ONWARD

1873

H. Green, Photo., Manchester.

THOS. E. HALLSWORTH,

Hon. Sec. Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

Onward:

THE ORGAN

OF THE

Band of Hope Movement.

VOLUME VIII.—1873.

LONDON:
WILLIAM TWEEDIE & Co., 337, Strand.

MANCHESTER:
LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE BAND OF HOPE UNION,
Barlow's Court, 43, Market Street.

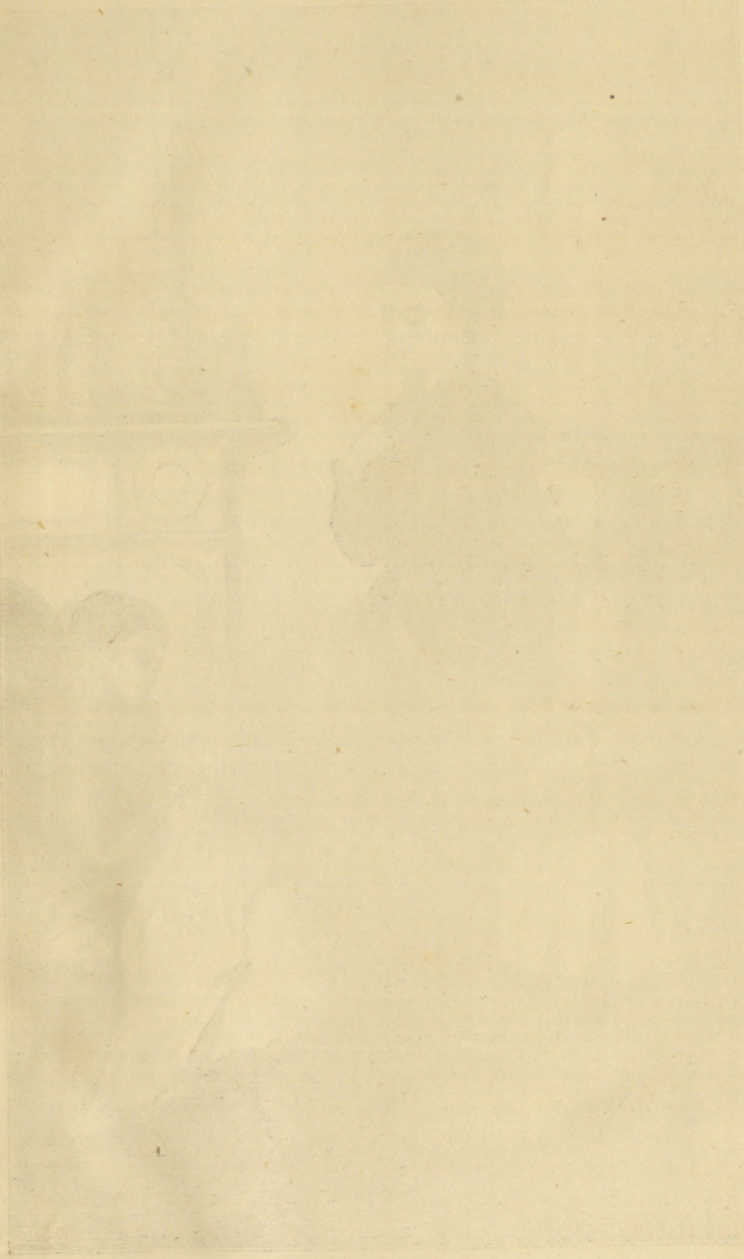
JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.

CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII.

MUSIC :—

POETRY :—

POETRY : -



KATHLEEN STANLEY AT WORK.

ONWARD.

VOL. 8. JANUARY, 1873. NO. 91.

THE BIRD ANGEL.

BY M. A. PAULL.

Author of "TIM'S TROUBLES," "MY PARISH," "THE DIVER'S DAUGHTER," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

"HARK! HARK! THE LARK
AT HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS."

"OH! mama, it will be such glorious fun, won't it?" said Lilian, as she stood by the window and looked out on the beautiful flower garden below, with her eyes sparkling and a happy smile on her lips.

"I can't feel anything glorious fun now, Lilian," said her mama, sadly, "but I am glad for you to be happy, my dear child."

The door had opened and another little girl had entered in time to hear her mama's words, she came across the room, and now both she and Lilian, who had left the window, stood beside the lady, and Kathleen said:—

"But, dear mama, won't you be just a little bit happy for our sakes, because we cannot be quite happy if you are sad," and Lilian and Kathleen put up their rosy lips for a kiss and twined their arms around their mama's neck to comfort her.

"Your are good and very dear children," said Mrs. Stanley, in the same sad tones as she had before used, and there were large tears in her eyes as she added, "but oh! I can't forget my Willie, children, you must never think I can forget my Willie."

"No, mama dear," said Kathleen, "nor do we forget our Willie, but ——" and then she hesitated.

"But what?" asked her mama.

"Don't you think, as Willie is so happy, he would like us to be happy too, dear mama?" said Kathleen timidly.

Mrs. Stanley did not answer her, and Kathleen took up her work. She was working on a large piece of bright blue silk and she had gold thread in her needle. The piece of silk was for a temperance flag, and the words she was embroidering on it were, "Wine is a mocker."

Kathleen Stanley was just twelve years of age, she was very clever with her needle, and very patient and persevering too, you would have said, could you have seen her at her task, that she was a very pretty child. She had soft hair of a bright brown colour that gleamed and shone and made you think of the bright soft lights on bronze, and it fell in wavy curls over her fair white neck, and even down to the black crape-trimmed frock she wore ; her eyes were of a soft bright blue, full of sweetness, her cheeks were pink, and her pretty mouth was very rosy. She looked thoughtful, gentle, and kind. Lilian, her twin-sister, was a good deal like her, only she had beautiful golden hair ; her eyes were blue, her cheeks were pink, and her sweet lips were red. Many people said except for the hair, they could not have told one child from the other ; but there was a difference. Kathleen was more thoughtful looking, Lilian more full of fun. Both of them had been trained to be obedient, careful not to offend, and obliging ; it was no wonder that the twins were universal favourites.

Their mama's words will have told you that they had passed through a great sorrow. Only eight or nine months before, their only brother, Willie, had been as gay and full of life as Lilian ; as clever and intelligent as Kathleen. Everybody had called him a boy of great promise, his father was proud of him, his mother almost idolised him, and his sisters loved him and looked up to him in everything. He was just two years older than they were, and full of affection for them. Willie was a weekly boarder at a school a few miles off by the sea-side, his mother could not bear that he should go far away from them. She liked so much to have him with her on Sundays, that they might walk to church together, and have sweet, happy loving talks.

One day Willie and five other boys, some older, some younger than himself, went out with one of the masters of the school, to bathe. They had often bathed before with perfect safety, and there was no thought of danger in their young hearts as they bounded along across the beach and over the sands, that lovely bright October morning. But there was a deep, treacherous pool hidden from their sight by the sparkling wavelets, and into it Willie and a young companion sank, never to rise again. And the dreadful news came to two homes that a darling son and brother was drowned.

This was the trouble which had so clouded the hitherto happy life at Summerland House, and made Mrs. Stanley, who used to be so joyous, quite grave and sad. This great grief had also written lines of sorrow on Mr. Stanley's forehead, and shed a gloom over the pleasures and occupations of the twins. It was autumn when Willie was drowned, now it was May, and the time when the Band of Hope children in the towns of Waythorpe and Stoneleigh always held their joint annual fête upon the downs that overlooked the sea, and lay between Waythorpe and Stoneleigh, where Willie had been at school.

Mrs. Stanley said that Kathleen and Lilian might go to the fête with their papa, but she herself would stay at home. Mr. Stanley, however, though very

gently and lovingly, tried to persuade his wife that she must endeavour not to give way to a morbid grief, that would only do her harm and no one else any good; he reminded her of the satisfaction they had in knowing that their darling Willie had loved God and tried to serve his Saviour; he also recalled to her Willie's intense interest in the Band of Hope, how he had worked, and how he had wished them to work for it, and at last he persuaded her to accompany himself and their little daughters to Waythorpe Downs. It was for the Band of Hope procession that Kathleen was working so industriously at her flag; it was for the Band of Hope tea that Lilian now came away from the window, and seated by her sister's side, began to pack up little piles of blue cards into bundles, each containing one dozen. Mr. Stanley, their papa, was the treasurer of the Waythorpe Temperance Society, and president of the Waythorpe Band of Hope. He loved the temperance cause very truly, more enthusiastically almost than his little girls could quite understand. The morning of the 29th of May was as warm, as golden, as beautiful as you can possibly imagine an early summer day to be, and all the many pairs of eyes that looked out of windows in Waythorpe and Stoneleigh that morning, had their fears that the rain might possibly have come in the night, most happily chased away.

"Just *the* very day for the downs," said many and many a Band of Hope child, "won't the sea be looking gloriously blue and beautiful?"

At Summerland House Kathleen and Lilian were getting up, and talking very fast to each other.

"I am so very sorry dear mama can't enjoy it this year, even a little bit," said Kathleen, as they were going down to breakfast.

"Perhaps she will, when she once gets there," said Lilian, "I don't quite see how she can help it." Lilian could hardly imagine any one remaining for a whole day sorrowful on Waythorpe Moor.

The morning hours passed rather slowly to the children who were impatient to be off. At twelve o'clock the carriage drove to the door. Lilian clapped her hands in glee. Kathleen looked wistfully at her mother. Mrs. Stanley said in a choked voice, "Last year Willie was with us;" and covered her face with her hands. Mr. Stanley waited for a few minutes for her to recover herself, then he drew her arm within his and led her to the carriage.

Off and away through the pleasant lanes, and then on the open road, across the moorland, where the broad expanse of distant sea burst upon their view in the golden glittering beauty of the summer sunshine sparkling over its blue waters.

"Oh! mama, it *is* nice, isn't it?" said impulsive Lilian, not quite satisfied, because she could not help feeling happy, spite of her mama's sad, grave face. "You will try a *little* bit to like it, won't you, mama?"

And her little hands were laid entreatingly upon her mother's. Mrs. Stanley did not answer; to her the sea looked like a cruel robber, with a mocking, hypocritical, smiling face. Had it not stolen her Willie from her arms?

Just as they were preparing to alight from the carriage, bands were heard in the distance playing merry tunes, and the Band of Hope processions came in sight from opposite sides of the down. Hundreds of little banners fluttered in the warm breeze, and the more pretentious ones waved gracefully to and fro, or

fastened at both ends to long poles, were borne triumphantly along by very hot, very smiling boys, who paid rather dearly for the honour by the exertion.

"There goes Kathleen's flag," said Lilian, proudly, as the blue silk and gold letters, "Wine is a mocker," came in sight.

How happy the children looked and how smart, with their medals glittering on their breasts, tied by gay ribbons of various colours that streamed after them in the breeze. Oh! it was a pretty sight winding across the moorland, which here and there was ablaze with bushes of golden, deliciously-scented furze in full bloom, with the blue sea below them on the one hand, and the well cultivated fields and corn lands on the other. It must have been a cold heart indeed that did not feel a thrill of pleasure at such a moment. It is always so delightful to behold children dedicated to that which is pure and true and good, and adopting for themselves a principle which shall help them in their life work, to be more alive to God's service. It is always so terrible to see the young given up to crime and suffering. Our hearts ache to meet the care-worn, sin-stained faces of the neglected little ones of our streets and lanes, while they rejoice to look at the happy processions of Sunday-schools or Bands of Hope. And when the Waythorpe Band of Hope met the Stoneleigh Band of Hope at only a few yards' distance from Mr. Stanley's carriage, oh! what a joyous hurrah! went up into the sunny air. And then the children broke up from their marching order and dispersed hither and thither in groups. Mr. Stanley and Lilian, it was now decided, should go and take part in the events and sports of the day, while Kathleen stayed with her mama, who felt quite unequal to mix with so many neighbours and acquaintances just yet. They were to come back to the tea at five o'clock.

"We will go towards the sea, Kathleen, down into the Heather Glen," said Mrs. Stanley, "there we shall be by ourselves."

"Yes, dear mama," replied the gentle little girl, linking her arm in her mother's. They went away some little distance off, from the louder sounds of the noisy, happy, boisterous children; and Kathleen said,

"Oh, mama, do listen to the larks, I believe there must be three of them, all singing at once, do listen to the sweet trio, mama."

Mrs. Stanley smiled sadly, and both stood quite still while the larks soared to "heaven's gate," and linked earth to heaven with a silvery chain of music. What fine times of it the larks have on the moorlands by the sea. When they fly so far skywards, to such giddy heights that our eyes can scarcely discern them, and they have become mere black specks on the blue vault of heaven, do they ever turn round and look down upon this old world below them, and the shining beauty of the summer sea? Home and love bring them back again to us, dropping down, down, down, till the nest is reached, the young ones are cared for, and the dear nest-mate is cheered and comforted. Mrs. Stanley and Kathleen had reached the Heather Glen; it was merely a sort of copse which in autumn was purple with heather, and which now was laden with the soft warm perfume of the vegetable gold that adorned the furze bushes. Here they were about to choose a resting-place, when Kathleen, turning herself round, said softly,

"Oh! just look, mama!"

But to tell you what she saw will take me into another chapter.

(To be continued.)

A New Year and the Battle of Life.

GO forth in the battle of life, my boy,
Go, while it is called to-day;
For the years go out, and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where the two worlds meet—
They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful grace,
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men,
Work for the plough, adze, spindle, and pen,
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers,
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptation will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, in robes as fair
As the holiest angels in heaven wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, breastplate, and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield,
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod;
And before high heaven do the best you can,
For the great reward, for the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

DOWNHILL.

THERE is a downward course of sin. Every man who will look out upon life will see a thousand illustrations of this fact. The drunkard of to-day was once a sober boy. He became an occasional drinker. From this it was an easy and a short step to the place of the constant, miserable drunkard. The most profane man that ever polluted his lips uttered a first oath. The first oath brings forth its proper fruit in his present horrible supremacy of wickedness. The most desperate thief committed his first act of stealing. And so on through the whole catalogue of sins and sinners.

It must be so. Impressions are working themselves deeper and deeper into the soul. Habits become more and more confirmed. The heart grows harder, the conscience becomes more easy under every pressure that sin makes upon it.

Look at the stone-cutter. He takes a solid block of hard, rough stone. He works upon it with hammer, and chisel, and mallet. Every blow makes some impression. At last he brings it, by hard labour, into the smooth, beautiful, ornamental shape that he desires. This is the work which evil impressions, only

in another and bad direction, are doing upon the soul of the youth who yields himself to sin. Every sin is working out the final and terrible result of confirmed wickedness in that young heart. I look at a peach tree in the winter. I see it covered with buds, which need only sunshine, warmth, and rain, to make them swell out into open blossoms. Then the young fruit is formed which is destined to grow on until it becomes the large and luscious peach. Even so is it with the first buds of sin in your hearts. If you nourish them, they will grow until they attain the full size of monstrous and horrible sins. If you yield to sin, it will come back upon you again and again. It will soon gain the mastery over you. You will lose conscience, shame, and every feeling which God has given you, in order to keep you back from wrong.

I once attended the funeral of a woman who had died at night, on a common, in a miserable fit of drunkenness. She had not been sober for eighteen days. She had a respectable husband, and sons nearly grown up. She herself had once been a very respectable woman. What a downward course was hers! What power has sin, thus to degrade a once loved wife and kind mother! I read, not long since, of the death of a young mother in New York. She died of drunkenness and starvation. She was found dead in a miserable, filthy room. Yet she had once been rich, lived in a fine house, and moved among the most respectable families in the city. When she began to drink the fatal liquor, did she dream of an end so degraded and horrible?

The German theatres in New York are attended, on Sunday evening, by hundreds of mere boys. The downward course of sin is before them. They are already treading its easy descent.

Take care of the first lie! The first oath! The first sin of any kind! If you once begin, you will find a thousand devils pushing you down deeper and deeper at every step you take.

DRINK.

By William Nichols.

OH, cursed Drink! with unrelenting hate
Pursuing souls immortal to the gate--
And through the gate, into the depths of hell;
Who will not loose his hold, not for an hour
O'er one who once comes firmly in his power.

Look round, and see the way in which Drink strives
To trap the simple, draw away the wise
From truth and virtue's path. You'll see him rise
Ere work has well begun, deck out his stores,
Make bright their looks, and open wide the doors;
Then, through the day, and far into the night,
You'll find him busy. Note the wretched plight,
The ragged clothes, the pinch'd and starving looks
Of those who keep their savings in his books;
Then look abroad, and view drink in their home,
And there you'll see why guilty creatures come
To drown the silent monitor within
By draughts of porter, whisky, rum, and gin.

This wretched man had once a loving wife
And happy home; they led a peaceful life,
Knew nought of strife. But now the chain of drink
Has bound his heart, and quenched all care to think
Of wife or home; it matters nought to him
That hunger, cold, and misery have crept in.
She whom he swore to succour, love, and keep,
Is dying fast, from want and bitter grief
To see him so; he heeds it not, but fast
Goes on his headlong course, until at last
He's past reclaiming.

That outcast woman, with pale, haggard face,
Burden'd with sin, companion of the base!—
What caused her fall? The answer comes, 'twas drink
That bound her, dragged her so to ruin's brink,
Robbed her of virtue, purity, and name,
Seared thus her conscience, fill'd her breast with shame,
Drove her from home, blighted her parents' hearth,
And made her thus, an outcast on the earth.

Now look at those who suffer most through drink,—
The wife and children! Could the drunkard think
Of what he causes, could he see the pain,
The want, the grief, the bitter, heartfelt shame
Suffered by them, how quickly would he strive
To cast aside his hateful vice, and live,
By total abstinence, a manly life.

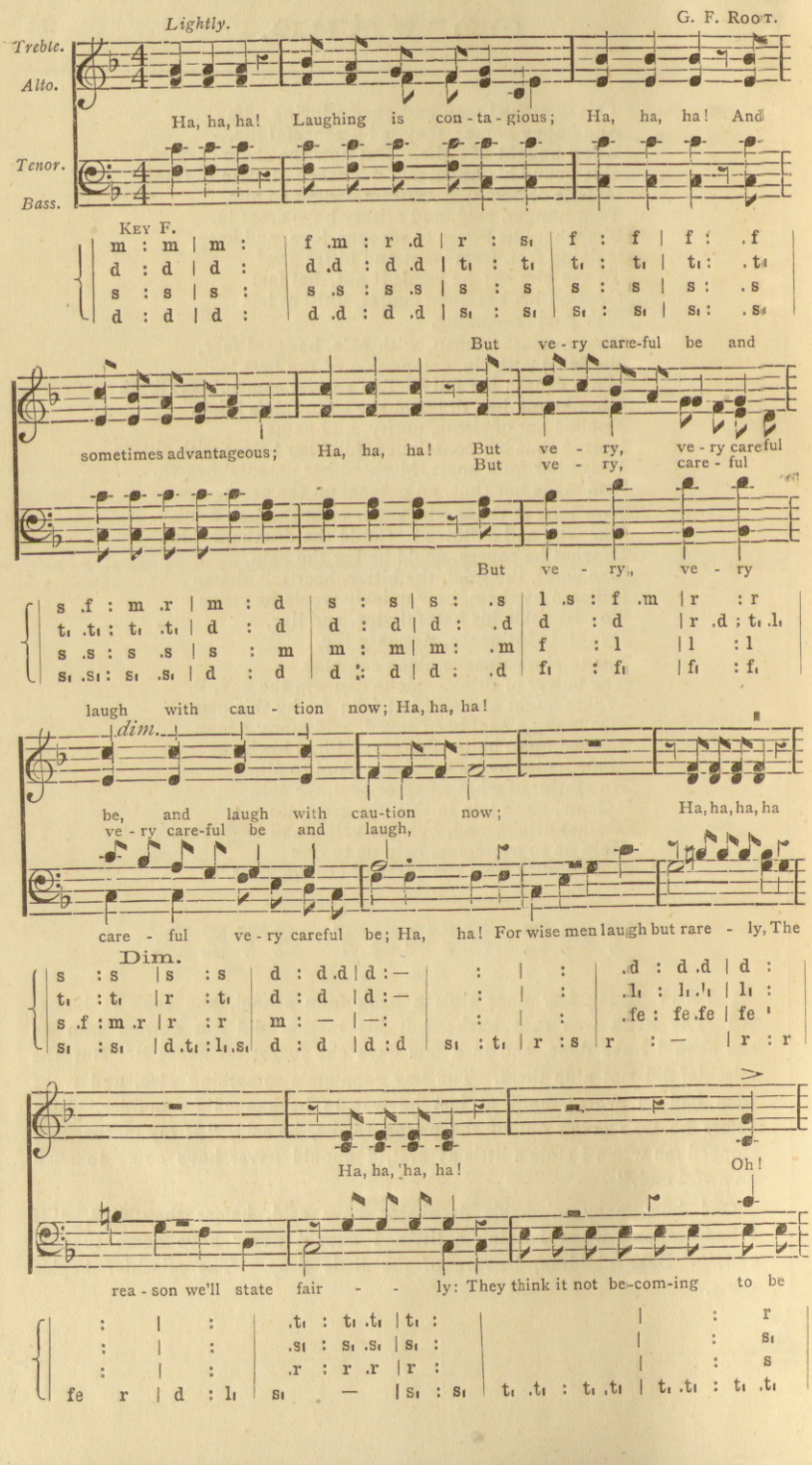
For total abstinence alone can stay
The power of drink,—alone can win the day,
Where aught else will but fail; for by this plan
Has many a soul been saved, and many a man
Roused up to better things, and had his home
Made happy by its keeping. And to all,
No matter of what creed or sect, we call,
"Come, us to join in this our great crusade
'Gainst drink; and, by your voice, and by your aid,
Help us to overcome, help us to free
Our country from the curse of drunkenness."

THE FIRST STEP.

A VERY young boy once stole a book from school, and took it home. The book was sent back; but his mother did not correct him as she should have done, and in a few days she forgot all about it. But the mischief did not stop there. The boy soon stole something else, and went from bad to worse, until at last he was to be hanged for murder. Just before he was going out of the prison to die, he said, "If my mother had stopped me when I stole a little at first, I should never have come to such an awful end."

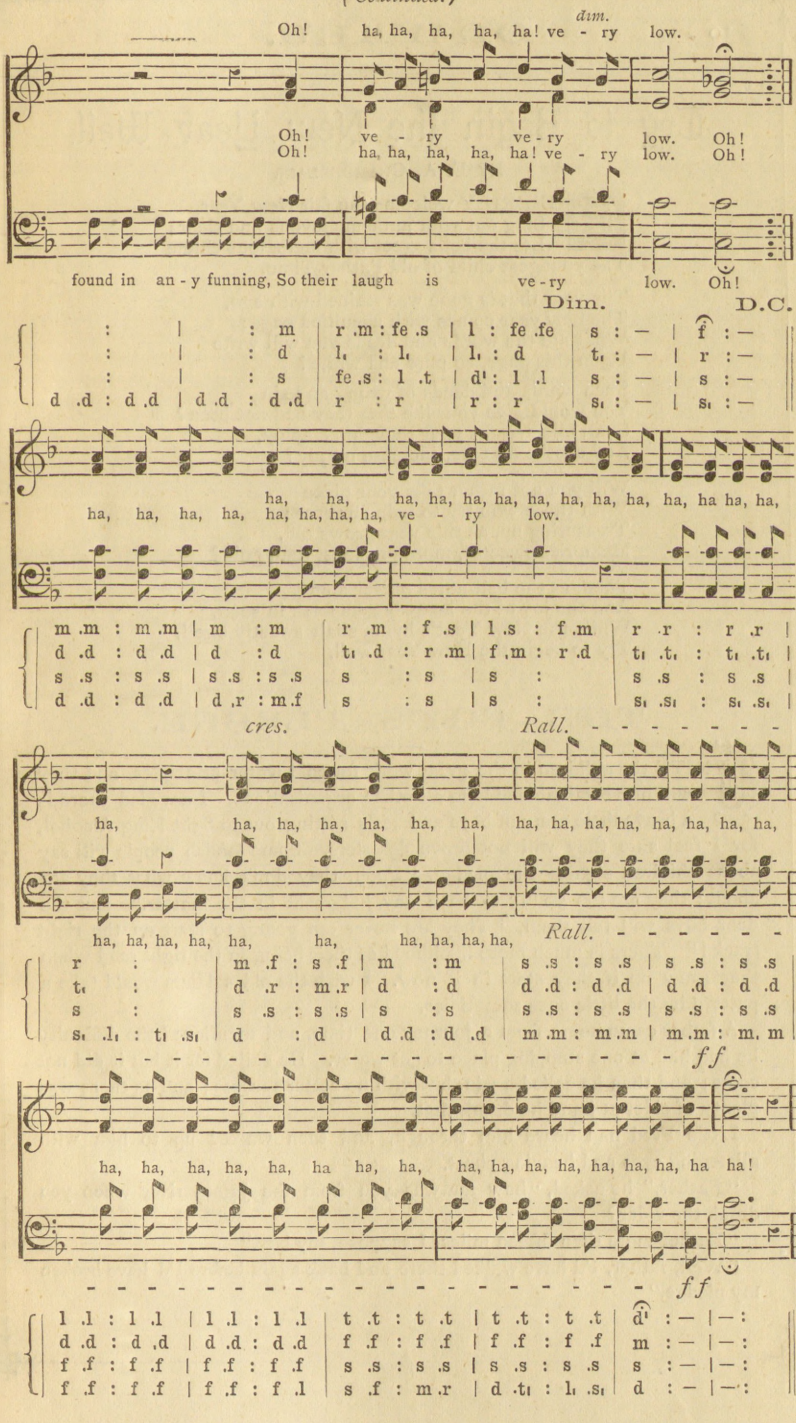
Oh! how many miserable drunkards have said, before they died, "If I had stopped when I drank a little, I should never have come to this end!" Dear children, beware of the little drop. The mischief begins there.

LAUGHING CHORUS.



Laughing Chorus.

(Continued.)



Try to Begin the New Year Well.

By E. A. Chamberlain.

CHEERILY welcome the fair New Year,
Sing out your anthems joyous and clear;
Let the bells greet with melodious chime
The youngest child of old Father Time.

The year that is gone was stained with age,
The new year comes with unsullied page;
What are the words and deeds you will write
Upon this page, so pure and white?

Such words and deeds of wrong and sin
You would give your life that they had not been?
Shall idle dreams your thoughts employ,
And soothe no care, increase no joy?

Will you not rather take your place
With those who try to help our race;
Treasuring up, as this year grows old,
Memories sweeter, more precious, than gold?

Then, as the bell-notes quiver along,
And the joy of the heart breaks forth in song,
While the New Year's hymn shall sweetly swell,
Try to begin the New Year well.

THE BOY'S PLEDGE.

UNITE the children in the great work for cold water principles, and they will prove valuable aids to all other organisations. I am glad there is a brave little army of boys and girls setting out to fight King Alcohol, for I feel sure they will not prove deserters. Some foolish people will say about children signing the pledge, "Pooh, they don't know what they are about; they are too young to have any judgment in the matter." But the dear boys will tell them, "They are never too young to start on the right track!" There is much more likelihood of their being in the right road when they grow up if they start in it now. I wish the old soldiers would take a pattern by the little ones sometimes.

A father came home from a journey one time, and mentioned the difficulty he had had at one stopping place to get water. He called for it but it did not come; and then he called again, but with no better success; and as there was plenty of cider at hand he drank that.

Little Fred had heard him through, and then walked up to him with glistening eyes and heaving chest.

"Father," he asked, "how far was you from the James river when you drank the cider?

"Rather more than fifteen miles, I suppose, my boy."

"Well, father, I'd have walked there and back again before I'd have broken my pledge."

I don't think that boy started out too early on the temperance track. It's a pity the father did not start earlier.

The bright-eyed little girls, who belong to the Bands of Hope all over our land, will not put the cup to their neighbour's lips on New Year's Day when they become women. The Band of Hope boys are the noble, honoured men of next generation, who are to fill the posts of trust and distinction in our land. If it were not for them the future prospect would look dark indeed. Induce all you can to join your Bands and march on with you to a glorious victory.

NEW YEAR'S PRAYERS.

By E. Lamplough.

HAIL! full of promise and of hope!
Earth's latest phase of time!
May truth within thy wide realms cope
Successfully with crime!

May justice sway the hearts of men,
And truth inspire each soul;
And over mountain, plain, and fen,
Deep waves of mercy roll!

May temp'rance dash the cup away,
And set the bound soul free;
And truth direct our righteous fray,
Until the alien flee!

May Christian love each heart inspire,
All work in Jesu's name;
Each soul be bathed in sacred fire,
In penitential flame!

Amid the early flowers of spring
May all in faith advance;
Each earnest sower rich seed fling
Upon the earth's expanse!

In summer may the seed grow strong
In verdant fields of toil;
And grace and strength come forth with song
To gaze upon the spoil!

And when the autumn leaves are red,
And golden grows the grain,
Oh, may our sheaves, before God spread,
His approbation gain!

May women frail, and anxious men,
Have found the better birth;
And treasure fill our garners when
Stern winter chains the earth!

We ask Thee, Lord, in Jesu's name,
To bless us through the year;
To save the faltering soul from shame
And strengthen it through fear.

Oh, harvest Lord! be Thine the spoil,
Thy beauteous earth's increase;
Ours be the rich rewarded toil,
The pleasure and the peace!

HETTY'S BAND OF HOPE.

By M. A. Paull (Author of "Tim's Troubles," etc.)

HETTY had five play-fellows, four of them were dolls, the other was her little brother Georgie. Georgie was four years younger than Hetty, and he had just passed his third birthday; I am sure you can tell now how old Hetty herself was.

Hetty had another brother called Willie, but dear Willie could not play with her very often, he was very weak and ill, and had to lie down upon a sofa all day long, and he could not bear the noisy games that Hetty and Georgie, who were well and strong, liked to play at. But Hetty was able to help Willie by keeping

Georgie amused and happy while nurse was taking care of him, and this she used often to do, and she made up nice little plays, and was a very kind sister indeed to her little brother. Besides Willie and Georgie, Hetty had now a very dear little sister, who had only come to them a week ago, and who was very much too young to play with her; indeed she only slept, and ate, and stretched her tiny limbs, and cried a little all day long; but Hetty loved her, and admired her very much indeed.

Hetty's dear mama was ill at this time, and a kind old nurse and the little tiny baby were in the same room with her; Willie was in his own room, and Mary, the children's nurse, was with him, while Hetty was taking care of Georgie in the nursery. Hetty has played at a great many romping plays, and now she and Georgie were both of them rather tired and wanted a different kind of play, in which they might rest a while. Hetty thought a while, and then she shook her curly head wisely and said—

"I have it, Georgie, we'll play at Band of Hope."

"Yes, Hetty," said Georgie merrily, with his sweet, saucy smile, "we'll play at Band of Hope," though he did not in the least know what she meant.

"We'll have a Band of Hope meeting," said Hetty, "and I'll have you sign the pledge, and recite some pieces. I must *make* you some, you know, Georgie."

"Yes," said Georgie, gravely.

"And the dolls shall be Band of Hope children, too," said Hetty.

"They tant be children," said Georgie; "they tan only be *dolls*."

"Hush! you mustn't," said Hetty, kissing him, "we must *pretend* they are, you know."

Georgie laughed. "Yes, we'll *pretend* it," he said.

So Hetty put the chairs in order for her Band of Hope meeting, two and two behind each other; and set Georgie in the front row, and her four dolls some beside him and some on the chairs behind; and then she got upon a chair herself, and began to make a speech, Georgie and all the dolls staring at her with very wide open eyes indeed.

"Oh, stop a bit," said Hetty, jumping down, "I must put the table for you to sign upon, and get a pledge-book ready; oh, and I ought to make a verse, Georgie, for you to say."

"Yes," said Georgie, "I will tay a verse," and Georgie's sweet little smiling face expressed great pleasure at Hetty's plan.

Hetty could write, so she got a pencil and slate and began;

"I am a little Band of Hope boy,
I am my father's and mother's joy."

She read these lines to Georgie, who thought them "very dood;" then she went on again, "I must have two more, Georgie," she said.

"Two more," said little Georgie, quite agreeable to her plan.

Hetty wrote:

"The Band of Hope causes great laughter."

"That would do, only I don't know any word to rhyme, Georgie; do you?"

"No," said Georgie, looking solemn.

"Do you, my dears?" she said to her dolls; but her dolls were too timid to answer, or else they had nothing to say.

Just at that moment, when Hetty was bending over her slate and looking very puzzled, nurse came in.

"Oh! nurse," said Hetty, "I am so glad you are come."

"I can't stay a minute, dear," said nurse, "I'm only come for Willie's ointment."

"Oh! but you can just tell me one thing; we're having a Band of Hope meeting play, it's so nice, only I want a word to rhyme with 'laughter.'"

"With laughter? why 'after' to be sure," said nurse, good temperedly, as she was leaving the room; "will that do, Hetty?"

"Oh! thank you, Mary, it will do very nicely, I'm so glad you knew one."

Nurse went and Hetty continued her verse,

"The Band of Hope causes great laughter——"

"After,—oh! what shall I do? how shall I bring it in?"

"How tal you bring it in?" echoed Georgie, sympathisingly.

"Let me see—do be quiet just a minute, please, Georgie dear."

Georgie sat quite still and shut his blue eyes; presently he opened them again; Hetty still looked puzzled; Georgie sighed.

"You can take little Charlotte on your lap," said Hetty, "if you want to, Georgie."

And she lifted him a tiny china Band of Hope doll from her seat on a chair to Georgie's lap for him to play with, which he was very fond of doing. Then she went back to her slate.

"Both before and now, and ever after," said Hetty aloud, "oh! that will do, won't it, Georgie?"

"Yes," said Georgie, who was busily engaged examining little Charlotte's nicely shaped little hand.

"There; now then, Georgie, you have to learn it, say it after me."

"Yes," said Georgie, "I'll tay it after you."

"You must stand up, Georgie."

Georgie stood up and repeated after Hetty,"

"I'm a little Band of Hope boy,
I am my father's and mother's joy,—
The Band of Hope causes great laughter,
Both before, and now, and ever after."

Georgie said it over three times very nicely, and then sat down again. Hetty clapped her hands and stamped her feet to show she was pleased with him; then she said,

"Now I will make a speech, Georgie, you must all of you listen."

Georgie and the dolls sat quite still while Hetty spoke; this is what Hetty said:

"Ale, and wine, and spirit make people drunk. If you drink them you may one day get drunk. It would be most dreadfully wicked to get drunk; therefore, my *dear* children, you must never drink [ale, or wine, or spirit, any more, mind you don't. You had better all of you join the Band of Hope."

"Say 'Hear, hear,' Georgie," said Hetty.

Georgie said, "Hear, hear."

"Stamp your feet, Georgie," said Hetty.

Georgie had to get down from his chair to do it, his little legs were so short, but he did it, laughing all the time, and then got up again to sit by the little doll Charlotte, whom he took on his knee again.

"Are any children willing to sign the pledge?" said Hetty, the speechmaker.

"Yes," said Georgie, without being told.

"That's right," said Hetty, "all who wish to sign the pledge come to the table." Georgie and Miss Charlotte came at once. Hetty held Georgie's hand while he wrote his name; then Miss Charlotte's hand was held, while Georgie went back to the other seats and fetched Tom, the sailor, and Grace, the fine lady, and Marie, the Swiss girl; and as Hetty herself signed also, there were no less than six names taken that day in Hetty's Band of Hope. Then Hetty, and Georgie, and the dolls (as well as any of them could) sang a nice little temperance melody, and the meeting broke up. I am happy to tell you that all Hetty's Band of Hope members are still keeping their pledges, not one of them has taken ale, or wine, or spirits since they signed. I hope all other members of the Band of Hope will be as faithful.

WHAT DRINK DID.

By the Rev. William M. Thayer.

CHARLIE saw a wretched drunkard reeling by his father's house. The ruined man was ragged, dirty, and loathsome to behold. As he stood gazing at the staggering man, almost terrified by the sight, his father, who was standing near, said:

"Drink did it! Drink did it!"

"I know that," replied Charlie. And yet I doubt if Charlie ever stopped before to think what a miserable being drink will make of a man.

"Dreadful!" added Charlie's father, as the drunkard passed out of sight. "And that man," he continued, looking down upon his son with great tenderness, "was once a nice little boy like you."

After a pause, the father proceeded, putting his hand on Charlie's head: "And now I will tell you a story, my son. There once lived an artist who painted the portrait of a beautiful little boy only three or four years of age. The painter begged the privilege of painting the child, because he thought that he was the most lovely child he ever saw. And when the picture was completed, he hung it up in his studio, where he might gaze upon it as often as he pleased. Many years afterwards—I know not how long, perhaps it was thirty, forty, or fifty years—he met one of the most degraded and disgusting men who ever lived. He was low, vulgar, profane, filthy, and indecent in every respect. His clothes were so tattered that they scarcely covered his back, and all in all he was a revolting object to look upon. The artist thought of his picture of the charming boy in his studio, and he said within himself: Can it be that such a wretch was once a loving little child? He resolved to paint the portrait of the man, and hang the picture beside that of his angel child.

"So obtaining the consent of the vagabond to sit for his picture, he painted the portrait and suspended it beside that of the beautiful boy. What was his surprise, however, to learn that the hardened profligate was once that lovely child! He had painted the portrait of the boy at two periods of his life, thirty or forty years apart! Intemperance, with its long train of vices, had corrupted his youth and early manhood, he had gone from bad to worse until the human was almost lost in the brute.

"That is what drink will do," added Charlie's father after a pause, "and boys who would not become such drunkards must never touch the intoxicating cup."

"I will never touch it," said Charlie. "I have signed the pledge."

Was he ever a Baby, Mother?

By George S. Burleigh.

WAS he ever a baby, mother,
That reeling and tattered man,
With dead eyes out of his purple face,
Looking only as dead eyes can?
Did a mother's kiss ever fall
On that frightful and grinning mouth?
Did it use to prattle, and say sweet things,
Like a brook in the summer's drought?
Did he lift up white hands, praying
The Lord his soul to keep,
Who now goes muttering dreadful words
As he rolls in the ditch to his sleep?

O, mother! the cup of the drunkard
My lip shall never kiss;
Where all that was sweetest in body and soul
Is changed to a thing like this!

I think of the cruel Herod,
And the darling babes he slew;
But were it not kinder to kill them so
Than to make them wicked too?

EDITOR'S CHAT.

THE ninth annual meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union was held in Manchester, on Saturday, December 14th, 1872,—J. H. Raper, Esq., presiding. The report showed the most cheering results, for no less than seventeen conferences of Sunday-school teachers had been held; six local unions and 43 societies had affiliated, thus making the total fifteen local unions, 403 societies, and an estimated number of 57,810 members. Two grand Free Trade Hall festivals and four district out-door demonstrations had also been held, and been attended with great success. The Union's agents had delivered over 300 lectures and addresses, and had given 79 exhibitions of dissolving views. It was computed that one hundred meetings in connection with the Union were held weekly, or a total of 5,000 in the year; these meetings having been addressed

by 546 voluntary advocates during the year. The Union's magazines, "Onward" and "Onward Reciter," continued to be two of the most popular exponents of the Band of Hope movement; and, in addition, a considerable amount of temperance literature had been circulated. The Government had been memorialised to insert in the new Licensing Act a clause to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors to young persons under fifteen years of age, which had resulted in the prohibition of the vending of spirits to children under sixteen years.

The Cheetwood Wesleyan Band of Hope held its annual meeting in the Iron School on Saturday, November 23rd. The public meeting after tea was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, and was addressed by the Revs. J. Brash and J. Judge, and Mr. C. Braizer; Mr. Robert Hanmer presided.

The Upper Moss Lane Band of Hope held its annual tea meeting on November 9th; 300 were present at tea. At the meeting which followed the Rev. T. H. Hunt took the chair, and excellent addresses were given by the Revs. T. Hindley and J. Shipman, and by Messrs. C. Hodgson and J. J. Lees.

Mr. W. Kenyon presided at the fifth annual meeting of the New Bury Wesleyan Band of Hope, near Farnworth, on Saturday, November 16th. The speakers were the Rev. John Taylor and Messrs. Cooper and Atken. Dialogues, recitations, and pieces by the choir varied the proceedings.

The twentieth annual meeting in connection with the Red Hill Wesleyan Band of Hope, Sheffield, was held on November 26th. Councillor J. Hadfield was in the chair. A satisfactory report was read by the secretary. The Chairman and the Rev. S. T. Meadows delivered stirring addresses. Music and recitations aided in making the meeting pleasant and profitable.

Liverpool Wesleyan Band of Hope Union.—The third annual meeting of this union was held on Nov. 11th, in the College Hall, Shaw-street. The hall was crowded, and the large space at the back of the platform was filled by a choir of 250 children, tastefully attired, who sang a selection of melodies with great effect. Mr. S. M. Crosbie conducted, and Mr. E. Woodward presided at the organ. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. Alexander M'Aulay, chairman of the Liverpool district, and amongst the other gentlemen present were the Revs. J. Hay, Charles Garrett, J. A. Macdonald, W. H. Groves, S. Macfarlane, and Hobson, and Messrs. J. Stubbs, J. H. Evans, &c. Mr. J. Brown, the secretary, read the report, which stated that the union now possessed a staff of twenty-five advocates and eleven Bands of Hope. The committee proposed issuing shortly to all the Wesleyan Sabbath-school teachers of Liverpool an important tract on the claims of the Band of Hope movement, to be accompanied by a pledge slip in a somewhat novel form prepared by the Rev. C. Garrett (who had recently accepted the office of President of the Union), and it was hoped that this appeal would be warmly responded to. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. S. Macfarlane, W. H. Groves, Charles Garrett, J. Hay, and George Dickenson. The gathering was altogether of a very pleasing character, and passed off with great success.

MRS. STANLEY, KATHLEEN, AND ARNOLD PRESTON.

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter II.

THE BIRDS AND THE ANGELS.

LYING on the short grass, at only a few yards distance from them, was a pale, delicate looking boy, of about the same age as Kathleen, or perchance a year or two older. He was meanly clad, but perfectly neat and clean. He looked so white and wan, and seemed so very weak, that both Mrs. Stanley and her daughter came at once to the conclusion that he must have been very ill.

There was a sweet, very sweet, expression resting on his face, and a look in the dark eyes that Mrs. Stanley thought was strangely like her lost Willie. This was enough to create in her an interest for the stranger boy, though his garments were very old, indeed almost threadbare.

"His eyes are like Willie's," she said to Kathleen, in a trembling voice, "we will go and speak to him." When they drew near him, the boy would have raised himself, though he was evidently too weak to do so without great difficulty, had not Mrs. Stanley stopped him.

"Pray don't try to get up, my poor boy," she said kindly.

He smiled and took off his rusty black cap respectfully.

"I have been ill, ma'am," he said, "or else granny would never forgive me for not knowing my manners better."

"Do you live near here?" said Mrs. Stanley, seating herself on the turf not far from him, and hardly able to take her eyes from those other eyes that reminded her so strongly of her lost darling.

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy, "we live in a little cottage here on the moor; at least granny does, and she lets me live with her."

"Your grandmother, are you an orphan then?" said Mrs. Stanley tenderly.

"She isn't really my grandmother," said the boy smiling pleasantly, "but I love her as if she was, and I'm not really an orphan," he added, with the shadow of a great sorrow in his voice which had hitherto been so cheery, "but I've been deserted by my poor father, ma'am, and granny is mother and everything to me."

He spoke with so much proper feeling that Mrs. Stanley felt surprised.

"I should like to know your story, my child," she said kindly, "I do not ask from idle curiosity merely; I feel an especial interest in boys about your age, and when I see one who is in any difficulty I long to help him."

Kathleen looked in some astonishment at her mother, though she felt more glad than she could tell to find she was really interested in something at last.

The apathy and sadness of her face and manner of late had been a great sorrow to all who loved her.

"First," she added, now turning to the boy, "tell me what is your name?"

"Arnold, ma'am, Arnold Preston."

"And you have been ill?"

"Yes, ma'am, very, very ill; I thought and I hoped I was going home to mother." He spoke very softly now. Tears of sympathy were in Mrs. Stanley's eyes. Kathleen seated herself at her mother's side, and laid her hand in hers.

The sick boy went on, speaking cheerfully again. "But dear granny nursed me so carefully just as if I had been anything but a trouble to her ever since she knew me, and she seems as glad to have me getting about as if I was worth ever so much; and she is glad that I felt strong enough to-day to come out and listen to my bird angels again, though I heard them even as I lay in bed, when they opened the window for me. But this is how I like best to hear them, ma'am, with only them and the sunshine and the soft air between me and mother."

"Bird angels, mama, what *does* he mean?" said Kathleen, looking curiously into the boy's sweet face.

"Ask Arnold, Kathleen."

"What do you mean by bird angels, Arnold Preston?" and Kathleen waited intently for his answer.

The boy smiled sweetly into her young and blooming face.

"The beautiful thought of calling the lark the 'bird angel' is not my own fancy, miss," he said, "I don't suppose I could ever have imagined anything half so pretty. I read it once in a page of a book I found, and though I don't know who wrote it, I have ever since thanked him for putting such sweet hopes into my head. When I lost mother and my little sister after the dreadful shipwreck, I thought I should *never* be happy again, but now the lark is mother's angel, or baby's angel, as it suits me, and his song is full of comfort for me. Hark, miss, don't you hear him now?" said Arnold, his pale face flushing as a bird rose at but a very little distance from them, and soared up, singing as went.

"His song is like prayer, isn't it, ma'am," said the boy, turning to Mrs. Stanley, "it rises to heaven, and yet leaves a blessing behind it. Oh! my bird angel," he cried earnestly, as note after note of the delicious music, full, rich, and rounded, dropped upon their delighted ears, "how my mother seems to me to speak through you."

"Come, Arnold, you must tell us all your story," said Mrs. Stanley, strangely moved by the fervour of the boy's manner.

"I have listened to them now for years, ma'am," he said, "and when the song is soft and low, I seem to hear my mother whisper words of tenderest love in my ear, and when it trills upwards as it did then, loud and strong; oh! then I almost feel as if I got a glimpse of heaven, and heard the harpers of the golden city, and the echoes of their songs of triumph. Do you know, ma'am, who it was that called the lark the bird angel in his book?"

"I do, Arnold," said Mrs. Stanley, "it was Elihu Burritt, an American writer, a man who loves nature as I see you do, and has an eye and ear ever ready to see and hear its beauties. I will lend you his book that you may read the whole for yourself."

Arnold's look as well as his words thanked her.

"But come," said Mrs. Stanley again, "you do not tell me your story, Arnold."

"When I was born my father was the captain of a large merchant vessel, ma'am," said the boy, "and I was born at sea, so I don't know what to call myself; I don't belong to any country properly."

"What country does he belong to, mama?" asked Kathleen smiling.

"I think he must call himself what his parents were before him," said Mrs. Stanley, smiling too.

"My father is an Englishman, my mother was a Canadian," said Arnold, "so I suppose I may consider myself to belong to both sides of the world. If father had been steady, ma'am, we might have got on very happily, but he gave way to drink and lost his certificate through a blunder he made. He is so nice, too, when he is sober, ma'am, but that was very rarely of late. We went several voyages with him before he got so bad, but after he was dismissed by the company, who used to employ him, he went many voyages alone, and not as captain, of course. He was master of a collier for some while, and then we lived at Sunderland, while he traded between North Germany and that port. He took me with him once, and as we came home a storm came on. Oh! I shall never forget that night, ma'am, as long as I live. How the thunder pealed above us, rolling and rolling ever nearer and nearer amongst the black clouds, in awful grandeur of sound. And how the lightnings flashed across the sky, and played around the masthead, and ran along the rigging. Father was not at his post, he was not sober, even then, ma'am, and if ever a captain wanted a clear head to do his duty, it was in that tempest. The storm had come on very suddenly after a sultry day; father was down drinking with the mate and one or two of the crew, when the rain began to pour in torrents. I cannot tell you how frightened I was, nor how I longed to be safely at home with mother."

"You dearly loved your mother, Arnold?" said Mrs. Stanley kindly.

Arnold Preston's dark loving eyes were upturned to hers with an answering assurance, that was as plain as, and far more eloquent than, words; then he said, "God only knows, ma'am, what reason I have had to love my mother."

"And she must have been an educated woman," said Mrs. Stanley, "you show that your education has not been neglected."

"I am afraid it has been lately in some things, ma'am," said Arnold modestly, "for dear granny doesn't know how to read very well, and can't write at all; and I ought to be going to school now if it could be managed. But when I am strong I must go to work. I owe to granny more already than I can ever pay."

"About the shipwreck, mama?" said Kathleen, who was anxious to have the story of that terrible night continued.

"We ran upon some rocks, miss," said Arnold, "and the collier became an utter wreck; my father and all the men, save one poor fellow who was washed overboard, escaped. I owed my safety to being able to swim, for I managed to struggle through the waves on to the rocks like the rest. We were on them for many hours, clinging to those bare, cold, wet rocks for dear life, till a steamer sighted us and came to us, took us on board, and carried us to Shields, where she was bound, and then we got back to our homes at Sunderland. But none us of had anything left to us of what was aboard, save the clothes we stood up in. It got noised abroad that father was drunk when the storm came on, and he lost his place again. Through that terrible night mother had been backwards and forwards between the pier and the docks, to inquire for us; she could not rest easy, dear soul. She caught a bad cold, and that was the beginning of her last illness, ma'am. Father being out of work, and having lost everything, could not give her any of the comforts she so badly needed, and I am sorry to say he often drank all he earned as a porter on the quay. It was a sad, sad winter for us. In the spring my baby sister was born, and mother and she both pined away together, and when baby was three months old she died, and mother only lived about a week after. They were buried in the same grave."

There was a silence after Arnold said this; a silence unbroken, save by the larks that kept ascending to heaven, throwing down aerial ladders of sweet sounds as they rose, and save for the far off hum of the merry child voices that told where the Bands of Hope were at play.

"And how came you here in the South of England?" said Mrs. Stanley, at length.

"Father and I went on tramp after that," continued the boy; "he said he could not bear to stay at Sunderland any longer. He really loved my mother when he was sober, ma'am, and felt her death very much, and the pretty little baby's too. She was a lovely little pet with tiny little rings of fair soft hair over her head, and soft waxen cheeks and hands and feet. Father helped mother across the room to stand and look at her in her little coffin, with a pale pink rose-bud in the closed fingers, that lay upon her little white robe."

"What was your dear little baby's name?" asked Kathleen gently.

"Ethel, miss."

"Your father, I suppose, was an educated man, and might have been in a good position, if he had not taken to drink?" questioned Mrs. Stanley.

"Oh! yes, ma'am, the drink has ruined us," replied Arnold. "I was going to tell you that after tramping for some while, getting a little work here and there, at anything we could, we came at last to Stoneleigh, there we lived for a while, and then father went off from me on a drunken spree for many days. I don't know how I existed hardly; I was not strong enough and tidy enough for anybody to employ me regularly, but one and another were kind to me, and I got a few pence for doing little things. Then when he came back to me, we were out here on the downs one day, and found an old cottage or hovel empty, and we were told by the farmer it belonged to that we might live in it if we would, and pay him sixpence a week for rent. It was really

nothing better than an outhouse. We went shrimping by day and lodged there at night. I tried very hard to make it as neat as I could; the place is a mile away from here, ma'am, and belongs to farmer Grey, perhaps you know him?"

"I don't think I do," said Mrs. Stanley.

"I was taken very ill one day after father had gone out in the morning, and could not rise from the heap of straw which was my bed. One of the farmer's men found me. My father has not come back to me since; it is three months ago now, and I can't think what has become of him. I knew granny almost ever since we lived in this place; she worked for farmer Grey, and always had a kind word for me, as, indeed, she has for everybody. When she heard of my being alone and ill in the hut, she said she would take me home and nurse me, and she did it too, and I have been with her ever since. Oh! she *is* so good to me," said Arnold, his face flushing again.

"Are you a Band of Hope boy?" said Kathleen.

"No, miss," said Arnold, smiling. "I don't even understand what you mean."

Kathleen coloured and looked at her mama, but Mrs. Stanley left her to explain.

"The Band of Hope is a society of children and young people, who sign a written promise never to drink any kind of strong drink," she said.

"Oh! I should like to join that," said Arnold, "I must be already a Band of Hope boy in reality, for I have made that promise, before God, in my own heart."

"Then will you sign our pledge?" asked Kathleen.

"I should like to very much if I may," replied Arnold.

"We are out here to-day with the Bands of Hope from Stoneleigh and Waythorpe. Waythorpe is *our* Band of Hope," Kathleen went on, "did you hear the bands of music this morning and see the children?"

"We did hear some music," said Arnold, "but our cottage faces the sea; we heard a noise in the distance, and granny said it was a Sunday school treat she thought that was held every year on the downs."

"No, it is our Bands of Hope that meet here always in May," said Kathleen.

"Arnold will have tea with us, I hope," said Mrs. Stanley kindly, "and if granny will come too we shall be all the more glad. The carriage will come to take us back to the tea ground, at a little before five, and there will be room for both of you in it."

"Thank you very, very much, ma'am," said Arnold, his expressive face aglow with pleasure, "granny said she would come out to see me between three and four."

"She will be here very soon then," said Mrs. Stanley, looking at her watch.

(To be continued.)

THE DRUNKARD'S WIDOW.

By M. J. S.

A LITTLE child once sat
Upon its mother's knee;
And with its merry chat,
And heart so full of glee,
That morning, one bright happy hour beguiled,—
The mother clasped him to her breast, and smiled.

Alas! how soon that smile
Had vanished from her face,
And cruel tears the while
Were falling in its place!
Say ye with wonder, "Were they tears of joy
That mother kind shed o'er her darling boy?"

Such might her tears have been
On any morn but this;
But, as she now caressed,
And gave the loving kiss,
She fancied in its bright blue eye she saw
A likeness she had never seen before!

Its father, once so strong,
So loving and so brave,
Who then had lain so long
Within the silent grave—
She saw each feature plainly, as of old,
The eye so bright, the look so proud and bold!

But why this bitter grief
O'er one for ever fled?
Could not her Father still
Shower blessings on her head?
Did not her child to her a blessing prove?
And could she think He would withdraw His love?

'Twas for that dear child's sake
Her tears so freely fell,
Lest he should grow like him
She once had loved so well:—
For kind and loving though to her he'd been,
He drooped and died 'mid folly, shame, and sin!

Strong drink had been his foe,
Had tempted and subdued;
At last it laid him low;—
Its sinful charms had wooed;
And now she feared lest this dear one so fair
Should in its youth be caught within the snare

Far rather would she give
Her treasure to the grave
Than think that he should live
To be drink's willing slave!
But, fear not, widowed mother, trust thy God,
And teach thy child to shun th' afflicting rod.

A Mother's Influence.

By J. M. D.

EDWARD ALLEN was a handsome, kind-hearted sailor-boy, and was always called a young man of excellent principles; and so he was, as the world generally regards it. He neither ate nor drank to excess, nor gambled, nor drove fast horses; but he associated with a gay, reckless class; and once—just once—forgot his manhood, and his gentle mother's loving counsel. It happened on the eventful 4th of July. He was about of age, and felt manly and independent. He joined a party of young friends, and celebrated his country's honour, and his own disgrace; for he was brought home that night helplessly intoxicated. On awakening next morning he went through the details of his toilet, with a bursting head and a saddened heart; for he had yet to meet his mother, and he was scarcely brave enough for that, though he was no physical coward. But when he entered the breakfast-room, and she turned so meekly to give him his usual morning greeting, kissing his hot cheek and passing her cool hand over his aching brow, he was overwhelmed with grief and mortification. "Mother," he vehemently exclaimed, "I swear (may the angels bear witness) that my mortal lips shall never touch liquor again."

And, my young friends, he has kept his sacred promise. He is now a respected sea captain of mature years; he sails his sea-home with its precious burden of human souls over the mighty waters. He meets officials and ambassadors in foreign countries, who would drink to his health, happiness, and long life: but he declines their compliments with such exceeding grace and polite decision, that their contempt is turned to hearty respect: and if ever he wavers in his high resolve, he has only to look at the miniature of his now sainted mother, which he wears over his stout heart, and is dearer to him than all the "bumpers" ever drank in America's Republic, or the kingdoms of the Old World.

DANGEROUS, SLIPPERY, SAFE.

By S. E. Cave.

SEE that poor drunkard! going down
The path of sin and woe!
The miseries of that path, God grant
That none of you may know.
Dangerous his way, and sad his lot,
Untimely is his end;
He dies degraded, poor, despised,
And left by every friend.

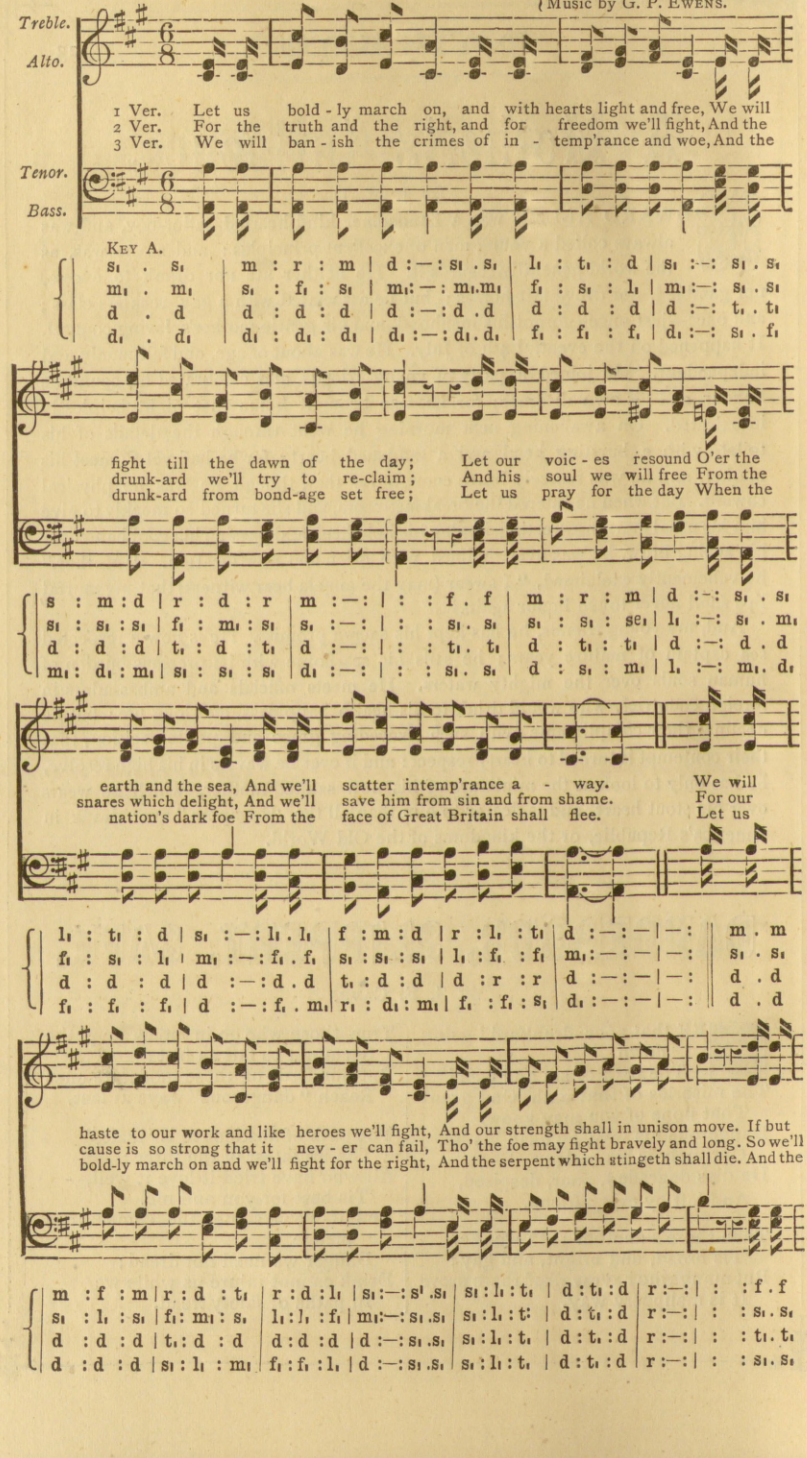
Then there's another path we see,
'Tis broad, and bright, and gay;
But many who have walked there prove
It is a slippery way.

True, those who go in moderate paths
Seem not to fall as fast;
But hundreds of these moderate ones
Reach "dangerous" ways at last.

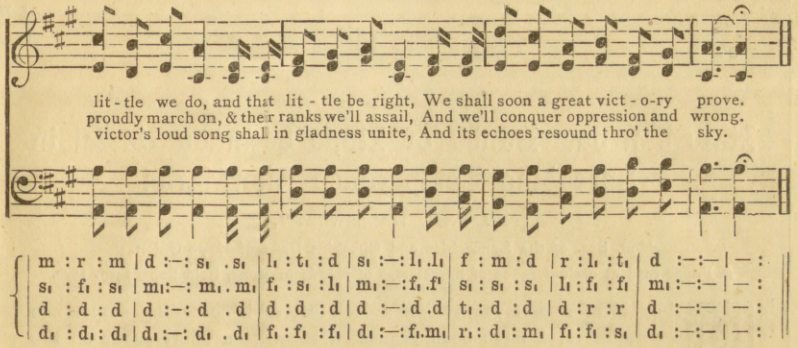
The path of abstinence is "safe,"
The brightest of the three;
All who have tried it love it well,—
'Tis best for you and me.
And if we've signed the Temperance pledge
Danger we need not dread;
Drink cannot injure us while we
In paths of safety tread.

LET US BOLDLY MARCH ON.

Words by W. P. W. Buxton.
Music by G. P. Ewens.



(Continued.)



MORE BITTER THAN DEATH.

By E. A. Chamberlain.

HOW quiet and sad the house must seem !
It was once so bright and gay,
When children's feet and voices sweet,
Made melody every day.

The husband and wife are quite alone,—
Outside the shadows fall ;
Till the fair moon shows and radiant throws
Her silvery beams on all.

They sit and gaze at the fire-light red,
Seeming to see in its glow,
The soft, bright hair, and features fair,
Of the loved ones lying low.

Long years have past since they laid to rest,
Their first-born hope and joy ;
In an ocean grave, 'neath the restless wave,
Reposes their youngest boy.

Was it this which blanched the mother's hair,
And made the father bow ?
Was it grief ? Ah ! no, a more bitter woe,
Is wringing their spirits now.

They know that whatever ills may come,
To the little household band ;
In the pain or care, *they* will have no share,
Who live in the happy land.

They have passed away from an earthly home,
And earthly parent's love—
But in joy and peace, which can never cease,
They dwell in the home above.

And not for them does the heart-ache come,
For the living their tears are shed ;
For a wasted prime and a weary time
Of anguish, suspense, and dread.

One son remained and they fondly hoped
He would bless their failing years ;
They were not bereft while he was left,
And they smiled through falling tears.

But the years passed on, that son is now,
A wretched drink-bound slave ;
Should he die to-day, he would pass away,
To a drunkard's hopeless grave.

How can our Bands of Hope be made Useful in Spreading Temperance Literature?

By T. E. Hallsworth,

Hon. Sec. of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

A Paper read at a Conference of Secretaries of Bands of Hope, held Sept. 14th, 1872.

HAVING for some years taken a deep interest in spreading temperance literature, I have been requested to write a short paper on the importance of having departments for the sale of temperance publications in connection with Bands of Hope, and to give a few practical directions for their formation and management.

I shall dwell briefly on the general importance of circulating sound temperance literature. On this point we shall all be agreed, though, since there appears to be such an amount of indifference, or at any rate such a want of zeal in carrying out any plans, I shall be pardoned if I endeavour to bring this matter prominently and fully before you.

As a means of diffusing our principles it is invaluable; and at the present time, even, it is of especial importance to consider it. There is hard work being done in the temperance cause, but we must work harder if we wish our cause to prosper. All honour to our advocates who so zealously go from place to place to tell of the evils of drink and the blessings of abstinence! But the public advocacy of our principles reaches but a few, and those not often the class we desire to get at. Our temperance meetings are attended by teetotalers; occasionally a poor besotted creature wanders into one of his own accord, or is persuaded to enter, and even to sign the pledge; but the great masses of inebriates and moderate drinkers never come near us. This being the case, and I appeal to you if it is not so, our duty is plain, *we must carry our principles to them*, and the question at once arises—how is this to be done? Some may suggest by means of *visitation*—to the importance of which we can all bear testimony—whether carried on by missionaries or by our own committees. But we rely more upon this means for encouraging and strengthening those who have signed the pledge, than for persuading non-abstainers to do so.

What I have to recommend *is a well organised scheme for distributing temperance literature.* Not only would such be useful as a means of propagating our principles, but also in this day of cheap literature, this matter should be taken up earnestly by all lovers of the young, in order to counteract in some measure the vicious influence of the enormous amount of trash that is now circulated amongst our youth; for it is a painful fact that vast numbers of our young people are in the habit of reading a kind of literature which, in the words of Hannah More, "relaxes the mind that wants hardening, dissolves the heart that wants fortifying, stirs the imagination which wants quieting, irritates the passions which want calming, and, above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtues and for spiritual exercises."

Many systems of distribution may be adopted with a certainty of success.

In the first place, let every teetotaler always have a supply of tracts by

him, and let every committee make tract-distribution a branch of its operations. A single tract under the blessing of God has reformed many a drunkard, and led many a lost soul to salvation. The anecdote of "The Little Shoes" will be remembered by all; very soon after its issue the publishers were gladdened by hearing of no less than twelve drunkards reclaimed to sobriety through the perusal of their little work.

In the next place let teetotalers *personally* use every effort in their power to promote the *sale of* temperance literature, by undertaking a system of canvassing for subscribers, and by supplying them with the various periodicals.

We have abundant testimony to the great success which has attended *individual effort* in this direction, in every class of society from the servants' hall to the drawing room, and in every part of the country from the busy streets of the metropolis and other large cities to the agricultural districts, and up to the Highlands of Scotland.

One young man in our own city, although not connected with any society himself, disposed of no less than 8,800 copies of "Onward" in one year.

A city missionary sold, in twelve months, in the district of St. James, Holloway, London, no fewer than 4,062 copies of temperance magazines.

A young man, writing to the editor of the "British Workman," says:—"I have obtained sixty-seven regular subscribers—all of whom are servants in gentlemen's families."

Another, a clergyman's servant, sixteen years of age, says:—"I have obtained seventy-two fresh subscribers, only sixteen refusing out of eighty-eight that I called upon."

Two friends in the village of Tyldesley obtained 200 subscribers, and another in the Highlands of Scotland obtained 100, to a penny monthly temperance magazine. Three young friends obtained eighty subscribers in the agricultural village of Frieston.

A working man, who had frequently to work all night, sold in one year over 1,300 magazines; he says that as he delivered the papers to the people of all grades, from ministers of religion down to washerwomen and publicans, he was greeted by the smiles both of parents and children, who were anxiously waiting for the new numbers.

Examples like these might be multiplied to an almost endless extent, but I think enough has been said to convince any, that if they take up this matter in a right hearty spirit they are sure of success.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CHILDREN'S FIRST PLEDGE.

"THUS have we obeyed the voice of Jonadab the son of Rechab our father in all that he hath charged us, to drink no wine all our days, we, our wives, our sons, nor our daughters."—Jeremiah xxxv. 8.

AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND.

By Charles Harrison.

Tune—"God bless the Prince of Wales."

AWAKEN, Christian England!
The drunkard to reclaim;
To fill his home with gladness,
And save him from his shame.
His wife nigh broken-hearted,
His children wanting bread,
With heart and voice will bless you,
Long as your life is spared.

Awaken, Christian England!
The drunkard to reclaim;
And God above shall shower,
His blessing on your name.

By kindness and persuasion,
By loving words and prayers,
We seek to make him banish,
The enemy he fears:
For sympathetic influence,
We from the drink abstain,
To help a weaker brother,
To rise, nor fall again.
Awaken, Christian England! &c.

Though God above, in wisdom,
Do not these efforts bless;
Yet still in Him confiding,
Our labours shall not cease;
We gather all the children,
And teach them to abstain,
And another generation,
Shall give us sober men.
Awaken, Christian England! &c.

The Voyage.

LOOK, young friends, look at this fine ship! Isn't she a gallant one? She has just left port with her flags flying and her sails full to the breeze, and she sweeps on,

"Walking the waters like a thing of life."

She has on board a gallant crew and many passengers, and their hearty cheers are heard as they bid farewell, with hope, to hundreds of friends and well-wishers on the shore. That ship, you would say, is one likely to reach the end of her voyage in safety. She has all that a vessel could have to make the voyage prosperous and speedy. Let us follow her. Out in the open ocean she fulfils the promise of her builders. The captain looks upon her with pride, the crew boast of her to the passengers, and the passengers express their admiration one to another. What a pleasant and happy voyage that must be in such a ship! On she goes, and on, and on. Nothing yet has happened disastrous. This is her first voyage, and it will fix her character. She will be the *crack* ship. She will be spoken of as having made the best and speediest passage on record. On she goes. She has reached a place in which the captain will have to consider well. All has been open sea as yet, and there have been no adverse winds to speak of.

The course was clear; but here there are two courses, either of which he may pursue. The one is out in the open ocean; the other is by a strait, narrow and difficult. By taking the outward course he will run no risk, but the voyage may be a little longer. Within there is danger. What shall he do? He wishes to

make a speedy voyage. He knows the danger; he knows that many ships have been dashed to pieces in attempting that inward passage. Shall he venture? Is the end to be gained worth the hazard? He would fain persuade himself it is; the more so, as he thinks he knows all about the dangers of the passage, and can avoid them. Were his an old *weather-beaten vessel*, that had been wrecked and patched up again, he would not think of it; but she has never encountered a storm; she has never strained a timber. She has everything new, and of the best kind. The weather is favourable. He *risks* it.

On she goes. All is well for a time, The dangers don't seem so great after all. She has passed several of the places where others have been wrecked. The captain is glad he took this course. He shall gain much and lose nothing. Shall he? The wind shifts and blows a gale; the currents set in with all their power. On she rushes—safe yet. "Were" she in the open sea there would be no danger; the gale would but hasten her on to the end of her voyage; here it hurries her to destruction. She strikes upon a sunken rock, amidst that eddying current. These fearful breakers! these frowning rocks! She tosses to and fro, and is a wreck—a total wreck.

Look to this young man setting out on the voyage of life. He has just left his father's house, fully equipped for making that voyage with safety, honour, and advantage. Let us follow him. His course is an easy one. He has met no danger yet. On he goes. Friends admire him—companions envy him. The breath of prosperity wafts him onward, and it seems likely he shall outstrip all his companions. But he has come to what will try him as he has not yet been tried; he has reached a position in which he must decide either to follow the drinking customs of society or to forsake them. He would fain persuade himself that there is no great risk in following them. He knows, indeed, that many have been thereby wrecked, and that the voyage which promised well has, in many cases, been brought to a sad and terrible end. But it seems to him that if he fall in with these customs, it will help him much in getting on. There can't, he thinks, be *much* danger. Shall he risk it? Will it be wise to do so? He may reach the same object—less speedily, perhaps, but more surely and without danger—by keeping aloof from these customs altogether. But he does not exactly see there is any need for taking the open sea of abstinence. If he were one who had been wrecked before — one who had fallen into intemperance, and been thereby made more liable to fall into it again—there might be reason, he allows, for his taking the abstinence course. But he is quite sure *he* can't come to ruin. Those who have done so *couldn't command* themselves—he can. Can he? Let us see. On he goes. It is pleasant sailing in the course he has taken, he thinks, to what it would have been in the other, and all goes well too—so he says. He begins to wonder that any one should have ever thought of danger to him here. He has passed where others have been ruined; he shall keep safe; he shall keep away from the rocks and sandbanks; he shall take care of the eddies and currents—so he says. On he goes, rapidly and more rapidly; on he goes—it can't be long. *Others* see and say so. They are right. The tide sets strongly in, temptation becomes too powerful, appetite hurries him on. He is a drunkard—a moral wreck. Which way, young friends, do you choose? Which course do you prefer?

LITTLE LILLY'S SPEECH.

By Mrs. E. J. Richmond.

I AM a little temperance girl,
Just five years old;
I wouldn't drink a glass of wine
If you'd fill the cup with gold.

I have a little brother,
We belong to the Band of Hope,
I 'spect there'll be no drunken men
When he and I grow up.

For, don't you see, the little ones
Are all going to join the Band,
And we'll soon be great big temperance folks,
Oh! won't that be so grand!

When there's not a drunkard to be seen?
For, don't you think it's queer,
The first thing drunkard's learn to drink
Is cider, wine, and beer?

And so we belong to the Band of Hope,
And we mean to be good and true;
And all the little boys and girls
We shall ask to join us too.

FATHER IS COMING.

"FATHER is coming home." What joy those words bring in your household, when some little watcher announces the fact to the happy fireside group! But it brought no joy to the hearts of little Belle and Rosy Hunter. Poor things! they were so glad when the sunshine stole down their dark alley, warming up their old doorway. Then they could creep out from their dreary home with its dusky walls, and amuse themselves as best they could with their few playthings. Mother was almost always sick now, so she could give them but little attention. There was no money to replace their scant, tattered garments with new ones. Poor Belle's shoes were worn out long ago, and little Rosy's bare toes peeped out from her's all through the cold winter. Once they had a sweet fresh home in the country. Once papa loved to take his little girl on his knees and call her his "Little Blue Bell," for her violet eyes. He thought no rosebud so sweet as his red-lipped baby pet. I think you have guessed the cause of the change. It was all rum's doings. The little ones never bounded out to meet their father when he came home at nightfall. No; they cowered in some dark corner if they could, so they might be out of the way of his drunken blows and curses. Why was he coming home so much earlier than usual to-night? His step, too, was very different. He did not reel to and fro as he often did.

"He's got a basket on his arm, Belle. Oh! I hope there's some bread in it, I'se so hungry."

"Well, there isn't, Rosy. We'll have to go hungry to bed again, you may be sure."

"Come in, children," said the father in an entirely new tone, "I've got some supper for you."

The poor, broken-hearted mother looked up wonderingly, half fearing she was still asleep.

No. There was the old table set out and two big white loaves upon it, a plate of butter, a paper of chipped beef, some cheese and cakes, and—oh, how the children's eyes danced—a quart of great red strawberries.

A good temperance brother had met John Hunter, and reached out a friendly hand to him. He urged him to shake off this hard master who was fast binding him down with cable ropes, and be a man again. At last John yielded, and put his hand to the blessed pledge. Now his earnings came home to feed his hungry children, and to buy comforts for his poor fading wife. The roses came back to her cheeks again. The ragged home was mended, and little Belle and Rosa used to bound down the path, with happy joyous faces, when either one cried out—"Father is coming."

COME AND JOIN US.

By A. J. A. Roe.

COME ye working men of England,
Fathers, mothers, brethren come;
Join the blessed cause of temperance
Let it shine in every home.

Fellow-men, now tell me truly
What you see on looking round;
Where strong drink his sway is holding,
Is there aught but misery found?

See the drunkard reeling, staggering,
Helpless, rolling, stumbling on;
Numbed his every sense and feeling,
All his manly pride now gone.

View his wretched wife and children,
See their faces pale and worn;
With their clothes all torn and tatter'd,
Better they had ne'er been born.

Visit next the wretched hovel,
Fireless, cheerless, empty, lone;
Robbed of every earthly comfort,
Home, the drunkard calls his own.

Crouching close up to the firegrate,
See them huddled in a heap;
Moaning, groaning, hungry, starving,
Watch for his return they keep.

Turning from these poor lost objects,
Human sufferers in our land;
Lo, the cause of all this misery,
Plain is seen on every hand.

Business over in the city,
To our homes as we repair;
Passing by each glaring Gin-Shop,
What a wretched sight is there.

Men we see of every station,
Fathers, husbands, worse than dead;
Drinking all their hard-won earnings,
Robbing wife and child of bread.

Others too, here meet our vision,
Mothers, wives, neglecting home;
Leaving husbands and dear children,
Weeping, waiting, all alone.

Breaking vows once fondly uttered,
In the happy years long past;
When their hearts by drink unfettered,
Fondly hoped their joy would last.

Not alone their own destruction,
Are they bringing overhead;
But their little helpless children,
Are being robbed of daily bread.

These to succour, save, and shelter,
Gently by the hand to take;
Lead them heavenward, onward, upward,
For our blest Redeemer's sake.

'Tis for this we bid you join us,
With our little band unite;
That the world may see us gaining,
Daily, hourly, strength and might.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

"COMING events cast their shadows before," so at least says the old proverb, and certainly we have not much difficulty—as we notice the proceedings throughout the country of that *very respectable* fraternity, the "liquor traffickers"—in even uttering the prophecy, that a determined onslaught will be made in the coming session of Parliament to repeal, if possible, some of those clauses in the New Licensing Act which give it any value. It is true that the Act is not satisfactory to the friends of sobriety, and

can never be accepted as a settlement of the question; but of this we may be certain, that there is at least some good in it, or it would not receive such an amount of determined hostility from the brewers and publicans as it does. Many of those who, as Band of Hope boys and girls, we addressed through our pages nearly eight years ago, are now men and women exercising their influence on the public opinion of the country, and doubtless have long looked on the face of *Onward* as that of an old friend. To such we say: Young friends, stand to your guns in the coming struggle. Be determined that if this Act is to be revised, it shall be *amended by adding to its stringency*, in shortening the hours of sale, and by reducing the number of these drinking shops. And more than that, let your demand for entire prohibition wax louder and stronger, so that it shall be heard and felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. So let us meet in conflict, within and without the walls of Parliament, that traffic which is the destroyer of our country's happiness.

The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union has just published a senior members' pledge card, price 9d. Its framing size is only 17½in. by 12¾in., and yet it is made to contain a very tastefully printed and illuminated certificate of membership, and a pledge in the centre, and this is surrounded by a perfect luxuriance of figures, illuminations, mottoes, and texts. The whole is a perfect picture, unless some fault is found with the abundance of colour.

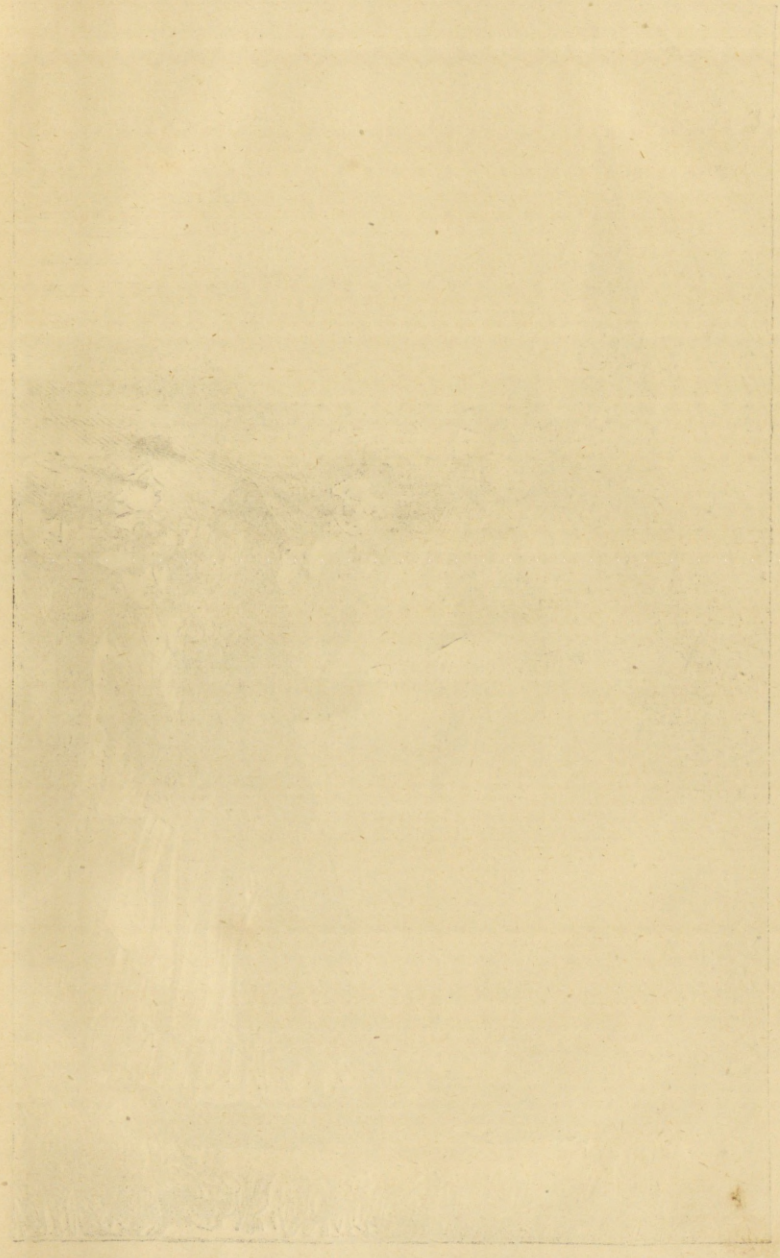
The friends of the Band of Hope at Silloth, Cumberland, report success; at their last meeting 25 members took part; 143 members have been enrolled in twelve months.

The report of the Ramsbottom Temperance Society is very encouraging, showing that every means is being adopted among the adults.

The third annual soirée, in connection with Union Chapel, Queen's Park, Band of Hope, was held on Saturday evening, November 30th, 1872. The chair was occupied by William Livesley, Esq., and an effective address was given by the Rev. Marshall Randles, to a numerous audience. The report stated that during the past year, an average of 135 had attended the meetings, that 149 had signed the pledge, and that 1,490 periodicals, of which 350 were "Onward," had been sold.

The annual meeting of the Stannary Band of Hope, Halifax, was held on December 27th, 1872. At tea 350 were present. Mr. Bowman, F.R.A.S., took the chair. Mr. Clarke Wilson reported an increase in members from 1,606 to 1,888 during the year; an average attendance at meetings of 440; a sale of 16,245 temperance periodicals, and a gratuitous circulation of 13,300 "Monthly Visitors." The most characteristic feature of the report, next to this immense work in magazines, is, the appointment of medical advisers for members of the society. The Revs. W. Adams and Geo. Thompson addressed the meeting. The distributors of the periodicals had their profits meted out to them, in the form of books, workboxes, writing-desks, musical instruments, tea-pots, &c., &c.

We have received the quarterly report of the Church of England Temperance Society, for the province of York, which shows a large amount of work done in this immensely important district.



GRANNY WHIDDON.

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter III.

GRANNY WHIDDON.

MRS. STANLEY had hardly replaced her watch, when, just coming round a corner that shut off from view a part of the moorland that was quite close to the blue waters of the English Channel, they saw a dear old woman, dressed in a very primitive fashion. She wore the old-fashioned dark blue linsey petticoat, with a bodice or jacket over it of pale blue-coloured print; on her head was a dark blue cotton sun-bonnet, and under the bonnet, as she drew nearer, you saw one of the merriest, most honest of faces. She had been beautiful in her youth, and a still sweeter, tenderer beauty—the beauty of goodness as well as good looks—rested on her face now. A clear, bright complexion, a pair of fine intelligent dark grey eyes, hair that had once been glossy black, but was now of a dark iron grey, and a rosy hue upon her cheeks, made her face very pleasant to look upon, and it was made still pleasanter by the sunny smile that lurked about her mouth. Her figure was well proportioned and still erect and tall.

Granny Whiddon carried a great piece of sunshine in her heart, as some folks carry an iceberg; and wherever she went a sunbeam seemed to dance before her steps, and cheer all whom she approached; whilst the iceberg-carriers freeze the people they meet by cold looks and chilly words, and make even their friends feel shivery and uncomfortable. All Band of Hope boys and girls, and all temperance men and women should seek to be sunshiny; it will recommend teetotalism a great deal more than harsh words and solemn faces.

It is more difficult to some of us than to others to be bright and hopeful; but we can all try very much not to indulge a grumbling spirit, and to remember constantly how very many nice beautiful things God has given us to make us happy, and how He loves His children to show to Him grateful, joyous faces. Granny Whiddon had very little money, and most of what she had she worked hard for, but she had a contented spirit. Then, too, she had a fun-loving temper: when she saw anything happen, if there was any fun about it, she would find it out, and it would make her laugh quite merrily when some people did not even understand what there was to laugh at. I don't mean that she ever laughed at that which could possibly pain anyone, but she saw quickly the droll side of things, and found a healthy amusement in what was of no interest at all to many people. Granny Whiddon was blessed with a quick understanding. By this time she has reached

the group at the Heather Glen, and her boy Arnold has risen and thrown his arms around her and kissed the kind cheerful face.

"Granny, dear," he said tenderly, "these ladies have been very kind to me, and they ask us to come to their Band of Hope tea."

"Deary me," said granny, smiling and dropping a curtsey to Mrs. Stanley, and another to Kathleen, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to the dear ladies, and shan't we enjoy it, Arnold; but how are you to get there, my lamb?"

Mrs. Stanley explained.

"But I'm not fit to go quite as I am," said granny Whiddon, "and if you'll excuse me, ma'am, I'll just put myself tidy, and then I'll be ready at any time."

"You are tidy now," said Mrs. Stanley, with an amused smile, "beautifully tidy; I only wish half the women I know looked as exquisitely clean and neat as you do."

"Deary me," said the old woman again, laughing cheerily, "now who would have thought I was coming out in my oldest gown to be complimented, and thank you, ma'am, for saying it, but I'd like to put on my bettermost clothes to go in a carriage with you and the young miss: 'tisn't every day you know, ma'am," she added, her bright, kind eyes twinkling merrily, "that I get a ride in a carriage."

There was no resisting the dear old body's pleasantry—all of them laughed. It was quite evident to Kathleen that whatever else this meeting with Arnold Preston and granny Whiddon had done, it had cheered her mother and done her a vast deal of good.

"I must hunt up a little smartening for you, my lamb," she said, turning tenderly to Arnold, "we can't do you up much, but you'll show yourself the gentleman you are, by-and-by, never fear," and off she went.

"Your granny is a dear old woman, Arnold," said Mrs. Stanley, "has she no relatives of her own to live with her?"

"No, she is quite alone in the world, ma'am, except for a daughter who is married and gone abroad to Australia," replied the boy. "She gets a letter from her every mail, and some help in money, for they are doing well with a sheep farm, only they have seven or eight children."

"And the rest of her living, how does she get that?"

"By working at farmer Grey's, and helping anybody at almost anything, ma'am," replied Arnold.

Mrs. Stanley was silent: she was thinking how many more things she had left to bless and comfort her life than granny Whiddon, and yet how much less contented she had been. And the bird angel that rose as she sat so quietly musing, and sang its best to God's glory and praise, seemed to her to fulfil its duty much more faithfully, much more truly than she of late had fulfilled hers. Meanwhile Arnold, who had gathered a handful of the golden blossoms of the furze, from a bush close beside him, whose fragrance he had been enjoying as he rested, was pointing out the beauty of each little pea-shaped flower and the delicacy of its colouring to Kathleen.

"Is it not pretty, miss? and is it not wonderful how many millions of these flowers are blooming here on this moorland, just to show God's power and to

make His work perfect? When I see how beautifully God does everything, how exquisitely the inside of a flower is made, I feel, miss, as if we could not take enough pains to do things as well as ever we can."

This was a new idea to Kathleen, she had tried to do things well before, but from the desire to please, to win praise, neither of which desires are wrong; but Arnold's motive for good, true, honest work, she felt was far higher, even the desire to imitate, though from afar, the perfect work of God. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

These thoughts of the invalid boy presented a new, most suggestive meaning to the text for Kathleen. Some of the most precious lessons we ever receive, we learn by accident, without even knowing at the moment that we have been taught, and often, too, from most unlikely teachers. When granny Whiddon returned she was dressed in a black gown, a scarlet cloak, and a large black bonnet; her appearance was as picturesque as ever, and there was a natural dignity about her that many a lady of rank might have been glad to borrow.

The carriage appeared in sight just after she came, and the coachman was evidently looking on every hand for his mistress. Kathleen got up from her seat beside her mother and waved her handkerchief to William, as a signal to let him know their whereabouts. Then the horses came very quickly to the Heather Glen, and Arnold was given the place at Mrs. Stanley's side in the back of the carriage, Kathleen and granny Whiddon took their seats opposite, and off they drove. It was very pleasant, to Arnold and granny especially, that drive across the moor; the heat of the sun was subdued by a delightful sea breeze, and the beautiful scenery around, both of the ocean and the land, was seen to perfection in the clear atmosphere. Soon they came in sight of the children of the Band of Hope, engaged in various games, cricket, croquet, football, kite-flying, running races, all were enjoying themselves. Granny Whiddon's eyes sparkled, and her face showed intense sympathy.

"Pretty dears, why they do make themselves happy," she said to Kathleen, "and what might this Band of Hope mean, miss? is it what I've heard about, that they all promise not to drink anything?"

"Yes," said Kathleen, "they are all pledged against taking wine, or beer, or spirits, or any other intoxicating drinks."

"If only everybody was so bound, the world would be a happier world, I'm thinking," said granny Whiddon, while a shade came for a moment like a passing cloud over the sunshine of her honest face, "there isn't a home, miss, of high or low, rich or poor, but has known some time or other what it is to be cursed by the drink. Please God to help all these dear lambs to keep their promise."

"Whom have we here?" said the pleasant voice of Mr. Stanley, as the carriage stopped, and he and Lilian came forward to meet Mrs. Stanley and Kathleen.

"Why, mama," he added playfully, seeing with thankfulness the unwonted brightness of his wife's face, and rejoicing most heartily at it, "have you persuaded some benevolent fortune-teller to come with you to our giant picnic? Gipsy or no gipsy," he added, turning very kindly to granny Whiddon, "I am sure she has an honest as well as a handsome face."

"Deary me, sir, now to think that you must be a-complimenting me, like your

good lady here has done already," said granny Whiddon, laughing. "No, sir, I'm not a gipsy, nor a fortune-teller either, but if it would make a little fun for the dears, perhaps I could make believe to tell their fortunes, and give them a few good hints into the bargain."

"That's a first-rate idea," said Mr. Stanley, laughing also, "we're getting a little used up, for want of a fresh amusement to be started after tea. It is very hot for cricket and ball, heigho," and he lifted his hat, with its deep crape band, from his forehead, and gave a rather weary yawn.

"But, papa," said Kathleen, "if granny will do that,—and it will be great fun,—I think, don't you, mama? don't you, Lilian? that she had better take off her scarlet cloak now, at once, till after tea, and then we'll dress her up properly and everything. You'll do it, won't you, dear old granny?"

Kathleen was quite enthusiastic about this scheme, and Lilian echoed her sister's words, and came with frank cordiality close to the old woman, who, looking down on the two fair young faces upturned to hers, said, "bless your sweet eyes and your pretty hair, and your dear hearts, my darlings, I'll do anything I can to please you."

"And now I must make your acquaintance," said Mr. Stanley, turning to Arnold, who, somewhat overcome with the noise and excitement, still sat in the carriage beside Mrs. Stanley, who was looking at him with tender solicitude.

"This is Arnold Preston, dear," she said to her husband, "he has been ill, and I thought a little change would do him good, but I'm afraid we have worked you too hard to-day, Arnold?"

"No, thank you, ma'am, I shall be better presently," he said, looking first at one and then at the other of the group around him.

"Is tea ready?" asked Mrs. Stanley.

"It will be in about ten minutes," replied her husband.

"Then, will you bring us a bottle of lemonade, it will refresh us, and then we two will drive off for a little while and come back to you again."

THE MORNING SUN IS BEAMING.

By W. P. W. Buxton.

THE morning sun is brightly beaming
O'er the woods of verdant hue;
The sunny rays are gladly gleaming
On the drops of pearly dew.
The merry rill is sweetly flowing
Down the hill and thro' the dale,
The gentle winds are lightly blowing
Thro' the green and shady vale.

The sunbeams gild the winding river
As it wends its lowly way;
And golden rays of sunlight quiver
On the ripples of the bay.
The laughing brook is lightly springing,
Brightly flashing at our feet;
Our happy songs of gladness singing
Hail with joy the draught so sweet.

We dearly love the crystal fountain,
Making us both glad and gay;
Its waters gem the distant mountain
Sparkling in the sunny ray.
The star of Temp'rance bright is beaming,
O'er the dark and silent night;
Its golden rays of gladness gleaming,
Hail with joy the morning light.

THE TEMPLARS' RESOLVE.

By E. Lamplough.

UNTO another holy war
We Templars vow'd arise;
And ringing loud and clear afar,
Our war-notes pierce the skies.

Our banners kiss the breezes wild,
And glitter in the sun:
To greet us, mother, wife, and child,
With glad heart-blessings run!

For ours are not the arms of death,
God's nature waste to lay!
To build up tombs, and quench the breath,
In homicidal fray!

We blazon not our banners blue
With records of the sword;
For we are brothers, pledg'd and true,
And hold the field abhorred!

'Gainst Bacchus, lord of guile and craft,
We make our weapons bare,
But flying pour no Parthian's shaft
Upon him in his lair!

But close our ranks, and forward bear
The banners of our cause;
And round the despot's hold appear,
Unconquerable foes!

His sheathless knife, his horrid leer,
His trophies we deride!
For, Templars true, we cannot fear
The foe we have defied!

Though Folly, Wealth, and Custom come,
With Vice and Crime allied,
And rush to rescue like the foam
That crests the ocean tide!

Upon our front their scatter'd strength
Its fury shall expend,
Their armies we shall see at length
In ruins tott'ring bend!

We'll drag the culprit from his den,
With human dust bestrewn,
Forth from the bones of murder'd men,
While all his deeds are shown!

His vaunted gold to prop the state,
Coin'd in the mint of hell,
Shall not our honest wrath abate,
And in his favour tell!

He shall not live an hour beyond
The triumph of our toil,
He shall not ever breathe in bond
To desecrate our soil!

We'll burn him and his gold to dust,
Unholy and accurs'd!
The fiend abhorred of crime and lust,
'Mid woe and ruin nurs'd!

Our pæan loud shall rend the sky,
And thrill the waken'd land!
The loud, triumphant, ringing cry
Of our victorious band!

THE SLUGGARD.

By W. A. Eaton.

THE ploughman whistles o'er the lea,
The lark sings overhead;
The cock crows in the stable-yard,
But Johnny loves his bed.

You little sluggard, Johnny Gray!
You'll not be big and strong,
If you will waste the precious hours,
And lie in bed so long!

You've got the headache, did you say?
Why, how comes that about?
Went to a party yesterday—
I see! that kept you out.

Well, who was at the party?
Young ladies, drest so fine?
You ate too many nuts, I think;
What did you say, the wine?

Oh, now I understand it all,
Your headache and late hours;
My boy, my boy, beware a fall,
Nor tempt the wine-cup's powers.

Throw down the glass! hold up your head!
Nor mar your youthful prime!
For drinking leads to idleness,
To misery and crime!

Temperance an Eternal Truth.

THE temperance enterprise is associated with moral and intellectual glory, and we are looking forward in its completion to the overthrow of one of the vilest tyrannies which ever usurped an authority over the bodies or the minds of men. The temperance reformation was glorious in its primitive idea. It aimed at nothing less than the dispersion of the thick and dark cloud of intemperance. It descended from heaven like an angel of light—bright, beaming, and beautiful—for the purpose of delivering our world from a terrible curse. We loved its smile and felt its power, and being clad in truth and baptised in love, it marched forth in mercy to call back the prodigals and to bless the denizens of our fallen world. As a principle, it existed in the deep counsels of eternity, and though it slumbered in the secrets of the ages, it was not devoid of life; but, like an innocent and divine offspring, it reclined upon the bosom of God, and long, long before its voice was distinctly heard it gave intimations of its presence and its power. It accompanied Adam in the garden of Eden, its voice was heard in the flowers and the trees, and its music was wafted upon the wings of the wind. Its glory gilded the heavens, and its commingling beauties were flashed from cloud to cloud as they reflected the departing splendours of the waning day. It was seen in the placid and graceful mirror which revealed to Eve the beauty of her countenance and the wisdom of God.

It came in an angel form to Hagar and Ishmael, and all through the desert it filled the minds of the chosen ones with gratitude, with glory, and with joy. It was connected in spirit with the sweet psalms of David, and the strong arm of Samson was identified with its power. It was with Daniel in the lion's den, and it forsook not the Jews who were cast into the fire. It supplied materials for the thoughts of those who spoke as the oracles of God. It comported with the strength and the power of the Baptist in the wilderness. It reflected the divine light, and supplied the Saviour with a subject at the well, when He met with the woman of Samaria; and in the brook Cedron it murmured in its soothing streams, and mingled its tones with the passion prayer of the Son of God. It is a glorious promise that our bread shall be given, and our water shall be sure; and amid all the mystic and symbolic language of the Revelation we can not only hear the rushing of the mighty waters, but we can listen to the sweet music of that crystal stream which flows from the throne of God; and we are assured by Him who careth for us that His tender mercies are over His works. Our temperance principle is not merely a thing of expediency. It is an eternal truth. It stands allied to the beautiful facts of the undying Word.

The light of truth is advancing, and the foe is retreating. Our work is below, but our faith is on high, and we look for success to Him alone who is able to give us the victory. God speed the right!

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

THE POETS' "ESSAY ON MAN."

WHAT strange infatuation rules mankind,—Chatterton.
What different spheres to human bliss assigned;—Rogers.
To loftier things your finer pulses burn,—Chas. Shrogue.
If man would but his finer nature learn;—R. H. Dana.
What several ways men to their calling have,—Ben Jonson.
And grasp at life though sinking to the grave.—Falkoner.

Ask what is human life? the sage replied,—Cowper.
Wealth, pomp, and honour, are but empty toys,—Fergusson.
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,—Quarles.
Weak timid landsmen on life's stormy main;—Burns.
We only toil who are the first of things,—Tennyson.
From labour health, from health contentment springs,—Beattie.
Fame runs before us as the morning star.—Dryden.
How little do we know that which we are,—Byron.
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast,—Pomfret.
Of fleeting joys too certain to be lost,—Waller.
For over all there hangs a cloud of fear,—Hood.
All is but change and separation here.—Steele.

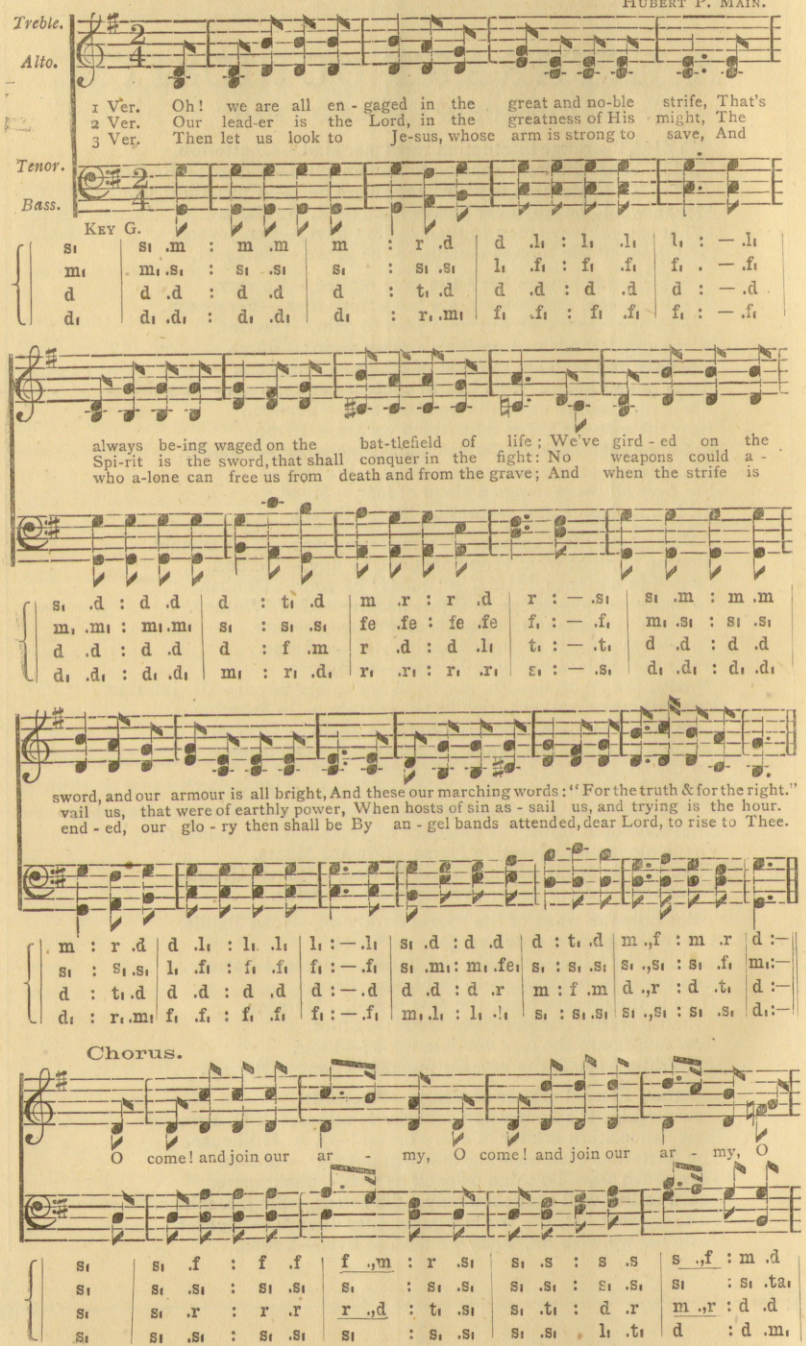
To smooth life's passage o'er its stormy way,—Tim Dwight.
Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,—Herbert.
Be rich in patience, if thou in 'gudes' be poor,—Dunbar.
So many men do stoope to sights unsure;—Geff Whitney.
Choose out the man to virtue best inclined,—Rowe.
Throw envy, folly, prejudice behind;—Langhorne.
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,—Congreve.
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys;—Dr. Johnson.
Remembrance worketh with her busy train,—Goldsmith.
Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again;—Drayton.
On high estates huge heaps of care attend,—Webster.
No joy so great but runneth to an end;—Southwell.
No hand applaud, what honour shuns to hear,—Thomson.
Who casts off shame should likewise cast off fear;—Sheridan Knowles.
Grief haunts us down the precipice of years,—W. S. Landor.
Virtue alone no dissolution fears;—Edward Moore.
Time loosely spent will not again be won,—Robert Greene.
What shall I do to be for ever known?—Cowley.

But now the wane of life comes darkly on,—Joan Baillie.
After a thousand mazes overgone;—Keats.
In this brief state of trouble and unrest,—Bernard Barton.
Man never is, but always to be blest;—Pope.
Time is the present hour, the past is fled,—Marsden.
O thou Futurity our hope and dread;—Elliot.
How fading are the joys we dote upon;—Blair.
Lo! while I speak the present moment's gone—Oldham.

O thou Eternal arbiter of things,—Akenside.
How awful is the hour when conscience stings,—J. G. Percival.
Conscience stern arbiter in every breast!—J. A. Hillhouse.
The fluttering wish on wing that will not rest.—Mallet.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true,—Shakespere.
Learn to live well that thou mayst die so too,—Sir J. Denham.
To those that list, the world's gay scenes I leave,—Spenser.
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.—Young.

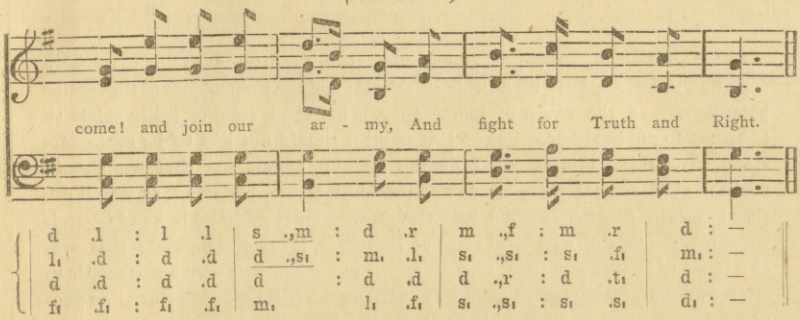
O COME! AND JOIN OUR ARMY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



O COME! AND JOIN OUR ARMY.

(Continued.)



THE DAISY.

By W. A. Eaton.

A RUDDY urchin stooped to pluck
A daisy brimmed with dew,
And twine it with some buttercups
Of glorious golden hue;
And as he stooped to pick the flower
He faltered with surprise,—
"Oh, mamma! this poor daisy's got
Some tears in its eyes!"
His mother stroked his curly head,
And answered with a smile;

"That is the dew the daisy drinks,
It's falling all the while
That you are in your little bed,
Wrapt up so snug and warm,
With angels watching round your head,
And dolly on your arm."
The boy looked up with great round eyes,
And said, "Oh, mamma, dear!
If God sends dew for little flowers,
Who sends the ale and beer?"

How can our Bands of Hope be made Useful in Spreading Temperance Literature?

By T. E. Hallsworth,

Hon. Sec. of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

A Paper read at a Conference of Secretaries of Bands of Hope, held Sept. 14th, 1872.

I SHALL now proceed to propound what I consider THE BEST MEANS OF SPREADING TEMPERANCE LITERATURE, viz.:—Through the instrumentality of publication departments in connection with Bands of Hope.

This scheme is already in existence in some societies, and is conducted in various ways; but the plan I shall bring before your notice is one that can be successfully carried on by any Band of Hope, however small the committee, where there can be found one individual to give it that strict attention which is required. It is a plan that will find useful and profitable employment for the members between the ordinary meetings, and thus tend to retain their attachment to the society.

In the first place, let the committee thoroughly discuss the matter, adopt a code of rules for the guidance of the children who become canvassers, and appoint one of its number to act as manager, one who is prepared to take up the work earnestly, and give it thorough attention.

Let it also be decided what magazines shall be sold; and upon this there may be a diversity of opinion. Some societies don't confine their sale strictly to temperance literature, but supply any magazines that in the opinion of the committees are of a good and useful character. But this plan is to be disapproved of for various reasons.

In the first place, a Band of Hope publication department differs materially from one in connection with a Sabbath-school; and the main object of the former being to spread the cause of temperance, it ought to confine itself solely to temperance publications,—but on this point I should not like to be misunderstood. In taking this stand, I do not by any means say that we should hesitate about spreading religious and moral literature, believing, as we all do, that to attain success religion and temperance must go hand in hand; yet if we admit the sale of a general class of literature, it is quite possible that we, as a Band of Hope committee, may be spreading arguments very antagonistic to our movement, for how often have we to deplore the fact that good Christian people often propagate very mistaken and prejudicial notions of our cause. Whereas, we know, that if we confine ourselves to such magazines as "Onward," "British Workman," &c., &c., we not only diffuse good sound temperance principles, but also thorough religious teaching. Another objection is, that if a general class of literature is admitted, there will be a danger of the canvassers spending their energy in endeavouring to obtain subscribers to the more expensive magazines, such as the "Quiver," "People's Magazine," &c., &c., with a view to obtain larger profits. And as the establishment of these departments is not merely for the sake of awarding prizes to the canvassers, but mainly to spread the largest number of magazines possible, the object will be better accomplished by confining the sale to the halfpenny and penny periodicals.

Again, in deciding the magazines to be sold, it is desirable to adopt a small variety, and as the result of my own experience and observation, I should recommend the following as being most likely to command the largest sale:—

Onward,
British Workman,
Band of Hope Review,
Adviser.

At the first Band of Hope meeting, after his appointment, let the manager acquaint the members with the decision of the committee to form a Publication Department, in which any member of the Band of Hope can be enrolled as a canvasser for the sale of temperance literature, and state that the whole of the profits on the magazines sold, after deducting the necessary expenses, will be returned in prizes at the end of the year to those members who sell them. Let him also thoroughly explain to the members the object and working of the scheme, and inform them of its success in other Bands of Hope, concluding by reading the rules and asking those members who would like to become canvassers to meet him at the school or meeting room on the first convenient night after.

At this meeting of intended canvassers let the rules be again read to the members assembled, and all who are willing to conform to them be supplied with a canvassing book or penny memorandum book prepared in the following manner. The pages to be ruled with columns for name and address of subscribers, and for each of the magazines sold.

On the first inside page of the cover of the book might be pasted a printed label similar to the following form:—

CHANCERY LANE BAND OF HOPE, ARDWICK.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

PRESIDENT:
THOMAS RAYNER, ESQ., M.D.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

MR. R. B. BRIERLEY,	MR. THOS. JOHNSON.
,, J. J. HOWARD.	,, JAS. BANNING.

MR. CHAS. BESWICK.

TREASURER:	HON. SECRETARY:
MR. J. M. HAWORTH.	MR. T. E. HALLSWORTH.

Publication Department.

Canvasser No. 2.

HARRY HALLSWORTH

is authorised to receive orders for the following magazines, and will deliver them monthly at the residences of the subscribers:—

ONWARD	One Penny.
BRITISH WORKMAN	One Penny.
BAND OF HOPE REVIEW . . .	One Halfpenny.
ADVISER	One Halfpenny.

The whole of the profits arising from the sale of these magazines, after deducting the necessary expenses, will be awarded in prizes of books, &c., to the canvassers, at the prize recital to be held on the third Monday in January. Your orders are respectfully solicited.

T. E. HALLSWORTH, MANAGER.

The meetings of the society are held in the Chancery Lane Wesleyan Schoolroom, on the first and third Monday evenings in the month, commencing at half-past seven, to which all are earnestly invited. Admission free.

Facing this, on the first page of the book, paste a copy of the rules of the department, as follows:—

CHANCERY LANE BAND OF HOPE, ARDWICK.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT.

RULES

TO BE OBSERVED BY THE CANVASSERS.

1. You must be a member of the Band of Hope, and if you break your pledge you will forfeit any prize you may be entitled to.

2. You must provide yourself with a canvassing book from the manager, for which you will have to pay threepence.

3. You must continue a member of this department at least four months to be entitled to a prize.

4. A form of order will be supplied to you, upon which you must put the number of periodicals you require and sign your name to it. It must be given to the manager on the third Monday in the month, at the Band of Hope meeting, and at the same time you must pay the full amount you owe for the previous month.

5. You must attend at the School Vestry on the days appointed below to receive your periodicals.

6. To avoid any mistake, you must not pay any money to the manager without receiving a receipt on the form at the end of your canvassing book.

7. You will have no difficulty in obtaining the money from your Subscribers, if you select a convenient time to leave the periodicals; if they do not seem disposed to pay at the time, ask them respectfully for the money and they will give it you.

8. If from any cause you have to give up taking the periodicals, you must pay what you owe, and leave your canvassing book with the manager before the 21st of the month.

N.B.—The whole of the profits on your sales, after deducting the necessary expenses, will be returned to you in prizes at the HALF-YEARLY PRIZE RECITAL, to be held on the third Monday in January.

DAYS APPOINTED FOR 1873.

December -	27th, 1872.	— Friday - -	seven to eight o'clock.
January -	29th, 1873.	— Wednesday	,,
February -	28th, ,,	— Friday - -	,,
March - -	28th, ,,	— Friday - -	,,
April - -	28th, ,,	— Monday -	,,
May - - -	28th, ,,	— Wednesday	,,
June - -	27th, ,,	— Friday - -	,,
July - -	28th, ,,	— Monday -	,,
August - -	29th, ,,	— Friday - -	,,
September	29th, ,,	— Monday -	,,
October -	29th, ,,	— Wednesday	,,
November -	28th, ,,	— Friday - -	,,

On the last inside page of the cover put a form of receipt for all moneys paid to the manager each month.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT—CANVASSER'S MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

187....	£	s.	d.	Manager's Receipt.
January				
February				
March				
April				
May				
June				
July.....				
August				
September				
October.....				
November				
December.....				

Each of the foregoing labels should be printed on gummed paper, the size of a page of the canvassing book.

At this first meeting the canvassers should also be supplied with a sample copy of each magazine to show to parties from whom they solicit orders, as it is almost certain that where they will obtain one subscriber by *speaking* of the magazines they will obtain three by *showing* them. It should be impressed upon the canvassers to keep the samples clean, so that they can be sold; but if any are returned soiled they might be charged in the expenses of the department.

The canvassers should also be supplied with a form of order to be given to the manager, duly filled up and signed, not later than the 21st of each month.

CHANCERY LANE BAND OF HOPE, ARDWICK.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT.

Order for January, 1873.

	Onward.	British Workman.	Band of Hope Review.	Adviser.
January.	24	21	14	14
Back Numbers.	1 Oct. 1 Dec.	1 Dec.		

Signature of Canvasser, JOHN E. MARK.

On receiving the orders from the canvassers, the manager will then ascertain how many of each magazine he will require, and will thus be enabled to guard against bad or surplus stock, which will have to be very carefully watched.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE STREET CHILD'S LAMENT.

By M. H. Mather.

DEAR children with happy homes listen to me,
For brother and I are as sad as can be;
All day we've been out in the rain and the sleet,
In these thin shabby clothes without shoes to our feet;
So tired and dirty, and hungry are we,
Oh! what will become of poor brother and me!
If we beg, there are sharp-eyed policemen about,
And should we dare steal, God would soon find us out.
Through the long dismal streets all the day we must roam,
And when ev'ning comes on creep all tremblingly home.
Home! home! oh what a home
Through the habit of drinking has ours become!

When I was quite little, my brother and I
Were as happy as birds in the blue summer sky;
For father had built a snug house of his own,
In the sweet quiet country just near a small town.
He worked for the clergyman, gentry, and squire,
And our home was as happy as heart could desire.
Our dear mother loved us, and tended us well,
And I went to school and was learning to spell:
But now, through the long dreary streets we must roam,
And when ev'ning comes on creep all tremblingly home.
Home! home! oh what a home
Through the habit of drinking has ours become!

Poor father was first to fall into the snare,
And our minister warned him and bade him beware;
But he grew worse and worse, lost his health and friends too,
For who'd give their work to a drunkard to do?
Our home was sold up, and we left the sweet place,
And came up to London to hide our disgrace.
Then, alas for us children, our mother began
To drink, and "drown sorrow." Oh! pitiful plan!
So now, through the long dreary streets we must roam,
And when ev'ning comes on, creep so tremblingly home.
Home! home! oh what a home
Through the habit of drinking has ours become!

Well, at first mother tried to keep brother and me,
As decent as poor drunkards' children might be;
She sent us to Sunday-school, out of harm's way,
While father and she would sit drinking all day.
But the winter arrived, and the new baby came,
And we went no more to our school then for shame.
For when mother got drinking, as you may suppose,
There soon was an end of our nice Sunday clothes.
So now, through the long dreary streets we must roam,
And when ev'ning comes on, creep so tremblingly home.
Home! home! oh what a home
Through the habit of drinking has ours become!

For father's in prison! and mother, alas!
Lies in bed 'most all day with a bottle and glass.

We are wet, cold, and hungry, my brother and I,
And the doctor's young man says that baby must die.
Oh! I've been her nurse ever since she's been born,
And I know I shall miss her so when she is gone.
But then she'll no longer feel hunger or pain,
And up there in heaven we'll meet her again.
Though now, through the long dreary streets we must roam,
And when ev'ning comes on, creep so tremblingly home.
Home! home! oh what a home
Through the habit of drinking has ours become!

To-night, to our poor wretched garret we'll creep,
And listen; and if we find mother's asleep,
I'll put darling baby beside her in bed,
And try and find whether she's left us some bread:
But if she's awake,—we must sit on the stair,
She shall *not* beat my brother again I declare!
If she'd only beat *me* it would not be so bad,
I would bear it all bravely for him and be glad.
So now, through the long dreary streets we must roam,
And when ev'ning comes on, creep so tremblingly home.
Home! home! oh what a home
Through the habit of drinking has ours become!

Oh! good Temp'rance people, whenever you meet,
Pray think of poor baby and us in the street;
Come up to our garret, and bid mother think
What misery falls on us all through the drink.
Do go to my father, in prison, and see
If you can't get his pledge—an abstainer to be;
And Band of Hope members we both will become;
Oh! we yet may recover our once happy home!
And no more through the long dreary streets need we roam,
Nor when ev'ning comes on, creep so tremblingly home.
Home! home! oh what a home,
The drink being banished, ours *yet* may become!

TOBACCO.

A KIND WORD FOR BOYS.

THE hope of days to come is in the young. You see the harm strong drink does, and, as Band of Hope boys, you are taught not to use it. There is another evil which I would advise you to abstain from, viz., tobacco. Charles Garrett truly says that "smoking is the first step on the wrong road." John Angell James once said, "I never see a young man smoking a cigar but I say to myself, that young man is taking the first step to ruin."

It is a sad fact that many of the boys in our reformatories have been sent there for stealing tobacco, or money wherewith to buy it.

The master of the Edinburgh Reformatory lately said, "We have eighty boys here. Every one has passed through a prison, and there is not one who has not been a smoker or a chewer, and most of them have been both!"

All these boys were once good and honest. Smoking in their case led to dishonesty.

Boys learn this bad habit in order to look big in the eyes of their companions. They are also silly enough to believe that by imitating the vices of men they will become manly. But many of these "would-be-men" have never reached manhood—they sickened and died in their vain attempts to be "manly." Let the youth whose mannishness prompts him to take the first cigar think of the facts here given, and resist the temptation to enter the path of sin and vice.

THE CONTRAST.

MODERATION.

If a youth begin at ten years of age to drink a pint of beer per day, and continue to do so until he reaches the age of seventy, he will have drunk fifty hogsheads, thirty-seven gallons, and two quarts, of spoiled water,—at a cost of £182. 10s.

TEETOTALISM.

Let a youth be wise and never take drunkard's drink! and begin at ten years of age to deposit twopence per day at compound interest, at five per cent. per annum, and, should he reach the age of man, he will realise the sum of £1,205. 11s. 7d.

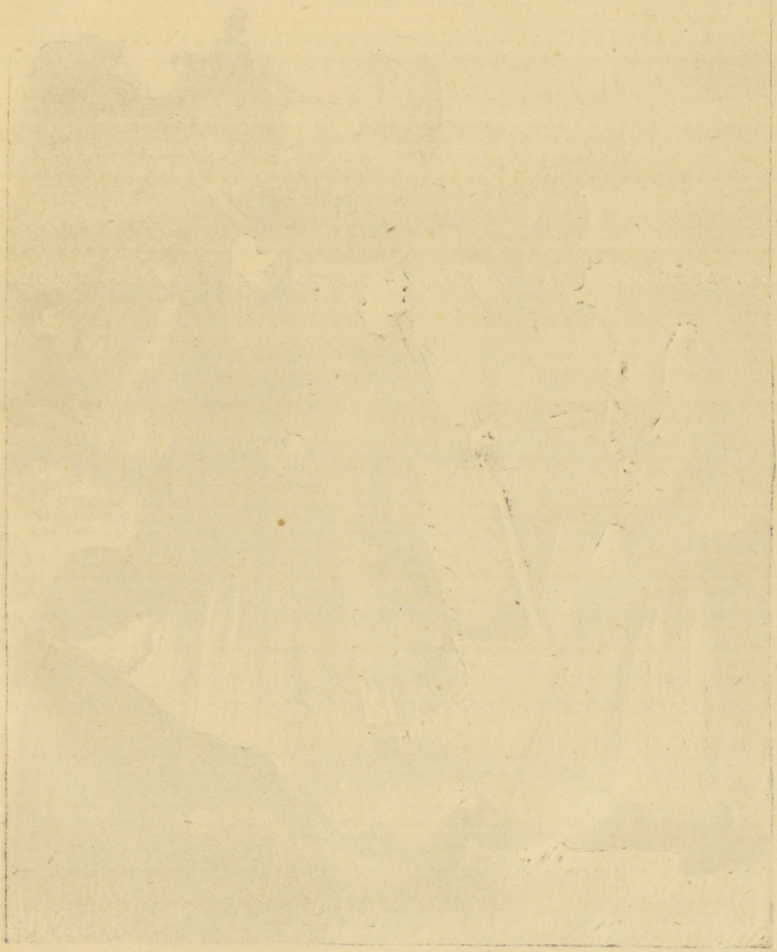
EDITOR'S CHAT.

WE are greatly pleased with the accounts of the energetic work in the Band of Hope cause at Crich and Fretchley, in Derbyshire. The principal agent in the movement, begun eighteen months ago, was the Rev. J. G. Johnson. He removed to Manchester at the beginning of this year, when a farewell tea meeting was held in the parish schoolroom, Crich. At this meeting about 400 were present. The society, which does not confine itself to the young, has already 330 members enrolled; the vicar, Rev. W. Chawner, is president.

On February 1st the Primitive Methodist Band of Hope, Walkden, near Bolton-le-Moors, held its fourth annual festival. Three hundred persons having had tea together, the Rev. J. Eastwood took the chair. The report read spoke of 116 members; of the committee fifteen were teachers in the Sunday-school. The Rev. Robert Jones and Mr. Richard Horne, of Leicester, were present as speakers. Music and recitations added to these made the meeting quite successful.

The Wilmslow, Cheshire, Band of Hope, in its annual report submitted to us, shows persevering effort and cheering result; seventy-five new members having been enrolled during the past year. The total numbers now are 55 seniors and 240 juniors. One paragraph of the report says, "The committee have taken pains to communicate either by note, or personally, with every member during the year; in consequence of this inquiry, eighty-six names have been struck off the roll." Such energy on the part of the committee must give needed knowledge and surely success also.

The Tyldesley Wesleyan Band of Hope, on account of the sympathy felt in the movement, had this year to hold its annual meeting in two parts, the first on January 11th, the second on January 18th; at the former, after tea, Mr. Jarrett showed the Union's dissolving views, "The Bottle; or, the Drunkard's Fate." At the latter meeting more adults were present, and were addressed by the Rev. C. Rhodes, J. E. Pater, and Messrs. Chadwick and Antrobus. The members have increased forty-five during the year.



THE CHILDREN AT PLAY ON THE MOORLANDS.

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter IV.

TELLING FORTUNES.

KATHLEEN drew near her papa as the carriage turned away.

"Arnold Preston is such a nice boy, papa," she said, "mama thinks his eyes are like Willie's, and she takes such an interest in him, it has done her ever so much good. She has even laughed a little, and smiled like her old self, since she talked to him, and to this kind old woman, with whom he lives."

"Is she his grandmother?" asked Mr. Stanley.

"No, papa, no relation; his father drank and deserted him when he was ill, and she has taken care of him ever since; that is three months ago, and he isn't strong yet."

"Good old soul; I knew she had an honest heart, from her pleasant truth-loving face. But the poor boy looks sadly, we must help her, and cheer him up, Kathleen; another drink victim, my child."

"Yes, papa."

"Kathleen, work hard as we will, we can never work hard enough, prayerfully enough, against strong drink, for it causes more suffering and sadness than any one, who is not an actual sufferer through it, can imagine."

"It must, indeed, papa. But isn't it nice about mama?"

"My child, if the interest your dear mama feels in this poor boy, leads her to forget her own sadness in order to make his life brighter, I shall be thankful indeed for this Band of Hope holiday. It will make our home seem more like the blessed place it was before our Willie died. Never think I blame your poor mama, darling, for I entirely sympathise with her; but I feel sure that she and myself and all other bereaved ones, will do God more honour by helping His children in distress, than by nourishing each his own sorrows."

"Arnold talked so sweetly about the bird angels, papa?"

"What do you mean, Kathleen?"

"He read about it in a book once, that the larks are bird angels; and it is a reality to him; papa, the lark's songs are heavenly music to him."

"The boy is a bit of a poet, is he?" said Mr. Stanley.

While Kathleen and her papa had this little talk, Lilian and granny Whiddon were fast making friends of each other, and Lilian introduced her to many of the teetotalers who stood around. During the time her mama and sister had been resting in the Heather Glen, energetic Lilian as well as her papa had been hard at work, not only by Mr. Stanley's making a speech at the open-air temperance

meeting, but by proposing games and joining in them, and helping about the provisions.

Now, the children in groups of about one hundred were seated on the short dry grass of the downs, with cups of milk beside them, and very large currant buns in their hands, and a huge pile of gooseberry tarts was close by, to be distributed when the buns had disappeared.

The visitors' tea was being spread in a large tent, which would hold four or five hundred persons. The ringing of a bell in the tent announced that this meal was now ready, and troops of people came hurrying towards it from across the moorland in every direction. The band, at some little distance, began to play some pleasant lively music, and there was a general clatter of tea-cups and saucers at the various tables. The Stanleys' carriage again made its appearance; Arnold, who had now quite recovered himself, was helped from it to a seat in the tent beside Mrs. Stanley, and granny Whiddon, at the invitation of Kathleen and Lilian, took her place between them; while Mr. Stanley had a seat at his wife's side. After tea there was much laughing and whispering and mystery between granny Whiddon and the twins. They retired to the most quiet part of another and smaller tent, where provisions were stored, and there divested granny of her large bonnet, drew over her head the scarlet hood of her cloak, put her in a suitable position just at the entrance of the tent, and summoned their papa and mama to look at her. The handsome gipsy style of face, the erect, dignified form, and the half playful, half solemn manner, granny Whiddon assumed, were each perfectly in keeping with the character of a fortune-teller.

Then Mr. Stanley announced in a grave and suitable manner that they had secured the services of a fortune-teller, who was willing on the payment of a small fee of one penny to the funds of the Stoneleigh and Waythorpe Bands of Hope to tell the fortune of any one who liked to trust her judgment.

"They're telling fortunes over there; let's go and have ours told," said the children and young folks as the news spread, as if by magic, of the fresh sport provided.

"It costs a penny," said one prudent damsel.

"What's a penny?" said another, "why I never had my fortune told before without I crossed the old hag's hand with silver."

The girls around laughed.

"This is the handsomest gipsy I ever saw," said a young man coming up to the girls. "I wish she was young, and then I'd give her a kiss as well as a penny to have my fortune told."

"Nonsense, Tom."

"What conceit!"

"Why, she wouldn't let you," burst from the lips of the girls.

"Well, let's go and have it done," and they moved nearer to the tent. Little boys and girls crowded around to try and hear what granny Whiddon said to their friends and acquaintances, but it was no good at all, this fortune-teller was quite determined that only he or she, who had paid to listen to her, should hear her words.

"What did she say, Polly?" asked one girl of another, after it was over, "did she promise you a coach-and-six, and half-a-dozen lovers?"

"No," said Polly, quietly.

"Why, what's the matter, Polly, you're half crying."

"She's a dear old soul," said Polly.

"Well, but do tell me, you always tell me everything, you know," said Polly's friend, coaxingly, "did she promise you anything worth having?"

"Yes, she did," said Polly, smiling through her tears, "if I'd go the right way to get it."

"What was it?"

"Heaven," said Polly, "if I'd obey God's laws."

"Oh, my! I shall tell all the girls it's a sham; she's an old hypocrite to tell such things, and call them our fortunes;" and Fanny pouted, "I shall tell, and not let the others go to her."

"You had better let them all go, and go yourself," said Polly, "she'll be sure to do everybody good."

"Then, what did she make you cry for? you're good enough, Polly."

"No, I'm not," said Polly, "and she made me think of mother. Religion's not gloomy, Fanny, 'tis sin that makes us unhappy. This dear old soul is as bright and cheerful as can be."

"Well, Harry, what did she say to you," asked a knot of lads, as a rather fast-looking youth walked up to them from the tent and the scarlet-cloaked fortune-teller.

"Oh! she's a farce," said Harry, throwing himself and his short cane on the ground together in extreme disgust, "she's a regular sell."

"Well, never mind, tell us what she said," said a manly-looking boy.

"'Tis all nonsense, she's employed by some of these strait-laced rulers of ours; *she* isn't a genuine fortune-teller."

"She told yours too cleverly, I expect," said an older lad, almost a man, who stood amongst the youths. "Let's hear, Harry?"

"She said I should grow to be a man by-and-by if"——

There were roars of laughter.

"If what? I thought most of us were likely to do that."

"Stop, and let a fellow say it all," said Harry, "why, if I throw away my pipe and my walking-stick, and my conceit, and gave up wishing to break my Band of Hope pledge; that's my pennyworth," and Harry sneered.

"How on earth did she know?" said one of the boys, and then stopped abruptly.

"Exactly, how *did* she know? I guess, as the Yankees say, she's one of the presidents or somebody done up in disguise."

At that moment Mr. Stanley, president of the Waythorpe Band of Hope, came upon the little group, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Knowsley, the president of the Stoneleigh Band of Hope. There was a general cheer, for both were popular, and a laugh as general, caused by Harry's words, which the gentlemen had overheard.

"Is your predicted fortune an overwhelming piece of intelligence?" said Mr.

Stanley, as Harry got up from the ground, and stood somewhat abashed, and half sulkily before them.

"Be honest, my boys," continued their friend, "honest to your pledge, honest to your convictions, honest to your God, and then I think you need not fear an old woman's fortune-telling," and he and his companion walked away.

Kathleen placed her hand in granny Whiddon's.

"Keep a *true*, brave heart in sorrow as well as in joy, trust God in adversity as well as in prosperity, my lamb, and you will be happy and make others happy," said the old woman, as she crossed and re-crossed the little palm in gipsy fashion.

Lilian followed her sister.

"Be a butterfly for beauty, a bee for industry, and a bird for song, so shall you charm by the first, help by the second, and please by the third."

Lilian came away laughing, the sisters exchanged confidences.

Arnold came next to granny Whiddon.

"There'll be many a change in your life, my own dear boy," said the old woman, tenderly, "your father will make changes, and you yourself will make changes, never forget what you owe both to God and to man, and never forget the teachings of your bird angel."

For a full hour and a half granny Whiddon stood or sat in the door of the tent, dispensing good advice in the shape of fortune-telling, and made many a droll and skilful hit at the foibles of the young folks by the aid of her quick wit and clever eyes.

After that the band began to play, and country dances succeeded each other.

Soft light clouds now crept over the blue sky, the golden sun sank towards the west, the clouds grew more and more brilliant in tint, as they gathered around the departing king of day, the courtiers of the sun in their state robes, and amidst a glow of crimson, orange, and golden glory, with a pale, clear, azure sky above him, he disappeared below the horizon. And after he had gone, in the soft heavens overhead, the "young May moon" and the bright stars shone out.

But before the sun had quite disappeared, the children marched oft that glorious old moorland, their banners waving, their bands playing, and their spirits, spite of all the fun and frolic of the day, still perfectly good, and only to be tamed by their long walk home to Stoneleigh or Waythorpe. Friends who had met from the different towns on this festal day parted now, the girls with kisses, the boys with hearty shakings of the hand, and each one received as they left the tent some temperance periodical or tract, a gift from their kind presidents.

Not until the hearty cheering was over and the national anthem had been sung by hundreds of young clear voices, and the happy boys and girls, youths and maidens, were once more traversing the downs in long lines, did the Stanleys' carriage drive away with granny Whiddon and Arnold, as well as its more frequent occupants, to take a circuit that should include the old woman's cottage on their homeward way. So ended the sixth anniversary of the Stoneleigh and Waythorpe Bands of Hope, which all their members declared to be the very happiest and best they had held; a day which would ever have both for Mrs. Stanley and Kathleen a sweet memory of Arnold Preston and his bird angel.

(To be continued.)

VIOLETS.

By Lizzie Chamberlain.

THE sun beams warm from an April sky,
On the grass where the crystal dew-drops lie,
As a band of merry children go
To where the purple violets grow,
Springing the hedge-row's thorns between,
Clustered on banks aglow with green,
Of that vivid hue Spring only weaves,
And peering from nests of moss and leaves.

The sweet young voices with gladness ring,
As rejoicing they gather each precious thing,
To them the fair buds Spring days unfold,
Are brighter than jewels and better than gold;
As they merrily run from place to place,
A man with a wild and scolding face
Is bitterly watching each look and smile,
As he leans on a bar of the crooked style;

He has some little ones, but they play
In the crowded court of a town all day;
For them no fragrant wild flowers grow—
No sweet, Spring winds cause their cheeks to glow—
And a feeling akin to remorse has come,
To the man's hard heart at the thought of his home;
What makes them so poor? the truth I will tell,
Their father's a drunkard, they know it too well.

Now the children shyly cross the grass,
And he stands aside to let them pass:
He sees their blossoms so sweet and fair,
He catches the perfume in the air,
And as he turns to the style again
His face is changed—can it be with pain?
Ah the violets' scent and their purple glow,
Have carried him back to the "long ago."

The sullen frown has gone from his brow,
The wild eyes look dim and tender now,
Again in meadows, far, far, away
Where violets grow and children play,
He walks with a maiden good and fair,
With dimpling face and wind-tossed hair:
What a fearful change! can she be the same!
He flushes crimson with bitter shame;

Those once ruddy cheeks are pale and thin,
(He hides his face his hands within,)
No gloss remains on the once bright hair
Not old in years, but aged with care,
That wretched wife in her ragged gown,
He has left in the court of a busy town—
Is the bright-faced girl, once so full of life,
And alas!—'tis his work—she's a drunkard's wife.

Workmen pass homeward, for day is done,
He lingers, not heeding the setting sun,
While over the surface of cloud-land there rolled
A gorgeous tinting of crimson and gold ;
At last he rouses, and hastens away,
Through the gathering shades of the twilight grey,
A new, better life in his heart begun—
He has battled with self and the victory won.
He will give up the drink which has poisoned his life,
And given to him nothing but sorrow and strife,
He is saved in the hour of his deepest despair,
By a cluster of violets, fragrant and fair.

How can our Bands of Hope be made Useful in Spreading Temperance Literature?

By T. E. Hallsworth,

Hon. Sec. of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

A Paper read at a Conference of Secretaries of Bands of Hope, held Sept. 14th, 1872.

The monthly order should be placed in the hands of a respectable bookseller, not later than the 23rd of the month, who would supply the magazines at the following prices:—

Onward, and British Workman ..... 9d. per doz. or 6s. per 100.

Band of Hope Review, and Adviser ....4½d. per doz. or 3s. per 100.

On receiving the magazines the manager should carefully count out, and make each order into a parcel, so that on the night appointed to supply the canvassers they will not be kept waiting.

The manager will require to keep a strict account of the magazines supplied to the canvassers, a monthly cash account of income and expenditure, and a summary of the year's operations—and as it is not desirable to multiply papers and documents, the whole of this might be kept in one book, and if the department does not exceed forty canvassers, a fourpenny memorandum book will suffice, and can be ruled in the following manner.

Retain the last twenty-six pages for the monthly and annual balances ruled with simple cash lines. Enter monthly on the debit side the magazine purchases, and on the credit side the payments of the canvassers, as follow:—

JANUARY, 1872.

Dec. 26.	350 Onwards.....6s.	0	19	6	Jan. 20.	Fred. W. Garside 1	0	8	10½
	312 British Workmen ...6s.	0	18	9		Harry Hallsworth 2	0	3	0
	175 Band of Hope Review,3s.	0	5	3		Sarah E. Johnson.....3	0	4	0
	200 Advisers .....3s.	0	6	0		John E. Mark.....4	0	5	2
		2	9	6		Elizabeth A. Waugh ..5	0	4	10
	Balance profit	1	1	3½		Lucy A. Gledhill 6	0	4	1½
						&c.,&c., giving names and amounts of all canvassers, making a			
		£3	10	9½		Total	£3	10	9½

Each month's balance must be carried to the debit side of the last two pages of the book for the annual summary, the contra side showing the amount paid for the prizes, and the working expenses.

The canvassers accounts will occupy the remainder of the book, a separate page being kept for each on the following plan:—

FRED. WM. GARSIDE, 14, Buxton-street.

Page 1.

1872.	Onward.	British Workman.	Band of Hope Review.	Adviser.	£	s.	d.
January..	40	36	39	32	0	8	10½
February.							
March....							
&c., &c.							

The whole department will then be in complete working order, and it will only remain for the manager to make it his study how to maintain and increase its efficiency. He will of course avail himself of every opportunity possible to encourage the canvassers, by relating to them instances of good accomplished by means of the seed thus sown, by hints how to improve their sale, examples of what other societies are doing, and scores of other ways, which will be constantly occurring to him.

It is desirable that the rules be strictly enforced, especially Rule 4.

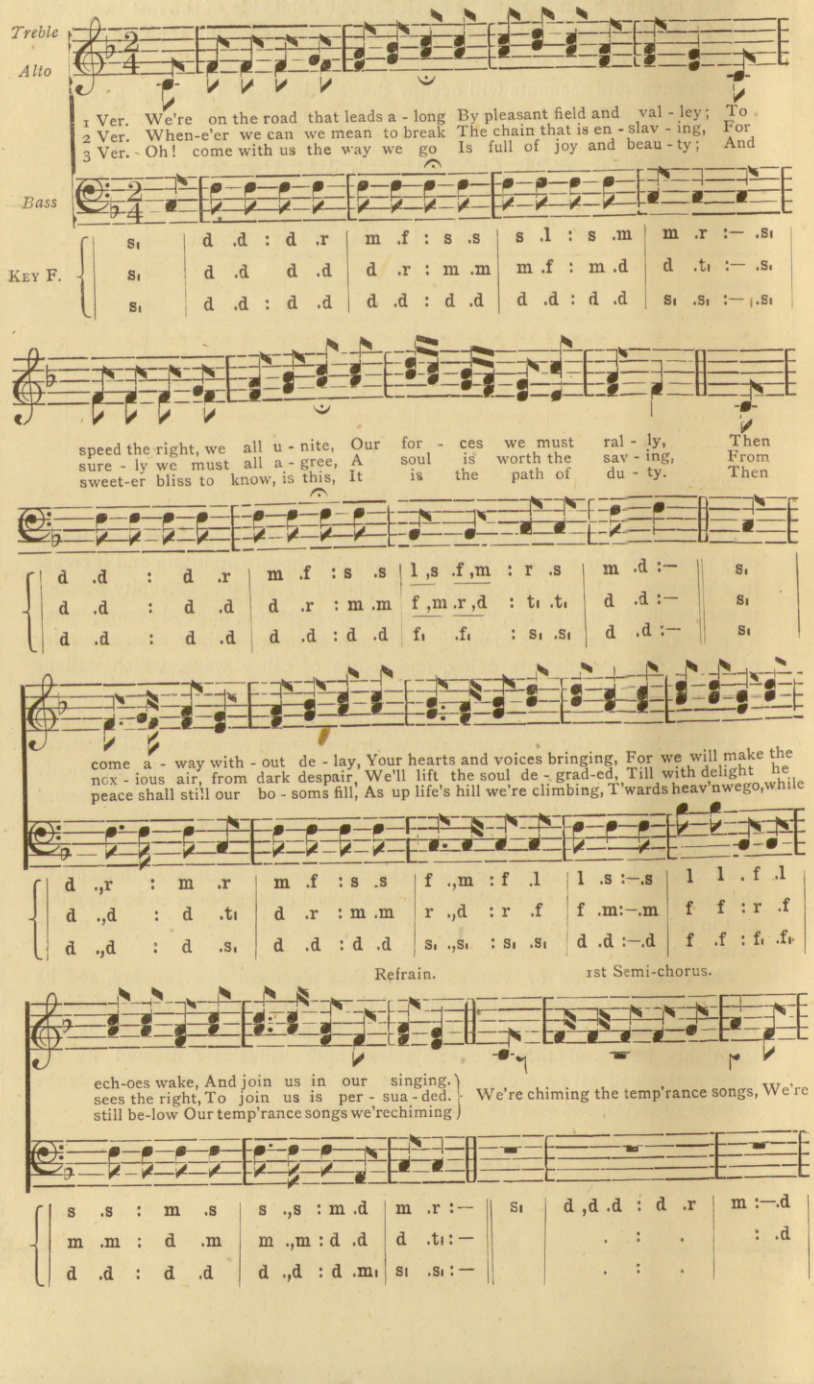
At the close of the twelve months' work the annual summary will show the amount of nett profit realized, and the value of each canvassers' prize will easily be ascertained by deducting the cost of the magazines sold, from the amount paid in for them, the difference less a proportionate share of the expenses being the amount to be spent on the prize.

Of course in purchasing the prizes the manager will again avail himself of the discount of 25 per cent. which will be allowed off the books to be supplied, and in this manner if a canvasser's net profit be 7s. 6d., a prize in books of the value of 10s. can be presented.

The PRESENTATION OF PRIZES should take place early in January, and be made as public as possible, the whole of the members of the Band of Hope being invited and induced to bring their friends and neighbours. It will invariably be found that the excitement and enthusiasm created by the presentation will give a great impetus to the department, both as regards the number of canvassers and the quantity of magazines sold.

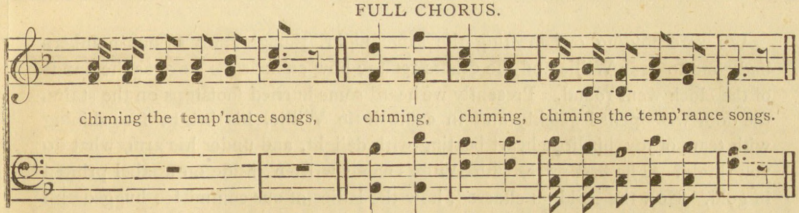
(To be concluded in our next.)

CHIMING THE TEMPERANCE SONGS.



(Continued.)

FULL CHORUS.



m ,m .m : m .f	s :—.	l : d'	s : m	m ,r .d : m .r	d :—.
d ,d .d : d .r	m :—.	d : d	m d	d ,s_1 .s_1 : d .t_1	d —.
. : .	:	f : l	s : s	s ,f .m : s .f	m :—.
		f_1 : f_1	d : d	s_1 ,s_1 .s_1 : s_1 .s_1	d :—.

OUR PRIZE RECITER.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

I AM quite certain you would love our prize reciter if you knew him; he is the pet of our Band of Hope; every one loves him the moment they are in his company. Now I daresay you are very anxious to know his name, I will tell you, but only part mind, for fear it would come to his ears, that I have been writing about him. We call him Willie, a very pretty name, at least I think so, I hope you do the same. Willie has been to our Band of Hope for nearly four years now, I remember when he first came what a little chap he was, he could hardly toddle up the stairs, and when he said his recitations, we had to stand him on the table, that all might have a good look at him. Would you believe it, these four years seem to have made very little difference in Willie's appearance; he has the same plump rosy cheeks, and when he is dressed in his Sunday knickerbocker suit, and his gilt buttons are polished, he looks so jolly and happy that everyone envies him. Now I should like you to know how it is that we have such affection for Willie, not because he never laughs or romps, for he knows how to laugh and how to shout too at the right time.

We love him because he *knows how to behave himself.* You will never find Willie cracking nuts, or playing with his pocket knife, when some one is speaking to the children; you will see him sitting perfectly still, his eyes fixed on the speaker, and paying such attention to every word, that really it is quite a treat to look at him.

We love Willie because he comes to the meetings *every week;* if it rains he turns up his coat collar, borrows an old umbrella, and walks through the rain, he loves the Band of Hope so much that neither rain nor snow can keep him away.

We love Willie because he is always willing to give a recitation when asked; you have not to ask him over and over again. The moment you ask him, he promises to have one by the next meeting night. Willie has received an excellent reward. Now be quiet while I tell you all about it. A few months ago, there was held a meeting of all the Bands of Hope in our district; the various societies were invited to send a member to compete for prizes for reciting. Who could we send better than our little Willie? How hard he laboured, how many rehearsals he had so that he might be perfect! At last the day of trial came, Willie was ready and off he went to the meeting fully determined to bring home the first prize.

We were holding our meeting the same night, though many of our members had gone to hear Willie and the others recite ; how anxious we were as the hands of the clock went round. Presently we heard some hurried footsteps on the stairs, the door was opened quickly and in came little Willie, his bright face shining with tears of joy, his little heart beating with delight, and under his arm, what do you think? The first prize, with Willie's name written inside on a label printed in gold. How the children cheered, how the ladies of our committee hugged and kissed little Willie, until he was almost smothered. Willie was very happy, and since then, only the other day, at our annual meeting Willie had another reward, instead of having one prize like the other children, he had two, and such cheers, as almost made me wish I was deaf. Now I will just tell you how it is Willie is so successful with his recitations. First he asks the secretary to give him a good one to learn ; he knows there are lots of recitations not worth the trouble of learning ; then he tries to understand his recitations, he wants to feel what he is saying, and not repeat the words as a parrot would. He learns every word off by heart, sometimes he walks up and down the garden, saying his recitation over and over until he knows every word. When he has thoroughly learnt it, he thinks how he shall move his arms, and whether he should look pleasant or sorrowful ; sometimes he gets permission from his mother to stand on the table before the large looking-glass, then he says his recitation over to himself, and puts in all the action he can.

When he has done all this he asks his father to hear him, and so makes himself master of his recitation before he attempts to say it at the Band of Hope, and when he does say it, you may be sure everyone listens to him.

I fancy I hear my little reader say, I wish I could recite like Willie. Have you ever tried? if you have, try again! persevere! give your mind to what you are doing and in time you are sure to succeed. "Practice makes perfect" is a good old proverb, and one you will find to be perfectly true.

The Bar-keeper's Invitation to Drink.

By J. E. Sherman.

"TAKE a drink?" No! not I,
Of the things your mixing
Nature has a good supply
Of her careful fixing—
Water sweet, and cold, and pure,
Is a better drink, I'm sure.

"Take a drink?" No! not I;
I have seen too many
Taking drinks like that of yours,
Stript of every penny.
Water sweet, and cool, and clear,
Costs me nothing all the year.

"Take a drink?" No! not I;
Reason's taught me better,
Than to bind my very soul,
With a galling fetter.
Water sweet, and cold, and free,
Has no cruel chains for me.

"Take a drink?" A brother,
Dear to me as reason,
Was a drinker here, you know,
For a little season—
Drank his life and soul away,
And is in his grave to-day!

"Take a drink?" I own it
I was sinking nearly—
Sipping, drinking every day—
Drinking late and early.
But my rescued soul at last,
Sees the dangers it has passed.

"Take a drink?" No! never—
By God's blessing, never
Will I touch, or taste, or smell
Henceforth, amen! for ever.
Water sweet, and clear, and cool,
Makes man neither slave nor fool.

Liberty and Intemperance.

By James H. Henry.

THERE is perhaps no passion in the human breast, stronger than the passion for liberty, "Place me," says Cowper, "where winter breathes his keenest air, and I will sing if liberty be there." The meanest slave loves liberty, and to attain it will try to escape, even though the blood-hounds be on his track. What cares he for blood-hounds, or far worse than blood-hounds, the hell-hounds in human form, if he can but gain his freedom! Nay, the most insignificant flower craves for liberty.

"See that pale geranium pent within yon cottage window,
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly, long-stalked leaves,
How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet influences."

And there is perhaps nothing that we Britons boast more of, than our love of liberty. We may be defeated in battle, we may even be conquered, but ten thousand times over we have said:—

"Britons *never* shall be slaves!"

Now, if I were asked why I am a total abstainer, this would be one of the reasons I should give: because I love liberty; and it shall be my task in the following lines to show that liberty and intemperance are as wide apart, as the east is from the west. In the first place, the drunkard is enslaved to his appetite. And let me say here, that I need make no distinction between the drunkard and the moderator: because, though the moderator is not a drunkard now, the time is inevitably coming when some will be. There are in the British Isles, 600,000 drunkards: and of these, 60,000 die every year; so that in ten years from now, the whole 600,000 will be dead. From whence will come the next 600,000, if not from the army of those, who are serving an apprenticeship to drunkenness, the moderators! True, there are exceptional cases, where the moderator may escape, but as a rule, so surely as the acorn planted in good soil, warmed by the sun and watered by the rain, will develope itself into an oak; so surely will moderation be the seed of intemperance, warmed and watered and nourished by the worst passions of human nature, develope itself into full-grown drunkenness. Keeping this in mind then, I repeat, that the drunkard is enslaved to his appetite; and in this, lies the secret of the failure of the moral suasion to such a large extent. It requires very little oratory, or very little persuasive power, to show the slave how much better it would be if he were free; but, alas, he shows you his bleeding back, his branded shoulders, his tyrant master. He points to the impassable bogs and fens; to the unshackled hounds, thirsting and panting for human blood, and he asks: How can I escape? It is impossible! And what of the drink slave? Think you that *he* has no cravings for freedom? Think you, that the moral suasion of his wife and family has no power to touch his soul? Go, and listen to them; see them with clasped hands, and bended knees, and bruised bodies and broken hearts, pleading as for very life, but, alas, they plead in vain. The ancient,

Roman priests boasted, that by their wailings and prayers and sacrifices, they could propitiate the infernal gods, and even—

"Draw tears down Pluto's iron cheek;"

but not so these; they might as well plead with the hungry wolf, or the devouring flames, or the raging pestilence. He points to his burning, quenchless thirst; to his craving, insatiable appetite; to his wasted constitution; to his tyrannical, pitiless passions; and he asks: Who can deliver me from the body of this death? It is too late, and I am lost for ever! Of course, there are exceptions even to this; but I am persuaded that where one is rescued, by the power of moral suasion, there are nineteen who sink to rise no more.

In the second place, the drunkard is enslaved to the publican. Some weeks ago, I visited a coal mine, and as I looked around, I could almost imagine that I was in the infernal regions. I saw men, naked to the waist, working with shovel and pick, as though they were labouring to escape from some horrible death. And, as I watched them, I thought if the publican were here he could pick some of these men out, and say, these are my slaves; they work and I play; they toil, sweat, dig, and delve, and I reap the fruit. And why not? Have I not bought them? Have I not to obtain them, seared my conscience and hardened my heart, and perilled my immortal soul? And, so long as they have strength and money and life, they are mine. And what then? When they have been drained of the last coin and last drop of blood; why then, having worked like slaves, and lived like fools, they can die like dogs! There is a fable told somewhere, of a king who sent for a blacksmith, and said to him: you must make me a chain so long. The blacksmith had no option but to obey, and for many weary days and nights, neglecting his wife and family, he toiled to complete his task. When it was done, it was submitted to the king, who commanded that it should be made as long again. It was completed a second time, with the same result. At last, it was finished, and brought by the blacksmith to the king. The king pronounced it perfect, and then turning to his servants, he said, take this chain and take that man and bind him with it, hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness. You smile at the absurdity of the thing. But let me ask: Have you not known such men; men who have toiled at the forge, and in the mill, and in the mine, and then, *without* compulsion, taken the proceeds of their labour to their king, the publican. Oh, how benignantly he has smiled, as he said, if not in words, in thought: Go, and toil again, and bring the fruits to me. And thus they have toiled and toiled, until health and friends and money have gone, and the very chain they have been a lifetime in forging, binds them hand and foot for ever. And then the drunkard is enslaved to the effects of intemperance. And what are they, you ask. I answer, Poverty; quenching the fire! emptying the cupboard! stripping the home! Misery, blighting every joy! crushing every hope! stifling every laugh! cankering the whole being! Debt, with its relentless grasp ever on its victim's throat, saying, pay me what thou owest. Moral death, annihilating the last vestige of God's image! the last spark of natural affection! the last particle of true manhood, until the poor drunkard becomes a hideous compound of beast and fiend, with all that is disgusting in

the one and all that is diabolical in the other. But this is only the dark side of the picture, thank God there is a bright side; full of light and liberty and life. We point out the bane, only that we may prevail upon you, to accept the antidote. Some years ago, two hundred men were buried in the Hartley Colliery. The Queen telegraphed from her throne, Is there any hope for the men? After a while the answer came along the wires, *No hope.* They are dead. But in this case, there *is* hope, hope for each and hope for all. We offer you papers of manumission; charters of liberty; we offer you the pledge. And we ask you, in the name of that love of liberty, which has been engrafted into every drop of your British blood; by the memory of all that you and yours have suffered through the accursed drink-traffic; for the sake of all you hold dear and valuable in life, to accept the charter, which shall emancipate you for ever—from the galling fetters of England's greatest curse—intemperance. And then, when you have done this, when you have emancipated yourselves from the shackles and servitude and degradation of the drink-traffic, come and help us to accomplish the glorious work in which we are engaged. Help us to stay the torrent which is deluging the whole land with destitution and crime. Help us to overturn and overturn, until every drinking hell is demolished, until every slave is free, until every home is brightened and every heart is glad. Then shall beauty be given for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Then shall the day of universal liberty dawn, when, from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, from the lips and from the heart, shall go up to Heaven one great outburst of ineffable joy—now are we free indeed. Oh then come and join us in the work, and with hands and head and heart and brain, fight against our country's curse. And may He who governs the universe—

"Whose might, flung into space the countless worlds that lie
Like diamond dust, upon the breast of night
Nerve us with power, mid the glare and gloom
To snap the bondsman's chain and seal the oppressor's doom."

GIVE THEM BACK TO US.

By A. J. A. Roe.

LANDLORD, give me back my husband,
Hear the drunkard's wife exclaim;
For the sake of home and loved ones,
All his waywardness reclaim.

Once I thought in days of gladness,
When I first became his wife;
That the vows he fondly promised,
He would keep thro' all his life.

But, alas, strong drink enthralled him,
Bound him fast in fetters strong;
Wife and children, he deserted,
Seeking haunts where drunkards throng.

Once his steps brought joy and gladness,
Kindly greeting to our home;
Merry, laughing, childish voices,
Shouted, "Welcome! Father's come."

But strong drink has made sad changes,
Once where all was held so dear;
Starving children fear and tremble,
When they hear his steps draw near.

Give me back my son, my loved one,
Hear the widow'd mother call ;
He was once my joy and comfort,
But strong drink has caused his fall.

Oft in days of merry childhood,
When his heart was young and free ;
Has my fancy drawn a picture,
What his future lot would be.

Walking with an honest, manly
Tread, the path of duty o'er ;
By his father's side I've seen him,
And my heart could ask no more.

But, alas, as years rolled onwards,
He who was my girlhood's pride ;
Kindest husband, best of fathers ;
Soon was taken from my side.

Robbed then of a father's guidance,
With companions gay he ran ;
The first glass, to taste, they pressed him ;
Then, his downward course began.

Hear a poor lone widow's wailing,
That my heart may know the joy,
How a mother's fond entreaties,
Saved from a drunkard's death her boy.

Landlord, give us back, dear father,
Hear the drunkard's children cry ;
Wretched, starving, cold, and hungry,
Living thus, we pray to die.

When his daily labour's over,
To the bar straightway he goes ;
Spends the money that poor mother,
Wants to buy us bread and clothes.

When we see those happy children,
Blest with parents fond and true ;
Oft with aching hearts we murmur.
Would we had a home like you.

Life for you hath true enjoyment,
Pleasure beams in every eye ;
A father's welcome ever greets you,
Every want he doth supply.

But alas ! when home returning,
Father's steps at last draw near ;
We are filled with fear and trembling
Nought but curses greet our ear.

God of mercy, grant these sufferers,
Pleading voices all may hear ;
Then strong drink no more shall curse them,
And their hearts shall know no fear.

From the fetters of the demon,
Set these suffering sinners free ;
Break the bonds of drink cast round them,
Bonds the drunkard cannot see.

Bless the youth of every nation,
Raise them up a joyful band,
Of devoted young abstainers
Working both with heart and hand.

THE WASTE OF WEALTH.

AN interesting lecture on this subject was delivered by Mr. W. Hoyle, at the last monthly meeting of the Manchester Statistical Society. Mr. Hoyle said the ordinary daily labour of one person, if rightly applied, would provide a sufficiency to supply in abundance ten persons with all the necessaries and comforts of life ; or, in other words, if all persons did their share of work, one hour's labour a day would suffice. Mr. Hoyle found, upon adding up the entire commerce of the world, that in the year 1870, whilst our own exports amounted to £200,000,000, the whole of the exports of all the other countries in the world amounted to only about £698,000,000, or 3½ times our own. It would naturally be expected that, with this unparalleled trade and the vast facilities it gave us for the acquirement of wealth, everbody would have been well to do, and pauperism with its evils would have been unknown in our midst. Statistics, however, revealed that during the last twenty-five years, whilst our trade had increased upwards of 360 per cent., our expenditure for poor and police rates had increased 67 per cent., though the population had only increased 35 per cent. That this terrible state of things should exist in

a small country like ours was a most humiliating fact. By waste he understood an appropriation of wealth for what did not yield an adequate return. There was waste arising from many of the follies of fashion and an anxiety to be respectable. Again, our national Government expenditure last year was £71,860,000. The game laws, also, were a fruitful source of loss and waste to the community, which would not amount to less than £20,000,000 per annum, and might be considerably more. The intricacies and difficulties and expense in the transfer of land, in settling disputed points of property in Chancery, &c., were a fearful tax upon the community, both as a burden of taxation, and as a repressive influence in preventing the development of those energies which tended to elevate a population. Another and most prolific source of waste arose from want of proper regulations in regard to the sewage of our dwellings. He contended that with better sanitary regulations, a saving to the country might be effected of from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000 per annum. But of all the evils producing loss and waste to the country, none were at all to be compared to those arising from the use of narcotic stimulants—drink and tobacco. Upon tobacco alone, it was computed that there was expended in 1872 the sum of £14,614,872. The direct cost to the country arising from the money expended upon intoxicating liquors in 1872 would not be less than £128,000,000. At a very low estimate it was calculated that the indirect losses—the money it took to atone for the mischiefs resulting from the drink—would be equal to the first cost. That would give a total loss to the country of £256,000,000, arising from the use of intoxicating liquors. If to that they added the cost of tobacco it would give a cost in 1872 of £270,000,000 arising from these two sources. The entire national debt of the United Kingdom last year amounted to £791,890,270, so that if the direct and indirect cost to the country arising from drink and tobacco were saved it would in three years, pay off the national debt. In conclusion, Mr. Hoyle said the improvements which would result if this extravagant waste did not exist were: 1st. A vast increase in the comfort of the working classes, in the shape of better dwellings, better furniture, and possibly a lessening of their hours of labour. 2nd. There would be rapid and great sanitary improvements in our social arrangements. 3rd. The struggle for existence would be diminished, and more attention paid to the culture of the higher nature of man; and 4th. The great obstructive to social and religious progress being removed, the moral condition of the people would quickly improve, education would be extended, and all the blessings resulting from these improvements would be rapidly realised.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

THE third annual report of the Uppermill Temperance Society shows the continual perseverance of the members. It holds Band of Hope meetings every week.

A concert was given by the Liverpool and Birkenhead Temperance and Band of Hope Union on January 16th; 1,000 children, led by Mr. J. Thomas, formed the choir. Mr. E. Woodward presided at the organ. In a letter read from Mr.

Rathbone, M.P., accounting for his unavoidable absence, he said, "I heartily wish you success in the good work you have undertaken, for there can be no better work than that of saving the young from temptation to the vice most destructive to the health, happiness, and character of our countrymen." Mr. Alexander Balfour, in the absence of Mr. Rathbone, presided, and expressed his great approval of the plan of teaching temperance by means of suitable hymns and music; for, he said, he was quite aware that their best emotions were kindled and sustained by using such. The programme was excellent and appropriate, and although some of the pieces were rather difficult, all were rendered with great ease. Mr. W. S. Caine, president of the union, also addressed the meeting, and reviewed the work that had been done during the year, at a cost of £500.

Sandymount Band of Hope (County Dublin).—The annual tea meeting in connection with this society (which was started a little more than three and a half years ago, for the purpose of pledging the young to abstain from all intoxicating liquors and from the use of tobacco) was held on February 5th. About 350 members and friends sat down to a good tea; after which Mr. Carty was called on to read the report, which showed an increase on the roll for the past year of over 500 members, the total number now on the roll being 1,480. Addresses were delivered by the president (Mr. Beckitt), the Revs. James Robertson, Thomas Moran, and James Mitchell. The addresses were interspersed with hymns, temperance melodies, and recitations, effectively rendered by he members.

Providence Band of Hope, Thornton-street, Dewsbury, held its half-yearly festival on Saturday, February 22nd; 220 members and friends took tea together. Rev. G. Mc.Callum presided over the meeting which followed. Speeches from Messrs. C. E. Booth, W. Idle, Rev. H. J. Boyd, and R. Dransfield were separated by a profusion of good recitations and beautiful music.

The friends at Abney Congregational Church, Mossley, have had a Band of Hope since the end of 1871. They held their first annual meeting last month; at it everything was spirited and successful. Addresses were given by Rev. W. Burrows, B.A., and by Messrs J. G. Slater and J. Adamson. Many meetings have been held since the recent establishment, and a few periodicals are already being disposed of. Success seems before the committee.

We are rejoiced at the success attending the Huddersfield Band of Hope Union, as shown at the annual meeting held at Berry Brow, Saturday, February 22nd. It has been possible to extend the operations of the Union during this year through the success of their Whitsuntide demonstration, when 30,000 persons visited the park, and put £150 into the hands of the treasurer. This and other income has been wisely spent in lantern, views, agent's salary, &c., much to the advance of the temperance cause among the young.

Bollington Wesleyan Band of Hope, Cheshire, held its eighth annual tea meeting on Saturday, February 22nd; more than 200 being present; Mr. C. C. Fife, president, in the chair. Addresses from Revs. B. Smith and R. B. Maltby, and dialogues, recitations, and appropriate music afforded a pleasant evening. This rural society circulates 100 copies of "Onward" monthly.

MRS. STANLEY IN WILLIE'S BEDROOM.

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter V.

WILLIE AND HIS MOTHER.

THERE is a text in the Bible which reads thus, "He, being dead, yet speaketh." That text was in Mrs. Stanley's mind the day after the Band of Hope fête on Waythorpe Downs.

Soon after breakfast, directly she had said good morning to her husband as he started for the bank of which he was the manager, she had gone up into a pretty little room on the second floor of Summerland House, a room which was always kept locked, and of which she alone had the key. As she entered it, she heard the merry voices of Kathleen and Lilian, who were at play in the garden, where she had sent them to have a run before their daily governess came to teach them. She stepped to the window and looked out. The twins were sporting amongst the flowers—two as sweet, fair, bright human flowerets as any parent could wish to see. Mrs. Stanley looked at them with a fond glance and a whispered blessing, and then she looked around her in that quiet chamber. She noted the pretty bed with its gay hangings, the small luxurious easy chair, the neat book-shelves with their well-selected, prettily-bound books; she glanced at the likenesses of her husband and herself and the twins on the wall; she observed the Band of Hope pledge card, framed and glazed, that hung opposite the bed, and which bore the name William Stanley in neat boyish writing at the bottom; she saw the fishing rod in one corner, with the cricket bat and ball, and over the mantelpiece was the well-executed model of a man-of-war that her Willie had made for the winter exhibition of the Waythorpe Band of Hope.

She had very, very often spent two or three hours in this chamber of her lost darling's, sometimes whole mornings, giving way to a passionate outburst of her motherly and natural sorrow; to-day, though she often looked very sad, there was now and then a tender, peaceful, almost happy smile upon her lips.

She went to a large chest of drawers that stood on one side of the room, and unlocked one after another all the separate drawers it contained. These were five in number. The two large and deep ones were full of clothes; black cloth suits for winter wear, fancy coloured suits for summer—it had been her pride to see Willie tastefully dressed. There were caps in great variety; Scotch caps of black velvet edged with tartan ribbon, which she had made for him; they were his favourites, and became well the bright happy face, with its

brown curly locks, and under which, oh! how often she had looked at the roguish smile that hovered over his lips, and into those beautiful dark eyes of his. How like Arnold Preston's eyes were to her Willie's, and with the thought of the sick boy her resolution was renewed, and the song of the bird angel seemed to float through the room, and echo and re-echo through her brain.

"Willie would have wished it; there was nothing selfish about him, it is I who have been selfish in my grief."

As she said this, she placed upon a chair two suits of clothes, one of grey, the other of black; and two of the caps, not the Scotch caps, she laid beside them. She next opened the linen drawer; took from out of it shirts and socks and pocket-handkerchiefs, together with two somewhat warm neckties, and placed these with the other things.

There were many throbbings and achings of her heart as she did all this; but she resisted them, and ever as she conquered self there seemed to come into her heart, along with the remembered music of the lark's song, a sense of peace she had not before known since Willie died. She cried a little, quietly, as she unfolded the bundle which contained his pretty cricket costume; the blue and white striped shirt and trousers, the blue cap, and the white shoes; he had looked so handsome to her fond eyes the last time she had seen him wear them, when the Stoneleigh school boys had divided themselves into teetotalers and drinkers, and played a grand match in a field, the teetotalers winning the day.

But presently she unlocked one of the two top drawers, each of which was only half the size of the other three. It was neatly arranged. Part of the things had been left there by Willie, that last Monday morning when he went off to school so happily, bidding her, unknown to, unthought of by, both, a good-bye for ever on earth. She had placed above these things some of the articles that had come back in his box from the school; his Bible, his Prayer-book, a packet of temperance and religious tracts, some books of study, his paint-box, his drawing materials, and his paper case. Now she determined to look beneath these at those others which he had left there, which never until now had she found courage to disturb.

Stay; what was this? A book of manuscript, and in Willie's handwriting. As if she had found some treasure of untold value, the mother pressed it to her lips, and then sank into the small easy chair, that had been her boy's favourite seat, to peruse its contents.

There were quotations from favourite authors and companionable books written on the first few pages; the latter ones were filled with memoranda of his own thoughts and experiences and doings.

Amongst the former, as she read over each one to see what had specially interested her child, Mrs. Stanley came to a paragraph which made her start; under it was written "From Elihu Burritt's Walk from London to John o' Groats," and it was the very passage that Arnold Preston had read, and by which, together with the train of thought it had opened up to him, he had been so comforted.

The lark then had become to her Willie also the bird angel. Pleased, yet almost overcome by this coincidence, Mrs. Stanley wept, yet they were glad, not bitter tears.

Amongst the memoranda, she found many sweet and beautiful and holy thoughts of her darling's; many honest confessions of sins committed, but repented of; many tender little notices of things she had said or advised in her conversations with him; and loving remarks about her and his father and sisters. It was impossible to help acknowledging, with deep gratitude to her God, that Willie had been made very ready for the glorious home to which he had been so suddenly called. She had known this before by the truthfulness, the purity, the obedience, he had manifested while living; it was confirmed to her now, by this glance at his inner life. And when a wild passionate longing seized her, that she could once more, hold him in her arms, and press her fond kisses on his brow and lips, and bless him from her heart, it only made her kneel the next minute, humbly beside Willie's bed, and pray that, though he could not come back to her, she might one day go to him. She took up his manuscript book again and read on; there was a description of the last Band of Hope fête day on Waythorpe Downs, and a story of a little girl, the child of a drunkard whom he had induced to abstain, who was there with her father, as Willie phrased it, "the happiest of the happy;" underneath were written the words: "N.B. Let me remember to visit George Rodd every Saturday, till I am sure he is well established and firm in his temperance principles."

"George Rodd is going on well so far; I will look after him now," said Mrs. Stanley to herself. "I will tell him how my boy cared for him, and what anxiety and interest he felt for him."

And again the text seemed to speak in her heart, "he being dead, yet speaketh."

Yes, Willie was indeed speaking to his mother now, giving her work to do for him, helping her to recover her peace and Christian cheerfulness, and determining her to keep the resolve she had made yesterday in the Heather Glen, to live for others once more, and no longer to devote herself to her selfish sorrow.

There was another little book, in which Willie Stanley had kept his accounts; it appeared from the entries, unostentatiously as they were made, with no thought that any other human eye than his own would see them, that nearly all his ample allowance at school had gone to help the poor, or to support the temperance cause, and other good societies. It was rare, indeed, to find any entry of money spent on himself, unless it was for some enjoyment to be shared with his schoolfellows. There was no squandering of his means for cigars, or pipes, or bottled beer; no money wasted in bets and games, or expended in the purchase of bad, exciting novels and periodicals, such as too many of our schoolboys, if they are truthful, would have to enter in their account books.

Boys, it is a fine, a noble thing, when your mothers have no cause to be ashamed of you, and all possible reason to be thankful for such sons. There

are many lads, alive and strong to do mischief, who are far more dead to their mothers than was Willie Stanley. Lads and young men, these who are fast breaking their loving mothers' hearts, who are careless of her sufferings, so long as they are not laughed at by their young companions, as senseless, as idle, as dissolute as themselves. There are boys and young men who prefer cigars to their mothers' smiles, who drink wine and beer and treat others to them, though they know their extravagance is bringing ruin to their fathers' pockets. Spite of his wilfulness, spite of his folly, spite of his sin, a mother's love is ever around her son; what a mean coward he shows himself when he forgets this, for the foolish approval of the "fast man," who cares for him exactly in proportion to the extent to which he can make him his victim, and use him for his cat's paw, and no more! The results of this conduct, the consequences of youthful passion, youthful impatience of control, set on fire by indulgence in strong drink, are to be seen in the mothers of our land, hundreds and thousands of whom are being slowly, almost imperceptibly to the careless observer, yet very surely, killed by their own sons. Oh! it is better for a mother to have her boy lying in an honoured grave, as Mrs. Stanley had, his bright purified spirit returned to the God who gave it, than for her to have him still alive, but dead to all the noble aspirations of his God-given soul.

Nor will it do for our Band of Hope lads to think that by abstaining from the drink, they are doing all they need do, to satisfy their mothers' hearts. Good mothers want their boys to be teetotalers; they also want love and chivalrous devotion, they should be thought about, cared for, waited on, and loved most tenderly and respectfully; harsh words, rude words, over-bearing words, should all be avoided when boys speak to their mothers. What a grand thing it would be if the name "Band of Hope boy" were a synonyme for polite boy, loving boy, a boy who shows himself always a gentleman to his mother. We would, if we could, preach a crusade against the imperious manner, the defiant tones that are used, the exacting requests that are too frequently made by boys, and we are sorry to have to add, too often humbly obeyed by mothers. There is a woman's right not to be lightly conceded, even for the sake of the youths themselves, the future husbands and fathers of our race, the right of a mother to respectful, reverential, chivalric conduct from her sons. Mrs. Stanley had only sweet and holy memories of her Willie, his love for her had been perfect, blending the awe and courtesy, which the highest type of manhood ever feels for womanhood, with the fond, trustful, confiding love of the child for his mother. It was no wonder that she had missed him, missed the sweet readiness with which her simplest request was performed, missed the habitual kindness and cheerfulness, and high principled conduct in small as well as great things, that were evidences of Willie's *bonâ fide* Christianity. No wonder that loving him so, and being so suddenly bereft of him, her heart had for a while "refused to be comforted." But she saw now, as she had seen for the first time the day before while she listened to the invalid boy, Arnold Preston, that her present blessings were too many to be lost sight of, that a work was still given her to do, of which she had been sadly neglectful, that she

could best show her love for her boy, and honour his dear memory, by seeking to do good to her husband and remaining children. After shedding a pure and holy influence over the home circle, she might seek to spread that influence wherever there were sadness and affliction to be sympathised with, happiness to be rejoiced with, poverty and suffering to be alleviated, ignorance to be enlightened.

Meanwhile, the bird angels on Waythorpe Downs flew heavenward and dropped to earth again, and sang as sweetly while they rose, as if human ears had listened, and human hearts been cheered and blessed as they were yesterday.

Bright, beautiful birds, theirs is a ministry of song ; and they never neglect—these angels of the feathered tribe—to fulfil faithfully the sweet duty their God has given them to accomplish, but ever seek to help to fill His beautiful worl with music.

THE DYING DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

By James H. Henry.

OH, would that I had listened to the voice
Of friends who long since bade me pause and think,
Then might I now, in happiness and hope
Have lived, as Wisdom infinite ordained.
But now, alas, I gaze upon the path
My erring feet in sinful haste have trod,
And wish that I and mine had ne'er been born.
Oh ! that I could obliterate the past,
And blot from off the page of memory's book
The soul-condemning page of my misdeeds.
Too late, alas ! the day of grace has fled,
And I must reap the penalty of sin.
Oh ! ye who ne'er have felt a drunkard's thirst,
Nor writhed beneath strong drink's oppressive power,
Whose joyous hearts and homes are still unwrecked,
Beware lest you a fate like mine should share.
Once I was happy, virtuous, and free,
And life was radiant as a summer's day ;
No ill I feared, nor dreamed the day was nigh
When I should wish that I had never lived :
But so it is, like countless thousands more
I see the error when it is too late.
'Twas but one tempting glass; this lured me on
With quenchless thirst, until my very soul
Would crave for nought, by night or day, save drink,
Nor rest content with all that drink could give.
Men urged me to abstain, and sign the pledge,
So urged my starving wife and hungry babes,—
But they ignored the appetite that raged
Within my breast, and ruled me as its slave.
Poor wife ! poor babes ! at last ye rest in peace,
Free from the tyranny of him who should
Have loved you with his heart and soul and strength,
But who instead embittered your whole life.
And now I come to join you in the grave,

To hide my shame and sorrow 'neath the sod;
How shall I hide my guilty soul from Him
To whom my every act and thought are known?
Oh! that the rocks and hills would fall and crush
And veil my shattered frame and all I am
From His omniscient gaze and righteous wrath;
Then might I die and fear no woe to come.
But vain the wish! already in my soul
I feel the burning fire and gnawing worm.
Oh! hear my dying words, ye sober men,
Who yet are free from drink's destroying power,
Heed not the tempter's voice, though sweet the cup;
There is no sweetness in the bitter fruit
That ye must reap, when health and strength are gone,
And justice bars the drunkard out of heaven.

ARCHDEACON SANDFORD.

WE deeply regret to have to record the death of the Venerable Archdeacon Sandford, which sad event took place at his residence on Saturday, the 22nd March, being his seventy-second birthday. The Archdeacon has been for some years back one of the most indefatigable, intelligent, and influential supporters of the United Kingdom Alliance. Joining that organisation at a time of life when most men are seeking, if possible, repose from a long and active life, he threw himself into the work with an energy and devotion almost, if not altogether, without a parallel, and which few men, even in the full vigour of life, could have exceeded. He did noble service to the cause in procuring, in the Lower House of Convocation of the province of Canterbury (which embraces thirty-two English counties, North and South Wales, with a population of fully 14,000,000), a committee, of which he was appointed chairman, "to consider and report on the prevalence of intemperance, the evils which result therefrom, and the remedies which may be applied." The labours of that committee, of which he himself undertook no mean share, are abundantly seen in the admirable, lucid, and convincing report which they published, and which has been highly appreciated and most widely circulated among the influential classes all over the land. The committee ascertained from official sources that there were upwards of one thousand parishes without either public-house or beer shop, to the immense advantage, physical and moral, of the population. And they felt it their duty to urge the following, among other practical recommendations:—"That as the ancient and avowed object of licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors is to supply a supposed public want, without detriment to the public welfare, a legal power of restraining the issue or renewal of licences shall be placed in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected—namely, the inhabitants themselves—who are entitled to protection from the injurious consequences of the present system. Such a power would, in effect, secure to the districts willing to exercise it the advantages now enjoyed by the numerous parishes in the province of Canterbury, where, according to reports furnished to your committee, owing to

the influence of the landowner, no sale of intoxicating liquor is licensed." The venerable Archdeacon's death, in a ripe and honoured old age, is a loud call to others to stand in the breach, and the result of his devoted labours will prove an enduring monument to his name.

DR. GUTHRIE.

By T. L. C.

THE most eloquent voice in Great Britain—perhaps in all Europe—is hushed in death. And that voice was never lifted up to defend a wrong or to excuse a sin. How often it rang like a trumpet in behalf of the poor, the neglected, the fallen, or the suffering!

Thomas Guthrie's power as a preacher and a philanthropist lay in his immense *heart;* he was a man of intensely generous sympathies, and these were kindled to an intense glow by the spirit of Christ which dwelt within him. He was a brother to the poorest ragged outcast of the "Cowgate;" he made the squalid children of that wretched region to love him as their benefactor and their spiritual father. The "Ragged Schools" of Scotland were born of his warm heart and eloquent tongue.

Dr. Guthrie was born at Brechin, in Forfarshire, in 1803. He studied medicine as well as divinity. His first settlement was at Arbirlot, on the sea-coast, where he grew so familiar with the ocean that it used to be said that he seldom preached a sermon that "had not a ship and a child in it." He had a prodigious home-love for children—of whom God gave him eleven of his own. He was so fond of Sabbath-school music that when he lay a dying he asked them to sing, and said "Give me a *bairn's hymn.*" They sang for the great dying orator that hymn of our little ones—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

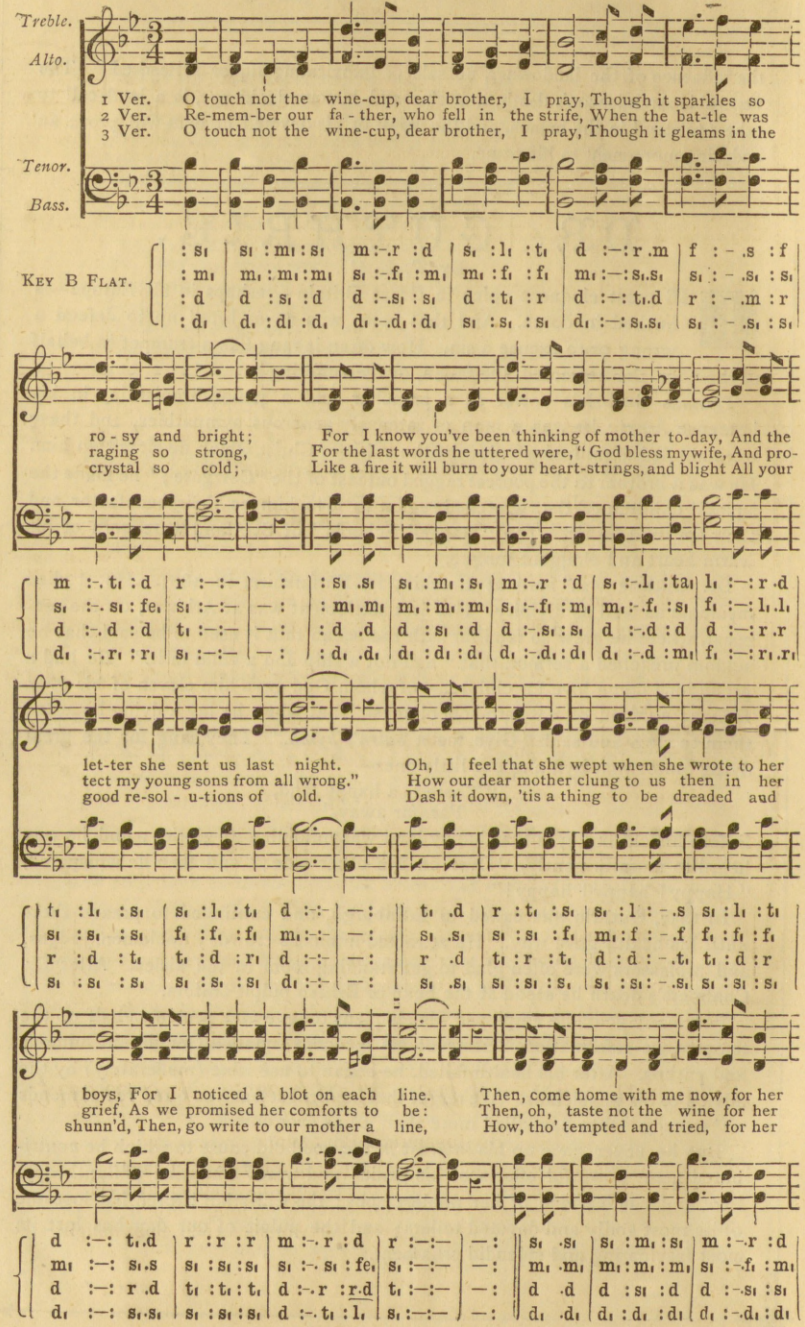
Before his closing eyes that happy land was unfolding its glories; and he was heard to murmur gently, "Over on the other side;" and then he whispered, "Happy! happy! happy!"

In 1837, Guthrie was called to Edinburgh, and continued to preach there until his health gave way. He attracted immense crowds; noblemen, judges, and professors were often glad to get standing-room in the aisles. After Dr. Chalmers's death he stood at the head of British pulpit orators.

For many years he employed his eloquent tongue and pen in behalf of the temperance reformation. Some of his speeches equalled Gough's in humour and pathos. After his health failed, he began to use wine (moderately) by the advice of his physicians. We regret that medical science so often recommends a "remedy" that has killed more than it has ever cured.

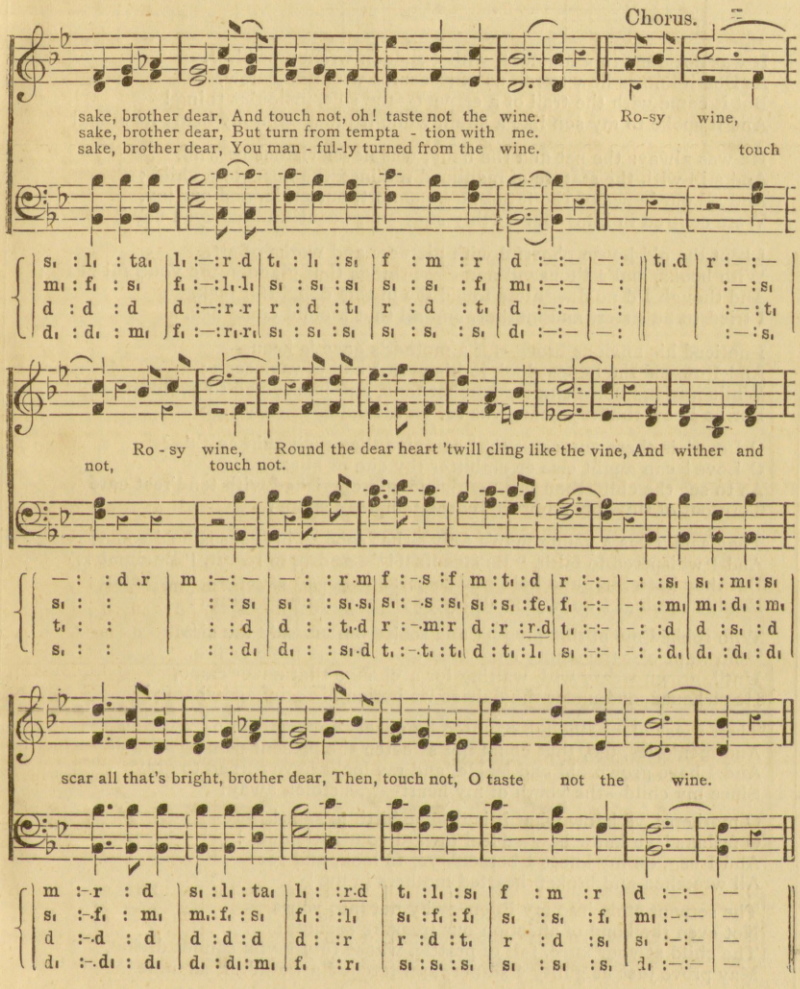
But he never gave up his interest in the good old cause to which he contributed many powerful efforts of his genius and warm Christian philanthropy. Scotland has lost one of her noblest sons; the Christian church has lost one of its most godly and devoted toilers; and the pulpit of our day has lost its most fascinating and splendid ornament.

OH! TOUCH NOT THE WINE-CUP.



OH! TOUCH NOT THE WINE-CUP.

(Continued.)



Stolen; or, The Mother's Lament.

By Josephine Pollard.

THEY have stolen my child!—they have stolen my child, I say!
My beautiful boy!—my precious one!—they have stolen away!
And the earth is a heap of ashes, the sun is no longer bright,
Since out of my home and my heart has vanished their chief delight.

'Twas only the other day—it seems but an hour ago—
Since I held him close in my arms, and kissed him and loved him so;
A sweet little snow-flake he was, as on my bosom he lay,
A bird—a blossom—O God! they have taken it all away!

It was not done in a moment, with a sudden wrench or blow,
As Death knows how to rob us of treasures we prize below,
But it came with the trail of a serpent—the soft, insidious thing!
And it spoke to my son like a siren, while it plunged in my heart its sting!

He was always the pet and the baby, was never vicious or wild,
And still with the stature of manhood retained the heart of a child;
And all our hopes of the future, our comfort, our pride, and our joy,
Were centred in him—our earthly staff—our beautiful blue-eyed boy!

I kept the old house cheerful with pictures and works of art,
With books, and a thousand nameless things that gladden the youthful heart;
And though I'd no daughters to aid me in this delightful task,
I tried to be sister, and mother, and all that a child could ask.

I noticed his anxious brow—for a mother's gaze is keen—
And I missed the honest look in his eyes I had always seen;
While into his voice came a harsher tone, and he seemed to avoid my sight,
For he knew that my heart was set on his doing exactly right.

O Love! is there any cross that can give thee such pain as this?
O Love! can aught else so embitter thy cup of bliss,
As to see the child thou has nourished and cherished with tend'rest care
Torn out of thy holy embrace by the tempter's snare?

They said 'twas a young man's folly—that soon to his senses he'd come!
And I whispered to faith, "Be steadfast!"—and unto regret, "Be dumb!"
But they keep him, and hold him fast; and though eagerly I may yearn
For his coming, I know, too surely, my boy will never return!

Who robbed me of this my joy, and took from my side the sire
Who wept o'er the empty chair that stood by the table or fire,
Until, grown weary with waiting for a change that never came,
He sickened, and under the daisies we buried his grief and shame?

Then I was alone, though haunted by misery's dismal train,
And memories, too, that could not sweeten the present pain;
And I have grown old and feeble, and my locks have turned to gray,
Since my child—the youth of my heart—was stolen away!

O mothers! ye know what it is to give birth to sons!
O fathers! ye know how ye feel toward your little ones!
And I beg, on my knees I beseech ye, to look, and see
All wretched and broken-hearted mothers in me!

The serpent stole into my Eden—why not into yours
Not even the bond of affection our treasure secures;
The child at your knee, full of prattle, whose future you cannot divine,
May prove just as guilty a sinner, as wretched a wand'rer, as mine!

How shall we arrest the evil? O God! we are helpless indeed!
The tempter but mocks at our sorrow, nor pities the wounds that bleed;
The tempter—who is he that thus to destroy us can plan?
I feel his hot breath on my shoulder—*Behold! thou art the man!*

Say, dost thou not hear from the ground the cries of our slain—
Thou, thou who dost bear on thy forehead the curse-mark of Cain?
Is the heart that God made so tender become but a burden of stone,
That thy guilt—thy damnable guilt—thou never hast known?

No, no! thou hast known but too well the strength of each subtle snare;
The sin on thy soul is the greater that thou hadst no thought or care—
No thought of the ruin that came on our homes like a flood;
No care that thy treasures were bought with thy brothers' blood.

Though the fires died out on our hearths, and we wept with shame
For the children who recked not the stain they cast on an honest name;
Though widows and orphans cry, with a crying that ne'er shall cease,
Thou dealest the poison still that robs us of joy and peace!

O God! unto thee we cry: to the help of thy people come!
Smitten by thee, O Father, our lips are dumb;
But here, with a common impulse, we humbly kneel,
And ask thee to soften the hearts that cannot feel.

Our grief is mighty, and has its echoes afar,
In every land where poor weak mortals are;
And we cry till our bitter crying the nation alarms
For the sons Intemperance is stealing out of our arms!

They have stolen my child!—they have stolen my beautiful boy!—
I have long been acquainted with grief, and a stranger to joy;
And my heart seems a well of tears, and my brain runs wild,
When I think what I lost when they cruelly stole my child!

I should not know him now, I fear; and I dare not think
What a wreck my boy has become through the love of drink;
But in fancy he ne'er grows old, and at times I forget my pain,
And close in my arms I hold my baby again!

Will God not heed a mother's prayers for her son?
Will he look calmly down, and see the strife go on?
Will he so filter his mercy that not one drop shall fall
On the lips that so long have tasted the wormwood and gall?

No; I feel that the child of my heart will find true shelter at last,
And on the breast of redeeming love weep out the sins of the past;
And then renewed and purified—for Christ's sake, all forgiven—
I'll meet and know my boy again—my precious child!—in heaven!

I DON'T CARE.

By Mrs. M. A. Holt.

"I DON'T care," said Joel Green to a playmate after school was ended for the day—"I don't care if the schoolmaster did make me stay indoors at play, for I am all right now." And the speaker swung his hat high over his head, and seemed just as happy as his playmates.

"*I* should have cared if it had been me," said Arthur Lorn, in a serious voice. "I should have felt sorry to offend our kind teacher, even if my own good name had not suffered by it."

"Hark, boys, and listen to a sermon by Rev. Arthur Lorn," said Joel, laughing soundly at his own wit. Some joined in the laugh, and others did not; but Joel, thinking that he had said something very funny, kept on with his foolish nonsense until the boys separated for the night.

"I don't care," said Joel a few months afterward to his brother, after he had been severely reproved for misconduct by his kind father. "It did not *hurt* me any to be scolded at, and I'm just as well as ever now." And saying this, he turned away with a heartless laugh.

"I guess that it hurt *father* worse than you," answered the brother, in a sorrowful voice. "*I* would not do anything to pain *him* for the whole world, and I'm afraid that you will be sorry *some* time, if not now."

"Preaching again, as true as I live," answered Joel, walking away.

"I don't care," said Joel again, when he was a few years older, while being borne to jail for a crime he had committed while intoxicated. "I shall soon be free again, for sixty days will pass quickly away."

Others thought that it was a sad affair to go to jail, but Joel looked upon it as a pleasant joke; at least, this was what he *called* it. He came out of prison, but, alas, did not do any better. The "don't care" spirit had gained perfect control of him, and so he rushed onward to ruin. Once more he said these words as he was nearing the drunkard's hell, "I don't care what becomes of me;" and so he died in his shame, and was laid away in the grave.

"I don't care" are fearful words, because when spoken in sincerity they betray a reckless, daring spirit. This spirit has ruined many a boy, and made him an indifferent wretch.

"I don't care." Boys, don't say these words. Say you *do* care after you perform a misdeed, and seek to shun the evil that has led you astray. If you try to appear indifferent after you have done wrong, you will soon become hardened in vice, and the voice of conscience will cease to speak to you.

How can our Bands of Hope be made Useful in Spreading Temperance Literature?

By T. E. Hallsworth,

Hon. Sec. of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

A Paper read at a Conference of Secretaries of Bands of Hope, held Sept. 14th, 1872.

(*Continued from page* 55.)

It will be seen that the following returns are from representative societies, and have been taken since the reading of the paper to include the reports for year ending, December, 1872.

CHAPMAN-STREET BAND OF HOPE, HULME, MANCHESTER.
With a system of selling general Literature.

Year.	Number of Magazines Sold.	Number of Canvassers.	Average Number sold by each Canvasser.	Gross Value of Prizes.	Largest Number sold by one Canvasser.	Gross Value of Highest Prizes.
				£ s. d.		£ s. d.
1868	1,382	9	153	1 13 0	..	..
1869	3,579	14	255	7 11 0	..	..
1870	3,019	15	201	5 16 3	..	..
1871	4,426	24	184	10 3 2	..	..
1872	4,577	24	190	12 4 0	487	1 9 0

STANNARY BAND OF HOPE, HALIFAX.

With five Magazines, viz.:—"Onward," "British Workman," "British Workwoman," "Band of Hope Review," and "Lamplighter."

Year.	Number of Magazines Sold.	Number of Canvassers.	Average Number sold by each Canvasser.	Gross Value of Prizes.	Largest Number sold by one Canvasser.	Gross Value of Highest Prizes.
				£ s. d.		£ s. d.
1868	20,707	70	295	17 10 0	1,080	1 1 6
1869	15,880	43	369	14 0 0	952	0 17 10
1870	17,631	48	367	15 4 0	1,008	0 19 0
1871	14,546	45	323	12 0 0	841	0 14 3
1872	16,245	37	439	16 0 0	1,090	1 5 0

CHANCERY LANE BAND OF HOPE, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

With five Magazines, viz.:—"Onward," "British Workman," "Methodist Temperance Magazine," "Band of Hope Review," and "Adviser."

Year.	Number of Magazines Sold.	Number of Canvassers.	Average Number sold by each Canvasser.	Gross Value of Prizes.	Largest Number sold by one Canvasser.	Gross Value of Highest Prizes.
				£ s. d.		£ s. d.
1868	2,763	23	120	2 19 3	406	0 8 0
1869	5,672	28	202	6 15 7	603	0 14 6
1870	6,477	35	185	8 5 6	572	0 14 0
1871	5,886	24	245	7 12 6	768	0 19 0
1872	15,468	37	418	21 9 0	2,074	3 3 0

In conclusion, I hope that I have succeeded in explaining clearly the organization and working of this system of spreading Temperance literature, and I trust that it will commend itself to the committees of many Bands of Hope, and encouraged by the examples here given, they will at once form publication departments in connection with their societies. Nothing need stand in the way, carefully managed they must be successful.

There may be many an earnest friend not connected with any society, but who would like to take up this work. To such I would say, gather around you a few of the children of your Sunday-schools, and form them into a canvassing committee. This has been done, and with great success. I have heard of one school in Birmingham where over 11,000 magazines were sold in twelve months, the net profits realized being £13, the highest prize being taken by a little girl eleven years of age, who had sold 1,400 magazines.

To one and all I would earnestly appeal to assist in this work, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated. Let our literature be sown broadcast over the land; we have too long neglected it. If every Band of Hope had done its duty "ONWARD," *the organ of our own movement*, might in this, the eighth year of its publication, have boasted of a monthly circulation of at least 50,000 copies, and might have carried a blessing to many a home where it has never yet entered. However, let us all now take up the work earnestly, and if we do, our children will have useful employment for their leisure hours, hearts will be cheered, and homes made happier.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS: FOR THOU SHALT FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS."

What Came From Telling the Truth.

TWO country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and, arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnishd with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied clams and fish.

The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said: "What a fine, large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir, and though it looks very fair there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man, "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favour with God and man also; I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning, I caught them myself," was the reply; and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot on the melon! Now, you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbour. Thus the season passed: the gentleman finding he could always get a good article of Harry, constantly patronised him, and sometimes talked with him a few moments about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition; and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until having passed through various posts of service, he became an honoured partner in the firm.

THE SPARROWS.

By W. A. Eaton.

DOWN in a little, rutty lane one day
Two sparrows hopped, and passed the time away.
Says one, "A cloud I see is in the sky,
And underneath this hedge 'tis warm and dry;
We'd best take shelter ere the raindrops fall,
Or else we may not get a place at all;
Besides I've something I would say to you."
So underneath the hawthorn hedge they flew.
When they were perched all safely, warm and dry,
The speaker shook his head and winked his eye,
And said, "Upon the village green I saw some boys
Throw down their school bags, cricket bats, and toys,
And pile up bricks, with one just tilted soft
(I've seen the same thing done so very oft
That I know what it is), it is a trap!
And when a bird hops in, that brick falls slap!
I've seen a many caught that way, so mind
You fly away if such a thing you find."
"Oh! never fear for me," the other said;
This sparrow was not hatched without a head!"
The rain now ceased, the sun burst out once more,
The sparrows hopped about the old barn door;
They parted, and the young one pleased, I ween,
Made straight towards the little village green,
And hopped about all round that pile of bricks,
And shook his head, as if he knew their tricks.
He picked an oat up here, and pecked one there,
But always with a great amount of care;
At last, alas! he ventured in too far,
The brick down fell,—he cursed his luckless star.
E'en so, the drunkard, lured on till all too late,
Turns round and blindly raves against his fate,
When, if he had but stopped to think before,
He might have saved himself a fate so sore.
Then let us to our teachers' words give heed,
Nor lean for safety on a bruised reed.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

ON Saturday, March 22nd, the sixteenth half-yearly festival of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union was held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, under the presidency of W. S. Caine, Esq., of Liverpool. The speakers were the Rev. J. S. Balmer, and J. H. Raper, Esq. The room was densely crowded in all parts—boxes, gallery, platform, and area being filled to their utmost capacity. The orchestra was composed of about 2,000 voices, 400 of whom formed a select choir and occupied the platform, and the remainder the gallery, Mr. W. Hoyle acting as leader, and Mr. W. H. Whitehead as organist. Charles Darrah, Esq., chairman of the Union, stated that 403 Bands of Hope were assisted in their operations through the agency of 500 voluntary advocates; 100 meetings were held weekly in the district, and 60,000 children were directly under the charge of the Union. Misses Fothergill and Thompson sang excellent solos with much taste and power, and Masters Heath, Buerdsell, and Walker gave suitable recitations in excellent style. In fact, the local press spoke in terms of great praise of the entire proceedings, which were of the most enthusiastic and efficient character.

The third annual meeting of Lowther-street Congregational Band of Hope, Carlisle, was held on Friday, February 14th; 180 children sat down to tea; 90 out of 240 members have been enrolled during the year. The stirring address of Mr. J. Hodgson was accompanied by the usual reliefs of recitations and music.

The fourth half-yearly tea party of the St. Matthias' (Salford) Band of Hope was held March 29th. The drum and fife band led a procession of the members in the afternoon to the schoolroom. After tea, the meeting was presided over by the rector. The report read noticed the usual work. Robert Whitworth, Esq., then gave an address. Dialogues, and other recitations, and music, and the distribution of twenty-one prizes varied the evening.

Barrow-in-Furness.—The inaugural festival of the Band of Hope Union took place in the Town Hall, April 3rd. The Mayor, J. T. Smith, Esq., J.P., presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. W. H. Whitehead and Rev. W. Caine, M.A., of Manchester, and others. A choir of 100 voices sang a number of beautiful melodies. This Union has promised prizes for the best choir of twenty voices, the best reciter, the best behaved member, and the best essay during the year in connection with it.

The "Onward Reciter," Vol. I. This favourite monthly publication, we are glad to see, is being issued in book form, neatly bound in cloth. It is the best Reciter we are acquainted with, and contains original contributions from Mrs. C. L. Balfour, Charles Swain, and other high-class writers, and the selections of readings, recitations, and dialogues, are all that could be wished. The fact that before this volume has been fairly distributed amongst the booksellers, the publishers find it necessary to issue a second edition, speaks well for its popularity. Price 1s. 6d. "Onward" Offices, 43, Market-street, Manchester; or W. Tweedie, Strand, London.

GR..NNY WHIDDON AND ARNOLD PRESTON WAITING FOR THE MARKET-CART

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter VI.

SUMMERLAND MANOR FARM.

WHEN Mr. Stanley came home that day from business, his wife met him and led him up into Willie's room. It wanted fully an hour to dinner time, and that hour was spent in the discussion of plans for Arnold Preston's benefit

Mr. Stanley was truly glad to find that a bundle of clothes had been made up from Willie's wardrobe, and was destined for the invalid and destitute boy. He was still more pleased to find that Willie's mother was full of kind thoughts for the lad's future.

"I thought we might send him to a really good school, for a year at any rate, just as an experiment," she said; "though I am quite sure he is a gentleman's son, Edward, for his conversation is a sufficient proof not only that he has been well brought up by his mother, but accustomed to talk grammatically."

"I, too, would send him to a good school, my dear, most willingly; but have you considered that it may place him in a false position, a position he has no power whatever to maintain, if we send him to a gentleman's school? I should let him go to the British school at Waythorpe, the master is an excellent and clever man, and if he inclines to do a little work out of school hours, to help that good old granny Whiddon, I shall think all the better of him."

Mrs. Stanley looked a little disappointed.

"Oh! Edward," she said, "do you know, I thought of sending him to Mr. Barton's school at once after the holidays, for by that time I think he would be strong enough, and then I meant for us to let him spend his Christmas holidays with us, and if his father never re-appeared, and he has very likely met his death in some drunken fray or by accident when intoxicated, I thought Arnold might have become a son to us, and a brother to our children."

"There speaks my true, kind-hearted Mary," said Mr. Stanley, drawing his wife close to him and kissing her. "My love, I have no objection to your scheme. I only ask, with my cooler, more calculating masculine judgment, that you should well test this boy first. Try him till Christmas at Waythorpe, and let him live with granny Whiddon. If in that time he evinces a behaviour and an amount of talent to justify our furthering his worldly prospects, as you so generously propose, I shall be heartily pleased and willing to aid you. I think, however, it is more than probable that, when his drunken, dissolute

father finds we are helping the boy, he will step in and seek to have a share of the benefits. I would not have you disappointed, dearest, if such is the case."

There was a pause.

"You are wiser than I am," Mrs. Stanley then said, smiling. "I can see the truth of what you say, and how much better your plan is than mine. But we must take care that Arnold does not want for anything that can hasten his recovery."

"Why not send him and granny Whiddon to the farm till after the Midsummer vacation? Nothing would do them both so much good, and Morton and his wife will take a pride in nursing the boy and nourishing him well."

"The very thing," said Mrs. Stanley, in a bright, interested tone. "Dear Edward, how much I thank you for thinking of it. In some respects, at all events, I have determined to be a mother to this motherless one, and to seek to influence his whole life for good."

Mr. Stanley was a banker it is true, but his hobby was farming; the golden corn fields and the silver blossom of his orchards had an attraction for him far beyond the glittering coin of the realm that was shovelled on his counter. He held a long lease not only of Summerland House, with its beautiful gardens, but of the small farm adjacent that lay between his house and Waythorpe Downs, and which, though spoken of in the said lease as Summerland Manor Farm, had never any other name bestowed upon it than Summerland. It was one of the healthiest spots in the whole of that healthy neighbourhood. The views of the sea, the balmy moorland air, fragrant with furze blossom and purple heather and wild thyme, and the aromatic camomile made it just the very perfection of a place to be sent to get well at. Nor would the milk and cream of the cosy red-skinned Devons and the pretty variegated Guernseys, the eggs of the well-stocked poultry yard, and the abundant fruits of the orchards and garden, fail to aid in restoring an invalid to health.

One day in every week the folks from the "House," as Mr. Stanley's residence was called by the country people, were accustomed to spend at Summerland Farm; and at haymaking and harvest time the children at any rate found their way there almost every afternoon.

All things were on a small scale at the farm; the neat little rooms, kept spotlessly clean and comfortable by goody Morton, had low, small windows with diamond-shaped panes of glass; the dairy, a very little chamber, was always brimful of pans containing delicious Devonshire cream, and other pans with milk ready to be set on the stove and scalded; and golden butter placed on stones, or on pure white wooden plates. There were a few fields planted with clover, a few with wheat and other corn, a few in pasture, and a small tract of the moorland which belonged to the farm was devoted to sheep. Farmer Morton had two grown-up sons. One of them was married and lived at a cottage a short distance off, and had a small boy who did the crow-scaring and weeding of the farmstead, and helped his grandmother about her poultry.

He was a smart, intelligent child, a decided *protegé* and favourite of the twins, and thoroughly devoted to them in return.

Israel Morton, the farmer's youngest son, was unmarried, and lived with his parents, and, like his father, brother, and nephew, worked on the farm. In many places about Summerland—little nooks under trees in the clover fields, gaps through hedges, and from all the quaint windows of the house itself—there were to be had exquisite peeps of the sea, and at no very great distance, only about a mile and a-half, the water was reached. The twins had, of course, plenty of pets at the farm. Every spring, young lambs came into special, though but transient favour, that ceased as they matured into sheep; chickens were "bespoken," and calves and even little pigs were patronised and caressed. The honey bees worked busily for goody Morton amongst the heath flowers, and stored their honey, that was fragrant from the moorland blooms, in old-fashioned straw topped hives.

Devonshire cream and Waythorpe Down honey are not to be despised, when spread upon a layer of sweet country bread, first the rich creamy white, and then the bright liquid gold by way of contrast, in travestied patterns such as Mr. Stanley used artistically to effect for his delighted children.

Here, then, was the pleasant abode which the banker and his wife kindly destined Arnold and granny Whiddon to occupy for the next five or six weeks. No time was lost in making the necessary arrangements. After the five o'clock dinner, the carriage took them, accompanied by Kathleen and Lilian, first to Summerland, where kind goody Morton, on hearing the story, was found perfectly ready to accommodate the old woman and the sick lad; even without the promise of a smart new gown which Mr. Stanley laughingly assured her of, when Arnold was made strong by her poultry, her dairy, and her fruit.

Thence they drove to the little lonely cottage amongst the haunts of the bird angels, where Arnold and his pleasant, good old friend, never thinking of so much comfort and ease in store for them, had just sat down to their evening meal. It was a very scanty, very frugal meal, but it was blessed by the love and thankfulness that are too often wanting at richer tables. Arnold said grace humbly and reverently before he and granny broke the slices of dry bread, and tasted the small cupfuls of milk and water that served them for supper. Just as they began to eat, they looked out, at the sound of wheels, and saw the Summerland House carriage, in which they had driven yesterday in such merry style.

"Lack-a-day, what visitors we do get in these times, my lamb," said granny Whiddon with her merriest smile as she rose from her seat, while Arnold ran to open the door. The little house seemed quite full, when the four occupants of the carriage had entered it; but they were soon seated, the twins laughingly squeezing together into the low window seat, while Mr. and Mrs. Stanley occupied the only chairs the room contained, and granny and Arnold, after being requested not to stand, ensconced themselves on small stools, denominated "crickets."

"This is a business visit," said Mr. Stanley, gaily. "I have a farm called

Summerland, at a short distance from my house, and we are come to invite you both to spend four or five weeks with my hind and his wife, just to set up your boy here, granny, and to do you a little good as well."

"There's nothing I should like better for him, your honour," said granny, rising and courtesying with some dignity, "and I thank you kindly for proposing it; dear lamb, I know he badly wants things I can't give him; but for myself, I have enough and a little over, and I thank you all the same."

Kathleen and Lilian looked very much disappointed, but Mr. Stanley said decidedly:—

"Well, but my hind's wife cannot spare time to look after Arnold, I want you to see to him for us."

He thought this argument would be the best by which to influence the old woman, whom he wished very much to share the comforts and good living at Summerland. He was right, for she answered him, "if it would do her lamb any good for her to be with him, she was willing to go, though, otherwise, she could not intrude upon the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley." It was delightful to see her pleasure, when Mr. Stanley went out to the carriage, and brought in the bundle of clothes for Arnold. Nor had Mrs. Stanley forgotten the immediate wants of the little household. In the small baskets that Kathleen and Lilian carried were packed some butter and cake and eggs, which were now laid upon the table beside the uneaten slices of dry bread. They did not prolong their visit, but told granny Whiddon and her young charge to be ready next evening for their removal to Summerland, when Israel Morton was to come in his light market cart to fetch them.

With many kind words on one side, and expressions of gratitude on the other, they drove away. It did not take long to install them happily at the farm. Granny Whiddon helped goody Morton so materially in her work, and was moreover such a lively, cheerful companion, that the hind's wife told her master the old woman was fifty times as much good as a young servant, and would keep doing, and was so clean and thorough in all that she did, that she taught her many a lesson.

Arnold rapidly improved; he was out of doors almost all day, helping a little in the hay fields as his strength allowed, and becoming full of fun and good spirits with his returning health. He did not forget his bird angels, however, but loved to listen to them, as much or more than ever. Arnold's nature was a fine mixture of strength and tenderness; there was plenty of eagerness and energy, but these did not overbalance his thoughtfulness and poetic temperament. The dark shadow that his father's absence and silence occasioned, still troubled him in his quiet hours. To Arnold, his mother's voice seemed to speak in the lark's song, and it bade him pity and take care of his father, if ever he came back or sent for him.

After the holidays, Arnold went, as Mr. Stanley had arranged, to the British School at Waythorpe. He still resided with granny Whiddon, who had gone back with him to her moorland cottage, cheered and invigorated by her stay at Summerland. Mr. Stanley had undertaken to pay her for Arnold's maintenance, and for the boy's sake the generous old woman had agreed, though

half reluctantly; he had also undertaken to supply him with clothes, and to pay his schooling. It now depended on Arnold himself, what further advancement his kind friends would give him. He had no sooner been told of these arrangements, than he called at Summerland House and requested to see Mr. Stanley. He was ushered into the library, where the banker and his wife both sat.

"Well, Arnold," said Mr. Stanley, cheerily, "what do you want with me? Have you and granny had a quarrel, and am I to be peacemaker?"

Arnold laughed pleasantly. "No, sir, that is not a bit likely to happen; but, oh! Mr. Stanley, you are far too good and kind to me. I have been thinking all about your kindness, and I think I ought not to live idly at your expense, but I ought to work to earn my living."

"Work at your books, my boy," said Mr. Stanley.

"Yes, sir, I should of course try to do that," replied Arnold, "but I ought to try to repay granny for her care of me all these months; and then there is father, I could not stay here if father wanted me, and he may send for me, or come for me, yet. And then if I leave, after all your goodness, I shall seem ungrateful, and, oh! sir, my mother used to tell me ingratitude was a sin."

"Certainly, he may come for you, Arnold," said Mr. Stanley, "and it may be your duty to go with him when he does; but how does that necessitate your working, instead of learning?"

"Why, sir, if I am idle now—I mean only just go to school every day—perhaps I shall find it harder to go to work when I am obliged to, but if I kept my hand in, it would seem easy. And, besides, there is granny, and I don't like to feel that I am having so much more than I ought to, from you and Mrs. Stanley, sir."

"So you don't like to thank us for anything, Arnold," said Mrs. Stanley, reproachfully.

"Oh! dear Mrs. Stanley, it isn't that; you know what I mean: I feel I have already had so much from you, and I am strong now, I ought to work, I believe, sir."

"Arnold, I am very pleased with you for feeling in this way; but at present your duty is to stick to lessons, my boy," said Mr. Stanley, kindly. "Granny will never regret what she has so generously done for you in the past; you owe to her a love and respect which, when you are older, and have money for the work you do, you must seek to repay in cash, as you can now repay her by dutiful affection. I am rich, Arnold, and while it does not inconvenience me in the least to help you, it gives me also a very great deal of pleasure. Act worthily, my boy, and I shall never cease to be your friend."

"Arnold," said Mrs. Stanley, gently, "it is our great desire to see you tread in the steps of our lost Willie, and fulfil the prayers of your own dear mother. When you have learnt more at school, the work which you are fitted for will come to you to be done."

(To be continued.)

A LAMENTATION.

By Charles Harrison.

MY native land ! my native land !
When wilt thou break the tyrant's chain ;
When shall thy sons and daughters stand
Erect, and free from care and pain ?
When shall thy children learn to shun
The cup, that causeth endless woe ?
Shall the great victory e'er be won,
And tears of sorrow cease to flow ?

My native land ! my native land !
When shall thy homes with joy be fill'd ?
When shall thy children all withstand,
The tempting draught, with poison fill'd ?
When shall thy daughters dry their tears ?
Those burning tears that daily flow ;
Because the husband, whom they fear
But love, is call'd a drunkard now !

My native land ! my native land !
When shall thy children all unite ?
And form one strong teetotal band,
To fight against the demon's might.
When shall I see the land I love,
My native land ! from drink set free ;
And teaching other lands to prove,
That joy without strong drink can be ?

My native land ! my native land !
Thou land of all that's good and true :
Thou land of Bibles, by God's hand
Preserved in love alone to you !
When to the distant world ye send,
The Word of Life ! so pure and free ;
Why doth thy merchant also send
The drink that causes misery ?

My native land ! my native land !
Awake ! arise ! no longer sleep !
But listen to thy God's command,—
Send thou my Gospel o'er the deep ;
But do not with it send the drink
That has thy own dear children curs'd,
Else sad 'twill be for thee to think,
I am the last ! I was the first !

POLICEMAN PECK'S PUZZLE.

By J. McNair Wright.

ON one of these bitter nights recently, about twelve o'clock, Policeman Peck found a stout man lying on the sidewalk. He looked as if he had sat down on a horse-block and rolled over upon the pavement. Just as Peck dragged the heavy insensible body into the circle of the gas-light, Mr. Salmon came up.

"Dead drunk," said Policeman Peck.

"Apoplexy," said Mr. Salmon ; "see his flushed face."

"That's whisky. I've seen hundreds of drunkards in my day, and I ought to know 'em. Just because he's got on a good suit and a watch you say apoplexy. If he was a ragged vagabond, with toes out of his boots, you'd say as I say—dead drunk."

"No, indeed," protested Mr. Salmon. "I'd say apoplexy in any case ; this is a subject for the doctor."

"It's a subject for the alderman's investigation."

"You must certainly take the creature to a hospital."

"I shall certainly take him to the station-house."

"That's rank inhumanity," said Mr. Salmon.

"It's honest justice," retorted Policeman Peck.

"I've heard of poor wretches who were locked up in station-houses sick of paralysis or apoplexy, and were found dead next morning," said Mr. Salmon,

unbuttoning the man's collar, and feeling for his pulse. "I'll see that the chief calls in a physician."

"Come on and welcome," said Policeman Peck. "The chief and the doctor will tell you as I do—dead drunk. I wish a man that can dress like gentlemen would act like them, and set poor folks a sober and decent example."

The policeman had called help; the man was laid on a stretcher, and Mr. Salmon followed as the policemen carried their burden to the station-house.

"It's another case of drunkenness," said Peck to the officer in charge at the station-house.

"It's a case of apoplexy, and I demand a doctor," said Mr. Salmon.

The chief looked at the man.

"Take him to the settee in the office, and call in Dr. Blegg to examine," he said.

The doctor came, and the door was shut. Next morning, those two obstinate men, Peck and Salmon, met at the doctor's, each to prove himself right.

"Where is the stout man?" they asked.

"Dead," said Dr. Blegg. "Lived two hours after he was brought in."

Salmon and Peck looked at each other.

"There!" said Mr. Salmon, triumphantly.

"What did it?" demanded Policeman Peck.

"Whisky," replied Dr. Blegg, sententiously.

"I told you so," said Peck, triumphing in his turn.

"Apoplexy," said Dr. Blegg, wiser than ever.

"I told you so," said Mr. Salmon, looking at Peck.

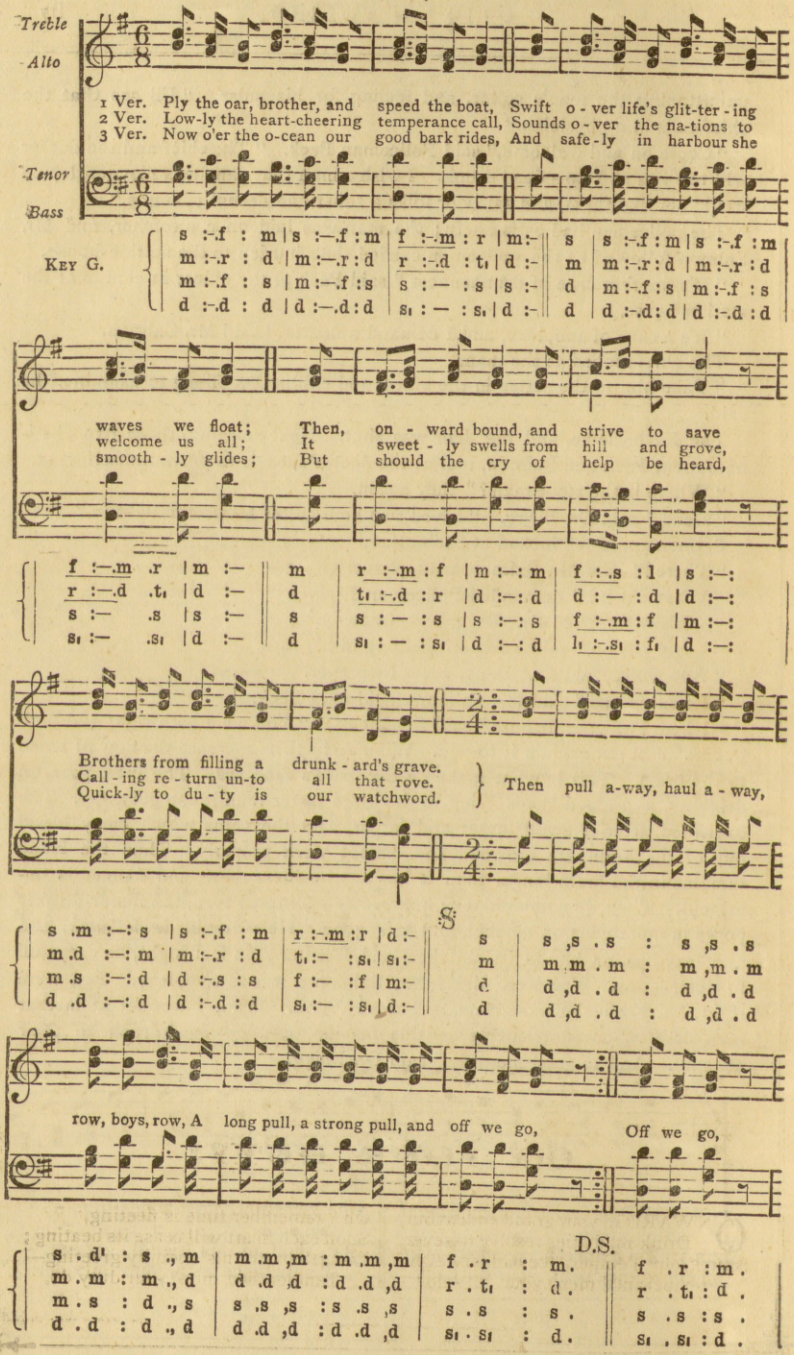
"I heard of your dispute," said Dr. Blegg. "You were both right and both wrong. Let me explain it to you. Wine and spirits increase the flow of blood to the brain. This is what makes a drunkard's face red. The man goes on drinking, and blood keeps flying to the brain faster than it can get away. The overfilled arteries swell larger and larger, and the veins which carry blood out of the brain are crowded and cannot work properly. Thus the blood remains in the brain longer than it has any business there, and danger is imminent. Then, in some unlucky hour, or few minutes even, the liquor-drinker pours in more wine or alcohol, and he's gone. He's drunk, *dead drunk*, and apoplexy has got him in its clutches, and, like our man last night, he drops off to destruction. You were right, Mr. Salmon; it was apoplexy. You were right, Mr. Peck; he was drunk, and dead drunk. What I wonder at is that men dare to commit suicide in this fashion, and go dead drunk to their account. And so good morning," said Dr. Blegg.

DO YOUR DUTY.

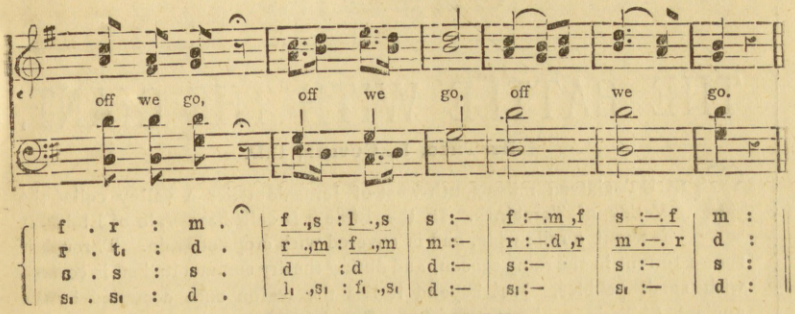
ONWARD in your grand endeavour,
Drink-made ties resolve to sever,
Shun your Temperance banner never!
Temperance men, your duty do.

Oh! remember time is fleeting,
Soon each heart will cease its beating;
List, then, to this friendly greeting—
Temperance men, your duty do.

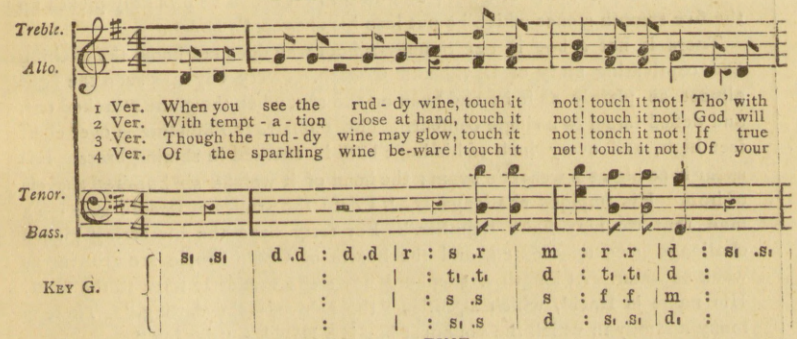
PLY THE OAR, BROTHER.



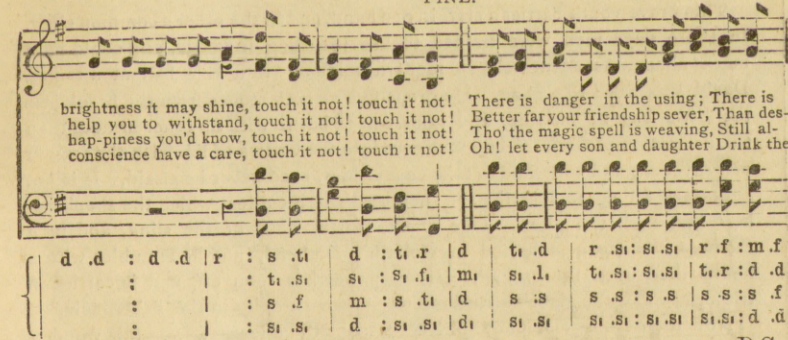
(Continued.)



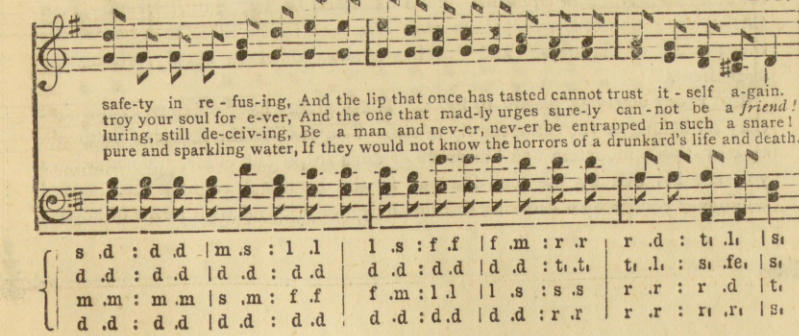
TOUCH IT NOT.



FINE.



D.C.



THE BATTLE WITH THE GIANT.

By Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D.

ABOUT sixteen miles south-west of Jerusalem lies a valley called the Valley of Terebinth. In the Bible it is called the Vale of Elah. It is about a mile wide, and is covered with crops of grain. Through it runs a torrent in the rainy season, and during the dry summer its bed is covered with small pebbles. Just beyond it lies the region once occupied by the ancient Philistines. That was the valley in which the ruddy young David fought with the giant of Gath; and out of that brook he probably picked up the five smooth stones which he put into his shepherd's pouch.

There is not a boy in our Sunday-school who does not know the exciting and captivating story of David and Goliath. Every boy has seen the fight almost as plainly as if he had been on the spot when the giant marched out, and defied Israel to a single combat. The monstrous Philistine is over eight feet high, and every inch of his huge bulk is encased in shining brass. His spear is as big as a weaver's beam; the head of it weighs six hundred shekels of iron. His impious challenge is, "I defy the armies of Israel; give me a man that we may fight together." For forty days the blustering giant's challenge goes unaccepted, and the hearts of God's people are growing as weak as water. At length a shepherd boy steps modestly forth to the front. His name is David, which signifies "the beloved—the darling." There is many a family in which the youngest boy is a David, a "darling."

This brave youth carries a staff in one hand, and in the other a common sling. In those days men were trained to use the sling in battle, and could hit a mark almost as accurately as modern soldiers fire a rifle ball at a target. David was used to a sling. He drops five smooth stones from the brook into the little bag at his side, and goes out to battle with no other armour than the protection of God. A boy who goes into the battles of life with the armour of prayer on, and with God to take care of him, need never be afraid. It is not necessary for me to describe the short and sharp contest which the shepherd-boy had with the giant. One quick, skilful whirl of the sling, and in a moment the stone is buried in Goliath's forehead, and he stumbles with a heavy thud upon the ground. His ugly head is soon off, and is carried in triumph, while the giant's sword is hung up as a trophy in the Tabernacle.

Now there are a great many spiritual lessons to be learned from this wonderful story of David and Goliath. The Philistines are a type of *sin;* and Jesus Christ, the "Son of David," slays sin. We read in the Bible that he "spoils the powers of darkness," and "makes a show of them openly, triumphing over them."

But every boy has giants to fight. These giants have different names, but they all belong to the same family of sin. The devil is the father of them all. One of these monsters has hundreds of dens in all our cities, and sometimes you see his den by the roadside out in the beautiful country too. Boys! whenever you go by a drinking saloon all lighted up, and with a row of bottles

on the shelves, you see one of those dens. Then say to yourself, "That is a den of death: I will never set my foot inside of it." He is a cruel monster, this giant of strong drink. The doctors call him alcohol; but the keepers of the dens give him droll names, such as "Gin Cocktail," and "Rum Punch," and "Hot Tom and Jerry." But he is a bloody monster by whatever name you may call him. He murders the fathers of thousands of our dear boys and girls in his shadowy saloons as well as in his dark, dirty cellars. He poisons men and women to death. He robs his victims of their money first, and then kills them afterwards. A hard-hearted demon is the demon of drink.

Last week a drunken father over in New York took his little boy, only three years old, and put him on a hot stove and roasted the poor little creature to death. The wicked wretch had been to one of the giant's dens, and drunk so much rum that he came home crazy with drink, and murdered his own helpless child. He is in prison now, but alas! that won't bring the little boy back to life again.

Last winter a friend of mine went into one of these drinking dens and got so tipsy that at midnight the keeper flung him out on the side walk, and he would have frozen to death if one of our kind ladies had not taken him into her house. That man, I am sorry to say, was once a member of the church! But he began to "take a little," and then more-and-more, and now he is a miserable sot. Even boys are in danger from this giant of the dramshops. One of the boys that used to go to my Sunday-school was picked up in the street on an awful winter night nearly frozen to death. He had been in one of the giant's dens, and was trying to get home, but was so intoxicated that he could not stagger any farther, and he fell down benumbed with the cold. It is a terrible thing to tell you, but that young man learned to drink liquor in his own father's house.

For it is not only in grog-shops that you will find this giant. He comes sometimes into very respectable houses, and is called by very polite names. Sometimes he is called "Champagne," and sometimes "Egg-nog," and sometimes "Good Old Wine." You will often encounter him at fashionable parties; and he slips in on New Year's day into thousands of "genteel families." But, boys, wherever you meet him, he is your deadly enemy.

Either David had to kill Goliath, or else Goliath would have killed David. So you must either conquer this demon of drink, or he will conquer you. Be sure of that. David slew the giant by a simple little stone and by the help of God. The only weapon you need to fight the giant of strong drink is the temperance pledge. Sign your name to a pledge that you will never touch one drop of intoxicating liquor, and then pray to God to help you to keep your pledge. When you are invited to drink say, No! If you will do this, you will have killed the giant. The way we manage the monster in my house is this: All my children have put their names down with mine on a handsome "family pledge" of total abstinence, and we have hung that pledge upon the wall. So the monster don't get in to destroy us. I would advise all children (and parents too) who read the *Times* to begin the New Year with the pledge that slays the giant.

There are other giants of sin, too, besides alcohol. There is the giant of

Unbelief, who scoffs at Bible-religion just as Goliath scoffed at the Lord's armies. The way to meet this wicked infidel enemy of your soul, is to find the simple truth in God's Book, just as David found the smooth stones in one of God's brooks. Your faith can use the sling as well as David used his. Many a little child's faith in Jesus Christ has slain the huge scoffing giant of Unbelief. Yes! And that last enemy Death has been conquered by the sweet child of Jesus who has said in her last moments, "Blessed Saviour! take me home!"

MONOSYLLABLES.

An Anniversary Hymn for a Band of Hope.—D. C. M.

By Charles Harrison.

NOW let us join to sing a hymn,
To praise the God of heaven;
Who through the year that's past, to us
Our life, and health, has given;
For each good thing that here we have
Or hope to have on high;
The Book of Books, the Day of Rest,
That point us to the sky.

But while for all Thy gifts we praise,
This day to Thee we sing
A song of love, and praise, and thanks,
To Christ, our God and King:
That Thou to keep us in the way—
The way that leads to Life;
Hast made our Band of Hope to rise,
To help us in the strife.

We bless Thee, Lord, for these, our friends,
That guide us in the way
That leads from sin, that leads to God,
Lest we should from Thee stray;
We pray Thee still on us to smile
With beams of light from heaven;
And give us grace to keep the Pledge,
And follow them to heaven.

The New Volunteer.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

SETH said "he guessed not. Nobody drank his way; at least nobody got drunk. To be sure he tasted wine sometimes—everybody that lived well did. As for him, he didn't like the idea of signing the pledge. It seemed like low folks to him. It might do well enough for some." And perhaps he did not intend to cast a side glance over towards poor little Lizzie Dean, who suffered dreadfully, everybody knew, because her father was a drunkard. Poor Lizzie blushed scarlet.

Seth, for a boy of twelve, was really eloquent. He was a handsome, manly little fellow, and evidently had a strong belief in himself.

Hannah Darely and Polly Hunt both looked disappointed. They had so set their hearts upon his joining the society, and helping along the good work.

"Dear me," said Polly Hunt, with two straight lines between her eyebrows, "how that boy does talk! He'll make some of the others give it up, just as like as not."

"Never mind," somebody whispered; "as grandma often says to me, he'll know better as he grows older."

Seth Wallace thought he had done rather a brave thing in thus freely expressing his opinions. As he walked home, he felt quite elated.

"Papa says these secret societies are dangerous things, and he knows," he said, as he walked on. "Besides, what good are boys and girls going to do? It looks silly. Better put the babies at work next. Just as if children know what's best for them!"

So Seth entered the house and sat down to dinner with the comfortable assurance that he had behaved in a very sensible way. To tell the truth, he was conscious that he was not ready to give up the frothing sweet cider that now, in the season of it, made its appearance every day at table.

"I'm sure there can't be any harm in this," he said to himself. He noticed that Ben, his eighteen-year-old brother, tossed down glass after glass, and, when the pitcher was empty, grumbled because there was no more.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were going to an evening party. Seth rather enjoyed the quiet of the house when evening came. He studied his lesson for the following day, looked over some new engravings, and finally fell asleep on the sofa. How long he had slept he did not know, when a terrible noise awakened him. Springing from the sofa, he saw looking down at him, with eyes glaring with hate, his brother Ben.

"What's the matter, Ben?" cried Seth, a little startled, he knew not why.

"'S none o' yer business," replied Ben, in a drunken voice; "'n I'm going to kill you, my lad. What d'ye sit up for a spy for, you sneak?"

"I didn't sit up for a spy," said Seth.

"Hol' yer tongue! 'nother word, 'n I'll knock yer brains out. You c'n just say y'r prayers, 'n I'll give ye jist fifteen minutes longer. Af'er that time, you're a dead man."

"O Ben!" pleaded Seth, with a thrill of horror.

"Hol' yer tongue, I say," cried the drunken fellow, deliberately taking out a pistol, and placing at Seth's head. "Now say yer prayers."

Poor Seth tried to pray, but he shook from head to foot. The clock struck eleven, and Ben's eyes were fastened on the minute hand. Suddenly a bright thought occurred.

"Say, Ben, wouldn't you like some cider?" he queried.

"Wouldn't I?" said Ben, relaxing his vigilance.

"Will you wait here till I bring it?"

"Cert'ly I will," replied Ben, with maudlin politeness.

Seth was no sooner outside the door than he fled to the furthest room in the house, and locked himself in. Meanwhile, Ben stretched himself on the sofa, and was soon lost in a heavy, drunken sleep.

That night's lesson was not lost upon Seth. It set him thinking as he lay there trembling at every sound. What might not that madman do? Perhaps set the house on fire, perhaps threaten the lives of his father and mother. He had never seen Ben drunk before—never dreamed that he could be so far lost to all sense of responsibility. When, on the next day, he saw Ben go into his father's room with a certain shamed look in his face, his heart throbbed with the strangest emotions.

"Suppose I should ever come to that?" he said. "And why not I, if Ben has?"

At the next meeting of the boys and girls for the purpose of getting recruits for the great temperance army, Seth was there.

"Look here, friends," he said, "I've been thinking over this matter, and I guess I'll join. And I tell you what, I mean to try to be a working member. Old Alcohol is getting some of the best soldiers in the land under his bloody banner. Let us try by every means to thwart him, and snatch the poor wretches from ruin who are fighting under his leadership."

All sprang to their feet, and a lusty cheer went up for the new volunteer. Since that day, Seth has fought like a hero in the cause to which he has devoted his life.

THE STAIN OF ALCOHOL.

By W. P. W. Buxton.

SHOW me a foe more fierce and strong than that of cursed drink!
The gaps it makes within our ranks should make us pause and think;
It fills our churchyards with their dead, it fills our homes with woe,
And men of every grade and clime have felt its fatal blow:
For sixty thousand countrymen are dying year by year,
And drink it is that slays them all,—providing shroud and bier.
I at the drunkard's shrine have seen the fair and lovely child,
Upon whose cheeks the dimples played as it in sweetness smiled;
Around its natal bed I've seen in gladness gathered there
A circle, who had come to bless that child so young and fair:
With ruddy wine they smeared its lips while on its mother's breast,
They said it was to bless the day, to hail with joy the guest;
But ah! upon its rosy lips methought I saw a stain
That overwhelmed my beating heart, and racked my head with pain:
'Twas only like a ruddy streak, a streak of gory hue
That seemed to linger on its skin as year by year it grew.
At length I heard a passing bell—a mournful knell of doom
Which tolled to tell that one at least was ready for the tomb.
A score of years had not yet passed, but drink the child had slain,
Though cold in death, there lingered still, that red and gory stain.

* * * *

I knew a maiden young in years, with eyes of azure blue,
The ruddy blush was on her cheek, her smiles were ever new;
She was a parent's joyful pride, a true and goodly pearl
Who cared not for the pomp and show of life's bewitching whirl.
She was the light and joy of home, a comfort and delight,
She blessed the morning with her smile, with song she cheered the night.
'Twas at her father's table she first sipped the sparkling wine,
'Twas there its ruddy sparkling glow her young heart did entwine:
She deeper drank as days passed on, she learnt to love it more,
Until the face once clear and fair, a bloated aspect wore;
She slowly wandered from the paths of rectitude and right,
And with a drunken sottish man she one day took her flight;
And then she made a trade of vice, and lived a life of shame,
Nor cared she for sweet virtue's ways or God's almighty name;
The love of drink had brought her low, and made her thus depraved,
O that she could but turn again, and from strong drink be saved!
Her father's door was open long, a mother's breast long yearned,

With open arms they waited long to see if she returned;
Alas; she loved the drink too much: she drank to drown her care,
She deeper sank to soothe her woes, but found instead—despair.
Upon her lips I saw a stain—a stain of crimson hue,
That lingered on the loathsome form, once beautiful to view;
At length I saw a feathered hearse, it bore her form away,
For she had passed this vale of tears, had spent on earth her day.

* * * *

I know an old and hoary man, whose hair is white as snow,
Who when his daily work is o'er, will to the tavern go;
There hour by hour he drinks away the money he might save,
He drinks away the germs of health, and runs to meet the grave;
His children too are grown in years, and they look on with shame,
And grieve to think their father's ways may sear their honoured name:
They plead with him but all in vain, he heeds no warning voice;
He loves to drink the poisoned cup, and in its draught rejoice.
But, ah! methinks I see a stain upon his aged lips,
As sitting 'mid the motley crew, the ruddy wine he sips.
He surely for example's sake a sober life might lead,
For all his children as they grow a father's counsel need.
But clever men have fallen low from heights of bliss and fame,
To beg their bread from door to door without a blush of shame;
And still they wander from the paths of soberness and truth—
The paths that they once loved so well in days of early youth.
Drink has ensnared the man of skill, the soldier brave and bold:
And men of sense have been o'erthrown, and sages hoar and old;
And poets too, whose glowing words have spread the nation o'er,
Have died at drink's unholy shrine, their songs to sing no more.
The fiery flame is burning still, and thousands curse the day
They learned to love the jovial cup, that steals their souls away:
Then rouse ye from your sleep to-day, let each and all unite,
And strive to lift some fallen soul from darkness into light;
There is a work for each to do: oh, let us try to bless
And cheer the fallen souls of men, and make their troubles less.
Oh, lift your flag aloft, my friends, and let the wide world see
That when our forces come in sight, the foe himself shall flee;
That from this day the gory stain shall vanish from our land,
And fettered slaves shall break their chains, and join our hopeful band.

FROM FATHER TO SON.

ONE day a young man entered a merchant's office in Boston, and, with a pale and careworn face, said:

"Sir, I am in need of help. I have been unable to meet certain payments because certain parties have not done by me as they agreed to, and I would like to have two thousand dollars. I come to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said the old merchant; "come in and have a glass of wine."

"No," said the young man, "I do not drink."

"Have a cigar, then."

"No; I never smoke."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room; "I thought, perhaps, you might. Good day, sir."

"Hold on," said the merchant. "You don't drink?"

"No, sir."

"Nor gamble, nor anything of that kind?"

"No, sir; I am superintendent of the Sunday-school."

"Well," said the merchant, "you shall have it, and three times the amount, if you wish. Your father let me have five thousand dollars once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you. No thanks—I owe it to you for your father's trust."

EDITOR'S CHAT.

THE Westleigh Wesleyan Band of Hope held a tea meeting on Saturday, March 22nd. Besides the chairman, Mr. Geo. Okell, the Revs. J. E. Pater, Buckley Yates, J. C. Rhodes, and Mr. Thos. Taylor addressed the meeting, which was not left without the usual reliefs of music and recitation.

The Irwell Terrace Band of Hope, Bacup, held its eighth annual festival on Saturday, March 8th; more than 300 friends were present. The report read mentions 400 members, 11 only of whom have been enrolled during the year.

The half-yearly tea meeting of the Wesleyan Band of Hope, Clerke-street, Bury, Lancashire, was addressed by James Hoyle, Esq., of Tottington, who presided, and Mr. T. H. Hanesworth and Mr. John Wilson, March 22nd. 381 pledges have been received by this society in four years.

Kirkby Stephen.—The Wesleyan Band of Hope held its annual festival on the 10th and 11th of April. Mr. Jarratt, of Manchester, on the evening of the former, gave his lecture, "The Christian's Career;" on the latter day, Good Friday, various companies sat down to tea, and afterwards the Temperance Hall was filled for a public meeting. Mr. R. Troughton presided.

Liverpool.—The St. Domingo Methodist New Connexion Band of Hope held its third annual gathering on Easter Monday. Benjamin Townson, Esq., M.D., presided at the meeting after tea, and the Rev. Charles Garrett spoke to an enthusiastic audience.

Manchester.—The Miles Platting Band of Hope held its fifth half-yearly tea party on Saturday, April 26th. After tea, Mr. J. E. Benson presided. In the publication department the members were reported to be selling 300 magazines monthly. Addresses were given, in addition to a long programme of music and recitations, by the Revs. P. H. Wicksteed, M.A., Wm. Hubbard, and Wm. Harrison. Prizes were presented to twenty-three of the members.

Salford.—The New Windsor Chapel Band of Hope held its third half-yearly tea meeting on Saturday, April 5th. After tea, the president, Rev. T. G. Lee, took the chair and addressed the meeting, as well as the Rev. M. T. Myers and Messrs. Beckett and Anderson. Songs, glees, recitations, &c., were added.

THE READING OF THE WILL.

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter VII.

Mr. Stanley's Story.

IT seemed to the twins that the next year or two of their lives restored to them the happiness they had enjoyed during Willie's brief existence. Arnold Preston always shared their Saturday holiday at Summerland farm, and the plays and other pleasures that had been so sadly interrupted were renewed with delight.

"Doesn't Arnold do things for us just like Willie did?" Lilian often said. He performed all the difficult parts of gardening necessary to be done in their little garden plots; he took them walks over the downs, and often as far as Stoneleigh beach; whilst as regards temperance work in the Waythorpe Band of Hope, Arnold was never weary of it. Earnestness and general enthusiasm spread like wildfire, and, best of all, Arnold's enthusiastic love for the cause whose principle he had so long ago embraced, and which he had lately openly joined, never seemed to flag, and he was zealous in doing even the drudgery work on its behalf.

There are always plenty of boys and girls ready to put on their best clothes and come to temperance fêtes; there are always candidates for cake and bread and butter at Band of Hope teas; and numbers willing to cheer and stamp and shout hurrah and promise; the great difficulty is to find patient, plodding, persevering workers, who feel the glow of enthusiasm last in their hearts after the holiday fun or the crowded meeting is over. Such were Arnold and Kathleen, and though Lilian was far too much inclined by nature to be a butterfly instead of a bee, they bound her to work with them so usefully and steadily that the Waythorpe Band of Hope took a fresh start and accomplished fresh wonders by the influence of these three.

George Rodd, Willie Stanley's convert, was a blacksmith, living at his shop on the high road to Stoneleigh, that crossed the moor. He often blessed the children as they went by, after they had paused to have a little chat with him, between the strokes of his hammer, or, if they were in a hurry, with only kind smiles and nods.

And sometimes he would talk to himself about them, or if he had a customer he would say, "Those children, bless their pretty faces, are treading as near as may be in the ways of him as is gone. Sure, he was a dear boy, and came over me so that I couldn't drink a drop more, for all I'd been a hard drinker and a hard swearer too. It's a blessed thing for everybody when the young folks take to this kind of work, and go about doing good. There's my own little maid, she's as firm as a rock, and speaks up for teetotalism, no matter who she's with, as fearless and as bright as may be."

Winter had come; Christmas holidays had brought many treats, and not the least of these was the annual tea party of the Waythorpe Band of Hope. For some days previously there had been a small industrial exhibition held at the hall, and prizes were to be awarded to the successful exhibitors in each branch. There were prizes offered for models of steam engines, models of ships, and models of mines; prizes offered for plain work and fancy work; prizes for the best etching, the best drawing in chalk, the best water-colour and oil paintings, the best specimen of caligraphy, the best loaf, the best cake, the best rag doll in clothes made by the exhibitor. There were so many prizes offered that nearly all the members worked, and the result was very pleasing. The number of well made models showed how much patience and industry had been called into play.

The outside world paid one penny each to see the exhibition, and so numerous were the visitors during the week it was open, that it was found they had profited a nice little sum to carry forward for additional prizes when the next show should take place. Whereupon the Band of Hope committee, all of whom, save the president and treasurer and one other gentleman, were chosen from the actual members of the Band of Hope, determined to hold a wild flower exhibition in the summer. The tea meeting was crowded, and after tea the recipients of prizes, a goodly company, were presented some with money, some with books, others with workboxes, paintboxes, or penknives by the president.

The smiling maker of the prize cake was no other than Betsy Rodd, and Mr. Stanley handed her a very pretty workbox, with a laughing injunction to be as clever with her thimble and needle as she was with her currants and dough. A burst of applause greeted Betsy as she returned to her seat between her delighted father and mother, while the blacksmith's eyes were full of happy tears. Lilian gained a prize for a pretty water-colour sketch of granny Whiddon's cottage and a wide stretch of the moorland beyond, into which she put three skylarks, a bird angel each, as she said, for Kathleen and for Arnold and for herself. Bright, merry Lilian!

Kathleen competed for a prize in needlework by making a shirt for her father, but she was surpassed by a little girl in Waythorpe, who was adjudged to have put in hers more exquisite stitching than Kathleen had done. Kathleen was so heartily glad for this poor child that she almost forgot her own disappointment. Arnold bore away an indisputed palm in penmanship. He had chosen for it what he called a teetotal text:—

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

They came back from the meeting through the streets of Waythorpe, for they had arranged to walk home, it being clear, bright, frosty weather, and Mrs. Stanley having been prevented by a bad cold from being present.

Outside one of the public-houses there was a crowd, and presently they saw two drunken men in the midst fighting furiously. Only stopping to say, "Arnold, take care of the girls," Mr. Stanley was between the combatants in

a moment, and the surprised men stopped fighting and looked at him out of their bleared, yet angry and bloodshot eyes. Mr. Stanley coaxed one of the poor wretches to leave the spot with him; the wife of the other dragged her husband away now that some help had come; and Arnold and the twins followed the banker and the staggering drunkard whom he helped along in silence and in sorrow.

To the poor boy, this sight had recalled the sad, miserable scenes to which he had been formerly but too much accustomed; to the twins, it was a mournful ending to a happy day. Presently their father spoke to his companion.

"Henry Alton, what could possess you, man, to fight your brother?" he asked.

The man was silent, silent and ashamed, or else silent and sulky—it was difficult to determine which. The cold air, the rapid walk, the steady grasp of Mr. Stanley upon his arm were fast sobering him. "Where are you taking me?" he asked at length.

"Home," said Mr. Stanley.

"It is out of your way," said the man.

"Never mind that, Alton. I'd go further than that any day to see you safe, and I'd go further still to take your name to the temperance pledge. Sign it, my man; determine to lead a different life, to spend your nights in some happier, healthier place than the public-house, and see what a blessing there would be in life then, instead of a curse. You know you are not happy, Alton—know it a good deal better than I do, and yet I know it well enough."

Still the man was silent. Another quarter of a mile brought them to a wretched little cottage; the window sashes were stuffed with rags, in place of the glass which had been broken. When Mr. Stanley knocked, a sad looking young woman opened the door, shivering as she did so from head to foot, for her garments were old and very thin.

"I've brought you home your husband, Mrs. Alton."

"Oh! sir, is there anything the matter?" she said, and her anxious tones showed she still had some love left for him.

"Nothing that a night's rest will not cure, I hope," said the banker, kindly; and Henry Alton passed into the house. When he had gone, Mr. Stanley ingered to give the poor woman half-a-sovereign for some warmer clothing, and to speak a few bright, kind, hopeful words to her.

"Try and get him in the mind to sign the pledge, offer to sign with him yourself, and perhaps you will succeed; I will call and see him in a few days. God help you; good night."

"Thank you, thank you, sir; oh! God bless you, sir," said the poor woman, as Mr. Stanley joined his children and Arnold, and walked away.

"My dears, I am sorry to have brought you so far out of the way," he said, kindly, "but my duty was plain."

"Oh! papa, please what made you do as you did?" said Lilian. Mr. Stanley did not answer her directly, then he said,

"Children, I know you have sometimes wondered at my fierce, strong

hatred of the drink, and my earnestness about teetotalism. You thought that for your happy, prosperous father, who did not suffer through the drink himself, it was strange conduct. But, my dears, though I am so happy now, I have suffered."

Kathleen put her hand into her papa's, and pressed closer to him, to show her sympathy.

"I don't think it will do any of us harm for me to tell my story to you as we walk. My father died when I was an infant, and two or three years afterwards my mother married again. My stepfather was as kind to me as if I had been his own child, and when, by-and-by, I had a little brother, he never showed any difference in his treatment of us. My dear mother was the gentlest and sweetest of women; but she was too indulgent to both of us; our wills were never crossed by her, we had everything we desired, and had not my father, as I always called him, and had reason to call him, been more judicious to us than my mother, we should have been completely spoiled. We went together to Rugby, and thence to college, Alfred and I, and it was whilst we were there that we both acquired a fondness for drink. There is a great deal of wine drinking at the universities, a great deal more than is good for the students, without speaking from a teetotal point of view. My own father had not been at all rich, and though he was in a good position as a surgeon when he died, his early death had not allowed him to leave my mother more than a small income for herself and me. But my generous stepfather would not allow any difference whatever to be made between Alfred and myself; we shared precisely the same advantages, and had precisely the same allowance of money for our expenses. I am afraid my sense of obligation to him was not then as strong as it ought to have been; for though I did not exceed this allowance quite so much or so often as Alf did his, I more than once was compelled to beg his or my mother's indulgence for some youthful folly and sin, which had got me as well as my stepbrother into trouble. He was a handsome, bold, daring fellow, and though people declared we more alike than many own brothers, I never thought so myself, nor did Alf deem it a compliment. When I was twenty-three, and my half-brother not far from his majority, it was decided we should spend the next vacation abroad, and we were preparing to set out, when news came that our father was taken suddenly ill, and that we were to come home instead. He rallied from this attack, however, and Alf determined to take the tour; I preferred to remain with my parents. One day my father called me to him; 'My dear Edward,' he said, 'I love you so well, both for your dear mother's sake, and for your own, that I have determined to treat you and Alf in precisely the same way; my will is made, and you are joint-heirs. I have no entailed estate to leave you, and I believe I have fairly and equitably divided my property as if you were both my own sons.'

"I was much overcome by this unexpected kindness, but, nevertheless, I remonstrated, and I have been glad ever since that I did.

"'Alf will, I fear, feel hurt, father,' I said.

"'He has no occasion to do so; I have told him many times that for your beloved mother's sake, you are equally dear to me.'

"'But still, father,' I said, 'he is your own son, in a way I can never claim to be.'

"'Edward, I did not think you were so jealous of the difference between you, a mere question of birth that I have never considered, and I wonder you should. I would have you honour your father's memory, but it is impossible that you can do more, or feel him so really near to you as I am. Are you not willing after all these years to be my son, Edward?'

"My dear stepfather's tone was an aggrieved one; I could not bear to say any more. After this conversation, the improvement in our father's health, which had only been temporary, gave way to a more severe attack of his disorder. Before my brother could reach home from his distant halting-place, he died; the funeral was delayed as long as possible, to give his son time to return.

"My poor mother was plunged into the deepest, and most overwhelming grief; the day of the funeral she was confined to her bed, nor could she rise to be present at the reading of the will. Before the funeral party left the house that cold, bleak, wintry autumn day at the end of October, spirits had been handed round, and every one had partaken of either gin, brandy, or whisky. On our return drinks were still on the table, and freely applied to; and at the funeral feast, a little later, there was an almost unlimited supply of wines as well as these stronger liquids. The dinner had been served some hours earlier than usual, to suit the convenience of many of the guests; no sooner was it over, than the relations were all summoned into the drawing-room to hear the will. My brother was not sober when he entered that room; his grief, a grief all the more intense that he had left his father so readily to pursue his travels, had induced him to drink freely in the hope of drowning the more acute pain of it, and I saw that he almost staggered as he entered the room. He was cross and irritable too, for when I went to give him assistance in a quiet, unnoticeable way, he threw me from him rudely and asked me what I, a mere interloper, wanted there, and at that time. Children, I had not myself been strictly temperate that day, as I now understand temperance, and the old proverb says truly, 'when the wine is in, the wit is out;' nothing else could have made me say to my excited brother at that moment,

"'You may find, Alf, I am no more an interloper than yourself.'

"They were words I had bitter reason to remember.

"That scene in the drawing-room is vividly before me now; the lawyer, seated at the table, was a young man with a soft mellow voice, clear and distinct, a profusion of brown straight hair worn rather long, and keen brown eyes that read the faces present before him, as if they had been so many written, instead of living, characters. Alf leaned against the mantelpiece, steadying himself as he stood, his eyes flashing, his face burning with the combined excitement of drink, and the expectation of his large fortune. I had seated myself on the sofa, and my hands played nervously with the handsome tassels of a cushion. I remember well unravelling the silk cords of which it was composed. The other relations were seated, or stood about in various attitudes.

"The short preamble was soon read, and the handsome income settled on my

mother announced; no one had expected anything different so far; but when the will was read on, and it was found that his property, after deducting certain legacies and annuities, 'to be hereinafter described,' was to be equally divided between his stepson and son, as joint heirs to the said estate, there was a sudden spring, and a hand collared me, while the other hand struck me a contemptous blow on the cheek, and Alf sneered out the words between his teeth, and close to my ear,

"'Mean scoundrel. You have wronged me, and I swear I will have my revenge. This fellow,' said he, turning to the rest, 'is a coward, he has stepped between me and my father, and done me out of half my fortune.'

"I looked up angrily into his eyes, they were fierce and passionful, as those of a wild animal.

"'Alf,' I said, my own voice trembling with rage at this open insult, 'forbear, remember where you are.' He struck me a heavy blow, I sprang to my feet and returned it; the lawyer and a friend of my father's parted us.

"But the passions of both of us were now fully aroused; we both left that room to seek more brandy or more wine; and later, when the company had left, we met in the garden. There we quarrelled again over our fortune, there Alf again accused me of robbing him, and I, who was perfectly innocent of these aspersions, retorted coldly and cruelly. My children, take warning by the misery into which we were both plunged, and into which we dragged our blameless mother.

"Alfred left me senseless on the ground after a desperate fight, and I have never heard of him since. My mother never recovered her health or spirits after her husband's death, and the departure of her idolised child. She only lived about six months; her income I have always set aside yearly, to be restored to my brother, if I ever again find him. With the money so generously given me by my stepfather, I laid the foundation of my present prosperity; but, oh! children, I often think I would give it all to know my brother had forgiven me, and was well and happy."

Neither Arnold nor the twins had once spoken during Mr. Stanley's narrative, though Kathleen's sympathy had been manifested by many a silent caress.

"You will not wonder now," he added, as they passed through the gate of Summerland House and into the shrubbery, "that my hatred to strong drink is deep, unceasing, and a part of my very life."

(To be continued.)

THE WAY TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

A PHYSICIAN was walking along a road in the country one day. An old man met him, who had a bottle of whisky sticking out of his coat pocket. "Is this the way to the poor-house, sir?" asked the old man, pointing in the direction in which he was walking. "No, sir," said the physician, "but this is," laying his hand on the bottle of whisky.

Swift Hours and Slow Ones.

A DEAR friend, who, not long ago, went from us to the upper mansions, said with a pleased, musing smile one day, "I suppose the time will go very quick in heaven, and it won't be long before you and Mr. S—— and all of you will be there too. How pleasant it will be!" It was a great joy to her to think of meeting not only those whom she felt would follow her to the golden city. So time always seems to go quick when we are happy; but did you never pass sorrowful hours which seemed almost weeks to you? A young man, caught in some machinery of a mill where he was working alone, and almost crushed by it, remained thus for several hours before help came. His watch hung just before him where he could note the time, and he said in his great agony, "It seemed ages between each tick." Oh! the time moves slowly to the wretched. How must the ages pass in that land where no hope ever comes, where no kind neighbour can release the prisoner; no living friend; no living friend to whisper one word of cheer; where the presence of a mother, or a brother beloved, will only add a thousand-fold to the misery!

O, children! make ready for a home in the blessed land where the hours are winged with joy. Shun every path that leads you downwards. Never take one step in the evil way of sin and temptation. All these first whiffs of a cigar some mistaken friend has given you, are all steps in the wrong direction. There is no telling how soon they will bring you to a fearful doom.

Only those are safe who have taken hold of the Omnipotent Hand, and are willing, like little children, to be guided by Jesus, the "Good Shepherd." Can you say to-day, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?"

THE TEMPERANCE HARVEST.

By Ella Wheeler.

WE have lingered by the flowers,
And loitered all too long
There is work for hands like ours—
Hands that are young and strong.
There is need of muscles steady,
And of willing hearts and true;
For the harvest-field is ready,
And the labourers are few.

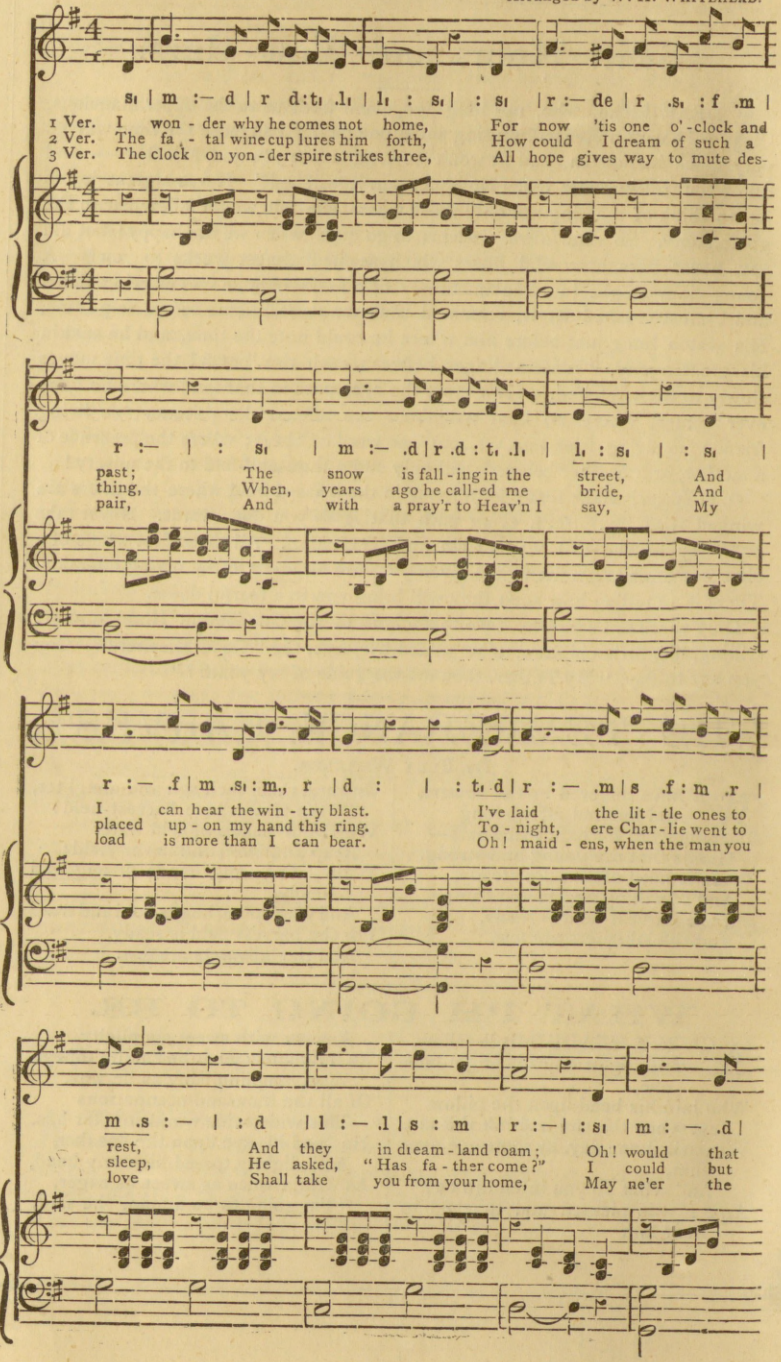
Onward, then, each son and daughter,
To the temperance harvest-field:
With your sickles of cold water
Reap and bind, and never yield;
With your young hands strong and steady,
And your young hearts bold and true;
For the harvest field is ready,
And the labourers are few.

WHAT I'M GOING TO BE.

A CURLY-HEADED little fellow,
With roguish lip and bright blue eye,
Who laid his head upon the pillow
Just when the sun had left the sky,
Was asked one day, by some one near him,
"And what do you intend to be?"
And I was pleased and touched to hear him
Answer with sweet simplicity,
As if he knew what he should fancy,
Wee, laughing baby as he was,
Of all the thousand occupations
This wide, wide world to offer has.
He fixed his eye upon the speaker,
And slightly tossed his curly head,
As with a voice as sweet as eager,
"I'm going to be a man," he said,

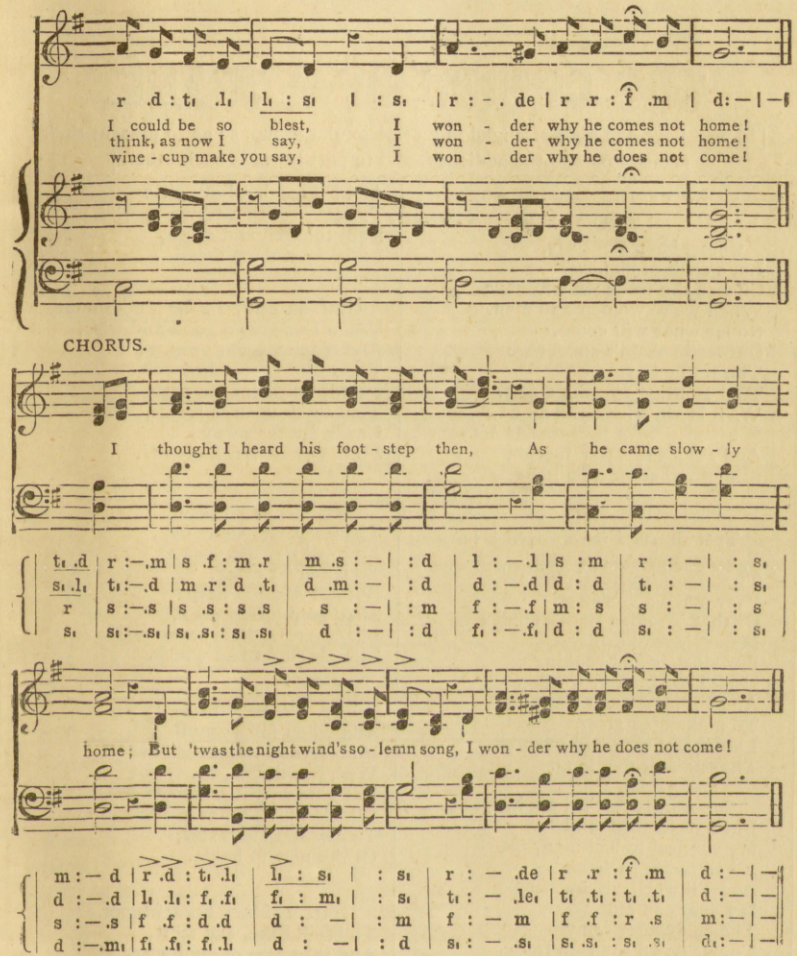
I WONDER WHY HE COMES NOT HOME!

Arranged by W. H. WHITEHEAD.



I WONDER WHY HE COMES NOT HOME!

(Continued.)



SONNET.

By E. Lamplough.

RICH sun-beams flush the greening earth again,
And wild flowers gem the robes of smiling spring,
While flitting clouds shoot light lance-shafts of rain,
And home-sick birds of passage lyrics sing,
Arousing with the heart-tone of their strain
The fays, who with soft blue-bell music bring
The pale, sweet blossom banners of faint stain,
Which o'er the fruit-trees and the plains they fling.
Then peep the first frail insects at the sun,
And soon the flash of beetle-mail is seen!
The jewell'd zone of nature is undone;
The tawny bee comes fussing forth to glean
Rich Flora's sweets, where leaping waters run,
And o'er the earth the sweet young matron spring reigns green

THE CHOICE OF A TRADE.

[Eleven boys and girls arranged in a semicircular group, so as to present their faces in part to the audience, and in part towards each other.]

ONE OF THE LARGER BOYS.
[*Standing near the centre.*]

Come, boys and girls,
Let's each of us now
Choose the trade we will have
When we're women and men.
So let what will come,
Our trade sha'n't encourage
The traffic in rum.
Tom Bent, you're the oldest,
We'll begin where *you* stand,
[*At his right*]
And *I'll* speak after Joseph,
Standing here at this hand.
[*At the left.*]

TOM BENT. *I'll* be a farmer;
But you never shall hear
That Thomas Bent's hops
Ever make ale or beer.
Or that Thomas Bent's apples
Make cider to drink—
For vinegar and cooking
He'll have plenty, I think.
And I'll raise such fine crops
To make men grow strong:
I shall just sing and whistle
The summer day long.

SECOND BOY. *I'll* be a lawyer;
But I never will lend
My counsel to bad men,
A bad cause to defend.
And I'll work without fees
If I ever can aid
The cold-water army
To put down the rum trade.

GIRL. *I'll* be a dress-maker
And milliner too;
My dresses and bonnets
Will be wonders to view.
And I'll do what *I* can
That they never shall hide
The sorrowful heart
Of a rum-drinker's bride.

BOY OR GIRL. *I'll* be a school-teacher,
And shall do what I can
To make of each lad
A good temperance man.
And I'll teach all my girls
To regard with a frown
Both tobacco and drink,
And so put them down.

GIRL OR BOY. *I'll* be a missionary
When I've grown good and wise,
And teach the dark pagans
The way to the skies.
I shall tell them the path
That by drunkards is trod
Leads far, far away
From our Father and God.

BOY. *I'll* be a sailor,
Then captain, some day,
And sail o'er the ocean
To lands far away.
But old Alcohol never
Shall step on *my* deck,
For where'er *he* is harboured
There's sure to be wreck.

BOY. *I'll* be a doctor;
And when folks are ill
I'll be ready to cure them
With powder or pill.
But I ne'er will prescribe
Whisky, brandy, or gin
To awaken old tastes,
Or the new to begin.

GIRL. *I'll* be a housekeeper,
To broil, bake, and stew,
And take care of my house
As our mothers do.
I'll look after my household,
And ever despise
Putting wine on the table,
Or brandy in pies.

BOY. *I'll* be a merchant,
And keep a big store,
With large piles of goods
And clerks by the score.
And I'll pay better wages
Than other men do,
If they'll all be teetotalers,
Tried men and true.

JOSEPH [*at the left hand*]. *I* mean to fill
An editor's station,
For *his* words reach men's ears
All over the nation.
I'll get good for myself,
And do good to others;
And try to help all,
As though they were brothers.
No matter what fashionable wine-bibbers say,
I'll teach total abstinence's the only safe way.

FIRST BOY AGAIN. A member of Parliament
I'm intending to be;
Perhaps as Premier
You one day will see!
And if *I* help to make laws
For this nation of nations,
Neither sailors nor soldiers
Will get *rum* with their rations.
And I'll do what I can
To lay by on the shelves
All the members who drink
And make fools of themselves.

ALL TOGETHER IN CONCERT.
True and earnest boys and girls
Who will work with a will
Can take a long step
Toward removing this ill.

Which Was the Pleasure Party?

"COME, Charley, jump in with us, and have a good car-ride this fine evening. You can certainly spend a holiday better than skating on the old mill-pond with those boys. We are going to the 'Corners;' there's a ball to come off at the tavern there, and, if we are not one of the party, it will be fun to look on. Come, jump in; there's just room for one more."

"Not I, Fred. You must offer me better inducements than a ride to Lowe's, and the attractions of such a party as is likely to meet there. I prefer better society myself."

"Oh, we don't expect to be one of them; but only to see the fun."

"I am afraid it will turn out serious fun before you are through with it. Come, boys, ride around town an hour, and then take your horse back, and fetch out your skates. You'll have ten times the enjoyment. The exercise will do you good, and no harm will be done. No telling how much money you'll save."

"Ho! ho! that's the difficulty with you. Before I'd be so mean—at your age, too! What do you expect to be by your forty?"

"A prosperous business man, I hope," said Charley, cheerfully; "but I can tell you, boys, you are not on the right road to success just at present."

"We are willing to take our chances," said Hugh, angrily. "Drive on, Fred."

And the three companions parted for the evening. Charley went back to his merry companions on the ice, and spent a bright evening in the healthful sport so dear to a boy's heart. When the old village bell rang out its peal for nine o'clock, they unbuckled their skates, and marched for home. There were sweet rest and untroubled dreams for them, and in the morning they awoke betimes, and were fresh for a new day's toil at study.

The other lads drove on with speed over the crisp snow, shouting and

singing in their reckless merriment. Pausing now and then, they hailed their companion, whom they had urged to accompany them, that he might help to bear the expenses of the excursion. The amount was more than they wished or could afford to pay, and they had confidently expected to draw some one else into the net.

The tavern was neared, and was all aglow with lights, and even at that early hour the sound of the music was heard from the low-ceiled dancing-hall. The two youths threw off all thought of care for the future, and abandoned themselves to the giddy present. Poisoned liquors were cheap and abundant. They fell in with the customs of those around them, and drank and drank again. With every cup the mirth grew more uproarious. Some were incited to be quarrelsome, and there were numerous disturbances, which it took all the skill of others to quell. Hugh and Fred were regarded as outsiders, and so were marked objects of hostility. They had cause to reflect on the passage, "Who hath contentions, who hath babbling, who hath wounds without cause."

With garments in sad plight, and with heads still more disorded, they started home in one of the early morning hours. It was well the good horse knew its way, for they were in no fit condition to guide it. Their shouts and blows, however, maddened his high spirit, and he gave them proof of his speed in a manner not altogether pleasing. As they were dosing home along the river-road, a sudden frantic jerk of the reins caused the car to be tumbled over the rocks down on the ice below. The horse fortunately broke loose and sped away like the wind, leaving the two, now thoroughly sobered, to shift for themselves.

Which party of pleasure seekers, think you, was most to be envied? Let your amusements be only of a safe character, if you would have them leave no sorrow behind them.

LINES,

Suggested by the "Evan Lewis" Lodge, No. 2675, I.O.G.T.

By Ivy.

HONOUR the names of the great and good,
Keep them in memory ever,
Those who have toiled for truth and right
With earnest, high endeavour.

Give them a noble, lofty place,
Give them a fame undying,
They still shall speak, though their earthly clay
Under the grass is lying.

Brave knights of old their standards bore,
With fair devices gleaming;
So keep your motto pure and bright
Unsullied ever beaming.

Still keep your banner wide unfurled,
And cease your efforts never,
Till Temperance conquer all the world,
With Drink uncrowned for ever.

Though he has gone, his honoured name
We lovingly remember,
And fresh and green it shall flourish still
In the heart of every member.

"THE OPEN QUESTION."

By Wm. M. Thayer.

"IT is an open question," said a Christian gentleman. "What is an open question?" he was asked, "Whether the Bible teaches total abstinence or not?"

It is a very common remark, this "open question" one. Good men, as well as bad men, advocate it. It has been advocated ever since the temperance cause was advocated, so that we conclude it always will be an "open question" with some people, especially those who do not believe in total abstinence. But let us examine this "open question" view, and see where it leaves us.

1. If it be an "open question" now, ought it not to be settled? Alcohol is sending sixty thousand of our countrymen annually to drunkards' graves; and still it is not settled whether the Bible favours or opposes the agent of all this mischief—moderate drinking. The moderate use leads to the excessive use of strong drink. Is it not high time to know just where the Bible is on this subject? The monster evil of the land is intemperance, destroying more men and women than all other vices combined. And still it is an "open question" whether the Bible requires us to abstain from the use of that as a beverage which occasions all this widespread mischief!

Intemperance has destroyed more persons since the days of Noah than now live upon the earth. The destruction has been going on, year in and year out, with scarcely an interval of abatement and hope, to the present time; and still it is not settled whether the Word of God requires us to discard the prime cause of this destruction! Had more swine or cattle been swept from the face of the earth by disease than now exist in the same period, long since it would have been known how to deal with the evil, and the aid of every remedial agent, human and divine, would have been evoked to remove the cause. If the removal of the calamity had been a Bible question, the theological giants would have sifted it through and through, and to-day it would not be an "open question" whether the Bible favours the insipient stages of such an evil.

It is not creditable to the integrity and intelligence of God's people that it is an "open question" whether the Bible requires total abstinence or not. The magnitude of the evil demands the speedy and explicit settlement of the subject. Intemperance is the greatest obstacle to the church existing, and it should not be an open question whether the Bible requires us to discard what creates that obstacle. Other themes of far less practical values to the well-being of the race, as sovereignty, Trinity, immersion, etc., have been settled, and the theological warriors *pro* and *con* have measured their swords again and again, each side perfectly convinced that the Bible favours its view without the shadow of an "open question." But we repeat, not one of these and kindred doctrines begins to be of such pratical importance to the race as this, for intemperance destroys body and soul both. Sovereignty, Trinity, and all the rest of the doctrines are of no value to the intemperate man. He cares nothing for them. He would exchange them all for a glass of grog. His drink must be taken away before he can be reached with Bible truths. Millions who have been destroyed by drink might

have been the followers of Jesus had they not been worshippers of Bacchus. If Bacchus had been removed Jesus might have come in. Destroy all intoxicating beverages, and thousands in our land who are the victims of the cup would come to the cross. No question is so vital to them as this—whether the Bible requires them to practise total abstinence, and whether they will obey it, so that the question should be settled at once. With all the class-named, it is prior to the Trinity, regeneration, faith, sanctification, and the like, since drink must be discarded before these can rule the heart.

2. If it be an "open question" still whether the Bible requires total abstinence or not, then the Bible must be a very difficult book to understand. It is not an "open question" now whether the Bible prohibits Sabbath-breaking, profanity, idolatry, gambling, theft, and a hundred other sins. Long since the Bible view of these evils was settled in all the theological schools, and in all responsible pulpits. The preacher who should declare the right or wrong of any of these evils to be an "open question" would be deemed an unsafe leader. Yet the teachings of the Bible upon the offences named are fewer and less direct than they are respecting intoxicating liquors, and the destruction caused by the evils mentioned is not to be compared with the devastation of strong drink. If the magnitude of an evil is any reason for frequent and explicit counsels relating thereto, then it would be conceded by everybody that the evils of intemperance, and of crime, whatever leads to it, would demand the most frequent mention, and the most direct instruction. But it is said that here is an "open question." If it be so, the Bible must be strangely difficult to comprehend, or strangely indefinite in its counsels, unless some readers are strangely indisposed to see and adopt its lessons. We care little which of the conclusions is accepted, since either of them is enough to explode the "open question" idea. The Bible must stand, whatever else subsides. Inevitable conclusions that militate against the Word of God show that the premises leading to them must be false. Nothing can be true which the Bible does not support. Since the whole drift of the "open question" position is to compromise both the clearness and definition of the Scriptures, it can have no foundation in truth.

WHY SHE PLANTED ROSES.

A BLACKSMITH had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and a piece of land. Like many others, he was, at one time, fond of the social glass, but was happily induced by a friend to join the temperance society. About three months after, he observed his wife, one morning, busily employed planting rose bushes and fruit trees.

"Mary," said he, "I have owned this cot for five years, and yet I have never known you before care to improve and ornament it in this manner."

"Indeed," replied the smiling wife, "I had no heart to do it until you gave up the drink. I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that, should I do it, some stranger would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, with God's blessing, this cot will be ours, and we and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit."

WORDS OF CHEER.

By George W. Bungay.

THE battle for the right,
Defeated in the fight
By treachery and might,
Shall in the future win
The victory over sin,
For brave hearts beat within.

The men of deeds and thought,
Who hitherto have fought
As bravely as they taught,
With earnest speech and pen
They will renew again
The fight, for they are men.

Who put their trust on high,
And they will do or die,
And keep their powder dry;
For heroes of their caste,
Though baffled in the past,
Shall win the day at last!

The night will pass away,
The light will come with day;
The morning now is gray,
The "good time coming" speeds.
Thoughts sown broadcast, like seeds,
Will quicken into deeds.

Sad faces pale with care,
Hearts shrouded in despair,
Be glad, for light is there.

The drunkards drop their gyves,
The pledge insures their lives,
Hope smiles on stricken wives.

From England on to Maine,
We hear the sweet refrain:
"We will not drink again."
And far across the sea
Come songs of jubilee
And shouts of ecstasy!

Oh! hasten happy time,
When holy truth sublime
Shall triumph over crime!
Waft it, ye winds that blow!
Hail it, ye waves that flow!
Smile on it, skies aglow!

From golden bees that hum,
To the loud thunder drum,
Proclaim the doom of rum!
Invite it, birds of song,
And brooks that leap along!
And men who hate the wrong!

A bow is in the air,
And hope is written there.
In hues, surpassing fair,
Of soft and heavenly light.
We soon shall know that right
Is mightier than might!

EDITOR'S CHAT.

WE had put into our hands the other day, a letter from a missionary in China, who was twelve years since one of the active spirits and vigorous workers in a Manchester ragged school. After ten years spent in the North of China doing good work for Christ both among the Chinese and such Englishmen as come to the ports, he writes on January 14th, 1873, from Tientsin, as follows:—" . . . On New Year's Eve, I had quite a night of it. The whole mission station met and enjoyed a pleasant evening at the house of Mr. Smith; returning thence at ten, I thought I would go into the sailors' temperance clubroom just behind our house, where I could hear a good deal of rollicking fun was going on. Of course, I need not tell you that these men are a new lot, not those you have heard of before. The guard ships are constantly being

changed, so that it is never likely that the same vessel will be here two winters, and if that did happen, the crew would be a fresh one. So you see this department of our work practically begins anew every year. Having found them a room on our premises, and thus being led to see a good deal of them, I have got to feel a particular interest in Jack. And then I feel as if I understood him pretty well now. There is a singular pleasure in thinking of the way in which one may thus, by God's blessing, set in motion spiritual influences of the very widest reach. You see it is impossible to say where any one of these British tars may be next year. A Christian seaman has one of the finest and largest fields of usefulness possible to think of. We have two English-speaking ships this year, one American, one English. Temperance has taken firm root on both—out of some 200 men and officers, over 70 have become abstainers. As in past years so now, the changed condition of the ships is a marvel to every one; and still the work goes on. Our English meetings of all kinds, both on Sunday and week-day, are well attended, and some of the most hopeful and attentive are men who, when they came here, were sad drunkards. They seem this year to have had a very happy Christmas—probably the first sober one for many years. One poor fellow told me that last year he went, as here, on leave, and that the ten days which followed are a complete blank to him. He never knew where he had been or what happened to him. Oh this drink is a fearful thing! It is the most formidable obstacle that exists to the progress of the gospel, I verily believe. Christian men must conquer it, if they mean to bring the world to Christ. It is worse than heathenism itself. Only think of dear old England spending only two millions on all her churches, schools, hospitals, charities, bible, missionary and tract societies—in short, on all good and noble works; while her drinking habits cost every year more than 200 millions! Suppose we could just reverse the figures for one year!"

Ashton-under-Lyne.—The eleventh half-yearly tea party of the Albion Schools Band of Hope was held on May 17th; N. B. Sutcliffe, Esq., J.P., was in the chair. An encouraging report was read, showing that 47 new members had been enrolled in the six months. It also showed that Mr. Hallsworth's paper on publication departments was bearing fruit already. A temperance society has been formed for the teachers and elder scholars. Mr. John Fawcett was among the speakers.

Beswick, near Manchester.—Zion Band of Hope held its ninth anniversary on April 11th. After tea, Mr. E. Barton took the chair. The report read gives reason to hope for steady progress. The Revs. D. Brierley and J. Shepherdson, and Messrs. J. B. Anderson, of London, and William Ishum, addressed the meeting. Recitations and songs sustained unflagging interest until a late hour.

Huddersfield.—Highfield Temperance and Band of Hope Association held its third annual festival on April 15th; when 400 friends took tea together. Afterwards, Mr. Alderman Byram, the president, took the chair. Mr. Turton in the report gave great encouragement, declaring that out of the 500 members only twelve had disconnected themselves during the past year. Amid many songs and musical accompaniments and instrumental solos, addresses were given by the Rev. H. J. Boyd and Mr. W. Watkinson.

ARNOLD PRESTON AND HIS FATHER ON THE BEACH

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter VIII.

DISCLOSURES.

MR. AND MRS. STANLEY had seen every reason to be pleased with Arnold Preston's conduct, and, after the Christmas holidays, according to the promise made to his wife, the banker had placed him at Mr. Barton's school, at Stoneleigh, as a weekly boarder; the same school at which his own son had been making good progress, when his young, promising life had so suddenly ended. Again Mrs. Stanley, Kathleen, and Lilian looked forward to Saturday, as the day which should bring them renewed pleasure in the society of one whom they all dearly loved; and, though some mothers would have felt very differently, and shunned anything which could recall the past to them, the banker's wife seemed to feel her interest in life renewed, and her spirits revived, now that she had this young lad's present and future to think about, to hope for, and to pray for.

It seemed to her sometimes, as she looked at Arnold's dark, speaking eyes, that there was a most mysterious resemblance between them and Willie's, at all events, when they lit up with joy at meeting her, and his fine face flushed a bright crimson, she felt a gladness renewed within her, that had long been a stranger to her heart.

Arnold had now taken up his abode at Summerland House. Granny Whiddon had also been offered a residence, free of all cost and care, within its hospitable walls; but this, she had courteously, yet decidedly refused. She was well content that her "lamb" should find his proper place; she well knew he was fit for the society of gentlefolks; but, for herself, she preferred to remain in the quiet, hones independence that was so dear to her. And Mr. and Mrs. Stanley did not press her to come to them, but they took good care to make it impossible for her to suffer want, or to live barely. Sacks of flour were brought by the miller, in due course to the little cottage; Israel Morton, or his little nephew, deposited twice a week on granny Whiddon's table, a basket of vegetables, fruit, and farm produce, and every Saturday Arnold came with at least a shilling, and often more, saved for her from the allowance of pocket money Mr. Stanley had so liberally supplied him with. Granny Whiddon had also devoted friends and admirers, who were never tired of working for her, in Lilian and Kathleen; and by degrees her wardrobe, which had been very scanty indeed, when first Kathleen and her mother and Arnold had talked of the bird angels in the Heather Glen, became so well stocked, that she used laughingly to express the hope, that no one would come to her cottage to steal her great box away. If only the dear skylarks could

have known what sweet ministrations of love had been called into existence by their sweet songs! And still they sang on, around the Heather Glen, and all over Waythorpe Downs, and still their music woke answering chords, more or less deep in the hearts of all our heroes and heroines, to whom they were indeed bird angels.

The summer holidays had come, and Arnold was at home, at Summerland House. Kathleen, Lilian, and he, were very busy just at this time, helping to carry out the proposed scheme of a wild flower show in the Temperance Hall, under the auspices of the Waythorpe Band of Hope. They had decided that "tame flowers," as Lilian called them, should also be admitted, and receive prizes.

It was on a lovely day in July, that Arnold set out for a long walk from Summerland House to Stoneleigh, across the moorland and along the sea side cliffs. He had determined to try and surprise every one, by the nosegay he should gather of those diminutive, but exquisite little flowers that are to be found on heathy downs. He was bent upon having a bunch fit for the acceptance of the "Queen of the Pixies" herself, if that august, yet merry little monarch of the Devonshire fairies, whose drinks are pearly dew drops and sweet honey dew, and who is therefore decidedly a total abstainer herself, should so far relax her dignity as to visit Waythorpe Temperance Hall during the flower festival.

He begged from Mrs. Stanley the loan of her botanical specimen box, in which she packed for him some sandwiches and biscuits, and she also gave him a small basket full of fruit. She stooped and kissed him, and sent him out, as she said, smiling, amongst his friends, the bird angels.

Arnold wandered on; he gathered specimen after specimen of flowers, the small purple and pink and white bells of the hardy, pretty heaths; the golden potentilla with its tiny, wild, rose-like flower; the small yet thick bright purple bloom of the fragrant wild thyme; the mingled gold and orange of the lady's slipper; the blue or red-purple vetch flowers; the scarlet beauty of the pimpernel; the pale gold hawkweed; and, closer to the sea, the nodding round heads of the sea pink, varying in hue from bright magenta to palest pink. Mingled with these, were the exquisite feathery grasses, their flowers of palest yellow-green; the small pink blossoms of the aromatic smelling crane's bill geranium, with its leaves, here green, there a bright scarlet; in beauteous contrast to which, were the intense blue of the eye-bright, the yellow starry blossoms of the stonecrop, the graceful little convolvulus in its striped robe of pink and white, and many another flower so small, and yet so fair, that Arnold's heart was continually lifted heavenwards in admiration and gratitude that He who spread the sky with countless worlds of flashing light, who framed the giant elephant and the grim crocodile, had also painted on these tiny blossoms, whose full beauty could scarcely be discovered without a microscope, such exquisite tints, such beautiful patterns, such diverse shapes, such wondrous shades of colour.

When luncheon time came, Arnold felt hungry, and threw himself on the soft springy turf, to partake of his sandwiches and fruit; after this, he wandered on, for two or three miles, over the cliffs, till he found himself on the heights above Stoneleigh Harbour. There were several merchantmen and fishing vessels, and yachts and pleasure boats anchored below him, whose bare masts, or white or red

sails, were now all sunlit and beautiful as they slept, gently rocking to and fro on the blue shining wavelets. Arnold descended to the beach, and seated himself in the shadow of a piece of over-hanging rock, as he gazed with fascinated eyes on the scene before him. He could hear, faint yet clear, the song of the larks on the cliff tops above him, and thoughts of the father who had deserted him, of his mother and his baby sister and their angel voices, were strangely mingled in his brain, with thankfulness for the friends and the home which God had provided for him. Would his father ever return to him?

At that moment he turned his eyes from their long gaze seaward to the beach again, and beheld a man in ordinary sailor costume coming towards him. A start, a low exclamation of surprise, a strange, half-painful throbbing at his heart, these were the signs Arnold Preston gave, as he rushed forward, caught the sailor's hands in his, and exclaimed, "Father! why I thought I should never find you again."

The sailor was a man of handsome bronzed countenance, his dark eyes were flashing and bright, a certain easy grace that masked every action, and which differed from the merely careless, good, tempered bearing of the ordinary seaman, seemed to denote that he had once been in a superior rank of life.

"Well, Arnold," he said, "this *is* luck, my son; I have had even a worse tide of ill-fortune than usually has attended me, but now you are restored to me, perhaps it is an augury of better times. I am dreadfully hard up though, almost penniless; nothing but that should have made me neglect you so; but what clover have you been living in? Why, you get on well enough without me, I see, you are well fed, well clothed, quite the gentleman, indeed. I wonder you owned the common sailor, your poor old father."

There was a slightly sneering tone in his voice, that ran through all these words, and made Arnold almost miserable, yet he tried to be brave, so answered cheerily, "I *have* found good friends, father; oh! I have so much to tell you."

"Come on board with me, Arnold, I must not stay ashore any longer. I am not my own master, as you seem to have the good luck to be; come along, this is our boat."

Arnold's father seated himself in a ship's boat that had been moored to a rock, and motioned to his son to follow.

"Father, you will let me come back in an hour or two, won't you? I can't allow my friends to be anxious about me."

"All right, jump in," said his father, and they were off.

The "Sea Lark," the merchantman to which Arnold's father belonged, lay at anchor nearly half-a-mile from shore; Arnold took one oar from his father, and the boat bounded along; wind and tide were in their favour. They got on board; most of the men were ashore, they could have the deck pretty much to themselves, his father said, for a good long yarn of all that had happened; Arnold waited for his father's story, but after a few minutes he was told to "spin away."

"After you left me, father, in that little hut, I was very, very ill, and a good old woman called granny Whiddon, had me removed to her cottage, and took all possible care of me."

"She didn't give you those clothes, Arnold?" interrupted his father.

"Oh! no, father, wait a bit, and you shall hear. I was getting better, and went out on Waythorpe Downs, just for a change, nearly every day. Well, one day there was a Band of Hope fête, and a lot of people came, and amongst them a lady and her little girl who walked just where I was, and they spoke to me very kindly, and then they took granny and me to tea with them, and after that, they sent me to school, and now I have been with them for my holidays, and they are so kind to me."

"Indeed, and what made them do it all?"

"Just real kindness, father," said Arnold, with a tender loving tone in his voice, "real, pure kindness, nothing else."

"And you were no manner of use to them?"

"Not the least bit, father, of course I tried to do all in my power to show them how grateful I was."

"Of course," said the father, almost mockingly.

Arnold looked at him in troubled sorrow.

"Would you rather I had died, father, after you left me?" he asked.

"Died? bless the boy; no, why should I?"

"Only you did not seem glad about Mr. and Mrs. Stanley."

"What!" said the seaman, springing from his feet, and grasping Arnold's shoulder so roughly that he winced from pain, and wondered at his father's glaring eyes; "what! who? what name did you say?"

"Stanley, father, it was Mr. and Mrs. Stanley who were so kind to me."

"What is the fellow?" hissed out Arnold's father, from between half-closed lips.

"You don't know him, father, I don't expect," said Arnold, surprised, "he's a banker in Waythorpe, and lives at Summerland House."

"Go on."

"He has two children, daughters, they are such nice, pretty little girls."

"And a son?" eagerly inquired his father.

"No, father, their only boy was drowned."

"I am glad of it, I am heartily glad of it," was the cruel, cold rejoinder.

"Oh! father, father; what is the matter, how can you say so, and they have been so good to me. What is Mr. Stanley to you? What has he done?"

Arnold began to believe that his father must be drunk.

"Oh! he's taken good care never to speak of me, then?" said Arnold's father again, "he never said that he had a half-brother whom he cheated of his fortune; he never told you that he persuaded my sick father into making a will in his favour, curse him?"

"Father," gasped Arnold, as the memory of Mr. Stanley's story, told during that winter night walk from Waythorpe, flashed upon his memory, "father, you wrong him; he did tell me about it, but he never wilfully wronged you, I am sure of it."

"How? what, why you don't know your own name, child; he could never discover that you were my son."

"Oh! no, father, he did not know, of course. But what do you mean? Am I really not called Preston? What *is* my name? Oh! father, you must tell me."

His father smiled grimly. "Preston will do for you; you'll not be called by anything else as long as I can help it; and you'll not go back to that sanctimonious humbug, Edward Stanley. How did he come to Waythorpe, I wonder. I left him in a very different part of the country when I last parted from him, and I thought he would fix himself there. Confound him, that he should get hold of you, and told you his story before I told you the real truth. Well, he has no son; his only boy is dead, I'm glad of it, heartily glad of it."

Again Arnold shrank from his father, and shrank still more, when he heard him curse with bitter curses the benefactor who had loaded him, a stranger and an outcast, with benefits.

"Never utter that thief's name to me again, unless you will curse him for robbing me and you, Arnold," said his father, bitterly, after a miserable silence that was only interrupted by his father draining to the last drop, a brandy flask that he carried in his pocket; "and," he added with an oath, "if you dare to try to get back to him, you shall suffer for it, though you are my son, and the only thing I have left to care about."

"How do you know that this is really the right person; that the Mr. Stanley who was so kind to me, is really and truly your half-brother, father?"

"You said he told you his version of the story himself," said his father, "isn't he called Edward, and am I not called Alfred, don't the names suit to begin with?"

"You ought to tell me our real name, father."

There was no answer.

"And you might just let me go back and say I am going with you; oh! father, I shall really be a thief if I go off in this fashion, with some of dear, kind Mrs. Stanley's things."

"If you took just all he has, it would only be our own," said his father, doggedly, "you can't steal from him, as he has stolen from me."

"Do let me go, father; I promise you I will come back."

The only answer Arnold received, was a gruff "come along;" and his father's strong, rough grip upon his wrist, as he hurried him below. Then he spoke aside, and in a whisper to the captain, a rough, coarse-looking man, who turned to Arnold, and inquired whether this man were his father? and upon receiving the answer in a sad voice, "Yes, sir," said, "All right; go ahead Preston; do what you will with him."

Arnold was then dragged still further below the deck by his father, and placed in a hammock, and fastened securely, but not painfully, with a stout cord.

"There, young man; when you're out of port, I'll release you," said his father, "and I'd release you now, if 'twasn't for your strong affection for my enemy."

"He isn't your enemy, father; he loves you, even if you hate him," said Arnold, wearily; "oh! what will they think of me?"

DRINK IN WORKHOUSES.

ACCORDING to a return just printed, by order of the House of Commons, it appears that during the year 1871 the drink supplied to paupers cost the respectable sum of £127,000. The ratepayers ought to put a stop to this.

LIFE INSURANCE & TEETOTALISM.

WE have received the report of the Directors to the thirteenth general meeting of the members of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution. The following extract will no doubt prove highly interesting and instructive to the readers of *Onward*:—

"The Actuary, Mr. Samuel Brown, reports the mortality on whole-life policies to have been as follows, viz.:—Expected claims in the Temperance Section, 137 for £27,058. Actual claims, 90 for £13,005. In the General Section, 244 claims for £48,883 were expected, the actual have been 282 for £50,575. The large amount of profits appears to have arisen in the Temperance Section, in great measure from the mortality on whole-life policies having been less than was expected by the Carlisle table, as shown by the following statement for the last five years:—

	Temperance Section.				General Section.			
	Expected Claims.		Actual Claims.		Expected Claims.		Actual Claims.	
	No.	Sums.	No.	Sums.	No.	Sums.	No.	Sums.
1866	100	18,014	85	15,420	180	34,732	186	39,129
1867	105	18,936	71	8,830	191	37,003	169	32,200
1868	109	20,024	95	16,526	202	39,515	179	51,055
1869	115	21,136	73	16,505	212	41,583	201	50,320
1870	120	22,336	87	15,395	223	43,510	209	57,593
	549	100,446	411	72,676	1008	196,352	944	230,297

In the Temperance Section the claims have been 138 in number, and £27,768 in amount less than were expected; but in the General Section, though 64 fewer in number, the actual amount paid has been £33,945 in excess of what was expected. The sum of £29,632. 15s. 11d. has, however, been received from other offices, reducing the excess claimed on the funds of the General Section to £4,312. 4s. 1d.

OBSTACLES TO MISSIONS.

By W. Bowron.

A MISSIONARY told me that, addressing his congregation one Sunday, he said, "O Chinese, give up that abominable opium;" when an intelligent man stood up and said, "If it is so bad, why do you Britons present it to us at the point of the bayonet and say, 'Which will you have?' Why, it is death either way; only the bayonet is quick, and the ball is slow." Then take India. We have glowing descriptions of the progress of the gospel there; but what says an intelligent correspondent in the *Times*? He tells us that heathen temples fall by thousands, but then others rise; that shrines are dedicated to the incarnation of Burton; that men and women drink that pale poison, and then the scenes that occur are such as he could not describe. Well, then, my friends, what do you think? A vessel starts for the shores of Africa; three missionaries pace her deck, and down in the dark hold are twenty-four thousand gallons of rum. There is the obstacle.

I am not a missionary—I wish I had been; but I have travelled over mission fields, I have rejoiced in their triumphs, and I have mourned over their defeats and their sorrows. Pacing an Indian trail in the heart of a dense forest, on the left hand there are wigwams all tumbling down in decay; on the right is a large circle; there the council fires blazed, and many a kindred chieftain smoked the pipe of peace. I say to my guide, "But where are the Indians?" He shakes his head. Here I read the record of the past; I had hoped to see the merry dance, to hear the wood-song; even the war-whoop is better than this desolation. He conducts me to a place where there are many graves—graves under ground, graves in the bend and fork of trees, coffins suspended from the branches. "Oh," I said, "what a desolation is this!" Then, standing upon a rising mound, he said, "Listen! We had our schools here, we had our preachings, we had our conversions; then came the respectable British merchant, to trade with us. The Indians had then piles of skins and furs; and merchants bought them, and in exchange gave them rum. The noble savage," he said, "drank, and became more savage; then they hacked and hewed each other; rum killed the last man of the tribe, and you are standing upon his grave. Go home to England, and tell them to send us more missionaries, but no more rum."

ON THE SHORE.

By W. A. Eaton.

I STOOD by the sea at sunset
When the tide was coming in;
As the crested waves rolled inwards,
I listened to the din.

And I seemed to hear a singing
In the noisy waters' roar;
Like a memory outringing,
Of the days that come no more.

Like the voices of the lost ones,
Who were laid in their graves so deep;
But I wondered if I should meet them,
When they woke from their dreamless sleep.

There is a text in the Bible,
I read it, and backward shrink,
For some of my darling lost ones
Were slain by the demon drink!

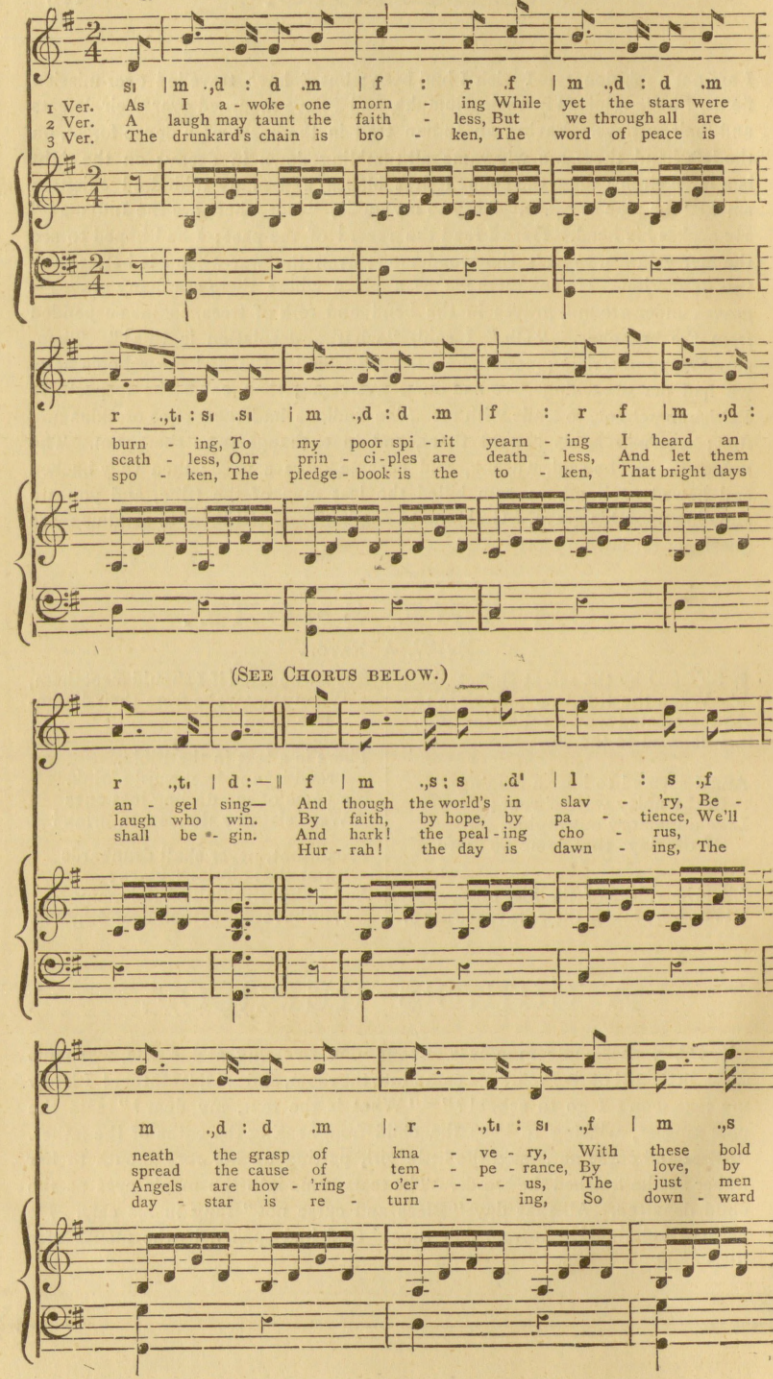
I read that, never shall drunkards
Enter that glorious place;
And I sigh to think of the many
Who have died in their deep disgrace.

A CHILD'S REPROOF.

A BAD, passionate man was one morning swearing at his wife, when his little girl of five years old came into the room, and said, "Mother! I know my text, can't I go to school?" "What is the text, my dear?" said the poor mother, wishing to keep the child from hearing the oaths of the father. "Bless and curse not," said the little girl, putting up her rosy mouth to her father as she finished the words. The tears came into the man's eyes as the child departed. All that day "Bless and curse not" rang in his ears. He became a changed man from that time. God had spoken by the mouth of a little child.

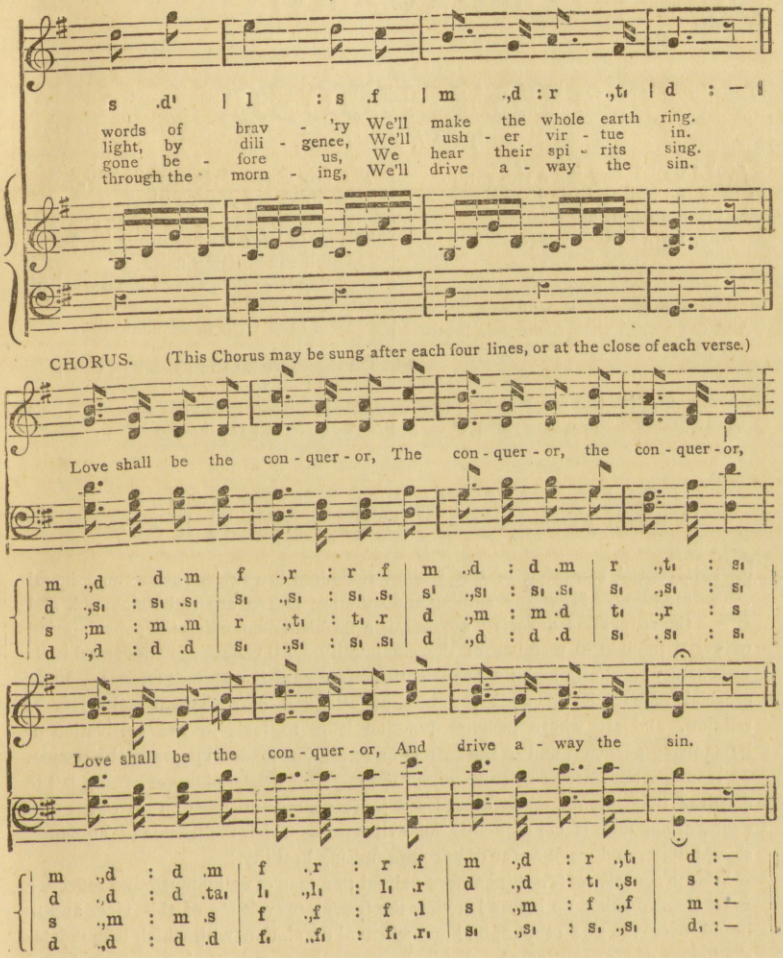
LOVE SHALL BE THE CONQUEROR.

With energy. KEY G. Popular Air adapted by W. H. WHITEHEAD



LOVE SHALL BE THE CONQUEROR.

(Continued.)



IN LIQUOR.

A LITTLE mouse fell in a brewery-vat,
And lay in distress till espied by a cat;
"O pussy! kind pussy! do help me, I pray
"If I do," said the cat, "you will run right away."
"Oh! no, Mrs. Puss, I will certainly stay."
So in went a paw—a struggle and splash,
And Mousy was safe, and off like a flash.
"Contemptible wretch! without honour or shame,
Is it thus," cried the cat, "that you perjure your name?"
"Hold! hold! Mrs. Puss, I will show in a trice
That my sense of honour is exceedingly nice:
But who could expect me," said mouse, with a snicker,
"A promise to keep that I made when in liquor?"

THE HOUSE.

By W. A. Eaton.

A LITTLE boy upon the sand
Had built a little house,
A tiny mansion, big enough,
Say, for a little mouse.

He left it at the eventime,
For nurse was calling him,
And overheard with screeches loud
The seagulls scud and skim.

At morning, lo, the sea had come
And washed the house away;
The boy stood weeping silently,
And did not care to play.

'Tis so in life; we build our house
Upon the shifting sand,
And when Time's waves have washed it down,
Half mad with grief we stand.

Oh, builders on the shores of time,
Build on the Rock, I pray,
And not Eternity's vast sea
Shall wash thy house away.

OUR SOCIAL STATE.

THE social condition of the United Kingdom is a subject attracting general attention. How the sinking and suffering masses are to be elevated, and the renovation of society secured, is a problem demanding the consideration of every thoughtful member of the community. All classes are concerned in its satisfactory solution, and no one is entitled to regard it with indifference. In an especial manner it demands the prompt attention of statesmen, ministers of religion, and all whose peculiar function it is to look to the cultivation of humanising agencies, and to the correction of all that tends to degrade the people. In scanning the state of British society, the most superficial observer cannot fail to discover that intemperance occupies a most prominent position in our social degradation, and is consequently an evil against which the friends of humanity should unite, and wage a war of uncompromising hostility.

We can conceive of few things more painful to a man of enlightened and reflective mind than to bring up before his view the fearful prevalence of this vice, and to brood over the tide of temporal and spiritual desolation with which it inundates the homes of his countrymen. While he opens the records of his country's shame, and gazes upon the panoramic views of crime, pauperism, disease, and premature death, caused by this wide-spread evil, and while he reflects upon the scenes of wretchedness and misery ever coming under his observation, he feels as if overwhelmed in difficulty and despair, and disposed instinctively to shrink from the consideration of such a subject. Believing, as we do, that the safety of our country, and the temporal and spiritual welfare of thousands of our people, depend upon the eradication of this vice, we regard it as the duty of all who seek the improvement of society and the elevation of the masses, to ponder well the evils of the drink system, the destructive character and extent of which, we hesitate not to say, are as yet comparatively unknown.

So lamentably ignorant are the great mass of the British people of the true nature-debasing tendency of intoxicating drinks, and the demoralising influence

of the drinking customs, that, instead of being up and at work for their subversion, they with an unaccountable infatuation are endeavouring to throw around them the shield of respectability and religion, and are maintaining and defending them with an energy and zeal as if life itself were dependent upon their continuance. Unmindful of their responsibility and regardless of the danger by which they are surrounded, they may be compared to a crowd of children sporting themselves in the streets of a great city, while the foundations are being shaken and removed by the first heavings of an earthquake. For as surely as cities have been overthrown by such convulsions, so surely is strong drink gathering the elements of a moral earthquake at the base of our social structure, which, if not removed, will ultimately explode and shake to its foundations our social organisation, and arrest the progress of those moral and religious institutions which are the pride and glory of the British empire.

For nearly forty years special attention has in this country been directed to the evils and enormities of the drink system; and the practice of abstinence from all intoxicants has been pressed upon the attention of the people, as the only efficient remedy for drunkenness. As the object of this work is to demonstrate that the manufacture, sale, and use of alcoholic liquors as beverages, are the prolific source of those social evils with which our country is afflicted—and to propound, illustrate, and enforce the principles of the temperance movement—we join in it under the conviction that temperance reform is indispensable to the elevation of the people. Other charitable and philanthropic movements may ply their disinterested toolss with unwearied zeal, but experience proves that upon the triumph of the temperance reformation must depend their failure or success.

LEFT ALONE.

By Mary T——.

ON a wild, desolate heath known as "Barfoot Common," where the pitiless rain came steadily, drenchingly down—the wind at the same time howling drearily—a woman sat on the damp ground; a tall, handsome woman, with a fair-haired child in her arms. His little hands were clenched, and his face was full of suffering. "Is the pain very bad, dearie?" asked the mother, softly. "Oh! mother, I'm frightened, I'm dying; hold me tight, and pray, mother, pray." "Oh, God, save Joe, don't let him be punished for his mother's sin," cried the woman passionately.

Presently the boy's face changed, his eyelids drooped, his hands hung listless. "Joe, darling, give mother one kiss," she cried, pressing him closer to her. He opened his eyes, those bright blue eyes, and died.

"Oh! Joe, my beautiful boy, my first-born, why must you leave me," wailed the woman. "If you would only give me one look—just touch my hand, darling; and now I am all alone."

The rain soaking through and through and the bleak winds were unheeded; the woman, worn out with grief and excitement, slept.

Jane Holbrook had once had a happy home, but when her husband died, frantic with grief, and weak and ill from nursing him in his long and painful

illness, she was persuaded to take the wine that was to embitter her whole life. When the appetite was once created, she rushed madly down the hill of moderation. None tried to stop her, all silently despised her, and Jane was soon beggared and a wanderer. But she loved her boy passionately, and it cut her to the heart to see him pining away.

When she awoke the rain and wind had passed away, and the morning had risen clear and bright. At first, she thought it was all a dream, that her boy was still alive; but the little dead body was stiff and cold.

"He has gone to Heaven, if anybody has," she said, sobbing. As she looked up at the blue sky and white fleecy clouds, she fancied she could see beyond, into the beautiful, golden city, God's home. "It's no place for the likes of me," she thought, bitterly. "Oh! God, why can't I give up the drink?"

She wrapped her shawl tenderly round the little dead form, and again commenced her weary march. When she reached the village, her wan, haggard face and mudstained clothes excited some curiosity; but the villagers had their own business to attend to, and hurried on.

She was hungry, and her feet were sore with walking. At last she stopped at a baker's shop, where rolls—nice, fresh, penny rolls, small twopenny loaves, apple and beef pasties, were arranged in tempting array.

"A glass of gin would put fresh life into you," suggested the tempter. "You must give up the drink if you wish to see Joe again," whispered conscience.

Jane stood trembling, "Oh! God, help me to be firm," she prayed.

"Now, then, be off," shouted the baker, coming to the door. "It ain't respectable for the likes of you to be hanging about."

Jane turned away. "Every one loathes and shuns me. Why shan't I enjoy myself while I can." There was a public-house close by. Jane walked slowly up to it. "If Joe was here, he would put his little arms round my neck and try to pull me back."

She undid the shawl, and looked at the face, so unlike and yet so like, her boy. "Can't you give it up for his sake?" whispered the still small voice.

Her throat was hot and parched; she longed for the gin, and felt she should die if she could not have it; but the better feeling prevailed. Jane tottered a few steps away, and fell down in a fainting fit.

Immediately that mysterious crowd that always collects so rapidly from no one knows where gathered round poor Jane. "What's up, what's the matter with her? She's shamming; she'll soon come to, if she is left to herself," said the bystanders.

Some of the people laughed, and turned away. They were sharp people at Barfoot; you could not easily take them in.

"She is no more shamming than I am," said a woman, who, passing through the crowd, lifted Jane tenderly. "Here, Tom, be a man, and hold her up while I fetch some water; and can't one of you women take the baby?"

"The child is dead," said the woman who had taken him out of his mother's arms, shrinking back. "Before we take any steps further in the matter we must send for Mr. Moorcraft."

Mr. Moorcraft, a short, stout gentleman, with a large gold eye-glass, who

had been watching the whole proceedings at a safe distance, and now came hurrying up, was one of the magistrates of the county.

"What is all this commotion about?" said the little man, pompously. "This won't do, you know; it must be inquired into. Fainting woman and dead child, very suspicious, must be inquired into."

"Where be we to inquire, and what's to be done with the woman while we're a doing of it, sir," asked one of the rustics.

"Inquire? why at the proper places, and the woman must be sent to the Police-station."

A murmur of dissatisfaction ran through the crowd. "What has she done wrong? The trouble of her child dying ain't bad enough, but what she must go to the lock-up to make it worse."

"Well, well, take her to the Workhouse until the matter has been inquired into; and you, Smith, take the child to Lowre's. There has been much unnecessary excitement about this," said Mr. Moorcraft; "it is distressing, of course, but to my mind very suspicious." Mr. Moorcraft put his hat more firmly on his head, readjusted his cravat, and walked away, feeling himself the largest man in Barfoot. The people waited to see Jane and little Joe taken away, and then they walked off, very satisfied with themselves, for had not they done their duty, and who can do more?

Jane lay for a long time unconscious in the Workhouse. She would beg and pray piteously for gin; then she would call Joe and her husband. All the time she was tossing restlessly about, throwing off the bandages round her head, and resolutely refusing the cooling drinks put to her parched lips. When the fever and the delirium left her she was very weak. She would sit, propped up with pillows, to see the bright sunshine and flowers outside.

"She only needed nourishing food and care," the doctors said, "and she would soon be strong again."

One day she had a long talk with one of the paupers, a bed-ridden old woman, who had lived there twelve years, and Jane was surprised to hear that all, with few exceptions, came to the Workhouse through drink.

"It's an awful thing; it has ruined many a promising man and woman, body and soul," said the old woman. Jane hung down her head; no one in the "house" knew of her besetting sin.

They were allowed to have beer in the sick wards, and sometimes, when Jane saw and smelled it, and when it was offered to her, she was tempted to break the vow she had made to God. It would have been impossible for her to have resisted the temptation left to herself. But with God all things are possible. Although Jane had no earthly friends, she had a heavenly one, who had undertaken her cause. She grew weaker and weaker. Her weary life was drawing to a close.

When the chilly winter winds and rains came again, Jane bade farewell to earth, and went to live with little Joe and her husband "in the land where sin and woe are done away," where there are "pleasures for evermore."

(Western Temperance Herald.)

BROWNIE'S WORK.

By Mary Dwinell Chellis.

A DIFFICULT lesson had been perfectly recited by only one member of a large class, and a complicated problem in arithmetic had been solved by the same boy, while all the others failed. This boy the teacher had praised generously, at the same time severely censuring those who deserved censure.

"I'm really sorry I didn't get my lesson," exclaimed a young girl with dark brown eyes and a profusion of wavy hair. "I studied, and I tried that horrid old sum a dozen times, but I was thinking most of the time about something else."

"Well, Mr. Varney needn't scold so dreadfully," said another. "'Twas an awful hard lesson, anyhow."

"So it was," replied the first speaker, whom all the children called "Brownie," without fully appreciating the fitness of this name. "'Twas just the hardest we ever had, so 'twould have been all the grander to have learned it; I wish I had. I should think Ned Leighton would feel real proud; I should if I was in his place."

"Proud!" repeated a scholar scornfully. "I don't see anything he has to be proud of; he's nobody but a drunkard's boy."

"Hush!" half whispered Brownie, "he'll hear you."

"What if he does? Who cares? I don't. I tell you he's nobody but a drunkard's boy."

Alas! for the warning and the boy. Ned Leighton heard the cruel words. In his happiness at having gained the approbation of his teacher, he had forgotten that his father was a drunkard. No wonder he hurried away, and in a secluded spot gave vent to his tears.

Here, as Brownie was on her way from school, she found him, and, knowing well the cause of his grief, said cheerfully, "How can you cry, when you had such a splendid lesson? I shouldn't, if I was in your place."

"Wouldn't you if your father was a drunkard?"

"I think not," she answered with some hesitation. "I'd try and have him *not* be a drunkard."

"How would you try?" asked the boy, looking up with a pitiful smile.

"I'd ask him to sign the pledge, and keep it. Then, if he did, you see he wouldn't be a drunkard. Can't you ask him?"

"No; I can't Brownie. *You* ask him, won't you? It seems as though he'd do it if you ask him. Won't you?"

There was a short silence, but at length Brownie said, "Yes, I will."

Mr. Leighton was a new-comer in the village, a blacksmith, and a good workman when free from the influence of liquor. The day after the conversation above narrated, he was obliged to remain in his shop much later than usual, so that the glowing light of the forge was in striking contrast to the darkness without. From that darkness came a child, who seemed fascinated

by the weird shadows on the blackened walls, and the fitful leaping of the flames up the wide-mouthed chimney.

"Well, my little lady, what can I do for you?"

This question recalled her to the fact that she was not in fairy-land, as she had half fancied; and, extending some papers she held in her hand, she said, "Please, sir, will you sign the pledge?"

"What pledge?" he asked.

"The pledge not to drink anything that will make you drunk."

"Who are you, child?"

"My name is Miriam Way, but they call me Brownie."

"I thought so," responded the man absently. "You look like a Brownie. What sent you here?"

"I came because I'm sorry for Ned."

"*My* Ned."

"Yes, sir. One of the scholars said he was nobody but a drunkard's boy, and he felt so bad about it he cried, and I found him hid away by himself. You see, sir, he had his lesson just splendid, when the rest all missed; but he didn't care about that, he felt so bad because his father was a drunkard. And—and—please, sir, won't you sign the pledge?"

"But if I do, I can drink just the same if I want to do."

"Yes, sir; but that would be telling a lie, and I don't believe you'd do that if you were sober."

"No, child; I wouldn't. I ain't so far gone as that, if I am a drunkard. Sit down in that chair, and I'll think about it."

Brownie seated herself, and watched Mr. Leighton at his work, while he seemed wholly unconscious of her presence. At length he said, "You can read the pledge. Let's see what you want me to promise."

"I've got two. I'll read them both." One was a simple pledge against the use of intoxicating liquor; the other included tobacco and profane language.

"The last is the best; I'll go the figure or none." And again Mr. Leighton resumed his work. A few minutes had elapsed, when he asked, "Were you afraid to come in here to-night?"

"Just a little," answered Brownie frankly. "But you see I wanted to help Ned."

"Bring me the last paper you read." Under the comprehensive pledge, Edward Leighton wrote his name in bold characters, and then nailed the paper just above his desk. From his mouth he took a huge quid of tobacco, and from his pocket enough for twenty quids of equal size, and threw it in the fire.

When this was consumed, he turned to the child beside him, and, laying his hand tenderly upon her head, murmured: "You've saved me, Brownie. There'll be a hard fight with the flesh and the devil; but please God, we'll come out all right in the end."

The end is not yet; but this village blacksmith is forging a chain which shall reach from earth to heaven, and upon each link the forger sees the name of "Brownie."

The Distillery and the Sunday-school.

By J. E.

"THAT Sunday-school was too much for me," were the words of a distiller who had been brought to abandon his business and seek a better calling.

There is nothing to put out the liquor fires all over the land like the Sabbath-school influence. A Sunday-school was started near a Kentucky distillery a few years ago. I need not describe the kind of place it was before that. You can imagine what it must be, with this seething furnace, fed by Satan, in full blast all the time, and no Christian influence about to offsett it. Men and boys met at the old distillery on Sundays, to drink whisky, run races, play cards, shoot at a mark, and all manner of mischief. But a resolute Christian man started the Sunday-school, and the children liked it, and by-and-by the older folks came in, and there was a blessed revival there. I am sure a great many prayers were offered for that distiller, for if the head-centre of vice could be rooted out, there might be great hope for the place. Do you think anything is too hard for God's Spirit? No; not even a whisky-maker's heart; and this man was converted. You would not think much of a man's conversion unless he gave up such a business, and you may be sure that was one of the first-fruits of his religion.

Now that place is an orderly, Sabbath-keeping settlement, and it is hoped a church will soon be formed to go hand in hand with the Sunday-school.

Love and work for the blessed Sunday-school as long as God gives you life. Oh! you will never regret what you do for it when you come to the end of your journey. Temperance and religion go hand in hand together, so, if you love the cause of the latter, you will surely work for the former.

UNJUST GAINS.

Prov. xxviii., 8.

"BY unjust gain!" "By unjust gain!"
It was the drinkseller's refrain,
When called to leave his vast domain,
By "unjust gain!"

I felt no pity for the poor,
I drove them harshly from my door,
While taking from their little store
My "unjust gain!"

My goods as unseen hand will deal
To him who for the weak can feel,
Nor from his pittance meanly steal
By "unjust gain!"

Now, as I go to meet the fate
Of those who hope to reach heaven's gate,
I'm haunted by the words, "Too late,"
And "unjust gain!"

DR. GUTHRIE'S FOUR REASONS FOR ABSTINENCE.—"I have," said Dr. Guthrie, "four good reasons for being an abstainer—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier."

ARNOLD PRESTON REFUSING THE BRANDY-FLASK ON THE SHIP "SEA-LARK."

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter IX.

ARNOLD'S LETTER.

"WHERE can Arnold be?" said Mrs. Stanley to her husband, as they sat after dinner in a pretty ornamental rustic seat on the terrace walk of their beautiful garden. "I thought he would have been at home by this time; it is nearly nine o'clock, and he has been gone ever since nine this morning."

"Pray don't be anxious, Mary," said Mr. Stanley; "he has met with some little adventure in his walk that has detained him, very likely; or if he reached Stoneleigh, one of his school companions may have invited him to spend the evening. I am quite sure he would not willingly alarm, or even annoy you."

"No, that is the very reason I am surprised," said Mrs. Stanley, "Arnold is so careful to please us in everything, dear boy, and he told me he would be home about eight. If he has only had the sandwiches and biscuits I gave him, he must be nearly famished by this time."

It was a beautiful moonlight night. The English Channel, which could be seen from this terrace walk, shone in the distance like a silver line of light. The soft sweet young voices of Kathleen and Lilian as they paced to and fro, practising a new Temperance melody in their pleasant contralto and soprano tones, made delightful music to the fond parents' ears; had it not been for Arnold's protracted absence, the group and the happiness would have been complete.

But after a while Mr. Stanley rose. "It is time for these young daughters of ours to go to bed, mama," he said, "and I will just step across the Downs and know if Granny has seen anything of Arnold."

"My dear, you had better send William or Thomas," said his wife. "I am sure you are tired; it is just possible that Frank Alison has kept Arnold for the night. I think we need not be over anxious until the morning."

"Very good advice, my love," rejoined Mr. Stanley playfully, stroking his wife's cheek, "but advice you do not carry out in practice; who is most anxious, you or I, about our wanderer?"

Mrs. Stanley smiled.

"Yes, I will go, I shall feel most easy to do so," Mr. Stanley continued, "and you had perhaps better keep up the girls with you for an hour or two; I may be very late; if I don't find Granny knows anything of him, I may go on to Stoneleigh, and to young Alison's house. If I am after eleven, I pray

you to go to bed, and not sit up fancying all manner of mysterious evils that have no existence."

"And if he is not there, either, dear?" questioned Mrs. Stanley.

"Well, then, perhaps, I shall come to the conclusion that he has invaded a pixy cavern, and that the pixies have spirited him away," replied the banker, laughing.

"Or his bird-angels may have called to him to share their nests," said Lilian, gaily; but the suggestion seemed to be a sad one to her mother, and Mr. Stanley hastened to add,

"No, seriously, dear, I shall think his father must have re-appeared, and persuaded him to go with him."

"But not without letting us know, Edward? Oh! that would be so very wrong in Arnold, I should quite lose my faith in him."

"We won't lose faith in any one without the strongest proof against them, Mary," said Mr. Stanley, and then he kissed his three beloved ones, and hastened away.

The hours passed on very wearily, and Arnold did not come. It was long past midnight before Mrs. Stanley could persuade herself to go to bed, though she had sent the children off more than an hour before. About one o'clock Mr. Stanley returned; he did not bring any news of the truant; none of his friends to whom he had applied had seen him. Granny at once suggested that his father's return could alone explain his absence. For many days they fully expected that the drunkard would make his appearance with his son, and presume to make some claim on them on account of the benefactions that had been accorded to Arnold; but days passed into weeks, weeks into months, and there were still no tidings. Granny Whiddon and Kathleen were the only ones at last who did not utterly lose faith in him. Every inquiry had been made in all directions where it was at all probable any news could be obtained, but he seemed to have disappeared as strangely and as entirely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. It seemed out of the question to suppose any other than that he had voluntarily left his home and friends without a word of good-by or of gratitude.

But Granny Whiddon said, "No, my lamb will never be ungrateful to those who were a blessing to him. I can't explain it; may be I shall never live to know; but there are those who will. 'Twasn't for me to watch him through his illness, and be thanked for every turn of his pillow and every drop of cold water, and see his dear eyes look up so trustfully to heaven; and then to doubt that he was one who knew and loved his Saviour."

"I fear he has fallen into bad hands," Mrs. Stanley said one day, when the poor old woman had thus spoken, "and has forgotten his duty, Granny. I think with you that he meant well at that time."

"Oh! Mrs. Stanley, my dear lady, it wasn't only that, and the love and the goodness in him would outlive his life. I'll never believe that my dear lamb has done wrong until I have it proved to me beyond all disbelief, and you'll excuse me for saying so."

Though Granny Whiddon felt and spoke thus about Arnold, it was evident

that she suffered much on account of that suspicion of bad conduct which now rested upon him. Her voice was still cheery, but her smile was less frequent, her laugh less gay and ringing.

"At least he could have written, Granny," said Mrs. Stanley. "A penny stamp would have brought us a letter from any part of England, and if he is gone abroad, he knows well we would gladly pay any amount of postage to hear from him. It is so cruel of him to keep us in suspense."

"It is, if it is his own fault, dear lady," said Granny, "but I am comforted to believe it isn't, that he can't help being silent. Oh! his father is a cruel, heartless man, dear lamb, or he would never have been left in an almost dying state, in that dismal place where I took him from."

Kathleen often stole down to comfort Granny Whiddon, or perhaps to be comforted by her faith in Arnold. Kathleen conjured up all manner of dreadful things that might have happened to this bright boy companion she had learnt to love so well, but she never once doubted his continued goodness.

"His bird-angels watch over him yet, dear Granny," she would say sometimes, when they—his old and young friends—had been crying over Arnold in sympathy; "and God watches the bird-angels. I believe we shall one day know Arnold was not unkind and ungrateful to you and to dear papa and mama. Oh! Granny I *know* he was good, not for the many words he said, but for the good things he did."

"I know it too, my honey-bird," the old woman would answer, "my lamb is still in the good Shepherd's fold and keeping, though we don't know where he is." To Mrs. Stanley, Arnold's mysterious disappearance seemed to renew the trouble she had felt at the death of her son Willie; and the mistrust she felt, in the character she had so readily believed was good and pure, was to her the most painful part of all. Meanwhile poor Arnold, lying in his hammock below the deck of the "Sea Lark," groaned sadly in the first few hours of his captivity. Very, very often the question burst from his lips; "What must they all be thinking of me?"

Again and again he besought his father, at least, to send a message for him to Summerland House. He might as well have asked a favour from a stone. His father's set, determined face, only grew more set, more determined and more cloudy, at every mention of his half-brother or any of his family. The fortnight that elapsed before the "Sea Lark" put to sea was the most painful time Arnold had ever known. His honourable and noble disposition was wounded almost beyond endurance, at the thought of the pain he was inflicting upon his generous friends, and of the ingratitude with which they must naturally charge him. There seemed to be very little indeed of the angel in this "Sea Lark," on which he was bound, like a guilty creature, by his own father. Indeed, sometimes faith almost seemed to fail him, even in those dear bird-angels, that he knew were singing so sweetly on Waythorpe Downs above him, a mile away.

Yet, when he thought of his mother, his patience towards his father grew stronger; perhaps it was to be given to him to win this unnatural parent to virtue and to God, by showing a Christian meekness and gentleness, when he

was suffering wrongfully. At all events, Arnold prayed very earnestly that he might not disgrace the holy name of Christ, and tried more each day, not to fret at what it was quite impossible for him to help.

Granny Whiddon's cheerfulness in her sufferings and deprivations, often came to his remembrance to solace him. So it is, we often help each other all unconsciously, in our life battles. It would have comforted the dear old woman's heart, not a little, had she known her past example was helping "her lamb" in his present distress. Sometimes Arnold built castles in the air, he hoped some one might have seen him talking to his father, and observed where the boat conveyed them together, and that Mr. Stanley would make his appearance on board the "Sea Lark" to make inquiries concerning him. But the castles were never tenanted, his hopes could not provide him with realities.

Great sorrows and great joys bring out character in its true light, they are tests which prove the pure gold or the base metal; judged in this way Arnold possessed fine and noble instincts, made more beautiful by real love to God, and a wish to serve Him. It was often difficult to his faith to believe that he could serve Christ by lying bound,—though not painfully bound,—upon a hammock, and yet his enlightened conscience told him, that even this position might be the very cross that he was to carry patiently for his dear Master's sake.

He often puzzled, too, as to his real name. Had he only guessed of how much importance it would one day be to him to know, how readily he could have found out the surname of Mr. Stanley's half-brother that night in the winter when he told them the story. How strange it was! Sometimes he hardly knew whether he were glad or sorry about it, that those who had been so very, very kind to him were his real relations. "Cousin Kathleen," "Cousin Lilian," "Uncle and Aunt Stanley."

Poor boy, how often he longed with his whole heart to claim those sweet relationships, and how often, as he tossed restlessly on his hard bed, he vowed he would never claim their acknowledgment of his kindred until he had done something to redeem his father's misconduct, and had gained an honest position for himself of which they need not be ashamed. And, as he thought thus, there grew up within him a noble purpose to be *true*, so true to God and man, that to be one of his kindred, to own him of their family, need not make any tender, gentle, refined woman blush, nor honourable man frown. Oh! if he were only free, he would strive, at once, to put his foot upon the lowest round of the ladder of respectability. Already, though he did not know it, by that fine resolve, his feet were firmly planted there, and on the topmost round his bird-angels were singing songs of welcome. Yet one trouble pressed sorely upon him, the botanical box and the little basket which he could not now return to Mrs. Stanley; it seemed, he thought bitterly, as if he were a common thief to carry these articles off with him.

When the "Sea Lark" had gone many knots on her long voyage, with a bright sky and a strong breeze, Alfred Preston set his son free from the hammock, bade him look about and see what use he could make of himself. Arnold was stiff and sore from his long detention, and he almost staggered up to the deck

to enjoy the delicious freshness that had never penetrated below it. His father drew out his brandy flask and told him to take a pull.

Arnold said at once and very firmly, "Oh! father, I never take anything of that kind. Don't you remember?"

"Never mind what I remember, you've got to drink now; it's been left for your father to make a man of you."

"Oh! father, remember my mother," said Arnold, softly.

The hand that held the brandy flask shook, and Alfred Preston turned away. He never asked Arnold to drink again.

It was on a morning of very early spring in the following year that Kathleen and Lilian had come out into the garden of Summerland House before breakfast to gather snowdrops and crocuses for the little glass on their mama's work-table. The postman entered the garden and gave the letters into the children's out-spread hands. Kathleen stared in surprise at the address of a letter she held, and began to tremble.

"Why, Kathleen, what's the matter?" asked Lilian.

"Lilian, oh! Lilian, come, its a letter from Arnold, I'm sure it's his writing."

Lilian waited no further invitation, they met their father and mother in the hall.

"A letter from Arnold Preston," shouted Lilian, gaily.

"No, it can't be," said Mr. Stanley, "yet surely——give it to me, Kathleen; yes, it is his writing I do believe." They all gathered round him eagerly in the breakfast parlour; Mrs. Stanley pale and agitated as she stood beside her husband. The banker tore open the letter hastily, and read aloud:—

"Rio Janerio, Oct. 30, 18——.

"My dear, kind, honoured Sir and Madam,

"I know not how to write. I have only a few minutes in which to tell you what would take me many hours. How can I explain my apparently bad conduct? I met my father the day I left you, he took me on board his ship, the "Sea Lark," he is only an ordinary seaman now, and compelled me to stay with him. Upon finding your name was Stanley, he declared himself to be your half-brother, and accused you very falsely, as I told him, of having robbed him. This idea has so angered him however against you, that he would not let me return to you even for an hour. He is very, very jealous of my writing, and does not know of my doing so now. I am obliged to be with him nearly all my time as I am learning to be a sailor. He will not tell me my real name, he says it is not Preston, but that he called me Arnold after his old master at Rugby, of whose writings my mother was fond. I cannot tell you any place to write to me, my dear, dear friends, because I am not allowed to know where we are going. This is the very first time that I have had any opportunity of sending to you. Please, dear Mrs. Stanley, don't think me a thief for not returning the box and the basket. Oh! I wonder how you all are, and dear, dear old Granny, and everybody who was kind to me. What did Mr. Barton and my schoolfellows think? they are all remembered by me affectionately and gratefully. I hope nobody thought me dishonest, though I fear every one must have believed me ungrateful. I shall never claim the relationship I am so

proud of, unless I can raise myself to an honest position, somewhat worthy of you, then I will come again to dear Summerland House, and oh! I hope, I trust I shall be welcome; spite of all.

"Give my best love to Miss Kathleen and Miss Lilian, and to dear Granny, and accept the same from yours, dutifully, and affectionately, and most gratefully, "ARNOLD PRESTON.

"God for ever bless you all. I must stop."

When Mr. Stanley finished reading Arnold's letter every one was in tears, but a load was lifted from their hearts. Arnold was true and good.

"That is how his dear eyes were like my precious Willie's; a mother cannot be mistaken," said Mrs. Stanley.

"Alf alive and a drunkard, alas! alas!" groaned Mr. Stanley with a heavy sigh; "and what can he have done that he gave his child a wrong surname, and will not tell him that he is called Beresford."

"To think that Arnold is our cousin, Kathleen," said Lilian, her blue eyes wide open.

"Perhaps we shall not see him again for years," said Kathleen to herself, her eyes swimming in tears. But the twins were at once despatched to Granny Whiddon. Their faces told some news.

"My lamb is come home?" she asked.

"No, dear Granny, or he would be here," said Kathleen.

"But we have heard from him," said Lilian.

"Then God be praised," said the dear old woman.

And they sat down to tell her all about her darling.

(To be continued.)

AN EXPENSIVE WAY OF GETTING A REVENUE.

BY THE REV. W. M. TAYLOR, M.A.

THERE was a nobleman in Great Britain (he died a few years ago), a very estimable man in many respects, and very benevolent, too, but he had the peculiarity of being remarkably particular in looking after little things, and he was penurious in regard to small sums of money. One day, in driving through the streets of London, he accidentally dropped a shilling down the slit of the carriage window. He immediately caused his driver to go round to his coachmaker, and he asked that the shilling be taken out for him from the slit of the window. A few days after that he received from his coach-builder a bill to this effect:—"To extracting coin from the slit of the carriage window, five shillings." He did not make much out of that transaction. You think that was very foolish. No doubt it was; but that is precisely what you are doing in paying your revenue out of strong drink. You are paying your five shillings to extract your one shilling out of the slit of the carriage window.

LOST IN SMOKE.

I ONCE visited a travelling tinker who had become lame, and was unable to follow his daily labour. He was in distress and required help. The pipe on the hob showed that he was a smoker. On my making some allusion to the pipe, he said, "Both me and my wife have smoked, sir, ever since we were wed. We have never had more nor less than 'a 'pen'orth of 'bacca' every day." Having ascertained the length of time they had been married, I took out my pencil, and made a calculation as to the amount spent by them in these "pennies." Judge of the tinker's surprise when I thus addressed him: "My friend, if you had placed the money in the savings-bank (where you would have had interest allowed for your money), instead of wasting it in smoke, you might to-day have felt independent of others, for your pennies would have amounted in your bank-book to the noble sum of ninety pounds."

MAKING A BEAST OF HIMSELF.

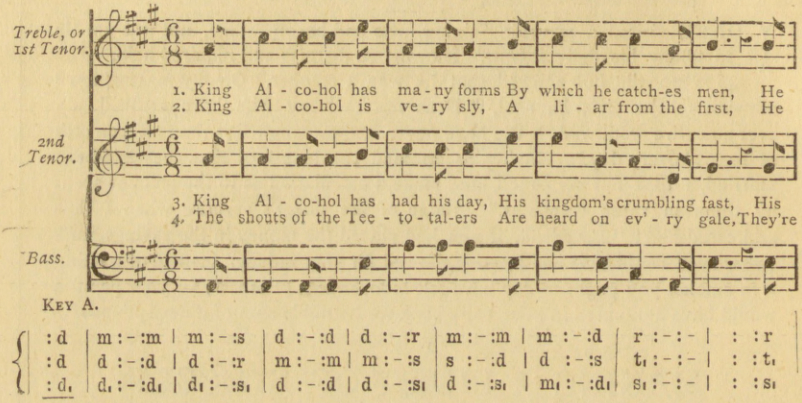
By J. C.

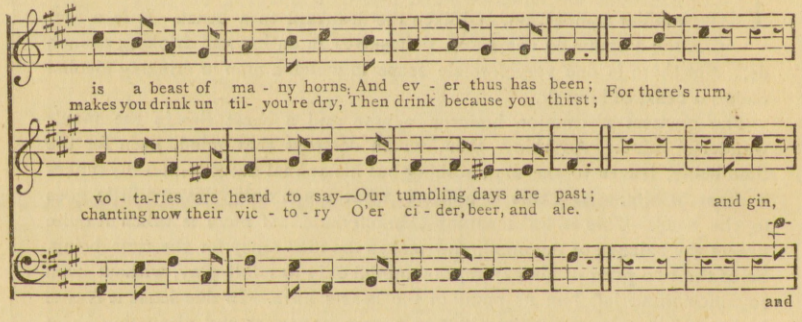
IT is often remarked that we do the beasts a great injustice when we use the familiar comparison, and liken the drunkard to a beast. It is a fact that the animals do not abuse themselves in eating and drinking as men do. But there is one very forcible sense in which a man in drinking alcohol makes a beast of himself.

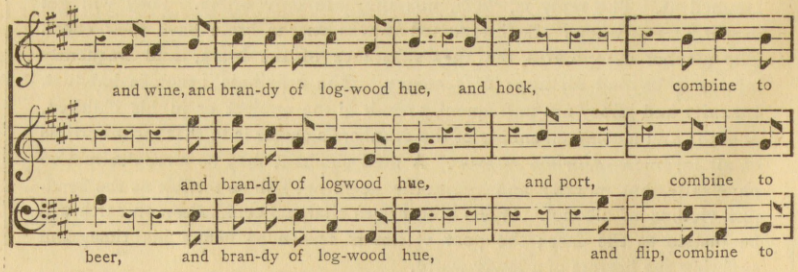
The greatest distinction between a man and a beast lies in the man's wonderful mind. Anything, then, which destroys that mind, even for the time being, leaves to the man nothing but his animal nature—literally makes a beast of him. And this is precisely what a man does. Even a little goes to the head. This is its constant characteristic. If more is taken it quite upsets the balance of the mind, and makes the man crazy for the time being. So of the two parts of his nature, the animal only has full play, without even so much mind left him as many of the beasts have. In this sense it is true he has made a beast of himself, and a very imperfect and disgusting beast as that.

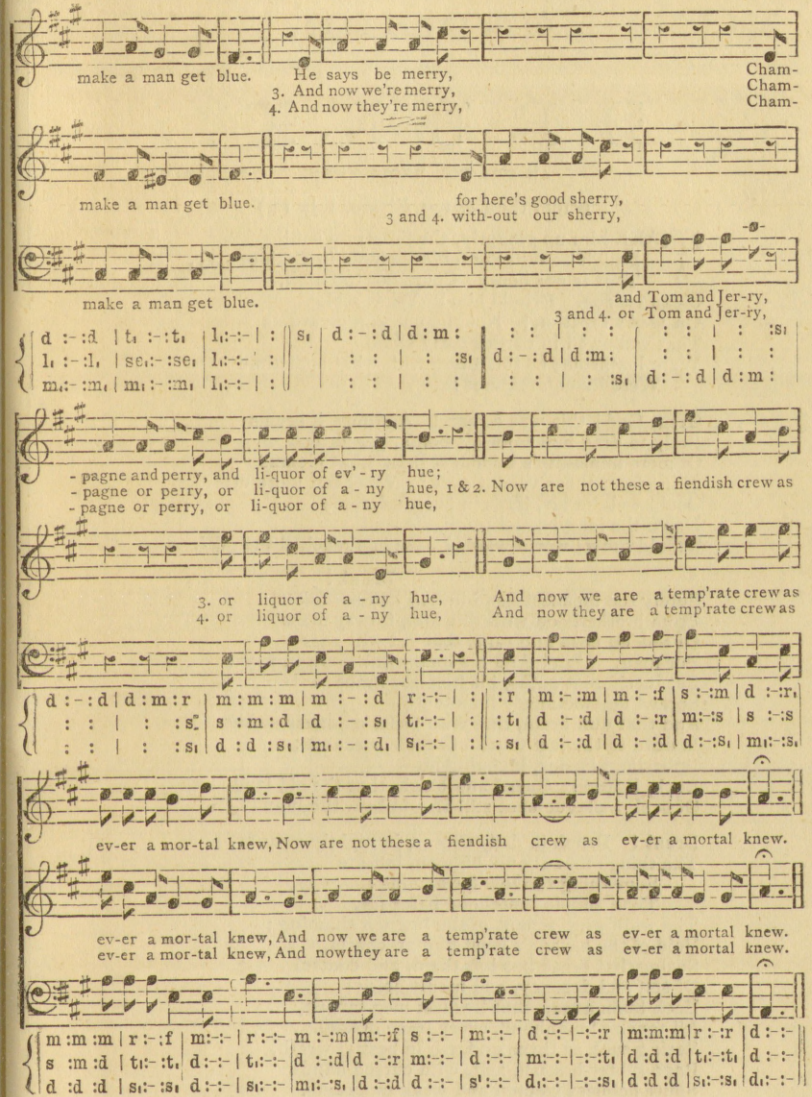
This tendency of alcohol to upset and destroy the mind is very well known. Drinking men judge of the strength of their drinks by the readiness with which they "go to the head." But if we call such men crazy the idea is laughed at. The reply is, "Oh, no! they are only drunk. They will get over it." But when? Such repeated attacks on the brain have their effect. The alcohol deteriorates the very substance of the brain, and frequently injures it beyond all hope of recovery. The craziness becomes habitual. Insanity and idiocy not unfrequently result in the subject or in his children, or both; and a common ending of the drunkard's career is in that most horrible of all insanity—*delirium tremens*. A mad elephant may be more destructive physically, but morally and spiritually he is not half so terrible as the fiend-like victims of alcohol. When it comes to that, no comparison on earth will be justice to the case; the poor victim is sentenced before his time, and suffering the horrors of a lower world.

KING ALCOHOL.









INTEMPERANCE AND CRIME.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, a minister of the Society of Friends, in company with several other Friends, recently paid a visit to and held a meeting with the inmates of the Iowa Penitentiary. "After the meeting was over," Friend Dugdale writes, "I asked the men if they were willing to answer me a single question. I ask it not unless you consent." Nearly every hand was elevated. Question: "How many of you were led into crime by intoxicating liquor?" *Three-fourths* of the hands went up.

DRUNK.

AN ODE FOR ENGLISHMEN.

(From the *London Figaro*, July 12.)

TAKE him up gingerly, the prostrate sot!
Faugh! What of foulness lurks in ditch or stye,
That is not here? Come not too nigh,
Clean citizen. Behold him! What a blot
On God's creation! Not the unclean creatures
That wallowed in earth's early slime
Were loathsome as this thing with what sometime
Were human features!

Great God! this was a man! And now it seems
Folly to drag him from his home, the gutter.
Of mere humanity's humblest light what gleams
Shine from those vacant eyes? What fall more utter
Could well be his, if, as in Orient dreams
Down the long bestial track, his soul
Should grovel worm-wards? He has reached the goal.

Drunk!
Surely the meanest fiend in hell had shrunk
From brotherhood with this foul, frowsy mass
Of sodden flesh and rags, that yet will pass
For man. Man! And his loathsome lips can frame
But incoherent oaths, his helpless limbs
Sprawl ignominiously impotent;
And that dull brain, that with beast madness swims,
Is dead to the last touch of sense or shame;
Imbecile, hideous, incontinent.
Look, Briton! Gaze! and blush, that the old land
Of such a plague-spot still should bear the brand!

Drunk! Drunk in daily droves, in nightly swarms,
The things that should be men, but are
Something too low for naming;
Than simple brutehood baser far,
The wallowing tenant of the hogpen shaming;
Void of the savage's least human charm,
Seeing that sense has left them, and control
Of self and decency, and manly spirit;
Each human trait that lowliest men inherit,
All touch of manhood, every trace of soul.
Seeing such as these go forth in bestial wrath,
Rage subter-brutish, and, with cursed hands,
Smite helpless women and weak innocents,
Their wives, their children. God! that such base slaves
Should have such fair possessions! Manhood craves
The power that the blasted lightning hath
To sweep such reptiles from the world's fair path.
Smite them, and maim, and slay,
Who, lifting faces,
Death-pallid, heaven-patient, pity pray
At hands that should caress them. From what places
Might not such looks drag down and damn the thing
That claims creation's lordship, and can grovel

To such unspeakable humiliation ?
Or what far-chorused praise shall lift that nation
To honour's topmost height, where such abound—
Swarm, hideous, in day's eye the year around,
And nightly lurk in loathsome lair and fœtid hovel ?
Curse of all generations of our name,
Our many-centuried shame ;
Its beast-mark stains our Albion's forehead yet,
And yet brute-Britons, leather-hided, know
No clinging shame, no passionate regret ;
Law's hand is loose upon it, custom winks
At its familiar heaven-affronting show ;
And shallow witlings set
The unmanned Caliban who reels and blinks,
The fatuously grinning shape,
Which is a thing below the veriest ape,
As butt for chuckling quip and cracking joke ;
As though the intolerable satyr-yoke,
The Belial-bondage, were a thing
For cockney wit and dull mirth-mongering !
Mirth ! And ten thousand human homes are hells
Where, throned, a demon dwells
More merciless than Moloch. Mirth !
And myriads walk this sun-kissed earth,
With shapes that Dante's hell might vomit forth ;
And when a devil's-tithe of human worth
Falls breastward year by year, and gifted souls
That heaven's dower predestined for high goals,
Drift helplessly through loathsome lazar life,
And voluntary madness to vile death.
Mirth ! and the din of foul, inebriate strife
Sounds skywards ever, and the city's breath
Reeks of Silenus. Toil-swart men lie prone
In God-forgotten, swinish impotence,
Or, spiritless, sue pauper-wise for pence,
And take a beggar's dole on pitiful pretence
Of jovial fellowship. O clinging shame,
That British men so grovelling should have grown !
O sight to make a workman know his name,
To see his longing fool-fellows who crush,
In dull, expectant eagerness, around
The yet-closed tavern doors, as though dear life
Held nothing worth but drink ! O Britons ! proud
Of the old name that nobly rings through strife
And pairs with honour for a thousand years ;
Is there *one* enemy you dare not face ?
One foe in whose foul presence you abase
Your manly fronts in shameful, slavish fears ?
Lo, men, it is the thing that makes ye dogs !
Lo, freemen, 'tis the taskmaster that flogs
Your cringeing backs with scorpion thongs, and makes
Ye mockery for the devils ! When it takes
Hold on your manhood, ye shall go
And grovel like whipped curs, more loathly low,
Than Helot-hounds of old.

Shall smite pale women, ye, with blood of men
In your polluted veins. Aha ! how then

Must laugh the fiends when they behold
The self-applausive Briton, ever bold,
Lift hand against the helpless life-worn slave
Who bore his children—and his curses. *Brave?*
The meanest reptile that can crawl and sting
Is not so poor a thing!
Britons, bethink ye! If one touch of shame,
One touch of manhood, yet survives
The dread drink-palsy, rouse and shake the name
Of Englishman from such a damnéd blot.
A woman-beater! Ah! most noble name
To face the judgment with, when broken wives
May not avail, by poor compassionate lies,
To shield you from your shame or stay your doom!
When every nook in God's creation cries
'Gainst giving so foul a thing abiding room,
Brainless besotment! Savages that shaped
Some hideous god, and poured their blood to it,
Were fools less blind than ye, who, void of wit,
Their Moloch rites have aped.
Ye who, so swift to scoff, so quick to jeer
At Juggernaut or Mumbo-Jumbo, bend
In servile homage to a baser god,
The British Juggernaut, the great god Beer!
See what prone multitudes his shrines attend!
See how man-vestured myriads hang upon his nod!
His sacrifices are a broken life
And an embruted spirit. See what strife
To yield him his behests; see how they crush
To fling him health and honour, courage, sense,
Manhood's last pulse and decency's last blush;
Well paid if but the devilish incense
Of his foul breath may lap their sodden brains
In idiot stupor, devil-delirium.
These be your gods, O Britons! Vain, in vain
All scorn, all warning! for the dupes are dumb;
Deaf e'en to echoes of fiend-laughter heard
Beneath their glittering shrines. Is it not time
That patriot sense and equal law
Should lay strong hands upon them, that the word
Of public shame should brand them, that the whip
Of general scorn should lash, our age's motley mime
No longer grin, nor justice look askance
On this dread devil's dance;
Nor tolerant custom glance, with jest and quip,
On this foul thing, mother of murder, lust,
And all abomination? Were't not just
Long-slumbering law should bare her righteous brand,
And drive the drink-fiend from our sickening land?

ALCOHOL.

By the Rev. H. Warren.

ALCOHOL never digests food, nor helps to digest it; never assists the body to permanently resist cold; brings no increase of strength; vitiates the blood; harms the nerves; never acts as food, but is always and everywhere a poison, and the vital powers try their utmost to throw it off.

THE RAT COUNCIL: A FABLE.

By Chas. J. Hall.

IN the cellar of a rich man's house, where lay, carefully secured, quiet a profuse store of the good things of this life, a council of rats was held as to the *safest* means of obtaining a piece of toasted cheese, from a curious looking instrument of forbidding appearance. The younger rats reasoned that, inasmuch as everything excepting the cheese was beyond their reach, it was missing a fine opportunity to stand debating the question. In fact, so strong in their language were they, and so eager to partake of the proffered bounty that, as they were just upon the point of making short work of it, one of the older wiseacres exclaimed,

"Stop! stop! my young friends, don't be too rash. You might easily come to grief, if caution be not exercised. Don't you see those ugly looking teeth encircling the coveted morsel? I have my suspicions about them, and I would have you beware. Rather let us devise some means whereby we may all be *safe*, for I candidly confess my wish to live as long as I can."

"Well, I should much like a nibble," said one.

"And so would I," said another.

"I don't see any danger," added a third.

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed a bloated-looking companion, "I quite agree with you, but since the cheese is so pleasant to the taste, and withal, so good a creature, I propose that we throw all doubts to the winds and go in for pleasure."

"But," responded an old sage, "for aught you know, you might, by so doing, bring upon yourselves swift destruction."

"Never mind that! we'll risk it," was the reply. "Surely we musn't be denied of a little pleasure when life is so hard for us."

"Well, suppose we put our heads together, and see what can be done to get the cheese without being caught," said one.

"Agreed upon," they all cried.

Several plans were suggested, but none could be fixed upon. Each wanted his own way, and thought it the safest and best, and so they quarrelled among themselves.

At this point, one of demure countenance came forward, and said, "While I heartily endorse the advice to exercise caution, and much as I would like for each of us to have a nibble, I am by no means desirous of that pleasure at the expense of my head. Nothing has been proposed, as yet, which appears practicable, and therefore, I will take no action until you are all agreed, and in the meantime, I will take good care to allow none of those dangerous looking things near *my* place of abode."

By this time nearly all had spoken, but without showing how the cheese might be got with safety. They were again about to make another attempt, when a most deafening scream fell upon their ears, and the next moment, a large rat limped out of a hole on three legs, the other hanging by a little skin, and bleeding profusely.

"Oh! dear me!" cried he, "I'm killed! Help! Help! Help!"

The rats left the cheese for the moment, and rushing to the help of their wounded brother, inquired the cause of his trouble.

"By one of those ugly-looking things," said he. "I thought of enjoying myself in an adjoining cellar by nibbling a piece of tastily cooked cheese, when. suddenly, there was a great crash, and I felt myself, cooked, as well as the cheese, and my leg shattered as you see. Oh! if you value your lives, don't go near that thing, for it's nothing but a trap to catch you; keep as far from it as possible, and you are *safe*. Let me beseech you with my dying breath to be content with the plainest of fare, rather than lose your lives for pleasant dainties," and so saying, he died.

All were silenced. The question under debate was settled. Gratitude for deliverance, and grief for the loss of their comrade, caused them to think no more of the coveted prize, so they quietly dispersed in quest of other luxuries not fraught with danger.

MORAL.

"No snares (public-houses), No hares" (victims).

IN THE RAPIDS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENISON.

WITHIN a frail and shallow skiff they sat—
Three buoyant souls, a husband, wife, and child.
It was an amber-coloured creek, and still
Were all its sunny waves. A summer day
Was closing; and the western sky poured down
Its radiant light from towering cliffs of clouds.
Full, overhanging trees made fairy shades
To dance along the waters; and the banks,
All thick with clover-blossoms, scented sweet
The balmy air.
There was a friendly bridge
Just close at hand, where neighbouis loved to group,
And peer into its glassy depths, or watch
The great, wide stream close by that swept the mouth
Of their own little creek.
Upon the heights above
Their houses stood; and they were wont for years
To cluster there in social chat in happy bands,
And wonder how, in ages long ago,
The mighty flood began; and then they thanked
Their stars—and some, perchance, the mightier Power
Who made the stars and made the rolling flood—
That they were not upon its sweeping tide:
O tide! that downwards ebbs, never to rise again!
Idly the trio floated still along;
For they were strangers there, and knew not *then*
With what resistless force the outward sweep
Poured through the rapids.
So, with laugh and song,
They leaped upon the bounding wave, and sped
Far out into the stream.
An aged man, who stood

Beside the rail and looked upon them, cried:
"Not there! For heaven's dear sake, not there!"
But, as he spoke, they dashed still further out,
And downward rushed upon the dizzy crests!
A moment—in the rapids! Ah! once there,
Hope had them forsaken!
A moment more
And they were in Niagara!

* * * * *

O emblem true of dread intemperance!
Type of the human race! A man, a wife,
A child, together in a fragile bark,
And sporting in the creek of Appetite!
How sunny and how gay the scene! How sweet
The clover-blossoms scented on the air!
Happy the generations clustering there.

* * * * *

Heedless of warnings, to entreaties deaf,
Careless of dangers, blind to countless wrecks,
The victims of the tide dance out, with songs
And laughs, in bright attire, and headlong plunge
Within the seething rapids!
Downward roars
The boiling flood, never to rise again!
With crashing wrecks, the old, the young, the strong,
The weak, the rich, the poor; with dismal groans,
And shrieks, and cries, and clutchings of despair,
Millions go plunging, writhing, sinking down;
From playful, quiet creek to raging stream,
From cliff to chasm, and from age to age!

Ah! fearful torrent of the wide world's woe!
Ah! rapids of man's ruin. Ah! cataract
Of death, when will ye cease on earth to flow
With tearless ebb, destroying precious souls?
Never! till, by the arm of God, the source
Is dried. Never! till He the raging flood
Controls, by the free franchise of the State,
And stay its fountains. Never! till the votes
Of freemen smite the manufacturing
And sale of every poisonous beverage
As crime, and guilt, and utter lawlessness.

O God! thou God of justice, truth, and love,
Wilt Thou not stretch Thy arm Omnipotent?

The Bishop of Lichfield on the effect of Alcohol on the Natives of New Zealand.

THE principal part of my life has been occupied in watching the effects of this dreadful vice of drunkenness on native races. What I have to lament is, the operation of our vices upon the natives, amongst whom I have lived. You have heard it continually said, that the native races of the earth are passing away before the advance of civilisation. Now, what I feel

is, that unless we call the vices of the West civilisation, then it is not civilisation before which these races of the earth are melting away, but our detestable vices carried out into those native races by men professing Christianity. Though Christians in name, they are not afraid to carry out the contagion of their most infamous vices to those native races, of whom they ought to be the guides and teachers. The liquor traffic there is treated as nothing more or less than an ordinary branch of commerce. I remember a case in the interior of New Zealand. A private individual acquired from the natives about twenty acres of land, and the very first boon that the Government bestowed upon the neighbouring native village was two licensed public-houses, availing itself of the willingness of these Maories to sell this small piece of land to set up two public-houses, in spite of the repeated remonstrances of the missionary in the district. No just reason for this could be conceived, for there were very few travellers in that neighbourhood; and even if there were many, these public-houses did not furnish a bed to sleep upon at night. It was a shameful process by which the whole of the native people were to be demoralised, simply for the sake of one or two persons to whom these licences were granted.

Such is a case within my own experience; and the Maories within my knowledge had been led, by the instigation of the white man, and against their own repeated remonstrances, into this fatal sin of intemperance. They used to come and say, "How is it that we find in your laws this extraordinary inconsistency, that if one of us steals to the value of five shillings, he is liable to be imprisoned for six weeks; but if he is guilty of intemperance, it seems to be taken no account of, in your law? Those come amongst us, who do everything they can to ruin us. You, who profess to be Christians, who read the Ten Commandments, seem to take no account of this sin, which is most effectually destroying the morals of our people. How is it? Is it the will of God, or is it not? Is it true, or is it not, that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven? How is it that men belonging to that Christian race which has come here to teach us, are seen reeling about intoxicated, and are forcing upon us these liquors which we never wanted, and never tasted, till they came?" What answer could I give?

THE MARRIAGE OF CANA.

DWELLERS in great cities were sometimes disposed to think very contemptuously of the rustic intellect; but let the following speak for itself. A poor man in the country was pressed, as doubtless very many have been pressed, very strongly with the marriage of Cana. This was brought before him to try to show that our Lord himself was pleased to turn the water into wine, that the guests might drink of it. The poor man replied thus: "I always desire to follow my blessed Lord in all things, and I find him saying, 'Fill the water-pots with water;' therefore I will fill my glass with water, and if he is pleased to work a miracle and turn it into wine, then I won't refuse to drink. Till that has been done I will stick to my water."

MRS. STONE READING THE ANSWERS TO HER ADVERTISEMENTS FOR A GOVERNESS.

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter X.

REVERSES.

THROUGH the summer, five years after Arnold's letter had come to gladden the hearts of the friends who loved him, Mr. Stanley might have been seen any evening, driving home from his bank at Waythorpe. It is true that it had long been his ordinary custom so to return to Summerland House, but it was only of late that such a sad expression rested on his brow, only of late that care had begun to turn his dark brown hair grey, and to trace lines upon his kindly pleasant face. He was gentle, tender, and even cheerful to his family when within doors, for he was the last man in the world to have carried a shadow to his wife and children if he could by any possibility leave it outside. Not that he hid from his dear ones the necessity of being more economical, or concealed the anxiety that began to press so heavily upon him; for he felt how unjust and unworthy such conduct would be: unjust to their nobility of character, unworthy of his trust in them.

One of the most perplexing of all things was the fact that he could not as yet ascertain the true cause of his monetary losses. He had begun, though very unwillingly, to suspect that a clerk in whom he had hitherto placed implicit confidence must have done him wrong, must be even now doing him wrong, and yet he could not detect his defalcations.

But one golden harvest day, late in August, any one observing the banker in his daily drive homewards, might have noticed how more than ordinarily sad was his face, how dejected his whole appearance. He leaned back in the cushioned seats, while William the coachman drove, at an easy pace, the handsome pair of iron grey horses with their smart plated harness. The rich gleams of the warm sun, the bright glorious beauty of the scenes through which he passed, the distant blue of the sea, were all unheeded. Only for an instant, as a lark rose from its nest on the edge of the moorland, started by the sound of the wheels, and soaring on high, poured forth its tiny silver globules of sound, its pearly drops of music, a faint smile parted the banker's sad mouth, and he murmured to himself, "that sweet bird-angel should teach my faith to mount, my trust to soar. Disturbed, harassed as I am, perhaps to be separated from my dear home nest, the home of so many happy years, yet let me learn to sing in sorrow as well as in joy, to show that my God is mine in the clouds as well as in the sunshine." The thought of the lark sent his memory back to the forsaken Arnold, his nephew, and he said to himself again, "it is very strange we hear nothing more of him all this long time. I wish I had had him in the bank all these years as I purposed."

After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and their two daughters, now grown into very lovely, very graceful young girls of eighteen, went out upon the terrace walk; they seated themselves in the little arbour at one end of it, and coffee was brought to them there. The banker could not free himself long from the sadness that encompassed his spirit.

"Mary," he said gently, turning to his wife and taking her hand in his own, "Mary, Simpson has fled; he has left a very strange letter to inform me of the amounts of which he has robbed me. It is a wretched piece of business. His wife drinks, he says, and he has a most miserable home. I suspected that some while ago; this made him seek excitement elsewhere, and he has taken to gambling and helped himself to moneys of mine, in order to continue in this career of vice. The position of affairs is such that if I stop at once and pay every man his due, and return all the amounts committed to my care, I am penniless, save for that money which belongs to Alfred, as the presumed heir to his mother's little property, which of course must not be touched. If I conceal the position of my affairs, I may retrieve my fortunes. My dearest Mary, my dear children, on your account I hesitate."

"You need not, Edward, on mine," said Mrs. Stanley tenderly, laying her hand on his shoulder, and turning her gentle face towards his, "whatever is most right to be done shall be done, let the consequences be what they may. We are still not very old people, we must begin life afresh. Now, dear, is the time to remember your favourite motto, 'trust in God and do the right.' What a comfort we have no load of personal debts to encumber us. I cannot believe, if you meet these difficulties bravely, but that your true friends will rally around you, and find you some employment that shall enable us to live respectably and supply all real necessaries."

"Mary, you surprise me," said Mr. Stanley, with undisguised admiration at her brave words; "you little realise though, I fear, how hard it will be to do as you propose, to give up the many luxuries that have so long been yours, mansion and garden and carriage."

"Oh! papa, we shall still have you and Waythorpe Downs," said Lilian gaily, "Kathleen will be cook, and I'll be housemaid, we are ever such good housekeepers, only try us."

The twins came and stood one on each side of their father, and began to caress him, the one tenderly, the other playfully as of yore.

"God bless you, my dear wife, my dear children," he said fondly, "Oh! how little I guessed you would take this dreadful news so cheerfully."

If Mrs. Stanley grieved over her altered fortunes, it was not when her husband was at home. For him she had ever her old smile of welcome, her bright, loving words. It was no light matter to her deep strong motherhood, to the tender clinging affection for her Willie, to leave the chamber that had been kept untenanted, ever since Arnold's mysterious departure from it, had re-awakened the troubles of the past; but the loss of money she could not deem so very terrible, she who had known what it was to lose her child, her first-born, her only son.

Summerland House was to be sold, and Summerland farm with it; but the

solicitor in Stoneleigh who bought it as a good investment for a client's money, asked Mr. Stanley if he knew of a tenant for the farm. That simple question suggested to the banker's mind the idea of living there himself. Dame Morton had been dead about a year, and Israel was about to be married and could easily find a cottage elsewhere for himself and his wife and father, although it had at first been intended he should bring his bride to Summerland farm. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley decided that if they could have young Mrs. Morton to manage the dairy, and persuade Granny Whiddon to live with them, they would really be able to make the experiment answer, and there was a wonderful fascination for the banker in living still at Summerland.

The little house, furnished prettily, though very simply and inexpensively, looked fresh and fair and clean, and their first tea was a thing to be remembered. Kathleen and Lilian declared their intention to dress in prints for summer and stuffs for winter, reserving their more expensive dresses for Sundays and for the few grand occasions, such as temperance galas, which might yet come into their quiet lives. Nothing could more set off their fresh, bright beauty than the plain lilac dresses tastefully made, in which they served this first meal, and waited on their parents.

The greatest trial, as it seemed to all of them in connection with their losses, was to be utterly unable to give to the poor and the suffering as they had been wont to do so freely. But they learnt that kindness and sympathy are of more value without money than any amount of money could be, if given without kindness and sympathy. Granny Whiddon, directly she knew of their trouble, and that her presence would be a real help to them in their new home, most readily left her cottage and came to them, and thus their greatest favourite amongst all their poor friends was placed out of the reach of want, and would henceforth share their home.

Every one praised Mr. Stanley for the noble, straightforward manner in which he had met his difficulties; every one pitied him, every one blamed unsparingly the wretched, guilty clerk Simpson, who had decamped with the money he had not already spent, and who had not as yet been heard of; every one advised harsh measures against him when captured; but no one seemed able to find for the ex-banker the employment he so much desired. The farm would, it was true, keep them from actual want, but Mr. Stanley discovered he was not practically enough of a farmer to make it pay, and now there were several people who must be maintained from it, and the rent to be met every quarter, it was not found that its profits would be anything like sufficient to secure the comforts Mr. Stanley desired to insure to his wife.

There was that money invested for his half-brother, how often he felt almost tempted to draw upon it, but as often he resisted the temptation and tried to forget that this amount was in his power. His mother had not left any will, and he could legally claim a share of her fortune, but gratitude to his step-father, and a sense of justice determined him to keep it untouched for his brother Alfred or his nephew Arnold.

It was just at this juncture, about a year after they came to Summerland

farm, that Kathleen one day proposed to him when he was going into Waythorpe that she should walk with him part of the way.

"Oh! if you do go, Kathleen, go all the way and bring us out some tea and coffee, we are quite short of both," said Lilian gaily. "Papa, have you any money about you?"

Mr. Stanley looked in his pocket. "I have a little, Lilian, but this is required for the new milk-pail and the potato seed," he said, with a rather troubled expression on his face.

"Poor dear old papa, don't look so scared," said saucy Lilian, "I've got some money, I do believe," and she drew out half-a-crown from her pocket; "there, my dear Kathleen, now you are quite in funds for your shopping expedition," and she kissed her as well as her father before they set out.

"Papa," said Kathleen, as soon as they were on the Downs, "I wanted to speak to you, will you read this?" and she drew from her pocket a small piece of printed paper.

Mr. Stanley took it from her, and read:—

"Wanted, a young lady of superior education and refined manners to instruct three little girls in English, French, and music. A knowledge of singing desirable. A liberal salary given, and the highest references required. Apply, Mrs. Stone, Shakespeare Villa, Steamford, Lancashire."

"Well, my dear," he said aloud, returning it to her, "what of that?"

"Oh! papa," said Kathleen, colouring deeply but clinging to him, "I do so want to help you."

He started. "Kathleen, what do you mean? You do help me, my dear child. Would you leave us to go out as a governess, is that it? My child, my beloved child, be assured I highly esteem your generosity, your devotion, but pray don't speak to me of such a thing. I could not suffer it, indeed I could not."

"Why, papa?"

"Kathleen, my love, you have no idea to what indignities governesses are often subject, and you, my sweet child, so cherished all your life long, oh! no, I can't allow it, you mustn't think of it."

"Dear papa, don't think me rude or persistent if I say that I know we are badly in want of money, and that it seems to me only sensible and right, that I should turn my abilities and my education to account in order to help you. Lilian can do all that is necessary to be done at home, and if I provided for myself and helped you, how nice it would be."

"It is much too far off to be thought of," said Mr. Stanley; "what does your mother say to this, Kathleen?"

"I haven't told her yet, papa; I wished to speak to you first."

"My dear, precious child," said Mr. Stanley, after a long pause, "the thing is altogether dreadful to me at first sight. I may be wrong, but I don't think I am; I will think about it, however, since you wish me to."

"But I ought to inquire about this at once, papa, if I mean to have it," said Kathleen, "such situations with a liberal salary are not to be had every day," she added, laughing. "There are numbers of advertisements in the paper

where I saw this, that only offer you board and lodging in exchange for all your time and talents to be devoted to the requirements of half a dozen children."

Mr. Stanley laughed too; Kathleen's pleasantry was always infectious. "Perhaps it would not do any harm then just to write, Kathleen; but I am not bound to let you go on that account; but let us speak to your mother first."

"Papa, if I wrote, I think I ought to be ready to go, if the situation seems suitable, because else would it not be unjust to write merely to know the lady's terms?"

"Dear child, that is the very essence of right feeling."

"It is a feeling I learnt from you, papa," said Kathleen simply, with a tender glance of filial love.

It was not without many a "good cry," as Kathleen called it, and many a fit of irresolution that she had brought herself to see what she believed to be her duty, and to act upon it in this matter. She dearly loved her home—Summerland House or Summerland farm—it mattered not, so long as she had her dear ones with her, and to each of these dear ones she clung with a love that was as deep and true and tender as ever dwelt in a loving woman's heart.

But she felt that one less to maintain out of the little farm, and one more to return some income to the household, would be a great relief to her parents in their present position. If Willie had lived, he would have worked for them; if Arnold had been with them, he would have given them a large share of his income; as it was, it devolved upon her to supply, as far as possible, what either the real or adopted son would have found it his happiness to do.

Nothing more was said about the proposal until they returned home, when all the family held a consultation over it, which, after a good deal of opposition from both her parents, ended in their believing she was doing rightly, and sanctioning the writing of a letter to Mrs. Stone. In this letter Kathleen inserted this paragraph, "I am a pledged teetotaler, and should feel a conscientious scruple against hav ng anything whatever to do with strong drink, either in fetching it or handing it at table. All other things that are within the compass of my duty, I will most gladly perform."

The letter was despatched by the first post next day, and Lilian more impatiently than her sister awaited the reply.

On the morning of the day following, a gentleman passed through the gate into the lawn in front of Shakespeare Villa, Steamford, and seeing a lady seated in the parlour, the French window of which was open on to the garden path, he smilingly and without ceremony entered it. The lady welcomed him very cordially; before her on the table was a pile of letters, all of them open, over which she had for some minutes been meditating with a very puzzled face; taking up first one and then another, and as quickly laying down each.

"See what your advertisement has brought me," she said, "however can I decide?"

"That comes of your insisting on my mentioning a liberal salary," he

answered; "what a number of poor girls must want situations though, it troubles me to think of it. If only all these or even half of them would emigrate to Australia, they might bless many a man's house there, who would only be too glad to get a wife, and would prize her accordingly."

"But unfortunately they *won't* go," said Mrs. Stone, with a pout that soon changed into a merry laugh; "and I am consequently put to no end of difficulty to choose a governess for the pets."

"Let me help you," said the young gentleman, seating himself, and drawing to his side of the table about half of the score or two of missives; "if we set aside at once all those which blunder in grammar and spelling, or are defective in their style of expression, we shall soon lighten your labours, I presume;" and he was right.

Very few young ladies, albeit professed governesses, write perfectly grammatical epistles. He had soon reduced his own pile of letters to four in number, and as he opened one of these, and glanced at its contents, any one watching him might have seen a quick start of surprise, a troubled expression on his open brow, and the tears gathering in his soft dark eyes, eyes whose beauty was the chief attraction in his pleasant face. He smiled tenderly as he read the last sentence in the letter.

But it was some minutes before Mrs. Stone looked up again, and by that time he had, though evidently with an effort, in great measure recovered himself. "Well, have you found anything that will do?"

"I think I have," he replied, and he handed her Kathleen Stanley's letter. It bore unmistakeable evidence that it was written by a real lady, its diction was simple, clear, and dignified. When Mrs. Stone came to the last paragraph, she looked up at her companion and smiled mischievously.

"Of course this will suit you," she said; "she must be as rabid a teetotaler as yourself. But what makes you look so?" she continued, for do what he would he could not wholly conceal his emotion from her kind quick eyes. "Is it possible you know this lady?"

"I did know the family," he replied frankly; "they were very, very kind to me when I was an almost friendless boy, Mrs. Stone; they were then in most affluent circumstances, and I am more shocked than I can tell you to find that Miss Stanley finds it necessary to go out as a governess."

"Dear me!" said the good-natured young matron; "I'll send and engage her, your knowledge of the family is quite enough for me. You are sure it is the same?"

"Perfectly; the name of Kathleen is not so very common, besides place and everything agree."

"Just so," said Mrs. Stone; "Summerland farm! oh! she is a gentleman farmer's daughter, is she?"

"Her father was an opulent banker when I knew them," said the young man; "they lived then at Summerland House, a very fine place. This is the farm belonging to the property to which they must have removed."

"Why it is quite romantic, your knowing her," said Mrs. Stone.

"I pray you not to say anything about me in writing. I should like to just find out gradually about their present circumstances."

"Certainly; yes of course you would. I will not let her know anything about you. It is a pity you won't be here when she comes, though."

"I don't think so; we shall meet after she is more at home with you all."

"She'll be sure to teach the children teetotalism," said Mrs. Stone.

"Well," said the young gentleman, laughing, "it won't hurt them."

"Of course you think not."

"You have quite decided to engage Miss Stanley?"

"Oh! yes; what salary should I offer her?"

"You know best, Mrs. Stone."

"Will sixty seem enough?"

"That is a very handsome salary for the governess of such young children."

"But you see," said the lady, "it would be really a great advantage to my darlings to be always in the company of a woman of perfectly good breeding and superior manners. Their father, dear man, will never be polished, if he lives to be as old as Methuselah, and I know I am not too refined myself. I would pay a good deal to have them thoroughly well brought up."

"You have the refinement of a kind Christian heart, dear Mrs. Stone," said the young man, as he rose to leave, "and that is the best of all refinements."

"Then that I am sure their father has too," said the lady.

"Indeed, he has," said her visitor warmly; "but I dare not trust myself to talk of him now; I cannot stop praising when I think of his goodness to me."

"You must stay and see Alice, she will be here presently."

"I am very sorry to run away from Miss Leatham, but train and tide wait for no man, you know; he answered pleasantly. "Mr. Stone has sent me to inspect the engine at Grey's, and he told me to look in as I passed. I must go now, or I shan't catch the 10-45. Good-by;" and he was off as he had entered through the open window.

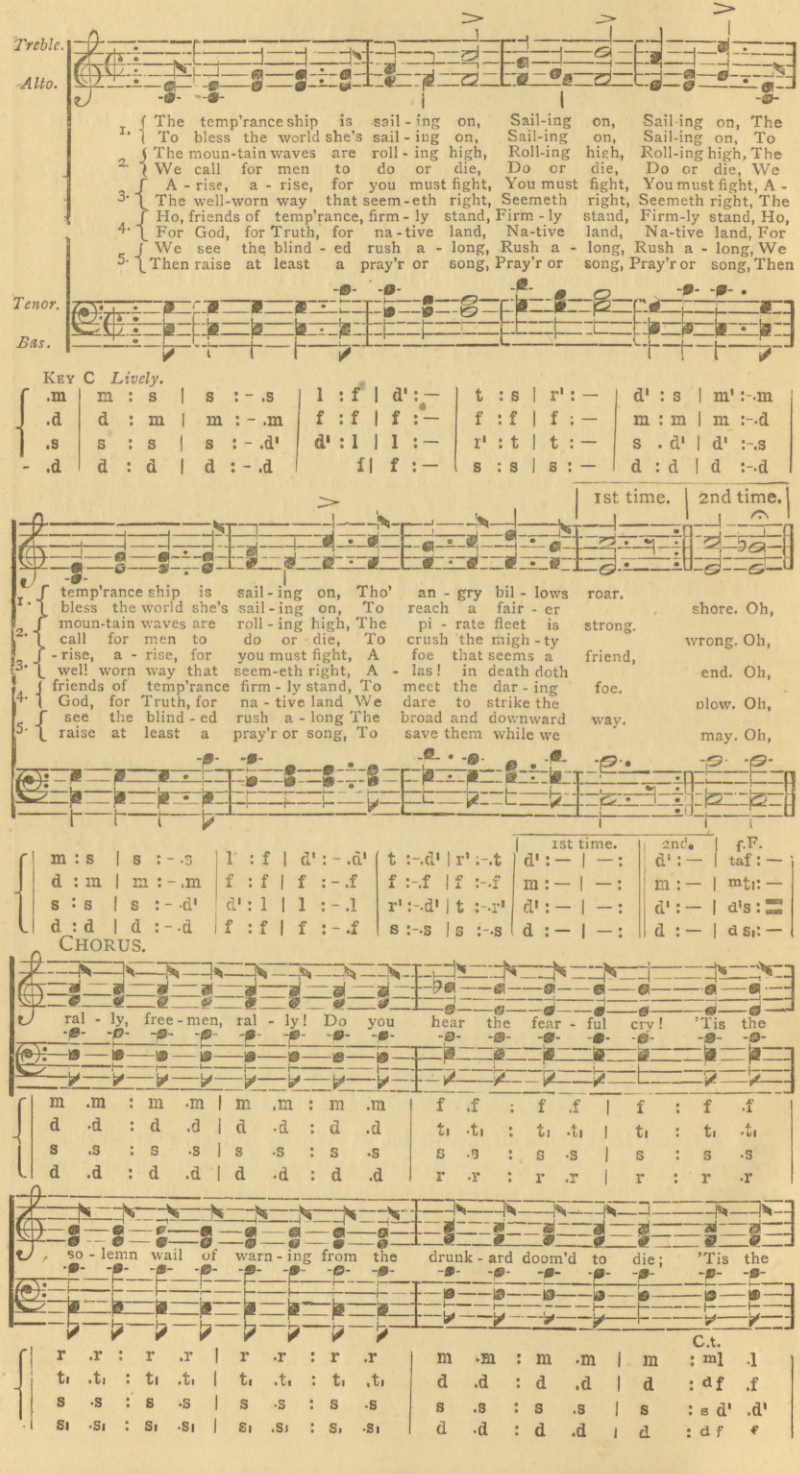
(To be continued.)

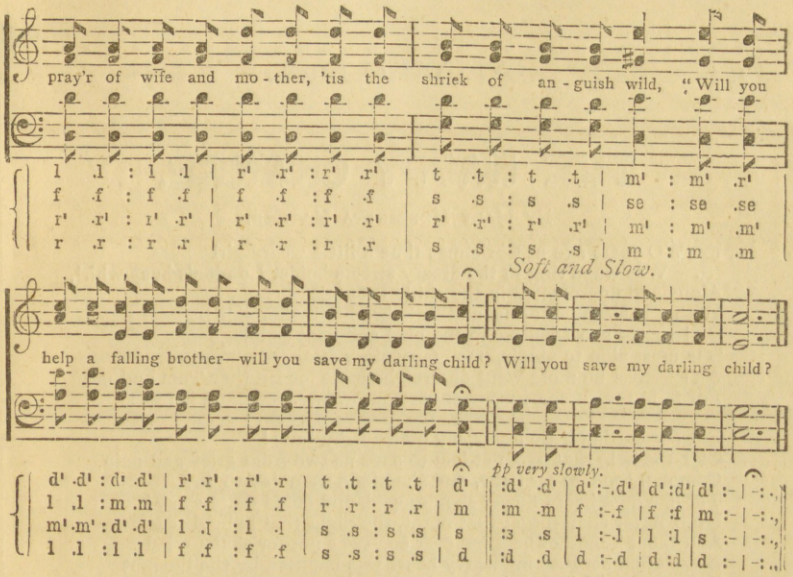
A North Derbyshire Farmer on Teetotalism and Harvest-Work.

AT a recent temperance demonstration at Whaley Bridge, near Buxton, Mr. Wain, farmer, of Bugsworth, stated that he had been trying this year to get his hay without beer, and he was well satisfied with the result. The men (to whom he gave 1s. per day extra) said they did not sweat so much, worked with less fatigue, got up gainer in the morning, and eat their meat better. In previous years they used generally to have a "fall out," and sometimes a fight; but without the drink they had not so much as a "jarring string."

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP IS SAILING ON.

P. P. Bliss.





WARNED IN TIME.

By William L. Cayless.

IT happened a many years ago that a lady and a gentleman, with their two children Harry and Willy, while on a visit to their uncle's, went to see a very high tower which had been erected in the centre of the town. Having arrived at the spot they commenced the ascent to the top, up some steps which wound round and round the tower, and as railings were placed so as to prevent any one from falling over, Harry was allowed to scramble on first; this he did with great cleverness. However, on reaching the top, he found the railings were badly broken, and feeling at once his dangerous position, and the dizziness with which his head was suddenly seized, he shouted aloud to his mother who happened to be just in sight: "Oh, mother, mother, I am going to fall!" Imagine the mother's feelings when she looked up and saw her precious darling standing unprotected over the fearful height: "Look up!" she screamed instantly—"look up, Harry, look up, look up!" In another minute he no doubt would have fallen and been dashed to pieces, but the warning came in time: he lifted up his head and kept looking up till his mother took hold of him and led him away. How thankful was the mother when she felt her son safe again within her arms rescued from the brink of death.

After this Harry was often tempted to go to the top of the tower, but never again could he be prevailed upon to do so, nor could he be persuaded to go where the least signs of danger appeared, for he had not forgotten the advice of his parents, "always to keep as far from danger as possible." He was often asked to go to the public-house; but no, he would not, "for that," said he, "is the first step up the 'tower;' a straight path to the greatest danger in existence a never-failing road to degradation, ruin, and the devil." These were his thoughts which through a long life he upheld, and never could a man have lived more happily and comfortably than he did.

Readers, "Be warned in time," ere comes, alas! your fate;
There's time sufficient now; "Look up," before too late.

THE HAPPY CHANGE.

By Mary Henrietta Mather.

TWO years ago at Christmas time a little weary girl
Was wand'ring in the dreary streets 'midst London's busy whirl,
Alone and unprotected in the chilly eventide
With a baby in her arms, and little brother by her side:—
Oh! scarce can I believe in the glad and happy change
'Tis most akin to magic, or to fairy story strange!
Ah! there's no more want or wretchedness for Brother Tom and me
For from the curse of drunkenness our home once more is free!

But our darling little sister, my pretty baby Jane!
Oh! the help that came at last to save us two from grief and pain,
Came all too late for baby, and she pined from day to day
Till like a gathered flower she drooped, and faded quite away!
No, I never shall forget that night, the night that baby died,
And though mother beat me ever so, 'twas not for that I cried;
But I cried because my heavy heart was haunted by the thought
That perhaps I hadn't been so kind, and careful as I ought!

How we struggled through that winter I can scarcely bear to think,
For almost all that mother earned, she spent alas! in drink,
But happily for us 'twas mild till February began,
Then suddenly it turned so cold folks shivered as they ran.
We ventured home one afternoon, but mother turned us out,
I quite believe she didn't know just what she was about,
So we found a narrow gateway where the icy wind was less,
And there we sate us down in all our cruel homelessness!

I didn't mean to stay there, but poor Tom fell fast asleep;
And at last I did so too, although I meant strict watch to keep,
And the first thing that awoke me was the bright and blinding light
The policeman's lamp was throwing through the dark and silent night!
I ached all over terribly, but felt too stiff to rise,
So I tried to rouse my brother while I rubbed my dazzled eyes:
The snow was falling heavily; St. Paul's was striking eight!
Oh! what would mother say for keeping baby out so late!

She'd scarcely coughed or cried all day, poor patient little Jane!
She'd been so good! one would have thought she'd never known a pain;
But she lay so still! and felt so strangely heavy on my arm
That my heart beat fast with terror lest she might have taken harm;
I took my ragged jacket off and wrapped it round her well,
And how bitterly I blamed myself no words of mine can tell!
Poor brother was so stiff with cold he really could not stand;
So the kind policeman carried him, and led me by the hand.

Oh! how he stormed at mother when he found her warm a-bed,
But she never answered him a word and scarcely turned her head,
And whilst I put my baby in beside her as she lay,
"You'll hear of this again, and pretty soon!" I heard him say!
My baby opened wide her sweet blue eyes, the precious child
She knew her "Sissy," bless her, for she looked at me and smiled
As I kissed her for good night; then gave one little fluttering sigh,
And there I stood with aching heart and saw my darling die!

They laid her in a parish grave, but could not let us go
With mother to the cemet'ry, we had no clothes you know!
And when they said, "It cannot be," I thought my heart would burst,
But Tom and I set off at once, to run, and got there first.
Then returning homeward sadly we considered as we walked
About a ragged school, of which we'd very often talked;
They couldn't take the baby in, before; 'twas against the rule:
So now that she was gone,—we went and put ourselves to school.

The teacher there was very kind, and when she heard our tale
How "baby died" and "mother drinks" and "father's still in jail,"
The tears came springing to her eyes, and she said, if we'll be good
And really try to learn of her, she'd help us all she could.
So we went to school four days a-week, and every Wednesday night,
And learned to sing of Jesu's love, and work and read and write;
Yes, practising attentively each line and curve and slope,
We quickly learned to sign our names, and joined the Band of Hope.

One day when we came in from school poor father came from jail,
But we children scarcely knew him for he looked so worn and pale;
He kissed us both, and mother too, then looked around and smiled,
"Now, mother! where's your baby?—Come, I long to see the child!"
Then I had to tell poor father all, for mother couldn't speak,
But she hid her face and sobbed, as if at last her heart would break,
Father bit his lip and groaned, but never spoke a word or cried,
But he clenched his rough strong hands, and oh! how heavily he sighed.

Poor mother filled him up "a glass to comfort him," she said,
But he flung it on the fire, and his pale face flushed to red,
As he caught the bottle from her, while some awful words he spoke,
And through the window hurled it to the pavement, where it broke!
There was little more that evening till we were gone to bed,
Where we lay awake affrighted at the dreadful words they said,
And their quarrel grew so desperate that from words they came to blows,
Till Tom and I turned cold with fear, and hid beneath the clothes.

Next day before we went to school, while mother made some tea,
I thought 'twas just the very time for brother Tom and me
To tell him what we'd done, and so we brought him each a card,
Saying, "Do, dear father, sign the pledge, it's not so very hard!"
We brought him to our meeting, where he listened reverently,
While our kind teacher prayed for him with many an urgent plea,
Until one night our end was gained, the temperance pledge was signed;
And then to bring dear mother in we all our strength combined.

It was longer work with mother, as you may well suppose;
But when she saw that father bought us boots and Sunday clothes,
That he sought for work and kept it, was more gentle and more kind,
She began to think she ought not to be left so far behind.
And one Sunday as we started for our Sunday-school close by,
She kissed my brother Tom and me, and said she'd really try!—
And she signed the pledge next meeting night! oh! how glad and proud
we were,
As father led her up the room to our teacher standing there!

We have been so happy ever since; we've left that wretched room,
And live in two, much pleasanter; where sun and air can come;
But we shall not stay there long! I've a something on my mind
Which I cannot keep from you; indeed I am not so inclined!

Our village pastor (good old man ! I'll always love him so !)
Came up to town, and found us out, about a month ago !
And he said, that if dear father's change of mind was true and good,
(We never told of mother !) he'd befriend us if he could !

Since then the squire has sent to say he wants an extra man
To work on their new school-house, and enclosed the builder's plan ;
And his lady asks if mother "still fine laundry work can do ?"
Yes ! that she can ! and so she will ! and I'm to help her too !
So we're going down to live in the country once again,
And we're crazy with impatience now to get into the train !
All day I think and talk of it, I dream of it as well,
How I shall feel when once we start is more than I can tell !

Now there's only one thing more to add, before I close my song ;
Do let me beg you all to join the Band of Hope ere long !
For 'twas *our* being members *first*, which brought dear father in,
When so sorely tried, he needed help against besetting sin.
Ah ! who knows but darling baby, now an angel bright above,
May mingle thanks for us, 'midst songs of our Redeemer's love !
Joy has dawned at last, o'er cheerless nights, and weary painful days,
Through the might of *Total Abstinence ;*—to God be all the praise !

THE DOWNHILL RIDE.

By Esther.

A HALF tipsy lad was once sliding downhill in fine coasting weather. He saw an old cow at the foot of the hill, and a remarkably funny thought came into his head—at least so he regarded it.

"I'll steer straight for that old cow," he thought, "and I'll knock her into ten thousand bits. Won't she be surprised to find herself a flyin' ?"

"When the wine is in, the wit is out," you see, and there is no end to the mad pranks a person may commit. But full of glee, Dan coasted on with all the speed of a good sledge on a smooth track. He did hit the old cow fairly, and no doubt gave her a great surprise and shock ; but they were not equal to the boy's surprise as he found himself tossed high in the air.

Though terribly stunned, it seemed to knock sense into his head rather than out of it. He was sobered effectually, and glad to escape with his life. Afterwards, as he was nursing his bruises, he called to mind his past folly, and resolved never to touch the cup again which had so nearly caused his destruction. That ride downhill he always regarded as the turning point in his life. He grew up to be a useful minister, though rather eccentric in his manner. Many a time did he tell over the story of that winter's morning for the benefit of the youth of his acquaintance.

Many a lad has not profited so well by the warnings he has met with in his downward course. God often sends us a message by very humble messengers, and we should listen to the voice. Remember who it was that sent the slothful man to the little ant to learn wisdom. When you have been held back from destruction which your folly had brought upon you, it is certainly time for very serious thought. It is a time to turn about from the evil way, and to forsake it utterly. There is no safety in any other course.

DRINK!

A SONG for the rights of man—
The day of his triumph has come,
And women and children have no rights
In this glorious age of rum.
Drink for the labourer's arm;
Drink for the scholar's head;
Drink for the man that lies in the street,
And the man that lies in the bed.
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
On Jefferson, Market, and Main—
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
Till the lamp-posts reel again.

The little girls have no bread,
The boys have no shoes to their feet;
The grate is as cold as the pavement stones;
The father is drunk in the street.
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
There's whisky at every door;
There's a palace for whisky on every square,
But no shelter for the poor.
There is darkness in the halls,
The voice of joy is dumb;
And the graves, and the jails, and the lunatic cells
Are filled with the spoils of rum.

John Blunt worked all the week—
His fortune was his time;
He drew his wages Saturday night—
Six dollars every dime.
And as he sought his home,
Some friendly voice did say:
"Walk in, walk in, young gentleman,
And hear the organ play."
There was music, and gas, and wine,
But not a kind word to save;
And on Monday morning John's children saw
Their father sent to the "Cave."

A boat has left our shores,
To the southern market bound;
But the pilot was drunk, and the boat was sunk,
And a hundred people were drowned.
There was whisky enough for all,
But never a life-boat to save;
For the beauty of womanand strength of man
There was a watery grave.
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
Let the world do all it can;
Let children starve and women pray,
We will not barter our rights away—
To drink is the right of man.

To the city fathers we call:
If you have children and wives,
How can you turn your eyes away
When we plead with you for our lives?
If you have hearts of flesh,
Hear us while we entreat
That you break the foul, deceitful snare
Set for our naked feet.
If you regard us not
And no compassion take,
When the Lord demands your stewardship,
What answer will you make?

HEALTH HABITS OF YOUNG MEN.

A VERY curious and interesting table might be made by a thoughtful physiologist and hygienist, showing each person where his strength goes; and I am not sure that a young man could do a better service for himself than seek counsel of some wise physiologist, tell him frankly all his habits, and have such a table prepared, not only to guard him against excess, but to show him his weak places, and point out where he will be most likely to fail. Some of these tables would no doubt read very much as follows:—

Spent in digesting a big dinner, which the body did not need, force sufficient to raise thirty tons of matter one foot.

Spent in getting rid of several drinks of wine and brandy, force sufficient to raise twenty tons one foot high.

Spent in smoking cigars, force sufficient to raise ten tons one foot high.

Spent in breathing bad air, force sufficient to raise fifteen tons one foot high.

Spent in cheating a neighbour out of £6 in a business transaction, force sufficient to raise fifteen tons one foot high.

Spent in reading worthless books and newspapers, force sufficient to raise five tons one foot high.

Spent in hesitation, doubt, and uncertainty, force sufficient to raise five tons one foot high.

Total—120 tons one foot high.

Left for practical and useful labour only enough to raise fifty-five tons one foot high, or do less than one-third of a day's work.

Sometimes there would be a draft on the original capital of considerable force, so there would not be enough to keep the body warm, or the food well digested, or the muscles plump and full, or the hearing acute, or the eyes keen and bright, or the brain thoughtful and active.

Very often a single debauch would use up the entire available power of the whole system for a week or a month.

There is no end of the multitudinous ways in which we not only spend our working capital, but draw on the original stock that ought not to be touched, and the result is imperfect lives, rickety bodies, no ability to transmit to our

children good health and long life, much physical premature decay, with all the ends of life unaccomplished. How sad is all this! How terrible to be born into this world and leave it without adding something to its wealth, its virtue and progress.

SONG OF A PUBLICAN.

By G. M. D.

I AM a publican by trade,
And live on "milk and honey;"
I'm often called a money-grub;
But who despises money?

I drive my pair like any lord,
I have my country mansion;
I'm worth a deal, and can afford
Yet more and more expansion.

My daughters, in their best array,
Look very handsome lasses,
And take their station any day
Among the upper classes.

My wife is quite a lady, too,
And dignifies her station;
My boys are well-bred gentlemen,
Of polished conversation.

I'm not a miser, not at all!
I aid the city mission;
I also help the ragged school;
I have a seat at session.

I help the kirk a precious deal,
And aid our worthy pastor;
I somehow find the more I spend
The money comes the faster.

The traffic pays me very well,
And that's my great attraction;
Some say it paves the way to hell,
And gives it satisfaction.

But me it pays—and there's the rub!
To live we must have money;
I'll rather be a money-grub,
Than want my "milk and honey.'

EDITOR'S CHAT.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE BAND OF HOPE UNION.—This Union, as usual, has again held its annual district out-door demonstrations in Manchester, with even more success than formerly. The district is divided into four, viz.: Ardwick, Hulme, Harpurhey, and Salford, in each of which all societies, both affiliated and unaffiliated, are invited to take part. The hon. secretaries appointed by the Union were this year, Messrs. T. E. Hallsworth, H. Beales, G. Jones, and C. J. Hall, Secretary to the Union, respectively. In all, about 6,000 members and friends took part, and about 15,000 tracts were distributed along the various routes.

The particulars are as follows:—

The Harpurhey district held its demonstration on Saturday, July 26th. The societies proceeded through the locality to the Queen's Park. About 1,500 members were present, and the music from four bands, with the appearance of the garlands borne by little girls dressed in white, and the plentiful supply of banners, mottoes, flags, &c., made the procession beautiful. A meeting was held in the Park and addressed by the Rev. J. Freeston, and Messrs. R. Wood Burroughs, and G. Jones.

The Hulme demonstration was held on Saturday, August 9th, when eighteen societies, and over 1,800 members and friends assembled, who after moving through the principal thoroughfares spent the afternoon in Alexandra Park.

The Ardwick demonstration was held on Saturday, August 23rd. It was fixed for the week previous, but in consequence of the unfavourable weather, the societies who had assembled on the 16th, and returned to their respective schoolrooms, did not join the procession again. Altogether eleven societies, and nearly 1,500 members took part, which were accompanied by two bands and a brilliant display of banners, bannerets, flags, &c. After proceeding through the most densely populated part of the district, the procession reached Philips Park.

The Salford demonstration was held on Saturday, August 30th. Seven societies, and over 1,000 members and friends took part. Such was the enthusiasm manifested this year that three of the societies purchased new flags, each of which cost fifteen guineas. The procession was headed by the Executive Committee of the Union, and accompanied by three bands, and after marching through the district, adjourned to Peel Park, where a meeting was held and addressed by Messrs. C. Darrah, C. Hodgson, and R. W. Duxbury.

The Ashton-under-Lyne Band of Hope Unionhas had its demonstration also this summer. 1,200 members joined in the procession—which reached the whole length of Stamford-street. Everything seems to have been successful. Mr. John Fawcett closed the afternoon by sending up a balloon.

The Irish Temperance League Band of Hope Fête, held on September 6th, at Dunraven demesne, near Belfast, kindly lent by J. P. Corry, Esq., J.P., consisted of an unusually comprehensive list of amusements and events. The Bands of Hope assembled from Belfast and neighbourhood, and also from Carrickfergus, Banbridge, and other places. In the grounds an orchestra was erected for an open-air concert. Races of many kinds were run; there were musical contests between the various bands; and prizes were awarded for these, as well as for the most chaste bouquets of wild flowers.

Manchester Wesleyan Band of Hope Union Festival.—The second festival took place in the Free Trade Hall on Saturday, September 13th. Mr. T. B. Smithies presided. About 2,000 members sat in the gallery, and joined spiritedly in the choruses; 350 others in white formed the choir, and filled the platform. The music was conducted by Mr. John Walker, and Mr. Robt. H. Wilson presided at the organ, giving in addition two solos on the instrument. The Secretary reported forty-seven Bands of Hope in affiliation with the Union. The gathering was addressed by Rev. Chas. Garrett, Mr. Wm. Hoyle, and others.

Graham's Temperance Guide, 1874.—We are informed that the 9th annual issue of this handy and valuable work is being prepared and will be ready in November. The editor (Rev. Dawson Burns) and publisher are anxious that every department of the work should be complete and correct, and as the whole of the information is inserted free of charge, it is of the greatest importance that Secretaries should, without delay, send the particulars of their societies to our office, or direct to the publisher of the Guide, Mr. Graham, 64, Union-street, Maidstone. We also hope that every reader of this announcement will use every effort to secure an increased circulation for this comprehensive handbook of reference.

KATHLEEN STANLEY RESCUING LITTLE TOM STONE.

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter XI.

AN ADVENTURE.

"WE are all going to the Lakes next week, Miss Stanley; it is my idea to have you come to go too, I don't believe in having a holiday, and spending all the time, taking care of my nephews and nieces, and I know that is what it would be if I let Carry have her own way with me; and I thought you would not mind, either; for being at the Lakes must be nicer than teaching, though I daresay both are bad enough when you've got the children always with you; they are delightfully dear pets too, and all very well in their way, you will see them all to-morrow, first thing; Carry said they must not plague you to-night, you'd be so tired with your long journey. Are you at all used to travelling?"

"I have been on the Continent once or twice, Miss Leatham," said Kathleen, "but it *is* a rather long journey from Waythorpe to Steamford."

Kathleen felt tired, and quite overpowered by the volubility of her companion, Mrs. Stone's younger sister, who had been sent with the carriage to meet her at the railway station. She was homesick too, and almost ready to cry at thought of the peaceful farm-house and the dear ones she had left in it; she was wondering how her beloved parents and darling Lilian and dear old Granny were feeling just now, as they prepared for the evening meal without her.

But Miss Leatham rattled on good naturedly, and she could not choose but listen.

"Isn't Steamford an ugly, smoky, great place? All bustle and smuts I think; but, however, somebody must live here to help to do all the work that has to be done, that's how I reconcile myself to it; and you are accustomed to the country, such a pretty country too, I went to Ilfracombe once, and I should like to go again; the sea was lovely. Well, this year we go to the Lakes; oh! I told you. Mr. Beresford is gone already, I think he means to take a short walking-tour and then meet us there; so you will see him, he's a very nice fellow, in fact I like him as well as any young man I know; I long to hear what you think of him."

Kathleen was amused and could not help smiling merrily. The smile made her beautiful face very bright and charming, and Miss Leatham naïvely exclaimed, "Do you know, Miss Stanley, I had no idea governesses could be so pretty as you are, I thought you would be sure to be very plain."

"I hope I am not any the worse," said Kathleen demurely, with a mischievous sparkle of her blue eyes.

Miss Leatham laughed gaily; "No, of course not, a great deal the better, I like to have something pretty to look at."

The tone and the words, so perfectly good-natured, set Kathleen at ease, and made her like her companion, in spite of her chattering.

"Mr. Beresford," Miss Leatham began again, "is *such* a favourite with my sister and brother-in-law, Mr. Stone says he will make his fortune by-and-by, he says he has so much native talent. It is a fact, my dear, that my esteemed brother-in-law worships what he calls native talent; he rose by native talent himself and he delights to find a young man who possesses it."

"What is Mr. Stone?" asked Kathleen.

"An engineer, didn't you know? I should have thought Carry would have told you, he makes railway engines, I believe it is, or else steamboat engines; and Mr. Beresford has found out some improvement that is likely to be of great use; he is a prime favourite with Mr. Stone. He's *such* a teetotaler too, oh! my, he *does* frown when I drink a glass of wine. If I ever have him, I suppose I shall have to give it up. I shouldn't like to undertake the responsibility of making him break the pledge."

"Oh! I should think not, it would be an awful one," said Kathleen.

"My dear, you need not look so solemn, he wouldn't do it for any girl in the world, I do believe. He's been with my brother-in-law between five and six years, and he has already a nice little income, and he's sure to be a partner by-and-by. It's dreadful about his father though—but actually, my dear, we are come. How the time has passed, I see *we* shall get on together."

The carriage was at the door of Shakespeare Villa before she finished; Mrs. Stone appeared in the doorway, a girl on one side of her, a boy on the other, the latter ran out and peeped into the carriage, and as quickly ran back again to his mother.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Stanley," said Mrs. Stone, as Kathleen approached, "how tired you must be with your long journey; come in, don't trouble about the luggage, it shall be seen to all right, come in," and she led the way into the pleasant dining-room where the tea things were set, and a substantial appetising meal was spread in readiness for the coming of the governess. But first Alice Leatham seized her and carried her off to her room, a bright, cheerful, cosy apartment; Kathleen was most agreeably surprised at the cordiality of her welcome.

The two children, Tom and Susette, were attracted at once to her, by her sweet face and the gentle kindness of manner that was natural to her.

"Tom is not to be your pupil, Miss Stanley; Susette and her sisters Ella and little Tiny are your portion, but I shall be glad if, while we are away at the Lakes, you will help Tom a little to enjoy and amuse himself."

Kathleen promised very readily. Directly after the tea was over, the children were sent to bed, and shortly Mr. Stone came in, and was introduced to his children's governess, and Kathleen liked him at once. He was not easy nor polished, it was very true, but there shone through a rugged exterior real nobleness and goodness of heart, and he welcomed her and asked after her friends, whom she had left behind, with a cordiality that won her regard.

Everybody in the house, she soon found, was eager and busy in preparation for the departure of the whole family to Westmoreland, at the beginning of the following week; and there was to be no regular school, only a little reading and writing on the wet days that were sure to come amongst the lakes, till after their return. Kathleen sent a vivid and pleasant account of everything in long letters home next day, letters that would cheer every inhabitant of Summerland farm; then she busied herself in making friends with her pupils and helping to pack.

The appointed time found them located in a farmhouse near Windermere, with fine weather and amongst lovely scenery. Kathleen was out of doors all day long with the children, living a much more idle life than she had been used to of late, and enjoying herself very much, save that the sense of responsibility, when she was alone with the little folks, weighed somewhat heavily upon her. There were so many dangerous places, so much water, about which adventurous Tom liked to play, and where his sisters were so very fond of following him.

Sometimes Miss Leatham accompanied Kathleen and her charge in their numerous expeditions, but most often they were left to themselves, and Kathleen—though she admired Alice's good nature—had few points of sympathy with the thoughtless rattling girl, who could never be brought to appreciate the beauties by which she was surrounded.

One glorious morning, when the early autumn tints of gold and scarlet were bright upon the woods, and the sunshine was spread in broad soft lines of light upon the mountains, and the wavelets of the lake sparkled and danced like liquid silver, Kathleen with Tom and the three little girls set out for a morning's ramble. They took with them a substantial luncheon, and obtained leave to stay out if they all wished all day long.

"'Tis so jolly," said Tom, "not to be bound to time."

And on they went, plucking the luscious, shining blackberries from their brambly stems, shaking down the nuts from the hazel bushes, gathering the wild flowers which they found, and listening to the bird voices that made music in the woods. High above all, from every heathy bit of moorland, came to Kathleen's listening ears the songs of the bird-angels, bringing her tender sweet thoughts of home and its dear associations. She told her little ones to listen and they should hear the bird-angels sing.

"Bird-angels," said Tom, "why, that is what Mr. Beresford said skylarks were."

"I daresay the gentleman you speak of has read the book I have, in which they were called so;" said Kathleen simply, and they wandered on.

Some hours later, they were by a fast-flowing mountain streamlet, where Tom amused himself by sailing nutshells for boats, and the little girls threw fallen leaves on the deep water, and watched their course with eager delight.

"Oh! look Tom," said Susette to her brother at a little distance from the place where Kathleen entertained Ella and Tiny, "look at those great beautiful blackberries, *do* get them for me, I'm sure you can reach, 'twon't be dangerous for you."

The tempting bough hung out over the water, and Tom, without measuring the distance, obeyed. He plucked one, two, three.

"Oh! what beauties," cried Susette again, "do get some more."

He leaned forward, he lost his footing and fell over into the stream, with a sudden cry of terror. It was echoed by Susette, and Kathleen running to the spot, beheld Tom struggling in the water, unable to help himself, and in most imminent danger. Without a thought for herself Kathleen plunged in to save him, bidding the younger children to call for help, and stand close together at a good distance from the stream. The water was in this spot very deep, and utterly ignorant of the art of swimming, Kathleen felt her own strength fast failing her, though she still kept a firm hold of Tom.

"Help! help! oh! please somebody come to help us," shouted the poor children on the shore of the stream, and just as unconsciousness began to creep over Kathleen's senses, she felt herself grasped round the waist and lifted on to the bank, while in another few moments Tom lay beside her, dripping wet and much exhausted, but not senseless. Their rescuer lifted the boy in his arms, begged Kathleen to lean on him for support, told the little girls to follow, and so they reached the cottage of a shepherd, not very far off.

The shepherd's wife, a canny old body, who reminded Kathleen pleasantly of her dear old Granny Whiddon, busied herself at once in repairing all the damage done by the unforeseen adventure, lending clothes, drying garments, and apparently only too happy to serve the young gentleman who had come to their aid, and whom the children now gathered round with eager delight, calling him when occasion required "Mr. Beresford."

"This is Mr. Beresford whom we were talking about when you said about bird-angels, Miss Stanley," said Tom, a little languidly, who now sat by a cosy fire, eating hot bread and milk, wrapped in the old shepherd's plaid, while his own clothes were being dried, and who seemed in no danger of suffering from his recent exploit, if one might judge by his appetite and the rapidity with which the said bread and milk were consumed.

"And this is Miss Kathleen Stanley whom you are all so fond of, and to whom you, my boy, owe your life," said the young man, coming over to Kathleen as she sat on the other side of the fire; "this is rather a peculiar introduction, but I hope we shall be good friends for all that." Kathleen had risen, but he gently pushed her back into the chair with the words, "you have not recovered the shock yet, you must rest;" and she obeyed, spell-bound, not able to speak a word, and looking at him with bewilderment, knowing perfectly that she had seen that face and heard that voice before, and yet not able to recall when or how. After she had watched him curiously for some time, she began to feel herself decidedly rude, a bright colour flushed over the cheeks that had until now been so unusually pale, and she turned her eyes away, by an effort, from him, and let them look persistently at the fire, though her face showed she was still puzzling. He watched her all the time attentively, and then drawing a chair to her side, sat down.

"What is troubling you, Kathleen?" He could not have helped either the words, or the manner in which he uttered them; she turned to him with a quick start, and a still deeper flush, this time of pleasure.

"Why, it is Arnold. But, oh!" she added, looking puzzled again, "I thought they said you were Mr. Beresford."

"So I am, Arnold Beresford, not Preston; don't you remember that was not my true name."

"To be sure, oh! how strange, but I'm *so* glad to see you."

"And I am more even than *so* glad to see *you*," he said, warmly, "can we not arrange to have a long talk, there is so much I want to say to you. If you will confide your children to me, I will take them home, see that Tom is sent to bed, explain the accident, or adventure rather, and come again for you myself."

"Will Mrs. Stone like it?"

"You need not fear Mrs. Stone, I may do what I like with her children," he said smiling, "you are not yet fit to walk home. Mrs. Blake, I'm going to leave this young lady in your charge till I come again."

"She's kindly welcome," said the shepherd's wife, "any and all o' your friends are welcome here."

It was a full hour before Arnold came back to Kathleen, an hour in which she had been initiated into some of the mysteries of the Westmoreland dialect and cookery, as well as some of Arnold's doings, all to the old dame's intense gratification.

"Mrs. Stone has sent you this shawl and hopes you will stay just as long as you like," said Arnold to Kathleen, as he wrapped it around her, "and with this on, I think you need not be afraid to come out of doors."

"Oh! no indeed," said Kathleen, fastening it with her brooch, and out they went together after thanking the old woman for her hospitality, and trying in vain to make her accept some return for it.

"Aye, but they're a bonnie pair," she said, watching them from the door.

Arnold led Kathleen along a woodland path that conducted up the moorland near the foot of a mountain, and seated her on the soft turf; then he threw himself at her feet. The first words with which he broke the silence into which they had fallen were: "Listen, Kathleen, to my good angels singing, this is a very happy day to me."

Kathleen could not help thinking of Alice Leatham's words about Mr. Beresford, doubtless, she said to herself, he is glad to be near her again, and she answered, "It is always so nice to be with our friends."

"And you are more than a friend, Kathleen, my sister of old, my cousin by right;" he paused abruptly, as if he would have said more and dared not.

Kathleen, still thinking of Alice Leatham, answered him coolly though affectionately; "yes, how strange our relationship is, Arnold, and how is it you stayed away so long, and never let us know anything about you? Sometimes we feared you must be dead."

"Do tell me everything about you all, my heart is hungry for news," he said, eagerly, gazing into her face;—"how wonderfully beautiful she has grown!" he thought as he gazed.

"Yet you never cared to write after that one letter," said Kathleen.

"Oh! Kathleen, I had a purpose, don't blame me yet, you shall know all sooner or later."

In as few words as possible Kathleen told him their history since he had left them; as she spoke of her father's losses, and the changes in their circumstances, Arnold sprang up and paced restlessly to and fro for many minutes.

"Oh! if I had only known," he said, "I should have been with you instantly, but since I came to Mr. Stone I have devoted myself, unceasingly almost, to business. I was determined to rise in the world, Kathleen, and you know we always believed, even as boy and girl, that our life work should be done as perfectly as ever it was possible for us to do it; that thought has influenced me very much; there is a poetry and a beauty in daily labour, when we can feel that we are doing it unto God, as children trying to serve a dearly-loved Father. I also desired to have a right to call you my cousin, without the possibility of annoying you, or even, for you were too good to be annoyed, of bringing the slightest discredit upon you in the eyes of others. Sometimes the thought of Granny Whiddon, and that the old woman might die before I could accomplish this, almost brought me back to Waythorpe, but I am thankful indeed that she is still alive, that she will know how true I am in my love for her;" he paused, smiling.

"And your father, Arnold?"

"That is a long, sad story, dear Kathleen, I must tell you all the particulars another time. He lost his senses at last, through the drink, and I had an awful voyage home from Australia with him; I pray God," he added reverently, "I may never experience such another three months in my life. When I got to Liverpool I was obliged to let him go to a pauper lunatic asylum; but by degrees I have been able to remove him to better and better places, till now, he is in a very respectable private home for the insane. He is really well now, but he dreads himself, and I dread for him, a return to society, and to the temptations of the drinkshops. He has just had some little employment given to him by the doctor in the asylum, that relieves me of part of the cost of his maintenance, and makes him feel somewhat independent, and this is a great comfort to him. He is quite restored to me now, Kathleen, and I visit him twice a week, and have long talks with him of my dear, my sainted mother, and the little baby sister, and all old times. He is even desirous of a reconciliation with your father. You see, dear cousin, my bird-angels on Waythorpe Downs were not false comforters, but God sent messengers to keep a brave heart in me."

Kathleen looked into Arnold's eyes, those sweet dark eyes that were like the eyes of her young brother who left his earthly for his heavenly home long years ago; and she thought how beautiful a noble purpose and pure deeds of love make a life; and how they write themselves upon the human countenance. Arnold's face positively shone as he talked thus of the father who had wronged him so cruelly and blighted his youth; but to whom he had ever rendered dutiful obedience and good for evil. She remembered what she had always thought of him, and had once said to Granny Whiddon, that "she knew Arnold was good, not by his words alone, but by his acts."

It was late when they turned their steps homewards, after Arnold, in glowing, eloquent words, had told her of Mr. Stone's generosity and goodness towards

him;—and yet Kathleen paused; she felt instinctively that she had seemed cold to him.

"Arnold, have I disappointed you?" she asked, "I cannot find words to tell you how much I admire your struggles—your success."

"You are really glad to meet me?" he said, not answering her directly.

"Of course I am."

"And you are not ashamed to own my relationship?"

"Oh! Arnold."

"Then, Kathleen," he said, smiling, yet colouring himself, "you will remember how Jacob claimed his cousinship to Rachel at their first meeting?"

Kathleen hung her head, her cheeks were scarlet, yet it seemed foolish, for did she not know that he liked Alice Leatham? He only wanted a cousinly kiss for old times' sake, so she raised her head again, and his head was bent towards her face, his eyes met hers, his lips met hers. It was a very sweet kiss at all events.

(To be concluded in our next.)

I LOVE THE STREAM.

By Wm. L. Cayless.

I LOVE the stream, the crystal stream,
That ripples night and day;
That glides along with merry song,
Through valleys far away.

I love the stream, the merry stream;
The pure, refreshing, free,
As day and night, so silv'ry bright,
It hurries o'er the lea.

I love to roam, when all alone,
Along its winding bed;
And pluck the flow'rs from lofty bow'rs,
That overhang my head.

And in the morn at early dawn,
I love to ramble through
The meadows green, where runs the stream,
And sparkles bright the dew;

Where fresh and gay, the flow'rs of May,
Lie scattered all around;
Where birds their song of love prolong,
And lambs with rapture bound.

At noon-tide, too, I love the view,
From off the neighbouring hill,
As from my sight, with murmurs light,
Escapes the sparkling rill.

When sunset's near, I love to hear
The lark's retiring note;
The nightingale, as through the vale,
Her lays enchanting float.

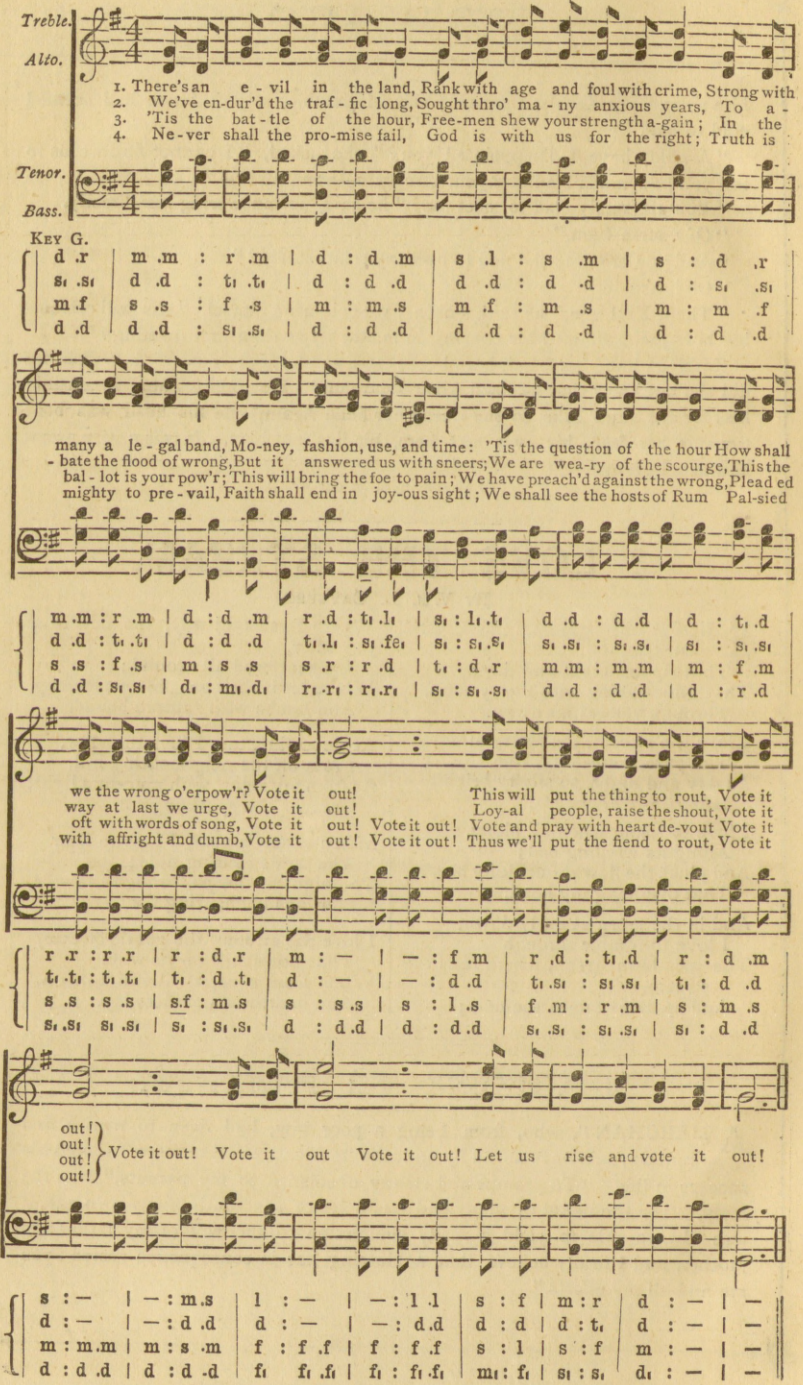
I love the stream, the gentle stream,
That flows still on its way.
When I am *gone*, 'twill still flow on,
And breathe its endless lay.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

A MERCHANT, who, from being a poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend, to what he attributed his success in life. "To prompt and steady obedience to my parents," was the reply. "In the midst of many bad examples of the youth of my own age, I was always able to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believe that a blessing has in consequence rested upon me and all my efforts."

VOTE IT OUT.

Rev. R. LOWRY.



THE GRAPPLE-PLANT.

By Mrs. Julia S. Balland.

"I EXPECT Rose will just have to give up Harry," said Laura Boardman with a sigh, as she untied her hat after a hot walk home from her friend's house one June afternoon.

"Has she never done that before?" asked Mrs. Boardman.

"Haven't *you* any hope for him, then, mother?" asked Laura, quickly reading her mother's look as well as tone in a moment.

"As long as there is life there is hope," replied Mrs. Boardman. "But if, after this new effort, and when so much depended upon it, he has yielded again to temptation, it is certainly very discouraging."

"They were so nicely fixed in their little cottage. Rose has made every thing as tidy and neat as wax, and Harry's room the tidiest and neatest of all. And don't you think I found her crying, not over her buried mother, and not because she has to work so early and late to carry out her plan, but because, after all, Harry was even now lying in a stupefied sleep in that same pretty room where she spent so many hopeful, busy hours, trying to make it attractive for him. Rose is afraid, too, he will lose his clerkship; for this is the second time Mr. Winship has tried him. But he *must* be saved; and can't you tell me *some* way to encourage and help Rose?"

"Did she give Harry all the money her father left her two years ago?"

"Yes, every penny. He was angry when he found it was in Rose's hands, although he knew the reason very well. But when their mother died, and he seemed so tender and changed, they talked it all over, and Rose agreed if he would sign the pledge and get a place, she would rent and furnish the cottage, and help in every possible way that they might have a home, and be, as they really are, 'all the world to each other.' And now it is only a month, and she is more disheartened than ever."

"I will go with you to see her, and we will talk with Mr. Winship; but it is a bad case. Something more than kind words and pleading tears will be needed to save him. Did you ever read a description of an African thorn called the grapple-plant, or hook-thorn? It reminds me of the power which ardent spirits have over their victims. It grows along the ground, or trails its long branches from the trees, and when in bloom is very beautiful in appearance, covered with its large and abundant blossoms of a rich purple hue. But these branches are closely covered with sharp barbed thorns set in pairs. These are bad enough, but, as the plant matures and the purple petals fall off, the seed-vessels are developed; and these are covered with a multitude of sharp and very strong hooked-thorns. This seed-vessel splits along the middle, and the two sides separate widely from each other, so as to form an array of hooks pointing in opposite directions."

"Something like what we call the 'devil's claw.'"

"Worse, a thousand times worse. These thorns are sharp as needles and steel-like in their strength; and if but one catches the unwary traveller's coat

sleeve, he is a prisoner at once. His first movement to escape bends the long, slender branches, and hook after hook fixes its point upon him. Struggling to escape trebles the number of the thorned enemies. The only way of escape is to 'wait a bit,' and *cut off* the clinging seed-vessels carefully, and then, when clear of the bush, remove them one by one. This plant was often fatal to the English soldiers in the Kaffir wars, seizing and holding a man prisoner until the weapon of the wary Kaffir reached his head. Every liquor-saloon is a living, matured grapple-plant. And so long as they are 'licensed' places of resort, they will be sure of plenty of victims. Once caught, it is almost impossible to escape. Only an entire 'cutting off' *can* save one. When the sword of the law can sever the root of the error, there will be hope. If Harry is too tightly held to free himself, and if the plant still is left to throw out its enticements to him, either he will fall, or he must be taken beyond the reach of the snare."

"That is what Rose was talking of to-night—'the inebriate asylum.' But the thought is dreadful to her."

"It has no doubt been the means of saving *some*. The safest thing to be done is to root out the plant altogether. And if *this cannot be done*, and a continual contest is to be kept up with those constantly and newly caught in old branches, let us do all we can to prevent their spreading, and save such as we may from those that do infest the land."

BANDS OF HOPE AND JUVENILE TEMPLES.

AT a conference of Band of Hope Unions, held in Exeter Hall, London, on Thursday, October 2nd, 1873, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, at which representatives were present from the following unions, viz.:—Bath, Bedford, Bradford, Brighton, Bristol, Devon and Cornwall, Dewsbury, Heckmondwike, Lancashire and Cheshire (comprising nineteen local unions), Leicestershire, Methodist New Connexion, Manchester Wesleyan, Northamptonshire, Nottingham, Portsmouth, Sheffield, St. Helens, and Yorkshire, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted and recommended to the consideration of Band of Hope managers throughout the kingdom:—

First—"That this Conference, believing that from a lengthened test, Bands of Hope are in every way calculated to preserve the young from the evils of intemperance, and that they are peculiarly adapted to and are approved by existing philanthropic institutions; moreover that they have the widespread sympathy of almost all Christian people; calls most earnestly upon Band of Hope managers throughout the kingdom not to transform Bands of Hope into Juvenile Temples: at the same time, this Conference wishes the Juvenile Temple movement God speed in its efforts to promote the Temperance reformation. And further, this Conference, recognising Juvenile Temples as similar in aim to Bands of Hope, recommends Band of Hope Unions to accept them in affiliation on precisely the same terms as Bands of Hope."

Second—"That this Conference, having been informed of the suggestions of the Sunday-school Union for a Season of Special and Universal Prayer for Sunday-schools on October 19th and 20th, 1873, heartily sympathises with the desire expressed by the committee of the Sunday-school Union that the happy result may be 'a large ingathering of the young into the fold of Christ.' They would, at the same time, affectionately urge upon all their fellow-

labourers amongst the young throughout the country and the world, that in connection with this Season of Universal Prayer, earnest and solemn supplication should be made for the overthrow of our national drinking customs, as being one of the greatest hindrances to the fully successful results of Sunday-school labour; and the Conference would also suggest that every facility be given by the friends of Sunday-schools for the formation of Bands of Hope in connection therewith, and the delivery of Temperance Addresses to the Scholars."

Third—"That this Conference suggests to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, that a Conference should be held under the joint auspices of these two Unions, in the spring of 1874, to consider the subject of a Confederation of Band of Hope Unions."

At the invitation of the committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, Mr. Councillor Stephenson and the Rev. James Yeames attended as a deputation from the Executive Committee for Juvenile Temples under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England, to give information on the subject of Juvenile Temples, and the conference tendered to them its heartiest thanks for the exposition afforded.

The conference, which occupied a full day's sitting, was brought to a close by a hearty vote of thanks being tendered to the committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union for summoning the conference, and for the cordial reception given to the delegates.

DRINK AND SMOKE.

MANY boys and young men have a notion that manhood consists in the ability to practise certain vices which men indulge in. Thus, the boy who can drink a glass of brandy or smoke a pipe or cigar without the usual unpleasant consequences is considered a hero by his companions. Everybody knows that the art of smoking is acquired by "toiling after it as some men toil after virtue." Alexander Smith, the young Scotch poet, describes in "City Poems" his companions in a city warehouse thus, and many will recognise the portrait:—

"And there was one
Who strove most valiantly to be a man,
Who smoked and still got sick, drank hard, and woke
Each morn with headache; his poor timorous voice
Trembled beneath the burden of the oaths
His bold heart made it bear."

Charles Lamb has a graphic picture in his "Confessions of a Drunkard," of the miseries of drinking and smoking. Writing of the former indulgence, he says:—The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his desolation and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise;

to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin. Could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking forward for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

And not undo 'em
To suffer wet damnation to run thro' 'em."

He further describes how after abandoning his drinking companions he associated with smokers, and his case clearly shows the futility of teetotalers resorting to the milder narcotic.

He says:—"The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to re-take a backsliding penitent. The transition, from gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us, when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That (comparatively) white devil of tobacco, brought with him in the end seven worse than himself." But he determined to abandon the habit, as he found himself led inevitably to drinking—to "drinking egg-flip hot at the 'Salutation,'" so he wrote his "Farewell to Tobacco," and gave it up, returning to it again, but finally abandoning it. In the "Farewell" alluded to, he characterised tobacco as—

"Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind."

The writer lately observed a Sunday-school scholar, pipe in mouth, lounging against a street corner. On remonstrating with him, he pertinently asked, "Do you smoke, sir?" "No," I replied. This circumstance suggests the importance and necessity of personal abstinence from the baneful habit. There are hundreds, nay, thousands of persons engaged in public work who indulge in the habit, and who ought for the sake of example, if not for the sake of health, to give up this sensual indulgence. Like its twin brother, alcohol, it does no good, but makes plenty of work for the doctors, and sends hundreds of young men to an early grave. Few men, and even professedly Christian men, do not realise the awful responsibility of their example, for—

"Example strikes
All human hearts; a bad example more;
More still a father's; that ensures his ruin."

A Brave Boy.—A child of twelve years had importuned his mother many times to permit him to attend a temperance meeting; but she, being opposed to the society, would not let him go. At last he urged her so closely that she permitted him to go, but charged him not to join. "For if you do," said the prudent mother, "you shall have nothing but bread and water for three days." The boy went, and saw that the societies were the means to prevent boys from becoming drunkards when they grew to be men. When the list came round, he signed. "And now," said the noble boy, "I am willing to live on bread and water three days or longer, if necessary."

THE ANTHEM OF THE WATERS.

By Ivy.

I HEAR it in the torrent's dash
As through the rocks it rushes;
And in the mirthful, foamy plash
Of waterfalls it gushes;
I hear it where the summer sun,
Reflects from silvery fountain;
And where the dimpling streamlets run,
In ripples down the mountain;

For the aged man the water bright,
Water for youth and maiden,
It gives fresh delight to hearts so light,
And joy to the sorrow-laden.

Old ocean sings a peaceful song,
Calm in the sunlight sleeping;
And peals a chorus grand and long;
With foam-curled billows sweeping;
But deep and low round rocky caves,
Hear solemnly the measure:
And echoing o'er the crested waves,
An anthem light with pleasure;
For the aged man, &c.

The river wends its way alone,
Through reeds and rushes bending,
Chanting in stately monotone,
A song with the self-same ending;
The brooklet flows where meadows slope,
Fresh verdure ever bringing,
And musical with love and hope
A solo sweet is singing;
For the aged man, &c.

Then while the water onward flows,
Good gift from gracious Giver,
And while the anthem upward goes,
From ocean, stream, and river—
Let old and young with heart and tongue
Join in the strain together,
And send the song on pinions strong,
To wing its way for ever.
For the aged man, &c.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN PROMOTING TEMPERANCE.

[Being the substance of an Address delivered by Mrs. Clara L. Balfour, at the Seventeenth Festival of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, September 20th, 1873.]

Mrs. Balfour, who was received with cheers, said it afforded her the utmost pleasure to have the honour to address so large a meeting. She should hardly presume to speak to a large assembly like that, were it not from a feeling of responsibility as a wife, a mother, and a sister, on a question which was of the utmost importance in every household. It was the right of assemblies to know what had been the practice of those who presumed to speak to them. She had taken an interest in the temperance movement, and practised its principles for six-and-thirty years. Through sickness and in health, with many sorrows—for who passed through life for thirty-six years without sorrow?—and many joys, she had maintained those principles, and witnessed their results in promoting the true comfort of home. The temperance question was a domestic question—it was pre-eminently a woman's question, and therefore she rejoiced to see in that assembly so many of her own sex, for it was upon the mothers of this country that the prosperity, morality, and happiness of home to a great extent depended. There was one passage of Scripture which said, "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." She presumed there were many wise

women in that assembly intent on promoting the virtue and comfort of home; but it was a painful fact she was obliged to admit, that many women wrapped themselves in the mantle of indifference or supine acquiescence in regard to the terrible evils of intemperance. They all knew the words applied to woman in holy writ; she was there called by the comprehensive and suggestive phrase of the helpmate of man; therefore in no rational sense was she man's inferior. It was woman's bounden duty to go forward in all that was pure, holy, lovely, and of good report, and determine to improve the minds and elevate the morals of those around her. And yet it was painful to hear the senseless words that women sometimes uttered upon the subject of total abstinence. "You see, I take so little," some would say as an excuse; then how little they had to resign, how small an effort to make in coming forward with a protest and doing battle against one of the most terrible evils in the land. The mind shrunk back appalled at the thought of how many homes were neglected and made wretched, blighted and desolated by intemperance, and for a right-minded woman to be indifferent, or weakly to yield on so momentous a question was something which she (Mrs. Balfour) could scarcely comprehend. It was so different to the usual unselfishness and energy of woman so to act.

Let intemperance once enter a dwelling, and love, peace, order, prosperity, fled from that home. After alluding to the encouraging fact that during the year 5,000 young people had been gathered into the union from that and the neighbouring county, Mrs. Balfour said it was the duty of women who had to do with childhood, and had children around their knee, to train them in habits which would deepen into principles in after life. A child would feel the beauty of an action long before it could understand the force of a reason, hence the value of a pure example. Their duty was to train them in the right way, the rule being—that wise customs would lead to wise convictions, she did not say there were no disappointing exceptions; but when the mother practised what was right, she had no self-reproach to add to her sorrows. A wise mother began at the beginning with all other moral principles; she taught a child to be strictly truthful, so that it might grow up to learn that lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; so with honesty, and every other right habit. A mother never told a child that a little lying or a little theft was safe; and yet intemperance began with littles, was often commenced at home by allowing a child to take a little as a symbol of festivity, a treat, and that child insensibly contracted an appetite for strong drinks. If a mother would have her children abstain, she must herself set the example. "Ah," but some would say, "I have known children to be rightly trained, and yet they have gone wrong." True, but if a child did not follow the example taught in early life, the mother had the assurance that she had done her duty. We were too ready to point to failures, and to think the good lessons were lost, but it was no uncommon thing to find that long after that good mother, or that kind father, who had set the pure example, had been laid in the silent grave, the recollections of their wise and lovely lives and upright teaching, had brought back, as with an irresistible hand, the wayward child into the

good old path sanctioned by parental fidelity and love. As a woman, she would urge on her sister woman—on the wives and mothers present, to do their duty in this great matter. A wife had it in her power to retard or promote her husband's happiness in no mean degree, for if a man sought happiness elsewhere he pursued a phantom through the world, sure to mislead and disappoint him. Happiness in every well-regulated home must not be a mere casual guest—a visitor, but a dweller at one's own fireside, or it existed nowhere on this earth for him. Often the path in life was steep and rugged, and many a man, in these days, when every necessary of life was dearer than it used to be, found the struggle very hard. All that was spent on dangerous luxuries, was taken from necessary comforts and genuine pleasures. It was incumbent upon wives and mothers to attend to the economics of their households, to build up, not to pull down, and to dispense with all that which blighted comfort, and brought shame and ruin. Health, peace, prosperity of mind, body, and estate, followed in the track of true sobriety. In conclusion, Mrs. Balfour made an earnest appeal on behalf of the Band of Hope movement, and resumed her seat amidst applause.

A Templar's Reverie.

By W. P. W. Buxton.

NEAR the fire I sat reclining, as the day was fast declining,
And I watched the shadows flicker, as I oft had watched before;
And I thought of dreams now broken, and of loving words once spoken,
Spoken in the days of beauty—days that I shall know no more,
Spoken by some shining angel basking on a brighter shore,
Where the cares of earth are o'er.

One by one the thoughts came springing, smiles of joy and gladness bringing,
Bringing also darkened shadows, shadows full of pain and woe;
And in accents low I muttered words of love that friends had utter'd,
Uttered when fond fancy bound me in the years passed long ago,
In the days of youthful pleasure—in the spring time's sunny glow,
That I never more shall know.

Eyes of brightness came before me, lovely forms stood bending o'er me,
On whose cheeks the blushes linger'd, as they did in days of yore;
But the healthful glow has faded, and those days of life are shaded,
Shaded with a bitter sorrow, with a life that soon is o'er,
Binding fast the soul in darkness, shrouding virtue with a gore,
That shall blast it evermore.

Hark! the cry of children pleading, and the mother interceding,
Sighing for a home of gladness, and for freedom from their pain;
While the father by his drinking, deeper in the vortex sinking,
Revels in the wine unceasing, bound in bondage by its chain,
Branding him with bloated features, with the drunkard's fiery stain,
Soon to lay him with the slain.

Then I thought of Templar brothers, each and all reclaiming others,
Saving them from drink and sadness, and from homes of grief and woe;

They with triple emblems shining, came and round my heart entwining,
Led me to their shrine of gladness, there their solemn vows to know;
From the spoiler's hand they saved me, led me where sweet virtues grow,
Where shall dwell no tyrant foe.

Fellow Templars! raise your banners, raise on high your loud hosannas;
Duty calls you to the battle, bids you labour more and more;
Rise ye then in countless numbers, for a foe our land encumbers,
Loose the bondsman from his thraldom, set him free for evermore,
Let the fruits of peace and plenty spread the nation o'er and o'er,
And temperance reign from shore to shore.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE BAND OF HOPE UNION.—The seventeenth Grand Festival of this Union was held on Saturday, September 20th, in the Free Trade Hall, Mr. Councillor Thomas Watson, of Rochdale, presiding. The hall was crowded in every part. A select choir of 400 voices occupied the platform, and sang, with great efficiency, part songs, choruses, &c., under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Hoyle, hon. secretary, Mr. W. H. Whitehead, agent, presiding at the organ. Miss H. Thompson, of Northwich, sang the solos "Mabel;" "Last Rose of Summer;" and "Drink not thy dear life away," with considerable expression and power. The speakers, Mrs. Clara L. Balfour, Mr. Councillor B. Fish, J. H. Raper, Esq., and Mr. R. Horne, delivered excellent addresses, and the report of operations read by Mr. Charles Darrah, chairman, showed the Union to comprise 19 branch unions, 438 societies, 706 voluntary advocates, and at least 65,000 abstaining members.

Claremont Band of Hope.—On Saturday, Sept. 13th, about 50 members of the above society sat down to tea in Lane-bottom schoolroom. After tea the annual meeting was held. Mr. Tom Schofield, the secretary, read a very encouraging report on the state of the society, and Mr. Robert Schofield also gave the treasurer's report, which showed the receipts of the year to be £19. 14s., and the expenditure £19. 2s. 6d. The officers for the ensuing year were then appointed.

St. Matthias Band of Hope and Temperance Society, Salford.—The fifth half-yearly tea party was held in the schoolroom, Broughton-road on Monday. There was a good attendance at tea, and 400 were present. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. H. J. Meres, M.A., rector. The secretary's report showed that during the past six months, 42 new pledges had been obtained (making a total of 306), six meetings had been held, and that the number of paying members was 111. The members had also sold the following temperance publications:—"Onward," 739 copies; "British Workman," 41; "Band of Hope Review," 25; "Church of England Temperance Chronicle," 108; making a total of 913, which added to 3,000 copies of the society's monthly "Visitor," distributed gratis, makes a total of nearly 4,000 copies of temperance literature circulated by the society during the last six months. An address was given by Councillor Knowles, of Blackburn, and prizes were distributed by the chairman to those of the members who had sold temperance publications, and recited at the society's monthly meetings.

ARNOLD PRESTON AND KATHLEEN STANLEY.

THE BIRD ANGEL.

By M. A. Paull.

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Parish," "The Diver's Daughter," &c., &c.

Chapter XII.

SERENADING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"Stars of the Summer night
Far in yon azure deeps
Hide, hide your golden light;
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"—Longfellow.

KATHLEEN stirred on her pillow, the Autumn moonlight filled the room, and rested on the bright bronze-hued tresses of her abundant hair, the soft pink of her cheeks, her smooth fair brow, and the shut eyelids. It rested too on the small delicate hands, on one of which her cheek lay, while the other was thrown carelessly upon the coverlid. Again the sweet sounds of music floated through the room, a guitar, in accompaniment to the rich, beautiful voice of a man;

"She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps."

Kathleen moved once more, her eyes opened dreamily and then shut again, ut the music continued and she was awake at last. "How pretty, and who-ver can it be? and who is he singing to?" she asked herself.

Then she arose from her bed, threw a cloak around her, and her small white eet, shining in the moonlight, stole noiselessly across the room; she peeped very shyly, very timidly from the window. It was a lovely scene. The broad heets of moonlight rested on the lake in the distance, and nearer her, on every cottage, every tree; while each object cast long dark shadows abroad amongst the moonbeams. She could not see any one, but even as she stood, came a new, soft outpouring of song that thrilled her soul.

"Dreams of the Summer night
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"

Was not the voice strangely, ah! so strangely, like the voice she had listened to years ago, in her childhood, upon Waythorpe Downs and in the dear old home; and again to-night amongst the Westmoreland mountains and valleys? To whom was Arnold singing? Alice Leatham slept in the next room to her own; with a miserable pang of disappointment Kathleen turned away from the window, and at that very moment there was a gentle tap at the door, and Alice entered her chamber.

"Oh! my dear," she said, coming over to Kathleen, who annoyed beyond measure at being found awake and out of bed, and endeavouring to discover the serenader, now stood apparently calmly but really in much confusion, to listen to her; "isn't this delightfully romantic of him? And so he disturbed you, did he? Naughty fellow, I must really stop him. I did so want to know whether you were awake. Isn't he just like one of the Paladins? You know what I mean, those old crusading sort of fellows, that always serenaded their lady loves. 'Tis quite out of fashion in Steamford, 'behind the age,' I daresay they would call it; indeed, I suppose those horrid police would take up a lover for doing it, but here, you know, it's quite the proper thing, don't you think so?"

"Yes, perhaps it is, I don't know," said Kathleen in a perplexed voice.

"Oh! I see, you poor thing, you're not half awake yet, so I shall leave you to finish your nap. Naughty Mr. Beresford be like the rain, 'go away, and come again another day,' or night rather. Good night, Miss Stanley, don't be cross, my dear, I can't help it, you know, if he did wake you; what a thing it is to be attractive, you'll find it out some day; for you're quite as pretty as I am, Kathleen; but isn't this charmingly romantic of him?" and Alice Leatham disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

When she had gone, Kathleen sat down at the foot of her bed, and cried bitterly, though silently. She could not have told anyone the reason of her tears. Then she got into bed again, and tried to sleep, but failed save for fitful dreams, that were all about Alice Leatham, and Arnold, and herself in all manner of grotesque, and improbable, and unwelcome situations. Towards morning, she fell asleep more soundly, but in her sleep she dreamed, first she saw a lot of bird-angels, larks dressed in small, bright, shining, white robes, ascending heavenwards and heard them singing as they rose, as she had listened many a time on her native downs, and then the bird-angels melted or were transformed by some strange process into Arnold, Lilian, and herself, all of them children again, and they were singing, as a trio, Shakespeare's exquisite song, "Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,"

> "My lady sweet, arise, my lady sweet, arise,
> With everything that pretty is,
> My lady sweet, arise."

How sweetly the glee sounded, but the three voices mingled into one, and far off that one voice was singing "My lady sweet, arise."

Kathleen turned herself, she was awake now and very sad, sunshine was flooding her room as the moonlight had the night before, but there was neither sun nor moonbeam in her heart; that dear old song, always associated in her mind, as in her dream with Arnold and his bird-angels, why did he come in the early morning to sing it to Alice Leatham? What were bird angels, what were Shakespeare's larks, what were sweet romance and tender serenades to that silly girl, who hadn't two ideas of her own?"

"Oh! Kathleen, Kathleen," said conscience, "how unkind." And Kathleen was silent.

"Miss Stanley, are you getting up? If you are, Mr. Beresford would be glad to speak to you as soon as possible," said one of the farm servants, knocking at her door.

"Very well, Ann, I shall be ready soon."

Kathleen dressed herself hurriedly, wondering much at the summons. She was soon in the garden that was all tremulous with the sunshiny, shimmering, dewy beauty of early morning, where the hollyhocks were silvery with the tracks of the slugs and snails, and the sunflowers and dahlias and china asters looked up with honest, open faces of various colours towards heaven; where the birds twittered and sang their matins on the boughs of the beautiful trees, and the long scarlet leaves of the Virginian creepers waved to and fro in the soft south breeze.

"Kathleen, there is such a sight to be seen on the lake, and we have a good two hours before breakfast, will you come?"

Kathleen hesitated, "Do you really wish me to?" she said, as if she doubted her own senses, or his words.

"Wish you to? oh! Kathleen, indeed I do." There was no mistaking that tone, and yet she lingered.

"I have so very much to say to you, Kathleen."

"Ah!" she thought, "he would like to finish telling me his doings since he left us, no sister, no cousin would refuse to listen to him; he is a good, dear fellow, a noble man, I am glad he would like to tell me," and she went to fetch her hat.

But she went with a weary feeling of disappointment, of sorrow, that she did not stay to analyse.

"Are you ready, Cousin Kathleen?" said Arnold, playfully, as she reappeared.

"Quite," she answered, and they went out together.

"There has been such a sun rise," he said, "the lake was crimsoned with the beauty of the clouds above it."

"Has there?"

"Kathleen, I see I must make my peace with you. I fear I have altogether disturbed you to-night, when I only meant," here he smiled and coloured, "to please you. It was too bad of me not to let you rest either night or morning; but I couldn't sleep, Kathleen, I have not been in bed to-night."

She looked up at him in surprise; "Not in bed! Arnold, why ever not?"

Something in his eyes made her turn quickly away. There was an awkward pause. Arnold was wondering why Kathleen was angry with him, wondering if far away in sunny Devon some one had sought and won that fair prize; Kathleen was thinking of Alice Leatham.

"Will you let me tell you why not?" said Arnold, after they had walked along for some time in silence. Kathleen did not answer, and she kept her head a little turned from him so that he could not well see her face. They made a pretty picture that early autumn morning, walking in the sunshine from the farmhouse to the lake, but they made a yet prettier one, by-and-by.

"Kathleen," said Arnold, at last, feeling desperate at her cold manner, "did I make you very angry by serenading you last night and this morning? I suppose I was foolish, I dare say I am foolish now, but you *should* forgive me.

Think of how I have hoped and dreamed all these years. You need not tell me that my day-dream is over, I see it in your face."

He stopped and fronted her, and looked passionately down at the beautiful countenance that could not now hide itself from him, but it was covered with blushes, and the blue eyes were full of tears.

"Forgive me, Kathleen," he said, "I did not mean to grieve you. I have been so mad, so abrupt, I have managed it all so badly. I will not intrude upon you any longer, Kathleen, good-by;" and he moved away, yet he lingered, as if he could not tear himself from the spot. Kathleen's heart was in a turmoil of excited feeling, of joy at one moment, bewilderment the next; what did Arnold mean? Did he love her? There was a glad suspicion that he did, and yet how could he? How could he love her, if he loved Alice Leatham? and Alice had been so certain that he was serenading her. Yet when Arnold left her, she could not let him go, and she said softly, "Arnold, I don't understand you."

He was at her side in a moment, though he had not heard her words.

"You called me, Kathleen?" He spoke eagerly, yet tremulously, afraid to trust in any happiness.

"I don't understand you," she repeated.

"Kathleen," he said, in firm, tender tones, "ever since I knew you, I have had, next to my love for God, and my desire to serve Him, but one aim, one passion in life, and you have been the object of it. As a boy, I did not understand my admiration for you, my wish to be your equal, your companion, but as boyhood changed to youth and manhood, while I was far away from you, I took you for my guiding star, and the sweet influences that were around you, and that you shed over your dear home, have never been absent from me. Your figure, Kathleen, your face, your voice have lived in my heart making the romance of my life. You know the great and good Dr. Arnold, after whom I am named, laboured to inspire his pupils with a love for romance; he said once, 'I have always looked upon a man infected with the disorder of anti-romance as one who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish.' I have remembered these words, because when I read them, I felt how much I had to thank you for. Kathleen, dearest, you have been my preservative from anti-romance, and in black, business like Steamford, have kept green and sunny within me, the love of all things fair and beautiful, the mighty throb of the everlasting sea, and the sweet songs, the heavenly music of my bird-angels' voices. Do you understand now, darling, how hearing about you, as I told you, the other day, and that you were coming, I did not linger to meet you in the bustling town, but chose rather to welcome you in some sweet valley or hill-side, and how coming yesterday upon you in your distress, and seeing your bravery on behalf of poor little Tom."

"It wasn't bravery at all," interrupted Kathleen.

"I left," continued Arnold, only smiling at her words, "my long pent-up love burst forth in a mighty stream, that has carried me along with it irresistibly. Oh! Kathleen, this is my story; for you I have worked; to gain a

home for you, a fit nest for my sweet human skylark, my most cherished bird-angel has been the object of my ambition, do you still send me away, and must I obey you?"

Kathleen was puzzled beyond endurance, she could not look at him and speak of Alice Leatham, for she knew there must be some mistake, yet equally she could not endure the thoughts that would intrude themselves, so she looked out at the view through a gate to which they had walked, and said softly, "I thought you and Miss Leatham liked each other." Arnold's brow clouded.

"What made you think so, Kathleen," he asked gravely, "why, Miss Leatham is not even a teetotaler, to say nothing of other objections, did you suppose I had forgotten my principles to that extent?"

"Perhaps you might have made her one."

"I don't think she would dare to be so unfashionable," he said, dryly, "but oh! Kathleen, I cannot thank you for believing this of me, what an opinion you must have formed, to think that Miss Leatham was my ideal of a woman. Upon my solemn word, Kathleen, I have never given her the slightest reason to think I cared for her. Indeed, how could I, when such an idea never crossed my mind. But what made you think I was in any way looking after her, *surely*, Mrs. Stone never supposed such a thing?"

"Oh! no, it was not Mrs. Stone," said Kathleen, determined not to say much more about Alice Leatham, "but it was very foolish of you to serenade us last night."

"Us?" laughed Arnold, recovering his spirits under Kathleen's smile, "*me*, you mean; well, call me foolish, scold me if you will, Kathleen, only don't send me away from you, and do tell me that if I will try to give over serenading you, you will love me just a little bit for old times' sake, will you?" And Kathleen did not say him nay; but we have intruded already too long upon these sweet confidences.

When, just before breakfast, Arnold and Kathleen came back from their ramble, the young governess, with very much heightened colour and drooping head, went rather unceremoniously and speedily to her room; without exchanging any "good mornings" with the assembled family, who were mostly in the garden; while Arnold Beresford drew Mrs. Stone aside, and at once confided to her, his happiness; Kathleen, whom he had loved so long, had given him her love in return.

"Oh, you dreadfully naughty fellow," said that merry matron, "what am I to do for my governess, then?"

"She says she should not think of getting married," said Arnold, rather moodily, "until she had been with you at least for a year or two."

"Ah! indeed, and I can tell from your tone, that it is not according to your mind she should be so good to me, so I've nothing to thank you for. Do you wish this affair kept secret?"

"Oh! no," said Arnold, "the more known the better, unless Kathleen objects. Just for a few days, until the news has reached Waythorpe, please keep it to yourself, dear Mrs. Stone, after that 'all the world and his wife' may hear of it," said Arnold, gaily.

Mrs. Stone ran up to Kathleen while Arnold endured Miss Leatham's chatter, and successfully parried her quizzing about the serenade songs of the night before, she appeared to have slept through the morning music.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Stone, "I'm so glad for dear Arnold and for you too, to be so happy, only it's really very disappointing," she added, with a comic face.

"But you mustn't be disappointed, dear, kind Mrs. Stone," said Kathleen, kissing her, and feeling it impossible to keep back her glad tears from those friendly eyes, "I shall stay with you ever so long, Arnold knows that."

A few days later came joyful letters from Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and Lilian, and even from dear old Granny, who had employed "Miss Lilian" as her amanuensis, and written a wonderfully merry, quaint, and characteristic letter to her "dear lamb" and her "honey bird," as she styled Arnold and Kathleen, abounding with cheerful love and trust to God, and tender expression of love to His children, and sound advice to the young pair. When these had been received at the farm-house in Westmoreland, Miss Leatham was also told of Arnold's engagement to her sister's governess. She received the intelligence so good temperedly, as quite to ease Kathleen's mind.

"How funny, my dear, that I should have talked to you as I did, and he was serenading you all the time, you sly puss; well, never mind, your turn is first instead of mine, I think after all, now, you needn't be impertinent and say about sour grapes, for I do think he's far too stiff with his teetotalism and other notions ever to have suited me; so take him and welcome, my dear, and I'm sure you will be happy, for you're every bit as bigoted as he is."

After those happy holiday weeks by Windermere were over, and school duties had begun in earnest for Kathleen, Arnold went to Waythorpe to spend two days, he could not be spared longer. What a joyous meeting it was, how much everybody had to tell, "how handsome and how good my lamb looks," said Granny, and he stooped and kissed her with the same affection as he had shown of old, and put into her hand a purse, containing ten sovereigns; "a small part," as he said, "of the debt he owed her, that he should never get paid," and she cried and laughed by turns over both him and it. Poor dear, good, merry, old Granny Whiddon!

Then Arnold had much to tell of his father, and the end of it was that Mr. Stanley returned with him to Steamford, and went with Arnold and Kathleen to the asylum, where Kathleen had already been tenderly and penitently received by her uncle, Alfred Beresford. And after several consultations between the doctor and Mr. Stanley, it was arranged that the repentant and reformed man should go to the sweet, quiet country life at Summerland farm, and try what effect the fresh, beautiful moorland air, and the society of his relatives had on him; while he ever faithfully kept far from him, that strong drink, which had cursed and marred so many years of his life. Words would fail to tell of his astonishment and gratitude and wholesome self-reproach, when he learnt that their mother's property had been safely invested for him, by his half-brother, and kept faithfully through the years of Mr. Stanley's difficulties. This, with the accumulated interest, would now yield him an

income of a hundred a year, a sum amply sufficient to keep him in respectability and comfort, while it at once relieved Arnold of the cost of his maintenance. The plan answered admirably, Lilian became her uncle's pride and delight. The beautiful golden-haired girl, who flitted about the little farmstead, was a new, sweet interest for him, and soon gained such a pure, strong influence over him, that as she often laughingly boasted, "Uncle Alf would do anything for her."

It was Lilian who induced him to sign the pledge, Lilian who accompanied him in his walks, and told him in glowing language the story of his noble young son and the bird-angels. Lilian, who led him to scenes of misery made wretched by the vice which he had once indulged in, and who suggested to him to alleviate the unhappiness of drunkard's wives and little ones from his readily-opened purse. Alfred Beresford was the type of a numerous class in our dear old land, men who have been spoiled all through life at home, at school, at college, and in after years, by the drinking habits of society. He possessed a warm heart, a generous nature, and a strong will; all the good in him had been crushed, all the bad developed by the drink-demon. As he often said, and as he sometimes told the frequenters of the Waythorpe Temperance Hall, and still more often, the children whom he taught so efficiently in the Band of Hope, his career was enough to make any thoughtful boy sign the pledge for fear of like degradation; and any man sign it, in order to uphold himself and his brother man, who might, left to themselves, stray as far from God and humanity as he had done.

Kathleen kept her promise to Mrs. Stone, not all Arnold's persuasions and pitiful protestations of his utter loneliness could move her sufficiently to make her think about leaving her new home till more than a year had passed, and then she resolutely refused to be married till the spring. Before this Mr. Stone had generously rewarded "native talent," as Miss Leatham saucily called Arnold, by taking him into partnership.

At the beginning of April, Kathleen left Steamford for Waythorpe, a month later was to be the wedding. We pass over that busy month of preparation, those walks and talks with her father and mother and Lilian; that quiet visit in the soft twilight of a spring evening, which Mrs. Stanley and Kathleen and Arnold paid together to Willie's grave, when from the pretty country churchyard and almost close to the headstone, there uprose one of Arnold's bird-angels as if to be the messenger, the carrier-bird between that grave and heaven. Kathleen had had thoughts of the skylarks when she fixed upon May for her marriage month. The larks, and the hawthorn, and the lilies of the valley all were about her on that fair sunshiny morning, when the wedding guests arrived at Summerland farm, and dear Granny, in a black satin dress, the gift of the bridegroom, and the first she had ever possessed, her ample cap adorned with white favours and a white shawl over her shoulders, her face as handsome and her form almost as erect and dignified as of old, sat making tea and coffee at the ordinary breakfast, before the ceremony, in the neatly arranged farm-kitchen.

How lovely the twins looked in their floating snowy garments, the one as

bride, the other as bridesmaid, cannot half be told, nor the sweet scarce restrained playfulness of the bridegroom, in an ecstasy of joy at this realisation of his fondest hopes; nor the satisfaction of the uncle and aunt who had learnt to love him in his loneliness and desolation, for his upright and noble character, and who now welcomed him gladly as a son; nor the thankfulness of the father brought back to virtue and to God, by his boy's love and constant devotion, and his simple trust and faith in his bird-angels, and the great good God who had sent them to be his comforters; nor can we half tell of the ringing cheers and rejoicings of the Bands of Hope who were assembled on that day for their annual festival on Waythorpe Downs. Betsy the blacksmith's daughter, now a fine young woman, much courted and admired, amongst them still. These merrymakers received a visit from the whole bridal party in the afternoon before Arnold and Kathleen left for their wedding tour down the Rhine.

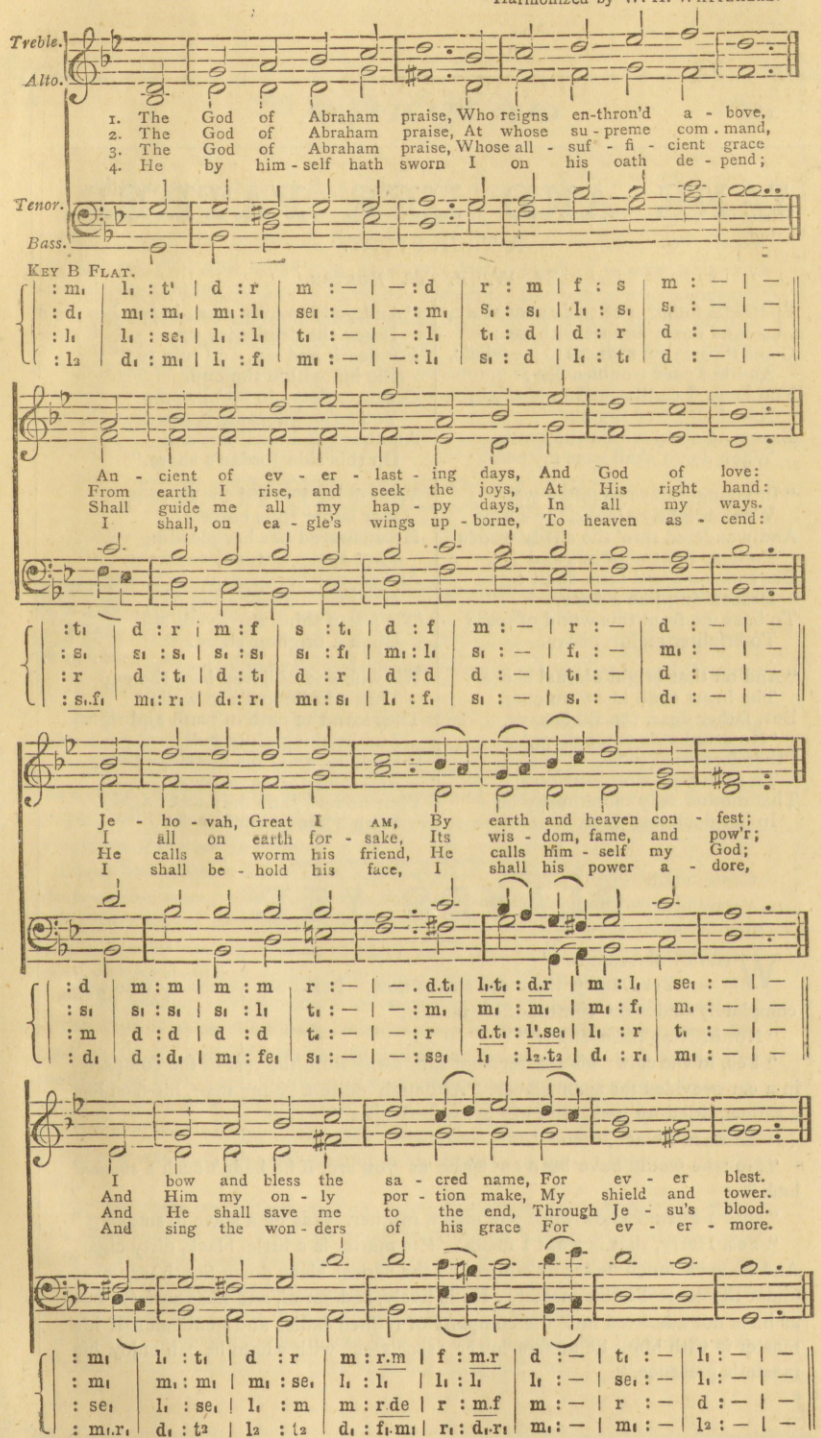
There was sweet music that day from the organ in church, sweet music in the merry bells whose glad peals were flung hither and thither in scattered melody by the sportive breeze; sweet music in the dear voices of beloved ones, and above all to Arnold and Kathleen Beresford, sweet music in the skylark's songs; which, when they wandered for a few moments to the Heather Glen, and sat silently too happy for words, amongst the ferns and the heath, with the past and the present of their lives blended so strangely into one; seemed to tell them of God's unspeakable unbounded love and goodness to all His children, if only they will trust in Him and strive to do His will.

Up above, and all around them in that sunny atmosphere, as if the larks had arranged a Wedding Anthem, there was a perfect chorus of bird-angels singing; and deep down in their inmost hearts, both Arnold and Kathleen echoed the holy though unspoken language of their song.

"Come, my bonny bird-angel, we must go," said Arnold at length, breaking the happy peaceful silence as he helped Kathleen to rise, "may our lives henceforth be purer, and sweeter, and more holy for this precious little time here in this dear old spot. Dearest Kathleen, may we devote ourselves to God and to His service, by striving with all our might to do rightly ourselves, and by helping others to do rightly. For my sake, Kathleen, for the sake of the neglected Arnold whom the Band of Hope did so much to raise, you will cherish and help the neglected drunkard's child, and seek to save all little, ones from a like wretched fate; while I, for your sweet sake, my Kathleen, will strive to remove out of the land those cursed temptations to do evil, the drink-shops, which have proved themselves the most potent of influences to degrade woman, and render her life and her home miserable."

THE END.

Old Hebrew Melody.
Harmonized by W. H. Whitehead.



JANE AND HER FATHER.

A TRUE STORY.

By W. P. W. Buxton.

"COME father, put aside your work,
And come and sit with me;
Come throw your sadness to the winds,
And bid your troubles flee:
You know I cannot leave my room,
Nor shall I e'er again;
Except to sleep within the grave
When death shall ease my pain.

"In younger days we often went
When brightly glowed the spring
And wandered thro' the shady woods
To hear the song-birds sing;
But soon an angel form shall come
Descending like a dove,
To bear me from this world of tears
To brighter realms above.

"And on that bright eternal shore
The heart shall know no care,
But, father dear, the Bible says,
'No drunkards enter there.'
I therefore wish to beg of you
To shun your drunken ways,
That mother may more happy be
In her declining days.

"And you too may more happy be
If you the drink give up,
For death and sin, and ruin too,
Lie hid within the cup.
O, father dear, do promise me
You ne'er will taste it more?
Another gift I shall not ask
On this side Jordan's shore."

With dying lips did she in vain,
Her father thus entreat;
He answered not her pleading voice,
That spoke in tones so sweet.
And though her days on earth are past,
Her pain and suffering o'er,
'Tis joy to think she liveth still
Upon a brighter shore.

His wife and children hate the cup
That still he loves so well;
They love the path of truth and right,
And he the path to hell.
O God, do Thou his footsteps turn,
And take the snare away,
That he and Jane may meet again,
With Thee in endless day.

SLAVES YET.

"WHAT! slaves now?"

"Yes, Harry, there are slaves now. I saw one yesterday who was completely under the control of his master."

"Not in New Hampshire?"

"Yes, in the cars; his master kept him away from the rest of the company, in a car provided for such slaves. Although quite a young man, his face has a sallow, dried-up look, with sleepy, watery eyes."

"He wasn't black, then?"

"No; he would have been as white as you are, if he hadn't such a *smoked* look."

"Oh! I guess I know what you mean, mother. Was he a slave to smoking."

"Yes, Harry, that is what I mean. His master is a little, black, dirty cigar. And he is as much under its control as the veriest slave down South was ever under the control of his master. He is lively, and social, and likes society; but as he is not admitted into the company of refined ladies and gentlemen if his master is with him, he prefers lower associates, with whom he can enjoy his master's presence."

"Isn't it a kind of slavery that is enjoyable, then, mother?"

"It is only that kind of enjoyment where the lowest, or animal part of his nature says to the higher or heavenly part, 'Get down here, and let me trample on you, and crush you under my feet.' No boy is *born* a slave to smoking or drinking, or any of those bad masters. Every man who is steeping his brain in tobacco-smoke or liquor walks right straight into slavery himself. It does make a man look so foolish to go along through the world puffing tobacco-smoke into people's faces, and poisoning the sweet air, that I think, when I see one, of the old saying, 'A cigar is a roll of tobacco with fire at one end and a fool at the other.'"

A WRECKED LIFE.

By Charles R. Griffiths.

PART I.

N the little village of Woodville, there had been some excitement and merrymaking, for a marriage had just been solemnised—and celebrated in good old English fashion—between Edgar Romer, the only son of one of the wealthiest farmers in the village, and Florence Ross, whose father was also a farmer.

The happy couple had known each other from childhood, both having been born in the place. It had for a long time been known that they were engaged, and when one calm sabbath morning their names were read out in the village church no one was greatly surprised, and many were the heartfelt prayers, sent up in simple language to the mercy-seat of God, for the future happiness of the young couple.

Edgar had taken a small farm, and everything promised well for the future. He loved his young wife dearly, who returned his affection with equal ardour.

Florence was a little impulsive creature, with large dark eyes shaded with long silken lashes, a profusion of raven hair, which fell in wavy curls around her neck and shoulders, and a complexion clear and beautiful.

On an evening after the day's toil was over, they would sit side by side, as in the days of their childhood, endeavouring to find out between them (but they never succeeded), why people could not be as loving and happy after marriage as before, and building up for themselves a future of perfect bliss. In short, Florence was Edgar's good angel, for when at her side the purity and goodness of her nature would steal upon him, making him feel how much better she was than he, and raising in his breast a desire to be more like his wife.

For two years everything went on as happily as could be wished, true Edgar had some three or four times returned home rather late, and had always upon such occasions appeared restless and ill at ease; but then he had been detained, he said, at the neighbouring market town, where he had been upon business, and the noise and excitement had caused his head to ache.

Little did Florence think, as she laid her cool hand upon Edgar's burning forehead, on such occasions, how soon her happiness was to be wrecked, and

little did she imagine what a cruel awakening from her short dream of bliss was in store for her.

One evening, Florence was waiting for her husband, who had gone as usual to the town, it being market-day, and as hour after hour glided by and Edgar did not return, the young wife began to feel uneasy, and to wonder what could be detaining him till so late an hour.

Edgar returned at last and as he entered the room where Florence sat, she started up with a joyful cry, and was about to rush into his arms and chide him in her pretty childlike way for being so late; but instead of so doing she drew slowly back, the bright smile died out from her face, and a low cry of pain came from her pale lips as she noticed her husband's condition. His clothes were disordered, and there was a strange wild glare in his eyes: his steps were unsteady, and it was plain to see that Edgar was *drunk!*

Poor little Florence! Sinking upon a chair she covered her face with her hands and amid her tears which trickled through her fingers her sobs came thick and fast. Who can describe her anguish as the terrible truth came in crushing force upon her, that she was *married to a drunkard!*

Married to a drunkard. Very simple words, but they have a fearful meaning. They tell of misery, poverty, and sin; of neglect and cruelty to those most loved;—they tell of long days of toil, and weary nights of watching; of a future where no bright sunshine can be seen, and of the time when hope shall, for ever, fly away! No wonder then that Florence wept so bitterly—wept for the past which would never return, and for the future which she dare not look forward to—as the thought passed through her mind, "married to a drunkard!"

Edgar had for some time been yielding to the tempter—how hard he had striven against it none but himself would ever know, the fight had been fought and the victory had not been his—and from this time he seemed to be completely in the destroyer's power. No persuasion on the part of Florence appeared to be able to affect him, he would promise, but his promises were never kept, and yet strange as it may seem, his love for his young wife was as strong as ever.

The little farm had been sold, and Florence and her wretched husband had removed to the home of her childhood, where her mother and father vainly strove to make her life brighter and happier by their love.

Time passed away, and one lovely July afternoon, while Edgar was away at the alehouse, a little stranger made its entry into this world of sin and sorrow. It was an exact counterpart of its mother, and the poor neglected wife, as she heard its feeble cry and pressed the tiny form to her bosom, felt that she had now something to love and live for.

PART II.

Three years have elapsed since the birth of Florence Romer's little child, who has been to her during that time her only comfort.

Edgar is still the same confirmed drunkard as he was then. Florence has long ceased to implore him to abandon the drink, and now carries in her breast no longer the hope that he will reform.

It is late in the summer, and in the old farm-house there is a hush seldom to be met with there. The inmates talk in whispers, and move about as noiselessly as possible.

What does it all mean?

Step softly up the polished oaken stairs, which will creak, notwithstanding the greatest care, and enter the room on the right hand.

The fragrant breath of the flowers in the garden below, the sweet songs of the birds, and the whistle of the ploughboy in the distant field, are all wafted in at the open window. But the breath of the flowers and the songs of the birds are disregarded by all in that household.

Kneeling beside a little bed, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, is Florence. It is the same beautiful face we gaze upon, but the youthful expression is gone, and the roseate bloom has flown from her cheeks; her dark hair hangs in wild disorder down her back, and her heavy eyelids tell that she has had no rest for some time.

For more than a week has Florence kept her watch beside her sick child; in vain her parents try to persuade her to take some rest. "No," she answers, "let me watch beside my darling till the end."

"But you will kill yourself if you do not take a little rest," tenderly replies her mother.

"And what shall I have to live for when my boy is gone?" returns poor Florence bitterly.

And so she is left alone to watch the feeble breathing of the little sufferer, who it is plain to see is fast dying.

"Oh, God! spare me my child!" is the prayer Florence sends up to the throne of mercy.

At last, worn out with watching, her head sinks upon the pillow by the side of her darling, and with hands still clasped the stricken mother sleeps. And as she sleeps her suffering flies from her, and scenes of her childhood come back to her. Swift in her dreaming, all the happiest events of her life pass before her, she sees nothing of the dark cloud which has fallen upon her life, shutting out the glorious sunshine, her heart beats high with joy, and her face is radiant with smiles,—for she sees her child quite well again, and as the days and weeks fly away she watches him grow, until he is a child no longer. Slowly the scene changes; she does not know how, a shadow seems to come between her and the scene she was gazing upon, and when the shadow has disappeared she again sees her son; but, alas! he is no longer what he was; he is now a wretched drunkard. The smiles fade away from the sleeper's face and she moves her head restlessly on the snowy pillow. Again the scene has changed. It is midnight and she is alone on a bridge,—beneath flows the black river reflecting the host of stars which keep watch in the sky over the sleeping city. A man comes staggering along from the opposite end until he reaches the centre of the bridge, and the dreamer's heart is still as she watches him climb on to the coping of the bridge—for one moment he turns his face towards her, and the sickly glare of the lamp overhead reveals to her the features of her own son. With a great cry of agony she endeavours to spring

forward—but awakes with the perspiration standing in great drops upon her forehead to find it all a dream. She gazes at the child upon the bed before her, and as she presses her hands to her aching head she murmurs, "Oh, God! not my will, but Thine be done."

Hour after hour passes slowly away, and still Florence watches by the bedside of her child, and just as the dawn is beginning to appear far away in the east, with a low shivering sigh, so faint as to be scarcely perceptible, that little sufferer ends its short life-race, and the freed spirit wings its flight to the heaven above.

A week later and its body is placed beneath the grass on a little hill in the grave yard, where Florence would often come to weep for the loss of the child she had loved so dearly, and who had helped to make her hard trial easier to bear.

Untouched by the death of his child, and heedless of the grief of his wife, Edgar still remained a slave to the drink.

Knowing how deeply he had wronged his wife; how he had blighted her life, he dared not insult her now by offering to comfort her in this new sorrow; and, unable to bear the upbraidings of his conscience, he drank deeper than ever that it might be silenced, staying away from his home for days together.

And Florence all this time grieved for her loss, growing day by day weaker till she was finally compelled to keep her bed.

Thus the time dragged wearily away, Edgar but seldom visiting his dying wife, and still seldom sleeping in the house.

* * * * * * * * *

Night had set in at the old farm-house.

Florence was much worse, and at her bedside sat her mother and father. Her mother had been reading to her, at her request, from the Bible, which she had just laid aside. The window was open, and the cool night air came softly in, lifting the dark hair from the brow of the dying.

"Death has laid aside his terror,
And he found her calm and mild,
Lying in her robes of whiteness,
Like a pure and stainless child."

The old weary painful expression has left the fair young face, making it more beautiful than ever; the sorrowful gleam has vanished from the glorious eyes, and in its place there is a far off look, telling that the end is very near.

Florence had often lately asked for Edgar (a whole week having passed since he had been near the house), and that night a messenger had been sent to him to tell him if he would see his wife alive he must come at once.

Out of the public-house he stumbled with a strange fear upon him he had never felt before, and as he hurried along the road and came near the house, he looked up and saw there was a light in his wife's room.

Entering the house he hastened up the stairs, but before him sped another guest who entered the room unseen, whose name was—Death!

Edgar entered the chamber, but he was too late; his wife was dead.

So peacefully had her spirit passed away that they knew not at first it had flown, for she seemed to sink to sleep.

Thus the poor tempest-tossed bark, which had at first sailed amid sunshine and flowers, but was so quickly overtaken by storm and darkness, from which it never again emerged, was stranded by the sea of Death.

The wretched man sunk upon his knees by the bedside and buried his face in the clothes.

They told him how peacefully she had passed away, loving him to the end, and with a prayer on her lips for him.

There was much bitterness in their hearts toward him, for the wrongs he had done their child, but for her sake they would try to forgive him, for it had been one of her last requests.

A few days and Florence was laid beside her child on the little green hill in the old grave yard, and where the golden sunlight wooed the flowers into bloom, and the pale moonbeams fell, the child and its mother slept together.

Wine is a Mocker; Strong Drink is Raging.

WINE is a mocker; would'st thou take
Unto thy heart a treacherous friend,
To flatter thee with honeyed lips,
Yet cause thy RUIN in the end.

Wine is a mocker; would'st thou choose
A mocker, in thy trusting youth;
To cheat thee of thy hopes of heaven,
To lead thee far from hope and truth.

Wine is a mocker; touch it not,
It leads to want, and crime, and woe;
Down, *downward ever* is its path,
Where sorrow's waves *for ever* flow.

Strong drink is raging; deeds of blood,
Red-handed, follow in its train;
Drink, and the fiends shall wait on thee,
And nerve thy hand, and fire thy brain.

Strong drink is raging; would'st thou know
The choicest blessings life can give;
Touch, taste not, handle not the cup,
Keep God's commands, and thou shalt live.

LITTLE THINGS.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whisper'd word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its powers may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell,
Within it silently.

Work, and despair not, give thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

ANOTHER year has passed away, time swiftly glides along! Yes, we are at the close of another of our great eras in life's journey. What we have written, we have written on this page of history. As temperance societies and Bands of Hope, we think that good work has been done for the Master by us. We have not done all we could have done, undoubtedly, yet we praise the Lord for what we have been able to do; and we resolve to start the New Year with renewed energy and trust in His help.

Friend who may read this page! Have you been helping the cause onward? or are you standing careless of the struggle to the death which we are engaged in? Have you been trying to shelter the dear lambs from taint and temptation? or have you been adding your little influence to support the drinking habits of society which have caused so many to be led astray?

Regular subscribers! a New Year is dawning! Will you each induce another friend to take "Onward," and raise our issue to 40,000 for next year?

Loughboro'.—A grand miscellaneous concert was given on October 23rd, in the Town Hall, by the members of the Loughboro' and District Band of Hope Union, assisted by two local bands. The Misses Hall gave solos, and Mr. H. Adcock acted as leader. This concert, which was in every way satisfactory, was for the benefit of the Band of Hope Union.

Manchester.—The eleventh annual meeting of the Park Chapel Band of Hope was held on October 21st. The meeting was highly pleasing. Rev. S. A. Steinthal and the President spoke. The choir gave many temperance pieces; but the principal interest was centred round Mr. T. E. Hallsworth, when he distributed the prizes which had been earned by those members who have been busy selling copies of "Onward," near their own homes.

Manchester.—The Miles Platting Band of Hope held its sixth half-yearly tea party on October 25th, in Varley-street schoolroom. Mr. J. E. Benson took the chair. The reports both of treasurer and secretary were hopeful. The members have during nine months of this year sold nearly 3,000 temperance magazines. Speeches were delivered by the chairman, Rev. A. Haworth, Messrs. G. A. Chambers and Wm. Hoyle. The music and recitations of the evening were under the conduct of Messrs. G. Jones and D. Thompson. Thirteen prizes were distributed—all in books.

Dublin.—A meeting was held on September 23rd, in Leinster Hall, to found a Band of Hope Union for Ireland, to be called the Hibernian. Everything favoured the supposition that an organisation of great usefulness would be the result. Dr. Gunn, R.A., is reported to have said in his speech that in his journeys to Central Africa, the further he passed away from civilisation he passed more and more away from habits of drunkenness. It was the curse of the existence of rum which had involved us in the present Ashantee war, though that was not generally known. He was not a preacher, he was a soldier, and they had 200 total abstainers in his regiment, the 99th.

END OF VOLUME VIII.

PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
Lancashire & Cheshire Band of Hope Union

OFFICES: BARLOW'S COURT, 43, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Terms—Cash with order. Carriage or postage *not paid* except when stated. Postage stamps not taken in payment for amounts over 5s. Post-office orders to be made payable to CHAS. J. HALL, Secretary.

"ONWARD,"

A HIGH-CLASS BAND OF HOPE MAGAZINE,

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

MONTHLY, ONE PENNY,

SPECIMEN COPY BY POST THREEHALFPENCE,

COMMENCING WITH THE JANUARY No., 1874,

INCREASED IN SIZE TO TWENTY-FOUR PAGES, INCLUDING COVER, AND CONTAINING

A NEW SERIAL TALE,

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THIS MAGAZINE, ENTITLED

"The Manor House Mystery,"

BY MRS. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR,

AUTHORESS OF "BURNISH FAMILY," "SIDNEY HOLT'S PURPOSE, &c., &c.

ONWARD VOLUMES.

VOL. 1. } Out of print.
VOL. 2. }

1867-8. Containing photographic frontispiece of Mr. W. D. B. Antrobus, cloth 2s. gilt 3s.

1868-9. With portrait of Mr. W. Hoyle, author of Hymns and Songs for Bands of Hope, &c., &c., containing 18 numbers. Cloth 2s. 6d., gilt 3s. 6d.

1870. With portrait of Jas. H. Raper, Esq., and an original story by Miss M. A. Paull, entitled "Cooe-e, a Tale of Queensland." Cloth 2s., gilt 3s.

1871. With portrait of Rev. Chas. Garrett, and an original tale by Mrs. Clara L. Balfour, entitled "Sidney Holt's Purpose, and what came of it." Cloth 2s., gilt 3s.

1872. With portrait of Charles Darrah, Chairman of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, and a serial tale by Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., entitled "Nearly Lost, but Dearly Won." Cloth 2s., gilt 3s.

1873. With portrait of Mr. Thos. E. Hallsworth., Hon. Sec. of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, and an original tale by Miss M. A. Paull, entitled "The Bird Angel." Cloth 2s., gilt 3s. All post free.

Back Numbers of "Onward"

Can now be had in assorted packets containing 50 Copies for One Shilling. Eleven Packets (or 550 copies) Ten Shillings. Bands of Hope, Temperance Societies, Good Templar Lodges, &c., &c., should avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining an abundance of Choice Music, Readings, Recitations, &c., &c., at so trifling a cost.

"ONWARD RECITER,"

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. PRICE ONE PENNY.

The Most Popular Reciter Published.

CONTAINS

FIRST-CLASS READINGS, RECITATIONS, AND DIALOUGES.

ONWARD RECITER,

VOL. I.—Containing Nos. 1 to 12, or 192 pages of high class and popular Recitations, Readings, and Dialogues.

VOL. II.—Containing Nos. 13 to 24.

BOUND IN CLOTH, ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, POST-FREE.

PART I.—Containing Nos. 1 to 6, in coloured paper cover.
PART II. „ 7 to 12 „
PART III. „ 13 to 18 „
PART IV. „ 19 to 24 „

PRICE SIXPENCE EACH. POST-FREE, SEVENPENCE.

AN EXCELLENT PRESENT.

"Nearly Lost, but Dearly Won."

By the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., author of "Frank Oldfield," the £100 Prize Tale. Bound in stiff cloth boards. Printed on fine paper, in large, clear type, and containing Twelve full-page Engravings, by first-class artists. Price 1s. 6d., post free.

The Band of Hope Manual.

A Guide to the Formation and Management of Bands of Hope. By Charles Darrah, Chairman of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. 32 pages, in neat coloured wrapper. Price 1½d. each, 1s. 1½d. per dozen, or 9s. per 100. Sample sent for two stamps.

JUST OUT.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENTS

In connection with Bands of Hope, and How to Form them. By Thos. E. Hallsworth, Hon. Secretary of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. 32 pages in neat coloured wrapper; printed in clear type and on good paper. Price 9d. per dozen, or 6s. per 100. Sample sent for 1½d. This pamphlet ought to be placed in the hands of every Band of Hope Manager.

CANVASSING BOOKS

Ruled and complete with Rules, form of Receipt, &c.

PRICE 1s. 9d. PER DOZ., OR POST-FREE, 2s.

ORDER NOTES

SIXPENCE PER 100, OR POST-FREE SEVENPENCE.

BAND OF HOPE MELODIES,

FOR FESTIVE GATHERINGS.

No. 1 contains—Sing, speak, work, and pray. Scatter smiles. Out of the mire. The mountain rill. The cooling spring. Work, for the night is coming.

No. 2 contains—Marching home. No one cares for me. Who will go for father now? (song and chorus.) Truth shall be victorious. Let us sing in praise of water.

No. 3 contains—Nottingham. Love at home. Let it pass. Right over wrong. The bubbling spring. The bluebird's temperance song

No. 4 contains—Pledged in a noble cause. The children are gathering. See our ranks. Sunday-school volunteer song. Have they brought our Nelly back? (song and chorus.)

No. 5 contains—Drink water. Sound the battle cry. The young abstainer. Father's a drunkard (song and chorus). The father reclaimed. The evening bell.

No. 6 contains—The conquering band. Glorious news. The temperance rallying song. The sisters appeal. The mill by the rivulet. National anthem.

No. 7 contains—The beacon light. Temperance boys and girls. The true teetotalers (words by Rev. Charles Garret). My native land. Yield not to temptation.

No. 8 contains—Warrington, L.M. Sign to-night. Pic-nic glee. Sweetly come those strains. Temperance battle song. Arouse ye patriot band.

No. 9 contains—Houghton, 11's. O come! and join our army. Sleighing song. Work and win. Laughing chorus. All alone.

No. 10 contains—A song for little girls. The footsteps on the stairs. I wonder why he comes not home! (song and chorus.) Look not upon the wine. Love shall be the conqueror (song and chorus). The crystal fountain.

No. 11 contains—Anniversary hymn. The social glass. Learn to say No. Merrily o'er the waves. Here in the dawn of youth.

No. 12 contains—No. Your mission. Ye noble hearts of England. Dare to be true. Onward, onward! John Alcohol.

No. 13 contains—Leoni, P.M. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem (anthem). The temperance ship is sailing on. Mabel (solo and chorus). Stand to your arms. They say there is an echo here.

No. 14 contains—Vote it out. Work and pray. King Alcohol (tune, "Dame Durden"). Drink not thy dear life away (solo and chorus). Water pure for me. Wilton, L.M.

Volume I., containing Nos. 1 to 12, bound in cloth boards, gilt lettered.
PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, POST FREE.

Part I., containing Nos. 1 to 6, in coloured paper cover.
Part II. „ 7 to 12 „
PRICE SIXPENCE EACH; POST FREE SEVENPENCE.

N.B.—Other numbers and parts will be published at short intervals.

THE

BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE CARD,

(New Edition). An excellent design; in six colours; very effective; durable and cheap.

PRICE 6s. PER 100; POST FREE, 6s. 9d.

Sample by post for Threehalfpence. Societies can have name of Band of Hope printed in for 1s. 6d. per 100 extra.

SECOND EDITION.] SELLING BY THOUSANDS. [NOW READY.

THE INTERNATIONAL

Good Templars' Pledge and Certificate,

[GREATLY IMPROVED.] Size 24in. by 18in.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

May be sent through book post, packed on roller, for 1s. 2d.; or 9s. per dozen for orders of not less than 12 copies, post free, 9s. 8d.

JUST OUT.

ONWARD PLEDGE CARD.

[GREATLY IMPROVED.]

SUITABLE FOR FAMILIES OR SINGLE PERSONS.

Price One Shilling, size 24in. by 18in.

Post free, 1/2; or 9/0 per dozen for orders of not less than 12 copies, post free, 9/8.

THE ONWARD PLEDGE BOOK.

A neat Emblematical Design, containing 30 Pledges and Counterfoil, 6d., post free 7d. 50 Pledges 9d.; 70 Pledges 1s.; 150 Pledges, suitable for societies, 2s., post free.

HOYLE'S MUSIC BOOK,

Containing four-part Music for "Hymns and Songs." Enlarged edition. Old Notation. Cloth, 2s. 6d., or in two parts, paper cover, Tenpence each. All post free. Tonic Sol-fa, cloth, 1s. 6d. post free; or in two parts, paper cover, Sevenpence each; post free, Eightpence.

HOYLE'S HYMNS AND SONGS

For Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies. Enlarged edition. Containing 186 pieces, price Threehalfpence, or 9s. per 100. Specimen copy, by post, Twopence; in cloth, Threepence, or 27s. per 100.

HOYLE'S BAND OF HOPE MELODIST,

New and revised edition, One Penny, or 6s. per 100. Specimen copy, by post, Threehalfpence.

PUBLISHED BY THE

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE BAND OF HOPE UNION,

BARLOW'S COURT, 43, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

TERMS—Cash with order. Carriage or postage *not paid* except when stated. Postage stamps not taken in payment for amounts over 5s. Post-office orders to be made payable to CHAS. J. HALL, Secretary.

AGENTS FOR THE UNION'S PUBLICATIONS.

London: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, Paternoster Row.
Manchester: John Heywood, Deansgate.
Sheffield: Sunday School Band of Hope Union.
Liverpool: Temperance Literature Depôt, 42, Renshaw-street.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne: E. J. Blake, 49, Grainger-street.
Leeds: J. Umpleby, 31, Meadow Lane.
Halifax: F. King, Exchange Buildings.