



ONWARD

The book cover is a deep red color with a black decorative border. The border consists of a rectangular frame with ornate, symmetrical flourishes at the corners and midpoints. In the center of the cover is a large, ornate emblem. The emblem features a central shield-like shape containing a vase with flowers. Above the shield is a cross-like structure with floral motifs. Below the shield is a small, ornate base. The entire design is rendered in black and gold.

1877.



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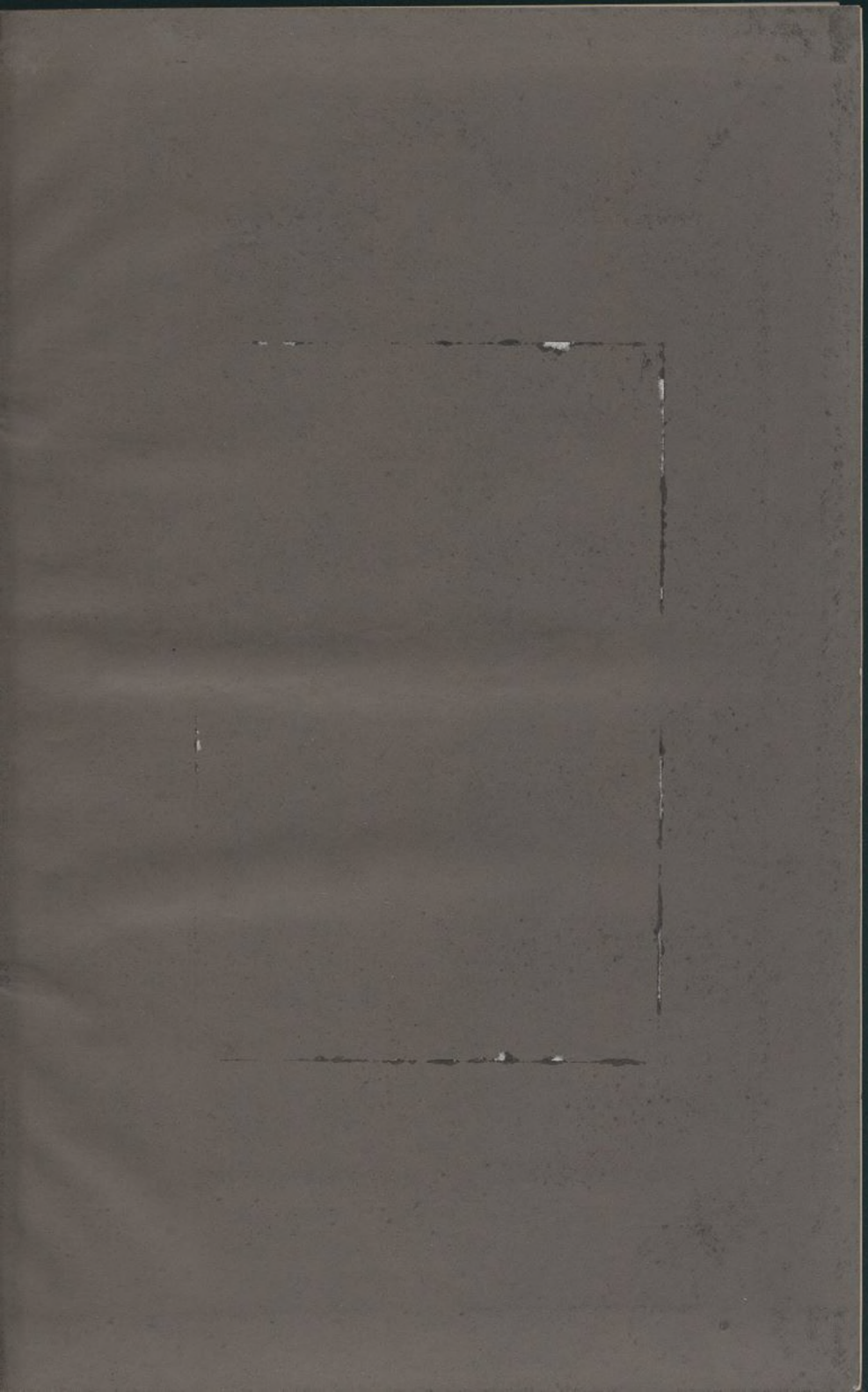
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N.B. Mr. Moss, born at North Tawton, Devon, became one of the outstanding Temperance workers of the 19th—20th Centuries. On 1st September, 1888 he was appointed Missioner to Mrs. LEWIS, Blackburn (The Drunkards' Friend). More than 50 years' loyal service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

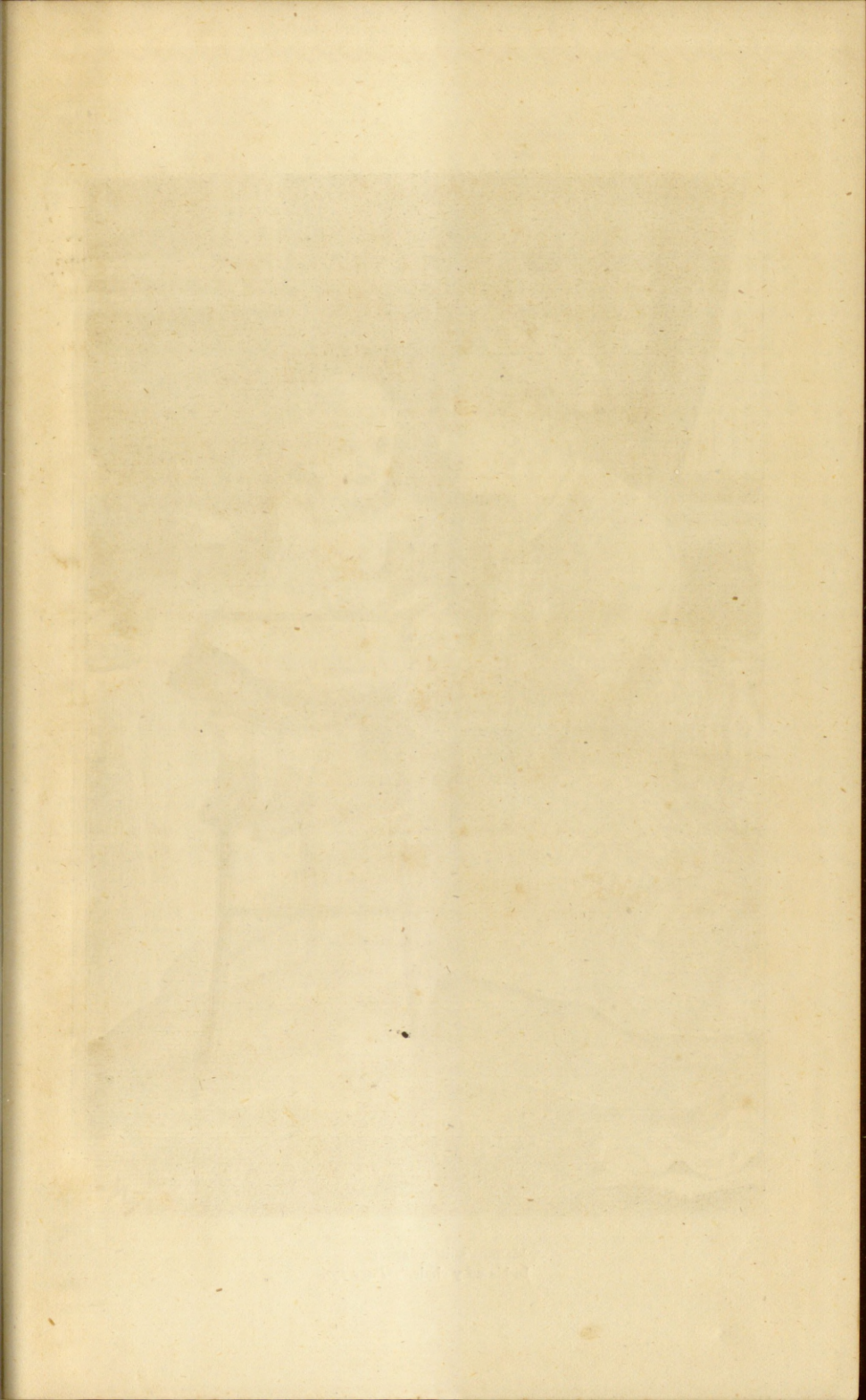




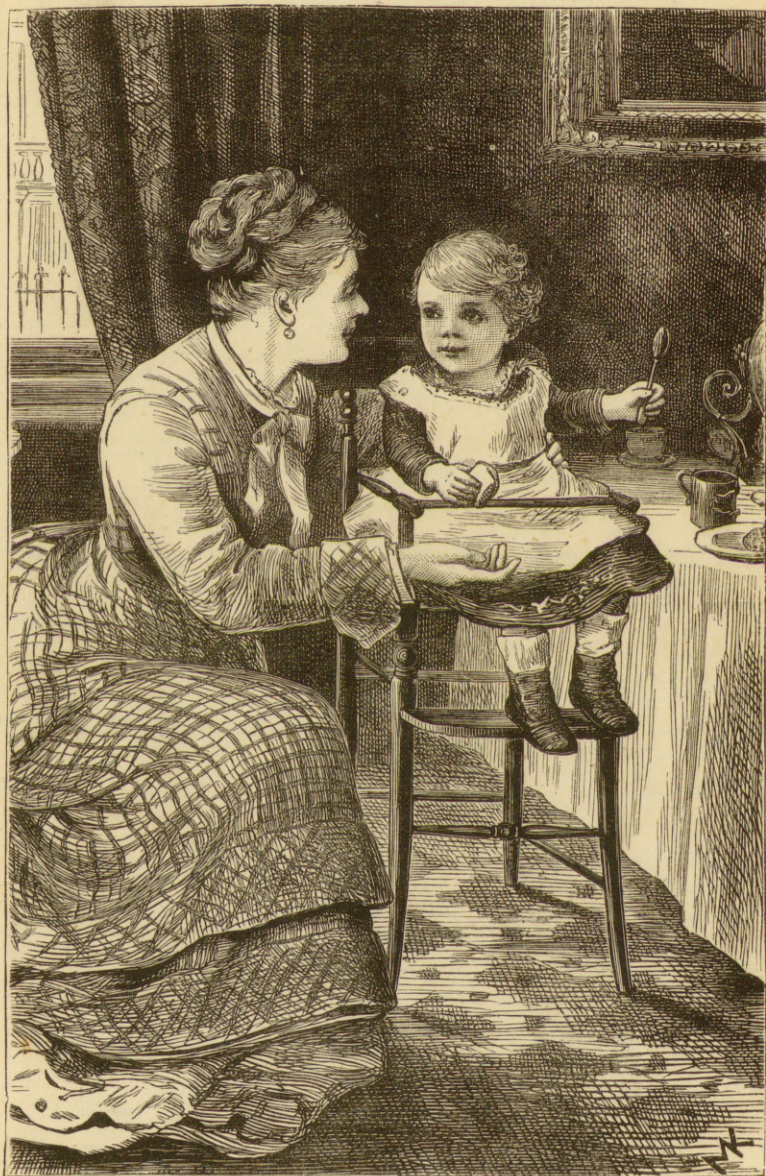


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"Mamma's little darling  
In his cosy chair."--Page 230.





# ONWARD.

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A MAGAZINE  
FOR  
FAMILY READING,  
AND ORGAN OF THE  
Band of Hope Movement.



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VOLUME XII., 1877.

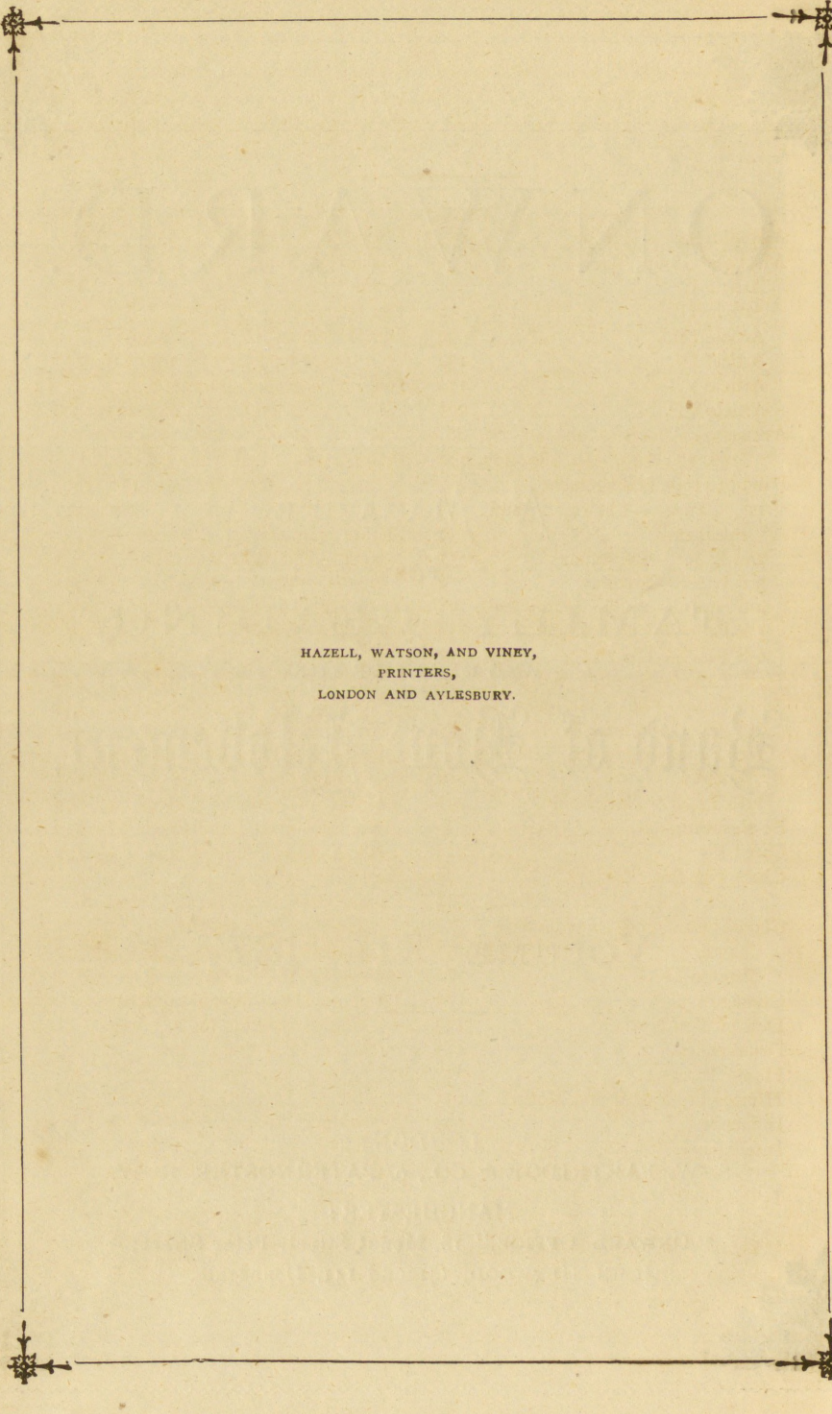
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PRAYER  
FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Oh Thou, Whose hand hath led me in the past,  
Upon the threshold of another year  
My eyes in humble faith I upward cast,  
And ask Thee still to let me feel Thee near.

Thou knowest, oh Lord, how poor and weak I am ;  
How apt to wander from Thy path astray ;  
Now pardon all the past through that blest Lamb  
Who shed His blood to wash my guilt away.

I feel the years are slipping from me fast,  
And Time is hastening on with tireless wing.  
My years seem only like a day gone past ;  
This life, alas ! is such a fleeting thing.

Full soon the years must have an end for me,  
Nor do I wish for ever here to stay.  
Some one, I know not which, the last will be ;  
When Death will claim my body as his prey.

Then may I use the years as they are given  
As steps to bring me closer still to Thee :  
And learn to live on earth the life of heaven,  
That men may see Thy image, Lord, in me.

Help me that I may glorify Thy name  
Through all the span of my remaining days ;  
And henceforth may it be my only aim  
To make my life one grateful song of praise.

DAVID LAWTON.



## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES, AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER I.—CALLED IN.



BITTERLY cold winter's day, yet all glorious with sunshine : sunshine which made the winter landscape one magnificent display of jewellery. Bracelets of diamonds, more brilliant than ever adorned the wrist of royal beauties, hung carelessly from the bare arms of shrunken old trees ; festoons of pearls depended from blackened walls and brambly hedges—the very cottages were roofed in with glittering alabaster, or their thatch was crusted with thousands of gems.

The sky itself all lovely sapphire, and cloudless as summer ; the pure snow on the fields and hills for miles and miles one glistening carpet, soft and beautiful as a poet's fancy. The robins were singing gaily, rejoicing in this winter brightness, their own vermilion breasts in exquisite contrast with the splendour of the whiteness amongst which they sang.

Some few miles away, the thickly-planted houses and chimneys of a large manufacturing town were dimly visible, canopied with smoke.

In a large playground a group of merry boys were busily occupied snowballing each other with such eagerness and avidity that it amused a mere onlooker to see them. Shouts of laughter and cries of disgust arose as the cold missile struck face or neck ; merry jokes, the noisiest of noisy mirth, went on uninterruptedly in the playground ; the boys, spite of the keen frost and snow-covered ground, were rosy and glowing with health, spirits, and exercise. There were fully twenty of them, ranging in age between twelve and seventeen years, and they presented a fair specimen of ordinary middle-class English boys.

The white balls were flying thickly through the air, and all present were eager in the game, some gathering up the soft white flakes at their feet into thickly-rounded masses ready for use ; some stooping to evade the on-coming ball ; some throwing with unexpected vehemence at the unfortunate wights whose eyes were turned from that particular direction.

One young man, an usher, took part in the game, giving and receiving the balls with equal good humour, and apparently as great a promoter of the fun as any boy present.

A door at the end of a passage leading from the house opened on to the playground, and an elderly gentleman appeared thereat, and said—

"Mr. Hutchinson !"

The noise was so great in the play-ground that no one heard ; the elderly gentleman raised his voice and called—

"Mr. Hutchinson !"

But Mr. Hutchinson was throwing himself back, laughing heartily at the success with which his ball had exactly caught the neck of a merry-faced, bright-eyed, roguish-looking little fellow, whose quick aim had hitherto disconcerted almost every one of his companions ; and the usher's mirth was echoed by all the boys, not even excepting the recipient of the snowball, who, as he tried to dislodge the snow that had penetrated even inside his upturned jacket collar, said mischievously—



"That's too bad, it's awful cold, but I'll be even with you yet, Mr. Hutchinson."

A shout of laughter rang through the playground as both boy and usher ran to gather up more snow and renew the combat. But again, and this time much more loudly, the elderly gentleman at the door shouted, "Mr. Hutchinson!"

The usher abruptly let fall the half-formed snow-ball from his fingers, and hurried to the door.

"I have called you three times, Mr. Hutchinson," said the gentleman, a little peevishly, feeling by no means so warm as the glowing bright face of the younger man bespoke him to be.

"I beg your pardon, sir; we were playing so noisily, I did not hear you."

"Tell the boys to moderate their play. Come yourself to the library, and bring Clayton with you: no stay, come yourself first; you can return for Clayton."

The gentleman immediately retreated. The usher went back, and the boys gathered around him.

"What did he want, sir?" asked one.

"*He*, who is *he*? Pronouns are only properly understood when a noun has been first mentioned," said the usher.

"You know, sir—Mr. Barrett;" said the boys.

"He wanted me," replied the usher.

There was a groan of disappointment.

"My dear boys, you can't expect Mr. Barrett to pay me to do nothing but snow-ball you," said the usher with a merry laugh. "I never heard of a man getting his living quite so easily as that. He wants me, and he wants you not to be quite so noisy."

"Oh! I daresay; it makes his great head ache, I suppose," said one boy, rudely.

Mr. Hutchinson at once turned away from the speaker. "You remember," he said, addressing the other lads, "I only care to play and talk with boys of good feeling and gentle manners; impudence is never worth replying to. I trust to you to play as Mr. Barrett wishes."

So saying, he too disappeared through the door. The boys recommenced their game, but with abated interest.

In about ten minutes the door into the playground again opened, and Mr. Hutchinson with a very changed, grave face, called:

"Ronald, Ronald Clayton, you are wanted."

The bright-faced boy with whom he had been at play at the first interruption now came forward, the others grouped themselves around him. But the usher at once drew the boy's arm through his, and led him away without speaking, and closed the door behind them.

"What is it, sir?" asked Ronald, when they were alone.

"Bad news from home, Ronald; your father is ill."

"Not dead, sir?" asked Ronald, trembling from head to foot.

"Dead, oh! no, but ill, so that he has sent for you. Mr. Barrett will tell you particulars."

In the library sat Mr. Barrett, in a luxuriantly-cushioned chair, his feet on the fender before a blazing fire. He looked up as they entered.

"Ronald Clayton!"

"Yes, sir." The boy's teeth chattered, though he stood in the comfortably warmed room, as they had not done in the frosty snowy playground.



"I have had a letter from your father, written by his housekeeper, to say he is very ill, and wishes you to return home at once. A train leaves here at ten; you can catch it if you are quick. Mr. Hutchinson, you can see him off from the station."

"Shall I go with him, sir?" asked the usher. "Would it not be best?"

"It is not necessary," said the schoolmaster. "You remember what I have just told you."

"Perfectly," said the young man, "but if you can spare me, I should like to go as a mark of affection to Master Clayton."

"You may go," said the schoolmaster, but his tone was cool and unsympathetic. The boy looked in surprise from one to the other. Hitherto Mr. Barrett had shown himself so anxious about his welfare and alive to his interests that he was extremely puzzled what could have happened at home to so change him.

"Good-bye, Ronald Clayton," said Mr. Barrett, extending his hand, "You must make haste, or you will lose your train."

"Good-bye, sir. But shan't I come back, sir?" he added.

"We must not stay to talk, Master Clayton, or you will miss your train."

Mr. Hutchinson again drew the boy's arm through his, and led him away.

"Can't I say good-bye to them all?" asked Ronald outside the library door, his lips quivering and tears starting.

"There isn't time, dear laddie," said the usher, tenderly. "As it is, we must run for it." And off they started to the station. They were alone in their compartment, and on their way, when Ronald said, after some minutes' silence—

"What does it all mean, Mr. Hutchinson? Why hasn't father sent the carriage for me, and what has changed Mr. Barrett so? He used always to be so kind, and I shouldn't have thought he would begin to be unkind to me when my father was ill." The boy's words ended in a choking sob.

The usher drew him to his side, and laid the young head affectionately on his shoulder.

"Ronald, dear lad, I think I can tell you and give you less pain in the telling than anyone else who will care to do it. Your father is a poor man. He has speculated in his business, risked the bulk of his property, and lost. I am afraid there will be very little, if any, money left for you."

The boy burst out—"Then shall I never come back to you again? Oh, Mr. Hutchinson, and I love you so!"

"Nay, Ronald," said his companion, soothingly, yet firmly, "the time has come for you to show unmistakably what spirit you are of. Now that, through no fault of your own, your position in life is greatly changed, you will, I trust, show yourself as brave and true-hearted as a Christian boy should be. Think of your father, Ronald—how crushed and sad he must be. Exert yourself to comfort him, and let him at least feel that when he loses his money, he does not lose all that makes life dear to him."

In a very little while they were at the bustling Birmingham station, whence, calling a cab, Mr. Hutchinson and Ronald were soon rattled away to a fashionable suburb of the great iron metropolis. The cab stopped before the heavy iron gates which led through a shrubbery to a large and handsome house. Mr. Hutchinson hesitated, after he had paid the cabman's fare and dismissed him, as to whether he should go up to the house.



"Do just come and learn how my father is," said Ronald, entreatingly.

An elderly woman of grave countenance and neat appearance opened the door, in answer to the sound of the muffled knocker.

"Oh ! master Ronald, I'm *so* glad you're come ; he's sinking, and he's been looking for you."

"This is kind, good Mr. Hutchinson, Jane ; I've told you about him ; do come in, sir."

"No, I will not enter now, Ronald," said the usher, kindly ; "remember, if I can ever do anything for you to let me know. Good-bye, Ronald."

The lad's arms were flung impulsively around the young man's neck, who very gently disengaged him, saying, "Time is precious, dear laddie, to your poor father, not a moment may be lost ; go to him at once."

Jane led her young master up the broad staircase to a handsomely furnished chamber ; where, in a gorgeous bed, lay propped up by pillows a wan and wasted man. Only a month before this, Ronald had returned to school after his Christmas vacation, and he was not prepared for the terrible change wrought in his father's appearance in so short a time.

Controlling his emotion by a great effort, he drew near the bed and took the hand that was on the coverlid in his own.

"Father, dear father, don't you know me? I'm Ronald."

"Master Ronald is come, sir," said the housekeeper, bending over the invalid. The face lighted up a little, and the eyes opened, and rested on the fresh, fair face of the boy, and then the lips parted, and a sad sound escaped them—words that were almost groans.

"My boy, my poor boy, I have ruined you."

"Don't let that trouble you, dear father," said Ronald, whose generous nature was quickly touched ; "I am young and strong ; I shall not suffer so much as you think."

The sick man's eyes watched him intently. "You are honest, Ronald, in that belief, but you don't know the world. Oh ! my boy, my son, what a life mine has been ; what a wasted life, looked at from a death-bed, though I once thought it so successful and so grand. Ronald, success made me cold and stern ; if ever it comes to you, don't let it make you, too, cold and stern, but let it make you what God intended it to do—generous and pitiful. Jane, I must talk to this dear boy of mine, and if you stay you must not interrupt me ; you know my story, my son must know it too."

"It will wear out your strength, master," said the housekeeper kindly, "and you have none to spare."

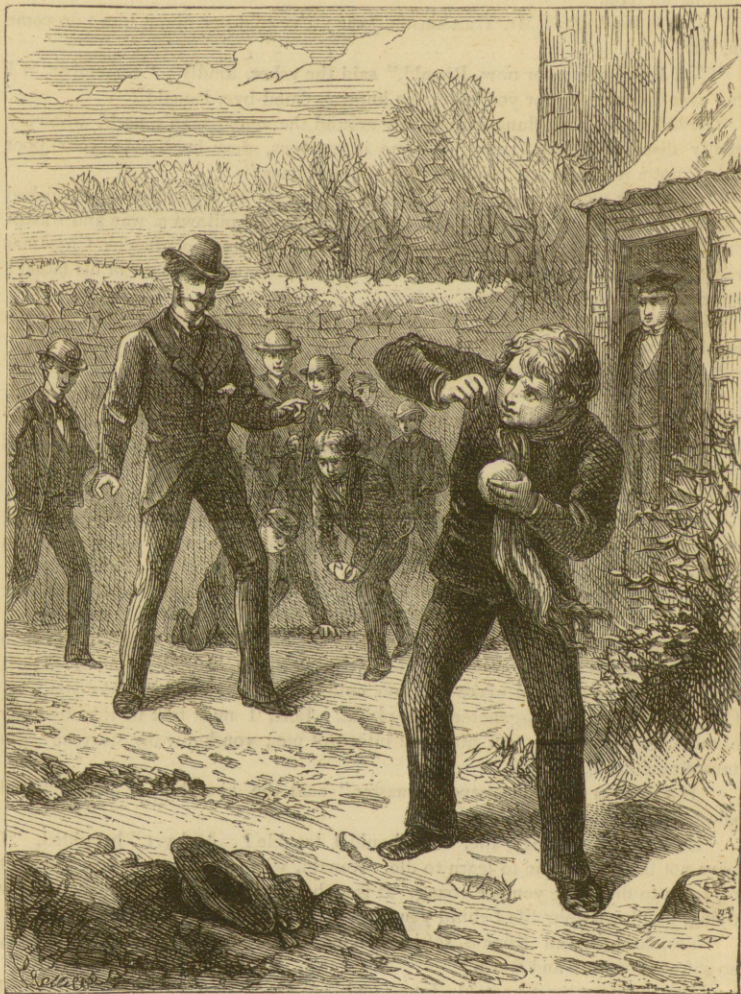
"If it ended my weary life, why should I trouble ? And yet," he added, "I have not too much time to learn to die. Ronald, whatever else you are ignorant of, learn to die while you are young. It is so hard a lesson when you are already dying, and have your life behind you."

"Yes, father," said Ronald, softly stroking the large, bony hand with his own, so soft and smooth and warm.

"But the story must be told, Jane, and it can be done very shortly," resumed the sick man, and then he turned to his son.

*(To be continued.)*





THAT'S TOO BAD, IT'S AWFUL COLD. BUT I'LL BE EVEN WITH YOU YET,  
MR. HUTCHINSON."—Page 3.



# A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on the "Signs of the Times."*

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.

## NO. I.—THE ROSE AND CROWN.



**F**LOWERS, Sir! Buy a Rose for your coat," said one of poverty's sweet-faced nymphs as we passed along the crowded street one day; and at charming bouquet of the most tiny proportions was thrust so invitingly near to one's face its delicious fragrance made the

appeal irresistible.

The next moment a lovely rosebud nestling in a daintily-arranged nook of fern and other leaves adorned our button-hole.

There was an air of superiority about this poor flower girl, despite her tattered garments, which plainly indicated that she had not always been clad in such humble and scanty attire; and as we dropped a small silver coin into her thin white hand, we could not help wondering, how many of these poor waifs of the street owed their sad position to that one great source of human destitution—Drink!

It so happened that we were standing at that very moment in the full glare of a gin palace, which, upon looking up, we discovered to be the "Rose and Crown." We could not help thinking that it was a most suggestive sign for a public-house. If you wish to know

what it really means, ask foolish Sam Shavings the carpenter, who, with his toil-worn hands in his moneyless pockets has just tottered out of its noisy bar parlour, and gone staggering down the street to his wretched home. It is evident from his appearance that the "thorns" are the only part of the "Rose" he knows anything about, and as for the "Crown," it is a long time since he had one to his hat, and I'm quite sure he hasn't one in his pocket. Poor Annie! when she married Sam her cheeks were a perfect bed of roses, and so they are now, but they are all *white* ones. The "Rose and Crown" has taken all the roses from her path, for often she knows not where to find a penny, much less a crown. Do you notice that narrow swinging door round the corner, on which is written "Private"? It is for the accommodation of the timid and respectable votaries of Bacchus, who slip in for a sly glass and out again, thinking all the time that no one is any the wiser, but the moment they open their mouths one gets *scent* of what they have been doing "under the Rose" at the Rose and Crown. We are told that a good woman is a crown to her husband, but a drink-loving husband is a great many crowns to the publican; so no doubt old Nettles, the landlord, knew quite well what he was about when he called his den of allurements the "Rose and Crown," for the vicious and the foolish go there and spend their crowns, that he may lie on a bed of roses.





Dear girls and boys,—Under the above heading, we propose to devote one or two pages each month for your pleasure and instruction. We hope to make your acquaintance by supplying materials for pleasant thought and exercise, and by writing in language agreeable and familiar. We have been young ourselves, and shall never entirely forget the merry games and innocent mirth which infused so much sunshine into life's early morning.

We shall give you a number of enigmas, charades, &c., and at the close of the year shall award prizes in books to those who have given the best answers. Competitors to be under eighteen years of age, and answers to be sent pre-paid to the Editors, 18, Mount-street, Manchester, not later than the 10th of the month.

We shall be glad to receive from any of our readers *original* contributions for this department.

### I. ENIGMA.

Now pretty girls and bonny boys,  
Leave your playthings and your toys,  
And give me both your ears and eyes,  
And with a little close attention,  
The proper word you're sure to mention.  
I go a little roundabout,  
But doubtless you will find me out.  
I never shrink, nor yet unfold,  
When I advance I'm rolled and rolled,  
I have a head, but not a nose,  
I stand, but have no legs nor toes,  
Some foolish people have supposed  
I am of use, but no one knows,  
I never wear a suit of clothes,  
And what I hold brings grief and woes.  
I have no arms, but I embrace  
The cause of sorrow and disgrace;  
In darksome places I am found,  
And with strong fetters I am bound,  
What I retain occasions death,  
And most offensive is my breath;  
I have a mouth, but not a face,  
And many think the human race

Would much more cheerfulness have  
shown,

If my contents had not been known.  
Once I was a noble thing,  
And lived where warbling songsters  
sing,  
Old Sol's bright rays upon me fell,  
When I adorned the nook or dell,  
The mighty blast or zephyr's breeze,  
Found me amongst the sturdy trees,  
But now I am compelled to roam,  
To find a dark and gloomy home.

JABEZ INWARDS.

### II. TRANSPOSITION.

THOMAS dttnaeed het dnba fo phea  
vstlfeia dan dcrveeei teagr mnnnooae-  
dict ofr eht bdaalmeir rmaenn ni hhewi  
eh ddeeeivlr ihs nttecriiao.—T. E. H.

### III. "ONWARD."

How many different words can be  
made with the six letters composing the  
title of our magazine?—T. E. H.



## IV. DECAPITATION.

I'm praised and sought in modern life,  
 I'm at the feast, I'm in the strife ;  
 I'm at the market, in the fair—  
 I'm here and there and everywhere.  
 And yet I'm not in nature found,  
 Search earth, air, sea—the world  
 around ;  
 I only live when there is death :  
 I only die when there is breath.  
 Remove my head and I supply  
 A pleasing sport where many vie ;  
 And some, alas ! remember well  
 Their first attempt, how oft they fell.  
 Again behead me and I spread  
 My wings o'er sheets that thousands  
 read ;  
 I'm used to set forth every trade,  
 And life were blank without my aid.  
 W. HOYLE.

## BE RESPECTFUL.

Boys should always pay respect to those who are older than themselves. Remember that, although you may be getting on well at school, and learning a good deal, yet you do not know everything, nor indeed scarcely anything. You will have to learn lessons after you have left school—lessons that you cannot learn while you are there. Did you ever hear of the school of experience ? It is a different kind of school to the one in which you are at present being taught.

Be respectful to your parents. Do not imitate some very rude boys I know, and call your father "The old man," or your mother "My old woman."

Be respectful to your teachers. If the conductor of your Band of Hope asks you a question or calls out your name, remember it is just as easy to say politely, "Yes, sir," as to shout "Yes" with all the strength of your lungs.

If you should be asked to take a

glass of wine, be firm in declining, but be respectful. It is easy to say "No, thank you, sir. I never drink wine or any intoxicating drinks. I belong to the Band of Hope." You will be looked upon as a little gentleman if you answer in that way, and every boy desires to be thought manly. It is not manly to try and smoke till you make yourself quite ill. It is not manly to swagger about with your hands in your pockets. It is not manly to talk slang. The boys who get the character of being manly little fellows are the boys who are always respectful.  
 W. A. EATON.

THE GOOD TIME  
COMING.

Yes, the good time is coming,  
 So runneth the song ;  
 And we children are trying  
 To help it along.

We're beginning in earnest,  
 Right here, in our band,  
 And our pledge we shall offer  
 Throughout the broad land.

Do you know what is promised  
 By taking this pledge ?  
 Do you know the full meaning  
 Of wearing this badge ?

Take the pledge, and we're guarded  
 By honour and truth ;  
 Wear the badge, and a halo  
 Encircles our youth.

While for some there is bondage,  
 Our lives will be free ;  
 And a glad, smiling future  
 Our heritage be.

We shall win in this conflict  
 With darkness and wrong ;  
 We have sworn, and our purpose  
 Is earnest and strong.

MARY D. CHELLIS.



# THE DEADLY UPAS TREE.

*Slowly. mf*

Words and Music by W. HOYLE.

*pp*

1. From the Queen up- on her throne To the poor man in his cot, All ad-mit what

KEY C. *Slowly. mf*

*pp*

d':-d' d':-s	l':-l l':-	t':-t t':l:t	d':-r' m':-	d':-d' d':-ta
2. Judges, statesmen, all declare	Drink the source of	want and crime;	Sounds of sad-ness	
m':-m m':-m	f':-f f':-f	m':-f s':-	s':-s f':-m	
3. Shall this e- vil tree still blight,	In the land where	Bri-ton's boast	Of her free-dom	
s':-m s':-d'	d':-l r':-	r':-r' r':d'r'	d':-d' d':-	d':-ta l':-s
4. See the fun- 'ral cor- tege pass;	Six- ty thou- sand	ev- 'ry year	Borne to hopeless	
d':-d d':-d	f':-f f':-	s':-s s':-s	d':-d d':-	m':-m f':-d

*ritard.* *f*

drink has done— On- ly e- vil wrought. Look you east, or look you west,

*ritard.* *f*

l':-l l':-	s':-s s':l:t	d':- - -:-	r':-r' r':-s	m':-m' m':-
fill the air,	Pass- ing ev- 'ry	time,	Branches of this	e- vil tree
f':-f f':-	f':-f f':-f	m':- - -:-	f':-f f':-f	s':-s d':-ta
and her might—	Count her thousands	lost!	Lost to hon-our,	vir- tue, truth,
f':-l d':-	t':-t t':d'r'	d':- - -:-	t':-s t':-r'	d':-d' d':-
graves, alas!	Who will shed the	tear?	Who will next the	vic- tims be,
f':-f f':-	s':-s s':-s	d':- - -:-	s':-s s':-s	d':-ta l':-s

Ci- ty, ham- let, vil- lage, town, Drink is no- thing but a pest, Then why not cut it

f':-f f':m'r'	m':-m' m':-	r':-r' r':-s	m':-m' m':-m'	r':-d' t':-l
On each ho- ly	ef- fort frown,	Blighting where good	fruit should be,	Then why not cut it
l':-l l':s:f	s':-s s':-	f':-f f':-f	s':-s s':-s	s':-l s':-fe
Lost to love and	fair re-nown,	All that's dear to	age and youth,	Then why not cut it
d':-d' d':-d'	d':-d' d':-	t':-s t':-r'	d':-d' d':-d'	t':-m' r':-d'
From each hamlet,	ci- ty, town?	Bri- tons, rise! be-	hold this tree; In	mer- cy cut it
f':-f f':-f	d':-d m':-	s':-s s':-s	d':-s m':-d	r':-r r':-r



THE DEADLY UPAS TREE.—(Continued.)

*ff* quicker.

down? Down! down! down! Down with the dead - ly tree!

*ff quicker.*

{ s :- | :- : d' :- | d' :- : d' :- | : : d : r : m | f :- : s l :- :- | : :  
   down?  
 s :- | :- : m :- | f :- : m :- :- | : : d : r : m | f :- : s l :- :- | : :  
   down? Down! down! down! Down with the dead - ly tree!  
 t :- | :- : s :- | l :- : s :- :- | : : d : r : m | f :- : s l :- :- | : :  
   down!  
 s :- | :- : d :- : | f :- : d :- :- | : : d : r : m | f :- : s l :- :- | : :

Down! down! down! Let it no lon-ger be! Let it fall! let it

*f*  
 { *r*:-: | *r*':-: | *r*<sup>1</sup>:-: | :: | *r* : *m* : *fe* | *s*:-: | *l* | *t*:-: | : | *s* : *s* | *d*<sup>1</sup>:-: | : | *s* : *s* |  
*fe*:-: | *s*:-: | *fe*:-: | : | *r* : *m* : *fe* | *s*:-: | *l* | *t*:-: | : | *s* : *m* : *r*:-: | : | *s* : *s* |  
 Down! down! | down! | Let it no lon- ger be! | Let it fall! | let it  
*l*:-: | *t*:-: | *l*:-: | : | *r* : *m* : *fe* | *s*:-: | *l* | *t*:-: | : | *s* : *s* | *s*:-: | : | *s* : *s* |  
*r*:-: | *s*:-: | *r*:-: | : | *r* : *m* : *fe* | *s*:-: | *l* | *t*:-: | : | *s* : *s* | *d*:-: | : | *s* : *s* |

*rall.*

fall! Branch, root and all! No more to curse our land.

This musical score is for the song 'The Land of the Living'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the lyrics are placed below it. The lyrics are: 'fall! Branch, root and all! No more to curse our land.' The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'rall.' (rallentando) at the end of the score.

*rall.*

r	:-	:	s	m	:-	m	:-	f	:-	:-	f	m	:-	r	:-	d	:-	t	:-	d	:-	:-	:
f	:-	:	s	s	:-	ta	:-	l	:-	:-	l	s	:-	f	:-	m	:-	r	:-	m	:-	:-	:
fall!	Branch,	root,	and	all!	No	more	to	curse	our	land.													
t	:-	:	s	d	:-	d	:-	d	:-	d	:-	l	:-	s	:-	s	:-	s	:-	s	:-	:-	:
s	:-	:	s	d	:-	d	:-	f	:-	:-	r	m	:-	f	:-	s	:-	s	:-	d	:-	:-	:



## THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

By F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &c.

### ARTICLE I.

SINCE writing the articles on the "Chemistry of Alcohol," which appeared in the tenth volume of "ONWARD," I have been asked how we know that a molecule of Deutyl Alcohol is composed of two atoms of carbon, six atoms of hydrogen, and one atom of oxygen, so that we correctly express its composition by the formula  $C_2H_6O$ , or more correctly still, because it indicates, as we shall afterwards see, not only the composition, but also the mode or manner in which the atoms are united together and arranged in the molecule by the formula  $C_2H_5Ho$ ; and also how we are enabled to assure ourselves that the molecule of grape sugar, which is also composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, so that we may express its composition by the formula  $C_6H_{12}O_6$ , does not contain within it the alcohol, before the complicated sugar molecule is broken up by the action or process of fermentation.

These questions really involve the truth or falsity of the statement that alcohol is an artificial production, and as such, that man is as much responsible for its production as for the manufacture of gunpowder or nitroglycerine, and it is therefore very necessary that all who advocate the cause of temperance should have a clear and definite understanding of the scientific grounds upon which this statement rests.

To answer the question satisfactorily will require some preliminary knowledge of the principles of modern chemistry, by means of which we are enabled to arrive at a knowledge of the composition of the different sub-

stances which we meet with in nature. As I feel satisfied that it will forward "the higher temperance education," and will also tend to awaken inquiry amongst the numerous readers of "ONWARD" on subjects connected with the scientific basis upon which the temperance movement rests, I will, even at the risk of taxing the mental power, and perhaps also the patience of some of the more juvenile readers, occupy a few short articles on the general question of the "Alcohol Group," for the alcohol which we meet with in the intoxicating liquors of commerce is really only one of a very large range of similar bodies which differ from each other only in containing a larger or smaller number of atoms of carbon and hydrogen in the molecule.

In the observations which I shall make upon these substances, I shall endeavour to answer the questions propounded above, and hope to be enabled to make the results clear to the minds of those who may be desirous to have an answer, either for their own satisfaction, or for the purpose of instructing others.

The readers of these articles will therefore do well to re-read the articles on the "Chemistry of Alcohol," spoken of above, so as to refresh their memories with the facts stated in them, and consider these further remarks as a continuation of the same subject under a different title.

Everyone must be familiar with the fact that all the various bodies, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, by which we are surrounded in nature, seem to be arranged into certain well-marked classes or groups, each member of which has certain attributes in



common which distinguish it and fellows from all others, and which distinctions form the basis upon which all our divisions of natural objects for the purpose of scientific classification are grounded. We see this, amongst animals and plants, exhibited in the various species into which they are divided, and which while they seem almost to shade into each other, are nevertheless so uniformly persistent, that each species may be conceived to be the off-spring of a common stock, the various varieties of which have been produced by climatal and other changes. Thus in dogs and pigeons we have two familiar species of animals, and in ferns and roses two equally well-known species of plants.

A closer examination of the various species of animals and plants reveals the fact that a large number of the species themselves seem to be formed on a common plan, or according to a similar type or pattern, which underlies all their differences, and unites them into a few well-marked divisions. Thus a large number of animals possess a backbone, or what in scientific language is called a vertebrated skeleton, as distinguished from a large number of other animals where the backbone is entirely wanting. Several equally well-marked differences and unities are also found amongst plants—founded upon the character of the wood of which they are composed, or the method of their growth.

In the inorganic world similar groupings are observed—as, for instance, in the formation of the various crystals, which, while they differ widely in the nature of the materials out of which they are formed, exhibit a certain similarity in the method in which the atoms or molecules composing them are arranged—so that they give a definite action when examined by light transmitted through them, or under the influence of heat. To give a familiar illustration of what we mean, we may say that they are like houses built from the same design or plan, only one is built of brick and the other of stone. This idea of types, or methods, or plans upon which the structure of molecules is arranged has been widely employed in the researches of modern chemistry; and its application to a very large number of well-marked bodies, both organic and inorganic, has revealed a unity of design which has tended much to simplify some of the most difficult departments of investigation, and thrown a flood of light on many of the changes and differences exhibited by various substances which had hitherto seemed almost inexplicable. The examination of a few of these types will greatly simplify our approach to such a complicated class of bodies as the whole series of alcohols present, and enable us to form a much better and clearer idea both of the nature of these substances themselves and the relations which they exhibit to others which are formed out of similar elements.

*(To be continued.)*

### ACROSTIC.

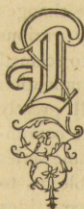
"O nward" is our motto, "ever on" our cry;  
N ought of danger fear we, pledged to do or die.  
W here our Captain leadeth, fearlessly we go,  
A ll with purpose true, to fell the monster foe.  
R ight 'gainst might doth urge our claim,  
D rink's power shall fall, and Temperance reign.

LIZZIE HIGGINS.





### "OUR GOOSE CLUB."



NEVER was a drunkard ; I would scorn the epithet. I used to take a glass at dinner or supper, or occasionally with a friend. To drink moderately I always thought was respectable ; indeed, I was one of that large section of society that regarded strong drink as essential to health and social life.

I never cared for public-house company. I felt that I had a soul above all such ; still I have often thought what an easy gradation it is for a "respectable moderate drinker" at times to forget himself and glide down into the ranks of those noisy, vulgar tipplers.

I had been having a sharp word with Jane 'one day, and I rushed out of the house. It was seven o'clock in the evening, and I stood looking in a bookseller's shop, when Tom Carter, a shopmate, laid his hand on my shoulder and asked what I was doing there? Tom and I were always friendly and civil to one another, but he was not quite my sort of company, and so we seldom met outside the shop. Of course it would not have mended matters to tell him my trouble, but he could see something was wrong, and tried hard to find out what it was. At last he gave up, and asked me if I'd spend an hour or so at "the club" with him—he'd warrant the good company there would take the solemn look out of my face in no time. I consented, and after going a few yards further, Tom turned into the lobby of the "Fleece," and went upstairs into the long room over the vault. I followed ; but the minute I was able to see through the cloud of tobacco smoke with which the room was filled, I felt that I had made a mistake. A long table stood in the centre of the room ; its top was



all sloppy with beer and foul with tobacco ash. At the table some 18 or 20 men were sitting, paying little attention to each other, but very great attention to sundry glasses and pewter tankards before them. The landlord, Mr. Leech, stood near the head of the table, looking as slimy as his namesake, and quite as ready to suck the life-blood of a victim. The chairman, or president, was Mr. Soke, the little man with the bloated face, who is always hanging about the corner of the "Fleece." Some of the members were not as respectable as they had been earlier in life, and more than one of them bore in the face the marks of habitual drunkenness; so it was no wonder that edification and instruction were not to be expected from the assembly.

As soon as we sat down, the landlord asked Tom what we'd take? Tom said, "Pint o' stout;" and I, not liking to be peculiar, nodded and said, "Same for me." Discussion was going on, but not like it does in a regular discussion class, where only one speaker is allowed at a time, and one subject considered. There were two or three parties, each discussing different questions at the same time in language neither polite nor decent. On the right I could hear a ragged politician asserting that England must interfere, or the "Hemperor o' Roosher" would help the Servins by setting the Hungry-uns on to Turkey; while from the bottom of the table I caught occasionally words such as "Bloated aristocracy," "People's rights," and "Working man." On the left, Bill Potts, the drunken tinker, was clamouring for "Ress-pros-ity," and bringing his clenched hand down upon the table with a bang, exclaimed—"Mr. Lapstone's a better man than owd Diz-rail-way any day!" At the head of the table Religion! the Permissive Bill and Home Rule came in for their share of abuse and derision or praise. I could not join in any of these debates, but sat looking first at one lot, then at another, then at the walls, reading the various notices and show-cards hung upon them. One of these struck me as being very appropriate. It said:—

OUR GOOSE CLUB  
HAS COMMENCED.

Truly I felt that we were all members of it. We sat there about an hour, and then, whilst the landlord was bringing some more porter, the chairman tapped on the table and said that a gentleman had kindly volunteered to enliven the meeting with a song, and he particularly requested all to join in the chorus. The song had nothing in it, and the chorus was only another name for noise. When the song was over, they all rapped out their applause on the table with their pewters or glasses, then nodded to the singer, and said "Health and song!" drank their liquor, and called for the landlord to bring some more. This went on until half-past ten, and then I rose to go, but as soon as I got into the open air I lost all power over myself, and staggered here and there like a waterlogged vessel, but fortunately got home without much hurt.

Next morning I felt thoroughly ashamed to think I had so degraded my manhood as to become intoxicated—drunk and incapable!—a drunkard! Oh, I could not bear the reflection! I signed the pledge, and have kept it ever since. Sometimes my workmates try to persuade me to take a glass, but I have studied the question too deeply to be made a *goose* of any more at the club.

G. L.





**Our Movement!**—What do we mean? What is there in the Band of Hope enterprise to distinguish it from other good movements?—Much, very much. We claim for “our movement” an importance which places it before many others that obtain a larger share of public favour and support. It is astonishing how willing most people are to help schemes that, at the best, are only curative. To reform is doubtless a laudable work, but why not try to *prevent* the evil? This is especially the grand feature of “our movement,” to save our youth from evil courses, to train up a child in abstinence and purity, that when he arrives at maturity he may be fortified with good habits, and shielded from the corrupting influences of the drinking customs of society. We rejoice in knowing that there are thousands of earnest men and women whose lives are devoted to this noble object, and it is specially to help and encourage them that we set apart this portion of our magazine. Many of these, though labouring earnestly, yet at times feel weary in the work, on account of disadvantages arising through inexperience; such will no doubt receive help from the hints and suggestions which may from time to time appear; others from long experience will be able to render us valuable assistance.

**Suggestions for the Working of a Band of Hope.**—Suppose you are anxious to commence a Band of Hope, you must first be a thorough pledged abstainer yourself; you must

believe that by working in the Band of Hope you are doing God's work just as much as if you taught in a Sunday School, or preached in a pulpit. Believe that you can ask God's blessing on your work, and convince yourself that the drink is unnecessary for health or happiness, that it is the author of untold crime and misery, and that the safest and only effectual cure is total abstinence.

Look out for several friends to help you. You will require a conductor, who ought to understand some method of teaching singing; treasurer, secretary, registrar, visitors, and some adult friends to keep order. It will be well to hold your meetings in a room connected with a Sunday School; perhaps you may obtain it without cost—a room just large enough for your purpose will suit you better than a larger room. Pay a visit to the school, and personally invite the children and teachers. Hold your meeting on a night when no other meetings will interfere with it; hold the meeting every week; commence early and close early. Keep your books well, so they may be open to inspection. You ought to have a register, subscription-book, minute-book, and treasurer's book, pledge-cards, and subscription cards; these can be purchased at the office of ONWARD.

Let the children pay a halfpenny per week; this is a good inducement for them to come to the meetings. You can give them in return a quarterly social meeting, if the children pay for their cards, and you get your room for nothing; you will be able to carry on your



meetings free of expense. Always obtain the parents' consent to the children signing the pledge. Properly printed forms for this can be obtained. Endeavour to make the meetings cheerful and simple. Here is a programme adopted in some Bands of Hope. I suppose the doors are open at half-past six o'clock, the first half-hour being spent in receiving subscriptions, &c. :—

7.0, melody; 7.5, prayer, children repeating the words; 7.10, melody; 7.15, Bible reading, children reading alternate verses; 7.25, melody; 7.30, address; 7.45, recitations; 7.55, melody; 8.0, Benediction.

Always have the programme prepared *before* you go to the meeting, and arrange for the addresses some time previously.

At the end of every month the books should be carefully examined, and children who have not attended regularly should be visited, and the cause of absence written against their names. I am quite sure children thoroughly enjoy a well-conducted Band of Hope meeting, and little difficulty will be found in obtaining a good number of children to attend. Great care should be taken not to allow levity, noise, or disobedience, and though the meetings are not necessarily of a religious character, it is always wise to make them solemn and serious.

A. J. GLASSPOOL.

**Let all Things be Done Decently and in Order.**—Difficulty that occurs again and again in our Bands of Hope, is how to preserve Order amongst the children while we allow them sufficient ease and comfort to make them regard their Band of Hope meetings as times of real enjoyment. Children at the present day have so much attention, and receive so much kindness and consideration, and forbearance, that there is a danger of

their becoming conceited and self-willed. Dearly as we love them, we all feel that when over-indulged they become excessively disagreeable, and are in fact good things spoiled.

The deficiency in the education of the present day which makes so many elder folk declare, that spite of Sunday Schools, and School Boards, and Bands of Hope, children are not so well mannered as formerly; surely arises from our teaching them so little of the sweetness, and beauty, and duty of unselfishness. I am often grieved to observe the rude pushing, the impertinent remarks, and the boisterous unmannerly behaviour which disgrace some of our Band of Hope children, and which make one remember sadly that even where temperance exists in regard to abstinence from strong drink, its other characteristics, as well as the other fruits of the Good Spirit, may be lamentably absent. It is only by considering such difficulties and consulting as to the best remedies for such evils, that we can expect to arrive at useful results. Through the medium of "Our Movement" column, I shall hope to obtain the opinion of conductors of Bands of Hope as to how we can best maintain good order, and at the same time ensure great freedom and enjoyment in the meetings of the dear children.

M. A. PAULL.

**Is the Band of Hope a Nursery for the Church?**—

We have long been convinced that the Band of Hope is a powerful means of leading our Sunday scholars to become Church members. We do not pretend to say that *every* Band of Hope boy and girl will necessarily attach themselves to the House of God; what we mean is this: strong drink is a terrible foe to a religious life, and if we can succeed in protecting our youth



from the perils of strong drink we shall have removed *one* great, if not *the* *greatest* hindrance to Godliness.

We commend the following to the consideration of every Sunday School teacher. The statistics are from a valuable paper by Mr. Isaac Phillips, read at a conference of the Bradford Sunday School Union, Nov. 7, 1876 and embraces returns from Sunday Schools, in that borough :—

*Schools with no Band of Hope.*

Year.	No. of Schools.	No. of Scholars.	Joined the Church.	Per 1,000
1871	17	4,976	21	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
1872	16	4,524	36	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
1873	20	5,422	68	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
1874	21	5,678	129	23 $\frac{1}{2}$
1875	22	5,999	94	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
1876	22	6,178	140	22 $\frac{1}{2}$
		32,777	488	

Or an average per annum of 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

*Schools with Bands of Hope.*

1871	18	6,529	115	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
1872	21	7,857	135	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
1873	20	7,425	198	26 $\frac{1}{2}$
1874	19	7,112	229	32 $\frac{1}{2}$
1875	16	6,047	198	32 $\frac{1}{2}$
1876	17	6,420	327	51
		41,390	1,202	

Average per annum of 29.

It will be seen that there has been no exceptional year, when the schools having Bands of Hope have not shown

considerably greater results than the schools having none, and that the average has been about double. We could have gone further back, with a more favourable comparison still. We think that none will deny that these auxiliaries have proved great blessings to the schools with which they have been connected. If this is granted, it follows that the schools not having them have suffered as the result. We further remark that in the schools having Bands of Hope, the greater number proportionately of the scholars who do join the Church are from the Band of Hope section. We have verbal evidence from many schools which bears out this statement. We have, however, detailed particulars from only one (in Bradford) which, as they are to the point, we beg to submit, although they have many times been given before. Some years ago the writer of this paper found from the use of the Church-book that in the schools where he laboured, in seven years 137 scholars joined the Church. The scholars were about equally divided between those who abstained and those who did not, the latter having the preponderance a little. Of the 137 who became members of the Church, 106 were from the Band of Hope section, leaving thirty-one from an equal number, who were not guarded by abstinence principles. The same results have continued.

## KIND WORDS.

KIND words can never die !

Heaven gave them birth ;  
Winged with a smile they fly  
All o'er the earth.

Kind words the angels brought,  
Kind words our Saviour taught—  
Sweet melodies of thought !  
Who knows their worth ?

Kind deeds can never die !

Though weak and small,  
From His bright home on high,  
God sees them all ;  
He doth reward with love  
All those who faithful prove ;  
Round them where'er they move,  
Rich blessings fall.

## NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

Hark, how the bells ring on the frosty air,  
 Echoing loudly over hill and vale ;  
 The bright New Year has come and all prepare  
 To bid him welcome—Hail, thou New Year, Hail !

Another year has gone into the past,  
 We cannot call it back to earth again ;  
 We grieve to think, it fled away so fast  
 With all its changing scenes of joy and pain.

Another year is coming swiftly on,  
 Filled with new pleasures and new power for good,  
 Oh, let us use it well, 'twill soon be gone,  
 And stand where other years so long have stood.

Written on memory's magic scroll we see  
 The mighty army of our wasted hours ;  
 Oh let them teach us wisdom,—let us be  
 More careful of our future time and powers.

Then let us greet the New Year with a song—  
 A song of praise to God for mercies past ;  
 And as the fleeting moments speed along,  
 Oh, let us spend each hour as 'twere our last.

W. A. EATON.

## ON BEING ASKED "WHAT IS PRAYER?"

"Say what is Prayer?" Oh, ask me not,  
 But hie thee to the graveyard bower :  
 There silent, tread that lonely spot,  
 At twilight's sad and pensive hour.

There, see upon that greenest mound,  
 Yes, knelt in tears, an orphan boy ;  
 See, how he bends to kiss the ground,  
 Wherein is laid his heart's lost joy.

See now, behold those upturned eyes,  
 That meek, that calm imploring gaze ;  
 That pleads—but still in all complies—  
 That God will succour him always.

Oh, look again, behold that face !  
 And mark thee what is written there !  
 That look, that sigh, those tears, each trace  
 Behold ; nor ask me "What is Prayer?"

REV. J. W. KAYE.



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

You may take your health to the whisky shop once too often—until it gets broken.

A bankrupt was condoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all!" said he "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

If you will "drink like a fish," let it be, then, like the goldfish, whose entire globe contains nothing but water.—*Punch*.

An old tobacco-chewer finds that the Bible sustains his favourite habit. He quotes—"He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the power of the letter H discussed—whether it were a letter or not. If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him ILL all the days of his life.

Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be considered the organ of drunkenness?" said the professor. "The barrel organ," shouted one of the audience.

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.—"What does cleave mean, papa?" "It means to stick together." "Does John stick wood together when he cleaves it?" "Hem! it means to separate." "Well, then, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Hem! don't ask foolish questions, child."

Two tourists observing a pretty girl in a milliner's shop, the one, an Irishman, proposed to go in and buy a watch ribbon in order to get a nearer view of her. "Hoot, mon," says his northern friend, "Nae occasion to waste siller. Let us gang in and speer if she can give us twa saxpences for a shelling."

Dr. Samuel Johnson said—"The diminutive chain of habit is scarcely heavy enough to be felt until it is too strong to be broken."

"NIL DESPERANDUM."—Only come and see and try what may be done. Despair is the devil's sin.—*Traill*.

THE BIBLE.—Tell me where the Bible is and where it is not, and I will write a moral geography of the world.

RELIGIOUS DECISION.—The Rabbi Eliezer said to his followers, "Turn to God one day before your death." "How is a man to know of his death?" was the reply. "Then turn to God every day."

THE SABBATH.—On this day there is neither master nor labourer; the Sabbath makes the living all equal, as the grave levels all when dead.

THE LARGEST LIBRARY.—The air is one vast library, in whose pages are for ever written all that man has said and woman whispered.

CONTENTMENT.—Nature is content with little, grace with less, sin with nothing.—*Brookes*.

TRIFLES.—Trifles lighter than straws are levers in the building up of character.—*Tupper*.

Little things should not be despised; many threads united will bind an elephant.

To reprove small faults with undue vehemence is as absurd as if a man should take a hammer because he saw a fly on his friend's forehead.

No friendship will abide the test  
That stands on sordid int'rest,

Or mean self-love erected;  
Nor such as may awhile subsist  
Between the sot and sensualist,

For vicious ends connecte d.—*Cowper*.





## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES, AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER II.—CLOUDS.

**I** WAS a poor boy to begin with, Ronald, as you will be. By struggling, and alas! by scheming too, I rose from poverty to riches. But in my prosperity I neglected the old mother who loved me, and the brothers and sisters whom I might have aided and made prosperous; my mother died as she had lived, very poor and without the comforts of life; I was a brute to her, Ronald, and I cannot rest when I think of my ingratitude. One of my brothers came here and defied and blamed me to my face: he had every right to do so; he has set up in the iron-trade, and he is getting on. Ronald, he is the only person in the wide world whom I can look to, to befriend you. Since I have been ill I have written to him, and he has answered me better than I deserved; he promises to take you into his family. When I married your mother, fifteen years ago, Ronald, my life looked very bright; she was the daughter of a man who could boast an aristocratic descent although he was poor, and I trusted to her for an introduction to the good society in which I sought to move. For years we were very happy, her tastes were extravagant, but I was making money fast, and my delight was to provide her with everything she cared to have. You and your elder brother, Lionel, were our joy and delight, but when he died, eight years ago, your poor mother quite gave way. Lionel had been her favourite son, she thought him more aristocratic and like her own family than you were, and she took his death terribly to heart. She looked for comfort to the ruby wine which we used so freely at our table, and I have not been able to hide from you for some time that your mother is a confirmed drunkard. Fortunately she has sufficient money settled upon her to provide amply for all her wants. Jane here, your mother's faithful servant and your own kind nurse, kept herself acquainted with her doings for a long time, and held some sort of communication with her, but for three years she has neither seen her nor heard from her. Any comfort your mother might otherwise have been to you is unfortunately impossible; you are as much alone as if she did not live."

The sick man paused. "Dear father, you had better not talk any more," said the boy, who was anxiously watching the pallid weary face; "you had best sleep first and tell me the rest afterwards."



"There may not be any afterwards for me, Ronald," said Mr. Clayton sadly; "I must go on. My life has been terribly clouded since she left me, and you have been my only comfort. Ronald, you have never personally given me any anxiety; but I have puzzled myself as to how I could leave you the biggest fortune and put you in the best position."

"I am so sorry you troubled about that, father."

"So am I now, Ronald, but I felt as if I was obliged to place some object in life before myself. To gain your giant fortune I made a great venture, and it has failed; I must leave you penniless. See what comes of 'making haste to be rich,' we fall as the Bible says 'into temptation and a snare.' I cannot tell you the agony and bitterness of my disappointment. I could not live a ruined man, and I knew I had ruined you too, Ronald; I grew desperate and wicked. I drank to excess in a moment of frenzy to drown my care; this was a thing I had never done before, and in my muddled senses I attempted my own life."

"Oh! father." There was a cry, a wail from the poor boy as he hid his awe-struck face in the bed-clothes.

"Don't despise me, Ronald," said the quiet voice, humbly; "I thank God I was not quite successful."

"Despise you, oh! father; but oh! I *am* so sorry; I would rather have been poor all my life than have you troubled so dreadfully about losing the money."

"Say you forgive me, my son."

"Father, I have nothing to forgive; only I do wish that you had not troubled—Jane!"

The boy stopped his sentence abruptly, and called for the housekeeper; for his father's face grew strangely, awfully white.

Once more the lips parted; "My son!" and after a long pause—"Oh!—my—Saviour—is—there—hope?" and then the breath was gone, and Ronald Clayton was fatherless.

The next few days were busy ones in the household; to Ronald they were one long-drawn misery. The funeral of his unhappy father to the boy's eyes and feelings, used as he had ever been to extreme comfort and even luxury, was of the meanest and barest description. Instead of the nodding plumes and handsome hearse, and jet black horses he had expected, the whole business was confided to a third-rate undertaker, and the man was commissioned to do it as cheaply as possible. Nor did some of the creditors fail to inform Ronald that to have him buried in any other way, than by the parish, was a favour, for which his son ought to feel grateful. Jane was his only comforter; the faithful servant accompanied the poor boy to the cemetery, and they stood and wept together at the grave, in the blessed sympathy of sorrow.

On their return, they found the house already being prepared for the sale which was to take place the following day. The dead man's will had been found, in which he left all his property to his sole surviving son, with the solemn injunction, command rather, that that son should continue to maintain his mother in comfort if ever through any possible circumstance her own money should be lost to her. But this will was now a dead letter, and the creditors, even when they had taken possession of everything, would be losers to a very heavy extent. Nothing can be more melancholy than to sit in the house, once your home, when all its furniture is prepared for a sale, particularly when poverty has dictated the necessity of selling; and, added to this, in Ronald's case, was the yet unhealed wound made by the first overwhelming grief he had ever known.



The man put in possession of the house had trusted the housekeeper and Ronald so far as to go out "for a drink," and Jane and her young master were seated alone together in the great house, where all seemed so cold and dark and lonely, save in the kitchen, where they sat huddling over the fire, for the night was intensely cold. They were aroused by a loud knock and ring at the door; both started.

"Whoever can that be?" queried the housekeeper.

"Perhaps it is Palmer," said Ronald.

"My dear, Palmer has the keys; I hope 'tis nobody taking advantage of our loneliness," said Jane.

"Perhaps it is Mr. Hutchinson," said Ronald. "I wish he would call to see me."

The knock was repeated yet more loudly.

"We can't surely be on fire," said Jane, as she lit a lamp, and, shielding it with her hand, and followed by Ronald, she crossed the passage into the great hall. There she slowly unfastened the heavy door. A man stood there—a broad, heavy, dark-faced, black-whiskered, grim-looking man, with an unmistakable scowl on his brow, a man who looked as if he were perpetually at defiance with his fellows, by no means a pleasant-looking man to find outside your door on a dark winter's night, unless he came peaceably. He was dressed in a nondescript costume, which might equally serve for almost any class of individual, a rough pilot cloth overcoat, a round felt hat, and a huge red muffler folded again and again half-a-dozen times round his throat.

"Your business, sir?" said Jane, civilly.

"Can't you ask a man in first on a night like this?" said the visitor, rudely, and with an oath; "it's pleasanter to talk by a fire than by star-light, when the thermometer's almost at freezing point."

"This is not my own house, nor even my young master's," said Jane; "I have no right to invite or entertain visitors."

"What's the woman driving at?" asked the man. "I'm not a thief nor a fool; who and what do you take me for? The bailiff's man, Palmer, will be back presently, and he won't object to see me here, if that's what you're thinking. I don't wonder the poor dog felt it awful cold indoors here, and wanted a warm at the 'Bell.' Ask me in or not, woman, I have business here; and I won't stand any longer in the cold. Boy, show me where there is a fire."

Ronald had lingered beside Jane, as she again fastened the door with trembling nervous fingers, and he hesitated to obey the rough mandate.

"This is a reception to give your uncle, boy," said the man, as he paused.

"My uncle!" exclaimed Ronald; "you are not, you cannot be my uncle!"

The man burst out into a loud rough laugh, which echoed horribly through the empty hall, and seemed to hover about the great staircase, and then peal back a second time into the boy's ears, with its rude, and unwelcome sound.

"Eh, lad," said the man, "and why *cannot* I be your uncle? Not good enough, is that it?" And again he laughed, and again unconsciously the boy shuddered, and his disgust was written legibly on his young face.

"I'm an ugly, rough old dog," said the man, coarsely; "and you've been used to your genteel papa. But your life has to begin again, youngster, and you're no better than the poorest and meanest of your kin; it's as well you should know everything: one of your uncles is in the Union."



"Honest poverty is no disgrace, uncle," said Ronald, recovering his energy, and repeating the very words he remembered to have heard used by his beloved tutor, Mr. Hutchinson.

"What do you call *your* poverty, is *that* honest?" sneered the man; "don't you know your father's creditors curse his very name for his cheating and his lies?"

The cruel words told; Ronald's face turned deadly white. After all that his dying father had confided to him of his past history, he could not venture to contradict these hard things. He was silent, and his uncle continued:

"I promised your father when it came to life and death with him, and he brought himself to humbly ask a favour of me, that I would take you into my family, and teach you my trade. You had best come back with me to-night; I told them to expect you."

"Not to-night, Uncle," said Ronald.

"Not to-night, sir," said Jane, in the same breath.

"And why not to-night, eh?" asked the man, turning fiercely from one to the other. "Ain't it better to eat an honest supper and to sleep in an honest bed, than to chew a crust that people begrudge you the right to eat, and sleep in a bed to which you are not welcome? However, please yourself in this matter, nephew; but be at my house early to-morrow—early mind; in good time for my seven o'clock breakfast. You'll find the place, only keep your eyes open, and when you walk up Bradford-street, ask for Nick Clayton, and you'll hear of me."

At that moment there was the noise of unlocking and pushing at the great door, and then the sound of shuffling feet along the hall and passage, and Palmer entered. He looked frightened as he espied a man's figure beside the fire, but soon recovered himself when "Nick Clayton" nodded familiarly to him.

"This is how thou keep'st watch and ward, Tom Palmer, is it?" he said, jocosely. "I'll warrant I'll turn thee out of thy berth if thou art so remiss a fellow; and if I ever catch thee napping thus in an affair of mine, I warn thee thou'lt not have a whole skin thereafter."

Palmer, who was rather tipsy, laughed heartily as if the speaker were an accomplished joker.

"Never fear, Master Nick Clayton," said he, "I've studied who's who too long not to know what I'm about."

"Where do you keep your drink, Palmer?" asked the ironfounder.

"I can't keep any at all, sir, here," said the man in possession, gloomily. "Old Ray threatened me with dismissal if I had any in to-night. That's why you found me out of the house for a few minutes; a fellow must have something to warm the inside of him such a night as this. Not that I complain; the missus here"—and he turned his head and nodded at Jane—"is a good sort and makes a cup of tea or coffee, and spreads a tidy supper. But there's nothing like *spirits*, Master Nick Clayton, to keep the *spirits* up. Ha! ha! that ain't bad sir, is it? ha! ha!"

Master Nick Clayton deigned to laugh at the very small joke. "But don't think, Palmer, that thou can'st deceive me, old fellow; thy black bottle has got its nose out of thy pocket to mark thee a liar. Never be greedy, man."

Palmer, annoyed and confused, tried to draw his great coat over the offending bottle; but the ironfounder was not of such a mould as to be easily baulked of a purpose. "Out with it, man, and let's drink to thy health,—glasses, missus, I see your kettle *is* boiling."

Jane brought some sugar and two glasses.



"No, woman, I'm not stingy, I say; bring us two more, and yourself and the boy shall have a nightcap for your last resting in the old house."

"I never drink spirits," said the housekeeper, firmly, "and Master Ronald, sir, he'll be a deal better without them; he isn't used to them."

"Nonsense; my nephew must have a glass in honour of his having found his beloved Uncle," said Nick Clayton, grimly. He was busily mixing and tasting between his words, and he handed the first glassful to the cold and weary boy.

"Don't give him all that, sir," pleaded Jane, as Ronald, attracted by the warmth of the dose offered him, and flattered somewhat by his uncle's more friendly manner, reached out his hand for the glass.

"The boy's not a baby, woman; let me have my way."

"I'd give him anything rather than drink, sir," said the housekeeper.

"And keep him tied for life to your apron-string, good soul," said Nick Clayton. "The boy must be made a man of, and learn to drink a glass, and smoke a pipe like the rest of us, eh, Ronald?"

Ronald smiled. "It's very good, sir," said he, after tasting the spirit and water. "You've made it so nice and sweet."

He quite wondered at the change in his own feelings as he gradually emptied the glass. His uncle seemed quite a good sort of man; and then the kitchen took a curious fancy to swing round and round as if on a pivot, and Jane was whirling like a top in an opposite direction, and Palmer and his uncle danced about in their chairs. And then all grew strangely vague, and seemed to float far away, and he remembered nothing more. Jane drew away and helped up the stairs that night her poor drunken boy.

*(To be continued.)*

## MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

THERE'S music in the merry heart  
That soothes the troubled breast;  
There's music in the simple song,  
That lulls the child to rest.  
There's music in the infant's tongue,  
When peals of laughter ring;  
And music in the Sabbath chimes;  
In songs which children sing.

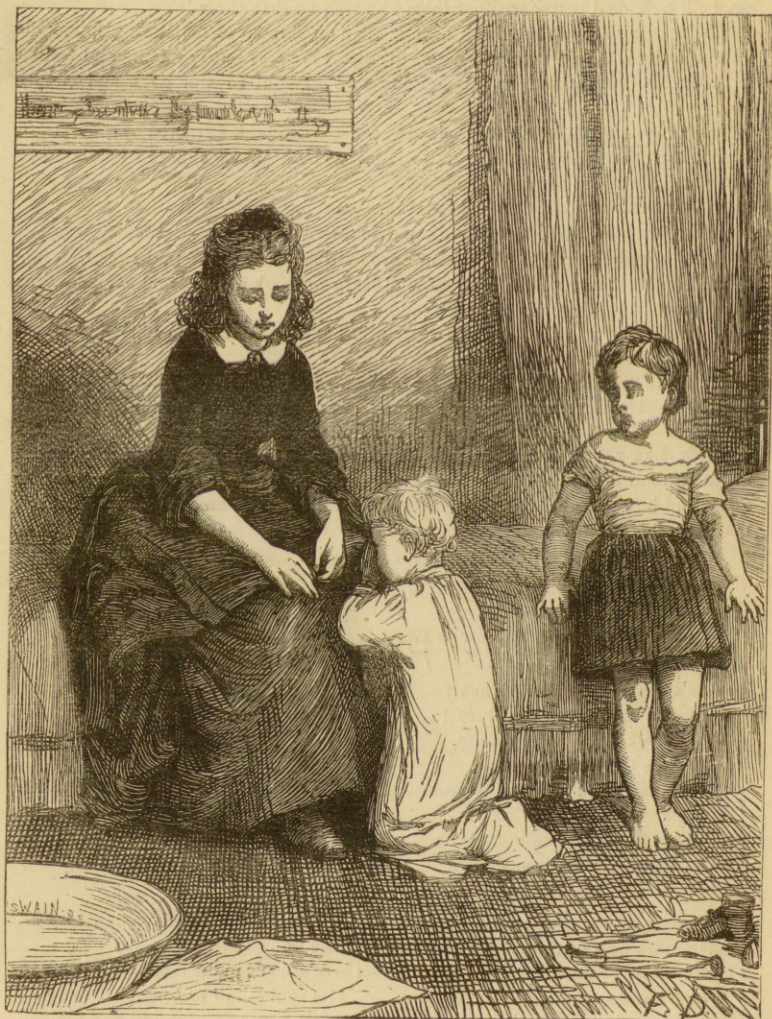
There's music in the skylark's song,  
Like morning's healthful breeze;  
There's music in the voice of God  
Which speaks among the trees;  
There's music in a mother's words,  
Which make young hearts rejoice;  
And music in the father's step,—  
His ever welcome voice.

There's music for the saints below,  
Who live by faith and prayer;  
And music for the weary heart  
O'erwhelmed with grief and care.  
There's music in those homes of peace  
Where drink ne'er enters in;  
And music in the sinner's breast,  
When cleansed from guilt and sin.

There's music in the Saviour's voice,  
The voice that makes us strong;  
There's music in the Christian's heart;—  
His soul is full of song.  
There's music on each hill and plain,  
Through earth, and air, and sky;  
And music in that land above,  
The Christian's home on high.

W. P. W. BUXTON.





" Blessings on the feeble prayer,  
Lowly uttered 'near each bed.'—Page 29.





It has given us very great pleasure to receive from our young friends in all parts of the kingdom, expressions of approval with this new feature in our Magazine. We shall do our best to provide good recreation for them each month, and trust they will show their approval by persuading their friends to become subscribers.

Competitors will be classified according to the answers received and will appear on the second page of cover.

We repeat that competitors must be under eighteen years of age, and answers must be sent, prepaid, to reach us not later than the 10th of the month; they should be posted early on the 9th, addressed Editors of "Onward," 18, Mount Street, Manchester.

#### I. ENIGMA.

LET me solicit clever boys,  
Whose faces beam with temp'rance joys  
And lovely lasses, if they can,  
To tell me who and what I am.  
I am, without the smallest doubt,  
A solid, well-made roundabout ;  
But much of my great fame depends  
Upon the presence of my friends,  
Who've come across the deep blue sea,  
To be embraced and kept by me.  
My first appears arrayed in white,  
Soft to the touch, and pure and light ;  
My second is a little black,  
Who sailed to England in a sack.  
My third has got a yellow face,  
And when set free can run apace.  
My fourth is short, and fat, and small,  
My fifth's the sweetest friend of all.  
My sixth is soft, my seventh hard,  
My eighth some patients much regard,  
And other friends with them agree,  
And all are found at home with me.  
To make me very good I'm beat'n  
As much as naughty boys at Eton,  
And sometimes by a maiden's word,  
My whole to deepest depths is stirred.

And now, in speaking of myself,  
I am no shadow, ghost, nor elf ;  
But those who love me, you should know,  
In plain apparel bade me go,  
Until in darkened waters I  
Was hid, and can you tell me why ?  
At length a friend some pity took,  
Who caught me with a kind of hook,  
And, stripping off my seamless dress,  
Failed not my virtues to express.  
Some of my friends have come from Spain,  
But they will not return again ;  
Others from India are here,  
Who take no wine, nor gin, nor beer.  
I am beloved by son and daughter,  
And what I drink is milk-and-water. <sup>1</sup>  
Some persons think I ought to take  
Some spirits for my body's sake ;  
But to the million I can tell,  
That I am hearty, plump, and well,  
And am esteemed a friend to all,  
Without a drop of alcohol !  
The first who tells what this can be,  
Shall have a photograph of me.\*

JABEZ INWARDS.

\* The photograph is now in our possession and we shall have pleasure in sending it to the boy or girl whose answer first reaches us.—EDS.



## 2. ENIGMA.

I AM a venerable sire,  
 August, unmerciful, profound ;  
 My voice is heard in words of fire,  
 I sweep the universe around.  
 I'm gentle as a prattling child,  
 Or lambkin sporting on the grass,  
 So imperceptibly and mild  
 My operations come to pass.  
 I hold the dew-drop on each flower,  
 The leaf that quivers in the breeze.  
 The seasons roll beneath my power,  
 I ride the fury of the seas.  
 Beneath my sole resistless sway  
 Vast nations rise to people earth,  
 Proud cities wane and pass away,  
 Nor leave a wreck to mark their birth.  
 The halls of justice and debate,  
 The victims of disease and woe,  
 The reckless hordes that crowd the  
 state,  
 The power of my behests do know.  
 A venerable sire am I,  
 Old as the sun, yet born each day ;  
 Without me earth, air, sea, and sky  
 Would all collapse and flee away.

W. HOYLE.

## 3. CHARADE.

My *first* is in porter, but to find it don't  
 drink ;  
 My *second's* in the well, but not near  
 the brink ;  
 My *third's* in the shells lying strewn on  
 the shore ;  
 My *fourth* you will find when you get  
 to your door ;  
 My *fifth's* in the carriage of Lady  
 McFooze ;  
 My *sixth* you will see if you peep in  
 your shoes.—  
 You've guessed me no doubt, now  
 you've got to the end,  
 If you've taken me, keep me, I'll prove  
 a good friend ;  
 I'll save you from many a sorrow [and  
 shame,  
 And help you to build up an honour-  
 able name.

T. E. H.

## 4. CHARADE.

My *first* unfold and a place is shown,  
 Where vile things are sold to you well  
 known ;  
 I hope you never will use them ;  
 For when they ask you their wares to  
 try,  
 It's only the spider inviting the fly,  
 So firmly at once refuse them.  
 My *second* transpose, and a city is told,  
 Famous in story and chronicle old ;  
 When William the conquering  
 stranger  
 Fought hard and long for the " Isle "  
 around,  
 (Once marsh and fen, now firm, good  
 ground)  
 With Hereward the outlaw and  
 ranger.

Across the slopes of sunny hills,  
 Along the hollows by rippling rills,  
 My *whole* complete will be waving ;  
 I'm sent as a blessing of food for man,  
 But changed by him to a curse and a  
 ban ;

My maker's wrath he is braving,

IVY.

## 5. CYPHER.

u d n i h e b e v e  
 s s s e v i l r a m  
 f u i m e r l u e i  
 o b n f o s l o l t  
 o l d g L e a e g f  
 t i u o i v n k n o  
 p m s o d m e a i s  
 r e w e c a n m t d  
 i a n d d e p a r n  
 n t s o n t h e s a

IVY.

## 6. TRANSPOSITION.

GNMPTRAAI.—A bird found on  
 the Scotch mountains.

TGGNNIILHEA.—A small bird,  
 but a sweet singer.

XPTAIRE.—A large bird of New  
 Zealand, much prized for its feathers.

OGLMNFAL.—A bird of remarkable  
 figure and beautiful colour. T. E. H.



## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



POST-  
MEN  
hurry  
along  
the  
street,

Bright eyes gaze  
from the win-  
dow pane,

Eagerly watching his  
flying feet,  
St. Valentine's day has  
come again.

Listen, I hear his sharp  
rat tat,  
Here are letters for  
all of you ;

Willie has got a large black cat,  
Lucy a lady dressed in blue.

Pretty verses for dear mamma,  
Best of wishes for each and all,  
Flowers and angels bordered round,  
Pretty pictures for great and small.

Shouts of glee in the passage now,  
Happy laughter from girls and boys,  
See how all at his coming bow,  
Eagerly looking for Valentine's joys.  
W. A. EATON.

## LITTLE CHILDREN.

O how empty of delight,  
And how full of heavy care,  
Many a house would be to-night,  
But for little children there !

Ah ! what picture is so fair  
As the homeliest cabin wall,  
That is garnished with a pair  
Of bright shoes and stockings small ?

And what pleasant vocal sound  
Sings to memory half so sweet,  
As the rudest floor, whereon  
Falls the patter of bare feet ?

Blessings on the feeble prayer,  
Lowly uttered near each bed ;  
Brothers, sisters, meeting there,  
Breathe the words our Saviour said.

Blessings, blessings on the beds  
Whose white pillows softly bear  
Rows of little shining heads,  
That have never known a care.

Safely to the heavenly fold,  
Bring them, wheresoe'er they be,  
Thou, who saidst of them of old,  
" Suffer them to come to Me."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON  
PAGES 8 AND 9.

1. Barrel.

2. Thomas attended the Band of  
Hope Festival, and received great com-  
mendation for the admirable manner in  
which he delivered his recitation.

3. "Onward" — sixty-five words,  
including vowels "a" and "o" :—

O	wad	awn	do
on	wan	ador	Dan
or	war	Arno	dar
oad	won	arow	daw
oar	wand	adorn	don
Ora	ward	adown	dor
ord	warn	Andro	dow
own	woad	rad	darn
Oram	word	ran	dawn
Onward	worn	raw	Dora
no	a	rod	dorn
nod	Ab	row	Dowra
nor	an	rand	down
now	ado	road	draw
nard	ard	roan	drawn
Nora	and	Rawdon	drown
Nord			

4. Drink—rink—ink.



# THE THREE MESSENGERS.

THE dying year had nearly run his course,  
And, as I listen'd for his parting knell,  
In solemn cadence on the stillness fell  
A deathly dismal voice with tone all hoarse,  
"Look on the awful PAST—call up remorse!—  
Thy errors, sins, mistakes, and follies tell,  
The deeds which thou hast done examine well,  
Say, if thou *could'st* have made thy past life worse?"  
Another spake, with voice all full of joy,  
"Look to the FUTURE, rich with hope's best store,  
Be brave, be true, and nought can thee annoy"  
A third voice spake—"Let *now* thy spirit pore  
On these twin-voices wafted from the skies,  
Life-wisdom is, the PRESENT hour to prize."

FREDERICK SHERLOCK.

## RENOUCE THE CUP.

Arranged by W. H. WHITEHEAD.

RECITATIVE.

1. A drunkard reach'd his cheer-less home, The storm without was dark and wild, He  
KEY G.  
{ s. | d :- d | d :- d | d :- d | d :- d | r :- r | r :- r | r :- r | r :- r | r :- r | r :- r |  
2. And cold - er still the winds did blow, And dark - er hours of night came on, And  
3. She stripp'd the man - tie from her breast, And bared her bo - som to the storm; As  
4. At noon her cru - el hus - band pass'd, And saw her on her snow - y bed; Her  
5. Shall this sad warn - ing plead in vain? Poor thoughtless one, it speaks to you! Now

for'd his weeping wife to roam A wand'rer, friendless, with her child; As thro' the fall - ing  
rit  
{ m :- m | m :- m | m :- m | m :- m | f :- f | f :- f | m :- m | r :- r | ma :- ma | r :- r |  
deep - er grew the drifted snow, Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone; "Oh God," she cried in  
round the child she wrapp'd the vest She smil'd, to think that it was warm: With one cold kiss, a  
tear - ful eyes were clos'd at last, Her cheek was pale, her spi - rit fled. He rais'd the man - tie  
break the tempter's cru - el chain, No more your dreadful way pur-sue; Re - nounce the cup, to  
rit.



# RENOUNCE THE CUP.—(Continued.)

*a tempo.* SOLO.

snow she press'd, The babe was sleep-ing on her breast, The babe was sleep-ing on her breast.

{ma:-:ma|r:-:s|s:-:m|m|r:d|r:d:r|m:-:s|s:-:m|m|r:d|r:m:r|d:- ||

ac-cents wild, "If I must pe-rish, save my child: If I must pe-rish, save my child!"  
 tear of grief, The bro-ken-heart-ed found re-lief, The bro-ken-heart-ed found re-lief.  
 from the child, The babe look'd up and sweet-ly smil'd, The babe look'd up and sweet-ly smil'd.  
 Je-sus fly! Im-mor-tal soul, why will you die? Im-mor-tal soul, why will you die?

*Or Chorus.*

*a tempo.*

The babe was sleep-ing on her breast.

CHORUS, after last verse.

*cres.*

Re-nounce the cup, Re-nounce the cup, Re-nounce the

CHORUS, after last verse.

*cres.*

Re-nounce the cup, Re-nounce the cup, Re-nounce the

*ff*

*ff*

cup, Re-nounce the cup, To..... Je-sus fly!.....

*ff*

*ff*

cup, Re-nounce the cup, To..... Je-sus fly!.....



## THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

By F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &c.

### ARTICLE II.

THE first of these type forms, and the simplest, is presented to us by the composition and construction of a molecule of hydrochloric acid, and hence is called the *Hydrochloric Acid Type*.

This hydrochloric acid molecule consists of an atom of hydrogen united with an atom of chlorine, so that we can express its composition by the formula  $\text{HCl}$ , where the letter H stands for an atom of hydrogen, and the letters Cl for an atom of chlorine, or better still by the symbol  $\text{H}-\text{Cl}$ , where the short line, thus —, which unites the letters which represent the two atoms, indicates that they are in chemical union with each other, and represents the bond or affinity which keeps or holds them together.

We call this symbol a type, because it represents the general structure and mode of combination of a very large number of other substances. The hydrogen atom may be replaced by an atom of a large number of other substances, which will unite with the chlorine atom, and form a molecule having quite different properties from the hydrochloric acid, but the molecule will still only consist of two atoms united by one bond. We may look upon the hydrochloric molecule as a building or structure built with only two blocks, each different in character,—say one of stone and one of brick; but we can take the brick block away and replace it by a wood block, and although the building will still be of the same size, and will still have only two blocks arranged exactly in the same manner as before, it will exhibit very different properties, such as weight or colour, because while before it was composed

of stone and brick, now it is composed of stone and wood. If we replace the hydrogen atom by an atom of the metal sodium, and which we may represent by the letters Na, we shall obtain a molecule like this  $\text{Na}-\text{Cl}$ , the Na or sodium atom having taken the place of the hydrogen atom. This represents a molecule of common salt, a body which is familiar to everyone, and which in chemical language is called sodic chloride. In the same way we can replace the chlorine atom by another atom of hydrogen, so that our molecule may be represented by the symbol  $\text{H}-\text{H}$ . Here both atoms are like each other, so that our structure may be represented as a house where both blocks are stone. Two atoms of hydrogen united together form what we call a molecule of hydrogen, because in nature we never find a single atom of hydrogen existing by itself, it is always united to some other atom. Hydrogen atoms always go in pairs, and they only separate when some other atom which has a stronger attractive power tears the asunder, and uniting with one of them, sets the other free to seek a new companion, which it finds as soon as possible. If we put these three molecules, about which we have been speaking, in a row together, we shall see how exactly alike they are in general structure, thus :—

Name.	Formula.	Structure of Molecule.
1. Hydrogen molecule	$\text{H}_2$ ...	$\text{H}-\text{H}$
2. Hydrochloric	„ $\text{HCl}$ ...	$\text{H}-\text{Cl}$
3. Salt molecule	$\text{NaCl}$	$\text{Na}-\text{Cl}$

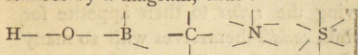
By looking at these three substances we shall clearly see the nature of a chemical change by the process of substitution. In the first molecule we have two atoms of hydrogen; in the second, one of the atoms of hydrogen has been



replaced by a molecule of chlorine; and in the third, both atoms of hydrogen have been replaced; while in every instance the plan or arrangement of the atoms in the molecule remains the same.

The next type at which we must look is called the *Water Type*, because a molecule of water may be taken as the plan or type upon which the molecules of a large number of other substances are formed. A molecule of water is composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen, so that we may represent its composition by the formula  $H_2O$  and by the symbol  $H-O-H$ . The hydrochloric acid type had only two atoms, but it will be seen from this symbol that the water type has three atoms, and the atom of oxygen which we represent by the letter O, and which forms the centre of the group, has the power to hold the two atoms of hydrogen united to itself. The oxygen atom is like a man with two hands, while the hydrogen atom is like a man who possesses only one hand. In the possession of this property of holding other atoms in union or combination, the atoms of the various elementary substances, out of which all bodies are made, vary very much. The hydrogen atom has never more than one bond of attachment, and the oxygen atom never more than two, but an atom of boron has three,—(it is like a man with three hands), an atom of carbon has four, an atom of nitrogen five, and an atom of sulphur six. This latter number is the highest which any substances possess.

We may represent this varied attractive power of the different substances by a diagram, thus:—



Where the various letters represent an atom of hydrogen, oxygen, boron, carbon, nitrogen, and sulphur respectively.

(To be continued.)

ively, and the short lines which radiate from the letters, show the number of bonds or hands which they possess, and which we call *atomicity*, *equivalence*, or *atom-fixing power*. It will be seen from this that the various elementary atoms possess very different values in chemical changes and reactions. For example, it will take two atoms of hydrogen to replace an atom of oxygen in any combination, because each hydrogen atom has only half the atom-fixing power of an atom of oxygen, which possesses two bonds, while an atom of carbon can replace two atoms of oxygen and four atoms of hydrogen, because it possesses four bonds.

The cause of this difference in atomicity or equivalence is unknown. Indeed, the cause why the atoms enter into combination with each other at all is at present one of the unsolved problems of chemistry. Perhaps the nearest conception which we can obtain is to suppose the atoms to be endowed with an inherent power of attraction like a magnet, and the points or poles of attraction to correspond in number with the number of bonds or atomicity which they display. An atom can never exercise a higher atomicity than the number of bonds or poles which it possesses, but it can enter into combination where the whole of its bonds are not employed. It is, however, found that wherever an atom displays a variation in atomicity, this variation always takes place by the appearance or disappearance of an even number of bonds—never an odd number. We have an instance of this variation, or rather of the partial use of the bonds which an atom possesses, in the third type at which we must look, and which is called the *Ammonia Type*, because we may take a molecule of ammonia or hartshorn as the typical structure.



## A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on the "Signs of the Times."*

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.

### NO. 2.—THE BLACK HORSE.



**D**IVING down a narrow turning near the Rose & Crown, I suddenly came to a standstill, a shivering heap of humanity crouching on a doorstep having caught my eye. Did you ever see one

of these homeless, garmentless, foodless, friendless waifs of our "great city?" Stop! what am I saying? Not altogether homeless, for are there not in the reeking slums of the richest and greatest city in the world a thousand dark and noisome nooks where such as he may through the night unnoticed lie? Not garmentless, if that nondescript suit of rags, all shreds and patches, through which the wan and wasted flesh is peeping, can be called clothes. Not foodless, for see! even now he is appeasing the pangs of hunger with some orange-peel, gathered from the gutter.

Not friendless, for death, the never failing friend of all, has sent his trusty agents, disease and destitution, to prepare his coming, and he will soon be here to clasp that poor wanderer in his great unrelenting arms, and bear him away to that better world, where the wicked cease from drinking, and

the weary are at rest. This poor, discarded one, that fickle fortune had cast from her lap, was sitting on a doorstep opposite a large public-house called the "Black Horse," as if watching for someone. Why does he crouch in sight of that tempting temple of glare and glitter? Perhaps the only one in this world to whom he can look for support is within the doors of that *licensed* house, spending in poison for himself that which should buy his child bread. Oh, young men, how can I find words strong enough to warn you against entering such places as the Black Horse? Avoid them, for the drink sold there is worse than the draught that bringeth sudden death. This *spirited* steed is a treacherous animal, impatient of restraint, and one it is at times impossible to control. Be not amongst that vast number of foolhardy riders, annually tossed into a premature grave—victims to the folly of attempting to restrain the frantic vagaries of this untamable monster.

The horse, we are told, is the noblest of all animals, and the most useful, which is a great deal more than we can say for the "animals" who frequent the house this sign is intended to advertise. Nevertheless, it is a very appropriate symbol to suspend over a liquor dealer's door, for those who frequent such places, although very good fellows in the *main*, through giving the *reins* to their appetite for drink, *saddle* themselves with so many bad habits, that all traces of their former manliness are soon obliterated; and they rapidly become so *unstable* in all their ways through the influence of pro-



pensities they cannot *bridle*, it too often happens that they finish their career by having to appear before the *Mayor*. Working men! let not the *Black Horse Inn* tempt you by its *inhorsepitable* *horsepitality*. If you would live *in* *clover*, imitate the horse, by taking your refreshment as he does *outside* the public-

house. Your companions may perhaps greet you with a *hoarse* laugh, *chaff* and say you are looking so *pale*, you will soon "kick the bucket;" heed them not; sow no more "wild oats" abroad, then there will be no more *wry* faces at home.

## WHISPERS TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ENJOY A HAPPY LIFE.

By REV. BENJAMIN SMITH, Author of "Sunshine in the Kitchen,"  
"Gems Reset," &c.

### WHISPER VI.—AVOID SHAMEFUL DEPENDENCE.

**D**EPENDENCE is not necessarily shameful. Although absolute, it may not be degrading. A babe is entirely dependent on its parents, but there is nothing culpable or humiliating in that. We are pleased, not vexed, as we see an infant sleeping in its mother's arms, or smiling in her face as it lies on her knee. There is nothing shameful in the dependence of aged parents on their children, if those parents have done their best. When father and mother have toiled and saved that they might enable their children to earn a respectable livelihood, and have given to their sons and daughters advantages greater than they possessed in early life, they need not feel it a humiliation that they have not succeeded in forming a store sufficient to support them throughout declining years which prove protracted. Their children have reason to be proud of such parents, and gratefully to minister to their needs. But there is a dependence which is shameful, and which ought to be felt to be painful. Thousands, in their old age, have to eat bread which ought to taste bitter. We think all the worse of them if they can enjoy it.

Several persons were gathered round the breakfast table in a public room in the city of Milan. Most of them were English, and had only arrived in Milan the night previous. They were hungry, and commenced their morning meal with zest, as soon as the blessing had been asked. In a moment, however, all but one paused. The bread had not looked like what they had been accustomed to; but the visitors had not anticipated the taste. It proved too sour and bitter for them to relish, or even to proceed with, until they had reflected that they could procure no better that day. One of the party, however, proceeded with his breakfast very satisfactorily. He was an Italian. He did not dislike the bread. He was used to it.

There is a shameful dependence which is, or ought to be, as bitter bread to those who partake thereof. The disgrace is great of those who like it. Dependence on others when we have *not* done our best is despicable. Sometimes this degrading position is voluntarily assumed in early manhood. Most likely you can point to the young man whose coat and boots are faultless; and his light-coloured vest and gloves, when he goes to a party, are stainless; and the cigars he smokes and



the wines he drinks are excellent. But these luxuries are not secured by his own effort. His parents may work hard, but the young gentleman does not like work. After his father's death, the widowed mother may struggle on, and his sisters may learn a pinching economy, and the dandy troubles not. The worthless fellow ought to be ashamed to walk in the public streets by daylight.

Many, at the close of life, eat their portion of bitter bread in the workhouse. Now, if Providence should so order our affairs that, having done our best, we must die in the "Union," let us be thankful that the Lord Jesus visits His loving disciples whether they live in villas or in the poor-house. The declaration, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice," applies to all sorts of places. Besides we may also be grateful that, when the hour of our departure arrives, Christ will be present to receive us wherever we are. Jesus will know the way, without asking, to the poor-house gate and to the identical ward. To each faithful disciple the promise remains, "I will come to receive you." But to those who have not done their best, workhouse fare ought to prove as bitter bread. Their presence in that refuge is a wrong done to the community. In self-defence public society is compelled to be sparing in the provision made within the walls of the poor-house, lest the unworthy should find encouragement. Hence there is a grievous injustice done by the improvident to the unfortunate. Those who have been idle and extravagant do not, however, relish the fare themselves. It is well that they are known not to enjoy it.

But if they feasted on roast beef and plum-pudding every day of the year, their food ought to prove to them as bitter bread. Why should the rate-payers, many of whom have to struggle hard for bread, be burdened to sustain those who might have made provision for themselves? Why should their kindred, who have been industrious and economical, have the disgrace of an old uncle in the workhouse, whom they helped to the utmost, but who would not help himself? There is a poverty which is an evidence of sin. The bread of such transgressors ought to taste bitter, and generally does so.

"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished." (Prov. xxii. 3). Most will agree that dependence, when shameful, would, to themselves, prove very distasteful, as bitter bread. Then from such evil it must be our duty to shelter ourselves. While young it is needful to acquire some method of earning a comfortable livelihood. We should be far from advising that all our hours should be spent in the endeavour to earn money. But the ability to secure what is needful for our daily wants is essential. Let us be on our guard against what would prevent any store being formed for the future. If spared to old age, we shall not possess the vigour now allotted to us. It must then be proper that we should now begin to provide for old age. Be not greedy, or godless, or selfish; but be prudent. We must not forget that the chief occasion of people closing their days in the workhouse, or in miserable poverty at home, is intemperance or tipping in some modified form. In consequence of drinking practices, the man earns less money than he otherwise would do. A large part of the earnings flow into the publican's till. So the children cannot have good food or clothes, and the wife is nearly famished, and the man, for a season, is alternately feasting and fasting. After a time the fast days become much more numerous than the feasts. Eventually the culprit reaches the end of his prosperity, becomes a burden to the parish, and eats his bitter bread. Avoid shameful dependence!





### Band of Hope Management.

—FIRST PAPER.—CHAIRMAN AND SPEAKERS.—The question is all important; for, if we believe the Band of Hope is necessary to preserve our children from the fearful ravages of strong drink, we must feel deeply concerned for the success of our meetings; we must remove every hindrance to our prosperity, remedy every defect, and wisely adopt those plans and methods which, if properly carried out, shall bring success to our society.

A single leak may sink the stoutest ship, and one defect may lose a battle. Not a few Bands of Hope have been ruined through the injudicious conduct of a bad chairman. You can soon discover the kind of gentleman referred to. Imagine yourself in a meeting where he presides. The meeting opens with singing and prayer, after which he rises to address an assembly of young people with light hearts and happy faces. Observe his gravity; listen to his deep austere tones. You shake your head and say, "It is a mistake!" You take out your watch and find he has bored the meeting for half-an-hour, during which time some have been punished for talking and others for settling down to sleep. How is it possible that children can be induced to love the Band of Hope by such treatment? If you would have a good society, you must have a good chairman. He must be the happiest, merriest member of the Band of Hope, never out of temper, never indiscreet. He must be wise as he is merry, keep-

ing the object of the society steadily in view; firmly, but lovingly suppressing the first indications of disorder; watching the movements of the children; shaping and controlling the programme so as to secure undivided attention and interest.

Referring to the duties of chairman leads us to say a word or two on Band of Hope addresses in general. Does it not sometimes happen that when you are provided with good singers and reciters, the appointed speaker monopolises most of the evening with a long, dry, unsuitable address? How you wish him to sit down after the first fifteen minutes! However, he tells his audience how delighted he is to meet them; and, having warmed in his subject, he drives away for another twenty or thirty minutes. You look at your watch and stretch out the programme before him, but like an express with full steam on, he must run himself down. He makes a pause; you feel an inward pleasure, thinking he has finished; to your surprise, however, another fact or anecdote has flashed across his memory, which he thinks it important to relate, after which he finally draws his remarks to a close by wishing prosperity to your society. Now, the individual who can supply a real antidote for long, dry speeches, certainly deserves the thanks of every society. Some Bands of Hope have such a dread of long speeches that they rarely invite a speaker to their meetings; of course we cannot commend such an extreme policy; we would rather suggest that speakers be plainly



told how long they must speak, and when their time has expired let it be the chairman's duty courteously to request them to sit down. Band of Hope addresses should be brief, earnest appeals, adapted to the capacities of children; conveying to their young minds thoughts and sentiments subservient to the noble object of our movement. Excite their astonishment if you will by startling narrative or anecdote; teach them to be kind, honest, truthful, and all that is noble and virtuous, but never forget that a Band of Hope address should aim thoroughly to expose the fallacy of the drinking customs. Let your arguments be sound, simple, pointed. Don't shoot over the children's heads, but make them clearly understand that strong drink is a terrible evil, bad to take in the smallest quantity; become yourself well acquainted with the physiological action of alcohol, and you will soon, by using familiar illustrations, be able to convey this important knowledge to them. This teaching lies at the very root of our movement, and it is worth all the attention you may give to it. Some speakers, not caring to trouble themselves with much reading or study, never approach the physiological phase, but content themselves with depicting the horror of intemperance; of course, any moderate drinker might do this and imply that the danger lay in excess, and not in the nature of strong drink. If you are not faithful in this important feature all your words may be like tares cast in the earth, producing nothing good or profitable. The presence of a good speaker in our midst is like a stream of joyous sunshine, gladdening every heart and brightening every countenance. You listen to his fervent appeals, you see his large heart and honest soul flowing forth in every word he utters. He puts the truth before you, it may be, in a

new and forcible light. Abstainers have their views enlarged, their convictions deepened, and others are lovingly drawn to embrace our principles, or at least to consider the arguments advanced by one so thoroughly in earnest. W. HOYLE (Manchester)

**Sir Walter C. Trevelyan on Bands of Hope.**—Speaking at the Annual Meeting of the Nottingham and Notts Band of Hope Union in October last, Sir Walter C. Trevelyan (president of the Union), said:—I speak advisedly, when I say, that I look on the members of the Bands of Hope, many of whom are still children, as the future props and main-stays of our land, for though we are told that it is never too late to repent, those who have been weak enough to yield to the temptation of drink, or vice, in whatever shape, must pay the penalty of their sins; their reasoning and moral faculties are blunted, their constitution is injured, and they must not expect ever to be the men and women they once were, or to do the work they might and ought to have done in their generation. It is, then, to the young, who are still uncontaminated by intemperance and vice, that we must look for that vigour and energy of mind and body which are required to fight the great battle of life, and to redeem by their efforts and their example the honour of England and her once high character among the nations of the earth. Let us recollect that it is generally the drop, the apparently harmless drop, that insidiously begins, and too surely and too soon does its fatal work, and that drop, too often given by the thoughtless parent or the false friend, leads to the destructive draughts, which in no great length of time accomplish their dreadful end, obliterating all sense of right and wrong, ruining the reasoning, the moral, and the religious feelings,



which should have guided to virtue and truth, to prosperity and happiness. The maddening draught has destroyed the brightest intellect and the most angelic disposition, and sunk the most promising to the lowest depths of infamy and vice and crime and wretchedness, too often ending in the gaol, the union-house, the madhouse, and perhaps the gallows, but most certainly in the untimely grave. We trust, however, that such healthy institutions as these Bands of Hope, and the blessings of sound education, will save you from so miserable a fate. The world is before you where to choose your path, and let us hope that you will choose wisely and well, and walk honestly in the sight of God and man.

**Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.**—The thirteenth annual meeting of this Union was held on Saturday, December 16th, at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms, Manchester. The business meeting, commencing at 3 o'clock, was presided over by Robert Whitworth, Esq., president. There was a large attendance of delegates and great interest manifested. The report showed the magnitude and operations of the Union to be very considerable, embracing 20 Local Unions with 212 societies and 531 speakers. To these must be added the societies and speakers in immediate connection with the Parent Union, making a grand total of 422 societies and 656 speakers. The Officers and Executive Committee for the ensuing year were elected. The meeting adjourned for tea, after which a conference was held. A paper was read by Mr. William Hoyle, one of the Hon. Secs., on "Band of Hope Management." The points of interest were warmly discussed by the meeting, and a very profitable evening closed with the usual vote of thanks to the chairman.

**Sheffield Sunday School Band of Hope Union.**—We have just received the 21st annual report of this Union, from which it appears there are eighty-four societies in affiliation. We are glad to notice some attention is paid to temperance literature. The committee have circulated 5,000 copies of Rev. Charles Garrett's admirable tract, "Where are the Nine?" The annual gala was attended by about 25,000, and made a profit to the Union of £112. The income for the year is £536; expenditure £374. Balance in hand £162.

**Heckmondwike Band of Hope Union.**—On Saturday, December 9th, a conference was conducted in the Wesleyan School, by the Rev. G. M. Webb, Vicar of Heckmondwike, and stirring addresses upon the best means of extending the cause in this district were delivered by the Revs. J. Compston, Leeds; R. H. Dugdale, Huddersfield; Mr. J. Leadbeater, and Mr. S. Wood.—The following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That this conference deeply regrets the decline among the Bands of Hope in this Union, and also of the Union itself, and hereby expresses its conviction that it is the duty of the friends of the various Bands of Hope to bring about a revival, or otherwise to establish new institutions in connection with their Sunday Schools, and that the Union shall have their co-operation and support."

**Dewsbury Primitive Methodist Band of Hope.**—This society is doing an excellent work; they have a publication department in vigorous operation. During the past year the canvassers have sold 10,211 periodicals. We commend this noble example to all Bands of Hope.



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"How did you learn that graceful attitude?" said a gentleman to a fellow leaning in a maudlin fashion against a post. "I have been practising at a glass."

"I say Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones to be sure; your honour would'n't be thinking I would plant boiled ones."

THERE are people who have learned, as the poet exhorts them, to labour and to wait; but, unfortunately, they *wait* a great deal more than they *labour*.

"There is many a slip between the cup and the lip," but it would be well for some of our young men, and old men too, if there were a good many more.

SOME in the north say that "Cotton is King." A country paper says that "Tobacco is King." It certainly reigns in a great many mouths. We must say, however, that it seems to have rather foul kingdoms.

It is certainly true that "one swallow does not make a summer;" but with some persons half-a-dozen swallows (when the liquor is intoxicating) are a very *summary* thing.

A POOR Irishman, was about to sell his saucepan, when his children remonstrated. "Ah, my honeys, I would not be afther parting with it, but for want of a little money to buy something to put in it."

"I AM afraid," said a person of questionable or rather unquestionable habits, "that I am likely to have water on the brain." "You will never have it upon the stomach," was his companion's consolatory reply.

It is stated that the members of a late court-martial ran up a bill of £100 against the Government for port wine. We suppose those *men-of-war* thought they ought to make *port-holes* of their mouths.

No man ever arrived suddenly at the summit of vice.

ABOVE all things never despair God is where He was.

THE religion that costs us nothing, is worth exactly what it costs.

To change enemies into friends, treat them with kindness. To change friends to enemies, treat them with liquor.

MONEY and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

THE water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odour is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

THERE was never a more beautiful reply than that of a good man in affliction, who was asked how he bore his sorrows so well: "It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

MANY who find the day too long think life too short, but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions and their estates.

WITH double vigilance should we watch our actions when we remember that good and bad ones are never childless; and that in both cases the offspring goes beyond the parent—every good begetting a better, and every bad a worse.

HONOUR Women! They scatter heavenly roses on the path of our earthly life; they weave the happy bonds of love, and, beneath the modest veil of the graces, they nourish with a sacred hand the immortal flower of noble sentiments.



## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES, AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.  
CHAPTER III.—RONALD'S DESCRIPTION OF WORKING FOR A LIVING.



RECOLLECT so well that dismal winter morning when I left the old home never to return, to obey my uncle's commands to breakfast with him at seven o'clock. Jane awoke me whilst it was still dark, for I had two miles to go before I reached my uncle's house in Bradford-street; my head was aching painfully, the result of my first glass of spirits taken from my uncle's hand the previous night. Jane, kind soul, guessing how I felt, had prepared for me a cup of strong coffee to steady my nerves, as she said, and warm me before I trod the icy, snowy streets, and faced the keen east wind, surely, nowhere in England more keen and piercing than at the corners of the hilly Birmingham streets.

What was more to me, even than the coffee—for my spirits were wretched on this morning—was her determination to accompany me in my dreary walk. Wrapped in her shepherd's plaid shawl, a kind of shawl which I have rarely seen since without a loving thought of this faithful friend of my childhood, she kept my hand on her arm, saying brave, kind, tender words to me as we walked. She said little about my earthly future, only bade me do my duty, and stay with my uncle, at all events for the present, as my father had wished. She particularly enjoined me not to neglect my Bible and prayer.

"Say a little prayer and read a text twice a-day, Master Ronald; it is a bad thing for all of us if we allow anything to block up the road between us and heaven. Remember, my dear, we can't do without God, however strong and manful we think ourselves, and He in His mercy has no wish to do without us. He likes us to love Him and serve Him. You'll promise me not to forget, dear."

"Of course I will, Jane," said I, sobbing, for I felt more and more dreary and lonely the nearer we got to my uncle's house. It was intensely cold, and I thought how the boys would soon be out snowballing in Mr. Barrett's play-ground; and oh! how I wished myself there again, with kind Mr. Hutchinson.

"There's another thing, Master Ronald," said Jane. "You saw and felt for yourself last night how bad the spirits made you, and so will all that sort of drink, beer and wine, and all of it—some more, some less. I never take any at all, and I'm all the better for doing without. Do promise me you won't take it again."

"I can't quite promise that, Jane," said I; "you see it is expected of gentlemen to take beer and wine, and even spirits occasionally. Mr. Barrett always did, and so did Mr. Hutchinson; you wouldn't wish me, a boy, to set myself up above Mr. Hutchinson."

We were already in Bradford-street when we thus spoke, and I dreaded the parting from Jane that must now so soon come. It was yet dusk; and even if it had been broad daylight I would not, I could not, have refrained from throwing my arms about her and kissing her repeatedly, when I looked up at a certain doorway and saw by the light of a street lamp the words on a large brass-plate—

"MR. NICHOLAS CLAYTON, IRONFOUNDER."



It was just as I flung my arms about her in my boyish impetuous sorrow that Jane whispered, "Master Ronald, dear, I said that about the drink to you, because I was thinking about your poor mother." And then she strained me tightly to her own kind bosom, kissed me repeatedly, and with a choking in her voice as she said, "God bless you, Master Ronald, God bless you, my dear," she left me.

And I watched her figure in the grey shawl as long and much longer than I could distinctly see her, as she walked down the steep street. Then I heard a clock somewhere strike seven, and fearful of reprimand, I ran up the steps and knocked at my uncle's door. A very dirty servant girl opened it.

"Be you Ronald?" she asked, without ceremony.

Astonished and annoyed at the freedom of her manner, I said quietly,

"I am Master Ronald Clayton, if that's who you mean; please to tell your master that I'm come."

"Bless me!" said the girl, lifting her eyebrows as if half amused and half surprised by this assumption of dignity on my part. "Ronald you are, and Ronald you will be in this house, if it doesn't come down to Ronny, which I shouldn't a bit wonder at neither. *Master Ronald* indeed!"

At this juncture, three or four little girls, scarcely less dirty than the servant, but with a mixture of tawdry finery and really good articles in their dress which seemed to point to a somewhat different class, gathered around the girl, asking in different voices the same question: "Zenobia, is that Ronald?"

It was my turn to be amused. The idea of that slatternly girl bearing the name of the famous Eastern Queen, whose history we had been lately writing from dictation at Mr. Barrett's, was too much for my gravity.

"Are you an English girl to have that wonderful name?" I inquired.

"Well, Ronald," she answered frankly, "my name's Zenobia, but they mostly call me Znobby."

I was very rude to the young lady, for I burst out laughing; I was only a school-boy, and the comical abbreviation struck me as irresistibly ludicrous.

Zenobia was offended at my mirth.

"Not that I'm going to let *you* call me anything but my name in full, Ronald," she said coldly; "now come in."

I entered. Following the Eastern Princess, and escorted by the four little girls, I made a somewhat elaborate entrance to the kitchen. A tall, good-looking, but rather greasy woman was grilling mutton chops over the stove, and a smell of coffee and fat pervaded the apartment, which was by no means a large one. Near the table, habited in a workman's suit, sat my uncle with a baby boy on his knee, who, whilst his father read the morning paper, helped himself at will to every comestible within his reach, and flourished about knives in horribly close proximity to his father's face and his own. At sight of me, he began to howl in a very uncousinly and disagreeable manner—in infantile style, he unmistakably declared war.

At which, his father put down his paper and laughed aloud, then shouted so as to be heard above the sputtering of the chops:

"He'll not put thy little nose out of joint, lad, so thou needst not fear him. Sit down, Ronald," he added, turning to me, "and take your chance of breakfast."

Thus invited, I sat down, and presently the great dish of meat was set upon the table by the namesake of the Eastern Princess; and the tall woman, who was, of course, my aunt, took her place behind the tea-cups. Zenobia, when all things were ready, took her place by me, with the baby in her lap.



"Ronald," said Mrs. Nicholas Clayton, "I hope you have a notion how to do things about the house; of course your uncle will expect you all day in his foundry, but you are too young to work full time, now these scandalous Factory Acts are in operation. However, when you're not working for him, there's one comfort, you can work for me. If you're an honest boy, you would wish to earn your living."

"Yes, aunt," I said gravely.

"Oh! you needn't 'aunt' me, nor 'uncle' my husband, nor 'cousin' the children," she said disdainfully, and her eyes were by no means kind. "I cannot have my friends, some of whom move in the *first* society, know that we have a pauper nephew living with us. You'll be anything I wish you to be, when you're out of the foundry—my page one day, my errand boy another, and so on."

"Why don't you say *ad infinitum*, my dear?" said my uncle, with a sly twinkle of his dark grey eyes; "that sounds well, you know."

"I know better, my dear Nicholas," said the lady, "when to quote Latin authors than to put them into wrong juxtapositions."

"Bless me if I know what juxtas mean, put them in any position you like," said my uncle.

This singular conversation had been much interrupted by the children, all of whom perpetually demanded a portion of this, that, and the other; while little Master Stuart Macdonald (whose names were his mother's choice) howled furiously every time he looked at me. To say I enjoyed that breakfast would certainly not be true; my uncle, with rough cordiality, pressed me to eat; my aunt in a complaining tone expressed the hope that "a pauper nephew wouldn't show himself dainty," and Zenobia good naturedly pushed the viands within my reach. But the order and comfort I had been accustomed to made the confusion and untidiness around me quite bewildering; and good appetite, that refuge for boys in general, which makes them able to eat, even under singularly adverse circumstances, had quite deserted me. My health until now had been almost perfect, but the sad changes which had come to me so suddenly within the last week supplemented by my first glass of spirits the previous evening, had made me feel uncomfortable and out of sorts, and I longed more than I had ever done for Jane's kind, affectionate interest, and tender caressing manner. After breakfast, my uncle took me with him to the back of his house, where he speedily showed me his iron foundry, and the workmen at their work in all its various branches.

"I'll give you a holiday to-day, Ronald," said my uncle, whom henceforth, in obedience to my aunt, I always called "master," or "Mr. Clayton," "for you've no clothes suitable for this sort of thing. To-night I'll fit you out with proper toggery, and to-morrow you'll begin work. To-day you may go in the house and play with your little cousins, or do what you've a mind to do."

But I had no inclination to go within doors, where I dreaded Mrs. Clayton's tongue, so I stayed in the foundry and watched the moulders pouring the broad stream of molten iron, glowing and brilliant, into the curious shapes lying ready to receive them.

Dinner time came, and was but a magnified repetition of the breakfast scene, only that the fruit tarts caused still more rivalry amongst the little girls, and consequently still more uproar. All around the table at each plate there were set tumblers for beer, and even the baby had a drink of what my uncle called the "national beverage." My uncle himself emptied his glass and refilled it so often, that I found myself wondering how ever he kept sober.



Then we went out in the foundry again, and at six o'clock when the men left work, their master, who had been all day long driving after them, and who certainly took care that no one in his employ should indulge in idleness, gave himself a well-earned leisure, and set himself to rights for the evening. Having divested himself of his working clothes, he made his appearance in the parlour in the costume of the previous evening, minus the great coat and hat, with a massive gold watch chain, almost large enough for a boat's painter, and a brilliant crimson neck-tie. Mrs. Clayton, in a splendid grey moire antique silk dress set off by blue ribbons, displayed her fair complexion to great advantage. The little girls appeared to have gone through a transformation scene since morning, and came in dressed in elaborately embroidered white cashmere frocks, plentifully adorned with knots of pink ribbon.

We sat down to a meat tea, to share which meal several visitors appeared ; then after it cards were introduced, spirits and water were brought in, and the little girls had their dolls and toys, with which they amused themselves. I alone was without occupation, and felt very desolate, till I at last took refuge in a book of travels which I found on a side-table, and soon became lost to all around me. I only roused when my aunt roughly pushed me, and told me it was time to go to bed. Not in the least knowing, or being able to guess what would be expected of me, I did not dare to shake hands with the guests. So making my bow at the door, as I had been used to do at Mr. Barrett's, I said as politely as I knew how :

"Good night, ladies and gentlemen," and escaped to my room. It was a bare dull attic, and intensely cold in this winter season, besides which I had a much smaller supply of bed-clothes than I had been accustomed to. To obviate this difficulty I rolled myself round and round in them, dormouse fashion, and tired of my long day, soon fell asleep. The next morning, while it was still dark, I was awakened by a loud knock at my bed-room door, and then the door itself opened, and my uncle's voice exclaimed roughly :

"Get up, young sluggard. Look out, here's your things."

And as he spoke, I was knocked back in the bed as I started up, by the bundle he threw at me. Very effectually awakened by this novel means, I got out shivering in the chilly darkness, and my uncle bidding me "look quick !" left me. I felt very strange and uncomfortable in my new attire, the stiff rough garments fretted my neck and wrists. I felt angry that my life had taken such a turn for the worse, and I made the mistake of not following either kind Mr. Hutchinson's advice who had bid me show myself in these sad reverses, a Christian boy ; or good dear Jane's, who had begged me to pray and read the Bible daily.

There was little at my uncle's to remind me of my duty to God and man. The household might have been one in a heathen land, save that Mrs. Clayton and her little girls displayed their costumes at church every Sabbath morning, and that every other week Zenobia had her Sunday out, a liberty supposed to be granted for religious purposes. Also Znooby sometimes exercised her voice in singing a popular hymn, alternately with the latest music-hall song. My uncle's Sundays were spent in the following manner :—He made up for his early hours every other day of the week, by staying in bed till nearly dinner time ; an unusually good dinner, consisting of some one or more dainties of the season marked the day ; and after my arrival, I was always kept at home to assist the Eastern Princess in her preparation of it. After dinner, when Mrs. Clayton invariably had a long nap following the dessert, her husband went out accompanied by two or three bull-dogs,



animals which were great pets of his, and though I tried not to let him even guess it, were equally my aversion.

I could understand then and now such men as Nick Clayton admiring these brutes, but I never shall comprehend how mere fashion can lead delicate and refined women to make playthings of a species of the canine race, which in their thick coarse heads, and ugly faces, more nearly resemble the very lowest type of humanity than any other creatures. From the foundry men I gradually learnt that my uncle was a great dog-fancier, and that low and illegal amusements, such as dog and cock-fights, occupied his attention on his only leisure day. There were several men, and Palmer the bailiff's man was one of these, with whom such pursuits brought him very closely in contact. The Sunday evenings were given up to cards and drinking and company. All I ever heard of the Almighty from my uncle was when he dared to take His holy name in vain.

Looking back, I am grieved to remember how pure and true my influence might have been in that degraded household. I, who had been blessed with religious teaching, and surrounded until now by good and cultivated society, if I had but been a brave boy, might have, even here, helped forward Christ's kingdom. But as the days passed on, and I learnt something of my work in the foundry, I settled down apathetically, with the thought which Satan suggested, that it was of no use to try to be good or wise, I had better go straight on, and get along as I could.

So, when my uncle laughingly gave me a pipe I accepted it, and after some trials learnt to smoke it; I drank my beer regularly, and when he was good-natured enough to give me a glass of spirits, I accepted that also. But after that first evening, Mrs. Clayton rarely suffered me to appear in her parlour, save as a page or waiter. I was a great part of my time, therefore, left either to the companionship of Znobby, or to find what amusement I could for myself in the Birmingham streets. The workmen of such a master as Nick Clayton naturally partook of his vices; and the boys a little older than myself with whom I associated, led me to places where my former friends would have been horrified to find me. Low theatrical representations, music and dancing halls, and public-house entertainments of various kinds—these were the frequent occupations of my evenings.

I worked very hard by day, far beyond my strength, and yet I dared not complain, lest my aunt's biting tongue or my uncle's harshness should charge me with ingratitude. I sometimes ventured to pour out my sorrows to Zenobia, who in return gave me such a catalogue of perpetual ills as made my own troubles small in comparison. The poor girl was in truth a white slave in all but her power to leave her place; and as she received pretty good wages, she struggled on as best she could, for at her home there was a large family of brothers and sisters, of whom she was very fond, and who were partly dependent upon her in consequence of her father's drunken, dissolute habits. This father, too, was employed at the foundry, and as she said, would have almost killed her had she left Mrs. Clayton. He also was one of those dog fanciers with which Birmingham and the potteries are cursed, whose whole life seems devoted to the training and rearing of bull-dogs; rather than to the proper responsibilities of their manhood, and the children whom God has given them.

Many a time, Znobby told me, her father has taken the Sunday dinner which her mother had cooked, away from the hungry children, to distribute it among his ravenous dogs.

*(To be continued.)*





"NEAR THE TABLE . . . SAT MY UNCLE WITH A BABY ON HIS KNEE."—Page 42.





## I. ENIGMA.

WHEN sun and stars began to shine,  
I was as now, just in my prime,  
While fiercest winds swept o'er the  
plain,  
And frowning clouds discharged their  
rain.

The shady trees with branches wide,  
Protected me on every side ;  
At length, but how I cannot tell,  
My friends pressed closely, pressed me  
well,

Until they made me go to bed,  
And there I lay while ages fled,  
Wrapped in a cov'ring warm and snug,  
Which might be called a sable rug ;  
And all around so still and dark,  
That not a dog was heard to bark.  
At length, at my old bed-room door  
A knocking came, once, twice or more,  
The door was wrenched, and very soon  
Queer-looking men were in my room ;  
'Twas there they seized me as I lay,  
And tho' they sent me miles away,  
I never saw the light of day,  
For this good reason some suppose  
That I was smothered with my clothes.  
I'm not a coat, tho' found on backs,  
Nor am I corn, tho' found in sacks,  
Nor am I coal, though found in smacks.  
I'm sometimes on the village green,  
And sometimes rushing through a  
screen,

But when they take my clothes away,  
I feel as tho' I could not stay ;  
So up I rise, resolved to go,  
But some one promptly says no, no,  
We hope by you to make a gain,  
And so you must with us remain.

And then they put me in a house,  
Not fit for man, nor bird, nor mouse ;  
It is a dwelling dark and high,  
Hanging betwixt the earth and sky,  
Where all alone I'm bound to stay,  
Until they let me run away.

I have no hand, but most men know  
That I can strike a deadly blow,  
Nor have I body, mind, or soul,  
Yet I could fill old Punch's bowl,  
And make the brains feel very queer,  
Of those who let me come too near.  
Through straight and crooked ways I go,  
To mansions high, and cellars low,  
And tho' I'm breathless, I could blow  
A feather over Jericho !

I am as harmless as a child,  
But can be furious and wild,  
Scatt'ring and shatt'ring all around,  
And strewing wreck upon the ground.  
I can be held, but not compressed,  
Nor yet re-clothed when once undressed,  
Tho' too ethereal for its touch,  
Cold water aids me very much.  
Altho' I never do appear,  
Yet I perform long journeys here,  
Without a drop of gin or beer,  
Yet wheresoe'er I take my flight,  
I roam in gloom, and die in light.  
Now send to "ONWARD" if you can,  
And tell its readers what I am.

JABEZ INWARDS.

## 2. SQUARE WORD.

My *first's* a foul drink,  
My *second* a limb ;  
My *third* is a shell  
With something within.

T. G. HUGHES.



TO THE YOUNG READERS OF  
"ONWARD."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—For the one of you who first answers *quite correctly* my charades and transposition, numbers 3 to 8, giving the particulars of No. 6, I shall be happy to send to the Editor of "ONWARD" a copy of my new little book, "The Romance of a Rag."—Your friend, M. A. PAULL.

CHARADES.

3.

My *first* is an animal fond of a bone,  
My *second* is part of his body I'll own;  
My *third*, as no doubt you will very soon guess,  
Is to make something long into something much less.

4.

Of my good *first* we have a pair;  
My *second*, I have written it;  
My *third* is skill and cunning rare;  
My *whole* the work itself will fit.

5.

My *first* is but a little thing,  
And all should learn to use it well.  
My *second*, several millions strong,  
Upon this wondrous globe do dwell.  
My *whole* 'twere well a lad should be  
To gain the prize of industry.

6.

My *first* is a haunt of the tiger and lion,  
My *second* is that at which brave archers aim;  
My *whole* is a country with England connected  
In tragedy, history, family, fame.

7.

My *first* is the rich light the sun leaves at setting;  
My *second*'s a creature some children despise.  
My *whole* is the same little creature illumined,  
And shining as brightly as star in the skies.

8. TRANSPOSITION.

Undisturbed I am a holy person.  
Put my tail close to my head and I become a blemish. Divide me by my tail, and I become a rich and glossy substance.

9. DECAPITATION.

I'm black and blue, I'm red and green,  
I'm all shades and no shade I ween,  
I'm polished, painted, strongly bound,  
I'm beaten, rolled, and twisted round  
I'm on the wall, the roof, the stairs,  
I move in dozens, gross, or pairs.

My head remove and I display  
A transformation—shall I say  
An object wondrous to admire,  
The theme of deep poetic fire;  
How dark would many a household be,  
Were I not in the family.

Again remove my head, forsooth,  
And I'm the sport of thoughtless youth,  
The friend of many an honest man,  
Who proudly earns whate'er he can;  
I'm found in fable, tale and jest,  
I'm honoured more in east than west.

W. H.

10.—ANAGRAM.

D. *burn me now for a charm*—  
I am but a few days old, yet you have made my acquaintance,  
I hope my company is agreeable.  
What am I? T. E. H.

11. QUOTATION DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Select your words from the lines below,  
Place them beneath each other, so  
The *central* letters downwards read,  
Shall name a good man lately dead.

1. T.
2. "Trifles light as air."
3. "Beautiful water fair and bright:  
Beautiful as the silvery light."
4. "Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought."
5. "I heard the bells on Christmas-day  
Their old familiar carols play."
6. "Then with water fill the pitcher  
Wreathed about with classic  
fable."
7. "If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try, try again."
8. "Variously the Giver,  
Giveth gifts to all."
9. T.

IVY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 27 and 28.

1. Plum-pudding. 2. Law.
3. Pledge. 4. Barley (Bar-Ely).
5. Lives of good men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.
6. Ptarmigan — Nightingale — Apteryx — Flamingo.



## ROGUISH ROBERT.



**R**

OBERT ! Robert, you cruel boy !  
Can't you leave that nest alone ?  
Would you spoil a mother's joy ?  
You've a mother of your own.

If you take that tiny nest,  
Full of little baby birds,  
You will wring a mother's breast,  
Though for grief she has no words.

What to you is but a toy,  
Kept awhile, then flung away,  
Is a home of peace and joy,  
Filled with sunshine every day.

Come right down before you fall,  
Do not cause such needless grief ;  
Robert, heed my warning call :  
Never—never be a thief !

W. A. EATON.

## OH, IF I WERE A BOY LIKE YOU.

**I**

H, if I were a boy like you,  
I'll tell you what I now  
would do ;  
I'd throw that pipe away ;  
And take our pledge against the drink  
Which brings men down to ruin's brink  
By hundreds every day.

You think it manly, perhaps, to swear,  
To laugh and jest at holy care  
For God and truth and right.  
But such a man I would not be,  
From these things noble manhood's  
free,  
Good is its chief delight.

It makes my heart within me sad  
To see a stubborn wilful lad  
Break loose from all control ;  
Becloud the morning of his day  
And throw his precious time away  
And stain with sin his soul.

I wonder what his end will be  
And wish that he himself could see,  
That, ere it was too late  
He might return to wisdom's path,  
Escape from God's eternal wrath,  
Be truly good and great.

Oh, if I were a boy like you,  
I'll tell you what I now would do ;  
I'd give to God my heart ;  
That He might consecrate its fire,  
And make me earnestly aspire  
To play a worthy part.

I'd join the Band of Hope, and do  
My best to make it prosper too.  
And learn the drink to hate ;  
Be all a son, a brother should  
Live for, and love whate'er is good,  
The Saviour imitate.

DAVID LAWTON.



RALLY, FREEMEN, RALLY!

ASA HULL.

ASA HULL.

1. Ral - ly, free - men, ral - ly! The tem-p'rance cry pro - long,

KEY B 2.

d	„d	„d	„m	s	„m	:-	„m	r	„r	„d	„r	„m	:-
2. Rai-ly,	wo-	men,		ral	-ly!		Len I	beau-	-ly	to	the		
„m	„m	„s	„s	„s	„s	:-		S <sub>1</sub>	„S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub>	:-
3. Rai-ly,	Chri-	stan,		ral	-ly!		1 hy	bro-	-ther's	lost	in	sin,	:-
S <sub>1</sub>	„S <sub>1</sub>	„d	„d	m	d	:-		t <sub>1</sub>	„t <sub>1</sub>	d	„t <sub>1</sub>	d	:-
4. Rai-ly,	free-	men,		ral	-ly!		The	tem-	p rance	cry	pro-	long,	:-
„d	„d	„d	„d	„d	„d	:-		S <sub>1</sub>	„S <sub>1</sub>	„m	S <sub>1</sub>	d	:-

Ral - ly, free - men, ral - ly! Cold wa - ter is our song;

{	d	„d	:d	„m	s	„m	:	„m	r	„r	:d	„l	s
	Ral	- ly,	wo	- men,	ral	- ly!	:	Sing	loud	and	ful!	and	s
	„l	„m	„s	„s	s	„s	:	„s	fe	„fe	„l	„fe	s
	Ral	- ly,	Chris	- tian,	ral	- ly!	:	His	blood	- bought	soul	to	s
{	s	„s	„s	„d	m	„d	:	„d	l	„l	„r	„d	t
	Ral	- ly,	free	- men,	ral	- ly!	:	Cock	wa	- ter	is	our	s
	d	„d	„d	„d	d	„d	:	„d	r	„r	„r	„r	s

SOLO OR DUET.

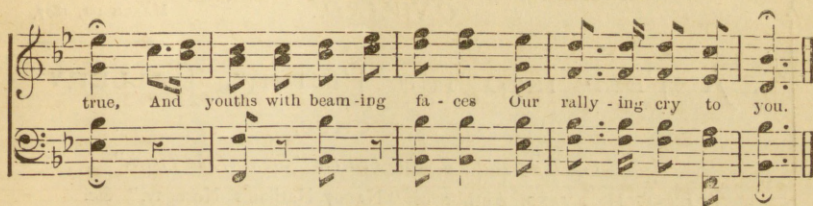
Musical score for the hymn "Come, join us, grey-haired fathers, And young men, bold and". The score is written for a soprano voice (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The tempo is marked "Moderato". The lyrics are: "Come, join us, grey-haired fathers, And young men, bold and". The music features a simple melody with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern.

SOLO OR DUET.

{	S <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	Π <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub>	:	d	.	r	Π	Π	:	-	.	r	d	„d	:	r	Π	
	Sis	-	ters	,	and	wives	,	and	mo	-	thers	,	And	daugh	ters	,	come	to	-	
	Π <sub>1</sub>	„r <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub>	Π <sub>1</sub>	:	Π <sub>1</sub>	.	f <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub>	.	S <sub>1</sub>	:	-	f <sub>1</sub>	Π <sub>1</sub>	„Π <sub>1</sub>	:	t <sub>1</sub>	:	d
	The	Lord	has	p	id	the	ran	-	som	,	His	soul	is	thine	to					
	Our	ban	-	ner's	on	the	breez	-	es	,	Our	hopes	are	bright	and					

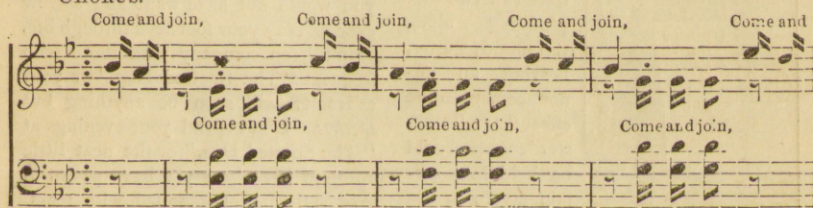


# RALLY, FREEMEN, RALLY!—(Continued.)



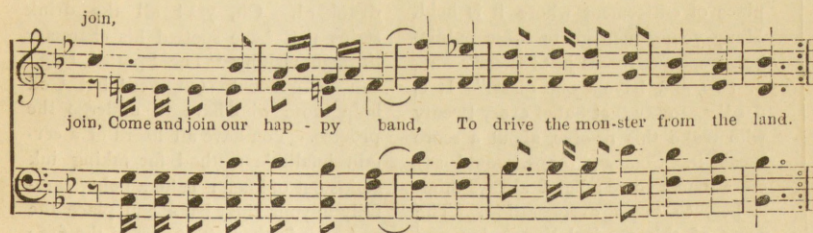
<b>f</b>	<b>:</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>.</b>	<b>m</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>.</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>.</b>	<b>m</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>s</b>	<b>.</b>	<b>s</b>	<b>:-</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>m</b>	<b>.</b>	<b>m</b>	<b>.</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>:-</b>		
day;	Join	hands	with	those	who	la -	bour	To	drive	the	fiend	a -	way.											
l <sub>1</sub>	<b>:</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>.</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>t<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>.</b>	<b>t<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>:</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>m</b>	<b>.</b>	<b>m</b>	<b>:-</b>	<b>l<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>.</b>	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>.</b>	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>.</b>	<b>f<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>m<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>:-</b>
save,	And	you	will	see	him	sink -	ing	To	death	be -	yond	the	grave.											
strong;	Come,	join	with	us,	and	la -	bour	To	push	the	bat -	tle	on.											

## CHORUS.



## 8. CHORUS.

<b>d</b>	<b>t<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>l<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>.</b>	<b>:-</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>t<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>.</b>	<b>:-</b>	<b>m</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>.</b>	<b>:-</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>m</b>
Come and	join,				Come and	join,				Come and	join,				Come and	join,
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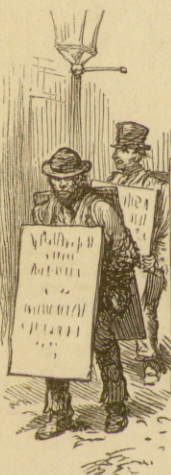


## A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on the "Signs of the Times."*

BY T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.

### NO. 3.—THE SPOTTED DOG.



IN a busy street, leading out of one of our great city thoroughfares, I once saw two men plodding along the muddy gutter, bearing an announcement to the effect that a "monster" concert would be held in a certain tavern in the neighbourhood on Saturday night. The lamentable

frequency with which Bacchus and Apollo thus act in *concert*, is a fact in connection with this deadly traffic greatly to be deplored. It is not my intention to comment upon the concert so much as the "monster" sold at that place of enticement where it is held. Many young men go to these public-house concert-rooms just to hear a song or two, and have "one glass." It is needless to say that out of every twenty who make this resolve, about a score break it. Some, perhaps, would say more than a score; but I always think it best to avoid exaggeration. The name of this musical liquor den was "The Spotted Dog." I cannot help thinking that a "jolly dog" leaning against a tree, his inebriate attire all bespattered with mud, would most truthfully represent the sign of "The Spotted Dog."

This sign, when thus interpreted, teaches a lesson all will do well to learn—Don't drink "*stout*," lest some day, like him, it may make you *lean*. Don't sit at "The Spotted Dog" and *sup* porter till you can't get home without a *sup*porter. Don't go to "The Spotted Dog" and spend your cash, if you would not have want and sorrow ever *dogging* your footsteps through life. Don't keep company with those who frequent "The Spotted Dog," or your character will soon be anything but *spotless*. Don't spend your evenings at "The Spotted Dog," or the neat little apron of her whom you have sworn to love will often be spotted with tears. Our most rabid opponents concede that teetotalism is a very good thing for the drunkard; but is not that habit of life worth much which can regulate and protect the fire and vigour of yonder active stripling by throwing its sheltering arms around him on the battle-field of life?

Of course there is hope for the drunkard. Oh, yes! all the drink stains that have spotted his character through visiting "The Spotted Dog" can be got out. Oh, yes! but God help those who have to undergo the process. You have all heard of a certain infallible method for taking ink stains out of linen: Take a poker carefully in your right hand and place the end of it in the hottest part of the fire; when it becomes red remove it instantly, and having your linen ready, apply the heated end to the affected part, when in a few moments the spots of ink that disfigured it will have entirely disappeared. This is a remedy



that has never been known to fail. In like manner, young men, may you hope to remove the drink spots from your character.

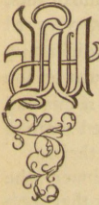
Young men ! picture to yourself the

freckled ninny I have attempted to describe, and take warning. Don't call in at "The Spotted Dog" on your way home, or your sleeping place some night may be the kennel.

## CLARA'S FALL AND REPENTANCE.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS (NELSIE BROOK.)

### CHAPTER I.

HAT a happy little maiden was Clara Minton, as she set out every Wednesday evening from home, with several of her schoolfellows and companions, to attend the Band of Hope meeting ! She enjoyed the bright cheerful society of the place, and she enjoyed the singing and recitations, many of which she felt sure she would remember as long as she lived. Sometimes, after a course of careful training, she found herself one of an excited party of young folks who were to engage in a dialogue ; and Clara, being careful to know her part thoroughly well, and throwing life and spirit into it, generally acquitted herself to everybody's satisfaction.

You would have thought her one of the most promising members of the Band of Hope, so regular was her attendance at all the meetings, and so hearty an interest did she seem to take in all that concerned it. But Clara was not in reality enthusiastically devoted to the cause which she professed to serve : it was seldom that she was known to try to win a new member to the society ; she would invite boys and girls to attend the Wednesday meetings, that they might be pleased as she was herself ; but she did not feel deeply the urgent importance of hating, and trying to induce others to hate, that drink which is so great an evil, and which is a curse to this country of ours, that would otherwise be the happiest land that the sun shines upon.

Now, I would have every Band of Hope girl and boy enthusiastic, ardent, and devoted to the good cause of temperance. The lukewarm ones do not render it any great service, nor are they like'y to make a bold, brave stand in a time of trial and temptation.

Clara was the eldest of a family of six children, and her mother was a widow— a clean, hard-working woman, who toiled early and late for her family, at washing, sewing, or anything she could get to do at home, in addition to the work which two cows gave her to do. These were left to her by her good husband, and as he died free from debt, she was enabled to keep them and make a living by them.

Her cottage was on the outskirts of a fashionable town, in which she found a ready sale for milk, and as much butter as she could produce.

Clara was her saleswoman, and started off early in the morning with her cans of milk, and got it delivered before school-time ; in the afternoon, as soon as school was over, she went on the same errand, and as she thus helped her mother, a blither, happier little maiden of twelve years could not be found.



When Clara was fourteen, Mrs. Minton allowed her to go out to service, as her second daughter was then big enough to take Clara's place as milkwoman. The anxious mother had found for her what she considered a very good place as kitchenmaid in a gentleman's family; and Clara being willing to work, and a strong big girl for her age, seemed well fitted for the situation. And now came a time of temptation for her. All the other servants took beer two or three times a day, and they made merry at the Band of Hope girl's expense, and foolishly teased her about her water-drink'ng, until Clara actually began to think that it must be herself who was foolish for being an abstainer, and not they for possessing so little common sense as to go on at her as they did.

Now although Clara had heard so much at the Band of Hope meetings upon the evils of drinking, and the benefits arising from abstaining from all intoxicants, she had nothing to say for herself when she was being teased. She grew very red in the face, felt much annoyed, and thought herself silly for acting so differently from them. You would have thought that a girl who had heard so much on the subject, would be able to give twenty good reasons for abstaining; and if this had been done pleasantly and firmly, who knows she might have convinced some of those who heard her that her plan was wiser and altogether better than theirs.

One day, when the upper-housemaid was sipping her beer at dinner, she sneeringly said, "You see the reason that Clara sticks to cold water is that she's afraid of becoming a drunkard some day."

"Indeed it isn't!" replied Clara, indignantly, while a hot flush rose to her face.

"Then why are you afraid to take beer like other sensible people?" retorted the housemaid.

"I'm not afraid! I've never had any, and I don't want it. I dare say I shouldn't like it; but I'm not afraid any more than you are yourself."

"You'd better prove your words by tasting and trying it then, you poor innocent lambkin, that never took anything but water!" sneered the housemaid. And as she spoke she poured a little out in a small cup and handed it to Clara.

For a moment or two Clara hesitated; then looking up and meeting the girl's sarcastic smile, she took the cup and drank off its contents.

"That's what I call plucky!" exclaimed the housemaid; while Clara suddenly realised that it was the most cowardly thing she had ever done in her life. "The first dose isn't very pleasant, I dare say," added the girl; "but you'll like it better to-morrow."

Clara felt very unhappy that afternoon. She knew that her mother would be distressed if she heard of what she had done; so also would her many kind temperance friends who had been at such pains in teaching her to resist temptation. She did not like the taste of the beer, and it made her feel heavy and confused in her head, although she had taken so little; but notwithstanding all this, she was weak enough the next day to allow the housemaid to pour out beer for her instead of water at dinner-time.

"It'll do a growing girl like you no harm to take a drop," remarked the cook, complacently. "And I shall feel more comfortable not to have a teetotal girl dangling about me."

This caused a general titter at cook's expense, for it was well known that she took "a drop" far too frequently; and it was not to be expected that a "teetotal girl" would find much favour in her eyes.



Before many weeks had passed by, Clara had grown quite to like that which at first was as distasteful as a dose of medicine to her ; and she took her daily allowance with as much gusto as any of them.

From that time Clara shunned all her old Band of Hope companions, and not once did she seek an opportunity to attend any kind of temperance meeting.

Her mother had not the smallest doubt that Clara would always keep faithful to her pledge, and of course she had no suspicion whatever that her child would act deceitfully. The subject was never mentioned when Clara called to see her mother, though once or twice she was on the point of confessing all, and begging her mother to get her a new pledge card ; for Clara felt that she was growing really to like, and sometimes to crave for, that which was at first so distasteful to her.

Ever since the day on which Clara began to take beer, the upper-housemaid, whose name was Jane, seemed to have taken quite a fancy to her ; and as she was a fine, dashing sort of girl, and several years older than Clara, the silly child felt flattered by her attentions. On two or three occasions Jane asked leave for Clara to go out with her shopping, and this pleased her greatly.

One autumn evening she had obtained this leave for her, and when the two went upstairs to get ready, Jane said, —

"I havn't any shopping to do to-night, Clara, but we'll go for an hour or so to the tea-gardens, and I daresay we shall meet my young man there ; but you needn't be afraid of him ; he won't eat you up, you know !"

"She said this, seeing that Clara grew red and seemed to hesitate at the mention of the tea-gardens ; for although they were called by that innocent name, it was well known they were gardens attached to a public-house about a mile from the town, where a great deal of strong drink was consumed, and but very little tea. Clara knew that her mother would not sanction her going to such a place whatever, and so she hesitated.

"I think I'd rather not go there," she stammered at length.

"Why not ?" demanded Jane.

"Oh, you know it's a public-house place, and I'm sure mother wouldn't like me to go," said Clara.

"Your mother !" sneered Jane. "It's about time you gave up hanging on to your mother like a baby. Besides, what does your mother know about it ? She's never been there, and I *have* scores of times ; and I know it's a beautiful, innocent place, with grass and flowers, like a nobleman's garden—just lovely to walk through, and that's all we are going to do. Make haste, child, and don't let us waste time ; it's a good step there, and we shan't have long to stay."

Clara said no more ; her silence meant consent ; but she felt very uncomfortable about going.

(To be continued.)

### THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

THERE was a pretty little girl,  
Her name was Susan Lee ;  
She had a very kind mamma,  
But a naughty girl was she.

When she went to her grandmamma's  
She made such woeful noise ;  
She broke her grandpa's spectacles,  
And smashed up all her toys.





One day when ma was out of sight,  
 This naughty little child  
 Set light to a box of lucifers,  
 Then danced like some one wild.

But, oh ! a spark caught Susie's dress,  
 And she was soon alight ;  
 Then loud she screamed for ma and pa,  
 And cried with dreadful fright.

Her ma rushed in with hasty steps,  
 And with a carriage rug

Put out the fire, while Mary threw  
 Cold water from a jug.

Poor Susie lost her golden curls,  
 And burned her feet and hands,  
 And all because she would not mind  
 Her mamma's kind commands.

Dear children all, pray warning take,  
 Don't follow Susan Lee ;  
 Obey your kind mamma's commands,  
 And you will happy be.

A. J. GLASSPOOL.





### Band of Hope Management.

—SECOND PAPER.—RECITATIONS.—

It appears superfluous at this advanced period of the Band of Hope Movement to advocate the necessity and importance of recitations; and yet, judging from the indifferent manner in which some societies are conducted, it becomes necessary constantly to refer to this very important element in Band of Hope work. The first thing a conductor should aim at should be to secure the undivided attention of the children; this can only be done by a judicious variety in the programme, including carefully selected recitations. Now that there is such an abundant supply of good recitations, we can hardly excuse any conductor or committee for not attending to this feature. The consequences may be disastrous to the society.

Two things are required to make recitations useful and effective; first, good reciters should be secured. A definite plan of training should be adopted. Some societies have what is called a reciting class or staff, which meets weekly. This class is under the direction of two or three members of the committee. Any boy or girl who shows a desire or aptitude for reciting, is drafted into the class. A subscription is levied of say a penny per week, which enables the class to purchase a large assortment of the best recitation books. The duty of training reciters should be undertaken by one whose whole soul is in the work; he should be a person of some literary taste, able to distinguish between good pieces and mere trash, taking care that each piece recited has

some part to play in moulding the habits of the children, and making the Band of Hope a source of pure unalloyed pleasure to the members.

We have already anticipated our second point;—the character of our recitations. Our object should not be simply to engage the attention of the children, we ought also to awaken their concern for our cause, to secure their co-operation, and make every child feel deeply anxious for the prosperity of our movement. This can be done admirably by putting good thoughts into their minds, sound sentiments, simple, graphic, truthful appeals, through the medium of suitable recitations. There are shoals of recitations that must be absolutely discarded,—the low theatrical, the absurd sensational, the extravagant, the impure, the unreal, that have no parallel in every-day life, and that serve only to debase, corrupt, and feed the vicious appetite;—away with them!

There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the limits we should place in the recital of pieces, and especially in the rendering of dialogues or pieces requiring two or more characters. Some conductors would go so far as to prohibit girls reciting; they say it engenders boldness, vanity, etc. We think the training master has very much to do with results. He must not allow every girl who offers herself to join the recital staff. If a girl is known to be forward and conceited she must be declined, and other work found her to do, such as helping to keep order, or some subordinate post on the committee. A long experience has shown us that some girls



make the best reciters, and from the very gentleness of their natures are best adapted for a class of recitations which find favour at our meetings. We hesitate not to say that many a girl has had the principles of teetotalism deeply implanted in her nature never to be effaced through after life simply through the practice of reciting at the Band of Hope.

With regard to the dialogue or piece requiring several characters, we need to speak in words of caution. In children's meetings let us avoid theatrical representations as much as possible. It is quite impossible to lay down a rule which would meet every case; the good sense of the chairman or committee should be the best guide. Sometimes, however, this work is left to an indifferent member of the committee, who shows more aptitude for a penny theatre than a Band of Hope, and as a consequence the society is degraded by mere buffoonery and empty nonsense. Let it not be inferred that we are opposed to the use of dialogues. We have long been persuaded that there is no more effective way of putting truth before an audience. Only let the piece be well written, and correctly rendered by the various characters, and you may do more real good by one such dialogue than by a dozen ordinary speeches.

Speaking about dialogues and recitations in general, we may be allowed a word in conclusion on the selection of pieces. We have already referred to what we may call the absolutely vicious and objectionable class. There are a large number of another class, however, that ought to be rejected, which find favour in some societies. These you will find often where children are allowed to select for themselves, or where the trainer is a mere youth, or a person of little discretion—long, dreamy pieces that seem never to have any point or ending, but only serve to tax the memory of the reciter. It is painful

to listen to such, and you feel ready to chide the chairman or the trainer for such an infliction. There are also a large number of humorous pieces, and not a few in the Lancashire dialect, that take the place of better and more profitable recitations. True we cannot do without humour, but to make fun and frolic everything, is to subvert the great end and aim of our meeting. As a rule, let our pieces be short and to the point. Let each recitation have some virtue to extol, some error to denounce, some truth to impart, some good principle to unfold. Get now and then a piece with genuine humour in it if you can, for without pleasantry the meeting will grow dull; but let us never forget that that only will be abiding and valuable which builds up the mind with truth and prepares our children for a life of usefulness and devotion to God.

W. HOYLE (Manchester).

**Chancery Lane Band of Hope, Ardwick, Manchester.**—On Monday, January 22nd, the annual festival of this flourishing Band of Hope was held, E. Barton, Esq., Chairman of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, presiding. Addresses were given by Rev. Henry Bone and Mr. J. A. Newbold. A long and interesting programme of recitations and singing was gone through; but the chief interest centred in the presentation of prizes to the publication canvassers. The set-out of the prizes at one end of the platform resembled a stall at some fancy bazaar. Writing-desks, work-boxes, tin travelling trunk, ladies' satchels, musical instruments, pictures, books, &c., being arrayed in great variety. The gross value of the prizes was £30 10s., and they were purchased with the net profits arising from the sale of magazines, &c., by the canvassers. The monthly magazines are—*Onward*, *British Workman*, *Band of Hope Review*, and *Adviser*, with occasional pub-

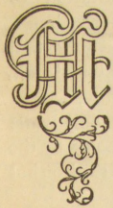


lications, and the total quantity sold during 1876 was 18,973 magazines and 186 bound volumes. These figures show a decrease upon the past two or three years (in 1874 the total sales were 29,659 magazines and 249 volumes, and value of prizes £47 16s.); but this decrease is owing to other societies in the neighbourhood having taken up the work. The society was established in 1864, and the publication department in 1868, and during the nine years no less than 133,328 magazines, &c., have been sold, and prizes to the value of £198 11s. been presented to the members acting as canvassers, many of them valuable prizes, such as sewing machines, value £7, silver watches, value 3 guineas, &c.

It is impossible to tell the amount of good that has been done by the circulation of this literature. We often find societies complaining that they cannot distribute tracts, &c., on account of the

expense; but here is a plan for circulating literature, not only without expense to the society, but actually enabling the committee to present valuable rewards to those who do the work. It is a plan, too, that *cannot fail* so long as *one* earnest man or woman can be found to superintend it. We are surprised that more of our Bands of Hope—yea, and adult societies and lodges too—don't adopt the plan. The Hon. Sec. of the Society who has had the management of this department since its formation, with a desire to assist societies, has given the details of the plan in a small pamphlet entitled, "Publication Departments in Connection with Bands of Hope," a copy of which will be sent from our office to any address on receipt of 1½d. in stamps, and we shall be delighted to hear that many societies have decided to imitate the example of the friends at Chancery Lane.

### A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.



MOTHER! dost thou e'er  
reflect  
On thy great and awful  
task?  
Dost thou madly it neg-  
lect,—  
Or God's grace to learn  
it, ask?

Heed'st thou what a vast amount  
Or of good or ill thou hast  
In thy power?—that the account  
Must be rendered in at last?  
Wilt thou, in the Spring of Youth,  
Plough the spirit's barren sod,—  
Scatter in the seeds of truth,—  
Lead the child thou lov'st to God?  
Or, *refuse* to call the wild  
Back to Eden's flowery bloom,—  
Leave in Satan's power thy child,—  
Rear it for destruction's doom?

Yet this is not *all* the good  
Or the ill that lies with thee;  
On it floweth down Time's flood,  
On to dread Eternity.  
For, as when a stone is cast  
In the stream, tho' seen no more,  
From the vortex, widening fast,  
Circles form, which touch the shore.  
So thine influence may extend  
To the latest born on earth,  
Who will bless thee as a friend,  
Or deplore thou e'er hadst birth.  
Train thy child as he should go—  
He may quicken not a few:  
Leave him in the path to woe—  
He will drag down others too.  
Oh then, that thy task be done,  
Seek the wisdom from above;  
Work, and leave *the end* with One  
Who is Perfect Truth and Love.

ANNIE CLEGG.



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

Cork-screws have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever keep up.

Some people use one-half their ingenuity to get into debt, and the other half to avoid paying it.

It is a good sign to see the colour of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose.

When *Jemima* went to school, she was asked why the noun "*bachelor*" was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very *singular* they don't get married."

A drunkard is called a *bon-vivant*, that is, a good liver, when he is notoriously the worst of all livers, and bears a bad liver within him.

"Joe, did you ever dabble in stocks?" "Why, yes; I got my feet in 'em once; I didn't like 'em much."

A man who was imprisoned for bigamy (marrying two wives), complained that he had been severely dealt with for an offence which carries its own punishment along with it.

"Put your tongue out a little farther," said a physician to a female patient; "a little farther, ma'am, if you please,—a little farther still." "Why, doctor, do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?" cried the fair invalid.

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar-boy who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had most of," was the boy's reply.

GETTING HIS WISH.—One cold night a doctor was roused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation, he went to the window and asked, "Who's there?" "A friend." "What do you want?" "To stay here all night," "Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

Time constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, is destined to be the future conqueror of death.

Scandal is fed by as many streams as the Nile, and there is often as much difficulty in tracing it to its source.

It is more respectable to black boots than to black characters—to sew shirts than to sow strifes.

A BIT OF ADVICE.—You had better find out one of your own faults than ten of your neighbour's.

The difference of war and peace has been well defined by one of the ancients:—In time of peace the sons bury their fathers; in time of war the fathers bury their sons.

Time is cried out upon as a great thief; it is people's own fault. Use him well, and you will get from his hand more than he will ever take from yours.

Drunkenness is the vice of a good constitution; of a constitution so treacherously good that it never bends until it breaks, or of a memory that recollects the pleasures of getting drunk, but forgets the pain of getting sober.

The policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by the perseverance that can make the iron hot by striking.

A man has no more right to bring on indigestion than he has to get intoxicated, or fall in debt. He who offends on these three points deserves to forfeit stomach, head, and his electoral franchise.

WHAT MAKES THE GENTLEMAN.—It takes four things to make a thorough gentleman. You must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your person, and a gentleman in your manners. No man who does not combine these qualities can be justly termed a gentleman.

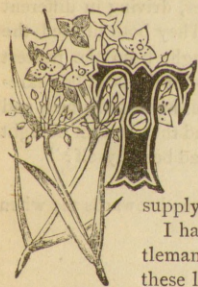




## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES, AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER IV.—ONLY A BOY!



THREE years had passed away and I was fifteen; I felt myself nearly a man. I could smoke my pipe or drink my glass with anybody, I had quite given up going to a place of worship, and I was always on the look-out for any amusement which I could afford out of the very limited supply of pocket money which my uncle allowed me.

I had many letters from Jane, who was a housekeeper in a gentleman's family in the south of England, and it seemed to me that these letters were the one sole link between the old comparatively pure and innocent life of my past, and the recklessness of my present. Her comforting words and kind advice, and grave expostulations—for she seemed to partly guess that I was not doing as she would wish—always made me hate myself and the life that I was leading, and the influences that surrounded me; but I never made any determined stand against these, and was therefore very soon drifting along as before. I had not heard from Mr. Hutchinson, and I had not cared to inform him of my present condition.

One bright spring day I was sent an errand by my uncle into the Bristol-road. I was glad of the chance to get away from the heat and din, and smoke and bustle of the foundry, for my head and limbs were aching. I was growing very fast, and as often as I complained to Znobby of any weakness and pain I felt, I was good-naturedly comforted by her with the assurance that "they were growing pains, and nobody never need mind them." The relief I experienced from the pure air and bright sunshine made my spirits light, and I whistled as I walked. There was such a glorious beauty and freshness in the budding trees, and bursting leaves, and in the fair blossoms, golden daffodils, and many-lined anemones that peeped from the dark, rich mould of the gardens. Such a generally cheery look about the people too, the little sweet-faced babies in their nurses' arms or their perambulators. The elder children, gay and full of life, skipping along, or eagerly talking as they walked, linked together in little parties of two and three in earnest



confab over some new toy or game, or projected pleasure. Life, toiling in the Bradford-steet foundry; and life, playing and dancing along the Bristol-road, seemed quite a different thing.

Before me, on one side, I had noticed, even at some distance, that there was a scaffolding before a house, and that the masons or painters—I did not at first see which—were busily engaged upon it. As I drew nearer, I saw that it was a new house, and that the men were engaged in building. I was close opposite to this house and standing still, watching them, when there was a sudden crash; and, more quickly than I can describe it, the figure of a boy was to be seen falling—falling from that giddy height to the ground beneath. I rushed across, not knowing what I did, calling “help! help!” as I ran; and I was first at the side of the bleeding form that writhed and quivered before me as it reached the earth, and then lay motionless, and, as I believed, dead.

You know how soon a crowd gathers. In a very few moments dozens of people had come to that same spot—gentlemen, children, nurses, workmen, ladies; the masons were hurrying down their ladders to join the group; the masons’ labourers who had been below mixing mortar were already beside the poor boy. The police came up, and two doctors who were passing in their carriages, driving in different directions, were immediately summoned to the sufferer. They both uttered the same words, “to the hospital at once;” a stretcher was brought from the nearest police station, and one of the doctors helped the policemen to lift the poor boy carefully and tenderly onto it. He groaned and shrieked fearfully as he was touched, and I looked on all the while with a strangely fascinated gaze; and the constant thought was in my heart—a thought I could not banish—“what if it had been myself?”

I followed the stretcher all the way to the hospital.

As one of the policemen who had been also following turned towards me when we arrived, he said,

“You saw him fall, didn’t you?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What’s your name?”

“Ronald Clayton.”

“And you live—where?”

“In Bradford-street, at Mr. Clayton’s, the foundry.”

“Ah! any relation of Nick Clayton?”

“I’m his nephew, sir.”

“Yes. Very well. If the poor fellow dies, and there’s an inquest, it’s just possible you may be wanted, as you saw how it happened, that’s all;” and he was turning away.

“Do you know the boy’s name, sir?” I asked, in my turn, “and should I be allowed to see him in there?”

“Yes, on the proper visiting day, you could; but he won’t live.” “I can tell you his name,” and he looked at a note-book he drew from his pocket. “Joe Spencer—Spencer!” he added. “Why, the dog-fighter, Spencer, works at your uncle’s. I wonder if ’tis his son; a young rascal if ’tis; and I thought I knew the boy’s face. I believe it’s the same.” What news for poor affectionate Znobby!

“His sister is the servant there, sir, if ’tis really his boy,” said I, taking the good-natured policeman into my confidence, “and she’ll nearly break her heart.”

“Take care not to tell her suddenly, then,” said he; “find out first where her brother works. This boy’s master is a Mr. Price.”



Thanking him, I went off quickly, sure of a severe reprimand, if not of a smart blow, for my uncle never forgave a loiterer. But the scene I had witnessed was too vividly before my mind for me to concern myself as I should otherwise have done, about my uncle's heavy hand. When I reached the foundry, I found to my great relief that he had been out for some time, so I was at all events secure from punishment ; but he had left word that I was to do some work before dinner-time, that would effectually prevent my speaking to Zenobia at once.

The poor boy who had fallen from the ladder was Znobby's brother Joe, there could not be a doubt of it. It is a terrible task for one human being to carry tidings of sorrow to another. I thought so when, after dinner was over, I broke the ill news to the poor girl. Her uncontrolled outburst of grief was terrible to me ; she went off into a kind of hysterics at last, yet begged me not to call anybody, nor to tell her mistress. She grew calmer than I expected very soon, and then went to Mrs. Clayton with a resolute face and told her the story in few words.

"Mistress, our Joe has had a horrid fall from a scaffolding this morning, and been taken to the hospital—I must go and see him."

Then all the particulars had to be told, and I expressed my wish to go too and see Znobby's brother. My aunt was indignant,

"Bless me !" she cried, "what a fuss you do make about this accident ; why, what is it after all ? He's only a boy !"

My uncle lingered to hear what was said, and at the end, with more kindly feeling than I expected, he said, "You may go with Znobby if you will, Ronald."

And we went, after Znobby and I had put all straight in the kitchen.

"We must go home first and tell mother," said Znobby, "it's not far out of our way."

In a long, dull, narrow, dingy street, much affected by dog-fanciers, and people of that ilk, lived the parents of the Eastern princess ; and the mother of the family, a poor broken-down woman who seemed not to have strength of mind or purpose or body to resist to any great degree the misery of her lot, received our sad news with only a few tears, and a few additional sighs, as if *some* great ill happened every day, and this was only to-day's portion, to be borne as best might be, and as other ills no less troublous had been borne before.

"I can't go to-day with you ; master would never forgive me if I wasn't in to cook the supper for him and the dogs," she said, with a bitter tone in her voice ; "but tell Joe I'll see him soon if he has to stay in any time. And give him my love if he cares for it now ; maybe he'll think about things different after this, and not swear at me to that degree as he has done."

"He's in trouble now, mother," said Znobby, kindly, "let bygones be bygones."

"That's it, that's the old story," said the woman, suddenly roused and turning almost fiercely away. "I must bear and bear, and be expected to feel for all their sorrows, though they never feel for mine ; though they drink and waste the money that ought to make me comfortable, and I go hungry and bare."

"Mother," said Znobby, coaxingly, "you haven't got trouble with all of us have you ?"

I never liked the good-natured Eastern princess so well as when she sidled up lovingly to this wretched, weary, forlorn woman, and kissed her wrinkled forehead. It was beautiful to see how the hard look melted away in the warm sunshine of that good daughter's kiss. The tired hands rested on the girl's shoulders (the mother was a head taller than the daughter), and their eyes met lovingly as she answered



"Trouble, child! You're just my one drop of comfort, Zenobia; God bless you, child."

When we reached the hospital, Znobby asked leave to see her brother, and when the authorities learnt the circumstances of the case, we were, after some little delay, admitted. But before we went into the accident ward where Joe Spencer lay, a doctor came to us, and addressing Zenobia, said kindly:

"Your brother is terribly injured, my poor girl; there is almost no chance for his life. You must be very quiet before him, and not give way, or I can't answer for the consequences."

I think, unless she had been thus prepared, Znobby could not have suppressed a cry of horror at the sight of the poor bandaged head, and the discoloured face, although the injuries that were visible were the least part of the mischief caused by his terrible fall. He recognised his sister as the nurse led us forward, and said quite gently:

"So you've come to see me, Znobby?"

I hardly expected this after what his mother had said; but I was very glad for the sake of the Eastern princess.

"Yes, Joe, my dear, thank God you was not killed; but you're badly hurt, ar'n't you, Joe?" Znobby's lips quivered and her eyes filled, and her voice was exquisitely tender, so that the words, commonplace as they look on paper, sounded sweet and soft as music.

"I'm done for this time, Znobby," said Joe, trying to smile, poor fellow, but only looking more terrible in the attempt.

"Not so bad as that, Joe, I hope," said Znobby, cheerfully, though a little choking noise in her throat was curiously suggestive of sobs. "Mother sent her love to you; she didn't know you was so bad, Joe, or she would have come; she told me to say, if you had to stay in anytime she would come—but to-night, father, you know."

Joe did not need further explanations, it was evident. "I know, Znobby," said he, and was silent a little; then he asked, "Who told you about my fall?"

Whereupon Zenobia explained how I had seen the accident, and who I was. Joe's eyes looked at me very attentively. "And what do you think made me fall?" he inquired; of me, this time, not his sister.

"I can't think," said I, "it didn't seem as if the scaffolding was rotten, because only the little piece broke as you fell; you seemed to break it in your fall."

"You saw it exactly," said he; "'twas my own fault. 'Twas my character was rotten, not the scaffolding; 'twas 'only a boy' did it."

Zenobia and I exchanged glances; it was evident we both believed the same. Joe was "off his head" as Znobby declared afterwards, she thought. And the phrase "only a boy," the very same which Mrs. Clayton had used in speaking of him to us, how strange that even in delirium he should use it. But his eyes were very calm and clear, as he looked from one to the other of us and said:

"No, you're wrong; I'm in my senses, and I mean what I say, Znobby; I must speak, I haven't much time for it, but I'm repenting, even at this last gasp. Don't you remember how we used to go to Sunday School, Znobby, when things were better, and father didn't take on as he does now? Well, we learnt good there, and of mother, too, then; I can understand it all as clear as day now, 'tis 'only a boy' has ruined me. Many and many a time I've thought, well what sort of a man shall I make if I go on drinking and smoking and swearing at this rate? and



then the devil made me think, 'oh ! it doesn't matter—what's the odds, I'm only a boy ; there's plenty of time for me to turn pious when I'm old ; I'm going to do as I like just now. So last night I went in for a regular spree, Znobby, 'tis a dreadful thing to me now, but I was never quite so bad before as I was last night. God help me ; and if I *had* been killed right off——." Joe Spencer groaned heavily.

"You are talking too much, Spencer," said a nurse coming near, "they'll have to go if you talk too much and excite yourself."

"All right, nurse," said Joe ; "but I shall be the better for getting it off my mind. I must speak a bit ; then I'll be quiet. I swore at mother awful before I left the house, and then I went and had a horrid evening and got beastly drunk. I don't know where I slept exactly, but I and another fellow, a lad like myself, slept anyhow and anywhere ; and when we woke 'twas late for work. We hurried off to a public-house, and got a dram each to steady us, but it did not steady me, and I was tottering and shaking so that I could scarcely go up the ladder. I had a queer feeling I should fall. I don't know what work I managed to do ; but I wasn't surprised when I found myself going, and yet I was awfully frightened. The fall had steadied me when I came to myself after it, though I was in agony. Znobby, old dear, give us your hand ; you was always good to me."

Znobby sat thus, quite still, with her hand locked in her brother's, till he spoke again :

"Can't you remember a text or two, Znobby, to help me a bit, my ; I've got a hard fight."

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," said Znobby, very slowly.

"Good !" said Joe, as if he drank in each word, and then he was quiet for some time.

"'Twas the drink, Znobby," said he then, "that ruined our home, wasn't it ?"

"And the dogs," said Znobby.

"The drink began it, my dear. Father wouldn't have been the same sort of man he is, if there hadn't been the public-houses, and as for me——, Master Clayton, the public-house has been the ruin of me ; don't you be killed by saying, 'it doesn't matter, I'm only a boy,' for it *does* matter, as you see by me."

The nurse brought him a little beef-tea, and insisted on his taking it, and keeping quiet.

"I'll be quiet soon, nurse," he said, after taking it, and thanking her ; "there's a thing or two more I *must* say. Give me your hand again, Znobby, it is nice to feel I have you near me. Give my love to mother, and tell her all about it, and I'm so sorry I was such a bad boy to her, 'tis worst of all. I hardly know how that can be forgiven. Ronald Clayton, do you know any of the Bible to say off ?"

"Yes," said I, "I've learnt several chapters, would you like the prodigal son ? 'tis a long time since I said it, but I think I can."

"That's it, that's the very one I wanted, only I didn't remember the name." said Joe.

I repeated the whole chapter. He listened at first with moistening eyes, but he did not say anything when I had finished, and his eyes were closed then. Znobby and I thought he was asleep, so we sat quite still beside him ; the brother's and sister's hands were still locked together. It had grown almost dusk by this time, and a nurse drew near—

"You must go now, my dear," she said to Znobby ; "he seems to have gone



off nicely ; perhaps this sleep will do him good ;" and she bent over Joe. Then she raised herself, a little hurriedly, and added, " my dear, he's gone—he's dead ; who would have thought it, to go off peaceably like that."

" He can't be dead," said Zobby ; " my Joe can't be dead."

" He is, dear," said the nurse, " gone like the snuff of a candle, only more peaceably."

But then Zenobia gave way, and we led the poor Eastern princess from the room, crying hysterically.

*(To be continued.)*

## SINGING SWEETLY.



See the streamlets fondly dancing,  
Rippling down the mountain's breast ;  
Onward ever to the ocean,  
Knowing not a moment's rest :  
Dancing lightly, sparkling brightly,  
In their long unceasing flow ;  
Thro' the grass and purple heather,  
Singing sweetly as they go.

Upwards soar the larks at morning—  
Up towards the azure sky ;  
Pouring forth a flood of sweetness  
Down upon us from on high.  
Lightly winging, upwards springing,  
Making glad our hearts below ;  
Warbling forth their joyful praises—  
Singing sweetly as they go.

Hear the merry-hearted children,  
How their laughter greets the ear !  
Happy they in spring's sweet sunshine,  
Smiles upon each face appear.  
Fondly tripping, lightly skipping,  
Where the fragrant blossoms grow ;  
Through the shady woods they wander,  
Singing sweetly as they go.

Like the streamlet, may we ever  
Lightly tread life's thorny way ;  
Like the lark, look up for wisdom,  
Lest our feet should go astray.  
Working ever—slothful never—  
May we spend our days below ;  
Let us live and lighten duty,  
Singing sweetly as we go.

W. P. W. BUXTON.





## I. ENIGMA.

I'm on the earth, and in the sky,  
I pull and push, and run and fly,  
I jump and tumble, dance and fall,  
And like a juggler poise a ball,  
And when I'm forced can leap a wall,  
Knock down your stumps, and scouts  
and all.

I have a voice, but not a tongue,  
With which I sometimes sing a song,  
I have no fists, but I can strike  
Much harder than some persons like ;  
But 'tis most strange, I have a head,  
And oft recline upon my bed.

I'm with the merry birds that sing,  
But I can fly without a wing,  
And though I make the gentle spring,  
With strong forces I can battle,  
Softly sigh, and sharply rattle.

I have an arm, but not a hand,  
Though legless, I can firmly stand,  
And all the lads and lasses find  
That I am gentle, good and kind.

When something puts my temper out,  
I hardly know what I'm about,  
I toss and bellow, roar and rave,  
Nor do I spare the good or brave ;  
And when this wild fit increases,  
Then I dash myself to pieces.

I'm soft as silk, hard as a block,  
And like a dagger, and a rock.

I'm round, bright, flat, thick, thin, and  
stout,

I'm kicked, cuffed, brushed, and thrown  
about ;

And then at last, without a doubt,  
They shake me well, and turn me out.  
I roam amongst the flowers and trees,  
And wafted on the evening breeze,

I'm bound, yet free, and fresh as air,  
And always in the breath of prayer.  
I'm weak and strong, heavy and light,  
And dark, and red, and dull, and  
bright.

Old Polly Jenkins took me in,  
When I was harmless, pale and thin,  
And when she lived up in the south,  
She vexed me till I frothed at mouth,  
And then she would not let me go,  
So I remained with her, till lo !  
My poor bald head was white as snow,  
And then she gave me something queer,  
But what it was I am not clear,  
And after I had served so well,  
She would not of my uses tell,  
But took me up, and pitched me out,  
And said that I was good for "nowt."  
When days are short, and nights are  
long,

I'm seized by something sharp and  
strong,

And while men take a friendly sup,  
It lets me down, and hangs me up,  
But truth requires that I should say,  
A warm old friend who comes my way,  
When he exclaims, no longer stay,  
I smile in tears, and run away.

JABEZ INWARDS.

## 2.—ENIGMA.

My *first* is in Adam, but not in Eve ;  
My *second* is in body, but not in sleeve ;  
My *third* is in desk, but not in form ;  
My *fourth* is in plant, but not in worm ;  
My *fifth* is in battle, but not in fight ;  
My *sixth* is in morning, also in night ;  
My *seventh* is in trinket, but not in trice ;  
My *whole* is a word of good advice.

J. R. IBBERTSON.



## 3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A VICTIM of jealousy.

An obscure Italian youth, who rose  
to eminence.

A useful article curtailed.

A town in Oxfordshire.

A sea in the south-east of Europe.

An Indian plant used in dyeing.

A great river of Africa.

A foreign coin.

A small cane.

A word signifying "The last."

An island to the east of Africa.

A prophet who wrought miracles.

What no man ever arrived at sud-  
denly.

To cover on every side.

A delicious fruit, transposed.

A town in Peru.

The initials, read downwards, and the finals  
upwards, give a precept of St. Paul.

FRANCES.

## 4.—BIBLICAL PUZZLE.

*A Saying of the Wisest Man.*My 9, 25, 26, 3, 40—One of the  
sons of Jacob.My 41, 2, 23, 32, 12, 25—One of the  
disciples.My 36, 27, 6, 19—A man who sang  
praises in a prison.

My 9, 12, 5, 35, 7—A high priest.

My 17, 25, 1, 16, 39, 10—A queen  
who saved her country.My 18, 33, 34, 16, 25, 3, 32, 27, 24,  
17—A place where our Lord suffered.My 39, 4, 17, 13—A beautiful  
garden.My 8, 31, 40, 12, 2—A man who was  
destroyed by an earthquake.My 11, 3, 20, 22, 39, 5, 37, 7, 23, 32,  
42—One of the books of the Bible.My 26, 33, 9, 38, 39, 7—The abode  
of the good.My 28, 35, 15—A relative of Abra-  
ham.My 30, 29, 35, 6, 14—What guided  
the Israelites in their journeyings.My 5, 20, 21, 16—One of the books  
of the Old Testament.

MARIE.

## 5.—DOUBLE VERBAL CHARADE.

My two *firsts* are in sand but not in  
lime;My two *nexts* are in country not in  
clime;My two *thirds* are in ruby not in pearl;My two *fourths* are in ringlet not in  
curl;My two *lasts* are in trinket not in gem.Now choose the letters rightly, and with  
themTwo words arrange which show, as you  
will see,

A contrast great and striking as can be.

The one with body strong and spirit  
pure,With brain unclouded and with purpose  
sure;The other wild with rage or hideous  
mirth,A hapless wreck, a blot on God's fair  
earth;Not that alone, or it might be forgiven,  
But with a bar which shuts the gate of  
heaven.Oh, Temperance boys and girls, your  
pledge hold fast,To be my *first*, and never as my *last*.

IVY.

## 6.—ENIGMA.

TWICE in mortar, once in lime,

Twice in minute, once in time,

Once in fish, twice in salmon,

Once in fun, twice in gammon.

Twice in table, once in chair,

Twice in ringlet, once in hair,

Thrice in handkerchief, once in dress,

Twice in little, once in less.

Once in few, twice in many,

Once in fool, twice in zany,

Twice in laughter, once in mirth,

Twice in water, once in earth.

Once in road, once in way,

Once in night, once in day,

Twice in willow, once in oak,

Twice in whisper, once in talk,

Once in ash, thrice in sycamore,

So now my friends I'll say no more.

A. SUTCLIFFE.



## 7. ENIGMA.

In the mind I'm felt,  
Nor can you ever help  
My whole to know,  
If you will not think,  
And detest strong drink  
While you grow.  
If you now have found  
That my centre's round,  
You should know  
That a plural form  
Of a pronoun known  
The externals show.

## 8.—CHARADE.

WHO loves my *primal* pure will be  
No drunkard, though a drinker he,  
While he who loves my *second*, may  
Be brought to ruin any day,  
Like a great general who left  
My *whole* of peace and hope bereft.

G. J. BELL.

## 9.—ARITHMOREM.

501 and *ho baa*—A man's name.  
150 and *we sent a*—An English town.  
101 and *toast a w*—An article of  
dress.  
560 and *near a e*—A man's name.  
650 and *o have*—An English town.  
551 and *an e*—A man's name.  
The initials of the above you'll find  
A pleasant book will bring to mind.

A. SUTCLIFFE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 47 and 48.

1. Gas. 2. A L E. 3. Cur-tail.

L E G.

E G G.

4. Hand i-craft. 5. Pen-man.

6. Den-mark. 7. Glow-worm.

8. Saint—Stain—Satin. 9. Glass—lass—

ass.  
10. March number of ONWARD.

11.

T  
a I r  
wa T er  
tho U ght  
Chri S tmas.  
cla S sic.  
ag A in.  
a L l.  
T.

TITUS SALT.

## MY KITTEN.



And a bright soft  
coat that is so  
warm,  
One afternoon  
when I went  
to school,  
My Kitty crept  
in and sat on a  
form.

She is very fond of a quiet place,  
You should see her run up the garden  
wall,

You should see her run up the apple-  
tree;  
She isn't a bit afraid of a fall.

I love my Kitty and she loves me,  
For I never treat her the least un-  
kind,  
And always when I sit down to tea,  
I feel a soft tap on my chair behind,

And Kitty climbs on my shoulder then,  
And sits so good that I let her stay;  
Mother will call her my shadow  
because  
She follows me closely every day.

I don't like boys who are cruel to cats,  
Who pull off the legs of tiny flies;  
It's much more pleasant to treat them  
kind  
And so each boy will find, if he tries.

W. A. EATON.



# SPARKLING WATER.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Mer-ry, laughing, sparkling wa-ter, Down the hill-side flow-ing free; Mak-ing

KEY B $\flat$ .

$s_1$	$s_1$	$m$	$d$	$l_1$	$d$	$s_1$	$m_1$	$s_1$	$d$	$d$	$t_1$	$d$	$r$	$r$	$r$	$:-$	$s_1$	$s_1$	
2. Who would drain the				flow-ing gob-let,				Running o'er with				ru-by wine;				B-t-ter			
$m_1$	$m_1$	$s_1$	$m_1$	$f_1$	$f_1$	$m_1$	$d_1$	$m_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$:-$	$m_1$	$m_1$	
$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$s_1$	$t_1$	$t_1$	$t_1$	$:-$	$d$	$d$	
3. From the ri-ver				or the fountain,				From the brooklet				t, or the rill,				Mer-ry,			
$d_1$	$d_1$	$d_1$	$d_1$	$f_1$	$l_1$	$d$	$d$	$d_1$	$m_1$	$m_1$	$r_1$	$d_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$:-$	$d_1$	$d_1$	

CHORUS.

all so bright and hap-py, In the vale and on the lea. { How I love the Mer-ry, laughing,

CHORUS.

$m$	$d$	$l_1$	$d$	$s_1$	$m_1$	$s_1$	$r$	$r$	$d$	$r$	$m$	$r$	$d$	$:-$	$f$	$:-$	$r$	$t_1$	$s_1$	
far the pledge of friend-shp				In those cool-ing				drops of thine.				{ How I love the				{ Mer-ry, laughing,				
$s_1$	$m_1$	$f_1$	$f_1$	$m_1$	$d_1$	$f_1$	$f_1$	$f_1$	$m_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$f_1$	$m_1$	$:-$	$s_1$	$:-$	$s_1$	$s_1$		
$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$t_1$	$t_1$	$t_1$	$d$	$t_1$	$d$	$t_1$	$d$	$:-$	$t_1$	$:-$	$t_1$	$r$	$t_1$	
laughing, sparkling wa-ter,				Thou art wel-come,				welcome still.				$s_1$				$:-$	$s_1$	$:-$	$s_1$	$s_1$
$d_1$	$d_1$	$f_1$	$l_1$	$d$	$d$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$d_1$	$:-$	$s_1$	$:-$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$		

First ending.

Second ending.

sparkling wa-ter, Sweetest, pu-rest drink for me; Down the hill-side flow-ing free.  
sparkling wa-ter,

D.S.

$m$	$d$	$s_1$	$m_1$	$s_1$	$r$	$r$	$d$	$r$	$m$	$m$	$m$	$:-$	$s_1$	$l_1$	$t_1$	$d$	$r$	$f$	$m$	$r$	$d$	$:-$
sparkling wa-ter,				Sweetest, pu-rest				drink for me;				Down the hill-side				flowing free.						
$s_1$	$m_1$	$m_1$	$d$	$f_1$	$f_1$	$f_1$	$m_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$:-$	$f_1$	$f_1$	$m_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$f_1$	$m_1$	$:-$	
$d$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$t_1$	$t_1$	$t_1$	$d$	$t_1$	$d$	$d$	$d$	$:-$	$t_1$	$d$	$r$	$d$	$t_1$	$t_1$	$d$	$t_1$	$d$	$:-$
$d_1$	$d_1$	$d_1$	$d_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$:-$	$s_1$	$:-$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$s_1$	$d_1$	$:-$



# A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on "the Signs of the Times."*  
BY T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.

## No. 4.—THE BELL.

bring to mind the words of the poet,—

"How bright and fair the sunny locks  
That o'er her shoulders fall;  
But did you ever see the box  
In which she keeps them all?"



THE next illustration in my portfolio—pardon the mistake: I mean *water-folio*—is "The Bell." I think that a fashionably-dressed barmaid, holding forth a glass of ale, would form the most appropriate picture for the sign of "The Bell." There is an almost endless variety of Bells, but the one I have mentioned is by far the most *miss-chievous* bell of any. Did you ever push open the door of a London gin-palace and take a peep? What a sight! A gorgeously-dressed siren, with hair the colour of fresh butter, flitting behind the bar, dealing out to the ill-bred loafers around a liquid typification of disease, despair, degradation, and death. Does she not

Although I do not wish these flaunting sylphides of Bacchus any harm, I certainly think that if they were *suspended* for a time—say *under two (y) ears*, it would be a *capital punishment*, for under the *beam* of affected amiability, glancing from their alluring eyes, many a poor fellow has received his *last drop*. I don't profess to understand "Bell-hanging" myself; but the hint may be worth something, perhaps, to those who do. Still, there's a good deal of the ring of the true metal about these Bells; in fact, they are ringing the true metal all day long, but it too often belongs to some drink-deluded fellow, who has a poor anguish-stricken wife at home *wringing* her hands; or some fast simpleton in showy attire—who stands with one eye framed and glazed like a picture—ogling his enchantress. I suppose it is the *serpent-like* fascination of her eyes that calls forth his *adder-ration*; no wonder he can't see the *snake* in the glass.

Young men! Don't be *fast*, if you wish to get on *quickly* in the world. Think of the Hare and the *Tortoise*, and the lesson they've *taught us*. It is not the *fast* man of the day that wins the race. Be *steadfast*, and by every good principle *hold fast*, then you will get on fast, and have plenty when he, who has lived *too fast*, will have to *fast*.



## CLARA'S FALL AND REPENTANCE.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS (NELSIE BROOK.)

## CHAPTER II.



JANE and Clara were soon ready to start to the tea-gardens, and away they went. Going along Jane said, "If I do meet my young man, Clara, you needn't stay with us all the time, you know. You can walk on home, alone, and say when you get in that I am speaking to a friend outside, and shall be in directly. Do you hear?"

"Yes," replied Clara, quietly.

"You won't be sulky about it, though, because I'm going to pay for you to go in, you know; and you ought to be willing to do one a good turn for that."

"Oh, I am not a bit sulky," exclaimed Clara.

When they got to the gardens they found a band playing, and the place seemed very gay with a lot of lively, giddy young people rambling about, laughing and chatting, and dressed very smartly. Many were sitting in little bowers, with glasses before them, filled with what was certainly not tea, and nowhere did Clara see anything of cups and saucers.

In a very few minutes Jane met her young man, as if by appointment; and then he would have her and Clara go and sit down in one of those bowers for rest and refreshment.

The "refreshment" consisted of three glasses of steaming liquor, which looked simply like hot water; but by the smell Clara guessed it was something else.

"I suppose Clara has never taken a glass of gin-and-water in her life," said Jane, as she noticed how curiously the young girl looked at it.

"Oh, I couldn't take it whatever," exclaimed Clara, blushing deeply.

"Stuff and nonsense! It'll do you good, child. Take what you can of it, and don't be ungrateful after Charlie has gone and bought it for you."

Clara felt that she would like to cry, as she sat staring into her glass. But just then the band struck up a lively dance-tune, and everybody seemed so gay and pleasant that she thought she would try and be pleasant too. She would compel herself just to sip the horrible potion; but she would not take much of it, she said to herself.

The time slipped by; the sun was setting, and by-and-by the silvery stars began to appear. Still they sat there, Jane and her young man indulging in laughter and nonsensical chatter, and Clara looking on, but saying little. She kept sipping at her gin-and-water, distasteful though it was to her, simply for the sake of having something to do, little thinking what effect it would have upon her.

"Well done, Clara!" exclaimed Jane, presently, with a coarse laugh.

"Why you've taken more than half of it, in spite of your squeamishness! Finish it up, my lass; we must be going."

"No thank you, I won't have any more," said Clara, listlessly.

"Oh, it's a shame to waste good stuff! Drink it up, child."

Clara made an attempt to take more, and then she set the glass down, saying rudely, "I won't have any more of the rubbish!"

"Oh, she's going to be huffy after it, I suppose," said Jane. "Well then, leave it there; we will go now."



When Clara got up to walk away she found that she could not walk steadily; she stumbled on to the flower-beds, and when Jane joked her about it, she told her angrily to mind her own business.

"Oh well, Miss Perky!" exclaimed Jane, "if you're going to behave to friends like that we'd best part company at once, so you go off home by yourself. Let us see her out of the gardens, Charlie, and she can go one way home, and we'll go another."

Clara did not reply, but sullenly staggered on beside them, trying her best to walk straight, but failing miserably. Indeed her head seemed to grow more and more confused. She did not know where to look for the sky and where for the ground. And when at length she found herself alone on the road towards the town, Jane having taken a short cut across fields to get home before her, she sat down under a hedge and leaned her head on her knees, not caring what became of her.

Jane, perceiving that the child was quite tipsy, dared not return home with her, so she hurried on before, in order to make her own statement before Clara should appear.

But Clara did not appear that night. Providentially she fell into good hands, and was taken straight home to her mother. Two of her old temperance friends, both business men, were strolling out that way together to enjoy the beauty of the evening, when they came upon the unhappy girl, as she sat dozing off into a drunken sleep. Their astonishment and dismay as they recognised in her their blithe little Band of Hope girl, may well be imagined. Great was their sorrow as they took her home in that sad condition to her widowed mother. They had hoped at first that she was only ill; but, alas! it was something worse than illness; for even sickness and death do not cause so much sorrow in a family as the drunkenness of one of its beloved members.

What a sad, sad night did Mrs. Minton spend over her daughter! At her request, these two kind men went straight away to Clara's mistress, and there found out all the truth about her.

Oh, what grief it caused the poor mother to hear this painful account of the child's weakness and deception! And what a sad waking-up there was for Clara on the morrow! She wept tears of bitter and heartfelt repentance; she told her mother everything: how weak and cowardly she had been in the first instance to give way before a little taunting and reproach; how miserable she had been in keeping this shameful secret from her loving and anxious mother; and then she put her arms around her, and with choking sobs asked her if she could ever trust her or love her any more.

There was much weeping on both sides as Mrs. Minton talked tenderly and seriously to her repentant child. She assured her of her forgiveness, and then urged her to seek forgiveness from God, against whom she had sinned by these acts of deception and folly. "If you keep nearer to Him evermore from this day, good will have come out of this terrible evil, Clara," said she. "Watch and pray constantly that you enter not into temptation. Pray earnestly to God every day to make you very brave in doing right, and to give you courage to bear reproach and scorn for acting according to your conscience. I did think you were a staunch Band of Hope girl, Clara—one who could never be jeered into tasting the drunkard's horrid drink."

"Oh, mother! it seems to me when I look back that I was never staunch at



all," sobbed Clara. "I think I've never been anything but half-hearted. I haven't *felt* deep down in my heart about the evil of drink; but I'm sure I shall now as long as I live. If I can only get started again, and if missus 'll take me back, you'll see how I shall stick to the pledge. If anyone ever tempts me again I won't rest day or night till I've got them to join the temperance society for themselves. I mean to be a Band of Hope girl out-and-out, if I can only get over the shame and disgrace of what's happened. I shan't care what I've got to put up with: I'll stick to my pledge as brave as any of them."

And Clara was true to her resolution. From this dreadful experience she learnt to be thoroughly brave, and thoroughly true to her principles—as she herself expressed it, "an out-and-out Band of Hope girl."

## CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

NO. I. BY UNCLE EISSEN.

**P**ERHAPS you 'can hardly believe it, but still it is true—I was once a juvenile like you. Old and grey-headed now, I have nevertheless a boy's heart yet under the fifth button of my coat; so don't let me hear you say that we elderly people are crotchety old folks. Crotchety indeed! What next if you please? Why, a tale to be sure.

A tale! Well what shall it be? Ah, I guess what you want. "Something startling, yer know," as the nigger boy said when he heard of the adventures of a runaway slave. And they must all be true? Of course they must. Catch me telling you stories but those that are true. That little fellow was no relation of mine, who, when asked by a gentleman, What trade is your father, my boy? immediately replied: An accident maker, sir. No, no; you trust me, and I'll warrant you my tale shall be as genuine as unalloyed gold. So now to begin.

Once upon a time (that's how all stories begin), a dear friend of mine lived in a great grimy city somewhere down in the West. He was a hard working man, or at least he called himself so,

although his work was not so much of the muscle as of the mind; and he was also an abstainer, a quiet plodding sort of man, who, if he felt a thing was right, followed it on to the end—one of those sappers and miners of the great teetotal cause (would there were more) who are hard at work, though unobserved by the majority of men, and the worth of whose work only the day shall declare. Of course he had a few crotchets—for he was an elderly man like myself—and one of them was this, that if he was convinced of the usefulness of a thing he would stick to it with all his might. Said he to me one day, "Now look you here," (I was looking him full in the face all the time) "now look you here—a thing that is worth doing is worth doing *well*. I shall never be judged by another man's strength—I shall be judged by my own. And because I haven't the ability to make an eloquent speech, do you mean to tell me I am to be deprived of the *luxury of work*? No, not I indeed. Why, I wouldn't be without it to satisfy the Queen. I believe, sir, in the usefulness of *little things*;" and then, as he saw me smile, he added, "No, not in the usefulness of a *little drop*: in that I *don't* believe, and *never* will." And then



he leant forth with a whisper scarce loud enough to be heard—"Shall I tell you what I did the other day? I shot a child."

"Shot a child!" I exclaimed, and then hastily drew back as if there was defilement in his touch. "Shot a child? When? Where? Why?"

"Hush! hush! my dear sir," he very quietly observed; "I'll tell you all about it if you'll just give me time." And so he commenced to relate the circumstances with all the deliberateness of a man who gloried in his deed.

"Murderer!" I muttered to myself. "A villain thou art. To shoot an innocent child with all thy pretence of love for the young."

"When?" said he; "well it is now a little more than twelve months ago. Where? In a cottage near a wood—a very retired sort of place. Why? Because he was in the act of taking something which he ought never to have touched, so I up with my gun and laid him low at a shot."

Oh! I could scarce contain myself as I listened to the harrowing story so deliberately told; the blood tingled at my finger ends. "A bloodthirsty villain," I muttered between my teeth, when all at once he broke out in such a loud ha! ha! ha! that I felt assured he was playing one of his pranks. So I rather testily exclaimed: "You dry old volcano, what do you mean? Come, tell me all about this sky-lark of yours."

"Sky-lark," he replied. "It was no sky-lark at all. It was a veritable fact, save and except that the child I shot was not killed at all, at all, as the Irishman would say."

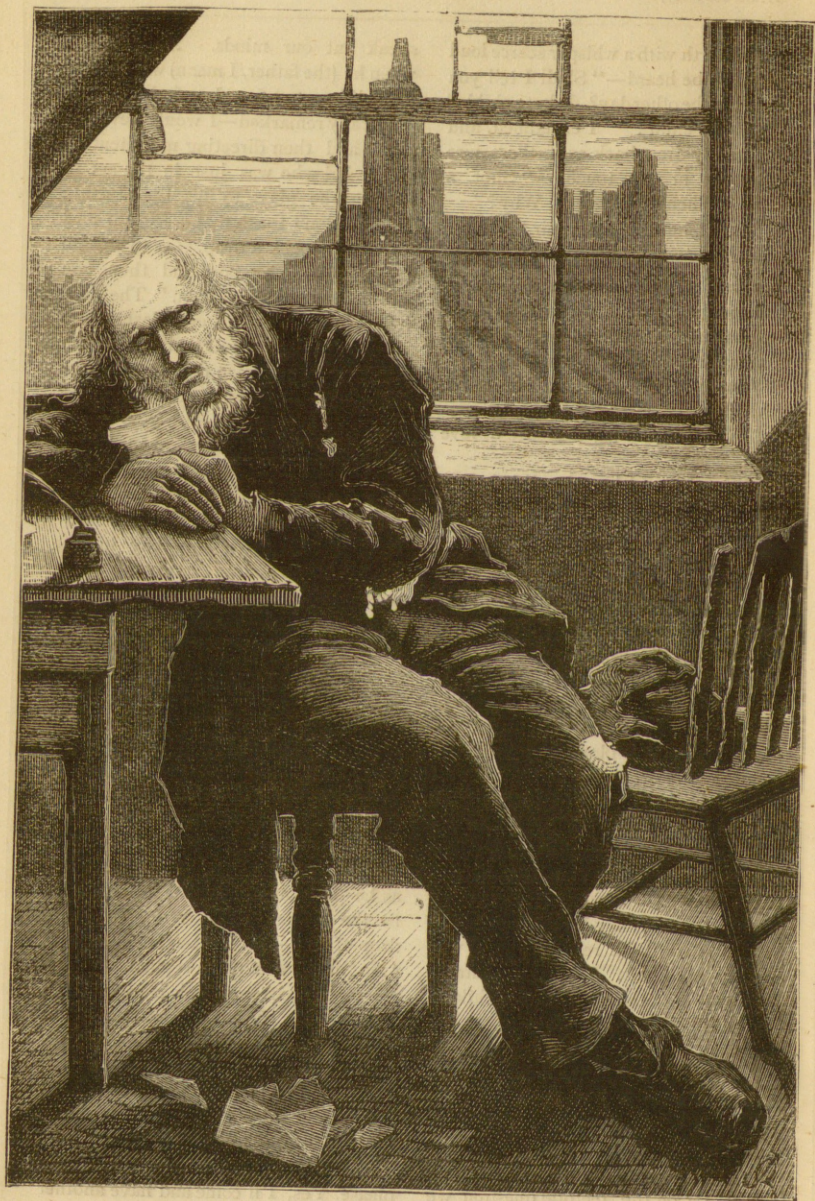
"He was a bright, bonny lad, as sharp as a razor just fresh from the stop. His father's house was my occasional resort. Not that they were of my way of thinking on a great many things, for on the teetotal question we were asunder as the poles. Still we were friends, and mutually agreed to

speaking out our minds. So one day when he (the father, I mean) was helping his children to wine, I quietly but emphatically remarked—I would never do that! and then directing my attention to the lad who was just in the act of putting the glass to his lips, I said: "Walt, don't touch that. Just do as I do—don't touch a drop. Try to abstain for five years, my boy, and then you will become a teetotal man." The little fellow looked, and his eyes flashed fire, then looked again, and then quietly but deliberately put down the glass without touching a drop, as much as to say: 'There! I have done with you.'

Months passed away, when I happened to be at Leebrook again. "You have done it," said the father, as we gathered around the fire. "Done what?" I inquired. "Hit my boy in the head," he playfully remarked. "We can't get the young card to take so much as a toothful of wine since the day you told him to be a teetotal for five years. He says he is going to copy the example of dear Mr. Kay. And he'll do it too. He has a tremendous will," said the father, "has that boy of mine. Do you think we could get him to take so much as a sip this Christmas time! No, not he; he was as firm as a rock. Ay, it was jolly good fun to see him and his brother one day. Said Fred, as he held up the glass full of wine to the brim: 'Here, Walt, is a rare drop of stuff—have a taste, my old boy.' 'No, that I won't,' he replied. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' 'For five years,' he exclaimed, 'and then hurrah for ever and a day.' Bravo! bravo! at once rang through the house from them all; and three cheers for Walt and his dear Mr. Kay."

So ends my story number one if you please. Yes, I'll come and have another chat with you, children, some fine sun shiny day. So good night! Good night.





"Weary and worn, in a chamber so lonely,  
Lost to the world and deserted by all."--page 77.



## DESERTED.

WEARY and worn, in a chamber so lonely,  
 Lost to the world and deserted by all,  
 Once he had many friends, now one friend only—  
 He who observeth the sparrow's swift fall.

False to himself, robb'd of wealth and position ;  
 Shattered in body, bewildered in mind,  
 Sought he the cup to forget his condition—  
 Vainly he sought it some respite to find.

Low 'neath the green sod a loving wife sleepeth ;  
 Fair daughters three rest beneath the same sod ;  
 Ever anon the sad lonely man weepeth—  
 Weepeth, but takes not his grief unto God.

News from a far land where one still is living,  
 Prodigal son who deserted his home,  
 Anguish anew to the old man is giving—  
 Why did he leave him so wildly to roam ?

Dark and mysterious the path his feet travel ;  
 Ruined, deserted, what care he for life ?  
 Vain were his efforts the past to unravel ;  
 Soon he will rest with his children and wife.

While there is life we may all be forgiven,  
 Long tho' in evil we thoughtlessly roam ;  
 Oh, may this weary one look unto heaven—  
 Turn his frail steps to his Saviour and home !

W. HOYLE.

## FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN adverse winds assail life's  
 fragile barque,  
 When cares and trials bend the spirit  
 low—  
 When sickness takes the place of  
 healthful glow—  
 If then, when all within—without—be  
 dark,  
 The light of Friendship gleams, e'en  
 but a spark,  
 How quick the weary heart leaps up  
 to know,  
 That ONE there is who pities all our  
 woe,

And all our sorrows is not slow to  
 mark.  
 Ah, let us, then, this fairest flow'ret  
 tend  
 And nourish in the garden of the  
 heart,  
 For to our deeds a fragrance it will  
 lend,  
 And to our thoughts a holiness im-  
 part,  
 Buoy up our hopes, thro' storms and  
 tempests here,  
 And help our souls a heavenward course  
 to steer.

FREDERICK SHERLOCK.





### Band of Hope Management.

—THIRD PAPER.—SINGING.—In considering how best to sustain a Band of Hope, our inquiries would be gravely defective did we not refer to the musical department. In these days of popular concerts and grand musical festivals, at which Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and every great composer is made to minister to the popular craving; when the leaders of every Christian community are seeking to reach the hearts of men, and lead them to God through the medium of pealing anthem or flowing melody; when every Sabbath School may enjoy its musical service, and ten thousand homes reverberate with songs of Zion; shall not the leaders of our noble movement avail themselves more than ever of the transcendent power of music? Those who erect glittering gin palaces and gilded casinos know well the influence of music. Are not our hearts saddened as we reflect upon the multitudes thus beguiled from the safe paths of virtue and drawn down to intemperance, misery, and death! Surely the true guardians of youth, the promoters of our glorious cause, will wield this mighty power of music for the glory of God, and the salvation of our dear children. By the power of music, we may depict the horrors of the drink traffic, and instil into the children's minds a holy dread of the intoxicating cup; by the sweet irresistible power of song, we may portray the wisdom of sobriety, the beauty and dignity of a pure, consistent life, and lovingly lead them along the safe paths of abstinence, peace, and godliness.

If our cause is to succeed, we must catch the "spirit of the age," and give to music that prominence in our movement which its importance demands. It is absurd to suppose that, because you have plenty of reciting or speaking power, you can dispense with singing. No amount of versatility or volubility in a speaker can supply the place of music; neither can any number of recitations, however interesting. The great advantage of singing lies in the fact that all the children can be engaged in the exercise at the same time, and, if the melody is flowing and the words appropriate, you may see the children irresistibly yield to its influence, and receive impressions of truth which may remain through after years, when every vestige of speech or recitation perchance has been obliterated.

Although considerable attention is paid to this department in some districts, it is evident there is yet great room for improvement. How often, for example, have you dropped into a meeting, and heard the chairman call upon the choir for a part song; whereupon some voices from a corner of the room are heard squealing out the most discordant sounds. You see a copy of music in each singer's hands, but soon discover that only one or two really know music. One gentleman, calling himself a tenor, is actually singing the air or treble somewhere about an octave below; another aspires to sing bass, but all you can hear is a constant bellowing about half a tone, or a tone below the key-note with an occasional fifth or a fourth below. The last verse is sung, you experience a great



relief, and listening to the remarks of those near you, you infer that everybody else is thankful. Now, what we want especially is a more perfect training for our singers. No excess in numbers can atone for bad singing. Some societies, actuated by mere selfishness, are inclined at times to disparage the importance of Band of Hope Unions, but, speaking generally, we venture to assert that if the existence of Unions had done no more than inaugurate and develop a more perfect system of singing throughout our movement, they have conferred incalculable benefit on the cause.

We proceed now to consider music as an important auxiliary to our meetings. The simplest and most popular form is where all the children are made to sing the air or treble, or, as it is frequently called, the melody. Band of Hope melodies have been so thoroughly incorporated in meetings everywhere, that they have become as it were synonymous with the very life of our movement. Thanks to the progress of printing, and the zeal and enterprise of our Band of Hope leaders, we can now for a mere trifling outlay put a book of melodies into the hands of every child at our meetings, and, even where there is neither instrument nor choir, our children may be easily taught to sing the charming strains and imbibe sweet thoughts and truthful impressions.

W. HOYLE. (Manchester).

(*To be continued.*)

**Leeds and District Band of Hope League.**—The annual meeting was held on February, 26th. There was a large attendance. The chair was taken by Mr. JOHN DALE WOODCOCK, who was supported by the Rev. David Heath (Huddersfield), secretary of the Methodist New Connexion Band of Hope Union; the Rev. J. Slevan, and others. An excellent choir, under the leadership of Mr. John Rawcliffe, sang

selections of music during the evening.

The report, which was read by Mr. JOSEPH WALKER, Hon. Sec., stated that an organising agent had been appointed to visit those schools where no Band of Hope existed, with a view to induce them to commence. So far as the work had been carried forward, they had been successful, for in no instance had they been opposed. In their last report, attention was drawn to the fact of their being in debt to the amount of at least £50, and it gave them unspeakable pleasure to be able to announce that the whole of the debt had been cleared away. Their ordinary work in the various Bands of Hope had been carried on with more or less success, though, in some cases, not with that regularity essential to efficiency and good results. The number of schools affiliated to the movement was 45, an increase of 4 in the year. Respecting general statistics, the report stated that in connection with some of their societies no proper record was made or system adopted whereby to ascertain the particulars of membership, and therefore the exact numerical position of the League could not be given; but from twenty-two Bands which had sent in returns the following were the figures:—Number of members 3,454, meetings held 664, average attendance 1,380, and number of workers 264. Six of the societies had returned in the aggregate thirty members who had joined the Church during the year. If an average were drawn from these figures for the twenty-three which had not sent in returns, they might fairly estimate the numbers to be as follows:—Members 6,154, meetings held 1,000, average attendance 40 per cent., and number of workers 400. The balance-sheet showed that the total income from all sources during the year had been £158 13s. 5d., and after meeting all expenses a balance in hand remained of £6 11s. 3d.



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"Come, Bob, tell us how much you cleared by the Derby?" "Cleared!" said Bob, "Why I cleared, my pockets."

An author, if an inveterate smoker, is exposed to a double danger—puffing himself to death, and being puffed to death by others.

A DRAW.—An old minister the other day asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whisky in the pew."

A man, who had a brother hanged, informed his friends that his "brother on a recent occasion, addressed a large public meeting, and just as he finished, the platform on which he stood gave way, and he fell and broke his neck."

When Erskine was in the full tide of success as a barrister, some of his fellow lawyers, wishing to annoy him, hired a boy to ask him, as he was going into court with his green bag stuffed with briefs, if he had any old clothes for sale. "No, you young rascal," said Erskine, "these are all *new suits*."

A country paper says that during a trial in court, a young lad, who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew the obligation of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed he should go where all the lawyers (liars) went.

The landlord of an hotel at Brighton said peremptorily to a long-winded payer, "Now, sir, I want you to pay your bill, and you must. I've asked you for it often enough. And I tell you now that you don't leave my house till you pay it." "Good," said the lodger; "just put that in writing; make a regular agreement of it. I'll stay with you as long as I live!"

The surest way to get rid of a bad habit is by one decided effort.

The true social science—How to make home happy.

True goodness is like the glowworm in this—that it shines most when no eyes except those of Heaven are upon it.

Always laugh when you can—it is a cheap medicine. Mirthfulness is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a hint from it. Let us always apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

They have a sort of reptile in the torrid zone called the glass-snake. It may be said, however, that glass-snakes are very common outside of that zone. Many a convivial fellow in this region has felt their sting.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion, but in the mind; a high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy, politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the names of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in vain hope of those whom they call friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.



## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES, AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER V.—POOR RACHEL'S SON.

JOE'S death had not the permanently good effect upon me that its solemn nature and his warning might have been expected to produce. I felt serious at first; I went on Sunday to chapel, and joined Znobby in singing her hymns in the evening. But incidentally it led to an entire change in my circumstances.

I was summoned to appear as a witness at the inquest, and felt myself somewhat important as I answered the questions addressed to me. But as often as I lifted my eyes to the coroner I was conscious that a rather singular-looking man who was present was attentively regarding me. Whenever I ventured to look straight at him he returned my glance with a kindly, interested look, which surprised me. I began to notice him from the fact that when I answered to my name he perceptibly started. His face was that of a man of fifty years' old, though his figure was much younger; his hair, of a light tint, was not at all grey; his features displayed much shrewdness and latent humour, though his general aspect may be summed up in the one expressive word, "dry."

During the investigation of the cause of Joe Spencer's death, I related what Joe had told his sister and myself respecting the accident. I even repeated to the coroner, the jury, and the other people present those touching words of the dead lad in which he had ascribed his ruin and the fall to drink, and to his bad practice of treating his dissolute habits as those of "only a boy," to be mended and altered whenever he so chose. After this evidence there could be no blame attached to the constructor of the scaffolding, or to the builder, Mr. Price, who was Joe's employer. The jury were unanimous, and the verdict was "Accidental death."

"Well, if you all like to say so," said the gentleman who had been so attentively looking at me, when the verdict had been announced and the court was broken up. "I have no power to alter it"—he spoke to the coroner himself—"but the true verdict is," he continued—"Killed by poison, which incapacitated him for his work. A lot of lies are told in these coroners' courts."

The coroner shrugged his shoulders. "You don't tell them, Dr. Stapleton," said he; at all events, *you* won't have that sin to answer for."

"May truth forbid," rejoined the Doctor; "sins enough without that one; but I have another matter in hand."

All this he said with no lowering of the voice, and added, in a still higher key,—

"Ronald Clayton, wilt thou come this way?"

I was just leaving the place, and was somewhat surprised to be thus accosted. Of course I drew near to Dr. Stapleton."

"Who art thou?" he asked abruptly.

"Ronald Clayton, sir," said I.

"That much I know," said he. "But who are thy parents?"

"My father was Arthur Clayton, sir; he died—"



"Just over three years ago ; and thy mother ?"

"Her name is Rachel, sir."

"I knew it," said he. "Poor Rachel's son. Where is she? Art thou living with her?"

"No," I replied, a good deal surprised. "I have not seen my mother for years. I don't know whether she is dead or alive, sir."

"Thou art a dutiful and affectionate son."

"I cannot help it, sir ; my mother left us—my father and me—when I was still a mere child."

"A mere child ! Good. Why thou art a mere child now. What dost thou call thyself?"

"Certainly not 'a mere child,' " I thought ; but I did not care to put this into words, so I was silent.

"And where dost thou live? and what art thou doing? In the iron trade, eh?"

He glanced over me as he spoke, and though I was not in my working suit, I knew that he understood as much about that work as my answer could have told.

"Yes sir, I am with my uncle Clayton at his foundry in Bradford-street."

"Why didst thou go there?"

"Because he offered me a home when my father died, and I had no other."

"Good ! why didn't they let me know of thy existence? I thought thou and thy little brother were both dead. It's my turn now to tell thee—poor Rachel's son—who and what I am."

"Thank you, sir. I should like to know," said I, eyeing him curiously.

"Then I don't know that it is wise to gratify mere curiosity," he said, pausing and smiling ; "however, youthful curiosity, it is true, leadeeth oft to wisdom. I am thy mother's eldest brother, child, and the only one of her immediate family alive, and I have lived abroad many years. Perhaps I blame folks wrongly for not telling me of thee. I don't believe anybody has had my address these four years, for I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Now what is thy aim in life—is it to be a second uncle Clayton, or is it to follow a migratory old bird like thou seest before thee?"

"I'd rather be with you, sir," I answered.

"Why dost thou not speak the truth, and call me uncle? Sir and sirrah are outlandish cognomens amongst relatives."

I thought of aunt Clayton forbidding me to claim kindred, and the difference between her and uncle Stapleton seemed very considerable. I answered smiling,

"I would rather be with you please, uncle ; but I doubt whether uncle Clayton will let me go."

"Hast thou been apprenticed to him?"

"No sir—uncle."

"Thou shouldest have been. All things ought to be done 'decently and in order ;' however, it is better for my plans that thou art not. So thou dost not like hard work ; but don't suppose I'll keep thee in idleness. There are years of school life before thou canst turn out an educated gentleman, Ronald. We must find a tutor for thee, and then we'll all go off to some fairer place than Birmingham, a place with at least a blue sky ; and settle down together. Take me to thy uncle at once, Ronald ; thou hast no business to loiter, I have done wrong to keep thee so long."



I did not believe we should be welcome on such an errand, but equally I could not refuse to conduct him to Bradford-street, and introduce him to my father's relatives. Although in the thought of leaving uncle Clayton's house and foundry, I had but one friend to regret—the Eastern Princess—yet I was very sure I should not be given up without a struggle, just as I was becoming useful in my work.

"Thou canst be of no use nor help in our negotiations, nephew Ronald," said uncle Stapleton, as we at length turned up Bradford-street, "therefore when thou hast introduced us civilly to each other, thou hadst better beat a retreat."

His eyes twinkled as he regarded me; he seemed to expect a war of words, and to be preparing for the fray. The quaint figure, the determined manner, and the use of what the *members of the* "Society of Friends" rather aptly call the "plain language," by no means prepossessed uncle Clayton in uncle Stapleton's favour. They had not been many minutes together, before there was a secret antagonism between them. I was about to leave the room when the ironfounder, in his stentorian voice, repeated my name.

"Ronald, no skulking; if we're to talk about you, stay and hear the matter out; fetch some brandy and pipes; this isn't to be done in a minute; and I'm dry."

"Friend, I cannot take thy brandy; I haven't swallowed fire-water for many a long year;" said the Doctor.

"Who invited you to?" said the other rudely. "But if you expect me to listen to you with your confounded Quakerish thee's and thou's, and friend this, that, and t'other, you must put up with my wetting my whistle."

"I would much rather thou wouldest discuss the matter calmly, and without the aid of fiery and poisonous liquids" said my new-found uncle.

I don't know what answer he received to this speech, for I was compelled to obey Uncle Clayton. I brought all he had desired me to bring.

"Now, Ronald, take a glass yourself, and smoke your pipe, and show yourself man enough to go your own way without leading-strings."

"Thou hast taught him to drink and smoke, hast thou?" asked the Doctor; fine accomplishments, truly."

The irony in the tone seemed to nettle Uncle Clayton.

"Oh!" said he, "you are wrong; the youngster could drink a glass of spirit before he came here."

"Uncle," said I, "the very first glass of spirit I ever tasted was the one you gave me the night before I left home."

Uncle Clayton frowned.

"Thou hast schooled him truly in one line, Friend Clayton," said the Doctor. "What sort of book-learning hast thou bestowed upon him?"

Then the ironfounder got into a passion, and swore fearfully he would have no catechising, canting Quakers round his premises, interfering with his apprentices.

"This boy is not thy legal apprentice," said Dr. Stapleton, who was calm in proportion to the violence of the other. "There have not been any indentures drawn up or signed between you. Thou hast no legal hold whatever upon him."

"His dead father gave him to my care till his majority," said Nicholas Clayton, angrily.

"Produce thy authority, and I will renounce my counter-claim and acknowledge it."

"Confound you! I tore up the letter; I never knew he had a dastardly set of relatives, kin to his drunken reprobate of a mother, who would come hankering



after the boy this fashion, just as he was becoming of use to me. Why on earth didn't you claim him when he wanted a home?"

"Thou mayst justly reproach me there," said the calm voice; "but I laboured under the impression that both poor Rachel's sons were dead."

"I wish they had been," said the angry ironfounder; "and then I should have saved several pounds and much bother. Ronald knows his father left him to me."

Alas! I *did* know it. I had been hoping against hope that my uncle would not appeal to me in the matter.

"Ronald, thou art to speak now," said the doctor.

"My father told me, sir, that my uncle had consented to take me into his family, but —"

I hesitated; I dared not say what I longed to say—that I was weary of my life in Bradford-street, and anxiously desired the proffered change.

"There is no help for it, nephew Ronald," said the Doctor. "I have clearly no right to enforce thy uncle, Nicholas Clayton, to give thee up to me against his will, and he is not willing. It remains for thee to do thy duty to him at present, and if thou doest this I hope he will not refuse to grant thee liberty to come to my house pretty frequently, and an occasional holiday of greater length."

These suggestions by no means pleased the ironfounder, and he flew into one of his unreasonable and unreasoning passions. He swore at my newly-found uncle for prying into his business and making me dissatisfied with my lot. Nor did I escape blame; he declared I was an idle, dissolute young cur; that I was an ungrateful son of a miserable thieving father, and said many hard and bitter things of my poor father and myself in the excess of his wrath. I should have answered him and made matters worse, but for Dr. Stapleton's restraining looks and gestures, who at last advised me to leave the room, and I went slowly up to my attic, with a frightful desire for revenge lodged in my young heart.

Through the next few weeks Nick Clayton and I avoided each other. He never invited me to drink or smoke with him, and my evenings now were often spent with my mother's brother. He had taken a pretty house in the village of Moseley, which almost adjoins Birmingham at the Bradford-street end of the town, on purpose to be near me, and he tried to make his home attractive to me.

But his tastes and pursuits were all literary and scientific, and the last few years of my life had made me care infinitely more for beer, spirits, tobacco, a comic song, and a break-down dance in some low music-hall, than for microscopes, telescopes, pictures, foreign languages, and chess. His many stories of travel and distant lands interested me; but after a while, these ceased to fascinate me, and I began to think and call the evenings I spent with him "slow." One thing I found extremely pleasant. My generous uncle said one day, very soon after my acquaintance with him had begun:

"Ronald, does thy uncle give thee any money, lad, for thy services?"

I explained that he occasionally allowed me a trifle for pocket money. Had uncle Stapleton known how I spent all the shillings I received, he would probably have considered that my income was already too large.

"Well he also gives thee thy board and clothes; thou hast not much to complain of. Thou probably costs him as much as thy work is worth. But I may supplement thy allowance, and I only ask that thou shalt keep an account of what thou receivest from me, and have a look over thy entries every new year's eve. If



thou canst honestly tell me thou hast made a right use of thy money, I will increase the amount every year. At present I will give thee a pound on the first day of every month, provided that thou wilt keep to thy part of our agreement."

The Doctor went to an escritoire as he spoke, and took out a diary and account-book. "This will serve thy purpose, Ronald," he said, handing it to me. "It is a good old-fashioned plan to make an entry at night of anything thou mayest be especially interested in during the day. Take it, my dear lad; I have already entered thy first monthly payment; enter against this thy daily expenses. I shall not call upon thee to show it to me, I trust to thy own honour to either keep thy word, or forfeit thy money. I should be sorry to believe that my poor sister Rachel's son, whatever else he may lack, lacks honour, and the determination to keep his word."

"Thank you, uncle; you are very good to me."

Shall I ever forget that red morocco pocket-book which he handed to me with the sovereign, which was so acceptable? I did not relish the idea of putting down my accounts truthfully; I knew they would not look well; but then no one would see them; but he had appealed to my honour, and I was not sufficiently destitute of feeling that night to think of cheating him by disobeying his wishes.

"Uncle," said I, after the red pocket-book and sovereign were both carefully put away in my pocket, "I wish you would tell me something about my mother."

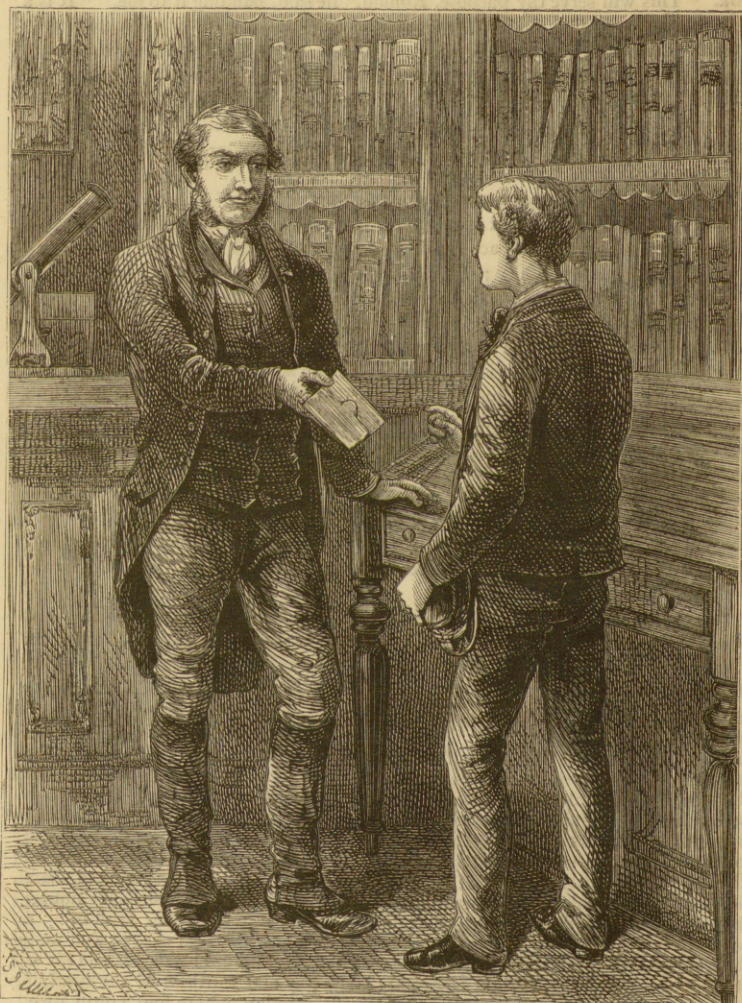
"I wonder that thou hast never asked me that before, nephew," said he; "not that there is much to tell. She was a pretty little baby and a lovely little girl, the plaything and joy of her home. Then she grew into a fair, thoughtful maiden, and for some few years after her marriage, she was a happy wife, and a proud mother. But the drink spoiled all, and since then she has become an unhappy wanderer on the face of the earth. I have never known anyone who made a friend of drink, who did not rue the friendship sooner or later. Poor Rachel, poor Rachel, I am not sure that I am free from guilt concerning thee!"

"You, uncle?"

"Listen, boy, and let me tell the story in my own way. I am several years older than thy mother—a good ten—and she was my pet, being my only sister. I was always fond of travel, and having had a great cross laid upon me to bear, of which I may tell thee some day, when it will be useful to thee in thy own experience, I went from my native land again and again, for my fortune was ample to supply my moderate wants. When I was eight-and-twenty I persuaded my father to let me take Rachel with me to France, Italy, and Switzerland; our mother had then been dead some years. At that time she was very abstemious; she would not drink a full glass of wine even, without coaxing. But I over-persuaded her again and again, as we travelled through the different wine countries, to taste of this and that celebrated vintage, and she acquired a decided taste for them. Before we returned home, after nearly two years' absence, she would discourse quite learnedly about hock and moselle, and champagne and claret. Some affirm that this taste for light wines keeps off the desire for stronger liquors; that is a dangerous doctrine, which the devil would like us to put faith in. As we well say that a little fire will prevent a conflagration. The real case is, that under the trellised, vine-arched pathway where the laughing wine-god Bacchus and his fair Bacchantes reign—their bright faces only made gay and mirthful by the sparkling wines—is the true highway to the City of Destruction, where foul spirits dwell, and madness, obscenity, riot, and death hold high carnival. Nephew Ronald, be not deceived—that which has blighted thy poor mother's sweetness and bloom will also be thy ruin, if thou wilt not be warned in time."

(To be continued.)





"This will serve thy purpose, Ronald," he said, handing it to me."—page 85.





## I.—ENIGMA.

ALTHOUGH I never speak a word,  
 Yet strange to say I can be heard,  
 And what's more singular in me,  
 I have two hands, and sometimes three.  
 When out of sorts I sometimes take  
 A liquor which no man can make,  
 It is not gin, nor wine, nor beer,  
 Nor water either thick or clear.  
 When as I do sometimes get down,  
 To lift me up they turn me round,  
 I have a screw, a bolt, and door,  
 A peg, a pin, a stone, and bore,  
 Though I've no mouth, nor ears, nor  
 sight,  
 I have good teeth with which I bite.  
 I've neither legs nor claws nor wing,  
 Yet I can always take a spring,  
 And ever show you very quick,  
 The symbols of arithmetic.  
 I'm often carried, cleaned, and capped,  
 And when you like I can be snapped,  
 And tho' my troubles few regard,  
 Yet all declare my case is hard.  
 That I am idle none can say  
 For I'm at work both night and day.  
 My glass I take where'er I go,  
 Amongst the lordly or the low ;  
 But all may see through it the quicker  
 Because it holds no tempting liquor.

JABEZ INWARDS.

## 2.—CHARADE.

My *first* is very light and round,  
 My *second* heavy, square,  
 And both together may be found  
 Careering through the air.

G. J. BELL.

## 3.—CHARADE.

My *first* at breakfast or at tea,  
 Sometimes at dinner you may see,  
 Where also, when my *next* goes round  
 Smart jokes and pleasant chat abound ;  
 My *total* makes the meadows gay  
 In the merry month of May.

GEORGE J. BELL.

## 4.—TRANSPOSITION.

FFOONLUM.—An animal found in  
 Corsica.

EERFGNNHCL.—A bird found in Eng-  
 land.

GYPOOLTDN.—An animal found in  
 America.

QGGUAU.—An animal found in Africa.  
 AIR.

## 5.—TRANSPOSITIONAL CHARADE.

My *first* half, if you do, transposed,  
 You certainly will rue.  
 My *last* half, when transposed aright,  
 Both you and I must do.  
 My *total* now, without a doubt,  
 Since the world stood was ne'er found  
 out. A. SUTCLIFFE.

## 6.—ENIGMA.

I'm in the bear, but not in the fox.  
 I'm in the chair, but not in the box.  
 I'm in the meat, but not in the drink.  
 I'm in ev'ry thought, but never in  
 think.  
 I'm in the squire, but not in the lord,  
 I'm in the spear, but not in the sword.  
 I'm in the earl, but not in the duke,  
 I'm in the bream, but not in the fluke.  
 I'm in the peal, but not in the bell,  
 Ye riddlers please my name to tell.

A. SUTCLIFFE.



## 7.—CYPHER.

W.t., v.i.a.t, m.n, e, t.k., .u., s.a.d,  
 T.u., m.y, w., e.r, e,  
 S.r.v.ng, .i.h, l.v.n., h.r., .n., h.n.,  
 T., s.t, .h., d.n.a.d, f.e.  
 "S..p, p..r, d.l.d.d, v.c.im, s.o.,  
 I., t.i., t.y, .i.d, c.r.r,"  
 W., c.y, a.o.d; a.d, .r.y, .n., h.p.,  
 T.a., h., o.r, .ry, .a., h.ar.  
 A.d, t.r., .i.h, l.a.t.i.g, f.m, t.e, c.p,  
 H.s, d.a.ly, d.r.st, f.e,  
 T., .ig.t, a.d, l.b.rt., l.k., .p,  
 S.v.d, f.o., e..m.l, w.e.

## FRANCES.

## 8.—ENIGMA.

I'M a strange combination, I'm flat,  
 square, and round,  
 I'm porous and soft, substantial and  
 sound;  
 I never have grown either blossoms or  
 weeds,  
 Although I am planted quite thickly  
 with seeds.  
 I never possessed either branches or  
 root,  
 And yet you may find me all covered  
 with fruit;  
 Full many a cottager's birthday I keep,  
 I'm useful as food for cattle and sheep.  
 At party and ball I am much in request,  
 Though neither as hostess, nor servant,  
 nor guest;  
 For neglect of my species (I own it with  
 tears)  
 A king once received a sound box on  
 the ears.  
 Yet were I not present, rich, handsome,  
 and sweet,  
 Could bridal of prince or princess be  
 complete.  
 I formed no small part of the meal that  
 was set  
 By Abraham, for the three strangers he  
 met.  
 A widow was fed till the famine was  
 o'er,  
 Who first fed the prophet from her  
 scanty store.

Once sent in a dream to the foe I  
 foretold,  
 A victory of Israel's great captain of  
 old.  
 One thing I must mention, before it is  
 time,  
 To shorten my story and finish my  
 rhyme:  
 Although you need never my favours  
 decline,  
 Pray always refuse to spoil me with  
 wine. IVY.

## 9.—TRANSPPOSITIONAL CHARADE.

My *whole* will name an useful plant,  
 That grows in Britain's isle;  
 And you can find the same, no doubt,  
 Before you walk a mile.  
 Both ends now drop, and then trans-  
 pose,  
 You soon to light will bring  
 Two well-known words in Scripture  
 found,  
 Once spoken by king.

W. H. EDDY.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 67, 68, &amp; 69.

## 1. Water. 2. Abstain.

3. A	be	L	
B	iancon	I	4. Asher
S	ie	V (e.)	Thomas
T	ham	E	Paul
A	zo	F	Aaron
I	ndig	O	Esther
N	il	E	Gethsemane.
F	ran	C	Eden
R	atta	N	Korah
O	meg	A	Deuteronomy
M	adagasca	R	Heaven
E	lish	A	Lot
V	ic	E	Cloud
E	nvelo	P	Ruth.
R	ea	P	"The drunkard and
Y	e	A.	the glutton shall

"Abstain from every  
 appearance of evil."

5. Sober—Drunk.

7. Woe—W (o) E.

6. A syllable.

8. Water-loo.

9. ONWARD. { O badiah  
 Newcastle  
 W aistcoat  
 A lexander  
 R ochdale  
 D aniel.





### MISCHIEVOUS TOM.

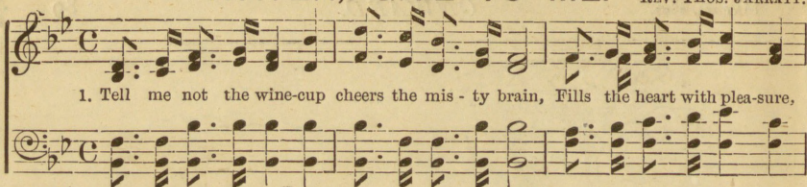
TOM JONES is the village pest. He is the enemy of all the little children in the place. He is known far and wide as the most mischievous boy in Cherrytown. If he sees a flock of geese on the common, he will ride old Widow Blake's donkey into the midst of them, and worry them well-nigh to death. One of his companions persuaded him to join the Band of Hope, but he caused such a disturbance that the teacher was obliged to turn him out. He has promised to behave better, however, so we are going to have him back again. If he is only as persevering in doing good as he has been in doing wrong, he will make a bright man yet. I hope the other Band of Hope boys will treat him kindly, and show him that they wish to be friendly and sociable. There are a good many mischievous Toms about, and Band of Hope conductors will do well to be patient with them. There are some boys (and perhaps I ought to say some girls too), who are not easily moved. Driving will never do for them; they must be led. If there were more gentle teachers, there would be fewer mischievous children.

W. A. EATON.



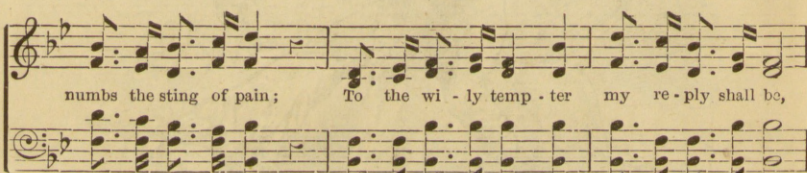
# WATER, GIVE TO ME.

Words by  
REV. THOS. JARRATT.

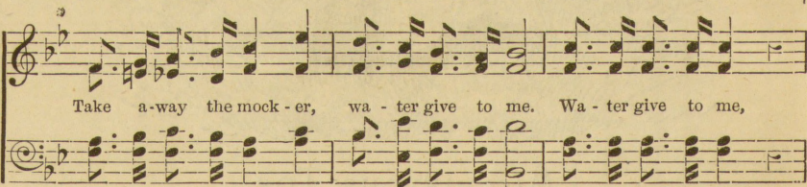


KEY B♭.

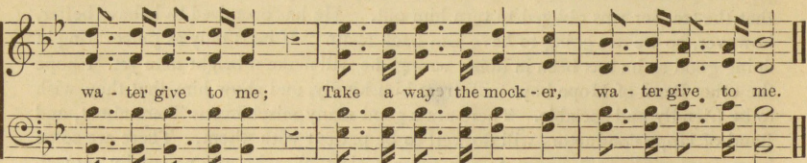
<p>2. Who can count the victims          3. Whisky, rum, and brandy,          4. Boys and girls of Bri - tain</p>	<p>offer'd at the shrine,          por - ter, gin, and beer,          join our happy band,</p>	<p>Youthful hope and beau - ty          For their fan - cied plea - sures          Drive the ty - rant Bac - chus</p>
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<p>quench'd in ru - by wine;          men have paid too dear;          fre'r our na - tive land;</p>	<p>I can on - ly an - swer          From the aw - ful dan - ger          To the voice of wis - dom</p>	<p>as the wreck I see,          I'm resolv'd to flee,          let us all a - gree,</p>
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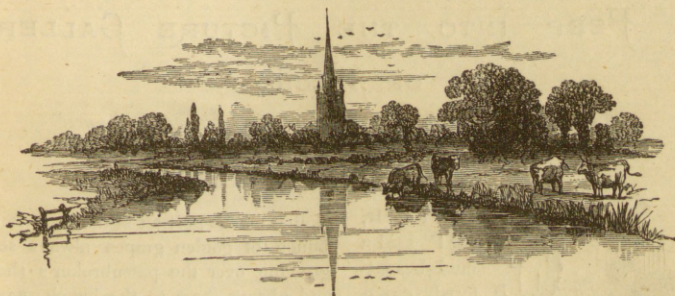


<p>Take a - way the mock - er,          Take a - way the mock - er,          Take a - way the mock - er,</p>	<p>water give to me.          water give to me.          water give to me.</p>	<p>Water give to me,          Water give to me,          Water give to me.</p>
--	--	--



<p>Take away the mock - er,          Take away the mock - er,          Take away the mock - er,</p>	<p>wa - ter give to me.          wa - ter give to me.          wa - ter give to me.</p>	<p>wa - ter give to me.          wa - ter give to me.          wa - ter give to me.</p>
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### MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE.

WHAT'S the use of always sighing,  
When misfortune blocks the road?  
'Twill not make the burden lighter  
If we grumble at the load.  
Cheerful smiles, like rays of gladness,  
Melt like heat the ice of strife;  
They who early seek the Saviour  
Help to make the best of life.

They who spend their time in slumber,  
Leaving golden grain to rot,  
Cannot hope to share the harvest  
If they sleep and labour not;  
In the fields the grain is waving,  
Ready for the reaper's knife,  
Help to store it in the garner,  
Work, and make the best of life.

What's the use of meeting trouble?  
Giving way to doubts and fears!  
If we banish clouds of sadness,  
Joy shall bless the coming years.  
There's no need for us to stumble,  
Though our path with snares be rife;  
God is faithful, if we trust Him,  
We may make the best of life.

We have each a sphere of duty;  
Each must toil, and work, and pray,  
For the night is drawing nearer,  
Therefore labour while we may.  
God will make each pathway smoother,  
Melt each load of sin and strife;  
If we trust, and praise, and serve Him,  
We shall make the best of life.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

### JOY.

Joy is not all of flowers,  
The deft parterre,  
The blossom'd bowers—  
Earth's pastures fair!

Joy is not all of shine—  
The summer's glow  
Which lies supine  
On beauty's brow!

Joy is not all of swards,  
The verdure sweet  
Their moss affords  
Life's easeful feet!

Joy's of the willing hand,  
The onward power,  
The glad command,  
The well-wrought hour!

Joy is of rugged ways,  
Of stony steeps,  
Where strength arrays,  
Where labour reaps!

Where every verdure brings  
To toil its own,  
And woman sings  
Where there was moan!

C.



# A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on "the Signs of the Times."*

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.

No. 5.—"THE BUNCH OF GRAPES."



OPPER, Sir!" said a mud-bespattered cross-ing sweeper, touching his capless head with an air of politeness that contrasted strangely with his wretched attire, for every button on his waist-coat had gone off duty, except one, and that had once occupied a respectable position on some other article of apparel. His ill-fitting coat and trousers were quickly dropping stitch by stitch into the last stage of rag and tatterhood; and as for his feet, they were not only stockingless, but shoeless to boot. I could not help wondering, as I gazed at his bare, neglected-looking neck, if the arms of a loving mother had ever encircled it.

As I gave him a penny and crossed the street, this thought crossed my mind,—Where can he find a safe hiding place for the coin I gave him, for I had seldom seen any one living in garments so highly *rented*. Turning round to continue my walk, I found myself in front of a large public-house called "The Bunch of Grapes." If there is a sign-painter here to-night, I hope he will not fail to catch the suggestion I am about to throw out. When a lord of liquordom wishes to call his temple of temptation "The Bunch of Grapes," and asks you to paint the sign, just

sketch off the portrait of that very small bunch of golden grapes always seen growing over the pawnbroker's shop, and always three to the bunch, never more, never less, for there would not be so many of these brazen-looking clusters of the Devil's fruit glittering in the sun, if it were not for the drinking habits of the people. If teetotalism became the rule instead of the exception, these leafless bunches of bitter fruit would soon disappear from our public thoroughfares, for the pawnbroker has to thank Bacchus for the greater number of his customers. There are many working men in England who innocently imagine that their wives take care of their Sunday clothes during the week. *Relatively* speaking, this is quite a mistake, I can assure you, for it is that nondescript kind of a relative opposite, who grows the indigestible grapes, whom they have to thank, for unfortunately, tippling is not confined to the sterner sex. "Go to the *ant* and learn of her" cries the voice of Wisdom to the sluggard, but the drunkard goes to his *uncle's* without waiting for any one to tell him, where he gets a little "*pledge card*," which, however objectionable it may be as an ornament to hang over the mantle-piece, possesses nevertheless one *redeeming* feature. Many drink-loving simpletons spend so much for liquor, they cannot *raise* the rent at quarter-day without the aid of a "*lever*," which is a very appropriate name for a tippler's watch, for it is always leaving him, and then of course he has to go "on tick."



## WEEP FOR HUMANITY.

Weep for humanity !  
 Weep for my nation !  
 Is there a sight so sad  
 In all creation ?  
 Look at the chains she wears,  
 Writhing in anguish !  
 Look at the woes she bears,  
 Ready to languish !  
 Say not my country's free,  
 Boaster of liberty,  
 Stay thy false eulogy !  
 Thy proud libation.  
 Pass by her palaces,  
 Mark not her splendour ;  
 Count not her chivalry,  
 No glory lend her.  
 Into her alleys go,  
 Sunless and dreary ;  
 Bring forth her sons of woe,  
 Helpless and weary ;  
 Enter her haunts of shame,  
 Write each dishonour'd name  
 On Briton's scroll of fame ;  
 England's defender.  
 Horrors in lands afar  
 Shock all the nation ;  
 Horrors beneath our gaze  
 Make no sensation.  
 Mission to west or east,  
 Help freely given ;

England may run to waste,  
 None cry to heaven !  
 People and priest pass by,  
 Rotting, like sheep, they lie ;  
 Living to droop, or die  
 In desperation.  
 Vendors of liquid fire,  
 Hoarders of treasure,  
 Drawn from the nation's blood,  
 Take now your pleasure.  
 Heed not their bitter cry,  
 Hearts faintly beating ;  
 Curse them and let them die,  
 Softly retreating  
 Where perfum'd zephyr blows,  
 Heaven grants you long repose—  
 Hereafter, woes for woes,  
 Measure for measure !  
 Light of eternal truth  
 Rising in glory,  
 Scatter cold selfishness,  
 Prejudice hoary.  
 Deepen man's love for man,  
 Bury false fashion ;  
 Sound the true Gospel plan,  
 War against passion.  
 Give us the heart to care ;  
 Give us the faith to bear ;  
 Brave souls to do and dare,  
 Like thine own story.

WILLIAM HOYLE.

## LIFE'S PURPOSE.

LIFE is not ours to waste it as we will ;  
 For high and noble ends awhile 'tis lent ;  
 And if we fail its purpose to fulfil,  
 Whate'er we gain or lose, the time's mis-spent.  
 The talents God hath given, and bids us use ;  
 The which we should improve with all our care ;  
 His precious loan, alas ! we oft abuse,  
 And change His blessings to an hurtful snare.  
 Allured, deceived by pleasure's vain display  
 Through drink what myriads make their life a blot ;  
 And in their sinful folly throw away  
 Their highest good for that which profits not.  
 Life's purpose miss ; rob God of all they might  
 Have been, and done ; and perish in the night.—DAVID LAWTON.



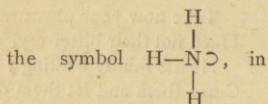
## THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

BY F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &amp;C.

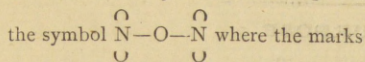
## ARTICLE III.



MOLECULE of ammonia is composed of three atoms of hydrogen and one atom of nitrogen, so that we may express its composition by the formula  $\text{NH}_3$  or by



which we see the atom of nitrogen which possesses five bonds, exercising three of them in holding the three atoms of hydrogen in combination, while two bonds satisfy or neutralise each other, like the poles of a horse-shoe magnet where the poles are bent round so that the north and south poles neutralise each other. We indicate this by the curved line, thus  $\text{C}$ , which represents the two unused bonds. In a compound of nitrogen with oxygen, known in chemical language as nitrous oxide, we have two more of the bonds satisfying each other, and the nitrogen atom only using one bond out of the five. We can represent the nitrous oxide molecule by the formula  $\text{N}_2\text{O}$  or

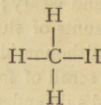


$\text{O}$  show that four bonds are unused.

An atom may use more bonds than one in uniting with another atom, if the atom with which it enters into combination has also more bonds than one. For example, an atom of oxygen which we have seen possesses two bonds can use them both in entering into combination with another oxygen atom, when we may express the structure of the resulting molecule by the symbol

$\text{O}=\text{O}$  where the two lines = indicate that the atoms are united by a double bond. We shall find an instance of the use of a double bond between two atoms of carbon when we come to look at the internal structure of a molecule of grape sugar, out of which alcohol is obtained by fermentation.

The fourth and last type we shall notice is called the *Marsh-Gas Type*, because a molecule of marsh-gas or light carburetted hydrogen may be taken as the typical structure. This marsh-gas molecule is built up of four atoms of hydrogen and one atom of carbon, so that its formula is  $\text{CH}_4$  and we can represent it by the symbol



We notice how beautifully symmetrical it looks, and although we are not warranted, in the present state of our knowledge, in asserting that such a diagram does actually represent the exact arrangement of the atoms in a molecule, the order and regularity which the graphic representation of the chemical formulæ always presents to the eye, certainly suggests the possibility that some such arrangement and regularity is also present in the actual arrangement of the atoms in the respective molecules, the carbon atom forming in this instance the centre or nucleus of the molecule, and exercising all its four bonds in retaining the four hydrogen atoms in combination.

If we now place all the four type structures under each other, we can look at them together—we can compare them with each other, thus:—



Name.	Formula.	Structure of Molecule.
1. Hydrochloric Acid	HCl ...	H—Cl
2. Water ...	H <sub>2</sub> O ...	H—O—H   H
3. Ammonia ...	NH <sub>3</sub> ...	H—N >   H   H
4. Marsh-Gas ...	CH <sub>4</sub> ..	H—C—H   H

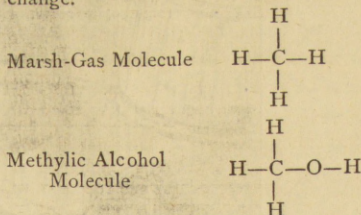
Here it will be seen that each type formula and symbol increases in complexity as we come downward by the addition of one atom of hydrogen. The hydrochloric acid having only one atom of hydrogen in the molecule, while the marsh-gas has four. The hydrochloric acid molecule may be taken to represent the very simplest chemical combination possible, because it contains only two atoms, and no compound can have less than two. The marsh-gas molecule is much more complicated, and is the representative of the general plan upon which a very large number of organic compounds are constructed, the carbon atom with its four poles or bonds forming the centre around which other atoms are grouped, and the character of the substances or compounds varying with the nature and number of the atoms surrounding it. Sometimes a single atom in a compound may be replaced by a compound molecule, which takes the place of the single atom, by satisfying the bond in the compound which is at liberty on the removal of the atom, and which compound molecule acts exactly in the new compound as if it were a single atom, except that the resulting substance exhibits different properties. We have an example of this in the simplest of the substances known under the general name of alcohols, and which are the subject of this paper ;

this simplest of all the alcohols being formed by the replacement of the last hydrogen atom in the marsh-gas molecule, by a compound molecule known under the name of hydroxyl. The hydroxyl molecule is composed of one atom of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen, so that we may express its composition by the formula HO, and the symbol —O—H. On account of one of the bonds of the oxygen atom being unsatisfied, we never find this substance free in nature. It always exists as a

double molecule, thus H—O—O—H,

where the two oxygen bonds satisfy each other, and in this form we can obtain it, so that on this account the substance —O—H is sometimes spoken of as a semi-molecule of hydroxyl, or half molecule, because the substance when prepared separately always exists in the form indicated by the formula H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub>, of which the symbol is given above.

If we put down the symbol of the marsh-gas molecule, and of the molecule of the first of the alcohol groups, and which is called methylic alcohol, we shall see the nature of the change.



Here we see clearly that the last of the hydrogen atoms in the marsh-gas molecule has been replaced by the compound molecule, or semi-molecule of hydroxyl, so that the formula for the first of the alcohol group—methylic or protylic alcohol (from a Greek word which means first)—is CH<sub>3</sub>O, or to show by the formula what we can see by the diagram, that one of the hydrogen atoms is not directly united to the carbon atom like the other three, but to the oxygen atom, better still by the formula CH<sub>3</sub>OH.

(To be continued.)



## THE OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

AH ! Jack, good friend, 'tis kind of thee to come,  
 To see me ere I make my journey home ;  
 I soon shall go, the breeze is near at hand,  
 To guide the ship to yonder stormless land,  
 Full many a year I've walked the deck of sin,  
 And served a Captain—but no more of Him :  
 Another Master now I gladly serve,  
 Who will His men from every storm preserve ;  
 Yes, One whose eye will never close or rest,  
 And neath whose care the old and young are blest.



You smile, good friend, 'tis wond'rous strange I know,  
 That I speak thus, who but a week ago  
 Was hard and stubborn, and inclined to think  
 God was unknown. And when upon the brink  
 Of death, I cared not, knew not where to look  
 For help, or safety ; nor would ope the Book,  
 That Royal Chart, which warns of rock and shoal  
 On which the careless often wreck the soul.  
 Well, Jack, you know since I've been resting here,  
 Many a visitor I've had, and queer ;



But, oh ! soon after you had left last week,  
 I had a visitor, so kind, so meek—  
 A little maiden hardly twelve years old.  
 Bless her sweet voice, with what a love she told  
 Of One who died upon a blood-stained tree,  
 "My loving Saviour," whispered Amy Lee.  
 And while she talked, the sins of many a year  
 Came to my thoughts, and soon I felt a tear  
 Roll down my cheek, all hot and wet.  
 She asked me if I'd pray, but I forget  
 What words I said ; then down beside my bed  
 She knelt, and prayed that I might soon be led  
 To know the Saviour as my dying choice.  
 Then prayed I too—this time with heart and voice ;  
 And every day I've heard her gentle walk  
 Upon the gravel path, her earnest talk  
 About the dying thief, the wandering son,  
 And how that Jesus will forgive each one  
 Who sorry is for all he's ever done.  
 Friend Jack, a knock—'tis at the outer door :  
 Ah, Amy Lee—welcome one visit more,  
 Come, Amy, child, come sit beside my bed ;  
 Alas ! your friend will soon be with the dead.  
 And you have taught me much I never knew ;  
 How can I speak the thanks I owe to you ?  
 "Do not thank me ; thank God, who sent me here,  
 If you must die, 'tis best to die in prayer."  
 In solemn silence, down beside the bed,  
 Knelt Amy Lee ; with silvery voice she said,—  
 "O blessed Saviour, who wast ever kind  
 To sick and dying, to the poor and blind,  
 Bear up this dying man upon Thy wing,  
 And let him in Thy Heavenly Mansion sing !  
 Lord, in that blood which Thou hast freely spilt,  
 Wash out his sins, and cleanse from all his guilt."  
 She slowly rose, and gazed upon the bed,  
 Deep silence filled the room— the man was dead.

ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

## SPRING.

THE reign of winter now is o'er,  
 The glad sun gilds the sky ;  
 The fields are clad in verdant dress,  
 The lark is heard on high.

The daisy peeps among the grass,  
 The lambs frisk o'er the lea ;  
 A glory streams o'er all the land,  
 A glitter on the sea.

New life floats by on every breeze,  
 And joy in every sound,  
 And hoary age steps forth to watch  
 The young lambs' gladsome bound.

O Father of all things that live,  
 Turn our cold hearts to Thee ;  
 Teach us in meanest things around  
 Proofs of Thy care to see.

W. A. EATON.





### Band of Hope Management.—

FOURTH PAPER.—SINGING, *continued.*

Children have an instinctive love for singing, and when they are brought together in a Band of Hope meeting, we can think of no exercise more wholesome or enjoyable. If we were preparing the programme for a Band of Hope meeting, we should take care to provide three or four suitable melodies to be sung by the children. In teaching a whole room full of children to sing, a little skilful management may prevent much inconvenience and loss of precious time. Various plans may be adopted with success. If the leader possess a good clear voice, let him sing the first strain in the melody over by himself two or three times—the children of course are requested to listen attentively; after which they are allowed to try themselves. Having taught them the first strain, proceed in the same manner with each division of the melody until the whole tune is mastered by the children. Another method is to select from the meeting about a dozen or twenty of the most likely children to form what, for the sake of distinction, we may call the juvenile choir. Before we introduced any fresh melody to the meeting, we should make the juvenile choir thoroughly acquainted with it at a rehearsal previous to the meeting. Then on the meeting night, before all the children, we should ask the choir to sing the first verse over once or twice themselves, after which the children might try the same verse, the choir also singing to lead and sustain the children.

From the great variety of temperance

music now published it is easy to select a large number of pieces adapted for solos or part songs. In Bands of Hope where there are but few part singers the practice of rendering solos, trios, quartets, &c., should be diligently sustained and encouraged. If you can only find four good voices—treble, alto, tenor, and bass—a little careful training will soon enable them to sing simple pieces correctly, and this will supply most valuable aid to your meetings; for, much as we admire singing by the entire audience, there is unquestionably great advantage by the introduction of solos and part singing. Many Bands of Hope are made dull and uninteresting by the very baldness and monotony of the programme—melody by children, recitation, address, night after night, until everybody grows weary, and the society ultimately collapses; whereas, by the introduction of suitable glees, part songs, &c., you lend a charm and attractiveness to your meetings which, like resplendent sunbeams, make everybody cheerful and happy, and secure to a large extent the success of your society.

Happily, in these days of revival work, there is such a copious supply of good sentiment wedded to sweet music that little need be said in regard to the selection of suitable pieces. There is, however, a danger in the incessant craving for novelty lest we overlook that very important element, the teaching power of our pieces. Much that has been said of recitations might be applied to the selection of music. Some songs serve only to excite laughter, and may be used occasionally with advantage, if there be nothing offensive



in them. Others are so exceedingly poor and spiritless, both in the character of the words and composition of the music, that it is no wonder they enjoy but a brief popularity. Don't catch at the first piece that presents itself because it is new. Don't despise a good piece because it is old. Some old temperance pieces, like the established facts of our movement, will live on from age to age. Give preference to pieces that combine sound temperance sentiment with pleasing music. Our object is to train the young, to impart truth, to spread abstinence and purity. Music comes to our aid like a minister of light and joy from heaven; let us see to it that she heareth words of truth and wisdom.

W. HOYLE.

**Glasgow Band of Hope Union.**—The sixth annual report of this important union is to hand. It speaks, in encouraging terms, of a large increase in work accomplished, and looks hopefully forward to a still brighter future. There are 73 Bands of Hope in the Union. The societies, for the most part, meet weekly; average attendance over 100; estimated total number of members, 20,000. There are 20 separate meetings for senior members, and much effort is put forth successfully to retain elder members. The first festival has just been held, and was most successful. A demonstration in May was held, in which 4,000 children took part. The awarding of prizes for best answers on various phases of the Temperance question is producing good results. Conference work to extend the movement has been vigorously promoted. The balance-sheet shows receipts £166 16s. 9s., expenditure, £166 1s. 9d.

**South Essex Band of Hope Union.**—This Union held its annual meeting in February last. It comprises 12 societies, 9 of which are connected

with Sabbath schools. Estimated total membership 1,033. This union has only been in existence two years, and cannot boast of extensive operations at present; we notice, however, that the committee are vigorously preparing plans, which, if carried out, must result in great good.

**Lambeth Band of Hope Union.**—We are pleased to see this union keeping watch over its senior members—a large number of whom met on March 21st, in Hawkstone Hall, Westminster Bridge, under the presidency of Rev. G. H. Murphy, and were addressed by Rev. Isaac Doxsey, Mr. A. J. Glasspool, Mr. P. Selway, and others.

**North Essex Band of Hope Union.**—A meeting was held at Chelmsford, March 1st, to consider the propriety of forming a union with the above title. Representatives were present from various parts of the country, and deputations also attended from the United Kingdom, and the South Essex Band of Hope Unions. A paper was read by Mr. Fred. Smith, and after some discussion, it was eventually decided to establish the union. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institute. There are about sixty Bands of Hope in Essex, and, no doubt, now the whole ground is covered with the North and South unions, this number will soon be largely increased.

**Finsbury Band of Hope Union.**—On Tuesday, March 20th, the inaugural Meeting of this union was held at St. Thomas, Charterhouse, Rev. J. Rodgers, M.A., chairman of the London School Board, in the chair. Addresses were given by Rev. Dawson Burns, Rev. A. S. Herring, Mr. N. B. Downing, and others. A selection of music was given by an efficient choir. The union comprises 68 Bands of Hope.



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

Young women should set good examples, for the young men are always following them.

A single glass of liquor too much may separate lovers more widely than the ocean ever did.

Mrs. Partington says if she should ever be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the "Bay of Biscuits," so that she should have something to live on.

A lively Hibernian exclaimed at a party where Theodore Hook shone as the evening star, "Och, Master Theodore, but you are the *hook* that nobody can *bait*."

An old lady, whose son was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among her parting admonitions gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want him to come home a "nigger."

Tennyson describes a lover clinging to the lips of his mistress in a passionate kiss, till he draws her whole souls through it. Those who make a mistress of the bottle often cling to her mouth till they draw her whole spirit through them.

We may admire the ingenuity, though certainly not the honesty of the punning executor who, having three bank notes of a hundred pounds each to divide among five legatees, of whom he was himself one, said, "There is one for you *two*, one for you *two*, and one for me too."

They tell a good story of Hallam and Rogers. The poet said, "How do you do, Hallam?" "Do what?" "Why, how do you find yourself?" "I never lose myself." "Well how have you been?" "Been where?" "Pshaw! how do you feel?" "Feel me and see." "Good morning, Hallam." "It's not good morning." Rogers could say no more.

A man's life is too long when he outlives his character, his health, and his estate.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating one.

PREACH temperance by practising it, for actions, which are the voiceless tale-bearers of the soul, speak more truthfully than the most eloquent words.

LEAVE your grievances as Bonaparte did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them, at the end of that time, will require answering.

Learn in youth, if you can, that happiness is not outside but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstance alone can ever do.

INDIAN WIT.—"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," replied the chief, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it; "we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

### A STRING OF COMPARISONS.

How brittle is glass, and how slippery the ice,

How fleeting a shadow, a bubble how thin,

So brittle, so slippery, so fled in a trice  
Are the joys of the world, and the pleasures of sin.

How glorious the sun, and how pure is the light,

How firm is the rock, and how boundless the sea;

But more full, and more firm, and more pure and bright

Are the blessings, sweet Temp'rance,  
created by thee. A. S.





## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES, AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER VI.—THE RED POCKET-BOOK.

**H**OW can I write the ugly story I have now to tell? Does the knowledge of another's shipwreck ever warn the infatuated mariner from dangerous coasts?

As we put lighthouses and beacons on dangerous rocks and sunken reefs to forewarn the sailor of his threatened doom, so will I write this hideous chapter of my history to help the young, sailing on life's chequered voyage, to steer clear of that ruin which my wise uncle had foretold would be my portion if I tampered with strong drink, and which almost engulfed me in the whirlpool of despair.

Uncle Stapleton's sovereigns, so punctually given to me, were not spent wisely nor well. Had I followed his advice, it would have been different; as it was, I did not give up my evil companions, and they soon discovered how much more I had to spend than formerly. There are publicans in Birmingham as in other large towns, who, for the sake of gain, allow their houses to be the resort of numbers of boys, who there acquire habits of drinking and gambling to a fearful degree. To such a house my comrades had introduced me, and they allowed me for some time to gain trifling advantages over them in games of cards. Then, when I believed myself a clever player, I became piqued when I found myself constantly beaten. And when I grew discouraged and was ready to give up the habit of gaming altogether, some turn for the better in my affairs put me in heart again, and thus accomplished the aim of the juvenile sharpers who were among us.

Uncle Stapleton's money was sure to find its way to the card-table, and the devil suggested to me that I might make an entry in my red pocket-book—not of the grim truth, "Lost at cards," but "Payment of loan," as a vague and not altogether untruthful statement of the fact. "Payment of loan" figured at last disagreeably often, whenever I looked at my book with sober eyes; and another



suggestion was promptly offered by the father of lies in the word "sundries." Under these two mellifluous and unobjectionable headings most of my uncle's money was accounted for.

Months passed on. The feeling between myself and uncle Clayton had settled into dogged and perpetual warfare. He never spoke kindly to me, and I never answered him civilly. During meals I sat in gloomy silence. Zenobia alone took my part, and good-naturedly supplied me with those victuals which were out of my reach. Zenobia's own lot had somewhat brightened of late; she had begun "to keep company" as she called it, with an excellent young man, a time-keeper at a factory, a local preacher amongst the Wesleyans; and the religion she had turned to for comfort in her ignorance and misery now shed a golden glory over her every hope. I used to think sometimes that the Eastern Princess was the only happy creature in Clayton House, as the family residence was now pretentiously styled. Mrs. Clayton, though money was plentiful, and she dressed herself and her children to the utmost limit of her heart's desire after fashion, yet could not be blind to the fact that her husband's habits were becoming more and more dangerous to his health and prosperity. Uncle Clayton himself spent his evenings in a state of intoxication, with a number of low men who encroached upon him more and more, and to whom he dared not refuse his hospitality, since they had been engaged together in illegal pursuits. Mrs. Clayton quarrelled much with her husband on this score, and often while the wife entertained her select company in the gaudily-furnished drawing-room, the husband was drinking himself drunk with rough, or, still worse, smooth and crafty vagabonds in the parlour below. The fretful indulged children made the house miserable whenever they were in it, and school and bed were each welcomed for them by every other occupant of Clayton House.

I, too, was neither happy nor good-humoured—dissipation tells even on youthful health and spirits. My whole life was a mistake, for I neither worked well, nor played heartily; and I had a feeling that smote upon all the conscience that was alive in me, that I was frightfully deceiving my two best friends, Jane and uncle Stapleton. The year was up now since I had received the red morocco pocket-book. I must expect that to-morrow my uncle would inquire about the use I had made of my twelve sovereigns. I had decided that I would not begin the subject with him; he could be disagreeably searching in his questions sometimes, and I did not feel I could clearly and honestly answer him. But yet I wanted money, and I meant if it were possible in his good honest presence, to consider myself entitled to an additional income, and to claim it. At all events, I did not doubt I should receive as much in the future as I had done.

It was a beautiful summer evening; but these reflections had made me dull—I was in no mood for Clayton House, or my old haunts in the town. I wended my way till I came to the pathway along by a canal, which had from my boyhood been a favourite walk with me. I knew one or two of the boatmen who went up and down in their clumsy dirty-looking boats. I had been several voyages with them as a child, when I could afford to pay my fare; and since then, for old acquaintance sake, they had good-naturedly suffered me occasionally to have a cruise with them. It was at that time my only experience of travelling on the water.

A string of boats wended its slow way along the while I was walking, and presently I heard my name roughly but kindly uttered. An invitation to "come



along" followed; but I was in no humour for companionship that evening, and refused the offer with many thanks.

"Stay, then, old lad; oi can tempt thee with one thing; oi've a prime keg, come along."

It did tempt me. I wanted to get rid of the dulness and depression I felt. I was soon on board Long Bill's boat, only stipulating to be put ashore again in half-an-hour, and I enjoyed, after my style, the stiff glass of rum which my old friend had for me. The conversation in the boat turned upon Nick Clayton; he had done an ill turn to one of the boatmen. I joined this man in abusing my uncle, and I was made to feel that my lot, inasmuch as it was cast with such an one, was indeed hard.

When I was put ashore, I was feeling anything but amiably towards my unhappy relative. And the first person I met was Nick Clayton! How he came there, I could not imagine; it seemed one of the strangest things possible to me then. I now know that he was returning from a dog-fight, and had won a considerable bet; strange to say, he was alone; he was also tipsy, but that was nothing unusual. I passed him sullenly, morosely, silently. He was not quarrelsome at first, not till I angered him; on the contrary, he upbraided me in his boisterously good-humoured fashion for passing him. With an oath I told him that slaves had no pleasure in meeting their tyrants. And still he only laughed. I have since thought the victory of his dog must have delighted him indeed, to make his humour so uncommonly pleasant. But I would not be friends with him. I taunted him as only a proud yet thoughtless boy smarting under what he calls oppression, and primed by liquor, would have been foolish enough to do; quite sober, I should not have dared to excite his anger. And at last he *was* roused; the humorous look vanished; he swore he would give me such a shaking as I should remember all my life long. And I defied him to do his worst with the mad folly of rum-inspired courage. But though he caught me as in a vice, he was too tipsy to complete his threat; I turned on him savagely, all my strength aroused, and we fought a fierce and horrid fight. At the end of it he lay panting on the ground, and I, trembling and spent, slowly gathered myself together and walked away, neither crest-fallen nor triumphant, but very bruised and sore. I expected he would have a sleep before he got up and came home.

When I reached Bradford-street there was a juvenile party going on in honour of the eldest child's birthday, and little feet were tripping lightly up and down to the sound of merry music. As I entered, Zenobia came into the hall.

"Oh! it's you, Ronald," she said. "I thought it was the master. Why, what's the matter?" She paused and looked at me under the hall lamp.

"Nothing, Znobby."

"Why, there *is* something," she said. "You look all dirty and dusty and flurried, as if you had been rolling in the dirt; why, your face is bleeding."

"I have had a fall," I said; "but it's nothing worth making a fuss over. I'm tired; goodnight, Znobby."

"You'd better have a jug of hot water and bathe yourself; there's only Joe in the kitchen."

Joe was Znobby's "young man."

"No; I'd a great deal rather not, thank you; I'll be off at once." I was glad of Joe's presence, he would engage Znobby's attention. But the kind-hearted Eastern Princess was after me with the jug of hot water before I had gone up many stairs.



"I wonder where the master is," she said, as she gave me the jug; "the mistress has been asking for him—you haven't seen him, I suppose?"

I had thought of making a confidant of Znobby, but I was determined not to speak of what had happened to Mrs. Clayton, so I said:

"How should I? We are not likely to meet," and went to my attic.

Then the drawing-room door opened, and the noise of the music and gliding little feet smote for an instant more loudly upon my ears. It shut as I heard Mrs. Clayton call "Znobby!" and ask, "Is that master?"

"No, mistress; it's Ronald."

"Has he seen him?"

"No, mistress."

"'Tis very strange; he promised to have been here long ago." And then the door re-opened, and the mistress returned to her guests.

Before I got into bed, I thought I would take out from my pocket my red morocco pocket-book, and lock it away in my desk; it was done with now. But I could not find it. "It must have fallen out of my pocket in that scuffle," said I; "who ever heard of anything more unfortunate?" For my name, written in it by uncle Stapleton, was on the fly-leaf.

Through all that night I had horrible dreams—dreams that may safely be ascribed to two causes. First, the physical discomfort produced by the fight, and the exceptionally strong dram I had swallowed on board the canal boat. Secondly, the unrest of my mind. I was conscious before I slept that my behaviour would be deemed disgraceful by my best friends, and that if the ironfounder complained of me to uncle Stapleton, or in any way took means to punish me, and it came to the knowledge of my mother's brother, I should receive as I should deserve his most caustic rebuke. I was even a little anxious about uncle Clayton himself, as I remembered his panting breath, and how heavily and drowsily he seemed to lie, as I left him on the canal bank. It was by a mere chance, I now reflected, that we had not both of us fallen into the water and been drowned. I dreamt that such a catastrophe had indeed befallen us, and I struggled and cried out, trying to save myself, and woke with my terror, to find myself sitting up in bed, bathed in perspiration. When I slept again, it was to see my red pocket-book now hopping and skipping around me, now dancing amongst the children in the drawing-room below, and always the leather felt cold and clammy to my hand as I tried to grasp it, as if the mud of the canal boats were making foul its smooth red surface.

Just in the early dawn of the summer morning, when I had fallen into a sound sleep after this fitful rest, I was awakened by the opening of my door, and there in the doorway stood Zenobia, and behind her a policeman in uniform. Was this only another frightful night-mare?

"We knocked first, dear, two or three times," said Znobby, "till Mr. Policeman he said as how he couldn't wait no longer, no how, though 'tis so early; you've got to get up and come down, and tell all you know about the master. Oh, Ronald!" she continued, gently reproachful, "why didn't you tell me everything about everything last night?"

"Here now," said the policeman rather shortly, "don't you be talking too much to this young gentleman; I don't want you any more; you asked to be allowed to wake him, and you've done it; I'll stay with him now. You be quick, young man, and dress, and then you've got to go with me."

Dozens of questions crowded upon me that I wanted to ask the Eastern Princess,



but Znooby nodded to me and left, only saying as she did so, "Keep to the truth, Ronald, and fear nothing, dear."

"All very fine, young woman," said the policeman, "if he's got nothing to fear; but not else."

"Why are you here?" I said to the man, when I found he would not leave me, but coolly sat himself down on the only chair in my room, save that whereon I had thrown my clothes the previous evening, while his keen, quick eyes took in the state of those clothes and of everything else in the room in one calm, collected gaze.

"Cause I'm wanted, I s'pose," said he laconically; and then continued grimly: "But if you can't answer partiklers yourself, or prefer them put in my way, I'm agreeable. I'm here to arrest you on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of your uncle." He was a tall, broad-shouldered, terribly stolid, unimpassioned-looking man, this policeman; but yet more terrible was his news.

"Uncle Clayton murdered!" I exclaimed with a shudder of horror, and I felt myself turning white and cold even to the lips.

"Now that there ain't badly done," said he with his cold eyes fixed unwaveringly on me. "If you'd got a new hand to deal with, they'd put you down inercert for that shudder and all the rest of it, looks and everything, but I know better. I've arrested several in my time, and a good many on 'em were precious frightened, *frightened to be arrested, you know*, and their fright they passed off, as you have done, as horror for the murder. But you can't come over *me* that way, youngster; I reckons I'm one too many for you. However, don't tell *me* nothing. I'm merely the common-placest limb of the law; I'm not your legal adviser;—if I was, may be I'd speak different. All you says to me, I warns you, goes down in this very identical book;" and he produced a note-book from his pocket.

I dressed myself with trembling fingers and dreadfully bewildered mind. At one moment I determined to demand what made them suspect and arrest *me*. The next I equally determined to refrain. But as I was about to give myself up, curiosity conquered, and I said:

"Do tell me, will you, what led to my being suspected?"

He put his hand again into his pocket, and took out my lost red morocco pocket-book; and holding it up before me, inquired ironically:

"I suppose you never saw that little article before, did you?"

(To be continued.)

## NELLIE'S LESSON.

NELLIE sits by the window there,  
 Flowers are blooming around her fair;  
 It is a lovely summer's day,  
 Birdie is singing his sweetest lay;  
 And this is the song he seems to sing,—  
 "I drink bright water from the spring."



Nellie looks off from her picture book,  
 And sees the cows by the willow brook ;  
 She hears the lambs in the fields hard by,  
 And the little pigs grunt in the clean strawed sty :  
 And she thought she heard this chorus ring,—  
 “ We drink bright water from the spring ! ”

And then she gazed at the deep blue sky,  
 And the snow-white cloudlets floating by ;  
 They seemed to whisper, “ We bring the showers,  
 To cheer up the faint and drooping flowers ;  
 And every bird with weary wing  
 Is refreshed by the beautiful showers of spring. ”



And the bees went humming from flower to flower,  
 And the sparrows chirped round the old church tower ;  
 The chirp of the sparrows, the hum of the bees,  
 The low of the cattle, the rustle of trees  
 Seemed swelling the chorus, “ Arise and sing  
 A glorious song to the bubbling spring. ”

And Nellie brushed back her golden hair,  
 And smiled at the birds and the flowers so fair ;  
 And said, with a sly little look in her eyes,  
 “ You have taught me a lesson I dearly shall prize.

If I want to be happy and merrily sing,  
 I must drink, like you, from the bright pure spring. ”

W. A. EATON.





## I.—ENIGMA.

My *first* is a bird, which can flutter,  
and talk,  
My *second* is in and outside of a walk ;  
My *third* takes the lead in the battle of  
life,  
My *fourth* is in sister, and brother, and  
wife.  
My *fifth* is the last of a noble array,  
My *sixth* is in liquor, and running  
away ;  
My *seventh* is a part of nothing at all,  
And my *eighth* is the first to go to the  
wall.  
My *ninth* you will find in the aged Old  
Parr,  
My *tenth* is twice seen in the glitter-  
ing star,  
While I own with a blush my *eleventh's*  
in debt,  
My *twelfth* is with pearls and with  
diamonds set.  
Though made up of twelve, no apostle  
am I,  
Nor symbol, nor sign, in the beautiful  
sky ;  
I am not made of flesh, blood, muscle,  
or bone,  
I think in the wide world I stand  
quite alone.  
I am not a flirt, but devoted to one,  
Nor can I tell any from whence I have  
come,  
Of my singular habits there can be no  
doubt,  
For I always keep in, even when I go  
out.

JABEZ INWARDS.

## 2.—CHARADE.

My whole will name a foreign port,  
But take my head away ;  
You'll find what every weary one  
Needs at the close of day.

W. H. EDDY.

## 3.—DECAPITATION.

I AM now before you ; behead and  
transpose I am a fruit ; transposed I am  
a plant ; beheaded I am an animal ;  
transposed I then become a plant.

G. J. BELL.

## 4.—ENIGMA.

I AM an animal  
That roams in Peru,  
And the wool on my back  
Many times covers you,  
Mixed with silk and with cotton,  
And fastened with thread,  
I have oftentimes sheltered and kept  
dry your head.

I am used, too, for dresses,  
And coats not a few ;  
Please guess what my name is,  
Dear readers, adieu !

J. E. HUGHES.

## 5.—DOUBLE VERBAL CHARADE.

My *firsts* are in magpie, not in rook,  
My *seconds* are in garden, not in nook,  
My *thirds* are in rain, not in snow,  
My *fourths* are in mirth, not in woe,  
My *fifths* are in green, not in blue,  
My *sixths* are in broom, not in yew,  
My *sevenths* are in slate, not in brick,  
My *eighths* are in deal, not in stick.  
These letters placed aright by you,  
Two pretty flowers will bring to view.

A. SUTCLIFFE.



## 6.—ENIGMA.

One of a royal family  
 Who rule this world in turn am I,  
 I sway my queenly sceptre high  
 In earth and a'r, o'er sky and sea.  
 The birds break forth in sweeter song,  
 Fair buds and blossoms where I pass  
 Grow fairer—greener is the grass,  
 But none of these my sway prolong.  
 A pathless waste of desert sand,  
 No mosses cool for way-worn feet ;  
 No shelter from the burning heat,  
 No shadow in a "weary land."  
 The camels tremble with their load,  
 Without my aid they soon will die,  
 Both man and beast must surely lie  
 Lifeless along that barren road.  
 But, as in answer to their prayer,  
 A group of distant palms they view,  
 And in each heart hope springs anew,  
 As all to reach me make me there.

IVY.

## 7.—ACROSTIC.

*Drugged is their juice,  
 For foreign use,  
 When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,<sup>1</sup>  
 To rack our brains,  
 With fever pains,  
 That have driven the old world frantic.*  
 The initials of the following, read  
 downwards, will give the name of the  
 author of the poem from which the  
 above extract is taken.  
*First.* A river in the north of England.  
*Second.* One of the stones in Aaron's  
 breastplate.  
*Third.* A man's name.  
*Fourth.* A small insect.  
*Fifth.* A musical instrument mentioned  
 in the Bible.  
*Sixth.* A remarkable bird found in  
 Australia.  
*Seventh.* A large animal, often spoken  
 of in Scripture.  
*Eighth.* A town in Cornwall.  
*Ninth.* A rich foreign fruit.  
*Tenth.* A large fish.

MARIE.

## 8.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A WORD to returning prodigals dear,  
 A whisper, 'tis said, in the palms you  
 may hear ;  
 My *third* is a word signifying "To  
 praise,"  
 My *next's* oft the theme of the bard in  
 his lays.  
 My *fifth*, boys and girls, you never must  
 be,  
 If you would go through life success-  
 fully.  
 A weapon of war, used in ages past,  
 To deserve or to earn, is my *seventh*  
 and last.  
*Primals* and *finals*, if down and up  
 read,  
 Name a great temperance publisher,  
 lately dead. FRANCES.

## 9.—ENIGMA.

I'M often drank by young and old,  
 And in the market-place am sold ;  
 And no one need refuse me ;  
 The centre letter drop, 'tis clear  
 An ancient city will appear,  
 To name it you'll excuse me,

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 87 &amp; 88.

1. A Watch. 2. Sun-beam.
3. Butter-cup. 4. Moufflon—Greenfinch—  
 Glyptodon—Quagga. 5. Inside (sin. die).
6. A Diphthong.
7. With valiant men we take our stand,  
 True may we ever be ;  
 Striving, with loving heart and hand,  
 To set the drunkard free.  
 "Stop, poor deluded victim, stop !  
 In this thy wild career,"  
 We cry aloud, and pray and hope  
 That he our cry may hear ;  
 And turn with loathing from the cup,  
 His deadly, direst foe ;  
 To light and liberty look up,  
 Saved from eternal woe.
8. A cake. 9. Dandelion—O Daniel !



## PRESS ONWARD.

THE mystery of Napoleon's career was this—under all difficulties and discouragements press on. It solves the problem of all heroes, it is the rule by which to judge rightly of all wonderful success. It should be the motto of all, high and low, fortunate and unfortunate, so called. Press on, never despair, however dark the way, however great the difficulty, or repeated the failure, press on. If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for this to-morrow. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish for this, but press on—a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayest reach it if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say the world has lost its poetry and beauty. It is not so; and even if it were so, make thine own poetry and beauty by a true, brave, and above all, a religious life.

## UPWARD AND ONWARD.

LET the idlers sit down at the foot of the hill,  
And talk of the terrible height;  
I will leave them behind me, and climb with a will,  
For all work should be done "with our might."

'Tis no use to sit still, with a sigh and a groan,  
While the workers toil on, with a song;  
The idle do nothing, with many a moan,  
But the toilers are active and strong.

It is true there is many a battle to fight,  
And many a steep hill to climb;  
But if we keep moving, and do what is right,  
We shall reap our reward in due time.

Then we'll never give in, though the path is so steep,  
And brambles and thorns grow all round;  
We'll go upward firmly, and right onward keep,  
Till our toil is with victory crowned.

W. A. EATON.

## THE CREATOR'S CARE.

THE Hand that built the universe sustains  
The tiniest thing that lives in earth or air;  
His smallest creature's wants, God ne'er disdains,  
But makes each one the subject of His care.

The Eye that marks the sun's majestic sweep  
Through space, beholds the humble sparrow's fall;  
And sees the little things that fly or creep,  
And keeps a constant watch and ward o'er all.

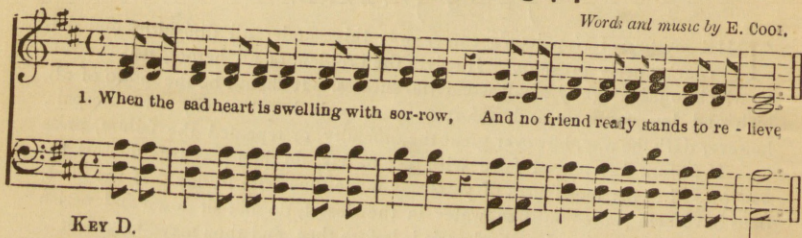
The Ear, which listens to heaven's anthem high,  
Is ever bent to catch the prayer of need;  
And quickly hears each suppliant's fainted cry,  
Nor slow to grant the good for which they plead.

The varied wants of great and small He knows;  
What they require His watchful care bestows.—DAVID LAWTON.



# LIFT HIM UP.

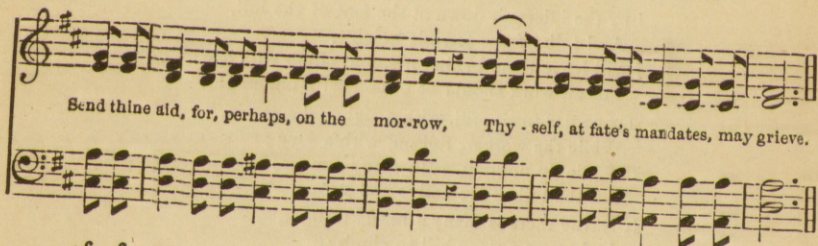
Words and music by E. COOL.



1. When the sad heart is swelling with sor-row, And no friend ready stands to re-lieve

KEY D.

2. When the	wine-cup has sto-	len the	man-hood,	Once	honour'd and lov'd	among	men;
3. We'll re-	member that	all are weak	creatures,	Standing	firm till the	tempest o'er-	powers;



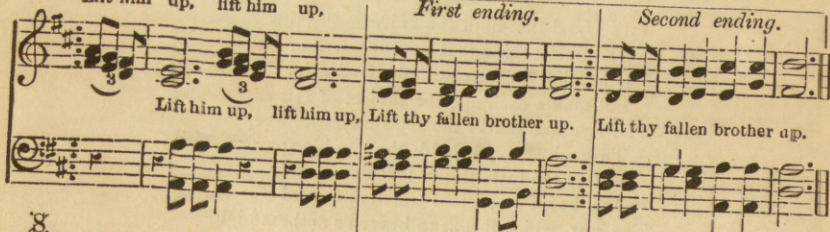
Send thine aid, for, perhaps, on the mor-row, Thy-self, at fate's mandates, may grieve.

Scorn	not the poor wrecks, for thy	hand would, Per-	chance, waken pride there a	gain.
We'll des-	pise not the one who has	fall-en, That the	promised reward may be	ours.

Lift him up, lift him up,

First ending.

Second ending.



Lift him up, lift him up,

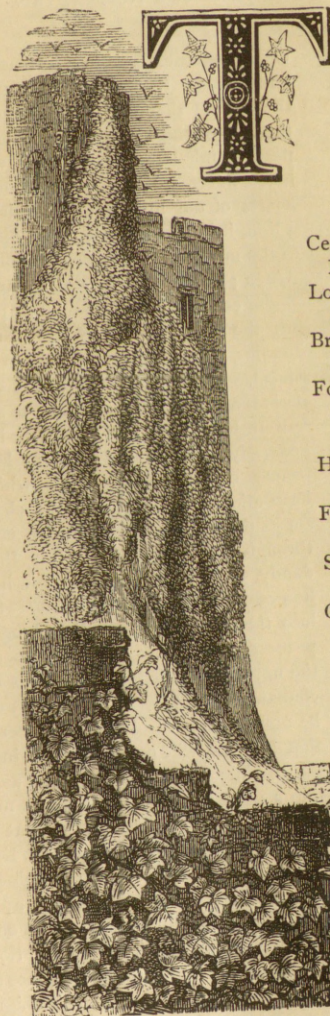
Lift thy fallen brother up.

Lift thy fallen brother up.

Lift him up,	Lift him up,	Lift thy fallen brother up,	Lift thy fallen brother up.
Lift him up,	Lift him up,	Lift thy fallen brother up,	Lift thy fallen brother up.



## TRUTH IS ADVANCING.



RUTH is advancing,  
 Temp'rance is spreading,  
 Thousands are walking  
 Into the light ;  
 Angels, bright angels,  
 Ever are leading,  
 Unseen, the victors  
 Of truth and right.

Cease your repining,  
 Daughters of beauty,  
 Long have ye linger'd  
 Sadly in woe.  
 Brothers and fathers  
 Fly to their duty,  
 Foremost to conquer  
 Our nation's foe.

Homes bright and peaceful !  
 Scenes all transcending !  
 Fair bowers of Eden  
 Brought back to earth !  
 Shield of Religion,  
 Temp'rance attending,  
 Giving to love, peace,  
 And gladness birth.

W. HOYLE.



# A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on "the Signs of the Times."*

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.

No. 6.—"THE BRITISH LION."



**O**UR Knights of the Pallet and Brush surely make a most beautifully-coloured mistake when they represent the "British Lion" as an animal, for the only lion native to England is not a wild animal, but a wild flower, the Dandelion, so I cannot help thinking that those rainbow-minded young men, the artists of the traffic, should go to Linnæus instead of Buffon for an illustration of this *growing* evil in our midst; for, when they wield their brush to pictorially invite the unwary into that worse than lion's den—the public-house—it would so completely throw folks off their guard as to the deadly nature of the evil spirit within, if they gave a typical existence

of so innocent a type to this treacherous tempter to the tipplers' temple, in the form of that well-known vagrant of the soil to which I have referred. This peaceful inhabitant of our meadows and lanes never yet struck terror into the hearts of our little ones, for although a lion, it is, in the *main*, quite different to the merciless quadruped of Southern Africa; in fact, it is cast in another mould entirely. Yet, though so peaceful, the dandelion is wild (for all dandies, you know, are a little wild at times). When the young dandy of the period enters the "British Lion," to spend half-an-hour and half-a-crown, he is generally as harmless as the many-leaved beauty of green and gold to which I have alluded. But mark the change, for as the last stroke of twelve echoes through the midnight air, this British dandy, in the *flower* of his youth, the lion of his party, *leaves*, and *stalks* forth into the deserted street, disturbing the peace of the whole neighbourhood by the uproarious mirthfulness of his Bacchanalian ditties. To what class does he now belong? It is quite certain that Linnæus will not have anything to say to him; perhaps Buffon can assign him a place amongst the roaring monsters of the African forest. What are the chief characteristics of the lion? He is fierce, cruel, and prodigiously strong. Can we not truthfully apply these words to those maddening compounds sold within those modern lions' dens known as public-houses? Does not the drink sold at the "British Lion" too often transform those who drink it into wild beasts of more than African



cruelness? The lion is noted also for his pluck. Spend your spare time, and money that you really can't spare, in the "British Lion," and you will not only lose all your pluck, but find yourself plucked of everything worth possessing. What long, sad *tales* these domestic lions drag before the public in our newspaper columns. What pictures of misery! The poor famished lioness trying to soothe her *empty cub* near an *empty cub-board*. Let me urge you all never to enter the den of this alcoholic lion. Be not deceived by the moderate-drinking Daniels in our midst, who boast that they can fraternise with this rapacious monster, and yet come forth from his deadly cavern unscathed. Don't believe a word of it. The public-house is a den that surrounds with danger *all* who visit it. Working-men: Why help the "British Lion" to do a

"*roaring trade*," when you have little ones at home who are *roaring for bread*? Young men, here is a fine field of usefulness for the employment of your leisure time. Help us in our efforts against this wild beast in disguise, who spares neither age, sex, nor rank. When you see a British Lion in town, or a Dandelion in the country, may you remember something that I have said. Why do many young men look so *seedy*? Why are so many cut down in the *flower* of their youth? This *desply-rooted* evil, Strong Drink, is the chief cause. Then *bough* no more before it, but, with the hand of abstinence, pull it up by the roots, and, by implanting temperance truths in the minds of the people, help the drink-cursed slaves that disgrace our nation to turn over a *new leaf*. Any one wishing to join our *branch*, can do so before he *leaves*.

## WHISPERS TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ENJOY A HAPPY LIFE.

By REV. BENJAMIN SMITH, Author of "Sunshine in the Kitchen,"  
"Gems Reset," &c.

### WHISPER VII.—MAINTAIN SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

THERE was great rejoicing throughout Great Britain on the First of August, 1834. The people had at length made up their minds that slavery should be utterly abolished throughout our colonies, as it had long been banished from the home country, and that they would pay twenty millions sterling as the ransom of the eight hundred thousand slaves to be liberated, so that the owners should have nothing to complain of. There was general exultation in this land, while the jubilation was, of course, immense throughout the West Indies and other colonies. Good William Cowper's dream, which he dreamed while intensely awake, was at length realised—

"That Britannia, renowned o'er the waves  
For the hatred she ever has shown  
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,  
Is resolved to have none of her own."

Since that day we have never ceased to boast quietly or rapturously, according to circumstances, that a slave can no more breathe beneath our flag in distant climes than in England. His fetters melt, and he is free.

But is it not possible for people to be slaves and not know it? Certain Jews when reproved by Christ, and exhorted by Him to receive the truth that they



might be made free, replied: "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man." Yet it was undeniable that a Roman Governor, sustained by Roman soldiers, was supreme in Jerusalem and throughout Judea; and that the Emperor and Senate at Rome appointed or recalled the chief magistrate at their pleasure, and changed his title from "king," to "tetrarch," or "governor," at their will. Besides, it was also evident that the Jews were serfs in a far worse sense. They were brought into dire bondage by various sins, to their shame and hurt, yet knew it not; or, at any rate, would not confess their thralldom. Most likely, Englishmen would discover the change if the Czar of Russia or the Emperor of Germany were to displace our sovereign and substitute a viceroy. But we fear that there are myriads of Britons who are in a state of abject slavery. It matters very little that they are so far self-governed that they can give a vote at Parliamentary elections whether or not they have learning and sense enough to read a name printed, and mark a cross against the name of the man of their choice. Household suffrage, or manhood suffrage, will not ensure freedom of soul. A man may be a slave while loudly singing "Rule Britannia!" The man is certainly a slave if drunk at the time he is singing. All slavery is evil, yet are there some forms which are more disgraceful than others.

*Slavery that is bad.* In the days of the English Plantagenets a Greek prince reigned over the island of Cyprus. To compensate for the limited character of his dominions, this prince, whose name was Isaac, assumed the title of Emperor. He was subject to evil passions; and once when a ship, in which two princesses happened to be sailing, was driven by stress of weather near his coast, he acted in a very hardhearted manner. No doubt the Emperor Isaac had often been cruel to others, and yet had himself experienced no pain. In this instance, however, he had blundered. One of the ladies was the bride of Richard, the lion-hearted King of England. Richard himself landed in Cyprus shortly afterwards. He took Isaac prisoner, and loaded him with chains. When the King of England was afterwards told that the emperor complained of the indignity thus done to him by being put in irons like a slave or common malefactor, Richard caused some fetters of silver to be made, and Isaac to be fastened by these. It seems that the wounded vanity of the Emperor of Cyprus was considerably relieved by this arrangement. But he remained a prisoner still, bereft of his authority and his comfort, and at the mercy of his captor. There are many hearts held in most deplorable bondage by silver fetters. To them the chief end of life is to acquire money, and to spend a portion thereof in securing their own personal gratification. They are strangers to the highest form of happiness, and frequently become the slaves of the chosen idol so fully as to become utterly miserable. Money fairly earned, and used according to God's revealed will, may ensure large blessedness to the man who so earns and uses. But beware of silver fetters.

*Slavery that is worse.* A few years ago there was in the town of Rotherham, and possibly in other places, considerable difference of opinion as to the conveyance of prisoners from the court-house of that town to the railway station at Masbrough. If the prisoners who had been convicted before the magistrates at Rotherham, or those committed by them for trial, had to be taken to Wakefield, they must go thither from Masbrough. They had, therefore, to traverse a distance of half a mile through public streets. In most cases there was a large number of onlookers, as the time was well known. The question was, ought they to walk, as hitherto, or ride at the public expense? Was the exposure to general scorn



any part of the sentence? Was it not manifestly unfair to those who were only as yet committed to the sessions for trial? In any case was the effect of such display likely to be beneficial to the prisoners, or to others? The feeling on this subject was intensified because of the need to use handcuffs. The number of police which could be told off as guards was small. There might be several prisoners. In the crowd, mingling with the jeerers, were, most likely, many sympathisers; escape, therefore, would be easy, if the captives were unfettered. But it was manifest that men and women must feel it a great disgrace to walk through the crowded streets chained together like galley slaves. Economy, however, prevailed. The expense of providing a van or cabs was too great. So the prisoners must walk; and, if ashamed of the iron bracelets, must hide them as far as possible beneath coat-cuff or shawl. Those iron fetters had no gilding. Their repulsiveness appeared in all its hatefulness. Multitudes have iron fetters on the soul. There is nothing ornamental in the case of those who have been led into the ways of dishonesty, and have discovered the difficulty of escaping therefrom when they have unhappily entered therein. They are idle, and dissolute, and without character, and cannot, without vast self-denial, escape from misery. Beware of those fetters of iron.

*Slavery that is worst.* We read in that wondrous and ancient poem, "The Odyssey of Homer," that after the destruction of Troy, the Greek prince Ulysses and some of his followers left the scene of their toils and conflicts, sufferings and exploits, to return home to Ithaca. While voyaging, these heroes were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened to be to them more fatal than the weapons of the Trojans. Having survived the perils of the ten years' siege, it seemed they were to perish by drowning. They were, however, eventually cast upon an island with which they were entirely unacquainted. This island was, according to the fable, the abode of the Enchantress Circe. She succeeded in enticing some of the shipwrecked heroes to her palace. There she feasted them with apparent hospitality, but really with treacherous and cruel purpose. Circe gave to her guests abundance of food and wine. They eagerly partook of both, especially of the wine. When they had become intoxicated they were entirely in her power. By her magical and hellish arts she transformed them into swine, and drove them into a huge sty prepared for their reception. Her spells, however, left them the consciousness of men, though in outward appearance they were swine. The Enchantress Circe then found a demon-like delight in watching their misery. Her triumph, however, was not allowed to last. The prudent Ulysses had not yielded to her blandishments. He was divinely taught how to release his unhappy companions from their terrible serfdom. How are the myriads of our countrymen, who, though still possessing the consciousness of men have been degraded by strong drink into swine, to be delivered from the cruel and fatal serfdom? Keep your pledge, and so maintain spiritual freedom!

### BROKEN YOWS.

BRIGHT was the glad June morning, balmy the perfumed air,  
Birds sang their sweetest carols, sunshine was everywhere;  
Kissing the leafy tree tops,—gilding the old church vane,  
Pouring in streams of glory through each rich-coloured pane;  
Standing before that altar, there in God's holy house,  
Beauty and noble manhood pledge their fond nuptial vows.





"Clasped hands, and want-pinched features,  
Shrinking from murderous blow."—page 117.



Solemn the words outgushing warm from each glowing heart,  
 Thine, only thine for ever "*until Death does part.*"  
 And they meant it; yes, they meant it; on earth they loved beside  
 Nought as they loved each other, that bridegroom and that bride;  
 A solemn benediction upon their young heads fell,  
 And they went to meet life bravely, those two that loved so well.

Another glad June morning,—the anniversary day  
 Of that just faintly pictured, long years since passed away;  
 See, in that wretched home, that form with grief-stamped brow,  
 Clapsed hands and want-pinched features, shrinking from murderous blow;  
 And that blow descending on her from the bridegroom of that day,  
 Whose wild eyes glare with fierceness like the tiger on its prey.  
 Ah! it is she! that fair bride, now the drunkard's hapless wife;  
 No summer sun shall henceforth shed brightness o'er her life.  
 They had children: some his madness hath hurried to the tomb,  
 And the only one left to them is driven from his home.  
 That father hath disowned him, because he dared to say  
 "That the drink had darkened home and swept all their joy away."  
 By Providence safe guided, the lad had found new friends,  
 And to his darling mother the welcome news he sends.  
 The father, nay, the monster, saw that fond mother stand  
 Reading his precious letter, and dashed it from her hand.  
 And with clenched fist uplifted, he aims a deadly stroke  
 At that poor friendless woman, with heart now almost broke.  
 Friendless? no, never friendless! One hears her bitter cry,  
 Bright shall Heaven's morning dawn on her spirit by-and-bye;  
 And that cry with tens of thousands that daily, hourly start  
 Up from the depths unsounded of many a breaking heart,  
 Shall hasten on the coming of a brighter, purer day,  
 When our land shall see the drink-curse from its borders swept away.

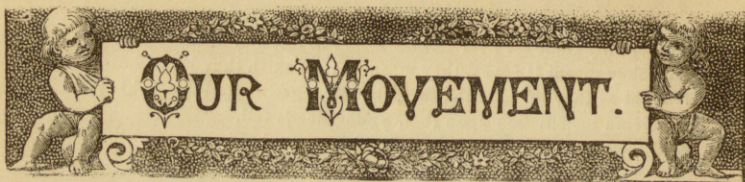
E. C. A. ALLEN.

### "I CANNOT REST."

I CANNOT rest! Around the bitter cry  
 Of dying thousands falls upon mine ear,  
 Strong drink is raging, and both far and near  
 Curses and execrations scale the sky.  
 How long, O Lord! Redemption drawing nigh  
 Tarries its chariot wheels. I long to hear  
 The shout of triumph. When shall appear  
 The sign of judgment flashing from on high?  
 O God! in mercy send a blessing down  
 On all Thy servants fighting in Thy cause,  
 Let the vast evil fall before Thy frown,  
 Let Temperance flourish fostered by wise laws,  
 And from the earth let the Drink Fiend be driven,  
 Destroy this friend of Hell, this foe of Heaven.

F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., &c.





### Band of Hope Management.

—FIFTH PAPER.—ENTERTAINMENTS.

Thus far we have considered the main features of an ordinary Band of Hope Meeting;—Chairman, Speakers, Reciters, Singers. It is found, however, that we may often materially improve the society and create fresh interest by effecting an entire change in the programme. Who does not look back with pleasure on the interest created by the exhibition of Dissolving Views, Temperance Service of Song, Prize Recital, Juvenile Tea Party, Illustrated Chemical Lecture, Prize Distribution for Sale of Publications, Out-door Processions and Galas, etc. ?

To begin with Dissolving Views. Some societies have three or more exhibitions during the winter, while others content themselves with only one. The views, when judiciously managed, are a source of considerable income to the society, and, where meetings are held weekly or fortnightly, we would commend the holding of two or three exhibitions during the winter. Fortunately most of the leading Band of Hope Unions now include in their appliances a large assortment of slides and lanterns of the most perfect construction, and societies can have these most instructive and pleasing entertainments at a small charge.

The illustrated chemical or physiological lecture is admirably adapted to demonstrate the worthlessness and injurious nature of intoxicating drinks. Some agents advertise a series of lectures on the chemical and physiological aspects, but generally the one which takes so immensely with children is

that wherein the alcohol is extracted from a glass of beer or spirits, etc. The success of such lectures depends mainly upon the ability of the agent to keep the audience thoroughly attentive and interested. All abstruse and technical phrases should, as far as possible, be avoided, and the lecture made intelligible to the capacities of children; any effort in this direction will be well rewarded, not so much by the astonishment created while the alcohol is burning, as by the conviction carried to the minds of senior members in favour of abstinence.

Concerts, Temperance Services of Song, or entertainments where music and readings are combined, supply a popular form of entertainment, and doubtless in some districts are an important help to societies. In these performances, however, where success depends on so many contingencies, the greatest judgment and care should be exercised. In preparing the programme nothing should be tolerated that might raise a blush to the cheek or offend good taste. The notion in some minds that concerts are only intended to make people laugh and "feel jolly" cannot surely be the true idea. So long as it is comparatively easy to gather from ample stores of pure music and literature, let us never degrade our platform by introducing selections of the low concert-hall and casino type. It is well to remember also that success depends not so much upon the magnitude of the choir as on the quality of the voices. Sweet, well-trained voices, blending harmoniously, strike the ear with rapture and make the audience



desire a repetition, but music that betrays parts unequally balanced, and noisy discordant voices, serve only to disgust the audience and mar the society's reputation.

Some societies set apart one or two nights each year for Prize Recitals. In some cases prizes are awarded to best reciters. In others prizes are awarded to those who have recited the largest number of pieces during the half year. This latter plan, we think, has more to commend it, for it promotes a supply of reciters at all the ordinary meetings, which is infinitely better than any special or spasmodic effort. It should be understood, however, that we do not underrate the importance of correct rendering. Our attention should be given to this at every meeting where recitations are concerned.

WILLIAM HOYLE.

(To be continued.)

**United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.**—As we were going to press we received the report of this organisation, and must be excused for not giving so full a notice as we could wish. During the past fifteen months, with an income of little more than £1,200, the Union has been instrumental in holding nearly four thousand meetings, at which nearly half a million persons, old and young, were present. County Unions have been formed for Suffolk, Essex, Surrey, Hertfordshire, and Glamorganshire. Special attention has been paid to conference work, to mission districts where the movement did not exist, or was but inadequately promoted. Vigorous effort has been put forth to influence Sunday Schools, more especially to bring temperance teaching within the scope of Sunday School lessons. The present is an eventful year in the history of this Union, as it now passes entirely from the sphere of local work and (yielding to the pressure from kindred organisa-

tions) attempts that which its name implies, the work of a national society. This change was inaugurated by the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union at a conference held in Manchester in the autumn of 1875. In perfecting the scheme, subsequent conferences were held at Birmingham and elsewhere. Ere this notice reaches our readers, the first General Council Meeting, under the new constitution, with representatives from all the county Band of Hope Unions and metropolitan auxiliaries will have been held, a report of which we hope to give in our next.

**Yorkshire Band of Hope Union.**—This large and flourishing Union has just issued its eleventh annual report. We notice with pleasure the vast amount of good work being done, and the steady increase which the Union is making. Vigorous efforts are made to mission outlying districts, and establish Bands of Hope where none existed before. This feature shows the special value and importance of Unions, and encourages the belief that the time is not far distant when every Sabbath School shall have its Band of Hope. Mr. Dyson, the agent, has attended 277 meetings during the past year. Mr. Compston, the organising secretary, has held 160 meetings, and has addressed more than 40 day schools. Pledges taken 1,760. Number of new Bands of Hope formed 47. Total number in connection 413. Estimated total membership 50,000. Our Yorkshire friends display an amount of zeal and persevering devotion to the good work that might be followed by other Unions with advantage. We regret to find, however, the income for the past year was only £409. Of course this sum is entirely inadequate to meet the demands of an immense district like Yorkshire. We trust that a generous liberality will place this important Union on a sound financial basis.



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS,

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?—Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

Why is a naughty schoolboy like a postage stamp? Because he is licked and put in the corner to make him stick to his letters.

A gentleman at a public dinner-table asked the person next him if he would please pass him the mustard. "Sir," said the man, "do you *mistake* me for a waiter?"—"Oh, no, sir," was the reply, I mistook you for a gentleman."

Erskine puzzled the wits of his acquaintance by inscribing on a tea chest the words, "*Tu doces*." It was some time before they found out the wit of this in the literal translation—"Thou teachest." (Thou tea-chest.)

Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—it's a human privilege."

When Madge was a very little girl her father found her chubby hands full of blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of those flowers without leave?" "Yes papa," said Madge, innocently, "but all these had leaves."

"You have been a good scholar in your day, Ned; quite conversant with book-keeping, I presume?"—"No, sir, I can't say that I am; what makes you ask that question?" "Why, because you have no less than a dozen of my books; but not one of them returned, owing to your book-keeping abilities."

Better break your word than do worse by keeping it.

The largest room in the world is the "room for improvement."

Dare to be good, though the world laugh at you.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at the last.

The three most difficult things are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

The road ambition travels is often too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

If every one who used intoxicating drinks was certain to become a drunkard, people would just as soon stir a barrel of gunpowder with a red-hot poker as touch any of it.

### DEFINITIONS.

GOUT.—Sometimes the father's sin visited upon the child, but more often the child of our own sins visiting its father.

HAPPINESS.—A blessing often missed by those who run after pleasure, and generally found by those who suffer pleasure to run after them.

DRAM.—A small quantity taken in large quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

ECONOMY.—A pauper without a parish; whom no one will own or adopt, unless compelled by necessity.



## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES,

AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER VII.—THE BARRISTER'S STORY.

**I** ARTHUR HUTCHINSON, had been indulging myself that morning, as was too often my wont, in idle day-dreams and reminiscences—my only cause must be that I was almost a briefless barrister. My mind had reverted to my own history, a history not by any means without interest to me, though I cannot expect that it would have much interest for other people. I had been recalling my indulged happy boyhood, my worthy old friend to whom I was articled for the study of the profession of the law; then I recalled the loss of my father's property, followed by his death and the necessity of my engaging directly my articles were served, in some remunerative employment; next came those two or three not unhappy years amongst the dear boys in Mr. Barrett's school. And at that point, one young face seemed to rise before me more than any other young face, bright with gay spirits, beautiful with intelligence and affection, and, as I last saw it, prematurely shaded by the cloud of sorrow that had suddenly swept over it. Had I done what I meant to have done when we parted for Ronald Clayton? Certainly, no. Had I proved the true friend to the dear little lad which I had professed myself to be, and never more than that morning, in the midst of his sorrow? But was this my fault? I had lost sight of him utterly; if he had been buried with his poor father he could not more completely have vanished from my ken. He had never written a line to tell me his fate or his plans.

Before this vision of my favourite scholar had disappeared from my mental sight, and while his merry laugh in our snowballing game that last morning on the frosty snow-paved playground seemed still to ring in my ears, my clerk tapped at my door, and put his head in to announce that a gentleman had called to see me.

"Show him in, Thorpe," said I, and Thorpe presently ushered my new client into my presence.

"Good morning sir," I said. "Pray be seated."

"Thank thee, my friend," said he, and threw himself into a chair with an air of dejection and weariness that did not well harmonise with the light, agile figure, and scarcely elderly face. "I am come on very unpleasant business; I have a dear boy, a nephew, the son of a very favourite sister and he has been arrested this morning on a charge of murder. I don't believe the boy is guilty, not a bit of it; still there is the drink to be thought about in the matter. We can never tell what the most innocent and guileless of mortals will do when possessed by that demon. My friend, the lawyer, to whom I have been on his behalf, to instruct him to undertake the case from the first if he is committed; and to speak what words may be necessary for him to-day, tells me thou art a teetotaler—is that true?"

"I am making a trial of the principle of total abstinence" I answered, "and I am too fully convinced of its truth ever to resort to the use of stimulants again. Besides, I feel that there is great danger for a barrister going on circuit, that he will



be tempted to excess, and anything like excess would be ruinous to a man who has his own way to make."

"Ah!" The interjection was a sigh of exceeding relief. "Then at least, if it comes to a trial, thou wilt conduct our case with thy head cool from strong drink, thy brain steady, and all thy perceptions alive."

"I could easily promise that much," said I, hardly knowing what to make of my new client; "but we will hope I shall not be required. Supposing that should unhappily not be the case, I have yet to learn the particulars, and unless my conscience is convinced the lad is innocent of the crime with which he is charged, I could but plead indifferently for him. I am poor, and shall be glad to accept a brief; but I hold that no Christian can tell a lie for any client."

"I like and respect that honesty in thee," returned the gentleman, whose countenance expressed varied emotions, sorrowful perplexity uppermost. "But my poor boy; his own account of matters seems to me so very confused, I doubt whether he will not himself damage his cause."

"What is your nephew's name, sir?"

"My poor boy is this Ronald Clayton, whose name is in the papers this morning as having been taken up on suspicion——"

I interrupted him with an exclamation of surprise and horror, that was by no means in keeping with professional calmness and coolness.

"Sir, I have not seen the papers—I mean I have only glanced at their foreign news. What have I been thinking about not to know of this murder? I beg your pardon; did you say Ronald Clayton? why it can never be my boy, my old scholar, my dear boy Ronald."

Mutual explanations ensued, and in a few words I was put in possession of the chief facts in the life of the dear lad since I had lost sight of him. But there was no time for further parley, save that I rung Dr. Stapleton's hand, and pledged myself that if that young life so dear to both of us was in jeopardy, I would plead his innocence if possible, and if not possible, his youth, his inexperience, his temptations, and his provocations—that I would plead as a man pleadeth for his friend. We hastened at once to the magistrate's court, which was crowded. I knew some of the officials, and Ronald's uncle and myself were provided with seats. The case had not yet begun—a few of the numerous "drunk and disorderly" cases were being heard and summarily settled, with the monotonous "five shillings and costs, or seven days," varied occasionally by a sentence of imprisonment without the option of a fine.

Perhaps when our morals are purer, and the Christianity of our government more genuine, we shall know that these days of licensing men to tempt others, and punishing the tempted who fall, were a mere mockery of that holy religion which teaches us to put stumbling-blocks out of the way of our brothers' feet. The name "Ronald Clayton" was next read by the magistrate's clerk from his list, and "Ronald Clayton!" was echoed by the policeman down the steps leading to the cells below. There was a little stir of excitement as there emerged thence a tall, handsome looking youth; but alas! a youth who bore marks of youthful dissipation. Hours of agony and suspense had made him very pallid and very nervous, as one could see by the tightly clasped hands and the twitching fingers. For some minutes he kept his eyes cast down, only answering to his name in a low, subdued voice, which yet, the stillness being so complete, could be heard plainly throughout the court.



"Ronald Clayton. Is that your name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Residing at Clayton House Bradford Street—is that true?"

"Yes, sir."

Once, after he had been in the court some time, Ronald glanced around it wearily. He caught sight of Dr. Stapleton and myself; the doctor's eyes were full of tears as they met the humble appealing gaze of his poor young nephew. I thought Ronald looked puzzled when he saw me, and that he looked at me anxiously, but he soon turned his face again to the magistrate's bench. The chief facts of the case that came out in evidence were these:—The body of Nicholas Clayton, the ironfounder, Ronald's uncle, with whom he lived, and against whom it could be proved he entertained considerable ill-feeling, was found on a bank beside a canal. The body bore marks of extreme violence, and had also been evidently submerged in the water. The red pocket-book belonging to Ronald, the gift of his uncle Stapleton, and the chief circumstantial evidence of his probable guilt, had been discovered lying beside the dead man on the bank, and was also wet and clammy with apparent submersion.

One witness who was called made quite a sensation in the court, and quite an impression too upon every one who heard her evidence. I never observed so manifest a conflict as was evident in her answers, between a strict regard to truth and the inclination of her mind and bias of her heart. She was a young woman only a few years older than the accused, with a pleasant, kind face. The first few answers, given without the slightest reluctance, informed us that her name was Zenobia Spencer, and that she lived as maid-of-all-work in the family of the dead man. She had resided there "going" seven years, and remembered Ronald Clayton coming there to live about four and a-half years ago. She remembered it more particularly because of the talk as to which attic he should occupy, and also because she was instructed by her mistress to call him "Ronald," and on no account "Master Ronald," or "Master Clayton." Being asked what she remembered of the night of the 12th of July in regard to Ronald Clayton, she said she recollected that he came home about nine o'clock.

"Did you see him?"

"Yes sir."

"How did he look?"

"Well, he looked rather dusty and flurried." This was said reluctantly.

"Did you speak to him?"

"Yes sir."

"And he to you?"

"Yes sir, a little."

"What did you talk about? Repeat the conversation."

"She would," she said "as near as she could recall it. She had remarked to him about his looks, and advised him to have some warm water and bathe himself."

"You were particularly careful of this young man, I should think. Was he bruised, that you recommended warm water?"

"Yes, you can see that now, sir," she said, turning quickly round to the dock and the prisoner, "that bruise upon the right cheek; it was bleeding last night, and I advised him to bathe it."

"Did you notice any blood upon his clothes?"

"No sir," very decidedly.



"Did he accept your advice?"

"He refused the water, but I took it to him as he was going upstairs; he said he was tired, and would go to bed at once."

"Was that all you said to him?"

"No sir."

"What else?"

"I asked him if he had seen the master; the mistress had a party, and wanted him."

People leaned forward anxiously to hear what Ronald had answered her; but she paused, and great tears filled her eyes and trickled slowly down over her face.

"Well, what answer did he give?"

"He said, 'How should I, we are not likely to meet' and went on upstairs."

Ronald had covered his face with his hands, and the girl was crying bitterly.

"And what do you call that?" asked her questioner.

"A lie, sir;" she said unflinchingly. Her own grand honesty was majestic, because so unconsciously displayed.

"And why should he tell you, who were so kind to him, a lie?"

"For the same reason that we all sin, sir, because he was tempted, and yielded."

There was a moment's stillness before the next question. "Had you any suspicion that he had done something wrong?"

"I had, sir; but I don't believe, I'll never believe, that Ronald would murder anybody."

"Is there any love affair between you, that you take such an interest in him, and put such faith in a youth so accused?"

The question was asked with a slight sneer, which did no credit to the heart of the questioner. The answer he received was as simple and straightforward as all the others had been:

"Nothing of the sort, sir. I look upon Ronald more as a brother. I've been engaged this long time."

Her evidence had been terribly damaging to the young prisoner; she felt it and knew it, and went away sad at heart. Of course, he was committed for trial at the ensuing Warwick assizes. Mr. Lee, the attorney whom his uncle Stapleton had engaged, worked up the case perseveringly; we were both determined not to let any particle of evidence escape which could throw light on the real murderer, or tell in the poor boy's favour.

Dr. Stapleton looked prematurely old and dreadfully worn and haggard; he was at Mr. Lee's office and my chambers continually, content to sit there quietly, if we would only let him hear and know that we were thinking of or doing something for his boy. When he wasn't there, he hovered about the prison where Ronald was confined, seeking admission whenever that was possible.

I can never forget the first time I met Ronald in private. I went alone to his prison, for I preferred that he should feel as free as possible to confide in me.

"Ronald, you won't mind an old friend undertaking your cause for you?" said I, when I was shown into his cell.

"'Tis on Mr. Hutchinson, I knew it," he said, but he crouched on his pallet far from me.

"Why, dear lad" said I, "there was a time when you did not keep at such a



distance from me as you do now ;" and I held open my arms to him, he flung himself wildly into them and broke down utterly. Love opens the heart. As I sat beside him tracing the features and the ways of my dear little Ronald, he poured out the whole story of his life, concealing nothing of moment in the history of that terrible summer evening which had led him to the prison and might also lead him to the most dreadful and shameful death. And how that poor young being full of life shuddered as he said this, and thought of the gallows-tree.

"Oh, Mr. Hutchinson!" he exclaimed piteously; he wasn't seventeen, remember and he clung to my arm tightly, as his eyes gazed into mine, as if they would read my very thoughts: "do you believe you can get me off from *death*? You used to get me off from punishment sometimes," he pleaded, "in the dear old innocent days at Mr. Barrett's, but can you now?"

"Ronald," I answered, rising to pace his cell, unable any longer to meet that searching gaze, knowing that I might, after all, be his unsuccessful advocate, "I believe you innocent of the crime of murder. That belief will help me more than anything else to plead for you as I would like to plead, but I will not be so cruel as to buoy you up with false hopes. The best preparation you can possibly make for the verdict, whatever that may be, is to humble yourself for your sins, and to pray fervently for forgiveness. And beware of priding yourself on your innocence of the crime of which you are accused. Let us both always remember, dear lad, that we cannot weigh our sins in God's just balances, and that the least we have committed must separate us from Him for ever, save for His mercy in Christ."

*(To be continued.)*

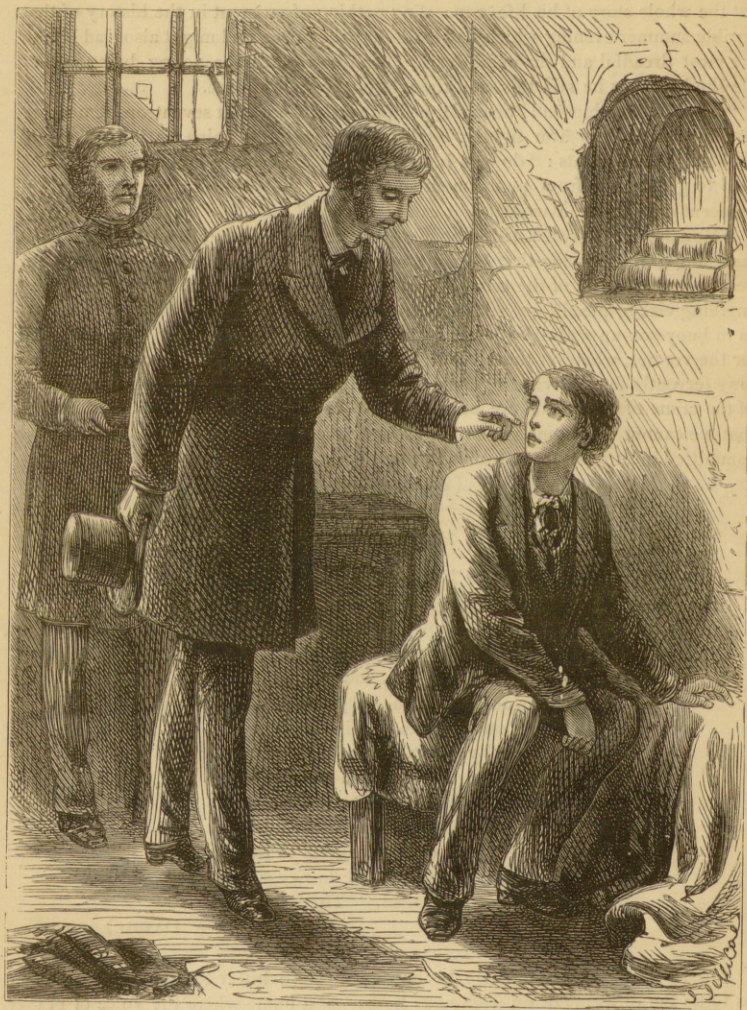
### "IS THERE A GOD?"

"Is there a God?" Go ask it of the stars,  
Which sweep in silence through unmeasured space;  
Behold them as they roll their fiery cars,  
Each one unerringly in its own place.  
Or ask it of the glorious sun, and he  
Methinks would laugh the very doubt to scorn;  
Then pointing out his planet-train to thee,  
Would ask "By whom am I, with these upborne?"  
Or turn and breathe thy question in the air,  
And hear replies from zephyrs o'er the lea;  
Look round upon the spreading landscape fair,  
And mark the answer Nature gives to thee.  
For thou, on starry heavens and flow'ry sod,  
Alike may'st see and read, "There is a God."

DAVID LAWTON.

HOME TRAINING.—If there be one curse more bitter to men than another it is to be the offspring of an irreligious home—of a home where the voice of prayer and praise ascends not to God, and where the ties of human affection are not purified and elevated by the refining influence of a religious feeling. Such homes send forth their sons unchecked in evil thoughts, unhallowed in their habits, uncontrolled in their passions, and untaught in love to God and affection to their nearest and dearest connections in life.





"Ronald, you won't mind an old friend undertaking your cause for you?"—page 124.





## I.—ENIGMA.

I give pain and joy and sorrow ;  
 Here to-day and gone to-morrow.  
 I'm sharp and quick, and low and high,  
 Upon the earth, and in the sky.  
 And though I'm rough, and rude, and  
     wild,  
 I am so gentle and so mild,  
 That I can kiss the smiling child.  
 And yet I'm often known to be  
 So furiously wildly free,  
 That none can tame or conquer me.  
 I sigh, and howl, and shriek, and  
     moan,  
 And from my caverns send a groan.  
 Sometimes I run till out of breath,  
 Then a deep sigh precedes my death ;  
 But when I die none need complain,  
 For I shall surely rise again.  
 I'm warm, and fresh, and hot, and  
     cold,  
 And ever young and never old ;  
 And yet I was in days of yore,  
 And shall remain till Time's no more.  
 I call on friends, but never stay,  
 For I'm obliged to run away ;  
 And sometimes at the things I've done  
 Good men are shocked, but off I run.  
 Then like a gentleman well bred,  
 I raise the hat from off the head ;  
 And I am with the lady fair,  
 Parting her golden flowing hair.  
 And then whene'er you run a race  
 I'm sure to meet you face to face.  
 The sturdy boys can hear me sigh,  
 And gentle girls know when I die,  
 For then the flowers and trees are still,  
 And silence reigns upon the hill.

But all the wise men cannot show  
 From whence I come nor where I go.  
 So, when I gently rise again,  
 A freshness comes o'er hill and plain ;  
 And ever with my whisper voice  
 I make the vales and streams rejoice :  
 But, when my loudest notes arise,  
 They equal thunders of the skies ;  
 Yet I can sing in tones so mild  
 As to delight a little child.

JABEZ INWARDS.

## 2.—CHARADE.

My *first* can make my *second* long and  
     warm,  
 And bring the roses to the cheek of  
     earth ;  
 Yet it can likewise do a deal of harm  
 Or fill the bosom with a gentle mirth.  
 My *second* comes a hundred times a year  
 Before my *first* has left its glowing  
     pillow ;  
 Its shining face the drooping heart can  
     cheer,  
 Or show to sailors the tempestuous  
     billow.  
 My *whole's* a weekly but a sacred token,  
 Yet some in estimation hold it mean ;  
 Though it is precious it is often broken,  
 And the lost fragments never more  
     are seen.

G. J. BELL.

## 3.—TRANSPOSITION.

TAKE the heart out of a subterfuge,  
 and you will have a magistrate ; erase  
 a letter and you will have an animal ;  
 transpose and you have a lyric com-  
     position.

G. J. BELL.



## 4.—HISTORICAL QUOTATION ENIGMA.

TAKE the *first* and *eighth* letters of the name of a man who was chosen perpetual dictator of Rome; but, trampling upon the liberties of the Roman people, fell by the hands of assassins, led by one of his friends.

The *eighth* and *twelfth* of a man who, in consequence of a hasty expression of the king, was murdered by four knights in St. Benedict's chapel.

The *fourth* of a queen of whom it is said she led a life of indulgence with her favourites, little sanctioned by most Protestant historians; still, with all her faults, we must not forget how much of the cause of progress we owe to her. When she came to the throne England was only a second rate kingdom, but she left it at least as one of the first.

The *second* and *sixth* of a centurion in the Roman army, who killed his own daughter to prevent her falling a sacrifice to the villany of Appius Claudius.

The *first* of a prime minister who, before he died, said, "If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have forsaken me in my grey hairs."

The *first* and *fourteenth* of one whose dying words to those in attendance upon him were, "Have I played my part well? if so, applaud me."

The *first* of a prince who was treacherously murdered by his general and distinguished friend.

The *tenth* of one who, when led in triumph through Rome, exclaimed "How is it possible that a people possessed of such magnificence at home, should envy me a humble cottage in Britain?"

*These letters when they are selected,  
And in order stand connected,  
Name one whose works with interest  
    fraught*

*Are by our young with ardour sought*

MARIE.

## 5.—GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

J.

A TOWN in Spain, with a castle.

A county in the east of England.

A town in Dorsetshire, famous for its salmon fishery.

A town in Northamptonshire, situated on the Iren.

A village in Gloucestershire, where several Roman antiquities have been discovered.

A town in France, noted for the cutting of false diamonds.

The country seat of a member of the royal family.

A town of Tennessee.

A city of France which once stood a memorable siege against the English.

The capital of Prussian Poland.

A town of Switzerland, noted for its salt rocks.

Y.

The central letters of the above will give the name of one of the earliest Temperance advocates.

FRANCES.

## 6.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

My *first* is in never,

My *second* in ever,

My *third* is seen in winking;

My *fourth* is in cat,

My *fifth* is in rat,

My *sixth* you'll find in slinking.

My *seventh* is in trouble,

My *eighth* is in bubble,

My *ninth* is found in pencil;

My *tenth* is in how,

My *eleventh* in now,

My *twelfth* you have in stencil.

My *thirteenth* is in Teddy,

My *fourteenth* in Neddy,

My last please find in kitten;

And very well known

Is my whole you'll own,

As a town in the North of Britain

J. R. IBBERSON.



## 7.—CHARADE.

A VENOMOUS serpent is my first,  
 It also is a tree ;  
 Most people like my last revers'd  
 In a good cup of tea.  
 A vowel now insert between,  
 An esculent plant will then be seen.  
 A. SUTCLIFFE.

## 8.—ENIGMA.

FORM'D half beneath and half above  
 the earth,  
 We sisters owe to art a second birth ;  
 The smith's and carpenter's adopted  
 daughters  
 Made on the earth to travel o'er the  
 waters ;  
 Swifter we move as tighter we are  
 bound,  
 Yet neither touch the water, air, nor  
 ground ;  
 We serve the poor for use, the rich for  
 whim,  
 Sink when it rains, and when it freezes  
 swim.

E. HILLARD.

## 9.—DECAPITATION.

I'M not an archer though I use the  
 bow,  
 I'm often found to please both high  
 and low ;  
 Behead, transpose, and now to your  
 surprise,  
 You'll see me stand before your  
 wond'ring eyes.

W. H. EDDY.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ON PAGES 107 &amp; 108.

1. Jabez Inwards. 2. Brest-rest<sup>1</sup>  
 3. Paper-pear-rape-ape pea.  
 4. Alpaca. 5. Marigold-Primrose.  
 6. Spring.

7. LONGFELLOW. { L une  
                               O nyx  
                               N athan  
                               G nat  
                               F lute  
                               E mu  
                               L ion  
                               L aunceston  
                               O range  
                               W hale  
 9. Sherbet. Thebes.

8. WILLIAM TWEEDIE. { W elcom E  
                               I sh I  
                               L au D  
                               L ov E  
                               I dl E  
                               A rro W  
                               M eri T.

A LITTLE GIRL'S  
PRAYER.

A LITTLE Band of Hope girl, six years  
 old, whose father was a sad drunkard,  
 and whose mother, through want and  
 suffering, was weak and sickly, recently  
 told her Sabbath-school teacher, in  
 answer to her inquiry about her  
 father, that she prayed every night,  
 "O Lord, make father sober, and  
 mother strong ;" and gave, as a reason,  
 that a little girl once prayed in the  
 hearing of her drunken father, and he  
 became sober. "Mine," said she, "has  
 not become sober yet, but you know  
 God will make him." Many children  
 suffer like this little girl. Go, and pray  
 earnestly to God as she does, and be  
 certain like her that he will hear you.

## A NOBLE YOUTH.

SOME years ago a youth, being the  
 youngest apprentice in a large engi-  
 neer's establishment, had to go errands  
 for others ; one part of which was to  
 procure them ardent spirits, of which  
 they drank every day. But the youth  
 never drank any himself. The others  
 laughed and ridiculed him, because, as  
 they said, he was "*not man enough to  
 drink rum.*" Under their abuse he  
 often retired, and vented his grief in  
 tears. But now, *every one* of these  
 apprentices, except himsel, is a  
 drunkard, or in a drunkard's grave.  
 He is now owner of a large estate,  
 which he has acquired by his indus-  
 try, and has now many workmen in  
 his employ.



# DASH IT DOWN!

R. LOWRY.

1. There's a de-mon in the glass, Dash it down! With a

Dash it down!

KEY B $\flat$ ,

{	: s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>	d .d :d .d  d	: t <sub>1</sub> .l <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :—  —	: s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>
	: m <sub>1</sub> .m <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> .m <sub>1</sub> :m <sub>1</sub> .m <sub>1</sub>  m <sub>1</sub>	: s <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> :—  —	: m <sub>1</sub> .m <sub>1</sub>
2. There's a sting be-neath its smile, Dash it down! And it					
{	: d .d	s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>  s <sub>1</sub>	: d .d	d :d .d  d	: d .d
	: d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub> :d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub>  d <sub>1</sub>	: d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub> :d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub>  d <sub>1</sub>	: d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub>
3. All its mirth is but a snare, Dash it down! Dash it down! And its					

chain of tri-ple brass, Dash it down! There is many a bosom's throe, And a

Dash it down!

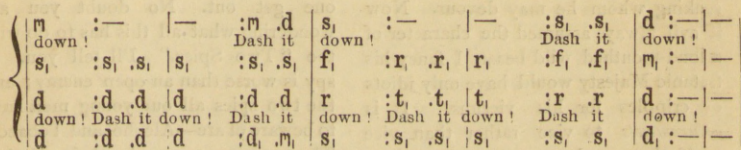
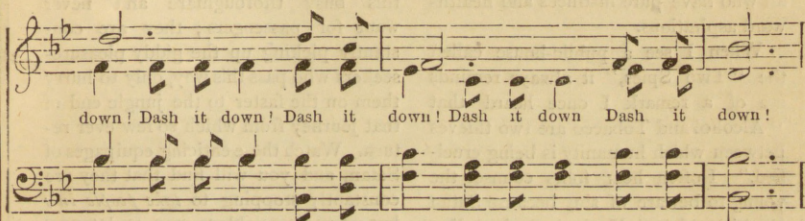
{	l <sub>1</sub> .l <sub>1</sub> :l <sub>1</sub> .l <sub>1</sub>  l <sub>1</sub>	: s <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> :—  —	: m <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>  s <sub>1</sub>	: s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>
	f <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub> :f <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub>  f <sub>1</sub>	: m <sub>1</sub> .r <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub> :—  —	: d <sub>1</sub> .r <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> .m <sub>1</sub> :m <sub>1</sub> .m <sub>1</sub>  m <sub>1</sub>	: m <sub>1</sub> .m <sub>1</sub>
sparkles to be-guile, Dash it down! While it of-fers to de-fend, And it						
{	d .d :d .d  d	: d .s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>  s <sub>1</sub>	: s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>	d .d :d .d  d	: d .d
	f <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub> :f <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub>  f <sub>1</sub>	: s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub> :d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub>  d <sub>1</sub>	: d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub> :d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub>  d <sub>1</sub>	: d <sub>1</sub> .d <sub>1</sub>
prom-iss are a-v, Dash it down! Dash it down! And its laugh becomes a grin, And its						

world of bit-ter woe, Ly-ing un-derneath its flow, Dash it down! Dash it down! Dash it

{	l <sub>1</sub> .l <sub>1</sub> :l <sub>1</sub> .l <sub>1</sub>  l <sub>1</sub>	: l <sub>1</sub> .l <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub> .t <sub>1</sub> :t <sub>1</sub> .t <sub>1</sub>  d	: r .m	r :s  —	: s .f
	f <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub> :f <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub>  f <sub>1</sub>	: f <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>  s <sub>1</sub>	: s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>  s <sub>1</sub>	: s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>
flatt-ers, as a friend, There's ru-in in the end, Dash it down! Dash it						
{	d .d :d .d  d	: d .d	r .r :r .r  d	: t <sub>1</sub> .d	t <sub>1</sub> :t <sub>1</sub> .t <sub>1</sub>  t <sub>1</sub>	: r .r
	f <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub> :f <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub>  f <sub>1</sub>	: f <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub>	r <sub>1</sub> .r <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub> .f <sub>1</sub>  m <sub>1</sub>	: r <sub>1</sub> .d	s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub> .s <sub>1</sub>  s <sub>1</sub>	: t <sub>1</sub> .t <sub>1</sub>
pleasures turn to sin, While it draws its victims in, Dash it down! Dash it down! Dash it						



## DASH IT DOWN!—continued.



## A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on "the Signs of the Times."*

BY T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.

No. 7.—"THE TWO SPIES."



JUST outside the door of a public-house is a favourite loitering place for lazy

loungers when all their money is gone. The demoralizing influence of drink upon public-house frequenters can be seen in all its deplorable variety, if we look at the listless, muddle-brained loafers in semi-seedy attire so often seen hovering around the public-house door, and who are so ashamed of their idle hands, they thrust them into their pockets out of sight. There they stand publicly proclaiming to every passer by, the nastiness and impurity of their habits and lives by the noxious clouds of smoke they are emitting from their beer-smelling mouths; for it is difficult to believe that any sane man who loves personal cleanliness and desires to be the loved companion of women and children, could ever consent to so befoul his person, to the injury of his health, and the



belittlement of himself in the eyes of all who have pure instincts and healthward aspirations.

When I see a public-house called the "Two Spies," it always reminds me of a remark I once heard that "Alcohol and Tobacco are two thieves between which humanity is being crucified." I often hear folks counsel the young to beware of sin, because Satan is going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Now if evil always assumed the character of a loud-mouthed wild beast, I fancy his Satanic Majesty would have only idiots or cripples for his victims. It is *allurements* to vice rather than vice itself that we have to guard against. It is the *haunts* of the wild beast that we should avoid. None need be told to avoid drunkenness (for all hate it); but moderate drinking, for it is that which yields such a fascinating power over so many.

Moderate drinking is not a wild beast; every one would fear it, if it were; but in a certain sense it is something worse, viz.: *the path of danger* that leads to the wilds and jungles of drunkenness, which are the native haunts, the common prowling ground, of monsters more to be feared than even a roaring lion. Am I addressing any who are thoughtlessly sauntering along this dangerous road? If so, perhaps I may be met with the reply, "I have never seen any jungles or wild beasts! what have I to fear? Look at my grey hairs: I have walked this road all my life without meeting with any mishap." Perhaps you have. But can you tell me how many have passed you on the road? or how many have had their misgivings quieted, their doubting minds assured, by seeing you jogging along this treacherous path with so much comfort and safety? And how about those who are not content to go on *foot* as you do, for the pleasure cars of Venus and Apollo, driven by

the imps and sprites of Bacchus, crowd this busy thoroughfare and never want for passengers; they are constantly picking up the giddy pleasure-seekers who pass this way, only to hurry them on the faster to the jungle end of that journey from which so few ever return. Watch these enticing equipages of Satan, and you will find that they are constantly stopping to *take people in*; but very, very seldom stop to let anyone get out. No doubt you are wondering what all this has to do with the "Two Spies." I'll tell you. A spy is worse than an open enemy; and the two spies all our young men have to beware of are—Alcohol and Tobacco. They never approach their victims arrayed in the unsightly robes of their own pestiferous nastiness and say, We will vitiate your natural appetites, brutify your inclinations, render your blood impure, your breath offensive, impair your health, becloud your mind, make your heart heavy and your pocket light; and in return for all the time and money that you expend upon us, we will give you nothing in return but that which you would be infinitely better without. No; they come in the guise of "good creatures of God," avail themselves of every opportunity for ensnaring the unwary that the accidents or incidents of life may offer; so be on your guard, for they are two of the worst foes that ever cursed the human race. It is not in their power to do good. Their mission is one of evil. These two spies are to be found in every walk and condition of life, and in their efforts to make your acquaintance, will come armed with every excuse imaginable, and they deceive the people to such an incredible degree that on the stained and foul-smelling letters of introduction they present, you will find the names of many who are renowned for both learning and piety. They have even hoodwinked science into their service. But in spite of all that is said in their favour, never be seen in their company if you value your health, happiness, and reputation.



## "HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER."

*(From the Swedish of Z. Topelius.)*

BY W. PORTER.

WHAT I am about to relate is very short, but at the same time so remarkable, that both old and young may clearly discern how God intends father and mother should be held in reverence by their children; for filial ingratitude and disrespect to parents is one of the greatest sins, and will assuredly be severely punished, if not to-day nor to-morrow, certainly some time in the future, when the child has himself become a man.

There was once a man and his wife who had with them an aged parent, and besides some children of their own. The grandfather was grey with age, and was so weak that his hands trembled, and he could hold nothing steadily.

It happened, therefore, when he sat at table with the rest, that he could not lift the spoon to his mouth without spilling the soup upon himself. This the others thought was done from evil intention, and they tied a napkin before him, as is done round the necks of little children when they eat. But still the old man's hands trembled, and still he spilled the soup upon his clean napkin. He could not help it.

The husband and wife were hard and ungrateful. They never thought how much care and patience their parents had exercised towards them when they were themselves little and ignorant. Therefore they said angrily: "If grandfather does not give over spilling his soup, we shall make him take it in the corner."

But grandfather could not help it, he was so old. Then they set him ungratefully in the corner, and placed before him a wooden basin, and there he had to eat alone; but the husband and wife ate at the table with the best of relish.

This pained the old man much, very much, for it is hard to be despised for old age alone, and still harder to be despised by one's own children. An ungrateful heart is the heaviest burden the earth can bear.

And grandfather sat alone in the corner and wept so silently that no one saw the tears trickling down his withered cheeks and into his snow-white beard. Only God, who sees everything, saw the old man's sorrow, and those unfeeling human hearts, and He knew a means to humble the ungrateful.

One day grandfather sat as usual in the corner, the husband and wife sat at the table, and on the floor sat their little boy, four years old, cutting at a piece of wood. Then the father asked: "What are you cutting, my boy?"

The child answered: "I am making a wooden basin."

"What will you do with it?" inquired the father.

"Well," replied the boy, "when father and mother are old, I shall set them in the corner to eat out of it as grandfather does."

Husband and wife looked at each other, and God so opened their eyes that they saw their great sin and ingratitude, and it seemed to be the voice of their own conscience speaking from the child's mouth, saying: "As you have despised your father in his old age, so shall your children despise you when you have grown old."

And they fell into tears, and went to their old father in the corner, and embraced him, saying: "Forgive us, for we have done you wrong! Henceforth you shall always sit at our table, and shall there have the chief place; for now we know that we should never forget the holy and beautiful commandment, 'HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.'"



## THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

BY F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &amp;C.

## ARTICLE IV.

THE letters in the various formulæ about which we have spoken have, however, a further significance than merely to represent to us the composition of the substances, and we must clearly understand this before we proceed any farther with the consideration of the alcohols.

The atoms of the various elementary substances have not all the same weight. That is to say, that an atom of hydrogen differs in weight from an atom of oxygen, and both are different in weight from the weight of an atom of carbon or chlorine. The weight of the individual atoms of the same elementary substance is exactly alike; so that while the atoms of oxygen and hydrogen differ from each other, the atoms of oxygen are all the same weight, and the atoms of hydrogen are all the same weight, as each other. The actual weight, in parts of a grain or a pound, which a single one of these elementary atoms weighs is far too small to be conceived by the human mind, much less to be weighed in scales, and it is possible we may never know it exactly; but their relative weight, that is, how much heavier one is than the other, or the proportionate weight which they bear one to the other, we have been able to ascertain with great accuracy, and we can therefore speak of the relative weights of the atoms with as great certainty and exactness, and with as clear and definite an idea in our minds, as the astronomer can speak of the relative weights of the various planetary members of the solar system. It is a well-known law in physical science, and one which has been de-

rived from the most rigorous experimental research, that "equal volumes of all substances, when in the state of gas, and at the same temperature and pressure, always contain the same number of molecules." We have seen that the atoms and molecules (which are groups of atoms) in the same substance, are all equal in weight, and therefore what is true of a large number of these atoms or molecules, is true also of a single one, so far as proportionate weight is concerned. We have therefore only to weigh an equal volume of the gas of two different substances, under the same conditions of temperature and pressure, and we shall obtain the relative weight of the atoms or molecules of the two gases, because there is an equal number of atoms or molecules of each. Thus if the weight of an equal volume of two gases was in the one case 1 grain and in the other 16 grains, the atoms or molecules composing these two gases would differ in weight in the proportion of 1 to 16, or the atoms or molecules of the one gas would be 16 times heavier than the other. This is indeed the exact difference between an atom of hydrogen and an atom of oxygen, the oxygen atom being 16 times heavier than the hydrogen atom.

The hydrogen atom, being the lightest substance known, is used by chemists as the standard of comparison by which to measure the weight of all the other atoms. The following list will serve the purposes of this paper, but all who wish for more information on this subject will obtain a complete list for all the atoms of the elementary bodies, in any modern work on Chemistry.



Name of atom.	Relative weight.
Hydrogen ... ..	1
Carbon ... ..	12
Nitrogen... ..	14
Oxygen ... ..	16
Chlorine ... ..	35½

These relative weights are absolutely invariable, so that when any of the above atoms enter into combination they always do so in the proportion of these weights, or a simple multiple of them, if more than one atom is concerned in the operation.

Let us now look at one of our type formulæ with this knowledge before us. If we take the hydrochloric acid molecule, its formula is HCl, and these letters now not only signify to us that the molecule is composed of one atom of hydrogen and one atom of chlorine, but that there is in the hydrochloric acid molecule a definite weight of each of these bodies; and the letter H not only means one molecule of hydrogen, but one part by weight also, while the letters Cl not only mean one atom of chlorine, but also 35½ parts by weight, relative to each other, and to any other molecule or atom. Our hydrochloric acid molecule will therefore weigh 36½ relative to any other molecule—thus

	Parts by weight.
1 atom of Hydrogen	1
1 „ Chlorine	35½
1 molecule of HCl	= 36½

What is true of any single molecule is true of any number of molecules, so that in 36½lbs. weight of hydrochloric acid we shall always have 1lb. of hydrogen and 35½lbs. of chlorine—just this proportion and nothing more or less. If we tried to form hydrochloric acid in any other proportion we should fail, as for example if we tried to use 2lbs. of hydrogen and 35½lbs. of chlorine, we should only form 36½lbs. of hydrochloric acid, and 1lb. of hydrogen would remain over after the operation was complete.

The same principle is true of all the formulæ in the whole range of chemical science, however complicated the molecule may be. We can calculate its relative weight with unerring accuracy if we only know its composition, and in the same way we can check every analysis by the certain knowledge that the elements can only exist in the substance in certain definite proportions.

Our marsh-gas formulæ is CH<sub>4</sub>, and the weight of the molecule is therefore

	Parts by weight.
1 atom of Carbon	12
4 atoms of Hydrogen 1 + 4 =	4
1 molecule of CH <sub>4</sub>	= 16

Our methylic alcohol formulæ is CH<sub>3</sub>OH, the weight of the molecule is therefore

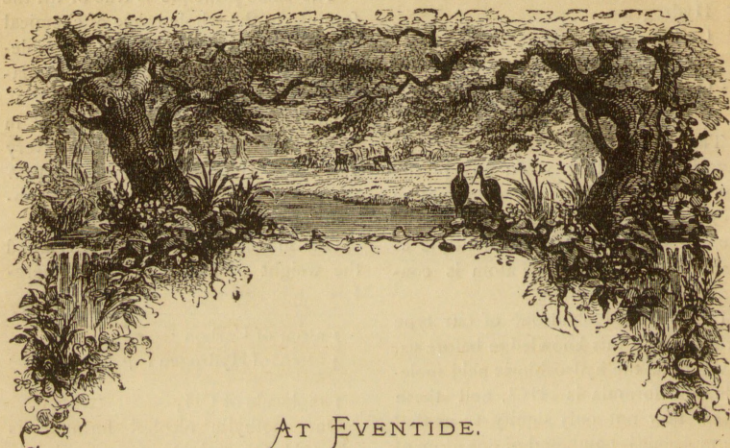
	Parts by weight.
1 atom of Carbon	12
4 atoms of Hydrogen 1 + 4 =	4
1 atom of Oxygen	16
1 molecule of CH <sub>3</sub> OH	= 32

Here we see that the molecule of methylic alcohol has just increased in weight over the weight of the molecule of marsh-gas, by the weight of the atom of oxygen, which is the only addition to the marsh-gas molecule in forming the alcohol molecule, although the arrangement of the hydrogen atoms is different in the two. We now see the full value of our formulæ, because they now not only indicate to us at a glance the composition of the molecules of the substances which they represent, but also, at the same time, the exact proportion by weight in which they enter into the combination.

We are now in a position to enter upon the general consideration of the alcohol group, and a formidable list it presents. This will, however, be better left over to our next article, when the list and our remarks on it can be considered together.

(To be continued.)





### AT EVENTIDE.

WHEN the quiet calm of evening  
Falls upon life's troubled scene ;  
When the hours of day are ended,  
And the shades of night are seen :  
O how happy, gladly grateful  
Are the thoughts of those we love,  
Coming like a bright evangel  
From the holy realms above.

Dearer far than worldly triumphs  
Are such aspirations sweet ;  
Sacred soundings, truest echoes  
Of the heart's affections meet.  
May I ever—ever love thee !  
Ever prize with rev'rent care !  
While this fleeting life endureth,  
By thee ever chase despair !

FREDERICK SHERLOCK.

### SATURDAY NIGHT.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher, who had to mourn over the late attendance of many of his scholars, observed that one little boy in his class was always in his place at the appointed time. No matter how cold or wet the morning might be, there he was, with his clean face and well-brushed hair, a pattern of order and neatness. Having occasion to pass the house of the little boy's parents one Saturday evening, the teacher thought he would call. He soon found out the secret of the boy's punctuality. The mother and daughter were busily engaged in taking from a drawer clean clothes for the Sabbath, and seeing that no buttons or strings were missing ; the father washing and shaving after the day's toil, and the boy looking as happy as possible, cleaning the boots and shoes. What a pleasing picture, thought the teacher ; there is no need to ask whether the Sabbath is regarded here ; all appear to hail its approach with delight, and joyfully prepare for its sacred duties.





### Band of Hope Management.

—SIXTH PAPER.—HINDRANCES.—The true value of an institution must be in proportion to the amount of good which it actually accomplishes. If a Band of Hope is to produce beneficial results, we must prevent, if possible, the introduction of opposing elements. Anything that might damage the complete success of the society should be vigorously suppressed. In our day, many people are inclined to look lightly upon dancing and smoking, as though such exercises were commendable. Experience has shown that these are enemies to the Band of Hope, and where such practices are tolerated the society must eventually prove a curse rather than a blessing. Numbers are not always a true index of success. The mere bringing a large number of children together simply proves that the society is popular and attractive; but the same may be said of the dancing-saloon or casino. Bands of Hope were instituted to promote abstinence, purity, godliness; and it were infinitely better to close a society altogether, than allow any practices which would set an evil example to the children, and militate against the objects of our movement.

At the formation of many Bands of Hope extraordinary efforts are made. The first meeting is a model for reciting, singing, and speaking. It is advertised throughout the district, the room is filled with a delighted audience, and the new committee congratulate themselves on a successful beginning. But the managers are soon disappointed, for the speaker who was present at the first meeting, and whose eloquence

reached the stoutest heart, could not be obtained for the second; the glee party, who so delighted the audience, were engaged elsewhere. The meetings gradually decrease in attendance, and the committee, probably, are perplexed and disconsolate. Of course, it is obvious that Bands of Hope, depending upon foreign aid for success, must have a precarious existence. We believe nothing has given more annoyance or tended more to break up societies. It should be remembered that speakers and others, from unavoidable causes, cannot always keep appointments. Provision should be made promptly to meet such emergencies, and the programme, under any disappointment, should not lack any of its freshness or interest. A spirited address of five or ten minutes from one of the committee, an additional song, glee, or recitation well executed, would atone for an absent speaker and send the audience away satisfied and pleased.

Looking out upon Christian communities generally, it is gratifying to observe what advances the Band of Hope movement is making, securing a prominence which its ardent promoters a few years since never dreamt of. A closer investigation, however, will reveal the fact that too many temperance friends belong to the class called patrons, and too few compose the real, earnest, hard-working staff. This, we believe, has ruined more societies than all other causes combined. Often, indeed, the men who, above all others, could most successfully conduct the Band of Hope, evince no real love for the work, and are ready with a score of excuses when-



ever you seek their aid; hence it is that many societies are handed over to the care of a few junior teachers, who, in the face of formidable difficulties, are compelled ere long to abandon the good work in despair. Probably this is but the experience of leaders in every good movement. Hindrance comes not so much from the open hostility of avowed enemies, as from the cold indifference and apathy of those professing allegiance to our cause. We have no desire to dwell upon this distressing aspect of our movement, rather would we take courage in the assurance that God is on our side and that His truth is advancing, that ere long a deeper love shall pervade the souls of men, and inspire them more nobly and unselfishly to follow the example of Him who freely offered Himself for us all. W. HOYLE.

*(To be continued.)*

**United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.**—At last this Union has fairly entered upon a career of national work. The first meeting of General Council was held in the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Aldersgate Street, London, on Monday, May 13th, at which the report for the preceding fifteen months was passed, and the executive committee for the ensuing year elected. Samuel Morley, M.P., was re-elected President. Representatives from the following unions were elected on the committee—Bedfordshire, Lancashire and Cheshire, Leicestershire, Surrey, Yorkshire, Bristol, Methodist New Connexion. We regret that the representatives from Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire were discarded, and two personal members elected in preference. An institution, to undertake national work, should be thoroughly representative in its executive. The council passed resolutions setting forth the importance of introducing the principles of temperance in

the teaching in Board Schools.

On Tuesday morning about 200 representatives from all parts of the United Kingdom met for conference. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dawson Burns, T. T. Lambert, G. M. Murphy, Mr. J. H. Roper, and others; and a paper read by the Rev. R. H. Dugdale, on "The Work of a County Band of Hope Union." In the afternoon the conference was resumed, and a paper read by Mr. Martin Field on 'Youthful Recreations and Band of Hope Summer Work.' In the evening a large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Exeter Hall. Benjamin Whitworth, M.P., presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Barker, M.A., Newman Hall, LL.B., T. T. Lambert, Dr. Gill, Messrs. N. B. Downing and T. W. Russell. A selection of music was well rendered by a choir of 500 voices, under the leadership of Mr. Bacon.

**Halifax Band of Hope Union.**—We have pleasure in recording the nineteenth anniversary of this flourishing Union. During the past year six new societies have been formed, making a total of seventy-two Bands of Hope. The estimated number of members is 16,137, and of these 40 per cent. are over 16 years of age, a fact which commends itself to all interested in retaining elder members. In forty-six Sunday schools influenced by this Union, there are 1,950 teachers, of whom 990 are members of the Band of Hope. In forty schools there are 12,095 scholars, of whom 4,836 are Band of Hope members. From sixteen schools 164 persons have joined the church during the year, 100 of whom are Band of Hope members. The report shows that 35 societies have visited their members at their homes with increasing zeal. During the year, 133,187 temperance periodicals have been circulated; and the agent, Mr. G. S. Hall, has



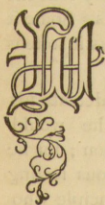
filled up 271 engagements, besides doing the work of the general secretary. The Union has a staff of 74 hon. speakers, and a number of hon. lecturers. Conferences, demonstrations, etc., have been held, and all with the amazingly small outlay of about £350! The secret of all this success is earnest, untiring, devoted work. We commend this noble model Union to the consideration of all co-workers.

**Hackney Band of Hope Union.**—This Union has only been in existence about eighteen months. Number of societies, 16; senior members, 642; junior ditto, 949—total 1,591. Number of pledges taken

during the year 1,220. The report strongly recommends the adoption of an efficient system of registering and visiting the members, which, if only faithfully carried out, must increase the usefulness of the Union, and result in great good to the district. We wish the committee every success.

**Preston Band of Hope Union.**—On Whit Saturday this Union held its annual procession and gala. Fifteen societies took part, attended with the usual display of banners, etc. The weather was charming, and the young people enjoyed themselves immensely. About 4,000 persons were present.

## LEND A HELPING HAND.



HENE'ER thou see'st a  
brother  
Whose hope is well-nigh  
dead;  
Whose mental powers  
must smother  
In toil for daily bread;  
Oh! lend a helping hand.

Where humble worth's aspiring  
To rise above its lot;  
But, modest and retiring,  
The goal it reaches not;  
Oh! lend a helping hand.

When tender youth is nearing  
The precipice of wrong;  
Or, all unskilled, is steering  
To ruin with a song;  
Oh! lend a saving hand.

Whene'er a man is sinking  
Fast in the gulf of sins;  
Or sporting, gay, unthinking,  
Where hell itself begins;  
Oh! lend a saving hand.

When woman first has wandered  
From virtue's hallowed track;  
Has all her treasure squandered,  
But fain would hie her back;  
Oh! lend a helping hand.

When might would trample weakness  
With ruthless, iron tread;  
Or pride would lord o'er meekness,  
And break the bruised head;  
Oh! lend a saving hand.

Whene'er thou see'st another  
Smit down with sudden grief,  
Then prove thou lov'st thy brother  
By opportune relief  
Dealt out with liberal hand.

Then peace beyond expressing,  
And honour from the Lord,  
And man's devoutest blessing  
Shall be thy rich reward;  
Then ever lend a hand.

ANNIE CLEGG.



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

What holds all the snuff in the world?  
No one nose.

Repentance without amendment is like pumping without stopping the leak.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—"Do you ask 'What's in a name?' Just put it on the back of a promissory note, and you'll find out."

When a man has been intemperate so long that shame no longer paints a blush upon his cheek, his liquor generally does it instead.

Prodigals are persons who never learn the difference between a sovereign and a sixpence, until they want the latter.

"The fact is, John, since you have taken to drinking you are only half a man." "Oh! I suppose you mean I am a demi-John."

"What do you mean, you rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth who had seized him by the nose in the street. "Oh, nothing, only I am going to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that *turned up*."

AN American driver had been over-ardent in his worship of Bacchus, and ultimately fell asleep. On awaking and finding himself alone in his horseless waggon, he looked rather surprised and exclaimed, "Wal, I've either lost a team or stolen a waggon!"

A quaint old gentleman, of an active, stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Mr. Jones," said he to him one morning, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met, as you could never overtake one."

The best courage is the fear of doing wrong.

Wine and passion are racks oft used to extort words from us.

Divisions are Satan's powder-plots to blow up religion.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only true balance to weigh friends.

If thou lookest too often in thy glass, thou wilt not so much see thy face as thy folly.

FRIENDSHIP is the medicine for all misfortunes, but ingratitude dries up the fountain of goodness.

PROSPERITY shines on different persons much in the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, while others it softens like wax.

Would a man frequently calculate his income and expenditure, he would escape many a bitter reflection; for he must be lost to every generous feeling of pride and honourable principle who wantonly incurs debts which he knows he cannot discharge.

### DEFINITIONS.

HINT.—A jog of the mental elbow.

CUSTOM.—A reason for irrational things, and an excuse for inexcusable ones.

HABIT.—A second nature which often supersedes the first.

EXPERIENCE.—Knowledge sold at a high price by Misfortune to Indiscretion, and taken care of by Memory.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.—A plant; Faith being the root, Hope the upward rising stem, and Charity the bright and glowing fruit.



## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES, AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"When she will, she will, you may depend on't."



ZENOBIA Spencer was talking over with her mother the awful events of the past few days at Clayton House.

"It does make me feel bad, mother, to have said a word to bring Ronald nearer the gallows; I'd rather have lost my tongue than done him an injury. If there was only something I could do for him!"

"The only thing that could do him good," said the mother, "is to find the real murderer. But why shouldn't he have done it?"

The master domineered over him, and it's only we poor women that go on suffering for ever, and don't turn after a while on our tyrants."

The words were spoken bitterly, as the speaker felt.

"I'll never believe it of him, mother," said Znooby, "not till 'tis proved, past all my disbelief, which it never will be." From that time she set herself to the difficult task of finding out who could possibly have murdered Nicholas Clayton, if Ronald were innocent of the crime. She would have settled in her own mind that he had been mortally injured in the fight, and had died just after his nephew left him, had it not been that his body had been submerged in the canal, and that there were ugly wounds on him as of a knife. Whose knife had inflicted them? Whose pocket had greedily devoured the dead man's ill-gotten gold? Zenobia's mind was so absorbed in this one subject that Joe complained at first that she had no thought to give to him; then he too was won by her earnestness, and the young lovers would sit together forming theories, which they were afterwards compelled to admit were little likely to have foundation in fact.

Zenobia went to see Ronald in the prison, and begged him to tell her and to write for her a particular account of all the events of that memorable evening, from the time of his leaving Clayton House till his return.

"Where was it, Ronald," she asked, "you got that glass of rum you told the magistrates somebody gave you?"

"Why, on the canal boat. Didn't I say that Long Bill asked me to have a cruise with him, and that I just went a little way with them and took a glass of their rum."

"Which way did they go?" asked Zenobia, and a sudden light seemed to flash upon her mind, "Did Long Bill know your uncle?"

"They were going out of Birmingham," said Ronald; "but what matter, Znooby? You don't suppose that either poor old Long Bill or his chum would want to murder uncle Clayton, do you?"

Ronald said this, but he could not help remembering how the "chum" of the old man had expressed himself regarding that uncle. How strange he had never thought of this before. Should he tell Dr. Stapleton, and Mr. Lee, and Mr. Hutchinson of it, and track the indiscreet boatman, and cause him to



be arrested on suspicion, because he had been violent in his language? Yet again he reflected that if he did not speak he might be guilty of complicity with the murderer. So he told Zenobia of the conversation on the boat, and she jumped to conclusions very swiftly, as women are apt to do, judging matters by their hearts instead of their heads, and felt sure in her own mind, as she declared aloud that that fellow ought to be inquired about, and that she was certain "he was no better than he should be." Which is a very safe thing to declare of anybody, although the Eastern Princess meant so much by it.

When Ronald, after an almost sleepless night, told his counsel and his lawyer of this incident which had so strangely slipped his memory or hitherto seemed of no significance whatever to the matter in hand, they both declared it must be at once investigated, and a detective was set to watch and to make inquiries concerning both Long Bill and his chum, who bore the strange nick-name of "Raw Peter." But the men, questioned separately, both swore that they neither of them quitted the boat, nor could the most searching questions and cross-questions bring any proof whatever that the boats were at all after their time in arriving at their first stopping-place out of Birmingham, or that any of the boatmen had exhibited any unusual appearance. Nor could it be found that Long Bill or Raw Peter or any of the boating fraternity had appeared at all lax of late in the expenditure of money. The new hope which the young barrister and the lawyer had both felt for Ronald, and which it had been impossible to keep from the knowledge of Dr. Stapleton, vanished almost as suddenly as it had appeared. But Zenobia was not to be convinced, even by the proofs of innocence which satisfied the mind of a detective.

"The guilty, it seems to me, Joe, manage to hide themselves and go scot-free, while the innocent have to suffer," she said to her lover; "but I don't mean to give up. I wonder if father knows Raw Peter, and if I could get him to tell me anything about him when he's tipsy."

The only chance poor Znobby had of getting her father to accede to any request she might make, was to coax him when his senses were partly muddled by drink. When sober, he was habitually morose; when quite drunk, he was a raging madman; between those conditions there was a third, a kind of maudlin stupidity, when he was comparatively good-tempered. Zenobia bided her time, but the mere mention of Raw Peter's name seemed to arouse her father to savage anger. She dared not attempt to question him further, and was thus once more baffled. The weeks passed on, weary weeks of terrible anxiety for poor Ronald—weeks that made him gaunt and pale; and the autumn assizes drew near. Now, if ever, must his friends rally around him; now, if ever, must some deliverance be found for him. Zenobia was ever on her watch-tower of hope and prayer. Never did the fascinating Eastern Princess in some charming fairy-tale wave a wand of more magic power than Zenobia Spencer possessed in that sweet unselfish devotion of character which made her willing to risk so much to serve another. She had loved this orphan boy Ronald, whose young life seemed now to hang by a thread, with all the kindly warmth of her generous nature. He had been so good to her when her poor brother Joe died; in fact he had been always good to her, always helpful to her, and had lightened her labour all he could ever since he first came to them; and had he not taught her to write and to spell? Unselfish natures are always wont to regard those as good to them to whom they have been good, by the sweet inverse proportion of their Divinely implanted charity. Every act of kindness which such perform endears the receiver of it to their true hearts,



It was a dull, wet night, only two days before the assizes began, and the prisoners were to be removed on the morrow to Warwick, if they had not already gone, and Zenobia sat alone in her kitchen, a prey to many dismal thoughts.

"How I wish I could do anything to show him to be innocent, if I only knew how, my poor Ronald!" and Zenobia shuddered at the recollection of what might so soon come to him. And as she sat shivering and crying, in a fit of such low spirits as her cheery nature seldom gave way to, there came a low knock at the hall-door. "I wish Joe was here with me," thought Znobby, feeling nervous and unusually timid, doubtless with the horrors of the fate she had conjured up for Ronald. Her widowed mistress and the children were out to spend the evening. Morbid curiosity and kindly feeling blended had brought plenty of invitations since her husband's death to Mrs. Clayton and her little girls, and she was nothing loth to accept them. That great house was full of misery for her, she declared, and made her dismal beyond endurance, especially after nightfall; so Zenobia was alone. She allowed the low knock to be repeated before she opened the door, and there stood outside in the rain a woman—a weary, sad-looking woman, with white hollow cheeks and large bright eyes, and thin hands that clutched nervously at an old cloak which she gathered round her as she stood. The wreck of a hat was on her head, and over her shoulders hung her long still-beautiful hair, waving and luxuriant, though the damp night had done so much to destroy its curling beauty.

"She looks as if she were going to die of consumption," thought Znobby.

A hectic flush tinted the pale face with bright spots of carmine when the Eastern Princess accosted her, civilly: "What do you please to want?"

"I have much to say to you," answered the stranger; "could you suffer me to stand inside, out of the drenching rain and wind?"

Had it been her own house Zenobia would have at once invited her cordially to enter, but some thoughts of possible burglars made her cautious on her mistress's behalf. She reflected a few moments, and then said, "I will take you in by the kitchen fire, only I must first fasten up the door," which she proceeded to bar and bolt.

The woman watched her in silence, then said, as she followed her to the kitchen, "It is about Ronald Clayton I have come."

Znobby started, and turned upon her abruptly. "Ronald, Ronald did you say? Why, whatever do you know about Ronald?"

"It does not matter how," she answered; "but I have heard that you are Ronald's faithful friend, and have tried earnestly to help him in his sore need."

"Surely!" rejoined Zenobia, as she set a chair close to the fire for the visitor, and lifted from off her wasted shoulders the thin cloak, which was saturated with moisture. This she spread to dry upon a clothes-horse which she fetched from the back kitchen; and then she came and took her favourite seat, a low chair which Joe had made for her, and esconced herself therein, her work in her hand, waiting for the stranger to begin.

"I was in London when I heard of it," said the woman, locking her hands resolutely, and gazing into the fire.

"Heard of what?" questioned Znobby.

"Of the murder," she answered, in a hollow, weary voice, "and of the accusation against my—against Ronald. I read it all, all that terribly condemnatory evidence; and at first I believed him guilty, and I said bitterly to myself, What business have I to interfere? The law must take its course. Why should I



complain. Is it not a just law? Does it not plant temptations in the way of our wandering feet, and then punish us for the consequences of yielding to them?"

Zenobia looked at her attentively. Was she mad?

"You don't understand me," said the other. "Zenobia Spencer, if we two are to do any good to Ronald, I must hasten to confide in you; every moment is precious. I am Ronald Clayton's mother."

"I never heard he had a mother; I thought she was dead!" exclaimed Zenobia, staring at her visitor in great surprise.

"Dead to all motherly duty, dead to motherly affection. Alas! you may well have thought me as dead in body as in purity of heart," she moaned, and rocked herself to and fro as she spoke.

"I am so bewildered," said Zenobia, trying hard to understand how Ronald Clayton's mother could be alive, and could be the wretched forlorn being she saw before her. "Did Ronald know?" she asked aloud.

"I think," rejoined the other, "he knew I was not dead; but he had not any idea where I lived. He only knew that his mother, through her terrible passion for drink, had abandoned home, husband, and child, and was a wanderer on the earth, a wanderer rather amongst the network and labyrinth of drink-shops in this Christian land, which prevent, to a woman sunken as I am, the very possibility of reform." Her tone was full of bitterest irony. "In London, as here, and all over England, they keep shut the churches save for a few hours all the week, and save for a few hours they keep open the drink-shops: they make it so easy to go to the devil, and so difficult to go to God."

"Oh! Mrs. Clayton," said Zenobia, in whom these despairing words, like the bitter words of her own mother, only called up a rush of tender pitying compassion love; "you are indeed mistaken. Man cannot make it difficult to go to God. The road to God is ever open. Our Saviour declares, 'I am the way.'"

There was no answer, and for some little time they sat in silence.

"When I doubted Ronald's guilt, a great wave of love swept over my very soul for this young son of mine. I was more sober than I had been for a long time, and I saw, in terrible distinctness of outline, the blackness of my guilt, in my utter neglect of the sweet God-given duties of my motherhood. With this feeling came an agonising, intense desire, a desire that intensified into a yearning craving necessity, to do something for my child. But what could I do? I was powerless; I had no influence; I was a drunken outcast, a woman fallen from her purity and her position. Who would listen to me? What aggravated the agony of such reflections was the remembrance that I once was powerful in my own sweet sphere; that as a petted sister, a treasured wife, a fond mother I had been once, I might have been still, the most favoured of my sex; and with abundant means, I might have used them for my child, if indeed my child could then have been in his present unhappy position. My income now is by no means large, though sufficient for all wants save a drink-thirst; but it is regularly squandered as fast as I am possessed of it. I am comparatively destitute, though I must exist for some weeks before I am entitled to draw any further allowance. I changed one of my last sovereigns to pay for my ticket to Birmingham. I could not stay away. How did I know but that some means might present themselves for discovering the truth, or at least some clue to the truth. No one would suspect my real aim, if I made ever so searching inquiries. Some few days ago I met your father in a public-house which I had determined to frequent, for I learned it was a house much resorted to by the boat-



men on the canal; and my suspicion rested on them, though why, I could not tell you. I heard him mention to a drinking companion how troubled his daughter was about the young villain Ronald Clayton. Thereupon I asked a few questions of the landlady, and heard all I wanted to hear. I had read your evidence, and remembered your name, and I thought I would come to see you and thank you. I was coming to-night in any case, but I was coming earlier, hopeless and despairing, but for something I learned in a strange kind of way since yesterday." She paused, and the red spots seemed to burn more deeply on the pallor of her face.

"What was that?" asked Zenobia, eagerly, dropping her work and leaning forward, with intense earnestness.

"Last evening a man, a dull heavy-looking man, came into the 'Anchor of Hope,' dressed as a boatman. I had seen him there before, a week or two ago. 'What's the matter, Peter?' asked the landlord; 'you look down in the mouth.' 'There's nothing the matter,' he said, doggedly, and he called for some spirits and water, and he sat drinking all the evening, and at closing time he ordered a bed, and expressed his intention to sleep there. The landlord advised him to go home, but he obstinately refused. In the night the landlady came to me—I had myself staid there a few nights—and told me that this man was taken ill. Would I come and help her and her husband to see to him? I went, of course. The poor fellow was evidently ill of fever, and I willingly volunteered to watch by him a few hours till they could send to his friends and have him removed. The doctor at once forbade his removal, however; said it was brain fever, and nothing infectious, and to disturb him might cause his death. Nothing of moment happened till this afternoon, when I was sitting by him alone, and then, in his delirium, he began to talk; wildly of course; but the names he mentioned at once awoke my interest. 'Ronald,' 'Old Nick Clayton,' 'the canal,' 'a sousing,' 'his infernal strength,' 'all that money,' 'so long in dying'—these expressions, which I wrote down on paper, made my heart leap within me. Was this indeed the murderer, and would my boy be saved? I determined to slip out this evening and see you, and advise with you. I have him safely. He has sunk into a deep sleep. The doctor gave him an opiate, to try and still the terrible excitement of the brain, and no one knows what he has said besides myself. Zenobia, what can we do? I have been to Mr. Hutchinson's chambers, but he had left for Warwick an hour or two before. I cannot show myself to Mr. Lee, nor to, to—my brother." The flush died away from her face, and she grew deadly pale.

"Your brother, ma'am!" cried Zenobia. "Oh, Dr. Stapleton, I forgot. I wonder what we ought to do."

"I must remember," said Mrs. Clayton "that I have no legal proof whatever as yet; the ravings of a delirious drink-stupefied brain are not to be depended upon."

"But if you have only enough to stop the trial," suggested Zenobia.

Mrs. Clayton clasped her hand. "Ah! dear kind heart," she said, "if I have only discovered enough to save his young life, how willingly would I give my own"

"That's what I've thought," said Znobby, crying sympathetically, though the mother's eyes were not moist, only sadly too bright and glistening.

(To be continued.)





## THE COFFEE STALL KEEPER.

THE night is cold and windy,  
 The street is dark and wet,  
 And sleeping in the doorways  
 The poor their griefs forget.  
 Safe in the shelter from the rain,  
 With welcome fire for all,  
 With shining lamp, and steaming pot,  
 There stands the coffee-stall.

A kindly face has happy Tom  
 For all who come to buy ;  
 And just as kindly does he smile  
 On wanderers standing nigh.  
 The poor and hungry always find  
 Some scraps that Tom can spare ;  
 Nor does he frown if they should ask  
 His steaming tea to share.



Some say, "Tom, you're too generous ;  
You give too much," they cry ;  
"Why don't they pay for what they  
have,

Like us who come to buy ?"

But Tom has answer meet for all,  
"Friend, have you never read  
Those words within the Holy Book  
Which Jesus Christ hath said ?

"More blessed 'tis to give than take ;  
And he who gives a crust,  
In Jesus' name, to starving soul,  
Confirms his faith and trust."

Ah Tom, though old and oft despised,  
Is happy made by love ;  
And he shall reap a harvest full  
When death shall him remove.

A. J. GLASSPOOL.

## LITTLE DEEDS.

THERE was a flower with drooping head,  
As though it soon would die,  
When lo ! a cloudlet slowly sped  
Beneath th' expansive sky.  
The flower looked very feebly up,  
Half-conscious aid was near,  
As deep into its yellow cup  
The cloudlet dropp'd a tear.

There was a worm nigh to the spot ;  
A thing we oft despise ;  
But He who made us counts it not  
Unworthy in His eyes.  
Exhausted on a sandy heap  
It struggled long in vain ;  
But soon recovered strength to creep,  
Through little drops of rain.

And may not we, by words and deeds,  
As times and seasons roll,  
Give life by plucking out the weeds  
Which choke some brother's soul ?  
A spoken word in simple love  
Will break a heart of stone ;  
A whispered prayer will rise above,  
Like incense round the Throne.

Oh ! Christian brother say no more  
There is no work for thee ;  
Knock gently at thy neighbour's door :  
He claims thy sympathy.  
A soul redeemed from earthy dross,  
From sinful pleasures riven,  
And centred on the blood-stained Cross,  
Is *one more* won for Heaven.

J. J. LANE.

## A QUIET SPOT.

BENEATH my feet the river winds away,  
Deep, cool, and slow, with surface smooth as glass ;  
Flower-scented zephyrs kiss me as they pass  
O'er meadows lately mown, awhile to stray,  
And gather sweetness from the new-made hay ;  
Then bear their stolen treasure to the town,  
And scatter life, and health, and fragrance down  
Upon the toilers in the heat of day.  
High o'er my head the leafy branches play  
At hide and seek in one another's shade ;  
The wild rose and the woodbine here have made  
A bower where angel feet might love to stay.  
All undisturbed the glad birds sing their psalm,  
And lull my soul into exquisite calm.

DAVID LAWTON.





## I.—ENIGMA.

I have a face, but not a head ;  
 I never sleep, nor go to bed ;  
 I'm very soft, and hard, and round ;  
 And though in lordly mansions found,  
 Of this you may be always sure,  
 I seldom pass the poor man's door.  
 Though I am long, and thin, and thick,  
 And aid the healthy and the sick,  
 I never use a walking stick ;  
 I'm neither clothes, nor food, nor drink ;  
 Yet I can swim, and float, and sink.  
 I'm very cheap, and very dear,  
 Dull and opaque, and bright and  
 clear.

In varied colours I am seen  
 And patronised by England's queen.  
 And you are right if you suppose  
 I'm pleasant to the eyes and nose.  
 The lady softly presses me,  
 And monarchs like my face to see.  
 The mother takes me in her hand,  
 And Johnny tries me to withstand ;  
 But little Polly, with good grace,  
 Welcomes me with a smiling face.  
 The doctors recommend me well,  
 And often of my virtues tell.  
 Good neighbour Splash is fond of me,  
 She holds me fast and sets me free ;  
 She takes me in and turns me out,  
 And whirls me round and round  
 about.  
 Under and over, round I go,  
 But where I'm sent I do not know.  
 When at the first she took me in,  
 I was quite fat, and plump, and prim ;  
 But in a very little time,  
 I went into a great decline,

And very truly I can say  
 I nearly wasted all away ;  
 And though I've neither throat nor  
 breath,  
 I nearly drank myself to death.  
 But in my time I do my work,  
 Far better than the Russ or Turk,  
 And when my useful labour's done,  
 I take a leap, and off I run.  
 Though I'm loved by son and daugh-  
 ter,  
 And my drink is only water,  
 With foul diseases I can cope,  
 And aid and bless the Bands of Hope.  
 JABEZ INWARDS.

## 2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An animal.
2. A sacrifice.
3. A connoisseur in art.
4. What every Christian should be.
5. A species of witchcraft practised  
among the West Indian negroes.
6. An alkaloid obtained from opium.
7. A church festival.

The initials and finals of the above  
 read downwards will give a command-  
 ment of our Saviour.

G. J. BELL.

## 3.—TRANSPOSITIONAL DECAPITATION.

I am an entertainment ; behead, and  
 I am a quarter of the globe ; behead  
 again, and put my former head on, and  
 I am the opposite of my first ; now  
 change my head, and I am the end ;  
 transposed I am a most useful article,  
 the absence of which in a time of war  
 caused many deaths.

L. C.



## 4.—ENIGMA.

A NOBLE knight, by Otbey slain,  
 Lay weltering in his gore,  
 And through the ghastly crimson stain  
 My *first* to vision bore.  
 And Otbey sought his fears to still  
 Where golden suns arise,  
 But yet it glared from wave and hill  
 Into his maddened eyes.  
 And in my *second* Otbey felt  
 A deadly passion rise;  
 He grasped his sabre by the hilt,  
 And waved it to the skies.  
 And ere himself his fate had curst,  
 The torrent from his side  
 Had stained the flowerets with my first,  
 As in his sins he died  
 So Otbey died, and o'er his tomb  
 My *whole*, a dreadless thing,  
 Came flitting through the twilight gloom  
 On swift and silent wing.  
 O'er hill and dale it hurried past,  
 Still murmuring sounds of woe;  
 And there uncared for died at last,  
 Amid the winter's snow.

A. S. J.

## 5.—TRANSPOSITION.

I NAME a plant in Scripture found,  
 I'm likewise seen on British ground;  
 And name a fish as I am told  
 And sometimes in the market sold;  
 Now if you take away my tail,  
 And then transpose, you cannot fail  
 To see what often shows the time,  
 And with this hint I close my rhyme.

W. H. EDDY.

## 6.—DECAPITATION

Complete, I am very familiar to you;  
 behead and reverse, I am a past  
 participle; curtail and reverse, I am a  
 portion of a lock; curtail again, I am  
 an awful curse.

G. J. BELL.

## 7.—TRANSPOSITION.

Without my whole we never shall  
 Accomplish any given task;  
 Now drop my tail, and make a change  
 What is my colour now, I ask.

W. H. EDDY.

## 8.—SQUARE WORD.

An intoxicating liquor.  
 A kind of goat.  
 A town of Italy.  
 Departure.

FRANCES.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 127, 128 &amp; 129.

1. Wind.
2. Sun-day.
3. Dodge-doge-doe-ode.
4. Julius Caesar, Thomas-a-Becket, Elizabeth, Virginius, Wolsey, Augustus Caesar Duncan, Caractacus—Jabez Inwards.

5. J  
 R O a  
 E s S e x  
 W a r E h a m  
 T h r a P s t o n  
 W o o d c H e s t e r  
 C h a t e l l e r a u l t  
 S a n d r i n g h a m  
 N a s h V i l l e  
 O r l e a n s  
 P o S e n  
 B E x  
 Y

Joseph Livesey.

6. Newcastle-on-Tyne.
7. Asp-a-ragus.
8. A pair of Skates.
9. Fiddler-Riddle.

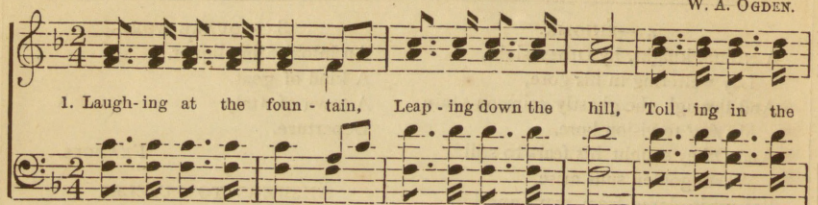
A LIBEL ON THE BRUTE CREATION.—To say such an one is "*beastly* drunk" is a libel on the brute creation; for when, since the beginning of the world, was a horse, an ass, an ox, or beast of any kind ever known to sink so low in the scale of God's creatures as the drunkard? Never: these are far wiser. They know when to stop. Not so the poor degraded drunkard. He will continue to drink for hours together, to the certain injury of body and soul, and with the full knowledge that the end of these things is death! The expression "*beastly* drunk" is then a gross libel on the "lower creation." Man, originally created in the image of his Maker, has sunk below the beasts that perish!

J. G.



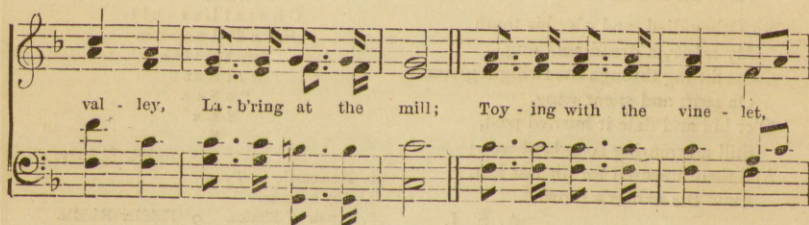
# THE BROOKLET.

W. A. OGDEN.



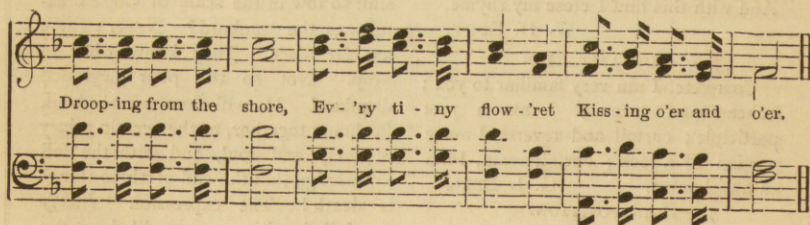
1. Laugh-ing at the foun-tain, Leap-ing down the hill, Toil-ing in the

m	„m	:m	„m	m	:d	m	s	„s	:s	„s	s	—	l	„l	:l	„l	
2. In	a	-	mong	the	peb	-	bles	Wild	the	rip	-	ples	play,	Where	the	la	-
d	„d	:d	„d	d	:d		m	„m	:m	„m	m	—	f	„f	:f	„f	
s	„s	:s	„s	s	:m	„s	d'	„d'	:d'	„d'	d'	—	d'	„d'	:d'	„d'	
3. Oh!	the	bliss	-	ful	tin	-	gie,	To	our	fin	-	ger	tips,	As	the	drip	ping
d	„d	:d	„d	d	:d		d	„d	:d	„d	d	—	f	„f	:f	„f	



val-ley, La-b'ring at the mill; Toy-ing with the vine-let,

s	:m	r	„r	:r	„r	r	—	m	„m	:m	„m	m	:d	m	
sha	-	dows	Sleep	the	live	-	long	day;	Comes	the	mer	-	ry	an	-
m	:d	t,	„t,	:d	„d	t,	—	d	„d	:d	„d	d	:d		
d'	:s	s	„s	:fe	„fe	s	—	s	„s	:s	„s	s	:m	„s	
leaf	-	cup	Cools	our	parch	-	ing	lips;	Oh!	the	tin	-	gle,	tin	-
d	:d	r	„r	:r,	„r,	s,	—	d	„d	:d	„d	d	:d		



Droop-ing from the shore, Ev-'ry ti-ny flow-'ret Kiss-ing o'er and o'er.

s	„s	:s	„s	s	—	l	„d'	:t	„l	s	:m	s	„f	:m	„r	d	—
With	his	line	and	hook,	Wades	the	mer	-	ry	school	boy	Bare	foot	in	the	brook.	
m	„m	:m	„m	m	—	f	„l	:s	„f	m	:d	d	„r	:d	„t,	d	—
d'	„d'	:d'	„d'	d'	—	d'	„d'	:d'	„d'	d'	:s	s	„l	:s	„f	m	—
Of	the	sil	-	v'ry	chime,	That	the	bub	-	bling	brook	-	let	Murmurs	in	the	rhyme.
d	„d	:d	„d	d	—	f	„f	:f	„f	d	:d	m,	„f,	:s,	„s,	d	—



## A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on "the Signs of the Times."*

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.

No. 8.—"THE FOX."



"LOOK out, Bob, the governor's coming!" said a dissipated-looking man, popping his head into the doorway of a publichouse, just as I was passing. Turning to look at him a second time, I noticed that nearly all the brim had disappeared from the front part of his head-gear. He had touched his hat to Bacchus so often it had worn it quite away. This house was called "The Fox," and the name seemed to me so well chosen, I instinctively turned off into the railway-station of my imagination, and in a moment more found myself rapidly borne away in the following train of thoughts:

The fox has one despicable feature, by which he is universally known, and that is—cunning. There is something

very fox-like about strong drink, and about many who drink it, and many who sell it also. There is nothing honest in a fox, nor in intoxicating liquors either. Solitary confinement is their proper sphere. They would be virtuous enough then; but as companions for either man or animals, they are conspicuous failures. There is nothing straightforward about either of them; they are always on the peep round some corner, ready to pounce upon unsuspecting innocence unawares. Science tells us alcohol is never found ready formed in any product of nature when in its normal condition. So you see the very first thing we hear about this evil spirit is of such a nature that all who are wise will shun it. It has no legitimate place amongst the good things provided by Nature for the sustenance of her children. It never had a nestling-place in her bountiful lap. It is born of the decay that attends the spoliation of her discarded treasures, but is never found embosomed in any of the delightful gifts her lavish hand bestows upon us. All good and wholesome things seem to repudiate it. King Alcohol has gone the round of the three kingdoms, animal, vegetable, and mineral, in search of a resting-place, but the sovereign powers reigning over those realms knew better than to give him admittance. It was reserved for man to commit this act of unparalleled folly. All "good creatures of God," except man, could see the fox peeping out from the sheep's clothing, so shut the door of exclusion in his face. And



here let me supply a missing link in the life of King Alcohol, for although other biographical writers have been strangely reticent at just this point in his history, I see no reason for withholding *my* pen, so will at once proceed to untie the ribbon of silence that has so long fastened the mouth of this ancient bag, and let the cat right out. The vegetable kingdom, it seems, was the first domain of Nature to which King Alcohol tried to introduce himself. So going boldly up to the gaily decked entrance to Flora's fragrant retreat, he demanded admission. But his Liquid Highness had all his expectations disappointed, for he never got one step within the jealously guarded portals of Flora's fairy realm. She was not at home when he called, and no doubt, with all the truthfulness and candour belonging to a goddess, looked out of the window and told him so. So the disappointed intruder turned his wine-dyed nose in the direction of King Leo's forestial cavern. But no sooner did the carnivorous old monarch sniff out the true character of his new visitor, than he altered his usual mode of procedure, for instead of devouring him (the very last thing he thought of doing), he disdained all courtesy or parley with the foe, and gave vent to his disapproval in

a yell of such startling loudness, that all the inmates of his kingdom trembled with fear. Then lashing his tail and shaking his mane till every jewel in his crown trembled in its setting, this grand old king of the forest retreated to his lair with a howl of defiant disgust. Nothing daunted, this most persistent enemy to mankind turned his footsteps towards the dungeon-like regions of old Terra, but this vast storehouse of natural curiosities was not to be invaded by any such a foe. He could find neither room nor welcome, so had to remain outside. Though despised and rejected by all things in nature, he had the consummate daring to court the favour of the lord of all creation—Man, and this crowning act of audacity succeeded only too well, as the records of disease, destitution, and crime in every quarter of the globe amply testify. For this wily spirit of evil is now welcomed with the most persistent fondness by all classes, irrespective of age, sex, or condition. Truly his power to delude the people surpasses in deceptiveness the cunning of the fox. Then avoid all such alluring places as that to which this sign directs attention, for a deadly and delusive mocker is lurking there, and they who tarry not within beckoning distance of his seductive hand are wise.

### AT EARLY MORN.

In the early hours of morning,  
When the Earth sweet scent exhales,  
And herself in haste adorning,  
Glad the Sun's bright rising hails;  
Oh! how fresh, how pure, how holy  
Soar the waking thoughts to God,  
Bringing to the pilgrim lowly  
Foretaste of his blest abode!

In the spring-time seeds well tended  
Quickly gather strength we know,  
And when from all weeds defended  
Richer, greater, better grow;  
So shall they who make their duty  
Daily first to wait on God  
Grow in grace and Christ-like beauty,  
Till they reach Heaven's bright abode.

FREDERICK SHERLOCK.



## ADVENTURES OF A HAT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS JARRATT.

ONE day I found myself smooth, bright, and new, well protected with clean soft tissue paper, and quietly reposing in a nice round box. What painful operations I had endured previous to this happy condition I will not here enumerate at length: suffice it to say I had been wet and dry, hot and cold, shaped, pressed, and ironed, until at length I assumed a glossy appearance, and lay in calm repose in my comfortable quarters. I had begun to think that all my troubles were over, and that I was doomed to silence and uselessness, when one day I felt my box removed from its position on a high shelf, the lid quickly taken off, and I was drawn forth and my coverings removed, and placed, with numerous compliments on my fashionable appearance, on the head of a well-dressed intelligent-looking mechanic.

I had a good opportunity of seeing his face, for he went straight to a large mirror, and smiled at himself, and at another face which appeared in the mirror, which I afterwards found belonged to his wife, who stood proudly surveying her husband's manly appearance.

The money being paid for my purchase, my new master carried me to a pretty little cottage in the outskirts of the town, where I was shown to half-a-dozen rosy cheeked children as "father's new hat."

For a long time I was only used on Sundays and holidays, but, beginning to lose a little of my glossiness, I was occasionally put on when my master went out of an evening, for a little company as he said, to an inn called the "Workman's Arms."

After one of these visits, I noticed, as he walked home, that my master staggered a great deal, and presently, after a tremendous lurch, I was shaken off his head and flew into a dirty ditch. My master searched in vain for me, and after a muttered curse at his ill-luck, left me to my fate.

Next morning I felt myself lifted out of the mud, and, after being washed clean at a neighbouring brook and carefully dried at a fire, I was once more placed on a human head, and saw my owner grinning at himself in a cracked glass. But oh what a countenance did I behold! A bleared pair of eyes, a fiery nose, sunken cheeks, and a stubbly, unshaven chin.

However, I did not have much time to regret my change of ownership, for I was instantly wrapped in a cotton handkerchief, and taken to a pawnbroker's shop, and the money that was lent upon me was soon spent in repeated glasses of gin.

I lay on the pawnbroker's shelves a long time; but at length was bought by a seedy clerical-looking personage, whose fiery breath proclaimed him to be another spirit drinker. I found that my new master was indeed a clergyman, a victim to intemperance, who occasionally did duty as a temporary supply.

I was put to strange uses while in his possession. Sometimes I served as a pantry, and red herrings, cooked meat, bread and cheese, and other comestibles were deposited within my capacious interior until my master found a secluded spot in one of the city parks where he could partake of his modest meal. On these occasions also I often served as a table, the food being transferred to my outer surface, and eaten from thence. Then, too, my master often wrote begging letters, using me as a writing-table.



He lived a wretched life, sometimes flushed with money and at other times almost entirely destitute. He was a reserved man, and could carry his drink without reeling or exhibiting the usual signs of drunkenness, but he seemed to be consumed with a perpetual thirst.

I remained in his possession until I became napless, dented, and altogether shabby looking. One windy day I was blown off his head into the river, and was quickly carried down the stream. Suddenly I felt myself hooked and drawn to land; and my new proprietor having dried me, I was laid upon the flags before him, and used as a receptacle for money: I was actually the cash-box of a professional beggar. Here again I discovered that the coppers dropped into my ample space found their way to the landlord's till, and the gifts of the charitable were gorged by the drink fiend.

Could I be more degraded? Yes; even this was possible, for some mischievous lads, watching their opportunity, snatched me from under the beggar's nose, and ran off with their prize, using me afterwards as a foot-ball. Having kicked me about until they were tired, I was left by the roadside, and was picked up by a market gardener, and am now in one of his fields decorating the head of a scarecrow.

### LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

YOU ask why the pledge I have  
signed,

How I broke the strong chain that  
had bound me—

If teetotalers their efforts combined,  
And earnestly sought for and found  
[me?

I'll willingly tell you, my friend,  
For I love to repeat the glad story;  
Whilst to God all my thanks shall  
ascend,  
To His holy name be the glory.

I wandered one night down the street,  
My seat on the alehouse bench seek—  
A crowd at the corner did meet, [ing,  
For a temperance lecturer was  
speaking.

I stood as if chained to the spot—  
I couldn't help stopping and listening,  
As he pictured the drunkard's sad lot,  
Whilst tears in his bright eyes were  
glistening.

He told of the cupboards all bare—  
Of the furniture scanty and broken—  
Of wives crushed with sorrow and care—  
Of horrid and foul language spoken—

Of children, with clothing all scant,  
In vain for a crust of bread crying,  
By a father abandoned to want—  
Of bitter starvation now dying.

Ah! I felt every word was too true!  
'Twas my home that he pictured so  
clearly;  
'Twas my wife he held up to view;  
'Twas my boy I once loved so dearly.

I had left that home just as he said;  
My poor wife was weeping for sad-  
ness;

I had found my child crying for bread,  
And I struck him with all a fool's  
madness.

Remorse with a merciless tooth  
At my sin-hardened conscience was  
gnawing;

But still I stood listening to truth,  
For a brighter scene now he was  
drawing.

He spoke of the drink-chain so strong  
Being snapped by a power that was  
stronger;

Of the home that was wretched so long  
Being hopeless and wretched no  
longer.



Of the pledge that was hung on the wall,  
Of the Bible now read night and  
morning—

Kindly accents that tenderly fall—  
Happy smiles loving faces adorning.

Peace, plenty, contentment and joy  
To bless the glad household combin-  
ing;

Then he begged the poor drunkard to try  
For this changed home, by now the  
pledge signing.

I eagerly clutched at the pen,  
I cared not though crowds were  
surrounding;

I tremblingly signed there and then,  
For my heart with a new hope was  
bounding.

Home I hastened,—but oh! dreadful  
sight,

My boy on the room floor was lying;  
My wife was transfixed with affright;  
She thought, I thought too, he was  
dying.

Had I killed him? Bewildered I stood,  
My senses—my brain were all reeling;  
I scarce dared look up to my God,—  
My heart was stunned almost past  
feeling.

I know not how long I stood there,  
Those moments seemed lengthened to  
years;

I bowed 'neath a weight of despair  
Too heavy for sighs, groans or tears.

When joy! See! he wakes! he revives!  
I thank thee, O God! for this bless-  
ing;

My poor half-starved, beaten child  
lives,  
See the mother her darling caressing.

That hour saw the depth of our night,  
For Hope's day star arose on the  
morrow;

And a changed home all peaceful and  
bright

Succeeded that dark scene of sorrow.  
E. C. A. ALLEN.

## CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

No. 2.—BY UNCLE EISEN.

"THE sea! the sea!"

Such were the words that escaped  
my lips a few days ago, when, looking  
out of the railway carriage in which  
I travelled to the South, I saw, for  
the first time for months, the bright  
blue waves of the ocean rollicking along  
the shore.

And now, here I am upon the beach.  
This has been my dream for weeks;  
and glad enough am I to turn my back  
upon yonder city sweltering in the  
summer's sun, to enjoy the breath and  
balm of this lovely watering-place.

Ay, how fine it is! This bay, how  
grand it looks! Those ships, how lovely  
they appear, with their snow-white  
canvas spread to catch the breeze!  
These sands, how delightful they are!  
No wonder they are thronged with  
visitors from various parts.

But stop! I have escaped the city's  
smoke, but not the city's sin; for look!  
that young fellow is evidently *drunk*.  
His tottering gait, his incoherent  
speech, bespeak his state. And so  
early too! It's scarcely twelve by  
yonder sun. If that young man is no  
generally more careful of his character  
than he is to-day, he will lose it yet  
before he is twenty-one.

I was painfully amused, as a father  
with a bright bonny boy passed me  
about an hour ago. The father was  
smoking what appeared to be a costly  
meerschaum pipe; and the little  
youngster, picking up the butt end of  
a cigar, which a moment before had  
been cast out of the hand of an empty  
swell, placed it between his teeth, and  
with a comical air exclaimed, "I say,  
Dad, give us a light!" The father





"My boy on the room floor was lying,  
My wife was transfixed with affright."—page 155.



looked reprovingly, but still he smoked. I wondered as they passed which does that father love the most, the pipe or child? And it seemed as if some one near replied, "the pipe!"

What a place this sea-side is. I used to say that when I had once fixed upon a course I could keep to it; but I am beaten here. I came to this place with the fullest intent of giving books and business both to the winds, and of having my fill of the old salt sea; but I can't. It was only just now I awoke up as from a dream. I was studying character as hard as I ever studied a book in my life; and had I the picture-painting power of some of my friends, I would give you a few of the quaintest little etchings this world has ever seen.

Look at that group of eight: Father, mother, two brothers, three sisters, and a baby, whether boy or girl I cannot tell. They are a singular lot. I have been watching them carefully for an hour and more. Willie, the eldest boy, seems a quiet thoughtful lad; but Archie is full of frolic and fun. The sisters are as strikingly alike as they well can be. And the baby—well, I never yet could see who babes are like. The mother is tall, but thin, of a respectable bearing, with a quiet pensive looking face, and when she smiles it is as if her heart would break. I should say, but can scarcely tell, hers is a secret grief. The father is short, thick-set, with a ruddy nose and pimpled cheek—a half-repulsive man.

"Mamma," says Minnie, the eldest girl of the three, "I am so thirsty, I wish I could drink."

"Here, lass," says the father, fetching a flask out of his pocket, half filled with a liquid which looks like water, but which smells like gin. "Here, drink this." And so saying, he hands her the bottle, which the child takes with great glee, and begins to drink, when the father half savagely exclaims,

"Hold! hold! or you'll drink it dry."

"James," says the wife, as he wrenches the bottle from his daughter's grasp, "you ought not to do that. You know that child's proclivities. I am afraid she will become a drunkard just like you."

"A drunkard just like me!" he exclaims, "what the d— do you mean?"

"Mean?" says the wife, almost stricken into silence by the fiery rage of his bloodshot eye, "I meant no harm, James: I meant no harm. I only meant that I should not like for Minnie to grow up with a love for the drink, that's all."

"Ugh!" he replied, with a tremendous scowl, "that's how you talk, is it, eh?" and forgetting his duty as a husband and a father, he turns himself upon his heels, and with muttered curses on his lips, leaves that poor lone woman to bury her sorrows in the sands, or to hide them up in her heart.

"Oh dear, dear, dear," says the mother, as she wrings her hands in agony, "*what shall I do?* he is gone again. Oh this *drink*, this *CURSED drink*, it will ruin us yet." And so saying, she lifts her babe in her arms, calls the children to follow, and is away after the man who had sworn to befriend her all the days of his life.

"Minnie, my darling," she says, as she casts her eye over her shoulder, and sees her half-drunken daughter somewhat staggering along, "here, take my hand," and the child, with an idiotic smile, accepts the proffered help, and goes along with the rest.

"Where?"

God only knows—I don't.

Oh, that sight has made me sad. I came here for pleasure, *that* has caused me pain. May God help the mother? man helps her not.





### Band of Hope Management.

#### —SEVENTH PAPER—SUMMER WORK.

Most societies experience great difficulty in trying to keep up the attendance during the summer months. It is very natural for children to prefer out-door recreation when the days are long and bright, and all nature is cheerful and inviting. There will, however remain a few children who are devoted members of the Band of Hope, and with their aid the committee might try the experiment of holding out-door meetings. Some societies have done this with great success. The plan is, to select a quiet spot near to the Band of Hope. Begin in the usual way with hymn and prayer; if a harmonium can be got, to accompany the singing, so much the better. Let the children recite and sing until they have attracted a good audience, then deliver a short spirited address; after which another melody, recitation, or address, if there be time. At these meetings the pledge-book should be in readiness, and earnest efforts put forth to silence opponents and win converts to our cause.

The summer affords especial opportunity for out-door demonstrations, galas, &c. These displays and processions bring our members more directly before the public gaze, and great care should be exercised to prevent the occurrence of anything that might mar the pleasure of the occasion or diminish our worth and importance in the estimation of good people. Flags and banners displaying Temperance mottoes can now be had in great variety, at a cheap rate, and we think it is far preferable to purchase a score or two of

these attractive flags than spend a large sum in one silk banner. It is a good plan to select a large central open space where the various societies shall assemble, the position of each in the procession having been previously fixed by ballot. If any Band of Hope undertakes to come with a brass band, it is usual to allow that society the first place. A small sheet of four or five popular melodies should be printed, which the children could sing along the line of procession. The numerous sports and exercises on gala days are doubtless familiar to every Band of Hope Committee. We need only observe that when the public are brought together in large numbers we should try to promote Temperance principles by including in the programme singing by the children and stirring addresses by leading advocates.

Galas require a number of societies to act in concert, but any Band of Hope may enjoy its own pic-nic or annual excursion to some favourite place of resort. These are occasions of great importance to the society, as they bring the members into closer union and sympathy with each other, and thus help to consolidate the society.

In addition to the society's excursion, the committee alone should have one or two pic-nics during the summer. Good fellowship should be studiously promoted on such occasions, for, if we can only keep the committee closely together like a band of brothers, we have gained a great point. Only let them feel perfectly happy in each other's society, and then they are prepared to do any amount of work together, but



if once we allow petty bickerings and jealousies to creep in, we may expect indifference and failure to follow.

Before the summer has passed away it would be well to arrange for a conference of the Band of Hope Committee and friends to review the work of the past year, and consider the best course to pursue in the coming session. If the society is fortunate enough to have a well-to-do patron living in the country, it would supply additional interest to hold the conference under such auspices. It is a gracious act for a rich president to entertain a hard working committee once a year: the sacrifice to him may be small, but the benefit to the society is incalculable. The committee feel greatly encouraged by the generous recognition of their president, and go back to the good work with renewed zeal and energy.

W. HOYLE.

(To be continued.)

**Band of Hope Summer Work.**—The mistake is sometimes made of discontinuing effort during the summer, instead of altering or adapting its character. This should never, on any account, be done. Success greatly depends upon continuous unbroken work. If the meetings be discontinued it is often difficult to re-open them, the friends lose their interest and the members become scattered.

A series of Out-door Meetings should invariably be held in summer. These might be convened by the circulation of tracts and invitations among the residents in the neighbourhood of the place of meeting, which might, with advantage, be near the usual meeting-room. A good Chairman and speakers, some singing by the children, and one or two recitations would be attractive and useful.

The Annual Visitation of members may be usefully done during the long light evenings of summer months. Lists

of absentees, arranged in districts should be given to senior members, who would report to the Registrar. By this means many members might be encouraged, saved, or restored, and the Society strengthened.

Fêtes, Galas, Demonstrations, Juvenile Concerts, Floral Festivals, or Industrial Exhibitions, are often very effective. They act as a powerful stimulus to the members, give publicity to the movement, secure united action, and afford great pleasure and enjoyment. On these occasions the sale of intoxicating liquors should on no account be allowed. Infinitely better hold no Fête, than countenance the drink traffic, and lead the young into temptation. The chief features of these gatherings are Processions, Bands of Music, Prize Poems, Concerts, Banners, Decorations, Games, and other attractions.

A Pic-nic or excursion should never, be omitted, choosing for it a holiday or a Saturday afternoon as being convenient to the largest number of members and friends. If the distance be not too great secure waggons for the younger members.

Pleasure Parties of Committees and Workers are also very enjoyable, and have a great influence in stimulating and binding the friends together.

We desire, however, to remark that these out-door exercises and engagements should not, on any account, supersede the regular meeting, which should always be continued.—*From Mr. Martin Field's paper, read at the Annual Conference of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.*

**Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.**—We are informed that Mr. G. S. Hall, agent of the Halifax Band of Hope Union, has accepted the position of secretary of this large Union, and will commence his duties on September 1st. We wish him every success in his new sphere.



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS,

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Sure, an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

The difficulty of acquiring our language which a foreigner must experience is illustrated by the following question: "Did you ever see a person *pare a pear* with a *pair* of scissors?"

A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not attend to dress and the fashion without being proud. "Madam," he replied, "whenever you see the tail of the fox out of the hole, you may be sure that the fox is there."

The late Rev. Daniel Isaac was both a great wag and a great smoker. "Ah! there you are," cried a lady who surprised him one day with a pipe in his mouth; "at your idol again!" "Yes, madam," replied he, coolly—"burning it."

CANDID.—Tam (very dry, at door of country inn, Sunday morning): "Aye, man, ye micht gie me a bit gill out in a bottle!" Landlord (from within): "Weel ye ken, Tammas, I daurna sell onything the day. And forbye ye got a half mutchkin awa' wi' ye laast nicht (after hoors, tae); it canna be a' dune yet!" Tam: "Dune! Losh, man, d'ye think a' could sleep an' whusky i' the hoose?"—*Punch*.

A very good tempered gentleman, with a very long nose, was one day walking down a narrow street of Southampton. Two or three very quizzical ladies with very ill grace paused in their way, and looked steadfastly at the gentleman's nose, when he good humouredly placing his finger upon its tip, and pressing it to one side, said laughingly, "Now, ladies, you have room to pass."

I had rather do and not promise than promise and not do.

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments.

The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go in the way he would train up his child.

Never expect any assistance or consolation in your necessities from drinking companions.

There are many who had rather meet their bitterest enemy in the field, than their own hearts in their closet.

A generous mind does not feel as belonging to itself alone, but to the whole human race. We are born to serve our fellow-creatures.

The pebbles in our path weary us and make us footsore more than the rocks, which only require a bold effort to surmount.

An excellent mother, in writing to one of her sons, on the birth of his eldest child, says, "Give him an education, that his life may be useful; teach him religion, that his death may be happy."

WHAT IS IN THE PIPE?—A boy fills his pipe, and he sees only tobacco in it; but I see books, time, money, health, peace, and hope, all going in. He lights his pipe, and things above all price are puffed away in smoke.

### DEFINITIONS.

Moderation (in drinking):—The apprenticeship to drunkenness.

Gambling:—The express train to perdition.

Cleanliness:—A good doctor of the hydropathic persuasion.

Adversity:—The diamond dust by which heaven's jewels are polished.



# A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on "the Signs of the Times."*

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.

NO. 9. — "THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE."



I AM now starting off for the ninth time upon a pen-and-ink ramble through the Picture Gallery of Bacchus, and if those who have so kindly favoured me with their company during these imaginative wanderings will gather round me once more, I will again endeavour to show that every pictorial inducement held forth by the emissaries of Bacchus tends, when rightly viewed, to deter all except the most thoughtless, or wilfully vicious, from entering any place so unfriendly to man's comfort and welfare as a public house.

"The Lads of the Village" is the sign that has just caught my mind's eye; so kindly give me your attention for a

few moments, and should you be desirous to know what is to be gained by frequenting this idlers' resort, watch the door for a minute, and maybe you'll see one of the "lads of the village" come out. Notice what he brings with him: then you will be able to judge if there is anything inside that dangerous place worth venturing in to secure, for all go there to get something. None when they leave are exactly the same as when they entered. Some get more than they bargained for. The lad who went home one night with three black eyes was one of this description. Look! Just as I expected, there is one of our village lads now leaving. There he stands, with his indolent hands carefully packed away in his pockets, idly lounging near the door, as if he knew that he wanted to have a good look at him. There, lads! Is there anything in his appearance that you covet? Would you like the vacant, purposeless expression of his unhealthy looking face transplanted to your own countenance? Would you like to possess his awkward gait, his slovenly and disreputable appearance? And what say you to his apparel? Is there anything pertaining to it that excites your envy? Look at his cap for instance! No amount of money could buy its fellow at any shop in the kingdom. But if you sigh for the effect it imparts to his appearance, become his boon companion at yonder bar, follow his idle and dissolute example, and you will ere long find your head surmounted with a very fair specimen of this nondescript kind of headgear. And how



do you like the cut of his clothes? for what condition in life would that shabby ill-fitting suit of dirty garments fit you? Pay frequent visits to the public house with a companion like him, and you'll soon get the only true response to that question. What do all such contaminating haunts fit young men for? Not the workshop, the studio, the pulpit, the senate, the Hall of Commerce, nor even the humblest fireside. No; but there are institutions in the world that Bacchus is fitting his followers to fill, and they are the prison, the workhouse, the lunatic asylum, and the hospital. The majority of the inmates lingering out the shattered remains of a wrecked career in these homes of pain and sorrow merit their present deplorable condition, for in their youth they graduated in the Tippling Colleges of Bacchus. Enter the first drink shop you come to, if you want to find the shortest road to Demoralisation, Destitution, Insanity, and Disease.

Look again at this "lad of the village." Has he brought anything with him out of that public house that you will be the healthier, happier, or

better for possessing? I feel sure that every honest feeling, every healthy instinct, every manly impulse within you is hastening to leap forth from your lips in one emphatic No! Look at him, Lasses! Would you like him for a husband? Look at him, fathers and mothers! Would you like to own that he is your son? Young men, look at him! Would you like him for your brother? Ah! it is useless to answer no! to that question, for whether you like him or not, he *is* your brother, *our* brother, and we must do our best to save him. We must lift him up out of the ditch into which the habit of drinking has cast him, and to do this we must be on *high* ground ourselves—not *down by his side drinking*, but on the *high, firm, and safe* ground of Total Abstinence.

Let the ears, then, of our inmost attention give heed to that one note of wordless warning that is silently uttered by every public house sign in the kingdom—viz., "*I always keep outside the public house, for that is my proper place; and all who are wise will follow my example.*"

## No!

No is a word of little length,

But few that word can speak;

Yet, when that word is rightly said,

How strong it makes the weak!

If you are asked to touch the cup

Of misery and woe,

O falter not in your reply,

But boldly answer—No!

In all your actions do the right,

Whate'er the world may say:

Ne'er wait to do at other times

What you can do to day.

If any tempt you by their smiles

Some evil way to go,

O falter not in your reply,

But boldly answer—No!

Let all your words be full of truth,

Let kindly feelings reign;

Do good to all, and let your smiles

Leave blessings in their train.

If Satan seeks by winsome wiles

To fill your life with woe,

O heed him not, but turn away,

And boldly answer—No!

W. P. W. BUXTON.



## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES,

## AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER IX.

## DR. STAPLETON AT WARWICK ASSIZES.

*SECOND-day evening.* Poor boy! poor boy! I don't think I was the good friend I meant to be to the lad. What business had I to give him money, and not look better after him in his expenditure of it? Why didn't I give him a home in my own house, too, instead of merely offering it in a careless, good-for-nothing way? There were objections—yes, of course there were; there was that poor unhappy reprobate, Nicholas Clayton, to be appeased, but a little more diplomacy on my part might have settled that. But I never was a skilful diplomatist, and I can't begin to be at this time of day.

The boy's case comes on to-morrow. I am restless and excited. This is an interesting old town, and if I were happier I could enjoy the picturesque, solemn beauty of its massive, grand old castle, rising abruptly from the gently-flowing Avon, embosomed in trees, the foliage of which now just begins to wear the tints of autumn without losing much of the rich green glory of the summer woods. Guy, Earl of Warwick, was a favourite hero with me, too, in old days, and I have come here, in youth, to trace out every connection he had with his ancestral city.

But who can think of history and of scenery when a young heart belonging to him is throbbing in a dungeon—throbbing painfully, with anxiety and terror at an approaching doom? The very air of the place stifles me as I sit here in my room, looking at the prison yonder where he is, and thinking of what the morrow may bring to Rachel's child.

Our Society—the Society of Friends—has done well, in my judgment, to endeavour to repeal the terrible law that demands life for life; but the movement on behalf of the abolition of capital punishment has failed hitherto. We have not worked heartily enough; I feel this to-day. We have not worked, as I pledge myself to work in future—as if some one dear to us were in danger of the gallows. The most we can do for Ronald is to petition, on account of his youth and the utter failure of anything more than circumstantial evidence to convict him. Yet hundreds of men have been hung on the mere proofs of circumstantial evidence. Do I think the boy guilty?

Here, in the silence of my own heart, in this quiet room, I confess to myself and to the great Judge of all men—I do. His brain, maddened by the fire-water rum, set on fire, made to see things in a distorted, magnifying light, saw his relative, his master, as a tyrant, a bully, of whom it were well to rid himself and the world. Poor boy! poor boy! He inherits his mother's awful craving thirst for stimulants, and I fear the worst. I cannot write more. I can only pray for mercy for this erring child—petition the throne which is never deaf to the voice of the suppliant.

*Third-day night.* I am too much moved to write calmly of the stirring events of this day, and yet I cannot sleep. My one resource is to let my pen record the extraordinary scenes of which my eye and ear have been the witnesses.

We were early in court, but the place was thronged; there is always a dreadful



fascination to many minds in such a scene, and in this case it was perhaps aggravated by the extreme youth of the prisoner. We listened once again to the miserable facts of the murder, and the yet more horrible inferences and surmises that surrounded every fact. Ronald stood at the bar with the terrible calmness of cold and blank despair. A deathly pallor was over his young sad face, whose features seemed stiffened into marble. His dark eyes were alone intensely active, and sadly too bright. They scanned the court, scanned the witnesses; they read the faces of the lawyers; they turned, with the agony of mute appeal, to the terrible judge. From out white lips, and in a cold, hard voice he pleaded "not guilty," and his whole appearance was as of one whose life-blood was frozen in his veins. It moved me to my heart's core, and, unsusceptible as I am, I trembled like a leaf as I gazed at him. And yet I heard voices whisper around me that he was looking stolid and indifferent. Careless observers cannot read the agony in restless, tearless eyes—cannot measure the compressed and complicated torture of the heart that pants behind bloodless lips.

My poor boy! There was a look of his mother, too, on the young face, of which the features were so like hers; and this look intensified my anguish; for his mother had worn it when we parted last—a look in which I read the weary recklessness of a hopeless mind.

Witness after witness was examined and left the box; blacker and blacker grew the pall of despair, enfolding Ronald more and more deeply. Cross-examine as they would, his counsel could not shake the grim blackness of the evidence against him. The chief interest of the court, somewhat morbid, perhaps, but I hope not altogether unkindly, centred in the appearance of the young woman Zenobia Spencer, the servant in the house of Nicholas Clayton. Her evidence was chiefly regarding Ronald's appearance, language, and behaviour on the night of his uncle's murder, and to me it appeared the blackest and most condemnatory of all. The evident truthfulness, and yet as evident pain, with which she gave it, was an unconscious tribute to her own kindness of heart and propriety of feeling. She was, however, so restless, and turned her head so often towards the door while she stood in the witness-box, that one of the prosecuting counsel asked her, when she was under his cross-examination, whom she was looking for, and whether she expected to see a ghost. She made an answer so modest and so unexpected that it took the court by surprise.

"Sir," she said, when the subdued laughter had subsided which even in such grave cases of life and death a counsel considers himself entitled occasionally to excite—"Sir, I don't believe that Ronald is guilty, and I believe God has many means of delivering the innocent even at the eleventh hour."

A curious hush pervaded the crowded court for a few moments, then the counsel said, ironically,

"You will be mistaken, my good young woman, if you think justice is to be evaded by pretty speeches, or that a miracle will happen on the prisoner's behalf."

The case went on. The counsel for the prosecution, in his masterly speech, made a terribly bad case against my poor boy. He declared the interests of justice would be for ever marred if such dissolute and ungrateful youths were to be allowed to murder with impunity their unsuspecting relatives and employers—men who had extended to them the hand of charity in their sore need. The blackness and treachery of the prisoner were particularly manifested in his ac-



cepting the hospitality of his uncle while he cherished against him feelings of the most implacable, most awful revenge. He even refused the kindly offers of another uncle, his mother's brother, a gentleman in a superior condition of life, to take him into his own house. This offer he would have been the first to accept had he not had an ulterior motive, for it would have been likely to give him more money to spend in his very doubtful and in many cases most objectionable pleasures. To what other reason could they attribute his reluctance to quit his uncle Clayton's house than to the premeditation of that uncle's murder? When he had finished, Arthur Hutchinson rose to defend Ronald. Without condescending to run the risk of perjuring himself on the dear lad's behalf and declaring solemnly that he was guiltless, he pleaded generously and nobly for him; he dwelt on the absence of sufficient motive, on the guilelessness of Ronald's nature, and he paused at this point to relate their early acquaintance at William Barrett's school; and the uprightness of character and sweetness of temper which had endeared him to all in his career as a schoolboy. He dwelt also on the terrible temptations existing in large towns to undermine the right impulses and resolutions of youth, and thus to bring them into scenes and amid circumstances with which crimes of the darkest nature might be associated, even if they themselves were individually innocent. He emphatically declared that, from all his intimate knowledge of the lad, he could not himself believe him guilty.

A thrill of intense though quiet excitement went through the assembled multitude as he uttered these words, the hearts of men and women beat fast, and the eyes of my poor boy moistened at last with the blessed relief of tears. He ended with a masterly appeal to the jury not to convict a youth only just standing on the verge of manhood of such an awful crime, on the testimony of merely circumstantial evidence. He pleaded with impassioned earnestness that the innocent had thus been made to suffer for the guilty, and had been hurried into eternity prematurely by the unjust judgment of man. He besought them not to suffer the name of Ronald Clayton to be added to the roll of those who had been the martyrs of the law.

Whatever else he had done the noble generous speech of the young barrister had ensured his own high reputation, and I could not believe but that it had inspired a doubt of my unhappy nephew's guilt in some of the jury. The judge summed up the evidence clearly and succinctly, with such impartiality that I was utterly at a loss to ascertain his own opinion. Then came the ordeal, which can surely never be imagined aright, or fully estimated save by those who have experienced it—the ordeal that ensues when the jurymen retire from their box, and the court awaits their return.

We had not very long to wait, and yet the suspense had become painful almost beyond endurance. In about a quarter of an hour the jury once more filed in and took their places, and signified through their foreman, that they were ready.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed?"

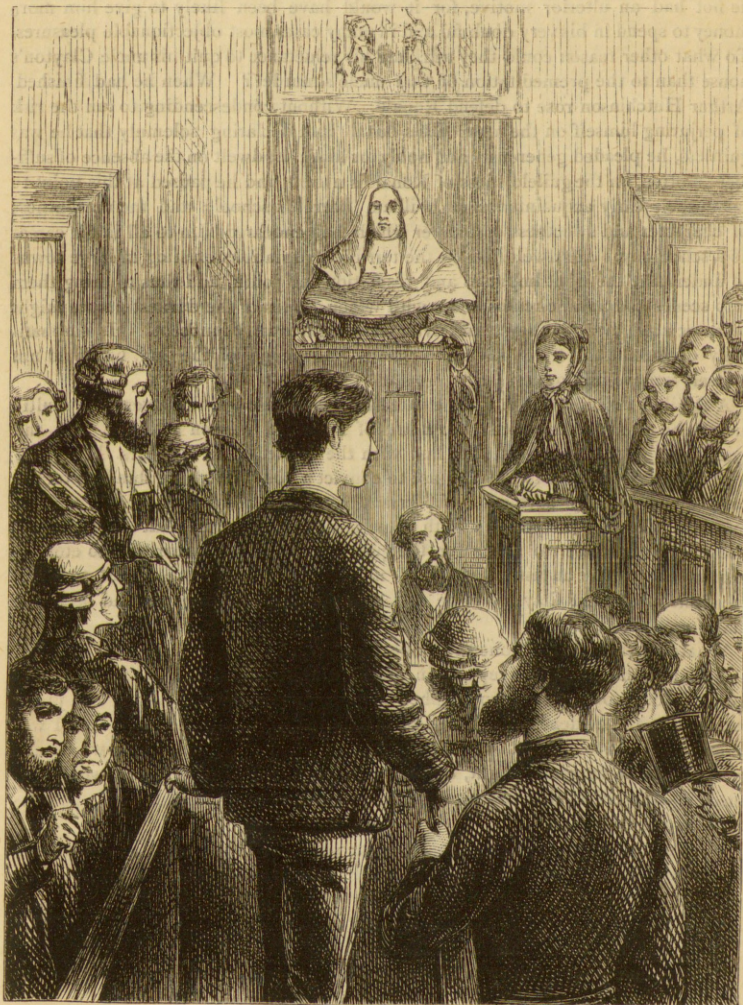
"Agreed, my Lord," answered the foreman.

"What find you? Guilty or Not Guilty?"

"Guilty, my Lord."

The agony of soul of some who listened breathless to those terrible words may not be touched upon. The judge proceeded to put on the black cap, and was about to utter the awful sentence of death, when there was an interruption. A cry of despair, a piercing cry, the cry of a pleading child rather than the cry of a





"Ronald stood at the bar with the terrible calmness of cold and blank despair."—page 164.



stricken man came from the poor young prisoner at the bar. He is but seventeen, and he cried out, as death clutched at him with hard and icy fingers. He had been very calm till now, and they thought him hardened and apathetic, but that boyish wail set all the women crying as if he had been their own, and nobody was unmoved.

The gaoler tried, somewhat roughly, but not unkindly, to soothe and pacify him. Arthur Hutchinson went to him tenderly with a glass of water; he took it, and with trembling fingers held it to his quivering lips. It was piteous.

The judge, his own fine face pale and agitated, waited awhile, and then began the awful sentence a second time. And again there was an interruption; a rushing noise at the door, the attempt to suppress which was utterly in vain. I looked first at Ronald, whose deathly pallor and half-swooning condition had not yet been aroused by the noise, and then I looked at Zenobia Spencer. Her face was aglow, the triumph of hope was visible in her excited demeanour, and eager, questioning eyes, as she bent forward to try and understand the cause of a commotion which did not seem wholly unexpected by her.

"Let them in, let them in." An irrepressible surging to and fro at the door, as of people battling for place; and then there entered the already crowded court a confused mass of human beings, of whom at first I only saw my sister Rachel, escorted by a policeman, and followed by a rough dissolute looking man, dirty and wild, handcuffed, and led between two policemen.

The case was complicated beyond all bounds, when in a terrified voice poor Zenobia, whose bright look had vanished as quickly as it had come, rose, eagerly extending her arms towards the wretched man, and crying aloud, "Oh father! my poor father!"

(To be continued.)

### BROKEN CISTERNS.

"COME unto Me," are words of love,  
So gently, kindly spoken,  
That all should feel their power to heal  
The heart by sorrow broken.

But human hearts, to folly prone,  
To "broken cisterns" turning,  
Refuse the rest of Jesus' breast,  
And find a painful yearning.

The little child thinks long of time,  
Still wishing youth were over,  
And he a man to act each plan  
His fancy can discover.

The manhood comes, but *not* the joy  
Which childhood threw around it;  
Life's busy part will leave the heart  
More sad than when it found it.

The maiden's heart hath gladly leapt,  
With love her life was bright'ning;  
The buds were fair, the tree was bare,  
As blasted by the lightning.

But when it is not sadly so,  
But love's full cup is granted,  
E'en then the soul will leave its goal,  
Still feeling something wanted.

The Christian in his heart hath said  
He sought all bliss from heaven—  
His schemes are crossed, his loved are  
And then that heart is riven. [lost,

But he alone, of all the world,  
Elastic proves in sadness,  
Of all bereft, yet Christ is left  
To reinstate his gladness.

His weary soul goes back to Him,  
From earthly care or pleasure;  
And thus is blest, in finding rest  
And never-fleeting treasure.

Then go to Him, ye earth-sick ones,  
From every refuge driven;  
The Saviour stands, with outstretch  
hands,  
To heal the heart that's riven.

ANNIE CLEGG.





## I.—ENIGMA.

I'm very conspicuous, very complete ;  
 I'm like a policeman, often on beat.  
 I'm an artless deceiver ; but this I will  
 say,  
 The blame rests with people who use  
 me each day.  
 Sometimes I'm so small I could rest on  
 your hand ;  
 Again, I'm so large you might under  
 me stand.  
 I'm out on the ocean, down in the mine,  
 And doubtless I'm present wherever  
 you dine.  
 My friends are so anxious to keep me  
 in sight,  
 I often am raised to a towering height.  
 All night I'm compelled to remain in  
 the street,  
 Though I never could boast of a blanket  
 or sheet.  
 I often am tried—like a culprit in tears,  
 I am doom'd to be hung—I've been  
 hanging for years.  
 I make an appeal, which appeal, if  
 neglected,  
 Makes many mistakes—makes many  
 dejected.  
 Hard usage I stand, though I've no  
 understandings ;  
 I never could walk, though I run on  
 fine landings.  
 I'm an intricate piece, though I'm often  
 in pieces ;  
 I rest from my work, though my work  
 never ceases.  
 I'm working in chains like a convict,  
 although

I ne'er was convicted or struck a foul  
 blow—

Except this one secret I tell unto you,  
 I mark sure advances by striking a few.  
 I never cut figures like fellows on spree,  
 Though figures are very familiar to me.  
 I can reckon up units by many a score,  
 And tell you the total a thousand times  
 o'er.

I never have anything startling to say,  
 I tell the same tale in a very plain way ;  
 My language the briefest that ever you  
 heard,  
 For all of it lies in a very short word.  
 I speak of myself, though I don't care  
 to boast,  
 Great mischief would follow if my race  
 were lost.  
 The subject I speak of is precious to all,  
 I give the same warning to great ones  
 and small.  
 And now, gentle reader, you're thinking,  
 no doubt,  
 A little reflection will soon find me out.

W. H.

## 2.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. The first you'll find if you should  
 meet the post ;
2. Take care of this it is a heavy cost ;
3. A colour or a plant in this you see ;
4. A source of difficulty this will be ;
5. A name of which in Holy Writ we  
 read ;
6. A favourite, but unpleasant thing  
 indeed ;
7. In this a streamlet has its source  
 and ends.

The total is a puzzler, gentle friends.

G. J. BELL.



3.—BURIED ENGLISH RIVERS.

- a. Honest poverty never brings disgrace.
- b. When you see a boy smoking, reprove him.
- c. May England's peace with America never be broken.
- d. Emma paid an extravagant price for her hat.
- e. Cousin Will unexpectedly called in to-day.
- f. I trust our young folks will never break their pledge.

T. E. H.

4.—DOUBLE VERBAL CHARADE.

Here's a basket of flowers, from garden and field,  
And in it two kinds of fruit I've concealed.

The first who succeeds in finding them out

To the prize is entitled without any doubt.

My *firsts* in the flower called the king-cup are found ;

My *nexts* are in primrose, in woods they abound ;

My *thirds* are in peony, gaudy in hue ;

My *fourths* you will find in the violet blue ;

My *fifths* are in pansy or purple heartsease ;

My *sixths* you will find in the charming sweet peas ;

My *sevenths* form a part of the asphodel ;

My *eighths* are in marigold,

My *ninths* in blue-bell.

FRANCES.

5.—PUZZLE.

Take the bark of a holly, the top of an ash,

The head of a cane, and of ivy ; and then

Add the shells of a nut, and part of your cash,

And you'll have a sweet flower that blooms in the glen.

G. J. BELL.

6.—ARITHMOREM.

1,000 and *A rat*.—A woman's name.  
1,000 and *Eden*.—A town in West-phalia.

1,151 and *aha*.—A man's name.

51 and *pin has pip*.—One of the books of the Bible.

501 and *the*.—A girl's name.

50 and *tear*.—An animal.

500 and *read*.—A reptile.

1,550 and *brother naun*.—A county of England.

200 and *Sovr*.—A flower.

100 and *one h*.—A man's name.

If this puzzle you can solve,  
Before your view there'll stand  
A cause which would all men resolve  
T' embrace, 'twould bless our land.

MARIE.

7.—PUZZLE.

One to sixteen so arrange,

In just four lines, no more :

Then add them up which way you please

The total's thirty-four.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 148 AND 149.

1. Soap.

2. LlamA, OblatioN, Virtuoso, EarnesT,  
ObearH, NarcotinE, Easter — Love one another.

3. Feast, east, fast, last, salt.

4. Red-breast. 5. Cockle, clock.

6. Onward, drawn, ward, war.

7. Energy, green.

8. WINE

I BEX

N EPI

E XIT

Boys, here are six good reasons why you should not use tobacco.

*First*.—The use of tobacco will injure your health.

*Second*.—It will injure your mind.

*Third*.—It may lead to drunkenness, and the ruin of your character.

*Fourth*.—It will waste your property. Some persons spend for tobacco, in thirty years, money enough to buy a farm.

*Fifth*.—It will undermine your constitution, and may bring you to an early grave.

*Sixth*.—It may ruin your soul for ever.





## WE'RE A BRAVE DETERMIN'D BAND.

AIR, "Whistling Farmer Boy."

We're a brave determin'd band,  
Cheeks with health aglow,  
Pledg'd to fight for Truth and Right,  
Against Britannia's foe.  
'Neath the flag of Abstinence  
Fearlessly we stand ;  
Come what may to lead astray,  
The tempter we'll withstand.

Tossing on Life's mighty deep,  
Let what may betide,  
Jeer nor taunt our hearts can daunt,  
For Truth is on our side.  
In Life's battle all must fight :  
Victory shall crown  
Him who wears the shield that bears  
The pledge of high renown.

Tra la.

Tra la.

They who on the waves of Life  
Guarded well would be,  
Safely sail thro' ev'ry gale  
On Life's uncertain sea ;  
They who in the race of life  
Deathless fame would win,  
Overthrow each giant foe,  
With self must first begin.

Tra la.

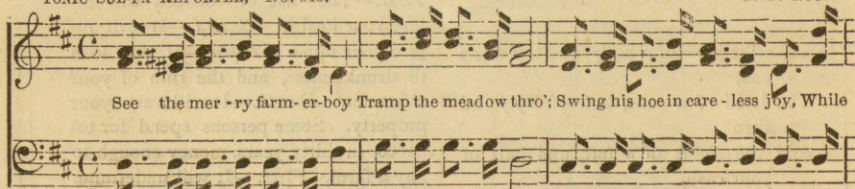
T. H. EVANS.

*N.B.—In singing the above piece, instead of the whistling interlude, let all the parts sing the "Tra, la, la."*

## WHISTLING FARMER-BOY.

"TONIC SOL-FA REPORTER," No. 348.

G. F. ROOT.



See the mer-ry farm-er-boy Tramp the meadow thro'; Swing his hoe in care-less joy, While

s ., f e : s ., l   s ., m : d	l ., d' : d' ., l   s : —	s ., f : r ., l   s ., m : d ., d'
m ., r e : m ., f   m ., d : d	f ., l : l ., f   m : —	r ., r : r ., r   m ., d : d ., m
Farmer-boy is blithe and gay,	Morning, noon or night;	Song or glee, or roun-de-lay He's
d ., d : d ., d   d ., d : m	f ., f : f ., f   d : —	t ., t ., t ., t ., t   d ., d : d ., d



# WHISTLING FARMER-BOY—(Continued.)

dash - ing off the dew. Mer - ry birds on branch - es high Trill their notes of glee;

t ,s : l ,fe | s : — | s ,fe : s ,l | s ,m : d | l ,d' : d' ,l | s : —  
 r ,t, : d ,d | t, : — | m ,re : m ,f | m ,d : d | f ,l : l ,f | m : —  
 whistling with delight. Mer - ry heart so full of glee, O - ver - full of fun;  
 r ,r : r ,r | s, : — | d ,d : d ,d | d ,d : m | f ,f : f ,f | d : —

INTERLUDE (to be whistled).

Far - mer - boy a gay re - ply Now whis - tles cheer - i - ly. La la la,

d' ,t : d' ,s | t ,l : s ,f | m ,d : r ,t, | d : — | s : — | s ,f : m ,f  
 d ,d : d ,d | d ,d : l ,l | s, ,s, : t, ,t, | d : — | m : — | m ,r : d ,r  
 Hear him whistling mer - ri - ly Un - til the day is done.  
 m ,m : m ,m | f ,f : f ,f | s ,s : s, ,s, | d : — | : m | m : m  
 La la la,  
 d : | : :

s : d' | d' : d' | r' : — | r' ,d' : t ,l | s : d' | d' : d'  
 m : m | m : m | f : — | f ,m : s ,f | m : m | m : m  
 : m | m : m | : f | f : f | : m | m : m  
 d : | : | s, : t, | t, : t, | d : | : :

La la la,

s : — | s ,f : m ,f | s : d' | d' : d' | r' : — | r ,d' : t ,r' | d' : — | :  
 m : — | m ,r : d ,r | m : m | m : m | f : — | f ,m : r ,f | m : — | :  
 : m | m : m | : m | m : m | : f | f : f | : m | m :  
 la la la  
 d : | : | d : | : | s, : t, | t, : t, | d : — | : :



# THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

By F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &C.

## ARTICLE V.



THE following is a list of the various members of the Normal Alcohol Group, of which the common or ethylic alcohol, found in the intoxicating liquors of commerce, is the second member.

### NORMAL ALCOHOL GROUP.

Name.	Formula.
Methylic or protylic alcohol	$\text{CH}_3\text{O-H}$
Ethylic or deutylic	$\text{C}_2\text{H}_5\text{O-H}$
Propylic or trilylic	$\text{C}_3\text{H}_7\text{O-H}$
Butylic or tetrylic	$\text{C}_4\text{H}_9\text{O-H}$
Amylic or pentylic	$\text{C}_5\text{H}_{11}\text{O-H}$
Hexylic	$\text{C}_6\text{H}_{13}\text{O-H}$
Enanthic or heptylic	$\text{C}_7\text{H}_{15}\text{O-H}$
Octylic	$\text{C}_8\text{H}_{17}\text{O-H}$
Nonylic	$\text{C}_9\text{H}_{19}\text{O-H}$
Decatylic	$\text{C}_{10}\text{H}_{21}\text{O-H}$
Not yet investigated	$\text{C}_{11}\text{H}_{23}\text{O-H}$
	$\text{C}_{12}\text{H}_{25}\text{O-H}$
	$\text{C}_{13}\text{H}_{27}\text{O-H}$
	$\text{C}_{14}\text{H}_{29}\text{O-H}$
Cetylic	$\text{C}_{15}\text{H}_{31}\text{O-H}$
	$\text{C}_{16}\text{H}_{33}\text{O-H}$
Melylic	$\text{C}_{30}\text{H}_{61}\text{O-H}$

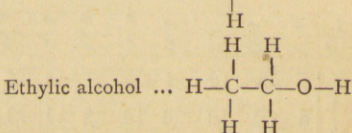
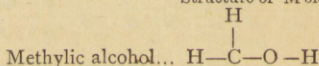
Formidable as this list appears, it is quite probable that it is not yet complete, and it would have looked much longer if we had inserted the 13 members of the group which come between cetylic and melylic alcohol, and whose place is indicated by the four stars.

If we look at the formula of any one of the members of this group, and compare it with the one next succeeding it, we shall find that each succeeding formula is formed by the successive addition of one atom of carbon and two atoms of hydrogen, so that we may represent this difference by the formula

$\text{CH}_2$ , and the symbol  $\begin{array}{c} \text{H} \\ | \\ \text{---C---} \\ | \\ \text{H} \end{array}$ , and if we

put down the graphic representation of the molecule of the first member of this group, methylic alcohol, and compare it with the second member, ethylic or common alcohol, we shall see how this common difference appears in the molecule—thus :

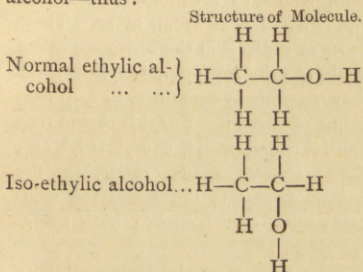
### Structure of Molecule.



The two carbon atoms in the ethylic alcohol molecule being united to each other by one bond, and forming the double centre around which the five atoms of hydrogen are grouped, while the molecule of hydroxyl always appears at the end of the chain of carbon atoms, the oxygen atom and last of the carbon atoms being united by one bond. If the molecule of hydroxyl, instead of being at the end of the chain, is connected with the carbon atom, by replacing one of the hydrogen atoms which surround the central carbon nucleus, we shall find that such an arrangement produces quite a different class of substances, which although they have exactly the same number of atoms in the respective molecules as the normal alcohols, exhibit nevertheless a quite different series of chemical characters and relations. Such an alcohol we distinguish from the normal alcohol of the same kind by the prefix Iso, and the difference in molecular structure will be readily seen by the comparison of the molecule of normal



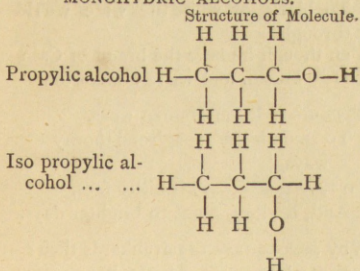
ethylic alcohol with that of Iso-ethylic alcohol—thus :



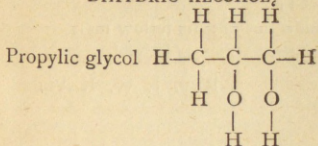
In the latter molecule we see a single atom of hydrogen forming the termination of the chain while the molecule of hydroxyl forms one of the central group.

In the same way a different series of alcohols may be obtained by replacing two or three of the hydrogen atoms of the central carbon nucleus by as many molecules of hydroxyl, and the various alcohol groups which they respectively form are called monohydric, dihydric or trihydric alcohols, just as they contain, one, two, or three molecules of hydroxyl. This will be better understood if we give an example of these three principal sub-divisions of the alcohol family—thus :

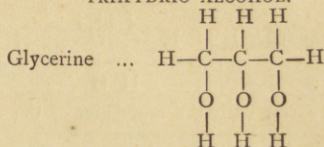
MONOHYDRIC ALCOHOLS.



DIHYDRIC ALCOHOL.

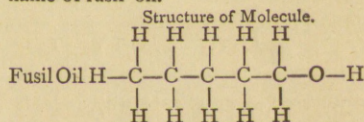


TRIHYDRIC ALCOHOL.



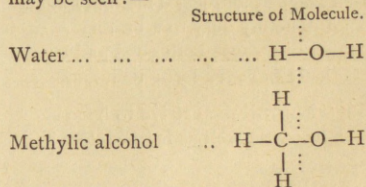
It will be seen from looking at the various formula, that all the normal alcohols, with which we are specially dealing in this paper, are monohydric, because they only contain one molecule of hydroxyl, and it is always at the end of the chain of carbon atoms, however long the chain may be.

This will be clearly seen if we take one of the groups which contains a large number of carbon atoms, such as amylic alcohol, better known under the name of fusil oil.

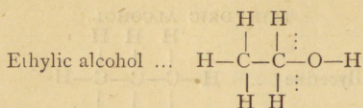


The only difference between this and the other members of the group richer still in carbon, such as melylic alcohol, being that the chain is much longer in the latter case. If we look at the structure of the molecules of the various members of the Normal alcohol group we shall be struck with the fact that their construction is the same throughout—that is to say, in all cases we may suppose a compound molecule composed of varying numbers of carbon and hydrogen, in the different members, to have taken the place of one of the atoms of hydrogen in a molecule of water.

We place a few of the symbols below each other, for comparison, so that this may be seen :—

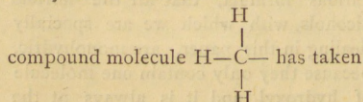






And so on with the remainder of the series.

If we look at the molecule of methylic alcohol we shall see that a



the place of one atom of hydrogen in the water type. This molecule is called a base or radical. In the ethylic alcohol the same thing has occurred,

only the ethylic base or radical is more complicated, as it contains one carbon and two hydrogen atoms more. These bases or radicals in the series are called methyl, ethyl, propyl, butyl, &c., as they respectively contain 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., atoms of carbon. For this reason they are also called protyl, deutyl, trilyl, &c., from Greek words signifying the numerals, and in the list at the commencement of this article both names are given.

We can therefore also look upon these alcohols as consisting of one of these bases or radicals united to a molecule of hydroxyl.

*(To be continued.)*

## OUR DUTY TO THE DRUNKARD.

‘WHY save a drunkard? why, indeed,  
And get his curses for your pains?  
He’s far below my caste or creed—  
A drunken dolt devoid of brains.”

Thus spake a Pharisee to me,  
And passed by on the other side.  
He would not stoop the gutter to see,  
He would not lower his saintly pride.

I led the drunkard to his home,  
If place like that a home could be:  
It seemed more like a living tomb—  
Souls sold to Drink and Misery.

That drunkard was my neighbour; he  
Whom I am taught to love indeed,  
In whose marred visage I could see  
A brother, in the hour of need.

Men laughed and jeer’d me, but I knew  
I’d done my duty to a brother.  
Armed in a cause both good and true  
I could have led forth then another.

Oh, when will men strive to be men  
In heart, as well as learned lore?

Then man, in man would prize again,  
Nobility of soul the more.

’Tis noblest by the truth to stand,  
“To aid and bless,” where’er we can.  
’Tis Godlike with a willing hand  
To suffer for our fellow man.

Why shrink we then? our duty’s plain  
To black, or white the wide world  
through;  
E’en though he bore the brand of Cain  
He’s human and we’re human too.

’Tis ours to lessen human woes,  
To smooth life’s rough and thorny  
ways,  
To save man from his bitter foes,  
And, leading, point to brighter days.

Why seek to save the drunkards then?  
What! leave them in the hour of  
need?  
He who’d not aid his fellow men  
Is lost to nobleness indeed.

REV. J. W. KAYE.



## "THE DEW OFF BEN NEVIS."

BY A. J. GLASSPOOL.

LITTLE Frank Johnson is one of the sharpest boys at our Band of Hope: He made a speech at our last festival that took every one with surprise, and our minister, who could hardly believe he was listening to a little fellow, named him the "Smallest Member of Parliament." Very well, Frank Johnson, Esq., M.P. was one day going home from school, when he saw in the window of a public-house a bill printed in bright colours, upon which were the words which head our little story:—

### "THE DEW OFF BEN NEVIS"

"I wonder what that means," thought Frank. "I always understood that the publicans despised the dew, and I cannot imagine how they can collect it and then sell it to the public." So when Frank reached home, he said to his papa, "Papa, do please tell me what is meant by The Dew off Ben Nevis."

"Certainly, my dear boy," was Mr. Johnson's reply. "Come bring the stool and sit by my side, and I will try to make it all plain to you." So when Frank was comfortably seated, Mr. Johnson said to him, "Do you know what the dew is, Frank?"

"Yes, papa; it is the shining drops of water which we see on the grass and flowers when we go into the garden early in the morning."

"You are right, Frank. The dew comes down from heaven in the night; it sits upon the flowers and the grass, and when there is no rain, the dew serves to refresh all nature. How beautiful are those diamond drops! how they tell us of the goodness and the love of God!"

"But tell me, papa, does the publican sell these beautiful dewdrops?"

"Oh dear no, Frank; the liquid that the publican calls 'The Dew off Ben Nevis,' is very different to the sparkling dew. Let me tell you, some years ago I paid a visit to Scotland, and among other happy trips, I climbed to the top of Ben Nevis. It was a hot summer's day, and very soon all our little party were tired, and resting on the beautiful grass which covers some parts of the mountain. 'Have a glass of mountain dew,' said one of the party to me; and he brought from his pocket a flat black bottle, and poured a white liquid into a little tin cup. I took the cup and smelled the liquid. 'What a mistake to call this mountain dew,' said I; 'it smells very much of the distillery and the public-house. No, thank you, my friend, I shall look for the real mountain dew, which is the gift of God, and not, like your alcoholic liquid, the creature of man.'

In a very few moments I discovered a sparkling stream flowing down the mountain side. It was icy cold and pure as crystal. How different was this real mountain dew to that which my friends had brought in their flasks! This was cool and refreshing; that was hot, burning, and only served to increase thirst, rather than quench it. Besides, this was a gift; it cost nothing. I could drink and drink again without any injury, while my friends had to pay dearly for their very little drop of spirits."

"Then, papa," interrupted Frank, "the publican does not sell the dew off Ben Nevis, but a nasty liquid that takes away people's reason, and sometimes their health and even their lives."

"Yes, Frank; you are right again, my boy. How glad I am you have learned so well to know the difference between the true and the false."

"Then I think, papa, the best thing you can do is just this: when the next holi-





"A kind-hearted soul was the ragged school teacher  
Who saw a fine man in the poor wretched lad."—page 177.



days comes round, let me go with you to some mountain and taste the mountain stream, and I promise you I will never taste the publican's dew all my life long."

"Well, my darling," said Mr. Johnson, laughing; "I will not make any promises, but I will think about your proposal. But it is quite time you were in bed. Good night; and may God bless you!"

So the father and son kissed each other, and parted for the night.

### POOR DICK.

POOR Dick was an outcast in proud London city,

Where ladies and gentlemen revel in wealth.

Dick thought it so strange there was no one to pity,

Or ask him concerning his fortune or health.

Hard fare made him daring and cunning when chances

Presented themselves to his dexterous eyes;

So quick were his hands and so sharp were his glances,

He pounced like a tiger right on to his prize.

He saw some fine ladies from doorway emerging,

When quickly as thought he was close by their side.

Concealed by the crowd that was constantly surging,

A purse in his hand a policeman espied.

Poor Dick he was speedily locked up for stealing,

And questioned next morning by counsellors stern;

But thanks to the magistrate's judgment and feeling,

He sent Dick to school better lessons to learn.

A kind-hearted soul was the ragged-school teacher,

Who saw a fine man in the poor wretched lad:

He told him his faults, like a good faithful preacher,

And soon Dick was washed, fed, and decently clad.

Six years he pass'd o'er in sincere emulation,

Forsook all his waywardness, folly, and sin;

He grew a smart youth, with a sound education,

Possess'd a fine head with ambition to win.

Once more he went forth in that proud London city,

But now with a will and a power to control.

He wanted no stranger to welcome or pity;

There was strength in his arm, there was grace in his soul.

He worked like a man fired with noble ambition;

By slow sure degrees his position improved;

He rose to a merchant in handsome condition,

An Alderman widely respected and loved.

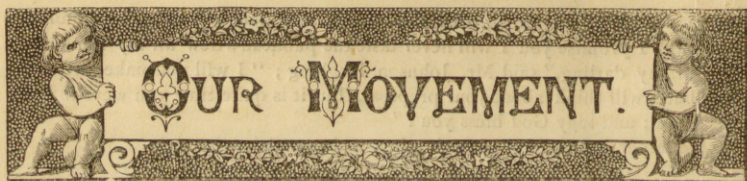
God bless the good men who so willingly gather

The rough ragged children from alley and street!

God bless the good men who would willingly rather

Remove the drink-curse and make every home sweet!—W. HOYLE.





### Band of Hope Management.

—EIGHTH PAPER—THE CHILDREN.—

Notwithstanding all that has been said on Band of Hope Management, there are yet some conductors who proceed as though children were simply spectators and nothing more. The other evening we saw an illustration of this, which pained us much. The Chairman did not appear to have any programme whatever. After the opening hymn and a few remarks, the speaker was introduced, who soon discovered that he was expected to occupy the entire evening. Once or twice, he paused, and referred to the time, but was politely told to proceed with his address, which he did until it was time to dismiss. The speaker, on retiring, drew attention to this very serious defect, and expressed a hope that it would not occur again. Of course, a little reflection will show how ruinous to the Society such mismanagement must be. We might as reasonably expect harvest without seed-time, as to expect a good future for such a Band of Hope. Children are always willing to contribute their share when they are properly trained in the work. Let us therefore make the children co-workers in the Band of Hope. They can be trained to recite or sing with effect, and no feature is more interesting than the presence of good reciters and singers at our meetings. The children thus engaged would feel that they were no longer spectators but actual co-workers in the management of an important institution. This would inspire them with new zeal and energy. They

would strive to attend punctually, and to excel in all they attempted.

Children can be made into very successful publication canvassers. Every Band of Hope should have its Publication Department. The circulation of sound temperance literature is a most important means of extending our movement. Publication Departments have long ceased to be an experiment. Many societies have for years been doing an astonishing amount of good by this means, through the instrumentality of children. Oh that we could infuse this missionary spirit into every Band of Hope in the kingdom! Would it not speed on the progress of temperance and produce a glorious change in society? Wake up, then, ye careless conductors; gather your children around you; select a dozen or twenty of the most intelligent and reliable. Send them round the neighbourhood with canvassing bills and specimen copies of *Onward*, *British Workman*, *Band of Hope Review*, etc., and with care and perseverance you will ere long find abundant success. This is a philanthropic work, but it is also a profitable one. The sales will yield a profit of from twenty to twenty-five per cent., which is returned to the canvassers in prizes, in proportion to the extent of sales effected during the year. A short time since we were present at the festival of a society where prizes to the value of forty pounds were distributed for publications sold in one year. It did us good to see the prizes—sewing machine, silver watch, work boxes, writing cases, lady's satchels, pictures, books, etc.—which the can-



vassers carried away. We fancied ourselves in a bazaar, the sight was so imposing.\*

Many societies deplore the continual loss of senior members. This is a very serious defect; but are we not ourselves to blame to a large extent? If we take a deep, earnest interest in the children individually, they will not easily desert our meetings when they grow older. The system of visiting absentee members should be strictly observed. Once get to the homes of the children, and we secure the co-operation of the parents. When they find us concerned for the welfare of their children, their sympathy is awakened, and it is a rare case indeed when they will not heartily second our efforts for their children's good. But our influence does not rest with the children, for does not experience prove that often we may succeed in leading the parents to attend the meeting and embrace our principles?

(To be continued.)

\* See an excellent little work on "Publication Departments," by T. E. Hallsworth, price 1d. ONWARD Office.

**Bradford Band of Hope Union.**—This flourishing Union held its seventeenth annual gala on Saturday 21st July, in Peel Park, which is kindly placed at their disposal by the corporation. In addition to the usual attractions, there was a concert given by a choir of two thousand children, members of the various Bands of Hope in the Union. About twenty-five thousand visitors were present. One special feature was the unveiling of a statue of "Spring," which had been erected by the Union, and which was presented by the committee to the Mayor of Bradford, and received by him on behalf of the town council. Works of art of the value of £500 had been presented in previous years by the friends of Temperance. We doubt not the movement is doing great good in Bradford. Well

would it be, if Temperance friends in every town stood in the same happy relationship with corporate bodies.

**Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.**—For many years this important organisation has held its outdoor district gatherings during the summer months, which have attracted considerable attention. On Saturday, July 28th, in consequence of the gloomy aspect of the weather, only eight Societies turned out in Queen's Park district, but these, numbering 800 members, formed an interesting procession to the Park, where an excellent public meeting was held, presided over by Rev. Robert Mitchell, and addressed by Messrs. J. W. Cummins Agent of the Union, and M. Duffill. The usual sports, were eagerly entered into by the young people, who passed a pleasant afternoon.

On Saturday, 11th August, the Phillip's Park gathering took place. Fifteen Societies assembled, numbering over two thousand members. There were seven bands of music, and an endless variety of flags, banners, garlands, etc. The populous neighbourhood of Ancoats was all astir as the procession moved *en route* to the park. The bright sunny weather imparted a lively aspect to the demonstration, which was one of the most enthusiastic and successful witnessed in the district.

**Belfast Band of Hope Festival.**—On Saturday, 4th August, under the auspices of the Irish Temperance League, the above Society held a very successful Festival at Duraven demesne, through the liberality of J. P. Corry, Esq., M.P., who was present on the occasion. Nearly thirty Societies were brought together, forming an immense procession, headed by the band of the Gibraltar training ship. An Exhibition of Wild Flowers added to the pleasure of the occasion. Prizes were also awarded for the best poem, and a number of events, which made up a most enjoyable day.



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"Spirit Rapping."—What a drunkard's wife knows far too much of.—*Punch.*

"THERE now," said a little girl, rummaging a drawer in the bureau, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles!"

TIMKINS says the happiest moments in a woman's life are when her husband comes home late at night, and yells to her from the front steps to throw him down some keyholes, assorted sizes.

A BOY was much exercised for fear he would not know his father when they both reached heaven. His mother eased him by saying, "All you will have to do is to look for an angel with a red nose."

TAKING a cigar out of his mouth, the minister said to one of his parishioners, fond of sleeping in church, "There is no sleeping car on the road to heaven." "Nor smoking cars either, I reckon," said the now wide awake man.

As the late Professor—was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met a well-known individual of weak intellect "Pray," said the Professor, "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied Jemmy, scratching his head, "how auld are ye yoursel?"

## EPIGRAM.

A little child observed the other day  
Some youthful porkers frisking at their  
play;  
And thus she thought: Since men on  
these do dine,  
Surely some solemn thoughts befit these  
swine.  
Her confidence in grunTERS greatly  
shaken,  
Said she, "I wonder if pigs *know*  
they're *Bacon*."

A clear conscience is the best law.  
Labour as much to cure thyself of a  
fault, as thou wouldst of a fever.

Drinking water neither makes a man  
sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.

More credit can be thrown down in a  
moment than can be built up in a year.

Zeal without judgment is like gun-  
powder in the hands of a child.

As a man drinks he generally grows  
reckless; in his case, the more drams  
the fewer scruples.

If we are *good*, example is the best  
lustre of virtue; if we are *bad*, shame  
is the best step to amendment.

MEN are not their own to do what  
they like with. We say that men are  
their wives', their children's, their fel-  
low-men's, their country's, their God's.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial  
against the consumption of the spirits;  
wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it  
trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or  
season.

I CHALLENGE any man who under-  
stands the nature of ardent spirits, and  
yet for the sake of gain continues in the  
traffic, to show that he is not involved  
in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

## AN ACROSTIC.

Destroyer of the constitution. (Prov.  
xxiii. 29-32.)  
R obber of the pocket. (Prov. xxiii. 21.)  
U nerring pathway to a premature grave.  
(Nahum i. 10.)  
N ever - failing producer of misery  
(Isaiah xxiv. 7-12.)  
K indler of strife. (James iv. 1.)  
A ssassinator of the human race. (Prov.  
vii. 25-27.)  
R eproach of the character. (1 Cor.  
x. 11.)  
D estroyer of the soul. (1 Cor. vi. 9-10.)



## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES, AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER X.

SOME MORE PAGES FROM DR. STAPLETON'S DIARY.

BEFORE we had time to think or reason on this abrupt interruption of an important trial, Rachel was in the witness box, calmer and more collected in manner than I could have believed possible, after the bustle of her singular entrance into the Court. She hid nothing that could help to the elucidation of the case or to the clearance of Roland's character. With a bravery inspired by the mother love which now once more animated her, she revealed her own drunken habits, in order to explain her child's ignorance of her, and the horror to herself with which she learned by accidentally scanning a paper in a London public-house, how her years of guilty neglect had culminated in his arrest for murder. There was something exceedingly pathetic in the sight of this degraded but still tenderly loved sister, now so worn and emaciated with the signs of premature death only too visible to my tutored eyes in the hectic flush on her waxen cheeks, and the unearthly light in her sunken yet glittering eyes. My poor Rachel! thou hast indeed "sown the wind to reap the whirlwind."

For a little while, stoical as I am, I was so much overcome as to be obliged to give way to my feelings. I leaned forward and covered my face with my hands, for I had no wish to unnerve her who needed rather to be supported in this trying hour; and thus hidden, I allowed the emotion I could no longer conceal to find vent in tears. Yet the quiet tones of my sister's voice penetrated my brain, and this was the story she told in simple, graphic, truthful language to the listening crowd:—

When she had become acquainted with the suspicion that rested on her only surviving child, she left London for Birmingham, with a vague restless hope animating her that she might possibly in some way be able to assist him. She had no particular reason to doubt his guilt, and yet the faith in his innocence, natural to a mother, was strengthened by that same faith which had been so strikingly manifested by Zenobia Spencer. My sister frequented the gin-palaces and public-houses of Birmingham anxious to acquire news respecting the murdered man and his supposed murderer, and the probabilities of the impending trial. Her quick wit, sharpened probably by the very nature of her disease, had learned the habits of her young son, the characters of those with whom he had been associated, and the amount of animus he had at any time exhibited against his murdered uncle.

At last, when the trial was so near that hope of deliverance for her child was fast fading from her mind, and she had grown painfully anxious on his account, she had been called upon by the landlady of the public-house where she lodged to assist her in nursing a barge-man bearing the cognomen of Raw Peter, who had been stricken with brain fever whilst in the house. She complied. At first she watched and listened without interest to the ravings of the poor sufferer; then her ears grew attent, for she heard revelations, names and ejaculations, that filled her with wonder, horror and awe. These ravings convinced her that Raw Peter was at least in some way cognisant of the circumstances of Nicholas Clayton's death.



An opiate having been administered to the patient by the doctor, and sleep having ensued, my sister stole out to the house of the murdered man, to confer with Zenobia Spencer, and to impart to her the information she had thus singularly acquired. This interview had given Ronald's faithful friend the glimmering of hope which had been evident in her demeanour while under a severe cross-examination during the trial.

But Zenobia had been obliged to leave Birmingham for Warwick without having received any further intelligence from my sister. The sick man had slept so long after the powerful opiate which had been administered to him, that Rachel's terror grew extreme lest he should not wake in time for his information to be of any use at the trial; or worse still, lest he should never wake again in this world, and his vague ravings, for proof of which she had nothing but her own word, should but linger in her own mind, to torture her when the terrible fate of her child was sealed. But after this dull heavy sleep, Raw Peter towards nightfall on the previous day had awakened and grown restless, and begun to talk again of the scenes which haunted his brain. And he talked of them this time as the landlady stood with Rachel beside his bed. She became alarmed at the references he made to "Nick Clayton" and "his grudge against the old brute," and "the money," and "the dead man," and called her husband.

They were all listening to him when the doctor arrived to see his patient. He too listened, and advised them to send at once for a detective. My sister thereupon revealed to both the doctor and the policeman her relationship to Ronald, and the agonising interest which the discovery of the real murderer had for her. While they attended carefully to what might prove, after all, to be only the delirious fancies of the sick man and without any foundation in truth, Raw Peter suddenly sprang forward, exclaiming,

"Have at him, Old Boney, have at him, oi say; we two and thy master are a match for him, oi reckon," and then sank back exhausted.

The police officer recollected at once that Spencer, Zenobia's father, had a bulldog called "Old Boney," known to all the dog-fanciers in the neighbourhood for its ferocity. He immediately reported these circumstances to the superintendent of the station, and another detective was despatched to Spencer's house, armed with a warrant to apprehend him on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Nicholas Clayton. Zenobia's father was not at home, but drinking at a house much frequented by men of his class and his pursuits, and he was busy arranging the terms of a dog-fight when the detective accosted him and requested him to give him a word or two. Terror-stricken and completely cowed on hearing the character and business of his visitor, he yielded himself up sulkily, and on being taken before a magistrate, confessed that his "dawg" had had some part in the tragedy, though he himself had not put out a hand to touch his miserable master. Without further delay, Rachel and the unhappy Spencer, accompanied by members of the police force, had come to Warwick, expecting to reach the Court before the verdict was given; but the speedy decision of the jury had made them enter only just in time to prevent the sentence of death being passed upon Ronald.

Tom Spencer, in a dogged, surly, half-defiant way, and as if determined to risk all, volunteered to make what he called "a clean breast of the whole matter," and he was put upon his oath. He told how he came home in the evening along the canal bank, from the dog-fight in which Nicholas Clayton's animal had won, whose stakes were in the iron-founder's pocket. He himself, he said, was half



drunk, and angry that his dog "Old Boney" had been beaten by his master's favourite "Tear'em." He related how he was surprised to meet "Raw Peter," who was apparently on the watch for him, and who informed him that "Old Nick" was also on the same path, a little nearer to the town of Birmingham, and that he had been fighting desperately with his young nephew, the lad Ronald. Ronald had gone now, leaving his uncle on the ground, and Raw Peter suggested that if they two threw him into the canal, none need be the wiser. This Spencer declared he solemnly refused to do, but consented to go with the bargeman, and have a look at him. While they were looking, and Old Boney was smelling around him, Nicholas Clayton started up angrily and demanded their business. Raw Peter and the dog then set upon him. In the struggle the wretched man, bruised and bleeding with combating the savage fury of the dog and his scarcely less unmanly human opponent, fell heavily into the water. They dragged him out of the canal, but life was extinct. Then, hastily rifling his pockets of the ill-gotten gains his dog had won for him, and of a considerable sum besides, the two men made off, and bound themselves by an awful oath that they would hide the money, and not spend it till the nephew had been convicted of his uncle's murder, and they had thus escaped suspicion.

Spencer was removed from the Court in custody, to be locked up to await the result of Raw Peter's illness. Through all this long scene, during which the quietude of intensest excitement had prevailed in the thronged Court, Ronald's young face had changed again and again, flushing and paling with the wonderful variety of his emotions. It was well for Rachel and her child that the first feeling she had inspired in her son's breast after her long estrangement from him was that of gratitude. Well that her tale had enkindled again the light of hope in his haggard young countenance, and that their first answering glance when she had finished was full of love as well as wonder.

But the grief of poor Zenobia Spencer was pitiful to witness. The miserable confession which her father made of cowardly brutal assault upon an already fallen man, and the thought that she herself had perhaps brought terrible punishment upon him, stung her honest, upright, generous nature to the quick, and she cried bitterly, hopelessly.

When I have attended a trial, or even been present in the magistrates' court and witnessed the heartfelt sorrow too often to be seen in these places, and remembered how many repetitions of just such scenes of misery were going forward all over the country; and when I have further reflected that all our magistrates and judges are agreed that more than half of such crime and disgrace, and consequent trouble, might be avoided by the disuse of intoxicating drinks, I have found myself wondering greatly, in my plain, old-fashioned way, however it happens that Christians patronise such an agent of the devil, how they endure to place it on their boards, to partake of it themselves, or to introduce it to their children.

The judge formally acquitted Ronald of the crime of murder, and in doing so made the following pertinent observations: "Young man, I release you with pleasure from the grasp of the law; but recollect that you are yet in the grasp of a still surer and an eternal law, and deserving the frown of a Judge before whom we judges of this world, in all the little pomp of our office, are but as 'the dust of the balances and altogether vanity.' Though you are proved to be innocent of the crime of killing your uncle, who had sheltered you in his house for many years, yet your quarrel with him and attack upon him in his drunken condition doubtless



rendered him the easier victim of his later assailants. And here let me further observe that the abominable practice of using stimulants to excess, which is so common in our day, exposes men to all sorts of dangers from which they would otherwise be free. Had you not accepted Raw Peter's rum, and had your unfortunate uncle himself been sober, you would neither of you probably have cared to engage in a fight, and the unhappy results that followed might then have been avoided. But you are young, Ronald Clayton, and the Almighty may in His mercy grant to you time and opportunity to redeem the past, to rectify the awful mistakes of your dissipated youth. I will advise you, as an old man speaking in the presence of God, before whom all men are equal, to a young man who has but narrowly escaped the most terrible sentence the law of his native land has to inflict, to put every safeguard around your future path, to give up your bad associates, your evil haunts, and, as a first step, to part company for ever with all intoxicants. Youth does not need them, and I am inclined to think that even old age is better without them."

Ronald, who had attentively regarded the noble countenance of the good old judge, now answered him modestly, "Honoured sir—my lord, I cannot thank you now. May God help me to do so, by my conduct in the future!"

But before the last word was completely uttered, his face grew pallid, and he once more fainted, overcome again by the heat of the Court and the extremes of feeling to which he had been exposed. He was given up to his mother and myself, and the awkwardness and embarrassment of my meeting with Rachel was thus absorbed in our mutual anxiety for our poor dear prodigal.

We drove away to my quiet lodgings in that quiet old-world town, and laid the weary limbs and aching brow upon the comfortable bed in the shady room. Before the windows, stirred by the warm breeze, there swept gently to and fro the branches of a fine old elm, the pride of the roomy old fashioned garden below.

Poor boy! poor boy! There was something that might have moved a hard heart in the sight of him lying there, his young frame so exhausted, his powers so paralysed, his strength so worn out. The young are slow to learn by anything short of personal experience; else there was a solemn warning against bad habits and bad company, and the use of intoxicants for every lad in the sight of Ronald's blighted fairness and premature woe.

When full sensibility returned, he became the prey of a low nervous fever, one of the most difficult and tedious of complaints. His sleep was broken and uneasy, his appetite precarious, and his mind apathetical and indifferent to the little pleasures and amusements we endeavored to give him.

Remorse held terrible possession of him, and that golden autumn season was blackened for him by the clouds of past sins. He was morbidly sensitive to the punishment inflicted upon Zenobia's father, and the misery which he believed himself to have caused this true and faithful friend. He himself, he declared, had set fire to the train of consequences that led to Spencer's guilt and disgrace; he ought to have shared his confinement. "Raw Peter's" death occurred about a fortnight after the trial without any coherent confession. Tom Spencer was thereupon, on his own confession, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for aggravated assault upon the ironfounder, and thus the matter judicially ended.

A splendid monument was erected by the widow of the murdered man to the memory of her husband, and she, with her girls and little son, went to reside near her father's residence at Burslem. She offered to Zenobia to accompany her and



remain in her service, but the girl declined. She was indeed unfit for hard work of any kind, and though her honest lover Joe begged her to marry him at once, she persistently refused, declaring she would not bring disgrace upon him by suffering him to marry the daughter of a prisoner.

It was now my turn to take matters in hand. I believed a thorough change absolutely necessary for some of us, and that it would do us all good. I was anxious for Rachel to go further south before winter approached, and as soon as ever Ronald could undertake a day's journey, I decided to take him and his mother, and Zenobia along with them, to a certain pretty watering-place I knew of, Dawlish by name, on the Devonshire coast. This idea was received with favour by all. Joe even promoted my plan, for I had promised to further his wishes by persuading Zenobia that she was unduly and unreasonably exercising his exemplary patience. I had also given him an invitation to come to Dawlish at Christmas, and again in the spring towards the end of our stay, when I gave him good hopes that by such time he might arrange for the marriage to take place in the little town, and carry home his bride to Birmingham.

*(To be continued.)*

### "J'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES."

"ONCE on a time," as tales begin, there lived a noble youth  
Who sought to live a Christian life and always speak the truth.  
He and his father one day went in company to dine:  
The waiter asked the youth if he would take a glass of wine;  
"I'll take what father takes," he said, uncertain what to say;  
But when the father heard the words he turned his head away.  
The old man thought, "If I take wine, my son will take the same,  
And if my boy becomes a sot, who then will be to blame?"  
He turning to the waiter, said, "Bring water, please, for me."  
The answer caused no small surprise, for wine each day drank he.  
"If my son falls," he thought, "what then? The foe I know can bite;  
I should not like to blast his hopes, or turn his day to night."  
The father saw that danger lay where none he thought had been,  
And from that day, within his home, strong drink has ne'er been seen.  
As children grow they quickly learn to "take what fathers take,"  
And evil habits soon are formed, but they are hard to break.  
As parents sow so must they reap—the blame will be their own—  
They cannot reap the golden grain if only tares are sown.  
If water be your only drink—which ne'er a drunkard makes—  
You need not blush when children say, "I'll take what father takes."

W. P. W. BUXTON.

DRUNKENNESS is a crime against man and a sin against God. He who dies a drunkard commits suicide deliberately, and violates the command, "Thou shalt not kill." There are no woes in the Bible more bitter than those which are pronounced against drunkenness. It is a sin which leads its victim to the altar of blood where he voluntarily surrenders his reason, his life, his hope, and his soul.



## TRIPPING LIGHTLY.



Tripping lightly o'er the meadows,  
 Stranger to the world's dark shadows,  
 Heaven bless thee, little maiden  
 With fresh-gathered flowers laden !  
 May thy future days and hours  
 Pleasant be as summer flowers !  
 Birds above thee gaily singing,  
 Zephyrs sweetest perfume flinging ;  
 Careless feet of fairy lightness,  
 Face aglow with simple brightness :  
 Once my heart was light as thine ;  
 Now a sad, dark lot is mine.

I was reared in wealth and splendour,  
 Gently reared with hands so tender,  
 Till I loved so fondly, blindly  
 One who treated me unkindly—  
 Left me in the world alone ;  
 Heaven knows where he is gone.  
 But I will not thy joys borrow  
 With my tale of want and sorrow ;  
 Hasten along thy careless ramble,  
 Where the blithesome lambkins gambol :  
 Grief and care too soon may come,  
 Make thee sigh for brighter home.

W. HOYLE.





## HOW STRANGE!

How strange that men will every good forsake,  
 And cleave to that which works them nought but ill !  
 In spite of oft-repeated warnings, take  
 The drink which all their life with woe doth fill :  
 Will worse than waste their little lease of time ;  
 Abuse their gifts for holy purpose given ;  
 Make shipwreck of themselves before their prime,  
 And lose alike the joys of earth and heaven !  
 Their past is marr'd by folly, sin, and shame ;  
 Their present full of misery and gloom ;  
 Their future hopeless, for they've miss'd life's aim ;  
 And death but seals their everlasting doom.  
 Thus untold numbers perish year by year,  
 And still men hug their curse and hold it dear.

DAVID LAWTON.

## TOO LATE!

HE had spent his youth in folly. The warnings of friends who loved him were of no avail. He gave the reins to his passions, laughed at reproof, drank with the drunkard, followed "the strange woman" to her abode, and was known as a "fast" man. Years have passed, and slowly, surely, retribution is coming on him. His constitution is breaking up ; and the money he spends in medical advice is vain. Shaken nerves, trembling limbs, aching bones, show a constitution shattered. And his mind ! Ah ! the intensest sufferings are there. Would that he could call back the years that are gone, and the vigour that has been wasted ! But it is too late ! too late ! Suffering and remorse now, and a shortened life will teach him that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Another. He refused to hearken to the voice of religion. There were not wanting solemn calls, kind entreaties, inward strivings. But he gave his heart to his business, his money making. "Let every man do the best for himself !" In the midst of all death came. There, before the man yawned the gulf of an unknown future. And now his sins rose before him. Oh that he had sought God and listened to his Saviour's voice ! But the hand of death stopped his regrets, and he died wailing, "Too late ! Too late !"

Many, alas ! will utter this when God comes to judge the world. When the heavens are burning, and the dead rising from their graves, when the great white throne appears, and the judgment is set, and the books opened, how many will wish they had made friends with Christ ! But it will be "too late" for ever !

REV. I. E. PAGE.





## I.—AN ENIGMA.

Though not a house, I am a home,  
 And frequently am found alone ;  
 And though I've neither bolt nor door,  
 I was for safety known of yore.  
 By cunning wondrous skill I'm made,  
 And found in sunshine and in shade ;  
 And sometimes in the cold and wet,  
 It might be said, this home to let.  
 I have no windows, steps, nor stairs,  
 Yet I protect from ills and snares,  
 And always very wisely blent  
 With hair and mortar and cement.  
 I can be found in meadows green,  
 But yet I wish not to be seen,  
 And so I oft conceal my face,  
 Veiled in a lonely hiding place ;  
 And when the eagle soars on high,  
 'Tis almost certain there am I,  
 And though I'm soft, hard, warm, and  
 cold,  
 I help to make the timid bold.  
 I am embosomed by a rill,  
 And found upon the highest hill.  
 I have no legs to run away,  
 And worlds of wealth my bills can't pay  
 Yet of debts I owe not any,  
 And may be purchased for a penny.  
 My residents will sometimes cry,  
 And what is worse, they sometimes die ;  
 But in my circle is not heard  
 An angry nor a spiteful word,  
 And such vile things as beer and gin  
 Have never dared to enter in ;  
 And while you know what you're about,  
 You may depend they'll be kept out.  
 For me descends a rich supply  
 Of purest crystal from the sky,

Which fills my children with delight,  
 Who love me as they love the light ;  
 So while with others or alone,  
 I am a good teetotal home.

JABEZ INWARDS.

## 2.—BIBLICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A man who, in a fit of remorse,  
committed suicide.
2. One who hid a hundred prophets  
in a cave.
3. A burnt offering.
4. A woman who was once accused  
of being drunken.
5. An animal twice curtailed.
6. Nabal's wife.
7. The city in which dwelt a leper  
with whom Jesus went to dine.
8. The father of Zadok the priest.
9. The name of a King of Syria,  
curtailed.
10. The place where David ob-  
tained hallowed bread.
11. The name given to a place sig-  
nifying "a cluster of grapes."
12. The name of a martyr, cur-  
tailed.

The initials will give the name of an  
 eminent divine: the finals the book  
 which he is said to have read 120 times.

MARIE.

## 3.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. This always has a double face ;
2. This you may do before you sleep ;
3. This was a god in former days ;
4. Here lions dwell and women weep ;
5. In this the end of man is shown,  
 "Unwept, unpitied, and alone."

G. J. BELL.



## 4.—CHARADE.

My *first* is black of hue, and smells  
 Unlike the bonny heather bells ;  
 Though from the mountain pine it  
 comes,  
 Where summer hears the beetles' hums  
 My *second* too is dark of hue,  
 And may be seen on gipsy brow.  
 My *whole* among the Highlands shows  
 Innumerable tints, and glows  
 Like rainbow at the close of day,  
 And tells of many a hostile fray.

GEO. J. BELL.

G. J. B. very kindly offers to present a  
 volume of Burns' Poems to the competitor who  
 sends the best answer in rhyme to this  
 charade.

5 —BURIED TOWNS, AND THE RIVERS  
ON WHICH THEY ARE SITUATED.

1. When you have put a label on  
 Donald's box, papa wants you to go  
 with a message to the station.

2. Have you no geraniums? Ask  
 Nelly or Kate; they will give you  
 several plants.

3. Oh, Gerald! I have put my arm  
 out. Haste for the doctor! Many are  
 crippled through delay.

4. My brother Carl is leaving home  
 to-day; he has taken the dentist's busi-  
 ness at M.

5. Uncle will sit here, Major Blincol  
 next, and I will go behind with Amy.

6. We have promised to take Mr. Fox

for drives during the summer; his is a  
 complaint which requires fresh air with-  
 out fatigue.

FRANCES.

## 6. DOUBLE BIBLE ACROSTIC.

A patriarch who a angel saw,  
 And his beloved daughter-in-law.

1. A high priest in King David's  
 time.

2. A place near the Mount of Olives.

3. A Canaanitish hostess.

4. The tetrarchy of Lysanias.

5. A prophet who trembled at the  
 word of the Lord.

6. One of the few good Kings of  
 Judah.

7. A man who invited an angel to  
 dinner.

E. P.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

on Pages 168 and 169.

1. Clock. 2.

P  
 c U p  
 h a Z e l  
 P U Z Z L E R  
 c a L e b  
 p E t  
 R

3. a, Tyne; b, Ouse; c, Witham; d, Dane  
 e, Lune; f, Stour. 4. Greengage—pineapple  
 5. Hy-a-ci-nth. 6. T-amar, E-mden, M-ala-  
 chi, P-hilippians, E-dith, R-atel, A-dder.  
 N-orthumberland, C-rocus, E-noch—Tempe-  
 rance. 7.

16. 3. 2. 13.

5. 10. 11. 8.

9. 6. 7. 12.

4. 15. 14. 1.

## CHILDREN AT PLAY.

LITTLE children, playing now,  
 With no cares upon your brow,  
 With no sorrow in your eyes,  
 Gazing out in sweet surprise,  
 As I pass you in your play  
 On your happy holiday!  
 Make the most of sunny hours,  
 Grassy slopes and summer flowers,  
 Murmuring brooks and cloudless skies,  
 Use your voices, ears, and eyes.  
 Let your happy songs be heard,  
 Like the carol of a bird;

Let your laughter, ringing sweet  
 Echo through the silent street.  
 Let your mirth no sadness know,  
 Soon the world and all its woe  
 Will be known to you too well.  
 You would stare if I should tell  
 All the sorrow, all the pain  
 While we on this earth remain.  
 All that bows us in the dust  
 You will share it, ah, you must!

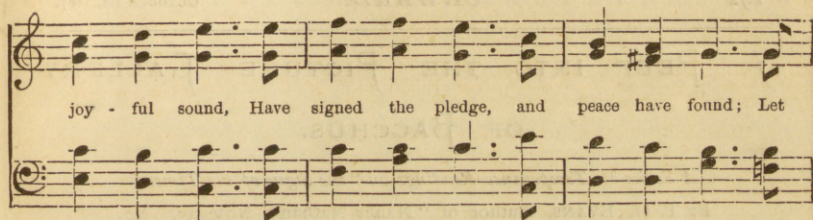
W. A. EATON.





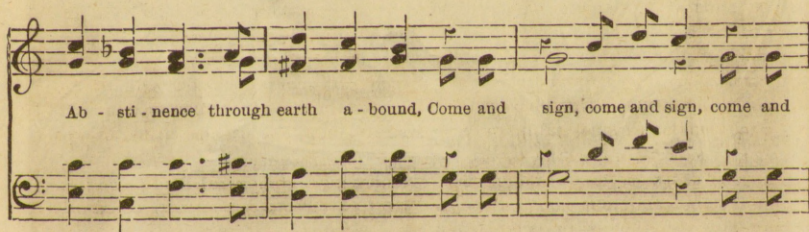


# HARK! THE TEMPERANCE TRUMPET—(continued).



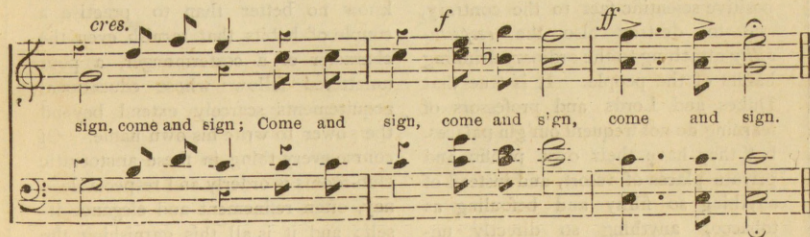
joy - ful sound, Have signed the pledge, and peace have found; Let

d' : r'   m' : - . m'   f' : f'   m' : - . d'   t : l   s : - . s	you will fight, The foes of truth we'll put to flight; And
s : s   s : - . s   l : l   s : - . s   s : fe   s : - . s	
d' : t   d' : - . d'   d' : d'   d' : - . m'   r' : d'   t : - . t	once ab - stain, 'Twill give light heart and clear - er brain; True
m : r   d : - . d   f : l   d' : - . d   r : r   s : - . f	



Ab - sti - nence through earth a - bound, Come and sign, come and sign, come and

d' : ta   l : - . l   r' : d'   t :   : t r'   d' :	tri - umph in the cause of right.
s : s   f : - . s   fe : fe   s : s s   s : -   : s s	Come and sign, come and sign, come and
d' : d'   d' : - . de'   l : r'   r' :   : r' f'   m' :	Temp'rance saves from want and pain.
m : d   f : - . m   r : r   s : s s   s : -   : s s	



sign, come and sign; Come and sign, come and sign, come and sign.

cres. : r' f'   m' :   f m' s'   f' : -   ff f' : - . f'   m' : -	
s : -   : d' d'   d' : d' ta   l : -   l : - . l   s : -	sign, come and sign; Come and sign, come and sign.
s : -   : t r'   d' :   : s' m'   f' : -   d' : - . d'   d' : -	
s : -   : d' d'   d' : d' d'   d' : -   d : - . d   d : -	

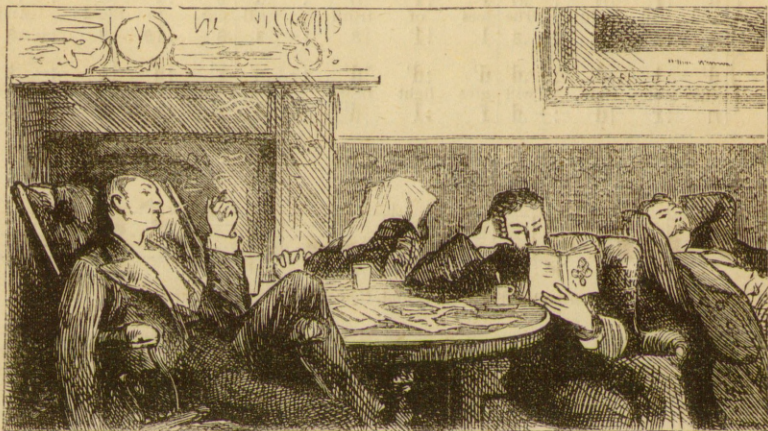


# A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on "the Signs of the Times."*

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.

NO. 10.—"THE DUKE'S HEAD."



SEEING a public-house one day called "the Duke's Head," I thought what a pity it is that the *heads* of the nation should countenance strong drink! I think I am right in saying that our chief work as temperance reformers, is to displace the people's faith in the *wholesomeness* of strong drink, by the positive scientific fact to the contrary, and to destroy also the *respectability* attaching to the ordinary drinking habits of the people. It is true that Dukes and Lords and professors of learning do not frequent our gin palaces, but they have their own public and private places of resort, and instead of anything so filthy and befouling as tobacco, anything so directly unhealthy and demoralising as alcohol being confined entirely to the low and disreputable classes, what do we find? Why, clubs at which the cream of

wealth, rank, and learning meet to perpetrate the triple blunder of wasting health, time, and money in smoking and drinking. Here are gentlemen of whom any country might be proud, men of acknowledged rank and ability, men whose education has cost thousands of pounds, and yet they know no better than to practise a couple of habits that tarnish even the character of a costermonger, a poor unlettered fellow whose educational acquirements scarcely extend beyond the power to write his own name. Of course every thing in these aristocratic club-rooms is orderly and respectable—nay, often refinement and elegance itself; and it is all this garnishing the outside of the platter that I object to. Two such idle and injurious habits as smoking and drinking ought never to be allowed at large, disguised in the



pleasing garb of innocent social recreations : they should always appear in the uninviting drapery of their own repulsiveness, that the pure and good in society may not be ensnared into consorting with two such questionable companions as the pipe and the pot. I once saw a tract called "Fifty-four Reasons against the Use of Tobacco." Now surely it were a pure waste of time to write down the last fifty-three : one reason ought to be quite sufficient for any sane man, for tobacco is a foul-smelling poisonous weed of the most deadly kind, therefore no man with an intelligent appreciation of the nobility of his nature and the true dignity of his own manhood would need any other dissuasive than that ; no one who values a clean mouth and pure breath, no one who loves and respects the beautiful mechanism of his own wonderful body, would ever consent to systematically defile himself in any such an insane manner. It is surely the wealthy, the educated, the sober, and respectable, who are mostly blameworthy for the sad condition in which we find such vast numbers of the working classes. If hands that are clean and jewelled, and those too that can wield the pencil, pen, and brush, were guiltless in this matter ; if those who thrill us with their eloquence, charm us by the magic power of music and song, uplift and refine us by the inspired efforts of their wise and cultured minds, add to the grace and beauty of our homes by their creative and artistic skill ; and if those who are the acknowledged leaders and teachers of the people in all those educational and philanthropic movements that make a country powerful and good, were free from all complicity in this matter, the drink curse could not maintain its desecrating position in our midst another year. Do you think our noble country would *license*, or even tolerate, such an agent for evil as the public sale of poisonous drinks if the

custom of drinking them belonged exclusively to the lower classes ? No ! Then where are they who take front rank in the several great departments of human advancement and knowledge ? Are they asleep ? Strong drink is the deadliest foe to health mankind has ever known, but do all the doctors to a man denounce it, and bring all the weight of their professional skill and social position to bear against it ? No ! Again the drinking customs of society are in positive and direct antagonism to every spiritual effort of the Church, but do all the ministers of Christ to a man cast out this foe from their midst, and weekly from every pulpit in the land raise a praying, pleading, warning voice against it ? No ! Are not the physical advantages attributed to the moderate or occasional use of intoxicating drink a delusion and a snare ? But does every schoolmaster in the land make it his duty to teach every child under his charge all the physiological truths obtainable in support of total abstinence ? No ! Then we are not doing our duty in this great matter : we are not equal to this grand occasion for saving our fellow creatures from the greatest curse that ever afflicted any civilised race. Shame upon us for all our wealth, position, influence, and education ! How little, after all, has culture and refinement, wisdom and learning done for us ! Are the handmaids of Art, Science, Philosophy, and Religion waiting only a look from us to shower all their treasures at our feet ? Are we really in possession of all those numberless privileges that only a people morally social and intellectually great can possess, and yet fail in our duty on this all-important question ?

How much longer will those the world calls great and good shirk their responsibility in this matter ? The use of strong drink is inimical to the best interests of the community, and they who have had every educational advan-



tage possible ought to be aware of the fact and act accordingly. They who have both time and means at their disposal for the procurement and enjoyment of every delight that wealth can buy, or a cultivated taste suggest, ought certainly to be willing to forego this one source of so called gratification in view of the immense advantages that would accrue to society from so doing. All the ameliorating agencies in society are mutely appealing to them for help against this giant evil, which is ever retarding by its frustrating presence

every effort put forth for the social and moral improvement of the people.

The custom of drinking alcoholic liquors owes its vitality to the position and respectability of moderate drinkers. Once let the use of these drinks become confined entirely to the ignorant and debased, and its days will speedily be numbered. It would be impossible for our present drinking system to exist much longer, if the heroism, virtue, common sense, and patriotism of Englishmen were once enlisted against it.

## INFLUENCE.

DO those who profess so-called moderation in regard to the use of alcoholic drinks, ever seriously consider the possible and probable effects of the influence their practice unquestionably works? Do they consider how their seemingly harmless and respectable "use" of what we are so often told is a "good creature of God," may—*may does*, bring an influence to bear, not only upon those with whom they are constantly brought in familiar contact, but, through these upon others again, and so continually upon countless throngs?

It is said that if a stone be dropped in the middle of a calm lake, the circles caused by the contact of the stone with the water will extend wider and wider, until they reach the furthest circumference of the lake, and that even then they only strike against the earth, and rebound in the same silent order, converging at last in the centre spot where at first the stone was dropped.

Is it not a question well worth asking, and seriously answering too, by those who think they do no harm in "taking a little," whether there is not an influence (almost imperceptible it may be, but powerful nevertheless) constantly going out from their every act producing an effect of some kind upon many people, and in ways that we cannot discern?

Even such as may not think the questions of what they eat and drink or the minor arrangements of the household management of sufficient importance in their influences on others, to need that any special care should be taken with regard to them, will generally be found quite willing to admit that the more important and prominent matters of life do need careful regulation, for that reason. Yet little things often wield a greater influence, and perhaps in a sense because they are less open to observation than do greater ones.

Whether or not the effect of the stone dropped in the lake is actually as stated, there is no room for doubt that something analogous does go on in connection with the many little actions which go to make up a life. Surely then it is not enough to be satisfied with a mere liking or fancy for a given course; and least of all, perhaps when the best that can be said in its favour is that it is supported by the customs of society.



It behoves all to look well to their ways. And this is particularly true with reference to the use of intoxicants; for who can say what may be the final outcome? It may be only a child or a servant who sees the regular "moderate" indulgence, yet the influence of it goes out through these to others, and from them to others again, and so the circle widens, even as the circles on the lake, and this subtle influence goes on and on, till no one knows its ending.

We saw, a short time ago, a party of geologists exploring the effects of certain influences which had been in operation long ago. A massive block of granite was raised in its place, and there beneath could be plainly seen the effects of countless little waves on the sand of the sea-shore. Just what may be seen to-day when the tide has receded, yet the waves that left *this* sand flowed thousands of years ago, and other layers of sand covered the ripples over, and these again were crushed down by the accumulating weight, until in the fulness of time the blocks of stone were formed. Yet beneath all were found the evidences of an influence—the influence of the ebbing tide—which had done its work ages before, leaving its silent testimony to point a lesson for all time.

May not this be fitly taken as a symbol of what may result from a careless use of intoxicants? And if so, is it not an imperative duty incumbent on each one who, wrapped around with strict moderation, fancies himself secure from the snares of intemperance, to ask himself whether he ought not to cease a practice whose base is in self-indulgence and self-gratification—if not for the sake of the dismal throng already far on the way to the drunkard's doom, at least so that he may be free, in this particular, from the responsibility which certainly accompanies every word and act?

O for a tongue that should be heard of all the peoples of the earth, that should bring their minds and hearts to rightly understand their position in this matter. And may we not hope that even as pernicious practices exert baneful influences, so every gentle word, spoken for temperance and truth, may in its turn travel on, influencing many minds, though seemingly feeble, or like good seed falling on barren ground?

HENRY J. OSBORN.

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### COURAGE.

HAVE the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, if you are so.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to provide an entertainment for your friends within your means, not beyond.

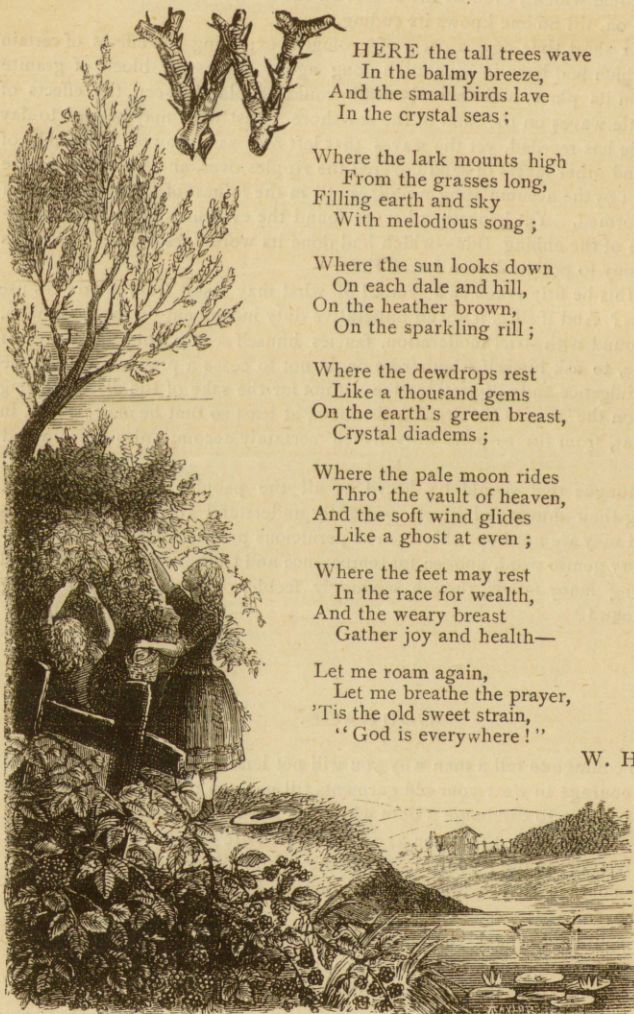
Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

Have the courage to refuse wine, even when offered by a lady.

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## WHERE THE TALL TREES WAVE.



HERE the tall trees wave  
In the balmy breeze,  
And the small birds lave  
In the crystal seas ;

Where the lark mounts high  
From the grasses long,  
Filling earth and sky  
With melodious song ;

Where the sun looks down  
On each dale and hill,  
On the heather brown,  
On the sparkling rill ;

Where the dewdrops rest  
Like a thousand gems  
On the earth's green breast,  
Crystal diadems ;

Where the pale moon rides  
Thro' the vault of heaven,  
And the soft wind glides  
Like a ghost at even ;

Where the feet may rest  
In the race for wealth,  
And the weary breast  
Gather joy and health—

Let me roam again,  
Let me breathe the prayer,  
'Tis the old sweet strain,  
"God is everywhere !"

W. HOYLE.





## Band of Hope Management.

—NINTH PAPER.—WINTER WORK.—

Whatever may be the opinions of conductors as to the nature and extent of summer operations, we think all will admit that winter especially is the season for earnest unremitting Band of Hope work. This being conceded, let us consider first what is to be the character of our winter's campaign? One of the most fatal errors into which societies fall is to imagine that an ordinary Band of Hope programme, repeated night after night, will bring success to our society. What we want especially is, that committees shall bring to our movement the same judgment, public spirit, and enterprise which we find put forth by successful men of business. Suppose, for example, that our society meets fortnightly, this would give about fifteen meetings from the beginning of October to the end of April. It would be simply absurd to be content with fifteen ordinary Band of Hope meetings. There should be a grand opening of the winter's campaign by a tea party and public meeting about the end of September. This meeting should be made thoroughly enjoyable and instructive, so as to make the audience eager to attend the next meeting. But what shall be the character of the next meeting? Let us see what materials there are to fill up our nights. Here is a variety:—

1.—Ordinary meeting : chairman's address, singers, reciters, and one or two short speeches.

2.—Concert, and recital by efficient staff of musical friends, reciters, etc.

3.—Dissolving views by the Band of

Hope Union's oxy-hydrogen lime-light lantern.

4.—Popular lecture on some phase of the temperance question, interspersed with musical selections by the choir.

5.—Juvenile tea party, followed by singing and reciting, distribution of prizes for reciting, etc.

6.—Special night to bring the claims of the movement before Sunday-school teachers and others. Begin the night with tea, and give each teacher of the school a free ticket.

7.—Scientific lecture on the nature and physiological effects of alcoholic drinks, illustrated by chemical experiments.

8.—Annual night for distribution of prizes to publication canvassers; short addresses, music, and recitations.

9.—Interchange of programme. This is effected by inviting the conductors of a neighbouring society to occupy the evening.

10.—Public meeting and conference on the general question. Secure a person of position to preside, placard the district, and circulate handbills exposing ravages of strong drink.

Of course it is not expected that any one society will introduce all the ten changes in one season; we submit them to the consideration of committees. Each Band of Hope should adopt such changes as the circumstances and wants of the society require. Suppose, for example, a Band of Hope connected with a Sabbath-school is languishing for want of support. The entire work of the society is delegated to three or four junior teachers, full of zeal, but wanting in experience and judgment, and unable at



length to carry on the good work. What better course could be adopted than to try our No. 6 suggestion, and bring the claims of the Band of Hope before all the teachers of the school? It has often occurred to us that our cause would fare better if committees were less exclusive in their policy and operations. There is a feeling in the minds of many non-abstaining teachers that they are not wanted inside the Band of Hope, and we may rest assured that such teachers never will get there until we remove this prejudice. This can only be done by bringing abstaining and non-abstaining teachers together in conference, when the claims of our movement may be discussed in a calm and dispassionate manner. We should thus discover how much real sympathy there was in the school, and would doubtless win over to our ranks several teachers and friends imbued with the love of Jesus, and ready to do more work for Christ, but waiting, as it were, or some gracious invitation such as the teachers' conference would supply.

Take again, for example, our No. 10 suggestion. Why should not we hold a large public meeting and conference in the school? We want more real missionary work in our movement. There should be some determined effort to permeate each district with temperance truth, and we know of no better lines to work upon than the machinery of the Sabbath-school. When we come thus boldly before the public, let us lose sight of narrow sectarian considerations. Both Churchmen and Dissenters may stand shoulder to shoulder when denouncing the common aggressor of religion and humanity.

W. HOYLE.

(To be continued.)

**United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.**—At the quarterly meeting of the Executive, held on Monday evening, September 3rd, repre-

sentatives were present from London, Bedfordshire, Lancashire and Cheshire, Leicestershire, Yorkshire, Bristol and Suffolk. The movement was reported to be in a healthy and progressive condition in all these districts. The recent action of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, encouraging the formation of Bands of Hope, was noted with much satisfaction. The committee resolved to issue a well-edited *Quarterly Review*, as an organ of communication between those actively engaged in the movement in the United Kingdom and also the Colonies where Band of Hope operations are also actively prosecuted. The committee also resolved to raise a fund to enable them to offer prizes of £100 and £50 respectively for the two best tales to advance the movement. It was also hoped that arrangements might be made which would result in the delivery of chemical and physiological addresses, bearing on the Temperance movement, in the London Board Schools. Two of the provincial members of the committee were appointed to visit Northumberland and Durham, with a view of promoting a Union for those counties. The meetings in connection with the Autumnal Conference will be held this year at Manchester, on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, October 7th, 8th, and 9th. In connection with this conference a great meeting will be held in the Free Trade Hall.

**South Essex Band of Hope Union.**—The Third Annual Summer Festival of this Union was held on Saturday, 18th August, in the Upton Shrubbery, West Ham. A very attractive programme was provided, including a show of flowers and plants grown by members, and others lent by gentlemen in the neighbourhood; a concert by the children, assisted by the Brass Band of the Forest Gate District School; entertainments of various kinds; banner show; balloon ascents;



processions, tea, and amusements. The weather was fine, and the attendance good. Mr. R. W. Waites, of West Ham, has recently laid out these grounds for the accommodation of children's treats, garden parties, and similar gatherings.

**Chelsea Band of Hope Union.**—The first open-air *fete* of this Union was held on Wednesday, August 29th, at Lillie Bridge Grounds, Fulham. About twenty "bands" joined

in the demonstration, and, the weather being fresh and bright, the attendance was very large. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, M.P., who, together with the Rev. J. B. Kane, Mr. Froome Talfourd, and Mr. Fred Smith, delivered addresses. Prizes, which took the shape of toys, inkstands, books, &c., were distributed to the successful competitors in skipping, running, jumping, &c.

## THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN.

For thee, O man, is the Sabbath-rest,  
Twixt hurry and hurry, a haven lest  
The length of the travel should tire the  
quest  
Of God, in thy earlier bosom confest.

For homage He's more than thy voice  
in prayer;  
His power the deep voices of earth  
declare;  
The storm-beaten rocks into tablets  
tear,  
And centuries' letters confess Him  
there.

For praise He has more than thy lips'  
acclaim;  
He's praise in the verdure's myriad  
name;  
The birds' many carols repeat the  
same;  
The sun, moon, and stars shine per-  
petual fame.

But these may not lessen thy being's  
ill,  
Not hallow thy toil to thy loftier will,

Not longing for *rest* in this life fulfil,  
Or pang of a hardship in labour still.

Not gather about thee, how poor thy  
lot,  
The beloved ones' faces had known  
thee not,  
Around winter fire, or in garden plot,  
Had God, in His *anger*, the Sabbath  
forgot.

"Keep holy"—for thee was the Sab-  
bath made;  
In love is the plying and pleasure  
stayed;  
The prayers are for thee, of thy *wants*  
they're prayed;  
And blessing, to *thee* is the blessing  
said.

Oh, prayer of the Sabbath! that we  
may own  
It best of God's gifts at His mercy-  
throne!  
Oh, praise of the Sabbath! that not  
*alone*  
Is man, whose most need hath the  
Godhead known! C.



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

The geological character of the rock on which drunkards are split is said to be *quartz* (quarts).

"This is really the tour (tower) of *Babel*," as the old bachelor said when he walked round the nursery.

"Mrs. Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember that!" "I shall not be frightened then, for I never knew you to pay anything that you owed."

The following advertisement is from a New York paper:—"Wanted, a situation as son-in-law in some respectable family. No objections to going a short distance into the country."

"MAJOR, I see two cocktails carried to your room every morning, as if you had some one to drink with." "Yes, sir. One cocktail makes me feel like another man; and, of course, I'm bound to treat the other man."

"What are those speckled birds?" inquired Mrs. Skinflint of a poulterer. "Guinea fowls, ma'am." "Keep 'em then," murmured the lady, as she walked away, disgusted at such imposition; "you don't get my guineas for 'em, that's all!"

"UPSETTIN' SINS."—Dr. M'Cosh, now President of Princeton College tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his coloured brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting. "you ain't got de hang of dat ar word. It's be, settin', not upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat so, it's so. But, I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, and if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

Him that neglects time, time will neglect.

THERE never was a good war or a bad peace.

THE liquor-dealer is a recruiting agent for the devil.

ALL fathers and mothers owe it to their children to be abstainers from all that intoxicates.

THE labours that a man performs with his hands are but his outworks. Look well to the strengthening of your inner works.

Don't wait for your fervour to cool before you act. The workmen at a foundry might as well wait for the molten iron to cool before pouring it into the mould.

HOW TO TRAIN CHILDREN.—Whatever you wish your child to be, be it yourself. If you wish it to be happy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and Godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy, and sulky, a liar and a thief, a drunkard and a swearer, be yourself all these.

A HINT.—"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your China vase." "Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in mischief; go up stairs till I send for you." And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood and screen a fault. With disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. Oh, what where a thousand vases in comparison?





## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES, AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### "THE SEA, THE SEA, THE OPEN SEA."

THERE is quite a stir and excitement that sunny afternoon on the far-reaching line of beach. The pretty and somewhat fashionable little watering-place Dawlish is alive with many visitors, and all these seem with one accord to be swelling the crowd that is gathering so quickly together. It consists of quite a variegated mass of stylishly dressed gentlemen and ladies and children; fishermen, their wives, and eager little ones, boatmen, bathing women, idlers of any and every kind, and the usual percentage of invalids and other genuine health-seekers undisturbed by much regard for fashion.

Bright, happy, well-dressed children, who have been delightedly sporting with bare feet amongst the soft cool waves, or digging industriously with wooden spades and gaily painted buckets under the quaint rocks, come running towards the crowd, knowing well the nature of the attraction. For are not the ropes being dragged along the beach by the sturdy weather-beaten fishermen, and the great nets full of shiny finny captives being hauled to land through the sparkling waters? Each moment the crowd increases. Here jolting down over the stones and then plunging along the sand come the donkey-carts of the fish dealers, driven or led by buxom women in dark blue linsey petticoats and print bodices; here too are the less ambitious hawkers, with their baskets on their arms, awaiting the moment when the sale shall begin.

And now the net is fairly landed and hands are plunged into it, amongst hundreds of the silvery beautiful fish which have not yet ceased to breathe. And the dear little children look on anxiously and compassionately at the fishes' mad struggles for freedom momentarily growing less vigorous, and the fishermen commence the sale, and the buyers haggle and beat down the price; and dwellers in inland towns please themselves by buying fish straight from the net and carrying them off to be cooked at their lodgings for their approaching dinners or teas. The crowd gradually disperses somewhat, but only to gather again at a little distance, where another net, as full as ever of the treasures of the sea, has been brought to shore. And so the excitement continues for an hour or more, till all the nets that were thrown only a few hours before have been safely "dragged to land" again. Early in the afternoon the sea had been wondrously calm, with hardly a disturbing wave over its far-reaching glassy beauty, when suddenly the shoals of mackerel made their appearance in several places, and the leaping bounding fish, lively as children set loose from school, fretted the water into hundreds of tiny wavelets.

Amongst the crowd eagerly engaged in buying and witnessing the buying of the glittering fish, stands a plainly attired somewhat quaint-looking man. Beside him are a gentleman and a youth, who laugh good humouredly at his purchases.



The gentleman has a somewhat legal style about him, and we should guess that he is a lawyer or a barrister out for a holiday. A fisher-boy strings a dozen mackerel together deftly, and hands them to the purchaser. He turning quickly round hands them on to the youth, with a merry smile lighting up his face.

"Here, Ronald," he says, "carry them home to Zenobia, and beg she will have them ready in half-an-hour for our tea."

"Buy any fine fresh mackerel to-day, sir?" cries Ronald, playfully presenting them to the legal gentleman before he goes on his errand. "Warranted fresh and fair."

"Go thy way nephew, without parley or delay;" says the elderly man; "do thy business and come back to us again, unless thou canst tempt thy mother for a few minutes' stroll. It may give her an appetite for her tea; but do not insist upon it if she is tired."

As Ronald Clayton leaves them, the two gentlemen saunter together in an opposite direction. The golden glory of the sun which is sinking, is painting the waves, just freshened 'now by the evening breeze, with wondrous light; the rich blue of the sky is softening into palest azure, and the hunter's moon is brightening in the east.

"The boy will soon be an orphan, friend Hutchinson," said Dr. Stapleton, with a sigh; "my poor Rachel is dying. I dare not tell him yet; I am too great a coward: he is learning to love her very dearly, and—only to lose her."

"But he will not have lost her so much as he had before, sir."

"No, truly; and yet his loss will be more sensibly felt by him. I have many thoughts of, and plans for him, but everything at present is in abeyance. God's ambassador, Death, stands at our door, and all other business can wait. However," he added, more cheerfully, "I intended to stay here for the winter at least, and I shall do so if Rachel lasts so long. It might have been best to take her to Italy, but she shrinks from a long journey. She is less restless than many are with her complaint."

Meanwhile Ronald has carried the fish to one of the pleasant houses facing the sea, which has a neat little garden at the front, in which on a garden seat, as Ronald walks through it, there sits a young girl reading the daily paper to an old gentleman, her grandfather, who though enveloped to an amazing degree in great coats and mufflers, seems to placidly enjoy the beautiful sea-view before him, on which his aged eyes are intently fixed, while he listens to the sweetly-modulated tones of his grandchild's pleasant voice.

Ronald pauses beside them and holds up the string of fish with a smiling face.

"Fine fresh fish to-day, ma'am," he says, merrily.

The young girl laughs gaily. "They do look beautiful!"

"Mr. Hunt; my uncle will be so pleased if you can fancy one of these for your tea."

The old gentleman graciously assents. "I have many favours to thank your worthy uncle for, young man," he says, speaking slowly, "and I will therefore not scruple to add thereto a couple of these sparkling fish for myself and Winnie."

"Thank you, sir, you will do us a real favour. Miss Winnie, may I give them to Mrs. Smith for you?"

Winnie agrees. "And will you please say that we shall be ready for tea, as usual, in about a quarter of an hour?"

Having given the fish respectively to the landlady and to Zenobia, Ronald enters the sitting-room on the ground floor, where Rachel Clayton is lying on a sofa with an Afghan blanket spread over her and a Testament in her hand.

"Mother dear," he says, going to her and kissing her tenderly, "I never thought



I could be so happy again in this world as I am to-day ; I can never repay you for all you did for me."

She looks up at him with a smile : " Dear boy, sit down by me."

" It is so glorious out of doors, mother, the sunset clouds are glowing with crimson and golden beauty, and the moon is sailing up. Won't you just peep out at it all before tea ? Let me fetch your warm shawl."

" No, my dear Ronald, I am too tired. I will come to see it through the window."

Ronald remembers his uncle's words and does not press the matter. They stand together at the window, his young arm supporting her, and the bright dark eyes of mother and son, so like and yet so different, look out upon the fair scene. The red sand-stone rocks upon their right stand out in varied and curious shapes. The noise of the on-rushing tide is interrupted for a minute or two as they listen by the dashing along of the express train from London to Plymouth, which passes between them and the sea, and then penetrates with a loud shriek into the first of the many successive tunnels through the ruddy cliffs. At that signal old Mr. Hunt and Winnie, as is their wont, return into the house for tea. The young girl looked up at the mother and son with a pleasant smile as she passed in front of their window, her old grandsire leaning on her arm, and she carefully guiding his feeble steps. Rachel Clayton attentively regarded her.

" She is a good dear child, Ronald. She is very unselfish : that is the sweetest of all traits in a woman's character."

Ronald smiles.

" I have been thinking of your father Ronald, and the cruel wrong I did him and his great patience with me. I have been thinking of the sins I have caused in others as well as those I committed myself, and——"

" Oh ! mother," her son interrupted, " I don't think it is well for you to dwell on these matters. Try to get well first, dear mother."

" Ronald, I shall never be any better than I am to-day."

Ronald started, tears gathered in his dark eyes, and the arm around his mother drew her more closely to him. He stooped and kissed her again and again.

" This is such a nice quiet time, dear child," she said, " and there are many things I want to say to you. Bring me my comfortable easy-chair, and I will have a sight of this glorious sea and sky—this foretaste of heaven's fair beauty—while I talk."

He rolled over to the window a luxurious chair, which Dr. Stapleton had just purchased to add to her comfort, and she sat in it easily, while he threw himself on the floor, and laid his young head with its bright curling brown hair on her knee.

" Ronald, you have your own awful experience to warn you of the miserable consequences which our sins bring to us, but there is another light in which of late I have seen things, which I want to tell you of. Not only has God in His mercy shown me my own sins, but He has made me feel how many sins I caused others to commit by my wickedness ; and this is a very solemn and awful thought. It would be utterly unbearable if I could not also feel that, for Christ's sake, ' my transgressions are blotted out as a thick cloud, and as a cloud my sins.' There are other temptations, other dangers I know well, besides strong drink ; but I dread this one in particular so much, because the use of intoxicants, never forget, Ronald, is like the removing of the flood-gates of our moral nature. It lets loose the torrent of passion, and there follows in so many cases, as in my own and as in yours, the terrible on-rush of temptation, of crime. Even when, by God's mercy, we are at last saved as it were from ourselves, memory, which should ring sweetest music along the months and years of life, beats for us instead muffled drums



and tolls funereal knells over blighted hopes, and dead joys, and neglected duties, Promise me, Ronald, to devote your saved life to preserving and rescuing others from the misery which strong drink creates."

"I promise, mother."

They were very quiet for some time after this. Rachel Clayton sank back in her chair, her eyes shut. Ronald held her emaciated hand in his quietly, believing that she slept; but he gazed for some time longer on the scene without. When the sun had quite set, and the moon's whiter light alone was glistening over the waters, he turned and looked into his mother's face. Something in its calm stillness startled him. At that moment Dr. Stapleton and Mr. Hutchinson entered. Seeing Ronald's terror-struck face, his uncle advanced hastily, and looked at his sister; he felt the pulseless wrist, and laid his hand on the still heart.

"My dear boy, she is gone home!" said he, and burst into tears.

They laid the weary, worn-out body to rest in the peaceful churchyard, and for her tombstone they chose the sweet and merciful text, "At eventide there shall be light." And then Dr. Stapleton grew restless. Dawlish lost its attraction. It was no longer a pleasant dwelling-place for his dearly loved sister in life: it only contained her grave.

Zenobia's marriage was hastened by this change in his plans. The good doctor in his dry manner assured her that if she refused to marry Joe a little earlier to oblige him, he should feel it to be his duty not to disappoint that worthy young man, and would therefore postpone the journey he wished to enter upon until she *was* ready. Whereupon the kind-hearted Eastern Princess, who was refreshed and invigorated by her sea-side tarriance, and saw things in a truer light than she had done, and was by no means inclined to make herself of so much importance, consented that the wedding should take place in November. Joe got a week's holiday, which he spent amongst such scenes of natural loveliness as he had never even imagined previously.

Ronald left Dawlish reluctantly, even though it was to make a tour, in company with his kind uncle, through countries which he had often longed to see. But at the pretty watering-place he had experienced the tenderness of a mother's love, the place was endeared to him by her grave, and the kindness and sympathy Winnie Hunt had shown to him in his sorrow had made life look dark to him without her smile. Winnie and her old grandfather were settled there for the winter at any rate, and he had thought to spend many pleasant hours with the kind and thoughtful girl. Ronald had never known before the pleasure of intercourse with a pure, high-minded, well-educated young girl about his own age, and Winnie's goodness and sweetness had fascinated him as much as her pretty face and graceful form. She had also endeared herself to his mother.

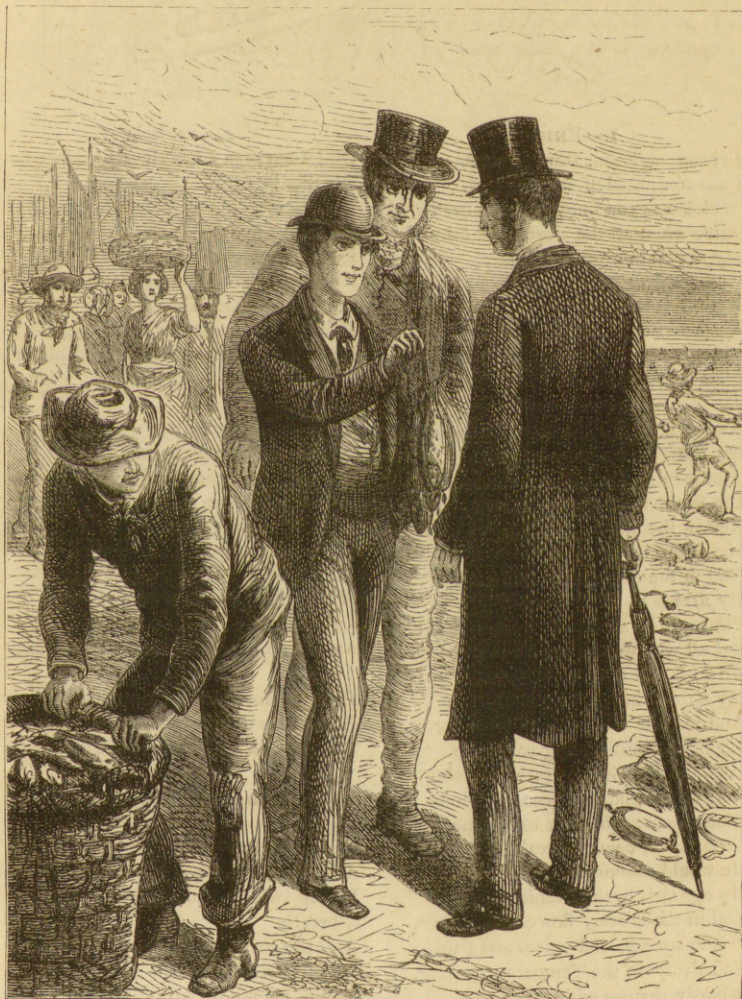
The last afternoon that he spent in Devonshire he persuaded Mr. Hunt to let Winnie accompany him for a long walk over that part of the sands called the Warren. In that walk he confided to her his past history and his present aim in life.

"Winnie dear, you will let me call you so for once?" said Ronald. "I mean so to act as to make myself as greatly respected in my native town as I was once justly condemned."

And Winnie, like the true-hearted, sensible, whole-souled girl she was, encouraged him. "Ronald," she said—she did not call him "dear," but her blue eyes wore a tender, confiding look—"I like you so much for this determination. I am quite sure God will help you to keep it."

(To be continued.)





"BUY ANY FINE MACKEREL TO-DAY SIR?"—page 202.





## I.—ENIGMA.

Let me, children, frankly state,  
 I am composed of letters eight,  
 Which was you know the number found  
 Alive when all the world was drowned.  
 My *first* is in a princely place,  
 And I am never in disgrace ;  
 I'm always found amongst the poor,  
 But never enter any door.  
 My *second* will be found at ease,  
 First to enrage, and last to please,  
 Though not in doubt, it lives in fear,  
 And nearly runs through brewers' beer.  
 My *third* in manliness is found,  
 And is in all the nations round,  
 I'm in the angelic and divine,  
 And in the mocking, stinging wine.  
 My *fourth* in water may be seen,  
 And in the colours red and green.  
 My *fifth* is in the rippling rill,  
 I'm heard in silence, and when still ;  
 But all who read will take my word  
 How oft I'm seen, when never heard.  
 My *sixth* is in one, two, and four,  
 And in your window, and the door.  
 My *seventh* initial's a great name  
 Who did the Gospel truth proclaim,  
 And who declared if meat or wine  
 Would cause a brother to decline,  
 To stumble, become weak, or poor,  
 He would abstain for ever more.  
 My *eighth* is in the evening breeze,  
 And in the fleeces, flowers, and trees,  
 It is in speech, and voice, and pause,  
 And always in the Temperance cause.  
 It partly rhymes with telescope,  
 And now you'll find it out I hope ;  
 And let me one more truth proclaim,  
 And tell you 'tis a lady's name.

JABEZ INWARDS.

## 2.—ENIGMA

Oh ! I am seen when the sunbeams play  
 On the burnished gleam of an armed  
     array ;  
 I dance aloft on each shining crest,  
 I gild afresh each glittering breast.  
 No river rolls to the mighty sea  
 But on its bosom I must be.  
 I rise on the fountain's sheaf of spray ;  
 I lurk in still pools where fishes play ;  
 In learning's halls where science  
     dwells,  
 Professor Tyndall grandly tells  
 Of laws which govern and control  
 The wondrous causes of my whole.  
 A tiny girl whose name I could tell  
 Oft finds me out in the depths of a well.  
 She is not very wise, and instead of me  
 She thinks her sister she can see.  
 When the raindrops cease and the  
     storm-clouds fly,  
 And a rainbow arch spans the beaming  
     sky,  
 Think I those glowing tints supplied,  
 And by my aid those hues are dyed.  
 You may see my glance in the red wine's  
     flow  
 When it moveth itself with a ruddy  
     glow ;  
 But a clearer light is mine, I think,  
 As I flash o'er the crystal water's brink,  
 When winter comes with chilling  
     breath,  
 And the Frost-king reigns o'er a snow-  
     clad earth.  
 When he binds with icy chains each  
     stream,  
 What a revel I have ! how I glance and  
     gleam !  
 The trees as with thousand jewels shine,



Each pebbly path like a diamond mine,  
As the moon sheds floods of light  
divine,  
But without me that could never shine.  
I dance, I leap, with a bound I come,  
I'm found in almost every home.  
Beauty and use in me combine,  
Grace and utility are mine.  
I figure in gin-palace glare—  
Oh, could the tattered wretches there  
But use me for a moment's space,  
They surely then would shun the place !  
But I must now break off my tale,  
Or time and patience both may fail :  
So in conclusion, without a doubt,  
By using myself you will find me out.

IVY.

3.—FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY  
EXPRESSED.

- a. A stringed musical instrument, and  
a French conjunction.
- b. A kind of berry, and a prickly tree.
- c. A man's name, a French prepo-  
sition, and an animal.
- d. Precise, and a girl's name.
- e. A small ship, and to come to no-  
thing.
- f. Violent passion, and a consonant.

MARIE.

4.—PUZZLE.

If five men's names, each letters five,  
Be placed aright by you,  
The centrals downward read will bring  
A female name to view.

A. SUTCLIFFE.

5.—CHARADE.

My *first's* a little animal  
In which you soon may trace  
A very fair resemblance  
Unto the tiger race.

My *second* is an article  
That's frequently in use,  
I also must confess that it  
Is always in abuse.

My *third* you'll find is often used  
To adorn a maiden's head.

My *whole* is a receptacle  
For the bodies of the dead.

FRANCES.

6.—SQUARE WORD.

- a. A dark hued bird.
- b. A feminine name.
- c. Small bottles.
- d. Applause.
- e. Hanging homes.

IVY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

on Pages 188 and 189.

1. Bird's Nest.
2. J-udas Iscario-T, O-badia-H, S-acrific-E,  
H-anna-H, U-nic-O(r)n, A-bigai-L, B-ethan-Y,  
A-hitu-B, R-ez-I(n), N-o-B, E-shco-L,  
S-teph-E(n).—Joshua Barnes, The Holy Bible.

3.  
W  
n O d  
W O D E N  
d E n  
N

4. Tar-tan. 5. London—Thames; York—  
Ouse; Yarmouth—Yare; Carlisle—Eden;  
Lincoln—Witham; Oxford—Isis.

6. A-bratha-R, B-ethpag-E, R-aha-B,  
A-bolen-E, H-abakku-K, A-s-A, M-anoa-H.—  
Abraham—Rebekah.

# THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

BY F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &C.

## ARTICLE VI.

IF we look at the general physical properties exhibited by this alcohol series we shall find that, just in proportion as they increase in the number of the carbon and hydrogen atoms which they contain, they also grow heavier, less soluble, and far less volatile.

The first members of the group, such as Methylic, Ethylic, and Propylic alcohol, are limpid, spirituous, and volatile liquids, all of which boil at a lower temperature than water, and they have also a lower specific gravity—that is to say, that a given volume is lighter in



weight than the same volume of water.

As we advance in the series the boiling point and specific gravity rises, until the higher members cease to be liquid at the ordinary temperature of the air, and become solid bodies. We are not surprised at this when we remember that the molecule of alcohol occupies, at the same temperature and pressure, when in the form of a gas, the same space as is occupied by two atoms or a molecule of hydrogen, and that, therefore, while in the molecule of methylic alcohol we have only six atoms—as will be seen by looking at the formula expressing its composition—in the melylic alcohol molecule we have 93 atoms crowded into the same space. No wonder it is a solid!

The analogy between the various members of the Normal Alcohol Group and the variation which they exhibit in their chemical relations on account of the variation in the number of carbon and hydrogen atoms which they contain, is sustained in all the various chemical changes which they undergo when acted upon by other substances.

We are most familiar with the changes which take place in ethylic or common alcohol, and shall therefore take its reactions as a type of the reactions which the others also undergo when acted upon in the same manner.

If we permit common alcohol, when diluted with water, to be exposed to the action of the air, it soon loses its peculiar properties, and becomes sour or acid. It is, in fact, changed into a substance which we know under the name of vinegar, or acetic acid. This change arises from the fact that the action of the air breaks up the ethylic alcohol molecule, taking from it two atoms of hydrogen, with which it forms a molecule of water, and replacing the two hydrogen atoms in the alcohol molecule by an atom of oxygen, which, as we have already seen, possesses two

bonds, and can therefore take the place of two hydrogen atoms, which only possess one bond each, and thus satisfy the two unused bonds of the carbon atom from which the hydrogen atoms have been released.

This change does not, however, take place direct. It is accomplished in two stages—by the formation of an intermediate substance, between alcohol and acetic acid, called aldehyde. This is important to notice, because, as shall afterwards see, this reaction is peculiar to the normal alcohols, and serves to confirm us in the opinion that the atoms are arranged in the molecule in accordance with the symbol which we have frequently seen, and not as in the iso-alcohol molecule, which, as we have seen, has exactly the same composition, so far as the number of atoms is concerned. Aldehyde has the composition expressed by the formula  $C_2 H_4 O$ , and

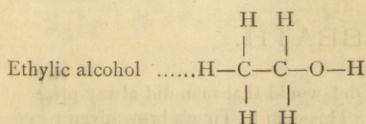
the symbol 
$$\begin{array}{c} H \\ | \\ H-C-C-H \\ | \quad || \\ H \quad O \end{array}$$
 where we see

the oxygen atom, which has displaced two of the hydrogen atoms in the alcohol molecule, united to the last carbon atom by a double bond. As the oxidation proceeds, another atom of oxygen, which has a more powerful affinity for carbon than carbon has for hydrogen, unites with the last carbon atom by one bond, and with the terminal hydrogen atom with the other, so that the acetic acid has the formula  $C_2 H_4 O_2$ , and if we place the graphic representation of this along with the symbol of the alcohol molecule, we can compare them together and see the nature of the change, thus:—

Structure of Molecule.

Alcohol 
$$\begin{array}{c} H \\ | \\ H-C-C-H \\ | \quad || \\ H \quad O \end{array}$$
  
Acetic acid 
$$\begin{array}{c} H \\ | \\ H-C-C-O-H \\ | \quad || \\ H \quad O \end{array}$$

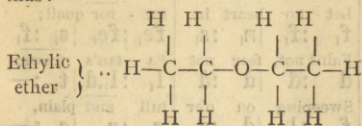




Here the difference in molecular structure, and the substitution of the oxygen atom for two hydrogen atoms, is clearly seen. In the same manner, by a suitable method of oxidation, all the members of the Normal Alcohol Group may be made to yield characteristic aldehydes and acids, which have all a similar structure, the change being confined to the substitution of an oxygen atom for two hydrogen atoms in combination with the last carbon atom of the chain.

The oxidation of the iso-alcohols does not yield aldehydes, as we have seen above, but a series of bodies called ketones, which do not, like the aldehydes, oxydise spontaneously, and change into acids; and we are therefore certain from this, that although the same number and kind of atoms exist in the two series of alcohols, the atoms are arranged differently in each; and for many reasons, which we cannot particularise here without a too great expansion of our subject, there is little doubt but that it is probable the atoms are arranged in the Normal Alcohol Group in the form we have given above.

If common or ethylic alcohol is acted upon by sulphuric acid a peculiar compound is formed called sulphovinic acid, which is rapidly changed by the action of a further quantity of alcohol into an exceedingly volatile and limpid liquid known as ethylic ether, which has the composition represented by the formula  $\text{C}_4\text{H}_{10}\text{O}$ . The internal structure of the molecule may probably be represented thus:—



If we look at this and compare it with the structure of a molecule of the ethylic alcohol, from which it was formed, we shall see that it is really two molecules of alcohol which have been deprived of the hydroxyl which they contained, and united together by an atom of oxygen, which forms the connection between the two carbon nuclei; or we may look upon it as representing a molecule of water in which both the hydrogen atoms have been replaced by the radical or base ethyl.

All the Normal Alcohols, when acted upon in a similar manner, produce a similar series of ethers, differing only in the complexity of the double molecule, just as the alcohols out of which they are formed increase in the number of carbon and hydrogen atoms which they contain.

The members of this Normal Alcohol series also, when acted on by sodium, potassium, sulphur, chlorine, iodine, nitrous acid, and a number of other bodies, yield a distinctive set of substances, which differ in character as they are produced from one or other of the Normal Alcohols, but as the number of these substances, which have been carefully examined, is confined to those produced from the better-known members of the alcohol group, it will perhaps suffice for us to look at these reactions under the particular consideration of ethylic or common alcohol when we examine its chemical relations more in detail, remembering, however, that all the changes which the common alcohol exhibits are equally applicable to all the other members of the group.

(To be continued.)





# THE SABBATH.

O precious day ! O welcome guest !  
 Thou comest once in seven,  
 That man may *sip* the boon of rest,  
 Then wend his way with greater zest,  
 And hope for *full* in heaven.

Yea, welcome is mere rest to those  
 With bodies over-driven ;  
 But sweeter far thy calm repose,  
 And balmier is thy breath that blows  
 For Christians sorrow-riven.

The rushing surge of work-day life  
 May chafe their spirits often ;  
 But thou, bright day, with blessings rife,  
 Thou respite from the toil and strife,  
 Its wearing rage canst soften.

We hail thy coming, *hallowed day!*  
 With good the week to leaven ;  
 A brooklet by the thirsty way,  
 A rainbow—bright, but brief thy stay,  
 Yet leading who thy call obey  
 To lift their gaze to heaven.

Oh ! breathes a soul that doth not glow  
 To bless thy healing powers ?  
 Thou plant of balm for toil and woe,  
 With loveliest flower that blooms below,  
 Remains of Eden's bowers.

Oh ! would that man did alway prize  
 This gem to Time's brow given ;  
 This ladder resting on the skies,  
 This institute so passing wise,  
 This antepast of heaven !

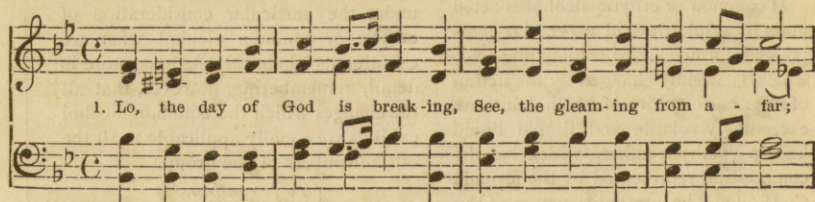
The ritual law is passed away,  
 The *substance* all revealed ;  
 But Thou, O Law without decay,  
 Till heaven itself be Sabbath day,  
 Shalt still be unrepealed.

Shall any rob us of our right,  
 Our right divinely given ?  
 Then thicker will the moral night  
 Obscure the haven from our sight,  
 And with the type, will go its might,  
 Till all be tempest-driven.

Lord, give to all the eyes to see  
 How grace with man has striven,  
 From sin and self to set him free,  
 And make him like to Thine and Thee,  
 And fit him for eternity,  
 By Sabbaths richly given.

ANNIE CLEGG.

## HEAR THE CALL.

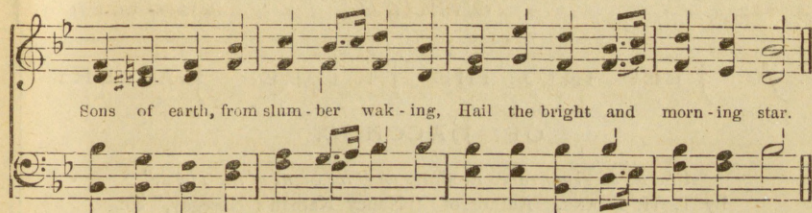


KEY B $\flat$ .

s <sub>1</sub> : fe <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : d	r : d <sub>1</sub> r   m : d	l <sub>1</sub> : f   s <sub>1</sub> : m	m : r l   r : —
2. Trust in Him who	is your Cap-tain,	Let no heart in	ter - ror quail ;
m <sub>1</sub> : re <sub>1</sub>   m <sub>1</sub> : s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> : s <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : m <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> : f <sub>1</sub>   m <sub>1</sub> : s <sub>1</sub>	fe <sub>1</sub> : fe <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : f <sub>1</sub>
3. On-ward march-ing,	firm and stea-dy,	Faint not, fear not	Sa - tan's frown,
d : l <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : s <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub> , t <sub>1</sub>   d : d	d : d   d : d	l <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub> d   t <sub>1</sub> : —
4. Conqu'ring hosts with	ban - ners wav-ing,	Sweeping on o'er	hill and plain,
d <sub>1</sub> : d <sub>1</sub>   d <sub>1</sub> : m <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> : s <sub>1</sub>   d : d <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub>   d : d <sub>1</sub>	r <sub>1</sub> : r <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : —



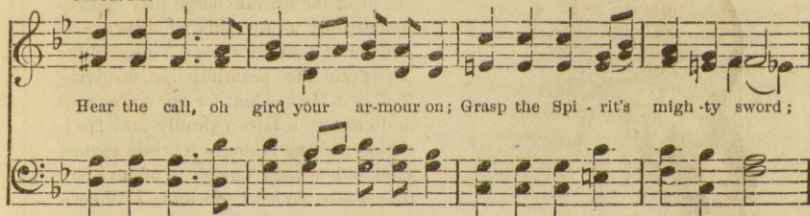
# HEAR THE CALL—(continued).



Sons of earth, from slum-ber wak-ing, Hail the bright and morn-ing star.

s <sub>i</sub> : fe <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : d	r : d <sub>i</sub> r   m : d	l <sub>i</sub> : f   m : d <sub>i</sub> r   m : r   d : —
Je - sus leads the	ga - th'ring le - gions,	In His name we shall pre-vail.
m <sub>i</sub> : re <sub>i</sub>   m <sub>i</sub> : s <sub>i</sub>	s <sub>i</sub> : s <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : m <sub>i</sub>	f <sub>i</sub> : l <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : s <sub>i</sub> l <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : f <sub>i</sub>   m <sub>i</sub> : —
For the Lord is	with you al - ways,	Till you wear the Vic-tor's crown.
d : l <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : s <sub>i</sub>	t <sub>i</sub> : l <sub>i</sub> t <sub>i</sub>   d : d	d : d   d : d   d : t <sub>i</sub>   d : —
Ne'er shall halt till	swells the an-them,	"Christ o'er all the world doth reign."
d <sub>i</sub> : d <sub>i</sub>   d <sub>i</sub> : m <sub>i</sub>	s <sub>i</sub> : s <sub>i</sub>   d : d	f <sub>i</sub> : f <sub>i</sub>   d <sub>i</sub> : m <sub>i</sub> f <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : s <sub>i</sub>   d : —

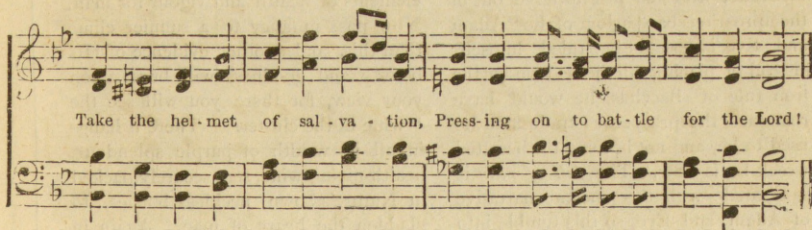
## CHORUS.



Hear the call, oh gird your ar-mour on; Grasp the Spi - rit's high-ty sword;

## CHORUS.

m : m   m : — t <sub>i</sub>	d : l <sub>i</sub> t <sub>i</sub>   d : t <sub>i</sub> l <sub>i</sub>	r : r   r : l <sub>i</sub>   d	t <sub>i</sub> : l <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : —
se <sub>i</sub> : se <sub>i</sub>   se <sub>i</sub> : — se <sub>i</sub>	l <sub>i</sub> : m <sub>i</sub>   l <sub>i</sub> : m <sub>i</sub> m <sub>i</sub>	fe <sub>i</sub> : fe <sub>i</sub>   fe <sub>i</sub> : fe <sub>i</sub> l <sub>i</sub>	s <sub>i</sub> : fe <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : f <sub>i</sub>
Hear the call, oh	gird your armour on;	Grasp the Spi - rit's	high-ty sword;
t <sub>i</sub> : t <sub>i</sub>   t <sub>i</sub> : — m	m : d <sub>i</sub> r   m : r : d	l <sub>i</sub> : l <sub>i</sub>   l <sub>i</sub> : r	r : d   t <sub>i</sub> : —
m <sub>i</sub> : m <sub>i</sub>   m <sub>i</sub> : — m <sub>i</sub>	l <sub>i</sub> : l <sub>i</sub>   l <sub>i</sub> : l <sub>i</sub> l <sub>i</sub>	r <sub>i</sub> : r <sub>i</sub>   r <sub>i</sub> : fe <sub>i</sub>	s <sub>i</sub> : r <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : —



Take the hel-met of sal - va - tion, Press-ing on to bat-tle for the Lord!

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Take the hel-met	of sal - va - tion,	Press - ing	on to bat-tle for the Lord!
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# A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on "the Signs of the Times,"*  
By T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.  
No. II.—"THE ADAM AND EVE."



"RULE, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves! Britons!"—He never got any farther than that, at least not with his song, for being somewhat "elevated," he pitched his voice so high, it pitched him right over. Now if this musical inebriate, who had just tottered out of the uproarious bar-parlour of the "Adam and Eve," had only ruled himself, instead of placing all he had under the iron rule of Bacchus, he would have remained the prosperous tradesman he used to be, and not become the besotted wreck he is now. The *fall of man* is associated with the ancient narrative of Adam and Eve, so this tumble into the gutter could not have occurred in a more appropriate spot. I wonder how many modern Adams have fallen from the same cause—*viz.*, disobedience towards God; for it is His will that we

should swallow *food*, and not *poison*. Every disaster, mental and physical, has for its predecessor some form of disobedience, and one of the most glaring instances of man's innate propensity to act in direct opposition to the will of his Maker is to be found in the almost universal practice of converting good food into bad drink. How shall we meet the fearful charge that Heaven has against us for this wholesale perversion of "Our Father's" good gifts? To take the beautiful health-giving food that He has sent for our sustenance and convert it into a deadly and fascinating poison, is surely a crime against God and against ourselves of no small magnitude. What ingratitude! What a return to make for the bounty and goodness of our Creator! Picture to yourselves that attractive feature in many an English autumn landscape, a field of golden grain. The rain, the sunlight, and the dews of heaven have blessed it. Every grain in that waving sea of human food, bending so gracefully to the passing breeze, is freighted with the elements of health and vigour for man. Now pass in fancy to a sunnier clime than this, and another evidence of His bounty and goodness will burst upon your view, for there you will see the "wine in the cluster." There it hangs in all its wealth of purple splendour. health-giving wine, sent securely packed in Nature's own neckless bottles, to gladden the heart of man. Again in imagination follow me to our own beloved shores. Peer into those loaded boughs, decked with rosy laughing apples, some coyly peeping with a timid blush from 'neath the sheltering



leaves; others with saucy tempting cheeks boldly wooing each passer by, waiting only the advent of a grateful hand to nourish, bless, and to strengthen. Now blend these three fair scenes in one, and what a charming picture 'tis that meets our wondering gaze. What pleasant visions of healthy children and happy homes are conjured up at the sight of all this lovely fruit and grain, this trinity of dietetic joys that Heaven has sent for us to use! But alas! there is a dark side to this fairy scene that good old Mother Nature never intended, for she who works only for the happiness of all, provided this food for our *good*, not to do us *harm*. But man, for the love of gold, steps in, and laying his despoiling hand on that which Nature gave us with her blessing, turns it into a curse. Can any act be more fiendlike—the luscious life-giving food of the people taken from them, and turned into a burning, maddening, fiery poison?

Where are all those purple clusters now, those merry cheeked apples, that golden grain? There they lie, all mangled and crushed, and as if the very dumb and inanimate offspring of our fields and orchards rose in revolt against such a fiendish insult to the "Giver of all good," their very life's blood has turned to poison, as if in horror at the thought of man being so ungrateful to his Maker, and such a traitor to himself. But the goodness of God is not to be perverted in this infamous manner with impunity. Nature works a sure and terrible revenge in the enfeebled, demoralised, and idiotic wrecks of humanity that blaspheme and stagger in our midst, to the shame and disgrace

of a nation renowned throughout the world.

A little child, weak with hunger, feebly implores its father to give it bread, but he has drunk of the poisoned blood of the murdered grain, and in his drunken fury hurls a stone at the little suppliant's head. And this is going on *now* in *Christian* England, where men approach the throne of grace on bended knee, and, lifting their eyes to Heaven, pray "*Give us this day our daily bread.*" Oh what a bitter mockery! What an insult to the Most High. For when with more than lavish hand He gives us all we ask, we wrench each drop of goodness from it, and turn it to a withering curse, that blasts and blights all those it was sent to feed and bless.

Let men of genius no longer prostitute their abilities by throwing a false halo of romance and sentiment around the wine-cup, but consecrate their talents to God instead of Bacchus. Our poets, painters, and sculptors have much to answer for in this direction, but there are indications of the dawning of a better day for humanity than any the world has yet beheld; for, even as God spoke to Adam in the garden of Eden, so in like manner is the angel of Temperance appealing to-day to us. Hark! hear ye not her voice? Hush! she's speaking: "Of every fountain of delight this joy-giving world can afford thou may'st freely drink, but of this deadly stream that floweth from the river of death thou mayest *not* drink, if thou wouldst have happiness and health to sweeten thy daily lot, if thou wouldst keep thyself free from the stain of complicity in the greatest curse that ever made the angels weep o'er those whom God hath made."

A GRAVEDIGGER'S TESTIMONY.—"What tools are oftenest used in digging graves?" asked a gentleman of an aged gravedigger. "Sir," replied the old sexton, "there are different ways, and I've seen people who dug graves most, if not all, of those ways; but, sir, if you look through even *this* quiet village, you will find that the commonest way of doing it is for people to *dig their own graves*, and that with gin, rum, brandy, and whiskey."



## THE TERRIBLE WHISPERING GALLERY.

COULD all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appall the nation and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every dwelling built by blood the stone from the wall should utter all the follies which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house, and who would dwell in it? What if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upwards through all the halls and chambers, babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings were heard day and night! What if the cold blood oozed out and stood n drops upon the walls, and by preternatural art all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance should stand upon the walls in horrid sculpture within and without the building! Who would rear such a building? What if at eventide and at midnight the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane, following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce, walking upon the waves, flitting athwart the deck, sitting upon the rigging, and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans and loud laments and wailings! Who would attend such stores? Who would labour in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships? Oh! were the sky over our heads one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us the wailings of the damned whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither, these tremendous realities assailing our sense would invigorate our conscience and give decision to our purpose.—*Dr. Lyman Beecher.*

### "CARED FOR."

THE poor child was a London street Arab. No mother, drunken father, homeless, friendless, ignorant, wretched, none to love, none to pity, none to help. Nobody cared for him. The gentleman whose attention he attracted was both kind-hearted and wealthy, and had no children of his own. So he spoke to the neglected lad, took him home, had him cleansed, clothed, fed, and educated. "I will be a father to you," he said.

After that he wanted for nothing. There was food in plenty, comforts, pleasures. The boy began to look differently. The careworn expression of premature age passed away, his eyes grew bright, his cheeks filled out, and he was hardly known as the same lad who had looked so neglected and wretched. He had found a father.

He was *cared for* now. Is there one who reads this who feels desolate or friendless? A heart that knows the bitterness resulting from wrong doing, a life from which the joy of hope has faded away? Do you say, "None cares for me?" Brother, I have good tidings. There *is* One who knows all your case, pities you, is near to help you, and wants to do it.

It is God! His love looks mighty,  
But is mightier than it seems;  
'Tis our Father, and His kindness  
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

Oh! that I could tell you how the heart of God pities you! Would I could so write it that you would never forget His own words. *He careth for you.* And to the most sinful and wicked comes His promise, "I will be a Father unto you."

REV. I. E. PAGE.



# SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN!



PEAK, oh ! speak to that young man  
 Standing near the tavern door ;  
 Tell him of a better plan—  
 He's thy brother, simple, poor.

Wanderer from the path of right,  
 Take him gently by the hand ;  
 Lead him into joy and light ;  
 Tell him of a better land.

Once he was a prattling child,  
 Dancing on his mother's knee,  
 Object of caresses mild,  
 Filling loving hearts with glee.

Now perchance his mother lies  
 On a lingering bed of pain ;  
 Fervently to heaven she cries,  
 " Will he not from drink abstain ? "

Oh ! if thou his soul can'st save,  
 Flowers in his pathway fling ;  
 Rescue from the drunkard's grave ;  
 One so vile to Jesus bring ;

What shall thy rejoicing be ?  
 What the lustre of thy crown ?  
 Gladd'ning thine eternity  
 For the charity thus shown.

Speak ! forget his staggering gait,  
 Think not of the scoffing throng ;  
 Haste, while mercy deigns to wait—  
 Thine shall be the victor's song.

W. HOYLE.





### Band of Hope Management.

—TENTH PAPER.—SPEAKERS' TRAINING SOCIETY.—In our Bands of Hope attention is given to the training of singers and reciters, and it has often occurred to us that if an efficient method of training speakers could be adopted and sustained it would go far towards perfecting our machinery and securing a more complete measure of success for our movement. Why should we not have in every Band of Hope Union a monthly or occasional meeting of speakers, and young men desirous of becoming speakers, where some system of training might be adopted? We think it would prove of great benefit if rightly conducted. What we want in speakers especially is the power to speak with effect. This can only come when the mind is well stored with fact, argument, and illustration. Confidence and flow of language will increase with continued practice. In the proposed training society there might be a course of home study pursued; readings from standard Temperance works, such as Drs. Lees, Richardson, and others. When the members come together there might be two or three short extempore addresses on some phase of the Temperance question, to be afterwards criticised by the members. On these occasions attention should be given to grammar, and especially to elocution, for what is more distressing than to see a speaker motionless as a marble slab, as though he had no life or animation about him? The speakers should endeavour to display clearness of argument with simplicity and appropriateness of illustra-

tion. No speaker should be allowed to wander from the particular phase or subject under consideration. Conciseness of language and concentration of thought should be encouraged. The tendency of some speakers is to become so diffusive in style that it is difficult to discover the point or argument in their addresses; there is such a barrenness of ideas and a multiplicity of words that their speeches evaporate, as it were, and leave no impression. This defect—the want of good speakers—is not to be wondered at if we consider how little attention is given to public speaking generally. We think our Sabbath-school system would be more potent for good if efficient speaking were made a condition in the appointment of teachers, especially teachers of senior classes and superintendents; is it not also especially important that the living exponents of our movement should be good speakers! Men who go forth night after night to address large audiences—often, indeed, large mixed audiences of children and adults, where none but those who are proficient in the art of speaking can fully succeed. We earnestly commend this proposal of a speakers' training society to the consideration of Band of Hope Unions, and to societies generally. Wherever it is practicable it ought to be established in connection with individual societies, or by two or more Bands of Hope forming one for the district. The want of good speakers is a cause of weakness in our movement, and the sooner we apply the remedy the better. W. HOYLE.

(To be continued.)



### United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

—The autumnal Conference of this Union was held on October 9th, at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Manchester, the local arrangements being made by the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. In response to the invitation of Robert Whitworth, Esq., president of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union, the members of conference met for breakfast at 9 o'clock. Mr. Whitworth presided at the morning sitting, at which a paper was read by Mr. F. Smith, Secretary of the United Kingdom Union, on "The Value of Method in Band of Hope Work." A discussion followed, after which the following resolution was passed, on the motion of Mr. E. Barton, seconded by the Rev. R. H. Dugdale: "That this conference has heard with pleasure of the intention of the London School Board to give their children instruction upon the temperance question—viz., 1st, in their Scripture lessons; 2nd, in their reading and copy books; 3rd, in diagrams and wall papers, in illustration of industry sobriety and thrift; 4th, by songs and hymns; and lastly, lectures by duly qualified men upon the physiological aspects of the temperance question. This conference deeming the training of the young the most important phase of the movement, desires to urge upon its friends the solemn duty of securing children in our provincial schools the advantages now secured for the children of the Board Schools of London."

Through the kindness of A. E. Eccles Esq., vice-president of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union, the friends dined together.

At the afternoon sitting, under the presidency of Mr. Eccles, Mr. William Hoyle read a paper on "Band of Hope Management," which was followed by a discussion. Votes of thanks to the

readers of papers terminated the proceedings.

In the evening a festival arranged in conjunction with the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union was held in the Free Trade Hall. This magnificent Hall was crowded in every part, many hundreds being unable to obtain admission. The chair was occupied, in the absence of Mr. B. Whitworth, M.P., by Mr. R. Whitworth. A choir of three hundred members of Bands of Hope in Manchester occupied the platform, and in the course of the evening a selection of temperance part-songs and choruses were sung. Mr. W. Hoyle officiated as conductor, and Mr. W. H. Whitehead as organist. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. F. Smith, the Rev. W. Barker (Vicar of St. Mary, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, and Honorary Chaplain to her Majesty), the Rev. H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. (Belgrave Presbyterian Church, London), the Rev. T. T. Lambert (Wesleyan Minister, Bolton). A vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the meeting.

### Oxfordshire Band of Hope and Temperance Union.

—We have just received the second annual report of this Union. There are 27 societies visited by 31 speakers and reciters. Considerable attention has been given to the delivery of medical and scientific lectures, also to conferences, demonstrations, and open-air meetings. There is a record of new societies and signs of good earnest effort put forth to advance the movement. We wish this young but vigorous Union every success.

### Leeds District Band of Hope League.

—A very interesting conference of workers was held in connection with this Union, September



28th, in the Friends' Mission Room. A paper was read by Mr. John Hall, member of the council, on "The Best Means of Conducting Bands of Hope." An animated discussion followed, which called forth many practical suggestions. We rejoice to learn that this league is full of energy, and with its active agent, Mr. E. W. Whitely, is resolved to press onward in the good work.

**Lambeth Band of Hope Union.**—The quarterly Conference was held on October 5th, presided over by Rev. J. K. Rowe. Forty-five delegates attended. A paper was read by Mr. Glasspool on "A successful Band of Hope." Messrs. Cordrey, Harrison, Hawes, and Follett took part in the discussion. A very profitable evening was spent.

## WHISPERS TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ENJOY A HAPPY LIFE.

By REV. BENJAMIN SMITH, Author of "Sunshine in the Kitchen,"  
"Gems Reset," &c.

WHISPER VIII.—SECURE GODLY SELF-CONTROL.

IN November, 1868, a fire occurred at Philadelphia (United States) which was attended by somewhat singular difficulties. The conflagration commenced in a saw and planing mill. As there was a large quantity of dry wood the flames spread very rapidly, and threatened the adjoining buildings. Almost immediately contiguous to the saw-mills was a store-house of peculiar kind. A Mr. Forepaugh, the proprietor, was a dealer in wild animals. He made large purchases of lions, tigers, panthers, monkeys and other animals. These were consigned to him at the building which was now endangered, and sold to keepers of menageries as opportunity served. Mr. F., anxious of course for the preservation of his stock, had the boxes or cages in which they were temporarily confined removed into the street as quickly as possible. We all know that in the most quiet times porters are apt to injure trunks which have been made for travelling and are supposed to be strong. Those in which the wild beasts had been for the time placed were meant to be stationary, and the men who were urged to remove them were in great haste. There was nothing therefore surprising in the circumstance that some of these boxes being tumbled into the street were broken, and the occupants of course availed themselves of the opportunity to recover their much prized freedom. They escaped in various directions.

A Bengal tiger was discovered in some adjoining stables, and was happily secured without having done any mischief. A Brazilian tiger, evidently much bewildered by finding himself, though at liberty, in circumstances greatly differing from the jungles to which he had been used, took refuge in a house where the door was open. This happened to be the residence of a medical man known as Dr. Gebler. Several ladies were standing in the entrance hall as the tiger entered, and were naturally greatly terrified by such an unexpected visitor. The tiger, however, took no notice of them, but passed through the hall into the kitchen. Efficient help was summoned, and the intruder was taken captive. A lion possibly would have done great mischief, but was, with much difficulty, retained in a damaged box. The royal prisoner would not keep still while a carpenter was



trying to mend the box, yet eventually this was accomplished. About nine in the evening a gentleman who had just entered his own house observed and called attention to what he supposed to be a fine large dog which had mistaken both master and home, and had entered the house with him. The gaslight in the hall was brighter than that from street lamps, and showed that the wanderer was a huge Florida wolf! The parlour door was open, and the wolf entered. The door was closed and the brute was captured in the morning, having, during the night, reposed on a Brussels hearth-rug.

Until our hearts have been sanctified by the power of the Holy Ghost there are many evils therein, either ruling or lurking. It is very desirable that these should be all utterly exterminated. Until then, however, it is better that they should be kept in restraint. Now there are various methods by which, as by the conflagration just mentioned, these evils may be unloosed, to our shame and the injury of others. Against this we must be on our guard. When among "the spirits of just men made perfect" the term "self-control" may be scarcely appropriate. It will then, doubtless, be natural to us to do right. As the sun-beam enlightens we shall love God and our associates. But while there is evil within we need to cherish self-control, and daily use it. Let us note some of the devices by which evils within may be let loose.

*Rage* frequently unlooses some evils. No record was made of Mr. Forepaugh's monkeys. When a man goes into a passion the result often resembles the letting a multitude of monkeys loose. Possibly no material damage may be done. No breach of the peace may occur, and no case of "assault and battery" may arise. But there is what resembles the gestures, grimaces, and chattering of an infuriated parliament of monkeys. It would have been well if there had not been so much folly in the angry man's heart. But something would have been spared had the foolishness been confined there.

*Vanity* often manifests the folly within. Onlookers would not have known what a collection of peacocks, gaudy but tuneless, and useless, were kept inside, had not a conflagration taken place; but the proprietor's vanity became excited, and the disclosures were such as to make others smile, and the man afterwards to blush.

*Avarice* frequently makes apparent what is unlovely. We should not have known how utterly mean and selfish the man's heart was, but his greediness overcame the desire for esteem which had hitherto been keeper of the gate.

*Intemperance* throws open every gate. *Whatever evil there is in a man's nature will be inflamed and let loose by the use of alcoholic drink.* The gates right round the city will be thrown wide open, and all things monstrous and impure which exist therein, quickened to terrible activity, are free to stalk forth. "Thine heart shall utter perverse things." Belshazzar, the king of Babylon, had previously proved a worthless man; but it was when influenced by wine that he committed the crowning wickedness and folly of his melancholy career. He then sought to insult to the utmost the God of heaven. "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain." How accurately is here depicted the final scene in many a transgressor's course! The liquor which has nourished all his vices and called them forth into hateful exercise once more exerts its baneful potency. That is the final triumph. The transgressor is called to the tribunal of God. "Keep thy heart with all diligence."



## PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

If you shoot a duck, you may, by jumping into the river after it get two.

A VAIN simpleton is made a butt by his companions; the sot makes a "butt" of himself.

TUPPER says that a grain of corn is better than a diamond. Certainly it is for a barn-door fowl.

"MURPHY," said Teague, "I slept once on the pint (point) of a bayonet," "Dade, it's meself has often slept on a pint of whisky."

THE LONGEST PAUSE ON RECORD.—"I say, John, how do you like eggs?" said a gentleman to his servant, as they passed over a bridge. About a year after, as they returned to the same spot John answered, "Please, sir, I like them poached."

WHEN Miss Wilberforce landed with her brother at Hull, she shared in the honours paid him, and was welcomed with shouts of "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" She thanked them for their reception, but not for their wishes: she did not want to be *Miss Wilberforce* for ever!

A LITTLE girl, when her father's table was honoured with an esteemed friend, began talking very earnestly at the first pause in the conversation. Her father checked her rather sharply, saying, "Why is it you talk so much?" "Tause I've dot sometin to say," was the innocent reply.

A GENTLEMAN, having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "O! I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, sir," said the man. "I presume not," said the gentleman; "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

WOMAN lost us one paradise, but she can easily make another wherever she goes.

If we live according to nature we can never be poor; if according to opinion, we can never be rich.

STRONG drink is not only the devil's way to man, but man's way to the devil.—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

To wipe all tears from off all faces is a task too hard for mortals, but to alleviate misfortunes is within the most limited power.

"THE better the day, the better the deed," is a bad proverb as it runs; but read it backwards, as wizards do charms, and it is a capital saying:—"The better the deed, the better the day."

How a man may ruin a perfect digestive apparatus: Lie too long in the morning; bolt your breakfast and hurry off to business; hurry through dinner, which has been hastily cooked, as if you had no teeth, and rush off immediately after to work; smoke a lot in the evening, thereby drugging your saliva, and substituting for that fluid a copious supply of beer, or, better still, spirits and water, and you may be a martyr in three weeks.

A SENSIBLE REMARK.—Duval, the amous Austrian librarian, was once consulted upon a subject of which he was not wholly the master, by one of whose ignorance he was well aware. "I do not know," was his frank response. "Do not know!" answered the intruder; "the emperor pays you for knowing." "The emperor pays me for what I know," said Duval; "if he paid me for what I do not know, the whole treasury of his kingdom would not suffice."





## HOME AGAIN!

HAPPIEST day in rude December,  
Fiercely blows the northen blast—  
Day that I shall long remember:  
I am going home at last.  
After years of weary waiting,  
Wandering in a foreign clime,  
Love of home still unabating,  
How I long for Christmas time!

Once more in my native village  
Rapidly I take my way;  
All the signs of growth and tillage  
Lie beneath the snow to-day.  
Five years since, with measured paces,  
Went I forth the world to roam;  
Shall I see the same old faces?  
Shall I meet them all at home?

There's the church with ivy tower,  
Oft I've wandered o'er the lea  
With dear Lucy—fairest flower—  
She was all the world to me.  
Sleeps she now beneath the willow—  
Ne'er did heart more truly love—  
Bends her bright form o'er my pillow,  
Beck'ning me to realms above.

When she died I wandered over  
Plains and mountains far away,  
Thinking all my grief to cover,  
But it all comes back to-day—  
Back to scenes of native beauty,  
Woodland, vale, and placid lake;  
Tho' cast down I'll do my duty,  
Living nobly for her sake.



Yonder is the quiet crescent  
 Where my father's cottage stands ;  
 Leafless are the trees, tho' pleasant  
 Looks the snowclad meadow lands.  
 Ah me ! is my father living ?  
 Feeble was he when I left.  
 Why this solemn, strange misgiving ?  
 Am I now of him bereft ?

Here's the gate, 'tis idly swinging,  
 Mem'ry brings back childhood's  
 hours ;  
 High the lark's sweet notes were ring-  
 ing  
 When I left these charming bowers.  
 Hush ! I hear a peal of voices !  
 Do they know I'm home again ?  
 How my very heart rejoices !  
 Hark ! they sing some Christmas  
 strain !

Thank Heaven ! there's my dear old  
 father,  
 Sitting near the old case clock ;  
 On his brow the grey locks gather—  
 See, they startle at my knock !  
 Bless you, father ! bless you, mother !  
 Are you all alive and well ?  
 Children, I'm your elder brother,  
 Home again in peace to dwell.

Gather round the bright fire burning,  
 Deck the walls with holly bright ;  
 I'm the prodigal returning,  
 Let us all rejoice to-night.  
 I've a Christmas song of gladness  
 Children, I will teach it you :  
 Let us banish care and sadness,  
 And affection's vows renew.

W. HOYLE.

## RONALD CLAYTON'S MISTAKES, AND HOW HE MENDED THEM.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Blossom and Blight," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### TEN YEARS AFTER.

"WHO'S that fine-looking fellow ? Is he, too, one of your 'local celebrities ?'"

The speaker and his companion were looking at a large assortment of photographs in one of the New Street shops in the town of Birmingham.

"Indeed he is, and one we feel justly proud of ; that's Ronald Clayton, and I'm glad to say I have the pleasure of owning him for my master—I'm a clerk in his office."

"That Ronald Clayton ?" said the first speaker. "Why of course it is ; but he's a handsomer man than I should have expected."

"Wherever did you know him, Cousin Frank ?"

"At school, Charlie. We were both at Mr. Barrett's ; but I thought Ronald Clayton went to the bad years ago ; I can't surely have dreamt it all. I thought he murdered his uncle, old Nick Clayton, in Bradford Street."

"Oh ! but he didn't though," said Charlie Wilkes. "He was had up on suspicion it is true, because he had quarrelled with him ; but the real murderer was a man who died before the law could seize him, and he had an accomplice who turned Queen's evidence, and got a short term of imprisonment. But my father can tell you more particulars about that. I want to tell you what a splendid life he lives now. His is the model foundry in the town, with all the new improvements and everything. And isn't he good to his people ? I don't believe, if we spoke to every sixth person we met in this great place about him, that we should hear anything but his praises."



"Let's try, Charlie; will you bet on that?"

"I never bet, Cousin Frank; it's unmanly. But I should not mind your trying. I'm almost sure I should be proved right," and the young man laughed merrily.

"Why, what has he done so wonderful?" asked Cousin Frank, a colonist from Australia, who was by no means uninterested in all this information concerning an old schoolfellow.

"You are laughing at me; it isn't so easy to tell you in a breath. He is the best master and has the best men in all Birmingham, and he manages them without an angry word from year's end to year's end."

"Wonderful!" said the colonist, with a slight touch of irony in his voice.

"Why don't you call and see him, as you used to know him, and as I am in his employ, and then you'll understand about it better?"

"Now, that's sensible," said Frank Wilkes, "I will go. Just you show me the way to-morrow morning, when you go to the office. I'll see for myself this 'rara avis in terra.' And now we'll test the truth of your assertion that every sixth person will speak well of your hero. Here goes." Making towards an old and feeble man, a crossing-sweeper, Frank Wilkes asked, "Do you happen to know a gentleman called Ronald Clayton: he has a foundry somewhere in Birmingham?"

Charlie smilingly awaited the old man's reply. It came at last, interrupted by an asthmatic cough.

"Know him? ay, sir; oi know him and oi bless him, too. Why, oi happen to be a kind of special favourite of his'n, sir, because oi work all oi can, though that isn't much; but he hates idleness. Many a time he has helped me along with my rent when oi've been a bit behind. Nothink is too much trouble to serve a poor man with Ronald Clayton."

"Thank you, and he lives?"

"He lives in the Moseley Road, sir, but his foundry's in Bradford Street. Oi mind the time when a different man had the place—poor unfortunate Nick Clayton, the master's uncle. But you'll know the place now: it looks so smart and trim—not a bit loike other foundries."

Putting a sixpence in the old man's hand the cousins walked on. Frank Wilkes next accosted a well-dressed woman.

"Beg your pardon, madam, but can you tell me anything about a Mr. Ronald Clayton, an iron-founder?"

"Indeed I can," she said, pleasantly. "Do you want his address?"

"Thank you, yes. Do you think he would be a person to whom one might go in a difficulty and ask for help?"

"If it is a genuine case," she answered, frankly, "I am quite sure from all I know of his character, he would be certain to relieve any one; but he hates imposition. He is one of the best men in the world, but he quickly detects fraud."

Thanking the lady for her information, they proceeded on their way.

"My little lad," said Frank Wilkes to a boy about twelve, who was trudging homewards with a cricket ball in his hand, "do you know any person called Ronald Clayton, and what sort of man he is?"

"Do you mean Mr. Clayton, the iron-founder, sir?"

"I expect I do."

"Oh! I know him," and the round, rather weary face grew radiant; "he comes to our school sometimes; he gave us the wickets and bat and ball—this very ball, sir, when we had done extra well for a quarter; he's ever so jolly, that's the sort of thing he does; he says we must work well and play well, and I believe him, sir."



Frank Wilkes thanked the child, and then turned to his young relative.

"That's not bad, Charlie; I begin to believe in the genuineness of this man, though he is a Brummagem piece of goods. I'll refresh his memory of me to-morrow, and see how he treats me."

Next morning, accordingly, the colonist accompanied the clerk to the foundry of Clayton & Co., in Bradford Street. But a change had come over the place, and spite of the blackness inseparable from iron work, it had grown positively cheerful. There was a look of thriving contented industry about it. The large house which Nicholas Clayton had occupied was now evidently, at least in part, dedicated to business; but outside the windows of some of the best rooms there were plants growing and flowering, which now—for it was the month of August—looked their very best.

Through one open window a group of children were to be seen at play; clean, well-fed, well-dressed, happy looking children, whom it was a pleasure to look at.

Charlie Wilkes opened the large front door, and walked to a room on the right, over which was inscribed "Private Office." He knocked.

"Who's there?" asked a cheery voice within.

"I, sir."

"Come in, Mr. Wilkes."

The young man entered. "Sir, I have brought my cousin from Australia to see you; he knew you when you were boys at school together, and would like to speak to you."

"Of course we knew each other, only I had forgotten," said Ronald Clayton, rising and coming forward to meet the colonist as he advanced into the room. "Frank Wilkes, I am so glad to see you again. I have often thought Charlie put me in mind of somebody in face and surname, and now I know who it was. This is kind of you."

The two men shook hands cordially, while the young clerk, after witnessing this very pleasant commencement, went away satisfied. A long talk ensued: Ronald Clayton asked many questions about his old schoolfellow's life in the far away land, the "Greater Britain" of the southern seas; and then it was his turn to be questioned.

"If you care to see over the foundry I should like to show it to you presently; but first I must tell you that I have had every possible advantage from my good old uncle Dr. Stapleton, who has been to me a second father. You know I expect," and here a shade of sorrow passed over his handsome face, "into what terrible danger and disgrace and sin my youthful indulgence in drink and bad company led me?"

"I have heard something of it, but I have heard more of your present goodness," said Frank Wilkes.

"I was mercifully spared from a great deal of what I justly deserved," said Ronald, "though I was innocent of the legal crime. Soon after the trial, my mother's death and the promise I made to her when she was dying, to devote my life to the spread of temperance principles, decided me to become an iron-founder in Birmingham, and redeem my past, in the same town where it had been so ill-spent. I am afraid this rather disappointed my good uncle, whose tastes were by no means so practical. However, he took me abroad and showed me the wonders and glories of nature and art on the Continent; then finding my mind still made up, and approving my purpose, he let me study my business for a while at Brussels



and at Liege ; then he sent me to Glasgow, and finally accompanied me to America, where I stayed at Pittsburgh in the States, that I might have every possible chance of understanding the best principles and best modes of carrying on every branch of my business successfully. When this course of training was over, and I returned to Birmingham, it was to find that this foundry, which had formerly belonged to my uncle, was to let. Nothing could have suited me better. My uncle Stapleton finding out my wishes, took the premises for me on a very long lease, and left me to my devices. He could not endure Birmingham as a residence, so he has settled in the Isle of Wight, with an old servant of my parents, who was the good genius of my own childhood, Jane Allen by name, for his housekeeper. When he took that step I thought it was time for me to settle also, and having made my choice of a future wife some time before, I went to the young lady, Winifred Hunt, on whom my heart was fixed, and happily found her willing to share my small fortune. We married and came home here, where we lived for the first four years. Then the business grew so considerably that I felt myself justified in removing my home and appropriating part of this house to it. I also began about that time to take my workmen as partners."

"Indeed ! and does that answer ?" asked Frank Wilkes, much interested.

"Perfectly. But first let me explain. I started my business autocratically ; I made a series of rules, and was quite determined not to employ any one who would not abide by them. In the first place, every one of my employ  s was compelled to sign the total abstinence pledge and to keep it. If proved to have broken it, I instantly dismissed him ; he signed it as a condition of entering my foundry, he must keep his pledge in order to keep in my employ. Swearing and betting I positively forbid on my premises. Every one was compelled to pay a fine for each of the first six offences in either particular ; for the seventh he lost his place, and must either humble himself to re-enter at the lowest scale of wages or quit altogether. The fines were appropriated to the sick fund. Every man and lad were bound to subscribe to the sick fund, which subscription was somewhat higher in amount than it generally is. These were my rules, and they speedily weeded out the idle and dissolute men who are the curse of their masters. I could depend upon my work, I was not stopped for want of men, and if they were few in number, they accomplished a high average of work. At the end of four years, as I have said, my business had much increased. I laid before my men the scheme of partnership with me. I proposed it to them as a matter for reflection, but not as a matter I wished to press. Two of the most steady and thoughtful of them who had saved a little, at once invested it in the concern. You will laugh, perhaps, but I must tell you that the partners in this concern are bound to be accredited members of a total abstinence association. Since that time they have increased in number yearly, till I have now no less than twelve. All of these are, of course, interested as much as I am myself in the character and extent of our work. But come, Frank," said Ronald, "talking is dry work even for a temperance man ; let us have a cup of chocolate, and I will introduce you to the wife of one of my earliest partners. She is an old and true friend of my own, and served me well at a moment of peril in my life ; I can never be too thankful to her. She has her old mother living with her, a woman who had hardly a moment's peace in the old sad days of her drunken husband's life, but who is in a haven of rest at last, and made much of by all the family."

So saying, the successful and happy Ronald led the way to the former drawing.



room of the house, which was furnished as a comfortable parlour, and rang the bell.

"Zenobia," said he, as a comely pleasant-looking young matron answered, "will you have the goodness to get this friend and myself some chocolate?"

"Certainly, sir." In a few minutes the Eastern Princess re-appeared, laid a clean cloth upon the table, placed in the centre a fresh bouquet of scarlet geraniums and mignonette, arranged around it cake, biscuits, bread, cheese, and a genuine Birmingham pork pie; and presently brought a tray containing a handsome plated jug of delicious chocolate and two beautiful china cups.

"You fare sumptuously, spite of your abstinence from strong drinks, Mr. Clayton," said Frank Wilkes; "but perhaps I misunderstood you, you recommend a virtue you do not yourself so rigidly practise: the head partner of the firm is perhaps a privileged individual?"

"I think he is," said Ronald, cheerily; "but he would be sorry not to practise so good a thing for his own health and comfort and peace of mind as total abstinence;" and he helped his visitor to the appetising viands. After the repast was concluded, he showed his guest over his works, where no one could fail to be struck with the independent, cheerful, and yet respectful bearing of the men. Then he showed two large airy school and club rooms, in the former of which a master was employed every morning to teach those lads whose education had been deficient, for a couple of hours before their day's work had exhausted their energies. In the large room above, there was a club ever open for those who chose to frequent it, with games, papers, and frequent entertainments of an evening to amuse them. One night each week a Band of Hope meeting was held, managed principally by the youths themselves; on another night an adult temperance meeting, on another a singing class, and on Sundays a thriving Sabbath school and a popular religious service were held, all managed by a committee of the foundry men, some of whom were acceptable preachers.

"You must come home with me to-night and be introduced to my wife and the children," said Ronald, "and to-morrow we go on our annual summer excursion. This year we have chosen Kenilworth, and you must accompany us."

Amongst the "sunny memories" of the colonist's visit to England stands out that glorious August day spent amongst the picturesque ruins and lovely woods of Kenilworth, with his school-boy friend. Bathed in the golden light of outward sunshine, his bright face lit up by the priceless sunbeams of a heart at peace toward God and man, here will we, too, enshrine Ronald Clayton in our remembrance, as he lived in that of Frank Wilkes. The warm summer sun shall photograph the group. He stands surrounded by his beloved and happy wife, his pretty little children, his venerable uncle, Dr. Stapleton, and worthy Jane, who rejoices in her favourite's prosperity. Beyond these are a knot of honoured and honouring townsmen, foremost amongst them the now eminent barrister Arthur Hutchinson. The happy Eastern Princess, her honest husband Joe, and merry children, are at the right of this pleasant picture, and scattered about amongst the trees and the dilapidated glory of ancestral halls, are the earnest upright working men, Ronald's partners and employés, whose lives he has ennobled by the reflex of his own life, pure, and bright, and true.

THE END.



# TEMPERANCE IS OUR THEME.

Words by MRS. RAPER.

*Smooth, not too quick.*

*Adapted from Herold's "Zampa," by W. H. WHITEHEAD.*

1. Here we join in friend-ly greet-ing, Ev-ry heart in

KEY B♭. *Smooth, not too quick.*

d	:r	t <sub>1</sub>	d	:r	m	:f	m	r	:s	d	:r	t <sub>1</sub>	d	:r	
2. Here we	meet	to	help	in	crush	-	ing	One	great	flood	of				
s <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub>	d	:d	s <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub>
3. Here we	meet	to	ask	the	na	-	tion,	Men	of	ev	-	ry			
m	:f	m	s	s	:d	r	:r	m	:f	m	:s				
4. Welcome,	then,	my	friend	and	bro	-	ther,	Wel	-	come	fa	-	ther,		
d	:d	d	:s <sub>1</sub>	d	:l <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	d	:d	d	:s <sub>1</sub>				

u-nion beat-ing; No al-loy to mar our meet-ing,

m	:f	m	r	:s	s	:d	r	:m	f	m	:r	m	d	:t <sub>1</sub>	l <sub>1</sub>	
e	-	vil,	rush	-	ing	Through	our	coun	-	try,	all	un	-	blush	-	ing,
d	:d	s <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	l <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	3 <sub>1</sub>	:f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>				
age	and	sta	-	tion:	Stay	the	traf	-	fic,	grant	sal	-	va	-	tion,	
s	:d	r	:r	d	:m	r	:de	r	d	:t <sub>1</sub>	d	:d				
sis	-	ter,	mo	-	ther,	On	we'll	go	and	help	each	o	-	ther,		
d	:l <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub>	:m <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	:m <sub>1</sub>	r <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:se <sub>1</sub>	l <sub>1</sub>	:f <sub>1</sub>				

Tem-p'rance is our theme, Tem-p'rance is our theme.

s <sub>1</sub>	:d	r	:m	f	m	:-	:-	m	:s	d	:r	t <sub>1</sub>	d	:-	:-	
s <sub>1</sub>	:m <sub>1</sub>	l <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>		s <sub>1</sub>	:-	:-	s <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:-	:-
Tem-p'rance	is	our	theme,		Tem-p'rance	is	our	theme.								
d	:d	d	:t <sub>1</sub>	d	:-	:-	d	:d	m	:f	m	:-	:-			
m <sub>1</sub>	:d <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	d	:-	:-	d	:m <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	d	:-	:-			





### THE KITTENS.

RUTH is sweeping up the room,  
Kitty tries to stop the broom,  
Fiercely springs and frisks her tail,  
But her efforts nought avail.

RUTH is smiling, glad to see  
Little Kitty in such glee,  
For she is so kind to all  
Who beneath her influence fall.

Kittens always love to play,  
Frisk and frolic all the day;  
Little children are the same,  
Fond of every merry game.

Let all little girls and boys  
Have their fill of harmless joys.  
Soon they'll change their childhood's  
ways  
For the world's wild tangled maze.

W. A. EATON.





I.—AN ENGIMA.

My first is seen in clear cold water,  
 My second may be found in daughter,  
 My third is in a ray of light,  
 My fourth is in the darkest night.  
 My fifth is always in the sea,  
 My sixth is ever first at tea ;  
 My next is seen in maid or mother,  
 My eighth in neither one nor other ;  
 My ninth in silence may be heard,  
 My whole is a familiar word.  
 I come and make a little stay,  
 And then I quickly pass away ;  
 And so do all our earthly joys,  
 My lovely girls, and bonny boys ;  
 In weather foggy, wet, or clear,  
 Let us give our Friend a cheer,  
 And hope again to see him here.

JABEZ INWARDS.

2.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My *first* you'll always see in the middle  
 of a day,  
 My *second* is the name of many a  
 maiden gay,  
 My *third* 's a royal lady, who on a  
 throne doth sit,  
 My *fourth* 's one of the feathered tribe  
 mentioned in Holy Writ,  
 My *next* 's a bird which is the prey of  
 sportsmen with their guns,  
 And this a shire of Scotland, through  
 which the river Findhorn runs,  
 My *seventh* a mode of utterance, should  
 be correct and clear,  
 This is a very happy time which comes  
 but once a year,  
 A county now of England, through  
 which flows the river Trent,

This is a king of Salem, who was once  
 to Abram sent,  
 The *next* upon my list 's a plant which  
 means misanthropy,  
 And he who curbs his appetite my *next*  
 will never be,  
 And now before you is a fruit, one of  
 the orange kind,  
 This is a little animal, which in the  
 light is blind,  
 Now with a crooked consonant my little  
 puzzle ends,  
 My total 's what I wish you one and all,  
 my gentle friends.

FRANCES.

3.—CHARADE.

My *first* is in water, but not in ice,  
 My *second* 's not in sago, but 'tis in  
 rice,  
 My *third* is in iron, but not in brass,  
 My *fourth* is in window, but not in  
 glass,  
 My *fifth* is in morning, but not in night,  
 My *sixth* 's not in darkness, but 'tis in  
 light,  
 My *seventh* is in grass-plot, my *eighth* in  
 lawn,  
 My *whole* is used for grinding the corn.

MARIE,

4.—ARITHMOREM.

10, and *Gone out*.—A plant.  
 1,005 and *No beer*.—One of the months.  
 502 and *hunt stew*.—A feast.  
 201 and *tar*.—Northern.  
 5 and *near*.—A bird.  
 2,551 and *ea*.—A difficulty.  
 The initials read downwards,  
 And you will soon find,  
 A good book on temperance  
 They soon bring to mind.

SPE.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 206 AND 207.

- |  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| 1. Penelope.                             | 2. Reflection.  |
| 3. a Violet. b Haw-thorn. c Dan-de-lion. |                 |
| d Prim-rose. e Snow-drop. f Heat-h.      |                 |
| 4. Mo-S-es                               | 5. Cat-a-combs. |
| Fr-A-nk                                  | 6. RAVEN        |
| Ab-R-am                                  | ALICE           |
| Is-A-ac                                  | VIALS           |
| Na-H-um                                  | ECLAT           |
|  | NESTS           |

*Answer to Charade No. 4, October No.*—We received very few answers in rhyme to this charade. The one to which Mr. Bell has awarded the prize is the following:—

To answer your little charade, Mr. Bell,  
I'm afraid you will think I've not done very well;

But the least we can do at all is to try,  
And not set things aside with nought but a sigh.

The first word which is made of three letters can be,

Transposed and beheaded made into three;

And tho' 'tis embosomed within the tall pine,

It can also be found deep down in the mine.

And now for the second word, well, well, what can

Be found on the gipsy's brown face but the tan.  
These two little words, much alike in construction,

Form the tartan, the plaid of all the Scotch nation.

With pattern distinct for every clan,

It helps in the toilette of every Scotchman,

And now I must close this very short letter,

Only hoping the next time I make rhyme 'twill be better.

Yours, E. A. FREEMAN.

*British School, Altrincham.*

## CHRISTMAS EVE.



NOT chest-  
nuts  
from  
the fire,  
Come  
buy  
them  
bonnie  
boys;  
To-mor-

row will be Christ-  
mas day,

You'll want some  
cakes and toys.

To-morrow will be,  
Christmas day,

A happy day for you

But I must sell my

chestnuts out,  
For I want dinner too.

I was not always poor like this;  
I had a happy home  
Before my husband took to drink,  
And forced his wife to roam.  
But if I sell my chestnuts out,  
I'll put my cares away,  
For I must always try to sing  
And smile on Christmas Day.

W. A. EATON.

## MAMMA'S DARLING.

MAMMA'S little darling,

In his cosy chair,

Cheeks of rosy dimples,

Curls of flaxen hair,

Blue eyes brightly beaming,

Tiny hands and feet—

Charming little rosebud,

In a garden sweet.

Ah! my precious darling,

Thou wilt older grow,

And this world's temptation

Soon, too soon may'st know.

Fondest links must sever,

Mamma cannot stay—

Heaven preserve my darling

When I pass away!

Kiss me, dearest treasure,

Papa soon will come

With a book of pictures

And a shining drum.

Sweetest, fairest blossom,

Prettiest child art thou:

All the wealth of England

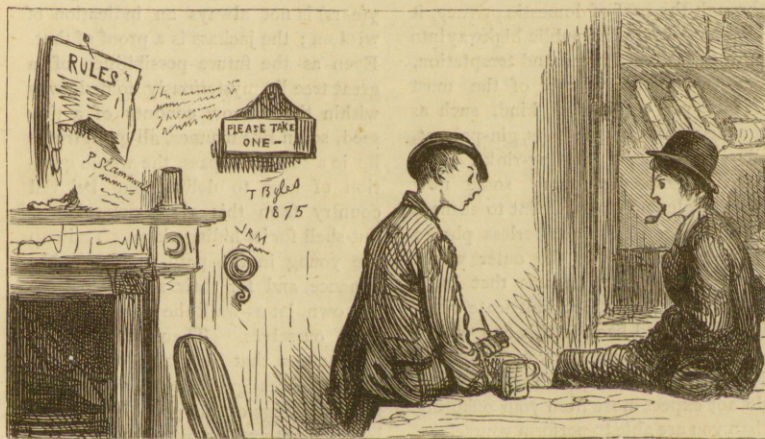
Would not buy thee now.

W. HOYLE.



# A PEEP INTO THE PICTURE GALLERY OF BACCHUS.

*A Series of Temperance Readings on "the Signs of the Times,"*  
By T. H. EVANS, Author of "Nancy Nathan's Nosegay," &c.



NO. 12.—"THE FOUNTAIN."

WHEN I passed a gin palace one day, called "The Fountain," I thought to myself—if home, which is the fountain head of all influence, good or bad, gave forth only pure streams of mental and social attraction, how immensely it would strengthen the hands of those who are labouring in our Bands of Hope.

There is every reason to fear that both drinking and smoking are practised to a serious extent amongst certain classes of our juvenile population. These toppers in the bud, these miniature aspirants for all the shame and dishonour belonging to inebriety, may be seen in the lanes and bye-ways on a Sunday, smoking, and in certain neighbourhoods every evening in the week, in our tobacco shops, in the club, or concert rooms of our public-houses, gradually unfitting themselves, both mentally and physically, for every good

and useful position in life. To what cause can we attribute such censurable precocity? There is something wrong at the fountain head, which is *Home*. Public-house signs being my theme, my remarks have naturally been levelled for the most part against the evil influence exerted by those public and attractive depots licensed for the sale of this agency for evil; but do not misunderstand me; our *Private* houses, and not our public-house, are the greatest strongholds of Bacchus. Our gilded gin-palaces are but the over-ripe fruit (ripe to rottenness) of that "Upas Tree," the seeds of which are planted at home. Deep down under the family hearthstone are the roots of this great tree that men call Drunkenness, and the moderate drinking practised in the quiet seclusion of the family circle, as part and parcel of the fireside joys of



home-life, is the tiny and unsuspected seed from whence this mammoth monstrosity has sprung. It towers up far beyond the quiet sphere that gave it birth, branching out into every room in the house, insidiously entwining itself with every habit and custom of our lives: onward it goes, till at last, bursting through the roof of domestic privacy, it blossoms out in the public highway into new forms of danger and temptation, that eventuate in fruit of the most deadly yet captivating kind, such as luncheon-bars, music-halls, gin-palaces, pleasure-gardens, skating-rinks, etc., each season developing some new form of alcoholic allurements to ensnare the people. All the numberless phases of every-day life in the outer world are but so many streams that may, through many subtle and intricate windings, be traced back to this one source—Home! Let me see your home and I'll tell you what you are. Parents, do not expect more from your offspring than you are able to perform yourselves.

"If I caught a boy of mine smoking I'd thrash him!" said a sturdy mechanic once in my hearing, and he puffed the smoke from his mouth with all the virtuous indignation imaginable. "Why would you thrash him?" said I, following the question by relating the street incident of a gentleman with a cigar in his mouth, pointing out to his son a group of boys whom he saw smoking, remarking that it was very wrong for lads like that to smoke. To which the little fellow innocently replied, "If it's wrong for *boys* to smoke, isn't it *worse* for a *man*, father?" Of

course it is. If with our judgment and superior knowledge *we* do not know better, what can we expect from the inexperience of mere lads? They commence the habit in thoughtless imitation of those who are older than themselves, and who ought therefore to be commensurately wiser, but length of y(ea)rs is not always an indication of wisdom; the jackass is a proof of that. Even as the future possibilities of a great tree lie mysteriously folded away within the narrow confines of a tiny seed, so, in like manner, all great truths lie in a small compass, the whole question of how to deliver our beloved country from this great curse has a nut-shell for its hiding place. Train up the young in the path of Total Abstinence, and for their sake, if not for our own, let us walk the same pleasant road ourselves. Then would these pest-houses that disgrace our public thoroughfares gradually die out, and become things of the past. There may be some antiquarian in the happy future we are labouring to hasten who may have a hobby for collecting together all the old wooden pictorial advertisements of the Demon Drink from the well-merited old lumber regions of obscurity, to which the spirit of progress and temperance has consigned them, and arranging on the walls of his strange museum, a weather-beaten and storm-battered variety of these time-worn links of a disreputable past, may invite the world to take a glimpse of a dark and drink-cursed age, by having a Peep into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus.

### A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Boys, did you ever think that this world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas, and rivers, with all its shipping, its steam-boats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of groping men, and all the science and progress of ages—will soon be given over to the boys of the present ages—boys like you? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The presidents, kings, governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, men of the future—are all boys now.





### Band of Hope Management.

—ELEVENTH PAPER.—CONCLUSION.

—We have endeavoured to set forth the duties of speakers—the importance of suitable recitations, dialogues, and proper rendering of the same—the necessity of flowing melody and sound sentiment in our music, and the advantage of part-singing, etc. Reference was made to entertainments, lectures, dissolving views, public meetings, publication departments, summer demonstrations, winter work, hindrances, etc. One of the most important features, however, remains yet to be noticed, and that is the Secretary. The secretary should be the very life and soul of the society; he should love the work intensely, and be ever ready to lead on the committee like a gallant captain leading his soldiers to battle. When the committee witness the vigour and enthusiasm of a good secretary, they are filled with fresh hope and zeal, and take pleasure in working with one so devoted to the cause. A good secretary will let his zeal be directed by wisdom; there will be method and system in his arrangements. He will take care to prepare his programme before the meeting begins. He will direct the chairman to open and close punctually. He will be most anxious to promote correct reciting and singing, to throw a ray of geniality and good humour into each meeting, and at the same time, by encouraging prayer and praise, to acknowledge the Source from whom all blessings flow.

**Hibernian Band of Hope Union.**—A large and influential con-

ference of Sunday-school teachers was held in connection with the above Union, in the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, on Friday, Oct. 19th. The conference assembled at 3 p.m. Papers were read on the following subjects:—  
 “The Position and Prospects of the Band of Hope Movement,” by Mr. W. Carty, Hon. Sec. of the Union.  
 “What are the Benefits resulting from the Establishment of Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday-schools?” by Rev. Dr. Wylie.  
 “How can Bands of Hope be made more Productive of Good to the Christian Church?” by Mr. G. Foley, B.L.  
 “Personal Responsibility of Sunday-school Teachers in Relation to the Band of Hope Movement,” by Rev. R. M’Cheyne Edgar. These papers were warmly discussed, and doubtless will result in much good to the movement. We regard Sunday-school Teachers’ Conferences as most valuable aids in the extension of our movement, and trust that this noble example of our Hibernian friends will soon be followed by Band of Hope Unions all over the kingdom.

**Macclesfield Band of Hope Union.**—The annual conference of workers was held in the large school, Roe Street, on Saturday, Oct. 27th. The chair was taken by W. O. Nicholson, Esq. Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Ashton and Messrs. St. Clair, Thorp, and Eaton. A paper was read by Mr. W. Hoyle on Band of Hope Management, which was afterwards discussed by the members. A good effort is being made to revive the work, to which we wish all success.



## CHRISTMAS DAY.

COME, welcome happy Christmas-tide,  
 With all thy festive glee !  
 Let joyous notes inspire each tongue  
 With sweetest minstrelsy.  
 The merry bells shall sweetly chime,  
 And bid each heart be gay ;  
 With fond delight we'll greet old  
 friends  
 On good old Christmas Day.

We'll cluster round the glowing hearth,  
 And bid our sorrows flee ;  
 And join the game by turns about,  
 A gladsome sight to see.  
 The blushing maid and aged sire  
 The kiss of love shall pay,  
 Beneath the pearly mistletoe,  
 On good old Christmas Day.

We love the good old Christmas-tide ;  
 It makes the heart content,  
 And brings to mind the days of youth,  
 When happy days were spent.  
 The merry laugh comes pealing out  
 Upon the scene so gay,  
 And fills with joy the saddest heart  
 On good old Christmas Day.

And while we shake the festal board,  
 And loud our carols sing,  
 Oh, think how many homeless hearts  
 With bitter anguish wring !  
 Then may we give the poor a thought,  
 And help to make *them* gay,  
 That rich and poor may greet and  
 bless  
 The good old Christmas Day.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BACK to eternity,  
 Flying fast ;  
 Seeking fraternity  
 With the past ;  
 Time is deceiving us,  
 Are not we blind ?  
 The Old Year is leaving us  
 Wondering behind.

And we seem not to care for  
 The years rolling by :  
 "Ye have no time to spare for  
 Sin," is their cry.  
 The leaves have turned sear  
 And gone to their source ;  
 And shortly the year  
 Will finish its course.

While it hath been with us ,  
 While it hath run,  
 What hath it seen of us ?  
 What have we done ?  
 Have we abused it ?  
 Thrown it away ?  
 Improved, or misused it ?  
 What will it say ?

When at the judgment  
 It will appear,  
 And read from its record  
 Our deeds while 'twas here,  
 How will its history  
 Sound in our ears ?  
 Well might the mystery  
 Fill us with fears !

Have we been striving  
 To help on the right,  
 And ever deriving  
 From Jesus our might ?  
 Constantly, carefully  
 Shunning all ill,  
 Earnestly, prayerfully  
 Doing God's will ?  
 Or, have we wandered  
 In sin's pleasant bowers,  
 And wilfully squandered  
 Life's golden hours ?

Whate'er our condition,  
 We all may confess,  
 And humbly petition  
 The Father to bless—  
 On all our past failings  
 In mercy to look,  
 Before the year closes  
 And seals up its book.

DAVID LAWTON.



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