of him, and has brought him where he is now. We cannot help him."

"Oh! father; how sad. Give him sixpence, do; it's Christmas time, and I should like everyone to be happy; it's so jolly at Christmas for us."

"Very well," he replied, handing her a coin, "but it will do him no good, none whatever!"

The little fairy skipped back on her charming errand. "Here, poor fellow," she said, in low tones, "I do hope you will get away from the evil spirit; fight him hard."

John Herway took the money in astonishment, and heard with surprise the child's words.

"Thank yer," he said shortly, and the curly head danced away.

He stared after her a moment or two, then, looked at the money in his hand. An exclamation broke from him: "Gad!" he cried, "they've made a mistake; it's a blooming half-sovereign! What a fuddle I'll have. Shan't have to tell the missus though; she'll be yelping about past Christmases and all that sort, hang her."

He stowed the money carefully away, and then gazed into vacancy. The vision of the pretty rosy child came again before his eyes, and he heard her sweet tones saying, "Fight him hard!"

"Whatever did the kid mean?" he muttered; "I ain't in no evil power; I'm deuced unlucky—that's all"

Just then, another child came along She, too, had sunny curls, but their beauty was hidden by dirt and grime.

"Oh! there you are," she cried, in a shrill voice; "still doin' nothink. Ain't yer coming home? Ain't yer got no money? I tell yer, me mother's broke, an' to-morrow'll be Christmas, and there ain't even a pint of beer in the house."

"Shut up!" he replied, angrily; "let everybody hear yer!"

"Well, hev yer got any money?" she screamed, and then she shivered in the bleak east wind.

He noted it. "Yer cold!" he said.

The girl broke into a loud laugh.

"Oh, my! Ain't that news?" she cried, "seeing as 'ow I'm never nothink else. Hev yer just found that out?" and she shuddered again.

The vision again came before his mind of the rosy child, in her warm woollen coat and smart tam-o'-shanter hat, and he looked at the thin shivering sprite before him, who scowled up at him with hatred and contempt. He took his hands out of his pockets and tried to stand upright.

"I'm coming home to fetch yer mother," he said. "I have got some money."

She glanced at him suspiciously, and then, with a shrug of her shoulders, ran on in front.

"Here's the old man with some tin," were the words with which she hailed her mother.

A sad-faced woman came out of a tumble-down cottage, and eyed him curiously.

"Well! Ain't yer got nothink to say?" queried the man, as he quailed before her glances.

Herway passed into the cottage, and closed the door.

"Kate," he said; "a fairy spoke to me to-night, and said, 'Fight him hard!'"

The woman gave him a look of fear. "Whatever do you mean?" she said.

"A rosy fairy said—— Oh! but you don't understand," he broke off. "I've never thought of fighting before."

"You ain't gone and 'listed?" exclaimed Kate, anxiously.

The man broke into a laugh.

"No," he answered; "only on the side of the fairies. I want our little one to be a fairy, too. See here, Kate; I've had this given to me." And he displayed the half-sovereign.

"We'll go and buy coal and some food for to-morrow, and try to have a Christmas like the first as we had after we was married. What do you say, Kate? Shall we make a fresh start?"

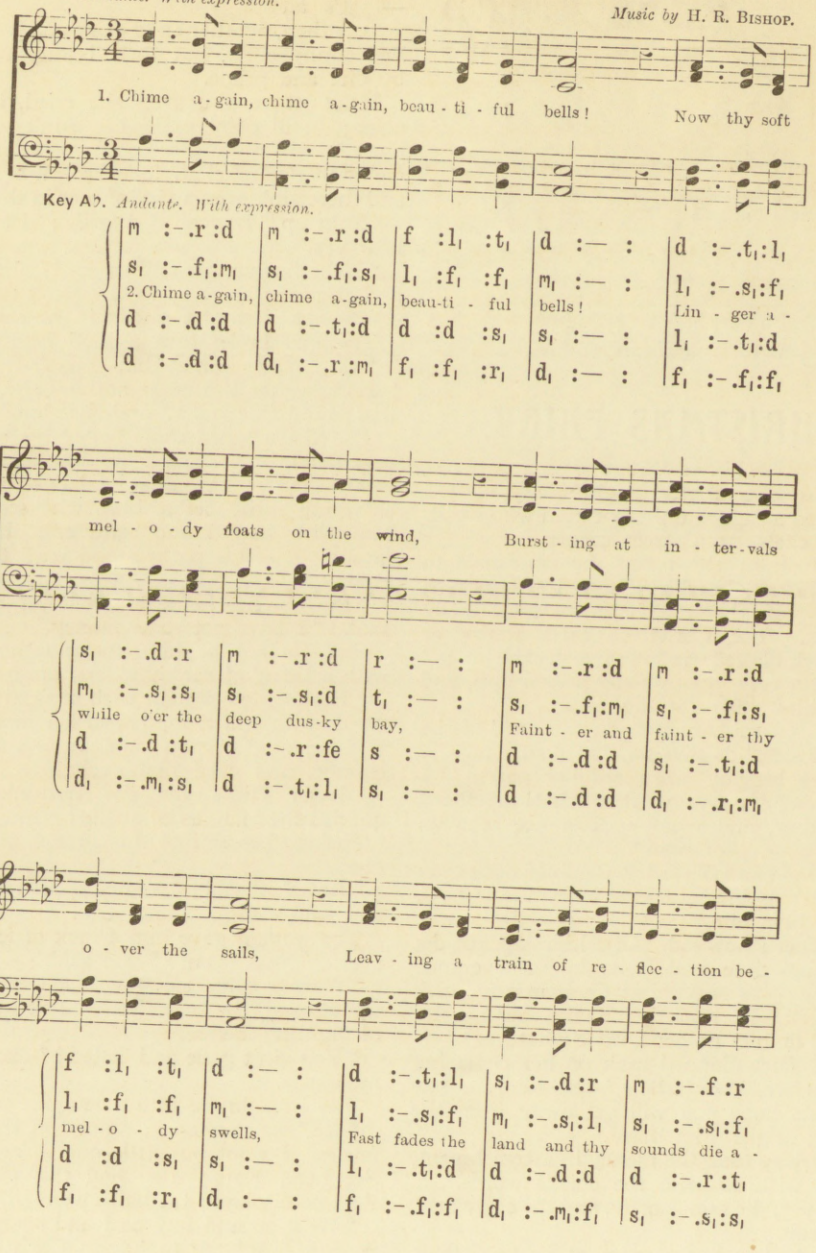
"Aye, aye, aye," sobbed the poor wife; "shall we go to Heaven?"

And they went out together, Kate hanging on his arm, whilst the child forgot to laugh derisively.

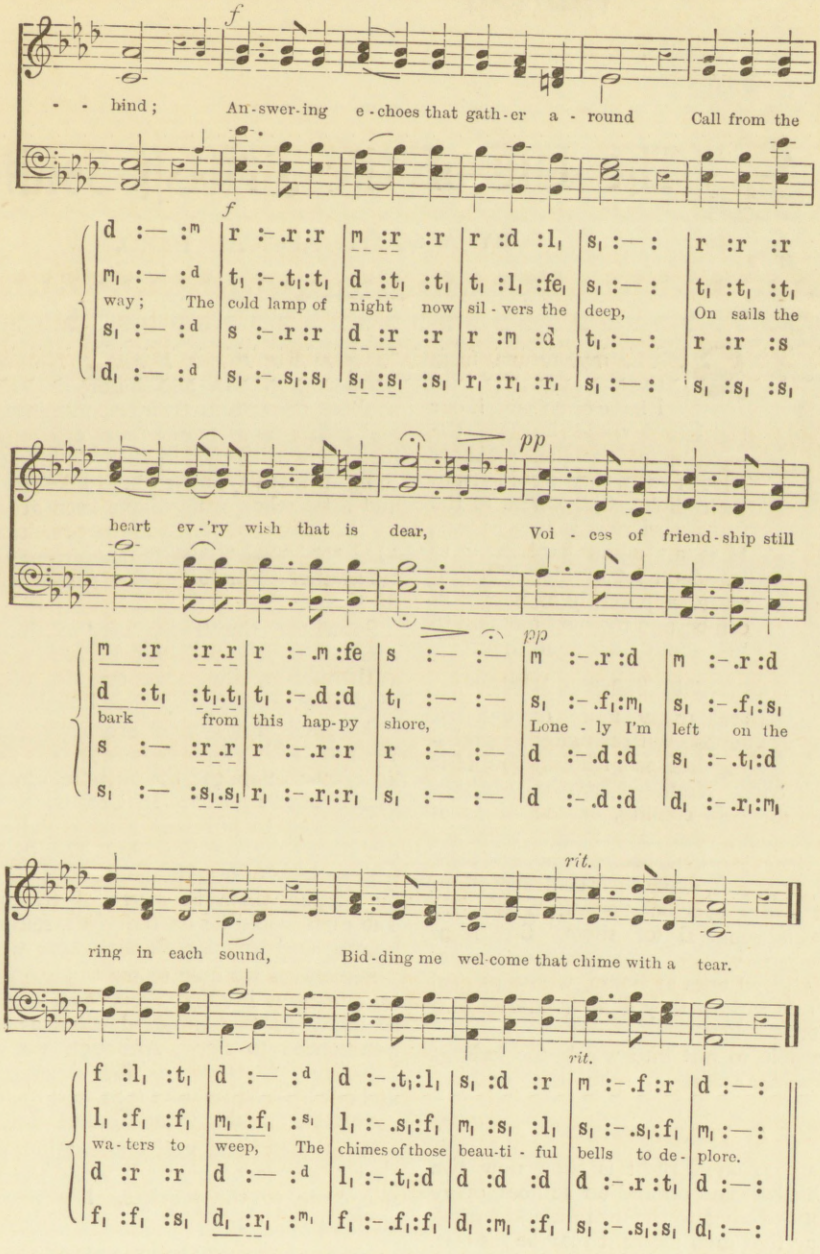
CHIME AGAIN, BEAUTIFUL BELLS!

Andante. With expression.

Music by H. R. Bishop.



CHIME AGAIN, BEAUTIFUL BELLS!



The Life of the British Soldier.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN HERO.

SINCE my return from the war in South Africa I have often said, if our legislators could but see the bursting of one shell amongst a lot of men, they would strain their diplomatic powers to the utmost before engaging in war. It is an awful experience to witness a lot of men chatting away, apparently as happy as can be, and the next moment to find about a dozen of them

STRETCHED OUT LIFELESS,

and many more having lost limbs. With arms and legs missing these poor fellows know what war is to their cost. Wounded men creep behind rocks to wait for help coming, or the Angel of Death. Brave men, who have fought well, are wrapped in their blankets before they are cold, and laid in their graves, while their comrades stand by with not a dry eye amongst them all. No funeral note is sounded for them. But from comrades—rough soldier men—many prayers go up for the loved ones at home, whose painful lot it is to know that they'll ne'er meet again their loved ones below.

It is impossible to put into words the feelings of men marching across an open piece of land, and being

SHOT AT WHILE ADVANCING.

Now the man on one's right is shot, now two or three on his left, and on and on he goes, every nerve and fibre strained to the utmost, and withal, the expectancy that each moment may be his last. Then the soldier often wonders what his relatives will say and how they will take the news of his death. A thousand times I heard the troops pathetically sing "Break the news gently to Mother"; but, oh! the anguish, when one hears in the last breath of a dying chum, the plea, "If you live to get home, go and see dear old mother"; or wife and children. At such times as these, men realise their responsibility as husband and father more than at any other time in their life. Oftentimes when we got a hint that we had to fight next day, men would take rings, watches, and little relics, which have been given to them, to the ministers or Scripture-readers, and say, "If I get 'bowled out' to-morrow, send this to my old mother"; or some other person who was dear to them.

Somehow, the troops used to think I bore a charmed life, for, although I had to fight the same as themselves, they gave me lots of money to send home in case they were killed.

At such times men are naturally religious. We used to have grand meetings. We had very little trouble to get the men to come and listen to the word of God. In fact, many half-crowns were given to purchase candles (when we could get them) for the services. The troops used to make a kind of original lamp from old biscuit tins by cutting them in pieces of triangular form. The men would lie on the veldt, select their own hymns, and sing for all they were worth.

Sometimes we used to try to have prayer meetings without inviting everybody, but, even then, as many as two hundred came as soon as we commenced to sing. Although we went about half-a-mile from camp, our singing was heard and our little lights were seen, and the troops came round like moths to a candle.

A minister one night asked me why it was that a couple of nights a week the men would not come to the services. I explained to him that these were

RUM-ISSUE NIGHTS;

for few turned up when they had this 'devil in solution.' "Oh!" said he, "I should not have thought that a dram of rum would have made all that difference." Of all indictments that can be laid against drinking, the very worst is that it defeats

and frustrates the work of the Gospel. It robs us of physical stability, but, worse still, of our moral and spiritual strength.

Some time ago I had a controversy with a church dignitary on this subject, when he asked me to put myself in his place and live in the bad climates and under the bad conditions he had, and through which he had come all right as a consequence of being a wine drinker. He trotted out an experience that the most favoured officer in South Africa would have called "Paradise."

I replied, "I have lately come home from South Africa, where I spent seventeen months of terrible hardship, privation and fighting, under the worst conditions. I had water to drink, so thick with mud that we could scrape it from the moustache after having drunk it; and water, sometimes, that stank so badly that the thirsty horses turned away in disgust without drinking. Even water thick with soap we were pleased to get.

"Sleeping on the veldt, we have often had to get pick and spade to turn the feathers over before we could lie down. One blanket between two men, with very poor clothing, no shelter, and night after night in 22 degrees of frost. Five days and five nights we were in a teeming rain, and laid down in the water to rest, and *that* while having to subsist on bad and short rations.

"Five years," said I, "have I served in India, and drunk the filthiest waters imaginable. Two years in Afghanistan, where the water is filled with poisonous germs, and people are subject to enteric fever and cholera. In Arabia, and in Egypt, and in other countries where I have been, I have had to drink the most nauseous of water in extremes of hot and cold climates, and have done it all

AS A TOTAL ABSTAINER,

not daring to touch alcoholic drinks. Now," asked I, "is not my testimony, although a much younger man, better for total abstinence than yours for wine-bibbing?" "It is a splendid testimony," he answered; "but," with emphasis, "you have not converted me. I like it and shall have it."

Our marches up country were most trying, sometimes over huge mountains, and yoked along with bullocks to pull the big guns up. At night we had to go out to watch for the enemy.

One night, after we had been marching for some weeks, and during the day in question had been fighting, nine of our men were put to watch a special point. The convoy, too, was put at this point. During the night, these nine men broke open the biscuits and had a right good feed, and then the cheese. After the cheese, they went for the rum, and all were found drunk next morning. Those men I knew very well, men who would have done their duty had not this temptation been placed in their way.

The sooner these drink temptations are taken away, the sooner we shall have an army fitted, in every sense of the word, to fight our country's battles.

In these few short articles I have endeavoured, as I said at the commencement, to show Tommy Atkins as he is, and to convey some faint idea of his life without paint or starch. All who have read them will see at once that rapid progress has been made in the religious, moral, and physical welfare of the British soldier, and we know where he could be benefited most yet, and that is by taking away the standing temptation of drinking, which is always before him. Men have said to me that God is a God of battles, but I am now convinced that battles were not designed by God, and my earnest wish is that men will cease (I say it reverently) to seek a God of battles but seek and find a Prince of Peace.

(*Conclusion.*)

What Upset Uncle Jerry.

UNCLE JERRY.

MRS. SQUEER (*his housekeeper*).

THEODORE TRICKLE (*Uncle Jerry's Nephew*).

Uncle Jerry (with carpet bag and umbrella): Mrs. Squeer, I have told you before, and I tell you *again*, and this is the *last time,—I will not have it.*

Mrs. Squeer: Have *what*, sir?

Uncle Jerry (producing a black bottle from his pocket, and setting it down with a thump on the table): *That!* I've smelt whiskey about the house for the last three months.

Mrs. Squeer (looking fixedly at the bottle): Bless me, sir, I didn't know you kep' sich things in *your* pockets!

Uncle Jerry (angrily): And *I* didn't know you kept such things in *your bedroom*, Mrs. Squeer.

Mrs. Squeer: And pray, sir, what right have *you* in my bedroom?

Uncle Jerry: I never entered it in my life, madam.

Mrs. Squeer: Then, if I may be so bold, where did you get my paraffin bottle from?

Uncle Jerry (sarcastically): Paraffin bottle, indeed (drawing the cork and placing it to his nose); smell that cork, Mrs. Squeer.

Mrs. Squeer (smells it): Well, sir; that's a paraffin cork, right enough.

Uncle Jerry (smelling it): There is certainly a paraffiny odour about it, but (smelling the bottle and passing it to her) how about *that?*

Mrs. Squeer (taking the bottle and smelling it): Paraffin, sir, and nothink else but paraffin.

Uncle Jerry (turning to Theodore): Here, Theodore, *you* smell it.

Theodore (smelling it): Well, uncle, I should have thought it was paraffin; but what do *you* think it is?

Uncle Jerry: Whiskey, without doubt.

Theodore: Where did you find it, uncle?

Uncle Jerry: When you rushed upstairs after the cat, you slammed your bedroom door, and the jar shook something down in Mrs. Squeer's bedroom, and lo! to my surprise, this bottle came rolling out on to the landing before my eyes.

Theodore: Well, uncle, what are you in trouble about?

Uncle Jerry (emphatically): I am in trouble about whiskey bottles being in my house. I never did have such things. No; and I never *will*.

Mrs. Squeer (beginning to cry): Oh, sir, I am very sorry, but I have been telling you a "barefaceted" lie. I *did* have a drop of whiskey, and I put a paraffin cork in the bottle, so as to "suck in" anybody as tried to trace it. I felt sure you would find it out, somehow. Oh, *do* forgive me.

Uncle Jerry: I will do nothing of the kind, Mrs. Squeer. You have continually deceived me, and I desire you to leave my house *at once*. I will not have my house turned into a public house bar to please *anybody*. Where there's drink there's danger; that's my motto.

Uncle Jerry (waving his umbrella and shaking his carpet bag): Now, go, go. I am just off to spend the day with a friend, and I mean to lock up my house with you *outside* it.

Mrs. Squeer: Bless me, sir; I can't clear out *so* quick.

Uncle Jerry: Yes, you can. I give you half-an-hour to get your things together, and there's a month's wages (laying down the money).

Mrs. Squeer (crying and picking up the money): Oh, dear; oh, dear; this is what drink does. I've heard it called a blessing, but I'm beginning to find out that it's a curse after all.

Uncle Jerry: A curse it *has* been, from the time of Noah to the present moment. Take my advice, and don't touch it again.

Mrs. Squeer: You'll give me a character, sir?

Uncle Jerry: Yes, I will; for drinking and lying!

Mrs. Squeer (crying still): Oh, dear; oh, dear!

Uncle Jerry: Now then, Theodore; help her get her things together; I mean what I say.

Theodore: Come along, Mrs. Squeer. This will teach you a lesson. You have lost your character and your situation, all for the sake of a drop of whiskey.

Mrs. Squeer: My mother taught me fifty years ago to have a drop out of her glass. *That* was the beginning. *This* is the end.

Uncle Jerry: See to it that it *is* the end, then. If you keep free from it for six months I will see what can be done for you, but you have carried it on too far for me to forgive you now, or keep you in my house for another day.

Theodore: Come on, Mrs. Squeer. I'll help you pack up. (Theodore goes out of the room with her).

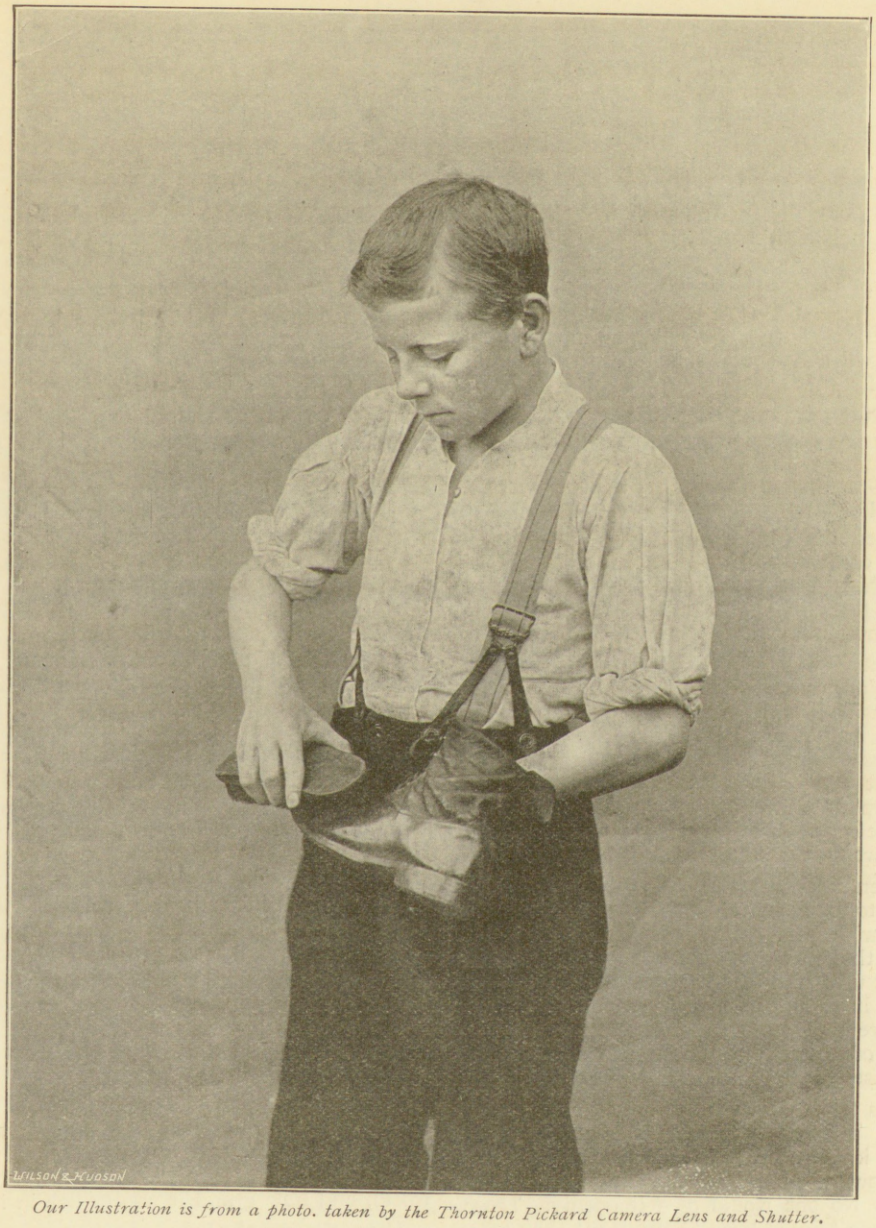
Uncle Jerry (facing the audience): Take warning all, and dread the whiskey bottle. It has caused ten thousand men and women to lose good situations before Mrs. Squeer was born, and it will cause ten thousand more if it is trusted.

HIS DAILY TASK.

Joe Brown's daily task is not very exalted. Oft times he gets disgusted with it; and sometimes, when he looks at the better positions (as he calls them) of his schoolmates, he half resolves to give it up. "Cleaning boots!" you can hear him say; "What chance is there for a fellow to make a name for himself in this. If only I were behind a counter like Harry Smith, or a clerk like Tom Jones, I could distinguish myself a bit. But cleaning boots, faugh!"

That's when Joe's out of sorts, when things aren't going very well with him.

He isn't always thus, and when his master, gratified with the extra polish the lad has put on his boots, says · "Joe, you've used some elbow-grease this morning. I never came across anybody who polishes my boots as well as you do. They look just like patent's," Joe's heart beats high and he's even proud of his humble task.



Our Illustration is from a photo. taken by the Thornton Pickard Camera Lens and Shutter.

When Joe is moody, dissatisfied, and inclined to neglect his work, he forgets what very few people have properly learned, that *it is not the office which confers dignity upon a man*, but *the man who confers dignity upon his office*, and that it's far more honourable to discharge a menial duty faithfully, than to hold the most exalted office and only half-fulfil its obligations.

A Story of The World.

It was a beautiful world—rich in glory. The spring-time showed such tender tints of foliage. The soft, gentle showers introduced the daintiest of flowers.

The summer sun brought a luxuriant vegetation more lovely than the wildest dreams could pourtray, with the scent of roses and the singing of birds in the air.

The autumn was the time of graceful, mellow life, when the trees sighed together softly, their robes assuming the subdued colours of their thoughts—as they whispered of the season that would follow.

And then the winter came, with the snow—a miracle of fluffy feathers plucked from angels' wings, which became frozen on their descent to earth, through the coldness of men's hearts to one another.

And there was marvellous scenery in this world. Wonders of rivers for the use of its inhabitants. Grand majestic mountains that made one look upward to the heavenly pictures of sky that seemed to rest on their summits. And great seas—beauteous mysteries of white-crested waves stretching away—away—away—wild—unfettered—ever-varying—the great health-giving powers—the breathing lungs of this world.

The men and women who were allowed by privilege to be heirs of all this grandeur were endowed with gifts—with souls—brains—muscles—so that they might be able to apply their world to its best uses, and that they should live happily together, helping and assisting one another to learn more and more to understand the great purposes of the Divine Creator of their home and themselves.

But it is told that a wicked influence crept into Paradise. The people could not define it, neither did they know whence it came. But the evil gained power. Men and women whispered it together. No one would own it openly. Those who became tainted tried to hide that they were so, and the great majority wrestled with their sins and overcame them. All wished to do so, but some were weaker than others, and less able to conquer.

Then the evil one to whom people gave the name of the Devil, as they knew him by no other, sat and pondered.

He with the cunning of the wicked saw that by himself he could do little to subdue these people entirely. He had the very slightest hold on men and women. So he looked around for an aid. At last an idea struck him.

He saw the vine and the fruits so luscious and good for use.

He smiled sardonically.

"I will turn these fruits into a liquid," he said; "a potent that will distort men's brains and cast out reason. It shall be an ever-tempting intoxicating drink, and then, under its influence, the partakers thereof shall be my slaves. They shall know all crime and all sorrow in this world. I shall be king and leader, and when once I have twined my tendrils around them, it will be hard to resist again."

So he put it into men's brains to make strong drink, and the liquid became famous.

Some of the people had sufficient will power to partake of the stuff moderately, but the great majority became its slave—if not openly, then quietly, in the seclusion of their homes.

Then the direst misery came into this world—for the drink was used on all occasions. The people said it was social to drink with one another. Hence what was intended for merry-making often resolved itself into deep tragedy.

Men, under its influence, robbed, murdered, thrashed, fought, and died violent deaths, to be buried in a drunkard's grave.

Everyone professed contempt for the drunkard, man or woman, for women were as much victims as men. But the great majority drank on just the same, and scoffed at those who tried to drive the curse out of the world.

The babies died cold and hungry. The little children ran about with bare feet and ragged garments, and learned to love all that was vile instead of being taught how beautiful was the world, and how grand it was to live in it.

Then the people began to hate each other; for some became very rich as others grew to live in poverty, and their children were born in misery or affluence, and continued the feeling. Then the inhabitants of the world commenced to grumble. "There is no God," they cried; "for if He were loving and a great Father, He would not permit such horror and tragedy to exist."

They forgot His inexorable law was that goodness or evil each brings its own result.

And so the beauty of the world was forgotten, and the people gave no thanks for its glory, but the drink craze ran a subtle irresistible current throughout all classes, cursing rich and poor.

And day after day the Devil laughs, as he sees how powerful the drink has made him, but the sound of his laughter is drowned in the tears and sobs of his millions of victims.—N.G.W.

The Voice of Science.

IS ALCOHOL FOOD?

At the last annual meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, Professor of Physiology in North-Western University Medical School, Chicago, read a paper on the relation of alcohol to the nutrition of the animal body, in which he sums up the case as follows :—

ALCOHOL.	FOOD.
1. A certain quantity will produce a certain effect at first, but it requires more and more to produce the same effect when the drug is used habitually.	1. A certain quantity will produce a certain effect at first, and the same quantity will always produce the same effect in the healthy body.
2. When used habitually it is likely to induce an uncontrollable desire for more in ever-increasing amounts.	2. The habitual use of food never induces an uncontrollable desire for it in ever-increasing amounts.
3. After its habitual use a sudden total abstinence is likely to cause a serious derangement of the central nervous system.	3. After its habitual use a sudden total abstinence never causes any derangement of the central nervous system.
4. Alcohol is oxidised rapidly in the body.	4. All foods are oxidised slowly in the body.
5. Alcohol, not being useful, is not stored in the body.	5. All foods, being useful, are stored in the body.
6. Alcohol is a product of decomposition of food in the presence of a scarcity of oxygen.	6. All foods are the products of constructive activity and protoplasm in the presence of abundant oxygen.
7. Alcohol is an excretion, and, in common with all excretions, is poisonous, and it is never beneficial to the healthy body.	7. All foods are formed by nature for nourishment, and are by nature wholesome, and always beneficial to the healthy body, though they may injure the body in certain phases of disease.
8. The use of alcohol, in common with narcotics in general, is followed by a reaction.	8. The use of foods is followed by no reaction.
9. The use of alcohol is followed by a decrease in the activity of the muscle cells and the brain cells.	9. The use of food is followed by an increased activity of the muscle cells and brain cells.
10. The use of alcohol is followed by a decrease in the secretion of CO_2.	10. The use of food is followed by an increase in the excretion of CO_2.
11. The use of alcohol is followed by an accumulation of fat through decreased activity.	11. The use of foods may be followed by accumulation of fat, notwithstanding increased activity.
12. The use of alcohol is followed by a fall in the body temperature.	12. The use of food is followed by a rise in body temperature.
13. The use of alcohol weakens and unsteadies the muscles.	13. The use of food strengthens and steadies the muscles.
14. The use of alcohol makes the brain less active and accurate.	14. The use of food makes the brain more active and accurate.

Wine takes away reason, engenders insanity, leads to thousands of crimes, and imposes each day an enormous expense on nations.—PLINY.

A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at morn;
And all day long the sun shone bright,
The cares of life were made more light,
And sweetest hopes were born.
A little thing, a hasty word,
A cruel frown at morn;
And aching hearts went on their way,
And toiled throughout a dreary day,
Disheartened, sad, and lorn.

The distinction in quality between the good and the bad wine is as clear as that between good and bad men, or good and bad wives, or good and bad spirits; for one is the constant subject of warning, designated poison literally, analogically, and figuratively, while the other is commended as refreshing and innocent, which no alcoholic wine is.—F. R. LEES.

Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray;
Manhood's Town lies—where? Can you tell me the way?
Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land;
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand:
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill—work;
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street—shirk;
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part;
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart;
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down—
Oh! that is the way to Manhood's Town.

Is it really true that teetotalism is only good for drunkards?

An honest publican once refused to supply drink to an old toper, but at the same time he was filling glasses for two fine young men. This the drunkard resented, saying to the publican, "That is absurd; and what good does it do? I was once young, healthy, and happy: it is the public-house that has ruined me; and now my health is gone, my family ruined, honour is lost, what have I left to lose? It is not to me, but to these young men that you ought to refuse a glass. It may do them harm, but it cannot hurt me. It's a rascally shame!" And he went away grumbling. The two youths, taken aback by this lesson received from an unexpected quarter, never touched their glasses, but went out leaving the publican alone with his conscience.—*Bene Sociale.*

Tom Hayward, the famous Surrey professional, writing of fellow-cricketers in the *Echo*, says:—"If you are a total abstainer there is no need to be ashamed of it. The time has gone by when these men were laughed at, and it is now a serious question among cricketers whether they have not the best of it."

The true idea of Power is not embodied in Hercules or Samson, brute forces with brute appetites, takers of strong cities, but slaves to their own passion. Nor is it in the brave soldier who can storm a fortress at the point of a bayonet, but who yields his manhood to the enticements of sinners, and hides the faith which the scoffer's sneer has made him frightened to avow. The real power is there when a man has mastered himself, when he has trampled upon the craven and the shameful in all their disguises, and when, ready on all fit occasions to bear himself worthily among his fellows, and "give the world assurance of a man," he dares to say to that world, the while it scorns and slanders him, "I will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

—W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

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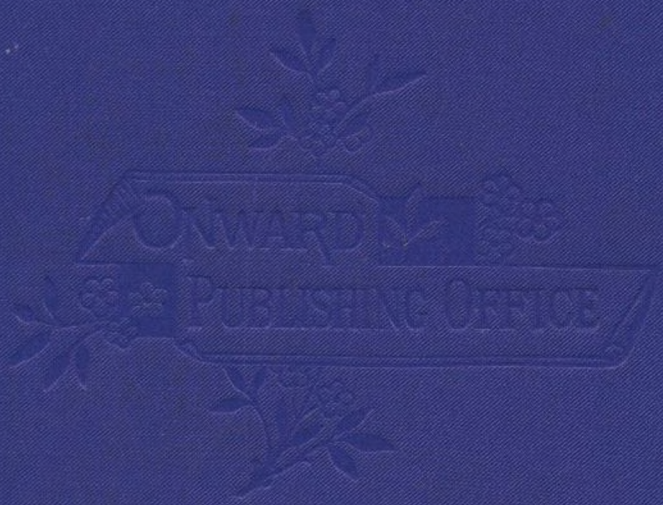
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