ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1882

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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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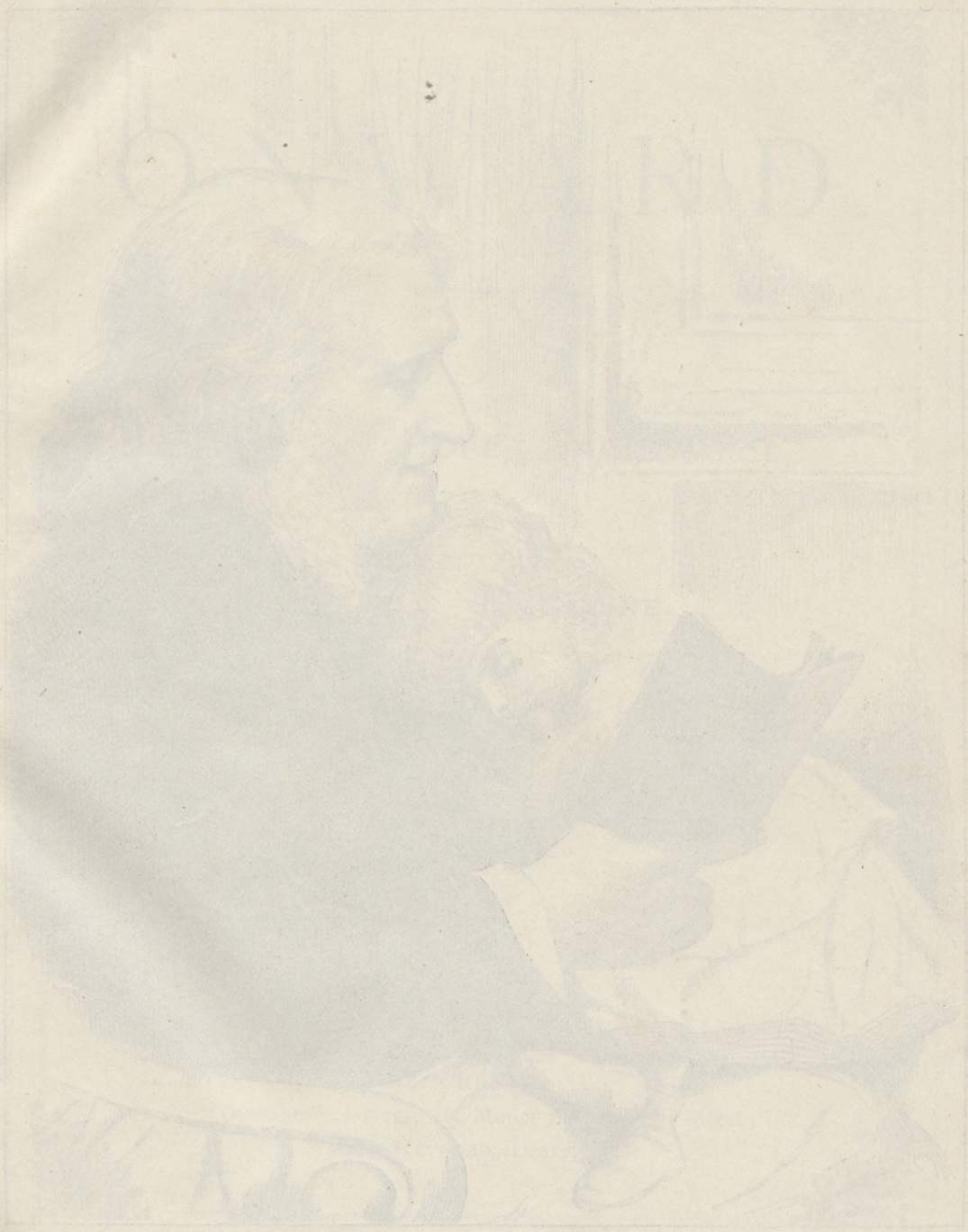

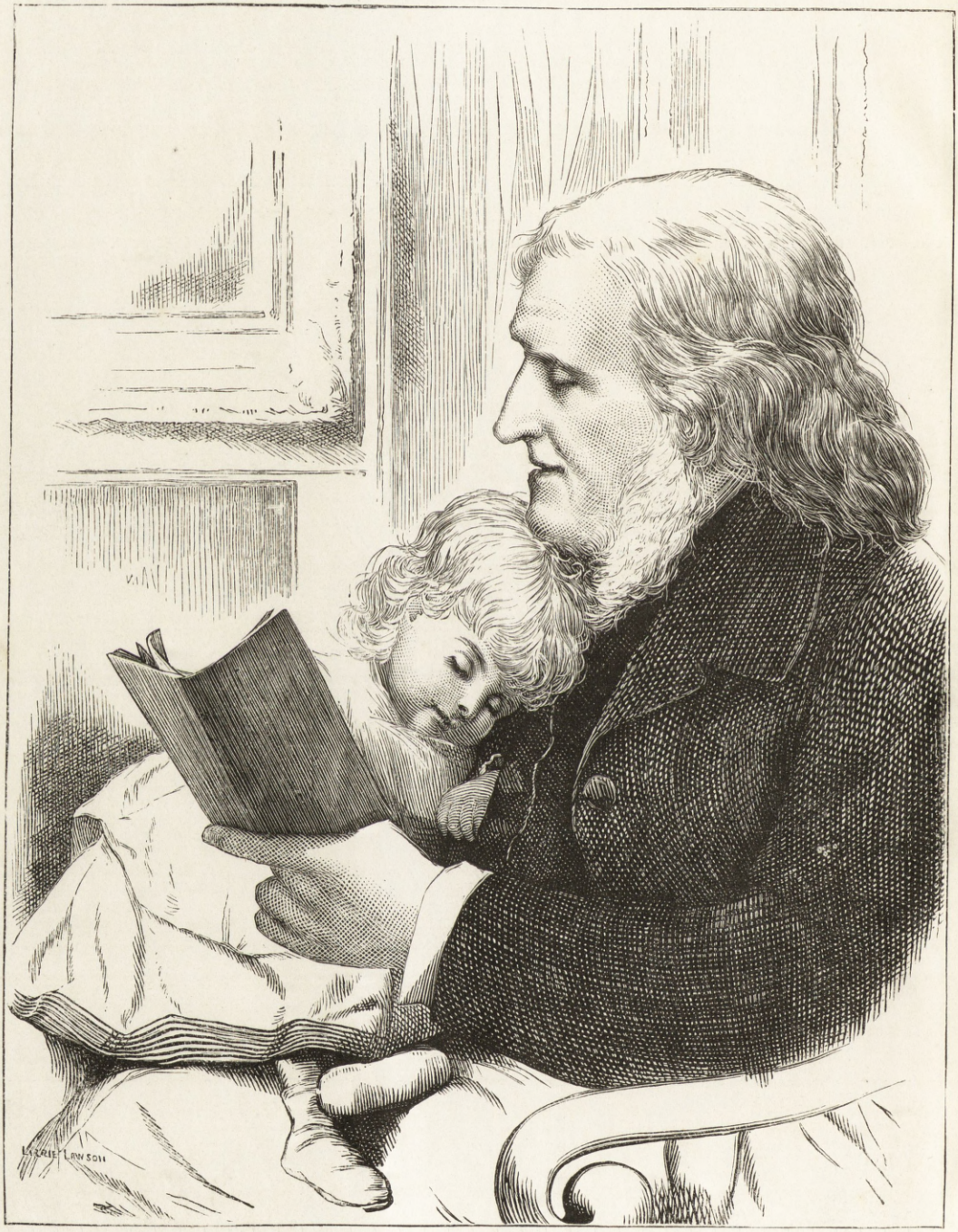

"Sitting on grandpa's knee."—p. 185.

ONWARD.

A

BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE,

AND

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THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER I.—ON DUTY.

"LOOK at that little fellow, mamma, marching up and down like a sentinel; what does it mean?"

"That is the little quartermaster, Ernie," said his papa, "and we must signal to the little man to send us a boat." Whereupon Mr. Hayler shouted, in a loud ringing voice: "Boat ahoy, there!"

Immediately the boy signalled back that the demand had been heard, and that the answer was forthcoming. There was an evident stir on board the fine ship, and the little party standing on the beach at Saltash looked with interest around them, while they waited for the means of transit to the industrial training-ship *Mount Edgecumbe*. Close to them, spanning the river Tamar, with graceful lightness and firm beauty, was one of the great engineer Brunel's best and most successful efforts, the Saltash railway bridge. Beyond the bridge, on each bank of the river, a long stretch of meadow land revealed the beauty and fertility alike of Cornwall's and Devon's shores. Below the bridge, in the direction of Devonport and Plymouth, and between these towns and Saltash, were moored a large number of old men-of-war in various stages of decline, used for various purposes, as floating workshops and stores; while the great naval training-ships *Impregnable* and *Implacable*, the gunnery ships *Cambridge* and *Indus*, and the *Royal Adelaide*, the ship which floats the flag of the Admiral of the Port, bounded the far view, or were indeed almost out of sight. Most of these were anchored in the Hamoaze, as that part of the sea is called which extends from Plymouth

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Sound to the Tamar, but the water supports various naval craft almost up to the bridge itself; while on the Tamar side of it, where the party await their boat, lies the *Mount Edgecumbe*.

It was a glorious winter day, the snow lay white and fair on either shore, bound to the earth it covered by the firm touch of the frost, and it glistened in the sunshine like diamond dust. The sky above was blue, and cold, and keen; but almost cloudless. The river sparkled in the sunshine, a contrast in its vivid motion to the still shining of the shores. It was a day for those in health to enjoy life, to feel the glad exhilaration of moving and breathing; but the old and sickly, and poorly clad, shivered and sighed for milder days and more genial weather. A boat from the industrial training-ship has reached the land, out steps the little coxswain, while the other two boys rest on their oars alongside the quay.

"Please to get in, sir."

"Thank you, my lad; are you quite sure you are strong enough to get us all safely to your ship?"

"How many, sir?"

"All of us—four—two ladies, one gentleman, and one little boy."

"Oh! that's nothing of a load," says the coxswain with a good-humoured smile, "we could do a good deal more than that, sir. We are very strong, sir."

Mr. Hayler laughed and helped his wife, his sister-in-law, and his little son into the boat, and then followed himself. Off they go at a swift rate; the boys are well-trained, and pull with a steady stroke.

"What do you call that boy marching up and down there, apparently on the look-out for an attack?"

"He's our quartermaster, sir," said the coxswain, as grave as a judge, and thoroughly in earnest.

Mr. Hayler meant to have discovered the lad's name, but he was so much amused that he would not explain.

"Ah!" he said, "and you—?"

"I am the coxswain, sir."

"So I thought. I suppose you have a good many officers on board your ship."

"Precisely the same number, sir, as if we were commissioned."

"You'll be getting put into commission one of these days, won't you?" said Mr. Hayler, looking as gravely as he could when the corners of his mouth twitched with laughter.

"We would not disgrace her Majesty's service if we were, sir;" said the coxswain, with a proud smile; "but I suppose we shall hardly be tried."

"Will this same boat's company pull us back to shore?" inquired Mr. Hayler.

"That depends, sir, on how long you stay. If you stay long two of us might be on the watch."

"What does he mean, papa?" asked Ernie, "they can't sit on watches, can they?"

The boys might have been forgiven had they burst out laughing at Ernie's childish mistake, but the coxswain said instead, with quite a prompt business manner and tone, "Shall I explain to the young gentleman, sir?"

"Pray do," said Mr. Hayler. "He will remember it better if you tell him."

"Watch is always kept on board ship, little master, to see no harm comes to anything, just like you have policemen to walk up and down the streets to see that nobody thieves or fights, or to stop them if they do. And one person can't always watch, you know, he must sleep sometimes, so we take it in turns."

Ernie was very much interested. He was a bright little fellow of seven, alive to everything around him. This ship, to which they were bound, might well delight him, with its Lilliputian men to the number of over two hundred, carrying on smartly, and with considerable efficiency, the work of the vessel, and in addition, the making and mending of their clothes, the business of a carpenter's shop, the acquirement of the knowledge of seamanship, and a good general education. One of the adult officers escorted them over the ship, and showed them what was well worthy their attention. The sleeping berth with its hammocks, the place below where they could play in wet weather, and where a few of the boys were busy in various ways, one or two modelling a little ship. Part were engaged in the school-room, under the efficient teaching of a schoolmaster, full of life and energy, a good teetotaller, and one who was eminently calculated for his post, who took a just pride in his clever boys, and stimulated the less sharp to make up by their industry what they lacked in intellect. But the ladies and Ernie were most especially interested in seeing and hearing the boys who, under the tuition of one of the eldest of their number, and superintended by a weather-beaten practical sailor, were engaged in learning the points of the compass. Ernie could not help laughing at the voices all shouting together, "west west by north," "west by north," "north-west by north," etc., as their young teacher pointed to the various points on the compass. Next to this was the curiosity excited by the class of boys learning to splice ropes. Mrs. Hayler and Miss Ross laughingly acknowledged they never knew before in how many ways a knot might be tied.

Before they came to this place, on deck, and while they had been engaged in inspecting the library and talking to the schoolmaster, the little quartermaster had left his post on the quarter-deck and was standing with a knot of boys talking, while his place was taken on the upper deck by the boy who had acted as coxswain in the boat that fetched the party to the ship. These two boys were about as great a contrast in personal appearance as it would be possible to find.

Quartermaster No. 1, who now attracted the closer attention of Mr. Hayler and his wife and sister, was as fair and sweet and refined as a boy could be. So soft and gentle were his features, so pink and white his complexion, that he would have made a very pretty girl; he seemed almost out of place amongst his young associates, most of whom bore traces of the rough lives they had led, and the hard privations they had endured. His voice, his manners, were gentle, too, but his eyes, dark steel blue in colour, had a life and spirit in their rich depth of hue that was suggestive of possibilities, not manifested in any other manner.

The other boy was a thick-set sturdy little fellow, with an undefined amount of hardihood, readiness and pluck in every line of his rough but not unkindly features, and in every turn of his prompt decided figure.

Mrs. Hayler was fascinated by the beautiful face of the little quartermaster, and with woman's natural tendency to romance, immediately began to invent his history, and at the same time to wish very much to know whether she had made shrewd guesses. She longed to question the little fellow himself, and whispered to her husband to know if this was contrary to rules and regulations.

"I am very much afraid it is," he answered in the same tone; "but we will ask Mr. Schoolmaster."

At that moment Ernie came to his parent's side. "Oh! papa, do let me give my knife to the little quartermaster? I am sure he would like it."

"Your knife, Ernie?" questioned Mr. Hayler, both pleased and surprised. Ernie was a generous little fellow, but the knife was such a treasured possession that he wondered he could meditate parting from it. "If you give away your knife, remember, you will have to do without one for some little time."

"Yes, papa, but I should like him to have it."

"Very well then, my son, we will see if it can be managed."

"Mayn't I give it to him now, myself?"

"That will hardly do, Ernie. These boys have all to follow certain rules, and I am not sure that they are allowed to take such presents as your knife without leave."

All these wishes concerning the little quartermaster made Mr. Hayler determine, when they had finished the inspection of the ship, to have some conversation respecting him with one of the officials. Mrs. Hayler, in her kind womanly heart, was meditating the advantage of having a companion and playfellow for Ernie, if her husband thought fit to adopt the boy. She was ignorant or forgetful of the fact that these boys on board industrial training-ships are sent there by magisterial authority, and bound there for a certain period as thoroughly as by any other apprenticeship.

The schoolmaster, who kindly undertook to answer their inquiries, smiled as they begged to know the history of the little quartermaster, but seemed by no means surprised. "Every one who goes over the ship, and especially the ladies," he began, smiling at Mrs. Hayler and her sister, "want to know the story of Lady Ted."

"Lady Ted, what do you mean?" said Mrs. Hayler.

"That is the name his companions set him," said Mr. Fryer; "but that beautiful complexion and gentle manner are somewhat deceptive. He can get into terrible fits of passion, poor boy, which he has not yet learned to control, and he has a rather disreputable history. He came amongst us by a magistrate's order, under clause 14 of the Industrial Schools Act, that he 'frequented the company of reputed thieves,' and that he was found wandering and not having any home or settled place of abode, or proper guardianship, or visible means of subsistence."

"Poor, dear child," said Mrs. Hayler; "how could his friends neglect him so, and how is it he looks so well-cared for?"

"You would not have said he looked well-cared for, madam, had you seen him when he came to us, just six months ago. The beautiful complexion was stained and dirty, the fair, soft hair matted and tangled. Poor boy, he was indeed an object to excite compassion then."

"Are his parents alive?" asked Miss Ross.

"I do not know about his mother. I imagine she leads a very wretched, drunken life, and cares nothing at all about her poor boy. His father was a fisherman when he died, but before that he had been a sailor, and Lady Ted is full of ambition to be a sailor too."

"He doesn't look a bit fit for it," said Mrs. Hayler.

"My little son is very anxious," said Mr. Hayler, "to give the little quartermaster a present of his knife; will he be allowed to do so?"

"I dare say he might. But I have a better

plan to propose. On New Year's night we intend to have a Christmas-tree, and various games for the amusement of the boys. Any presents that are sent for them at that time will hang on the Christmas-tree, or be grouped near it. He has not many, if any, relations who will remember to send him anything, and if you will then send the knife for him, my little man," said Mr. Fryer, turning to Ernie, "you will do him a real kindness."

"I should like to add my gift to my little son's; but we shall not be in Devonport over Christmas. May we send it to your care for him?" said Mrs. Hayler.

"Certainly, madam; I shall receive it with great pleasure, and if you will leave me your address he shall himself write and thank you."

"We should like very much to hear from him, should we not, Ernie?" asked Mrs. Hayler of her little boy, as her husband wrote their address for Mr. Fryer.

"I think my Christmas-box shall consist of some good temperance books for your library, and some oranges for the youngsters," said Mr. Hayler. "I cannot tell you how much pleasure it gives me to find you working away for temperance in such a field as this, precisely where it is wanted. I suppose you find, as every one else does who has to do with this class of boys, that drink is at the bottom of most of the mischief in connection with the poor fellows?"

"Indeed I do, sir."

"Until we have a sober parentage for our children there must be this awful fruitage of neglected childhood, and this need for industrial training-ships, and reformatories, and homes, and refuges. It is difficult to make even well-trained boys and girls behave well; it is almost impossible that good behaviour should spring where there has been only bad example and utter lack of pure home influence."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Fryer. "I rarely take the trouble to thoroughly examine one of our boys as to his antecedents, without learning that strong drink has had very much to do with the whole story from beginning to end. We shall be delighted to receive your books; our library is small, and the volumes in it have nearly all been read. I assure you that if racy and readable, and not too goody-goody—if you will pardon the phrase—our boys are sure to eagerly devour them. Lady Ted, or Ted Hatherly, is a greedy reader."

Mr. and Mrs. Hayler, Miss Ross, and Ernie now prepared to leave, after entering their names on the visitors' book. But before they went, Mr. Hayler enjoyed the fun of a scramble for nuts with the boys, he having furnished himself with a goodly quantity of that popular article, of all sorts and sizes—walnuts, chestnuts, filberts, "pasty" nuts, barcelonas, and "monkey" nuts. It was droll to see how the elder lads, after standing on their dignity for a little, soon entered into the scramble with as great eagerness as the little ones, and Ernie laughed as he watched them tumbling over each other and seizing their prizes, till he almost cried, and shouted to his mamma that he could laugh no longer.

The party left the ship under a ringing cheer, in gratitude for the pleasure and fun they had furnished, and were rowed back to the shore, very greatly to Mrs. Hayler's satisfaction, by a party of juvenile boatmen that included Ted Hatherly as coxswain.

"If I give you lads one shilling between you," said Mr. Hayler, "what will you do with it?"

"Go shares, sir," said one little fellow, promptly.

"Can I trust you?" he asked again.

"Yes, sir," said all.

"Listen to me," remarked their visitor. "I read in a good old book——"

"The Bible, sir," they interrupted him to say.

"Stop, there are several good old books in the world, though none, I grant you, so old or so good as the Bible. But if my story *is* in the Bible, you just tell me after I have told it to you in what part I shall find it. Now listen, boys. A father had two boys; he had also a vineyard—a place where vines grow, the trees that bear grapes—and he wanted the earth dug about the vines, or else the vines trailed about the poles, or else the grapes picked, or perhaps a little of all three. So he told his boys to go and work there. One was a rude-mannered boy; the other was a smooth boy. The one said he wouldn't go; and the other said, quite nicely, I go, sir, but went not; while the rude boy repented and went. Which was the best of these two boys?"

"They weren't either of them good, were they, sir?" said the little quartermaster, now acting as coxswain of the boat, leaning forward and looking up into Mr. Hayler's face earnestly, his sweet countenance more attractive than ever in the opinion of Mrs. Hayler, as she, in her turn, gazed at him.

"Not as good as they might be, Ted," said that gentleman, smiling, "but I like the boy who *did* well better than the boy who *spoke* well. I have a debt to pay to the boys who rowed us to the ship. Ted Hatherly, I trust you to pay it. You all say that I can trust you, and I hope, I believe, I can; but I'll begin by trusting one of you, and I may get a chance, when I come again, of trusting another. Here's one shilling for the coxswain and crew that took us to the ship, and another for the coxswain and crew

that took us to Saltash again ; sixpence each for the two coxswains, and threepence each for the other four boys."

"Thank you, sir ; thank you kindly, sir."

"Here we are on shore once more," said Mr. Hayler, when the party had landed, and the boys were just putting out again. "It's the grandest thing, my lads, to prove yourselves trustworthy ; don't forget."

"All right, sir."

(To be continued).



A Happy New Year, a Merry New Year,
To ONWARD'S intelligent readers ;
Three cheers for our cause, the true Temp'rance cause :
God bless all our brave-hearted leaders.

A TRUE TEETOTALLER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I am a teetotaller also," said Mr. Goodwin, "but my pledge says nothing about using it as food."

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

"Well, my little friend, I must say you are very conscientious. What are your reasons?"

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

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

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

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

BY REV. J. JOHNSON.



IN the course of last year great advance has been made in the Temperance cause, especially in the direction of Band of Hope work, which is the fountain and source of all future Temperance influence, and, therefore, by far the most important of all organisations.

Throughout the United Kingdom 3,588 Bands of Hope were reported as associated with the various local unions, showing an increase of 497 societies in the year; 104 of these were formed in London, 101 in Lancashire and Cheshire. The total membership in the Band of Hope Union is about 484,000. It is, however, to be borne in mind that large portions of Scotland and Ireland, as well as thirty-seven English and Welsh counties, are unrepresented, because not connected with the Union; and it would be fair to assume that there are, at least, 2,000 societies in operation in other parts of the country unconnected with any union, with a probable membership of 270,000, making a total of 754,000. Other unions are in active operation, and in 21 diocesan branches of the Church of England Temperance Society there are 1,040 juvenile societies, with a membership of 119,000, whilst 1,831 Wesleyan Methodist Bands of Hope, with a membership of 178,207, are also in operation, making a grand total of 7,300 societies, and about 930,000 members.

The scientific aspect is daily coming more into prominent consideration, and the testimony of medical men, by their words and example, is of the greatest value. Thus, preeminently, is the progress of the Temperance reformation in the United Kingdom reflected in the increase of the British Medical Temperance Association. On May 1st, 1880, there were 235 members and fourteen associates. During the year nineteen new members have been enrolled, and four associates have become members, after qualifying as medical practitioners; six new associates have joined our

ranks. On the other hand, two members have died, and six others have resigned membership. Hence the total number of members is now 250, and of associates sixteen, being a net gain of fifteen members and two associates.

The Woman's Temperance Association, which was started only five years ago, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, has now fifty-two affiliated societies, amongst which are the three largest centres : Edinburgh, with its thirty-one branches ; Yorkshire, with its twelve ; Belfast, with its forty-five ; making, in all, a total of 140 women's temperance societies.

Good work has been done by the National Temperance League in the interest given to our British army and navy. It has been estimated that there are not less than 20,000 teetotal soldiers in the army, and of these about 8,000 belong to regiments stationed in India, where the proportion of abstainers is greater than at home. The membership of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association in India, of which the Rev. J. Gelson Gregson was the founder, includes 63 officers, chaplains, and surgeons. Of the 60,000 men in the navy, upwards of 7,000 are registered abstainers, and the officers' branch consists of 158 members. Much attention has been given to the 4,000 boys on board her Majesty's training-ships, of whom more than one-half are pledged abstainers.

The Church of England Temperance Society, on its broad and liberal basis, has, since its commencement ten years ago, accomplished a noble work. The society employs ten clerical and one general secretary, six lay diocesan secretaries, and three missionaries to the metropolitan police-courts, whose special work is to rescue the intemperate of both sexes in London.

The objects of this influential society are to promote habits of temperance, to reform the intemperate, and remove the causes of intemperance ; and to further these great and united purposes it has a membership of 220,000 persons, distributed over many parishes of our land.

The Baptist Total Abstinence Association numbers among its members nearly 600 ministers, and three-fourths of the students, as abstainers.

The Congregational Total Abstinence Association is making rapid strides. Twenty-five new societies have been formed, and among the ministers 886 are enrolled as members, though probably many more are abstainers ; while out of 265 young men at college, 211 are teetotallers. Efforts for extending the cause, directly or indirectly, are being made at all the meetings of the Congregational Union.

The Methodist body is, as a whole, the most energetic in the cause. The Wesleyan Committee reported to their last Conference 178,207 members of their Bands of Hope, and 8,124 of their adult associations. The second annual statement of the Methodist New Connexion Temperance Union reports the existence of 176 Bands of Hope, with 21,788 members, with 56,688 publications issued. The United Methodist Free Churches and Bible Christians are amongst the best friends of the Temperance cause in this country.

The North of England Temperance League, the Midland Temperance League, and the Western Temperance League with its 355 affiliated societies, are all in growing strength, doing progressive work. Other organisations exist throughout the country, all actively engaged in the same crusade. The Temperance Prayer Union, the United Working-Women's Teetotal League, the Young Abstainers' Union, besides benefit societies, including "the Sons of Temperance," and the Rechabites. The Blue Ribbon Army—with its 42,000 pledged abstainers in three years—as a Gospel Temperance Mission, has done great service ; and the Roman Catholic League has never ceased to bear its share in the movement since the devoted labours of Father Mathews. All these, with the British Temperance League, founded in 1835, and its 100 affiliated societies, do not complete the list of Temperance institutions in England only, distinct from Scotland and Ireland.

The largest Temperance organisation in the world is the Order of Good Templars, and possesses, in this country, the most complete system for carrying on its work. With a membership of 90,000, and an income of £18,000, besides voluntary subscriptions for special mission work, charitable and social purposes, estimated at a minimum of £10,000, it advocates the Temperance work with uncompromising fidelity. All these combined forces, with "the Alliance" and Sunday Closing Association, are unable to do little more than stem the tide of strong drink only here and there. So gigantic is the evil we have to fight, that no thought of encouragement or dream of success should make us relax our efforts. All progress that has been gained should only be the promise and prophecy of greater triumph, until, by united power and accumulated energy, gathered from the help of science, philanthropy, politics, and religion, we have swept the curse of drink, and the cause of the curse, for ever from the land.

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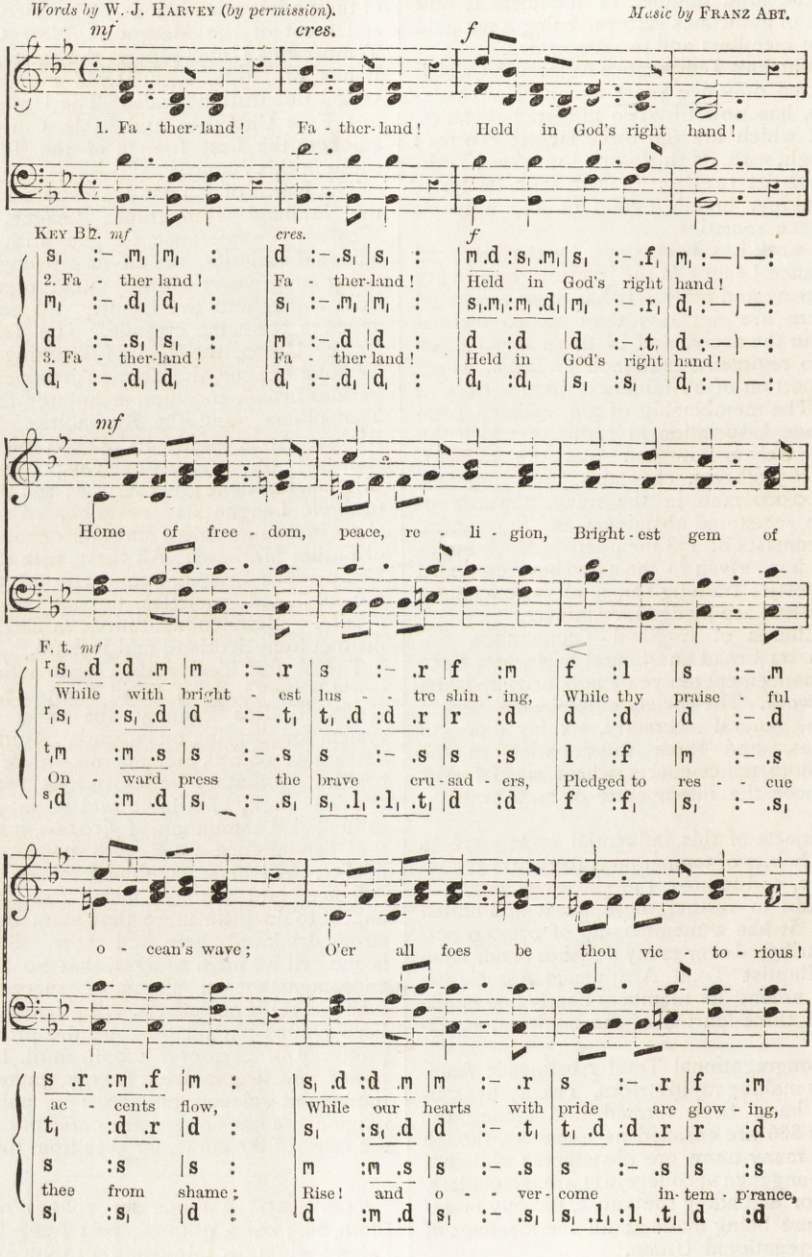
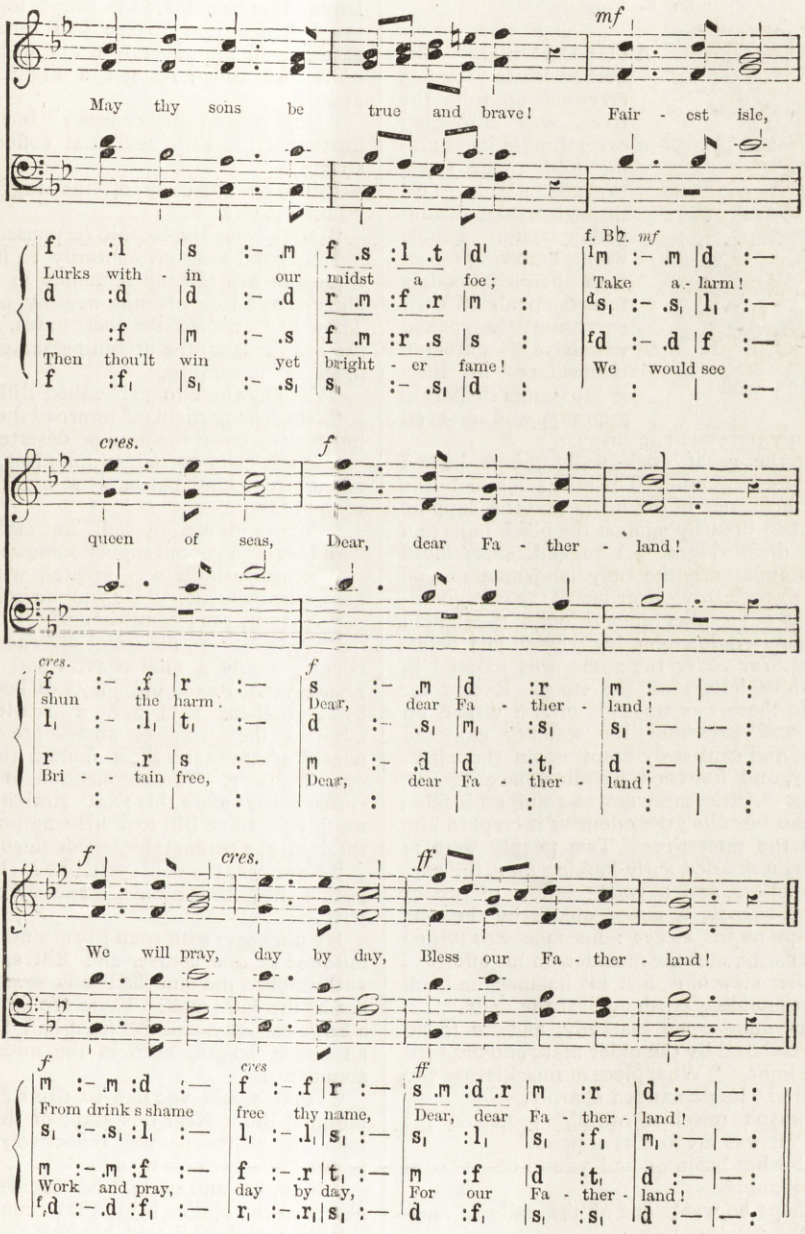
FATHERLAND!

Words by W. J. Harvey (*by permission*). *Music by* Franz Abt.




mf
May thy sons be true and brave! Fair - est isle,
Lurks with - in our midst a foe;
Then thou'lt win yet bright - er fame!
f. B♭. mf
Take a - larm!
We would see
cres.
f
queen of seas, Dear, dear Fa - ther - land!
cres.
shun the harm.
Bri - - tain free,
Dear, dear Fa - ther - land!
Dear, dear Fa - ther - land!
f
cres.
ff
We will pray, day by day, Bless our Fa - ther - land!
From drink s shame
Work and pray,
free thy name,
day by day,
Dear, dear Fa - ther - land!
For our Fa - ther - land!

THE PRICE OF A SUPPER.

BY E. K. O.

SATURDAY night. The dense white sea-fog, creeping up from the river, was shrouding everything in its swathing folds; the street lamps glimmered through it like distant yellow stars. People were hurrying past with their coat-collars turned up about their ears, and the soaked newsboys gathered themselves in little groups under sheltering archways, and surveyed the sloppy pavement in disgust.

Inside the great dock walls things looked more depressing still. The masts loomed like spectral arms out of the mist, and the lapping tide sobbed drearily against the black hulls and wooden drawbridges. A ragged, sharp-faced boy was apparently the only landsman abroad in it; he was leaning over one of the iron guard-chains, to get a fuller view through the lighted deck-house window of a big vessel just below him, the *Blue Bell;* the name was painted in great white letters on the stern. Except for that light there was no sign of life visible on board, and presently the watcher gathered courage, and cautiously crept down the plank gangway, and flattened his dirty face against the glass. A little banquet was going on inside; coffee and biscuits; the odour of it crept to him through the interstices. Two people were at the table, a grizzled surly-looking man, the captain, doubtless, and a young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, a junior officer by the one gold stripe on his sleeve; his face was turned the other way, and the outsider, in his efforts to get a fuller view of it, lost his balance, and fell with a resounding crash against the door.

It was flung open instantly, and he found himself collared by the older man, and dragged into the light. "What piece of mischief are you after here?" he demanded sharply.

"It wasn't mischief at all," protested the culprit, "it was my foot as slipped."

"And what business had you to be on board loafing about?"

"Perhaps he wants one of the sailors," suggested the younger man.

"Then he'll have to want. Off with you! out of this! and don't let me catch you about here again. Bill, go and see that he doesn't hang about the dock."

Bill took him by the arm, and summarily landed him back upon the drawbridge. "Now, my lad, I've got to see you through those gates," said his supervisor, not unkindly, "so don't lose time; it's not a night for loafing about."

"No," agreed his charge; "but I wasn't hurting of his ship, and that coffee smelt so strong."

Bill took a survey of the ragged figure. "Hungry, eh?"

"Orful," was the laconic response.

Bill's hand went involuntarily to his pocket; there was not too much money in it. Junior officers, as a rule, are not wealthy personages. They had reached the dock gates, and under the big gas lamp the urchin presented a rather desolate appearance.

"Got anywhere to go?" asked Bill.

"Nowhere particular," returned the lad, looking wearily down the narrow deserted street.

Bill was given to sudden impulses, generally of the wrong kind, but surely to-night atoned for many of those.

"Come with me, my lad," he said abruptly, "and we'll find some supper somewhere."

The proposition was greeted with a long astonished whistle. "Do you mean it?"

"Mean it, yes; come along."

They went up the street together. At the corner, nearly a mile away, stood a kind of restaurant. Ponderous joints of beef, flanked by a half-cut ham and a scarlet lobster, adorned the window, and more than the odours of Araby the Blest floated through the open doorway. The recollection of the ship's coffee paled before this; and straight into this earthly paradise Bill took his small charge, and sat down at a corner table beside the blazing fire.

"Now, what would you like? Beef, soup, potato pie? better have some soup to begin with."

He did begin with soup; beef and potato pie followed in due course, and Bill sat opposite and watched the famished look gradually fade out of the lad's eyes. There are limits to even a boy's capacity, and the feast had to come to an end at length, even in the midst of such abundance.

"What would you like to drink? Coffee?" inquired Bill. Near this stage of the proceedings his visitor paused reflectively, the last potato halfway to his mouth.

"Rum, hot and sweet," he decided, after a glance at the bottles behind the counter.

"No, you don't," said his host as decidedly. "The idea of a boy like you taking to that fiery stuff."

"It's fine for warming you up, though, when you can get it," put in the small wayfarer; "I've tried it."

"Try a hot potato for the present instead," commented Bill, and he watched the boy rather gravely as he carried out the advice.

"Have you got a name of any kind?" Bill queried, when his guest had pushed his chair close up to the hearth, and planted his bare feet on the fender, with a face of satisfied contentment.

"Yes, sir, Ross."

"Is that your Christian name?"

The lad looked puzzled. "It's the only one, and I don't know as another would be any use."

"Neither do I," laughed Bill; "and are you often in this plight?"

"Oh no, it's just the fog that stops everything. I got no money at all to-day, and only 2d. yesterday, but it's not always like this."

"I should hope not," responded Bill.

"And, after a while," went on Ross, gravely, "perhaps I'll get a situation, that is, if the gentleman don't forget it; I've got one promised; there's four shilling a-week."

"Then let us hope he won't forget," said Bill, getting up from his chair, hunting up his stray money. His guest's sharp eyes noted how little was left when the bill was paid, and twopence given to the waiter, who had regarded him with no kindly eyes.

"I'm sorry I eat such a lot, sir," he said, apologetically, when they were in the street again; "I couldn't help it, I was dreadful hungry."

"Don't do things by halves, my lad," returned Bill, "when you get the chance of a supper take it, and make the most of it; *I'm* glad you've got it."

"So am I," remarked Ross, truthfully; "and it was oncommon good of you, sir. I'll run messages or anything you ever want me, sir."

"I wish you would do one thing for me, Ross," said Bill, earnestly; "when you get the chance of rum, at any time, just don't take it."

There was a little pause. "I don't often get the chance," said Ross, regretfully.

"No matter whether it's seldom or often, *don't* take it, my boy. You can't half understand the harm it does you yet; I used to take it myself."

"Didn't you like it?" came the quick question.

"Yes, I did like it," admitted the young man; "but I might have been supperless myself to-night if I had gone on liking it. Drop it, my lad, unless you mean to grow up into one of those drunken sots," and he stopped to look after one who was reeling up the pavement. "Would you care to be a man like that?" he added.

Ross was looking keenly at his benefactor. "Well, I can't do anything else you would care about, I suppose," he said, after a minute, "so I'll just do that."

"Honour bright," said Bill, holding out his hand.

A little grimy paw clutched it for one instant. "Honour bright, guv'nor."

"That's right, my boy; now, good night; I've got to be on board in double quick time. I'll see you again one of these days;" and Ross went away vowing inwardly that the fault would not be on his side if he didn't.

But it was. The next evening found him in the hospital; in the fog a passing hansom had nearly ended his career for all time, and when, weeks after, he found himself able once more to creep down, in the spring sunshine, to his old haunts about the docks, the *Bluebell* and her gruff captain and kindly mate were far away on the wide Pacific.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

SIX LITTLE WORDS.

SIX little words there are that claim me every day:
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.
I ought, as God's own law, within my heart engrained,
The path that conscience points—the goal to be attained.
I must, marks out the bounds in which I am confined
By Nature's laws before, and by the world's behind.
I can, this metes the power that to me here is lent,
On deeds of strength, or skill, or knowledge to be spent.
I will, the crown that decks me proudest of the whole,
The seal of freedom this, impressed upon soul.
I dare, it is the legend on the seal imposed,
A bolt upon the door that freedom leaves unclosed.
I may, this lastly is what floats between them all,
An undefinable, defined but at the moment's call.
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may,
These six words lay their claim upon me every day.
From Thee, O God, alone I learn what every day
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

J. W. CROMBIE, in *Life and Work.*

NEDDY'S OBSERVATIONS.

FRIEND, excuse me! I've not seen you
Passing here for many a week;
I am given to reflection,
But you know I seldom speak.

Men, of course, are always talking:
Seldom will they pause to learn;
But I think you would be willing
Just to let me have a turn.

You will not despise a donkey—
Let me tell you all my mind;
I will make some observations,
Full of interest to mankind.

I've had years of fond experience
In the old teetotal school,
And I'll give you reasons plenty
Why I like the good old rule.

As I walk upon my four legs,
Taking observations round,
Not a few lords of creation,
I see drunk upon the ground.

How I pity as I pass them!
But I fear, with all my pains,
I can never elevate them—
They're so very short of brains.

When I hear them boast of reason,
Can you wonder I dispute?
For 'tis plain to any donkey,
Some men sink beneath the brute.

There is not a donkey living
Who would so forget his place
To abuse his constitution,
And bring shame upon his race.

If it would not tire your patience,
I could many a tale unfold,
Which would make you start and shiver
Till your very blood ran cold—

Deeds of horror, shame, and ruin,
All committed through the drink;
But I'd rather tell you something
Which would make these sinners think.

I could prove to demonstration
There is poison in the glass;
But they would not hear a donkey,
Though he spake like Balaam's ass.

Yet I will not say that all men
Are so far from truth and right,
For I find a few old topers
Have been led into the light.

And I feel so proud and thankful,
When these men give up the glass,
They're so kind to wives and children,
They would not abuse an ass.

You will pardon this digression,
But the truth one ought to tell;
Donkeys never would be stupid
If their owners used them well.

Still, I cannot wonder at it,
When men beat their poor wives so;
They will serve a patient donkey
Just as soon with kick or blow.

Now, to end my observations,
I've a remedy in store;
For, believe me, even donkeys
Are becoming sick and sore—

Sick to see such utter folly,
Sore beneath oppression's rule;
They're disgusted with the custom
Which makes man so much a fool.

I have long had the impression,
Parliament have much to learn;
If they would but stop the drinking
Man's lost reason would return.

You may preach about teetotal,
Which of course I don't despise;
Why not try to stop the traffic,
Where the source of mischief lies?

Concentrate your temperance forces,
Every city, village, town;
Sound the war-cry, "Prohibition,"
Till you put the evil down.

If you share in my conviction,
Go and tell it all about;
Let us agitate the nation,
Till we stamp the traffic out.

I am very glad I met you,
And I beg you will excuse
Any error or defection
In an honest donkey's views.

For, although I am no speaker,
Things have come to such a pass,
I had quite resolved to publish
These opinions of an ass.

Farewell, friend; I must be moving,
For I hear the church clock chimes;
Let me thank you for your patience—
May we soon see better times.

W. HOYLE.



"I've had years of fond experience in the old teetotal school."—p. 12.

THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT.

BY REV. W. BARKER, M.A.,

Vicar of West Cowes, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

THERE is no form of sorrow, no development of sin, no kind of misery, which might not own its parentage in strong drink and intemperance. Those most competent to judge tell us that the chief crimes of this land, the chief cause of poverty, the prolific cause of insanity, the subtle working cause of disease, all traced their origin to the excessive use of one thing. The public journals of the day, the court reports in their official returns record the crime coming out of this sin. The common parliamentary papers tell us of some of the miseries which were the offspring of this root.

But it required one who mixed among the poor, one whose life was spent with the hard sons of toil, those who visited in the purlieus of our great cities, and sat by the bedside of dying men and women whose hearts had been riven, whose lives had been embittered by this one sin, to enable him or her to understand in its length, breadth, and magnitude the vastness of this terrible vice. Misery in its darkest form, sorrow in its most pitiful aspect, degradation in its deepest turpitude, were seen daily and hourly by those who chose to use their eyes and ears.

It was because of this, because one's blood boiled at this unnecessary wrong, because one's whole nature tottered under the weight of the knowledge that thousands and tens of thousands were going annually to a disgraceful and dishonoured grave—because some of the best and noblest of earth's children were being poisoned by this one virulent poison, and sending them out into the world handicapped and encumbered in their great struggle for morality and existence—because the womanhood of England, alas! had been made corrupt in a large measure by the inordinate love and inordinate use of this strong drink—because their cities were made ghastly and disgraceful, I would say hideous—that thousands and tens of thousands of women, lost to purity, lost to honour, gaining a dishonest livelihood in a dishonoured traffic—because these things were the result of intemperance, we are doing our very utmost to stop it.

Now, with regard to Bands of Hope I believe there is no controversy. I think all are agreed that Bands of Hope are good things. After all it is the strength of our movement. All true reforms came thus; we must begin at the beginning. We are working, it is quite true, for posterity. Our children yet to be will reap the advantages of our exertions; but I would say that the children of a country are the heritage given to it by the Lord.

The children are the most sacred elements in society: they are the special care of the state, who was anxious to educate them, lest in future times they might become a danger to the commonwealth; they are the special care of the church, for she sought them ere they could lisp their own names, to lay them in the arms of the Crucified, and baptise them unto Him, and as they grew up she again took them to confirmation, and prayed God might advance them. The children are the chief concern of our whole society, they are a sacred charge; they had within them vast potentialities; upon our children would depend the future of this great country.

If the children were only safe and protected from the evil which had been the ruin of their fathers, they might augur for the future of this land increased prosperity, increased happiness, and increased holiness. It was the cradle which wanted watching: it was the source we must purify; it was the foundation that we must strengthen, and every good citizen, every good Christian, every good man must rejoice in the formation of Bands of Hope throughout the length and breadth of the land.

And let me say that the future of our country was not so plain, the future of the working-classes was not so distinct, the position of different classes was not so well adjusted, that we could afford to send into the future a heathen population, uninstructed in the principles of religion, and unprotected by total abstinence. He was the most patriotic man who would in his generation try to educate the children right, and to save them from a vice which in bad days would bear bad fruit.

There was scarcely a heart which had not at some time or other smarted by reason of some one near and dear to them having fallen under the snare of intemperance. It was true if they would admit it; and those who had the protection and guardianship of children should save them from the most subtle of all temptations, viz., the temptation of strong drink. They could advise them and lead them with gentle hands, but a time came when a new set of feelings took the place of the old, when the first rush of youthful passions almost drove him who had them over the brink of ruin. It was at that most critical period of human life that men and women needed all the powers and resources of their wills to stand against the subtle temptation of the flesh and the world; but if they weakened the will, if they undermined the moral sense, what could they expect but a catastrophe? Who could dare to say that his children should be

proof against the snares of strong drink when thousands stronger than they had fallen a miserable prey to this great evil? And if we could not be sure of securing our children and our offspring, was it not much better to keep out of their way that which might be to those dear to us the cause of their ultimate fall and ruin?

Whatever the world might say, whatever temptations might come across them, we could not get out of the truth which stared us in the face, that England, the brightest spot in the world, was made dark and sad and sinful by this one vice of drunkenness. We are united in this great work, and God will ultimately give us the victory. The light gleaming in the distant horizon—soon will shine on a regenerate world, and righteousness and temperance, please God, will cover the earth as waters covered the sea.

CHRISTIAN OBLIGATION FOR THE COMMON WEAL.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

AS Christians we are citizens of another and a better country, but while we traverse this land we are to seek the good of the people among whom we sojourn. He who bids us pray for all ranks and conditions of men, never meant that our prayers should stand alone—for then they would be a hollow mockery. If we can do good to any class of men in any form, we are bound to do it up to the measure of our ability—bound by that Holy Word which saith, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It would be a great pity if we followed a religion which consisted in the saving of our own souls: what would that be but a varnished selfishness? We are to look on the things of others, and if we can bless either bodies or souls, we are to be foremost in the doing of it.

The true welfare of a country is not that of a class, but of the whole body corporate. The rich cannot prosper without the poor, nor the poor apart from the rich. The workman suffers if the master is impoverished, the employer is a loser if the artisan declines. Socially we are one body, and a sickly member is an injury to the whole. Drunkenness in one class is damage to us all; a want of thrift causes loss to the whole community; vice anywhere prepares contagion for all ranks; abominable laws oppressing a few are a real injury to the many. As in a sea-dyke every single rat is an enemy to every Dutchman, so every wrong in this kingdom wounds us all more or less. It were well that all good men felt this, and bestirred themselves. To benefit the community we must seek the good of every individual man, woman, and child; and for a nation to do well each individual must work righteousness.

PARISHES WITHOUT PUBLIC-HOUSES.

THERE are no fewer than 1,325 parishes, townships, and hamlets in the Province of Canterbury alone, without either public-house or beershop. The absence of crime in these parishes is remarkable, or may seem so to those who do not know the intimate connection between drink and crime. The Northern Province has not yet made a report, so the above numbers represent but the half of England. There are no public-houses on the Shaftesbury estate, Battersea, nor the Queen's Park estate, Harrow Road. Similar estates are being formed in Liverpool and Birmingham. The town of Bessbrook, near Newry, is the property of Mr. J. G. Richardson, the Proprietor of the Bessbrook Spinning Mills. This large linen factory employs about 2,500 hands, and they reside in the town adjoining the mills, all of which have been erected during Mr. Richardson's lifetime. He lets the houses to the workers at a fair rent, and has neither public-house, police, poor-law, nor dispensary in the town. The shops are co-operative stores belonging to the mill-workers. The town of Saltaire, erected under very similar circumstances by the late Sir Titus Salt, has the same immunity, but speculators have built public-houses close to the boundaries of the estate, and found magistrates to license them. The village of Elvetham, Hants, the sole property of Lord Calthorp, has not a house or place for the sale of intoxicating drinks. The village of Scorton, near Lancaster, has no public-house. A little village in Wales, the inhabitants of which are almost exclusively employed in a slate quarry in the neighbourhood, is a paradise as regards the dwellings of the operative classes. Every man is possessed of a small freehold, purchased by his own exertions; many have one or two cows, and some of them have saved as much as £400, £500, and £600 out of their wages. So striking is the happiness and prosperity of this little district that it has attracted the notice of many statesmen, amongst the rest Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, who visited it, and expressed a desire to know the secret of this prosperity and happiness. It was explained that there never has been let in that locality a plot of land on which a public-house can be built. The result is that there is not a public-house within seven miles of that little village.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

PREVENTION OR CURE.—A friend, visiting George Eliot a few days before her death, relates the following incident:—"A vase was toppling on the mantel, and she put forth her hand to steady it. 'I think,' said she, 'that the time is soon to come when we will put forth our hands to steady and save those about us who are trembling and ready to fall, and not wait until they have fallen before we make efforts to save them.'"—*The Charity Organisation Reporter.*

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL boy upon being asked what made the Tower of Pisa lean, replied: "Because of the famine in the land."

A WELSH gentleman, named Owen Moore, departed this life the other day, and his mourning friends had this touching epitaph engraved on his tomb—

"Owen Moore has gone away
Owin' more than he could pay."

"IS that mule tame?" asked a farmer of a dealer in domestic quadrupeds. "He's tame enough in front," answered the dealer, "but he's awful wild behind."

AS many as 3,556 young people, connected with 660 societies, took part in the last competitive examination held by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

THE great congress of experts at St. Petersburg charged with the task of inquiring into the evils caused by excessive drinking in Russia, have resolved by an overwhelming majority to advise a diminution in the number of licensed liquor houses. The assembly have also passed a resolution, with only five dissentient voices, in favour of vesting in the communal authorities the right of opening liquor-shops under regulations to be determined by a sub-committee which has been appointed for that purpose.

IT is stated that of the 700 policemen in Birmingham 300 are total abstainers.

DURING 1880 29,868 persons were arrested for drunkenness in London. What a need this fact alone reveals, not only for Sunday closing, but also for the restriction of the sale of drink and the prohibition of the licences. For we believe in the old adage, "Destroy the nests and the rooks will fly."

AFRICA.—The African King Merambo, who rules over a territory of from ten to fifteen thousand square miles, is a total abstainer, and is doing all he can to prevent the spread of intemperance among his people.

DENMARK now has an organised temperance movement with about 3,000 enrolled members, and one temperance paper, the name of which is *Danmarks Totalafholdsblad.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"More than Conquerors." By Frederick Sherlock. London: *Home Words* Publishing Office. An excellent book for boys. Cleverly written and well illustrated.

"The Model Band of Hope Manual, Containing order of Opening Meeting, etc., with Rules and Regulations for a Society." By Rev. James Yeames. A very methodical little handbook for its special purpose. Published by Kempton and Co., London. Price fourpence.

"Good Cookery; a small Culinary Catechism for the use of Schools and Young Persons." By Mrs. L. D. Brown. Published by F. E. Longley and Co., 39, Warwick Lane, London. Price sixpence. A very useful *multum in parvo*, attractively got up; full of information; with many excellent receipts.

We have received from the National Temperance Depôt "The Electrical Instructor." A novel plan of answering questions on temperance is ingeniously arranged for by an indicator. A little more accuracy would improve this interesting object of instruction and amusement.

"Little Teachers," by Nella Parker, by the same publishers, with "My Nelly's Story," by Adeline Sergeant, are small temperance story books, most suitable for youthful members of our Bands of Hope.

"Step by Step; or, The Ladder of Life." By Miss M. A. Paull. The author's name is now so well known that the story will be sure to win its way far beyond the circle of abstainers. The most valuable temperance story we have received for this season.

"The National Temperance Mirror" makes a nicely-bound volume for 1881. Contains pleasant and useful temperance reading for long winter evenings or bright summer days.

"Circled by Fire: a True Story." By Julia M. Wright. Price twopence. A temperance narrative tract, published by the National Temperance Depôt.

"Danger Signals." A volume of temperance tales, by F. M. Holmes. With thirteen illustrations. Published by F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane. A very attractive book. The stories are well told, and warning against "danger" is very clearly signalled. We commend the book as readable, useful, and cheap. Price two shillings.

"The Onward Reciter," with its usual gleaning from all the best writers, collecting all the cream of temperance literature for the year, is ready. Vol. X. Price eighteenpence. Published at 18, Mount Street.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Social Reformer—Hand and Heart—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The National Temperance Mirror—The National Temperance Reader—The Dietetic Reformer—The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—The Rechabite Magazine—The Canada Casket—The Temperance Record—The Alliance News—The Church Standard—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Western Temperance Herald.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER II.—"FALLEN AMONGST THIEVES."

"TED, my son, it's a bad job for you that I'm dying."

The boy had but little experience of dying, and when his father said these words to him, about a year before the day when he was the little quartermaster on board the *Mount Edgecumbe*, he really could not properly realize their import. They were vague, though terrible words; so he clung the closer to the fisherman who lay panting for breath on a dirty old mattress in a room of one of the crowded houses of the old part of Plymouth. It was an interesting house historically, and it bore the name of "Palace Court." The houses surrounded a quadrangle, and had formed a stately dwelling three hundred years ago, when a merchant-prince of the old Devonshire town had entertained therein the fair Spanish Princess Katherine of Arragon, on her way to London to become the wife of bluff King Hal, whose dead brother Arthur had been her first husband.

But all comeliness, and almost all decency, were estranged from the dilapidated dwelling now, and a very low, depraved, or poverty-stricken population inhabited nearly all the rooms; only in some decent people yet lived, who were unable to find any other habitation suitable to their pockets and their families. Edward Hatherly and his little son lived there more for this reason than any other. Hatherly was a man deserving of sincerest pity. He had married a young and good-looking wife without as much inquiry about her as he ought to have made, and now he was reaping a very sad harvest for his folly. She was a drunkard. All the comforts he had added to his home when times were prosperous had gone to the pawn-shop, that she might spend the money for them in drink. She would leave him and his child for days, and then suddenly swoop down upon the little home and take away from it all that she thought the pawnbroker would give her any money for. At last, as was but natural, Hatherly grew so discouraged that he determined to put up with the few things he had, and not purchase any new ones. Whether he would have adhered to this determination if his health had remained good cannot be said, but he soon sickened, and became so ill of consumption that he had no strength to earn more than "a bit and a sup" for Ted and himself. When at last he took to his bed, worn out by the fever of his complaint, the poor neighbours were kind to him, and brought him such little comforts as it was in their power to obtain for him. He had also, with much more prudence and sobriety than many men in his class of life possess, saved a small sum of money, and so, carefully, he eked out a bare maintenance, thankful that he could avoid application to the parish.

His great anxiety was for Ted. The child had been much more the care of his father than usual, from the utter disinclination of his drunken mother to see to his wants at all. He had received a somewhat precarious amount of education at the Ragged School near by, but from the want of regularity in his attendance, it had not accomplished so much for him as it would otherwise have done. Whenever his father could take the boy to sea with him he did so; and after Hatherly became ill, Ted stayed with him, to nurse him and do little things for him.

It was a hot, sultry evening at the end of August. The air in Palace Court was neither fresh nor savoury, and the sick man breathed heavily and wearily, and every now and then signed to Ted to hand him the cup of water from the chair close by the bedside.

"Give me my waistcoat, Ted."

Ted, wondering, fetched it. "Now listen, Ted; you mind what I say. As sure as you mind what I say, 'twill be all the better for you."

"Yes, father."

"And as sure as you don't mind, Ted, 'twill be all the worse."

Ted was awed by his father's manner, and made no other comment than to answer again, "Yes, father."

"I've showed this to you before, Ted," said the fisherman, taking a crooked sixpence out of the pocket of the garment which the child had brought to him: "you know what I've said already about this." He held the small coin between his wasted fingers as he spoke, and gazed intently at Ted, with his eyes looking large and bright and dark in their hollow caverns.

"You said 'twas your mate's once, father, and that he gived it to you as a keepsake, father."

"Aye, aye," replied Hatherly; "never were two men better friends than he and I, Ted; and he'll be your friend, if so be you find him, and if so be you don't turn out bad, like that mother of yours."

These were not very encouraging words to the poor child, but Ted was not surprised at them. He had actually suffered too much from his mother to feel any more kindly to her than his father did.

"I'll not be like mother, father; she cut me awful last time."

"'Tisn't the cutting, 'tis the drinking, Ted,"

ONWARD, FEBRUARY, 1882. *All Rights Reserved.*]

said his father; but Ted, not understanding that one was the result of the other, thought more of her blows than her drunkenness.

"Leaving all about that, Ted, what you've got to do when you've growed up is to find E. R. You cross the path of E. R. and show him that sixpence, and if he don't act your friend and your second father, don't put no more faith in man so long as you live. You see them letters 'E. R.' don't you, Ted?"

"Yes, father."

"You've seed them scores of times, haven't you, Ted?"

"Yes, father; always when you showed me that there same sixpence."

"Then mind you do as I say and find him."

"Yes, father."

"I don't know what they'll do with you, Ted, when I'm dead and gone."

Ted began to cry, and to cling again with all his might to his poor sick father.

"Don't you be cheeky, Ted, if they put you in the workhouse. Maybe it's the best thing that could happen, though I never meant boy of mine to be there."

"I don't want to go, father," said the boy, his eyes flashing.

"Now, no nonsense, Ted. Spirit's good sometimes, not always. If you have got to go, behave yourself. Don't you act like a little fool, or you'll get yourself into trouble and reach something worse than a workhouse, I can tell you."

After Edward Hatherly had said all this he felt compelled to rest a while; he thought he could even sleep a bit, so he said to Ted—

"Now, Ted, you go up and have a bathe while I have a nap; 'twill freshen you and do you a lot of good."

On that hot day, and from that stifling atmosphere the prospect was agreeable enough to Ted, who could swim almost like a fish, he was so thoroughly at home in the water. But he did not leave his father without saying, affectionately—"Won't you want me, father?"

"No, Ted; not till you've had your swim."

Ted went off to join a number of young acquaintances under the Hoe, whence in certain approved fashion they took plunges, and dived into the blue and sunny waters of the English Channel.

Edward Hatherly soon slept. His last thought was of his boy—the boy so soon to be an orphan and worse than motherless. His thoughts—though perhaps he did not call them so—were indeed prayers of hope and desire that poor little Ted might be blessed and protected from all harm. And then the fisherman slept—so soundly, so peacefully, so quietly. It was not the sleep from which we awake again to this great world of sin and suffering, yet often too of joy and gladness, but it was that "long last sleep which knows no waking." Poor Ted came back from his ablutions looking as bright and pretty as any fond parent need wish to see, ready to entertain his father with the child gossip he had heard, and to tell him about the great ironclads that had put in to the Sound, even while he had been under the Hoe—the first instalment of the Channel Fleet which had been expected the last few days, and the guns were even now firing the salutes from citadel and ship as the boy ran into Palace Court and up the rickety stairs to the dilapidated room he called his home.

"Father," he began, "just you guess which ships have come in. Hark! there's a gun."

There was no response from the form upon the bed. Ted whispered to himself—"I didn't know he was asleep. I thought the guns would wake him."

Ted was hungry. He went to the cupboard and cut himself a piece of bread, smeared it over with treacle, and sat down to eat it. He did not feel troubled as yet about his father, only he wanted to have him ready to listen to his adventures. But when he had finished eating, and again turned to look at his father, he noticed how very still he was; he could not see that there was any movement whatever, and he began to be afraid of what had happened. He rushed out on the landing and shouted—

"Mrs. Norman, will you come? father's took worse; please come, will you?"

The neighbour hastened up, and drew near the bed, asking as she did so—"What's the matter, Ted?"

Her first glance revealed the truth to her, but she had not courage to tell the child; she called her husband, and between them somehow they made him understand that his father was dead, and a messenger was sent to the doctor, and some one told Mrs. Hatherly, and in a little while quite a number of people came into the poor bare room, made so solemn, so still, by the presence of God's angel, Death.

Ted shrunk away in a corner. He cried a great deal to himself, and kept well out of sight of his mother when she came to see, as she said, what there was belonging to her. Then some one asked her what she was going to do now with her boy; and she answered at once, "Oh, the workhouse is the place for him, of course. I can't do more than earn my own living; it isn't to be expected I can maintain that great boy."

The words produced a dreadful effect upon poor little Ted. He took the first opportunity of slipping away from Palace Court, and ran back to the Hoe, where he remained all that

night, hiding in a cave in the rocks. It was plenty large enough to afford him sufficient accommodation for many days to come, but he could not stay there for all that. He felt afraid to take the children from Palace Court into his confidence, and if they told where he was, as some of them were sure to do if they knew his retreat, he might as well go home at once. He had time, however, that first night, to think and to decide what he would do to get away from his mother and the immediate chance of the workhouse. He had heard from a boy he knew, of a tramp's lodging-house in Stonehouse-lane. The tales of adventure this boy had told him had fascinated poor little Ted; he decided he would go to the place, and see if any of them would have him.

He had taken away one treasure, and only one, from Palace Court. The crooked sixpence, with the magic letters "E. R." inscribed upon it, was lying on the bed, when he returned from the Hoe; and while he still believed his father to be asleep, he had picked it up, and put it in his own waistcoat-pocket, meaning to return it to him when he woke. On finding his father was dead, he felt that he did rightly to keep what it had been the sick man's intention to give to him. Ted had been brought up to be honest, and he had a firm belief that he was so in this matter of the sixpence. His only fear in regard to it was lest some one at his proposed abode should find it and take it from him. Ted suspended the precious coin round his neck by a bit of cord he chanced to have in his pocket, and felt happier for doing so.

Arrived at the house in Stonehouse-lane of which he had heard, Ted shyly entered, and looked about him. No one forbad his entrance, no one welcomed him. He sat in the kitchen of the place, wondering what he should do next, when an old woman accosted him with the question, "Was you looking for anyone, little boy?"

Ted smiled, and the old woman could but notice the beauty of the boy. It occurred to her that she might make use of him, if he wanted employment of any kind.

"I'm looking for something to do, missus," said Ted. "I wants to earn my living."

"Where's your father?"

"He's dead, missus," said Ted, obliged to cry as he thought of his poor father, lying so still on the bed in Palace Court.

"And where's your mother?" asked the old woman.

"She drinks; she don't care about me."

"Don't tell me," said the old woman, rather sharply. "You're a naughty boy, and have run away from your mother. Don't you come here telling no lies. I shan't believe you."

"'Tis true, missus," said Ted; "whether you believe me or not. Mother runs away from me, and she runs away from father."

"Oh! you don't know where she is, don't you?"

"Yes, I do know. She comed home when father died; she's home now; that's why I come away."

"And where *is* home?" asked the old woman.

"I'm not going to tell," said Ted, firmly; and he looked so resolute that the old woman thought it would be of little use to ask him again. She inquired instead, "What sort of work can you do?"

"Most anything," said Ted confidently, rejoiced at the prospect of success.

"You might go out with my son in the morning," said the old woman; "he's a scissors-grinder."

"Yes, missus," said Ted; but he was half-afraid lest some one should see him and report his whereabouts to his mother in such a round as that.

"Or you might go with me on my rounds."

"What's that, missus?"

The old woman appeared to be busy in thought. She did not answer him immediately. Then she said, "I wish you was a girl instead of a boy, you'd be ever so much more use."

"How's that, missus?" asked Ted, in surprise. He thought girls weren't much in comparison to boys, though he was wont to be chivalrous to them, and was fond of playing with them at certain times.

"If you was a girl everybody would say how pretty you was; and you'd get lots of money."

Ted was more mystified than ever. There was no way to understand but by asking again, "How's that, missus?"

At last the old woman deigned to explain. She was wont to parade the streets dressed tidily, with a clean white apron, and act the part of a respectable widowed grandmother to quite a number of children, one or two very small indeed, but all of whom joined with herself in singing a hymn, or a touching little account in rhyme of the colliery explosion which had deprived them of their parents.

If Ted consented to put on girls' clothes and carry the baby of this interesting flock, all of whom were hired at so much a day from their besotted parents, the old woman promised him food and lodging and a penny or two of spending-money. Ted felt assured he should not be so easily recognised in a frock as in his ordinary dress, and consented.

The next morning proved as wet as the old woman herself could have desired. Nothing could have seemed more pitiable than the distress of this family reduced to beggary from

comparative comfort, as related in the verses they sung. Pence in abundance were showered upon them, and the artlessness and beauty of the eldest girl (?) were especially effective. It was long since Ted had shared in such a meal as he enjoyed in the lodging-house kitchen that night—poultry, cakes, fruit, and coffee, with stronger drinks for those who liked them, —all these and much more were provided by the thoughtless alms of a too-easily beguiled public.

Ted soon grew quite used to his new life, and then other and even worse careers were opened to him. Conscience became hardened; he willingly associated with the thieves and pickpockets who occasionally made the place their temporary home, and the good instruction of his dead father appeared to be altogether forgotten. Yet his love for the only parent whose affection he had experienced was not dead. Many and many a time the poor boy sought the cemetery and tried to find his father's grave. Several times the young head was laid upon the grassy turf, and tears fell fast from his dark blue eyes upon it. Then it seemed as if life was too hard to be lived; then his father's words about the workhouse would come back to him; conscience was re-awakened, and he knew he was doing wrong.

But the ease of the life he led, his dread of constraint and discipline, his genuine fear of his mother's cruelty, made him determine to remain where he was for a while longer. If only he knew where "E. R." was, and could go to him and find a second father in him! But he did not know. "E. R." was to him a name, vague indeed, but sacred. He did not guess that they were only the initials of the name of his father's friend, and that Edward Hatherly had fully believed he had more than once spoken his chum's name in full to his little son.

So a year and more passed. It was a very cold day, and prosperity had not of late attended his companions. Ted was informed he must go and beg for himself and for them. He begged—of course without knowing it—from a detective in plain clothes, and was at once subjected to a series of questions, such as he found it hard to answer.

(*To be continued.*)

RAILWAY Official: "You'd *better not* smoke, sir!" Traveller: "That's what my *friends* say." Railway official: "But you *mustn't* smoke, sir!" Traveller: "So my *doctor* tells me." Railway Official: "But you *shan't* smoke, sir!" Traveller: "Ah! just what my *wife* says."

KEEP YOUR PLEDGE.

A LITTLE girl, who belongs to a Band of Hope, in which band the pledge is that "We abstain not only from the use of strong drink, but also from the use of tobacco," kept her pledge under the following circumstances:— Her father, being a smoker, asked her to go and bring some tobacco for him. "But, father," she said, "I cannot go." "Why not?" said the father. "Because I've signed the pledge, not only to abstain from using it myself, but also from encouraging others to use it," she replied. "Well," said the father, "if ever I heard of such a pledge!" The mother of the little girl having heard all that had been said, induced the father not to press her to go. But a day or two afterwards the little girl was asked, this time by her mother, to go and bring her some ale. Again she said, "But, mother, I've signed the pledge not to touch intoxicating liquor." The mother on hearing this was taken aback, and there being no one else to send she did not know what to do. The father, however, said, "Don't press her to go." And thus our Band of Hope heroine remained true to her pledge.

What a blessing it would be if all parents of Band of Hope children would not "press" these young abstainers to break their pledge, but better still if they would set their children an example worthy of being copied by abstaining themselves.

A. M.

BAND OF HOPE.

PRESS forward, youthful soldiers,
Unfurl your banners high;
In village, town, and city,
Make known your saving cry.

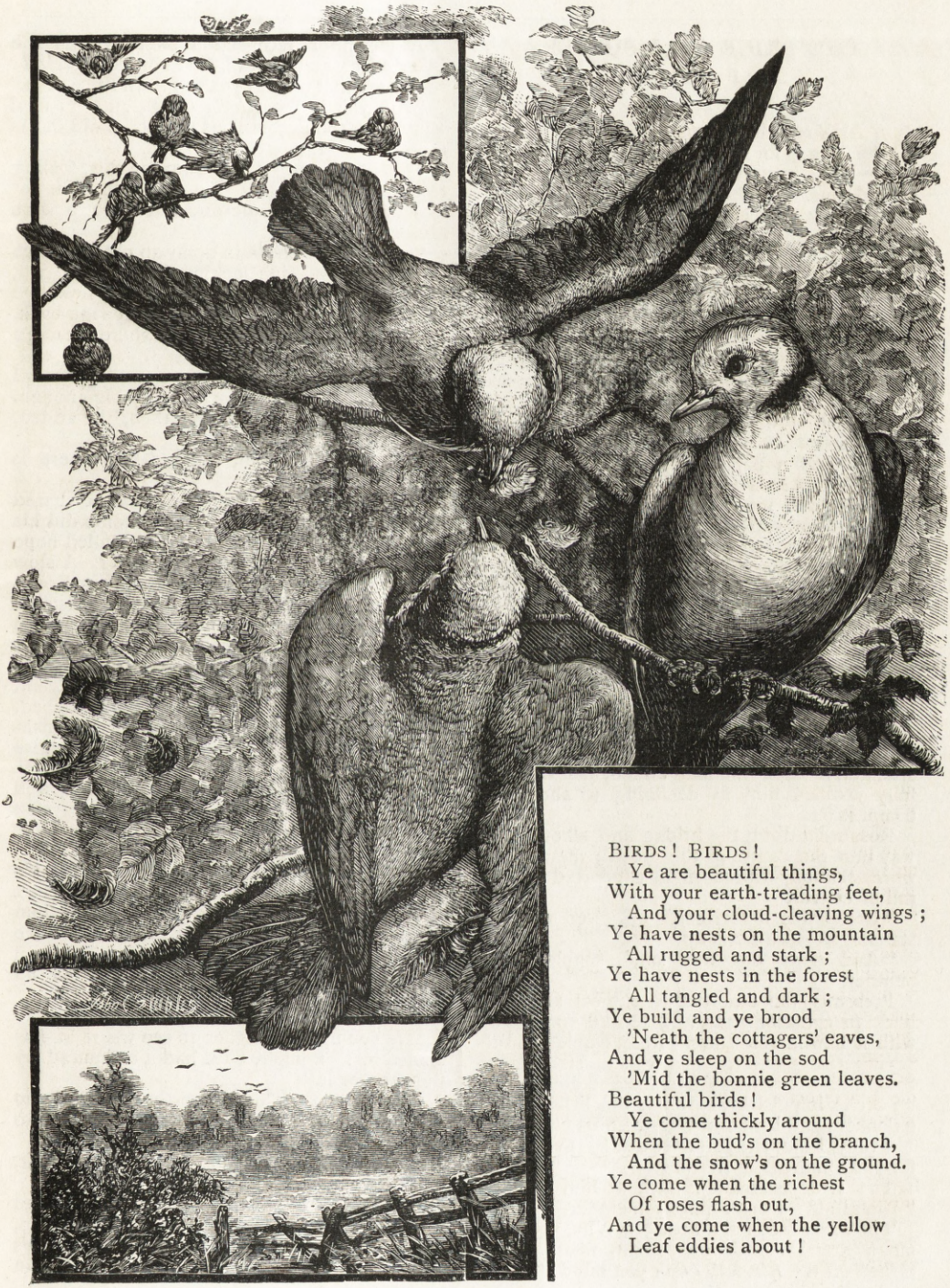
For thousands now are perishing
In homes as dark as night;
Go forth as angels bearing
The Temperance lamp of light.

Press forward, hopeful soldiers,
Your foes are legions strong;
Shrink not, but face the battle,
For right must conquer wrong.

Press forward, temperance soldiers,
'Mid scoff and scorn and sneer;
And break the bonds of slavery,
And save old England dear.

Press forward, Christian soldiers,
Your cause is noble, grand;
It makes the drunkard sober,
Exalts our native land.

L. TURNICK.



BIRDS! BIRDS!
Ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet,
And your cloud-cleaving wings;
Ye have nests on the mountain
All rugged and stark;
Ye have nests in the forest
All tangled and dark;
Ye build and ye brood
'Neath the cottagers' eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod
'Mid the bonnie green leaves.
Beautiful birds!
Ye come thickly around
When the bud's on the branch,
And the snow's on the ground.
Ye come when the richest
Of roses flash out,
And ye come when the yellow
Leaf eddies about!

THE PRICE OF A SUPPER.

PART II.

BY E. K. O.

MANY months, nay years Ross watched and waited for some sign of her coming back, but in vain; into those docks she never came a second time. Whether she had been translated to some foreign service, or sailed away into that far country whence there is no coming back, he did not know; but, long after he was a man grown, Ross never passed that particular dock without an involuntary glance at the corner the vanished ship had filled.

That was ten years ago now; but he had faithfully kept that boyish promise, and in his heart he firmly believed that all his after success dated from that night and that promise—success of no mean order in Ross's eyes, for was he not a regular dock porter now, and in receipt of 18s. a week and a balance of nearly £5 in the savings'-bank? There might be situations with less work and more emoluments attached, but they were for earth's favoured few, and chiefly heard of in books.

He was coming home from his work one grey October evening, and stopped to look at a little crowd gathered on one of the pierheads. A coasting steamer had just landed her passengers, but there was evidently some stir in addition.

"Anything going on down there?" he asked of a man who was coming up the bridge.

"Somebody gone and pitched himself down the steps," was the response; "they say he's a stranger, though," the man added, as if that fact fully justified him in declining to show any compassion.

Ross went down the bridge and elbowed his way into the centre of the crowd; there was a worn, shabbily-attired man, supported upon a roll of canvas.

"Looks like a furriner," criticised one bystander, as Ross came up.

"And none too well off," supplemented another.

Presently the unfortunate subject struggled back to consciousness, and looked round him with a bewildered stare. Ross, carelessly surveying the scene, gave a violent start as he caught it. There was one instant doubt, then he broke impulsively through the little ring of onlookers and bent down beside him.

"Why, I thought you were dead. I've looked for you hundreds of times."

The stranger looked back at him blankly. "I'm afraid—I don't quite remember—"

The eager face fell a little. "Why, you gave me a grand supper one night, when I was turned off the *Bluebell;* don't you mind?"

A gleam of recollection swept across the other's face at the word. "Poor old *Bluebell;* so you are that urchin; you've grown since then."

"Are you in the *Bluebell* still, sir?" asked Ross, with the unconscious respect of old in his tone.

The idlers had drifted away by this, feeling rather disgusted that the accident had not assumed a more tragic air, and the two were almost alone.

"Ah, no; I've been in many an old tub since she went down. I'm looking for a fresh berth, but it's uncommonly hard to get, and now I've got this wretched knock-down to keep me back. Is there any decent place near where I can go for the night?"

Ross hesitated. "If—if you wouldn't mind coming to my room, sir, it's plenty big enough. I'm better off now than I was then," he added, by way of explanation.

"I'm not," said Bill, briefly; "so where is it?"

It was not only for that night that he shared Ross's room; and no niggardly welcome did his host extend to him. But, ah, is any fulfilled hope ever quite as fair as we dream of it? A slow dull feeling of disapppointment crept into Ross's mind as the days went by; this moody irritable man was not the bright genial hero whose memory he had cherished so proudly through all the years.

The first shock came the night of his advent. Bill wanted some brandy before he went to bed. Ross looked at him in undisguised astonishment. "Why it was you made me promise never to touch it, and I never have since, because of that." Bill flushed darkly. "I know, and I didn't till three or four years since; I'd give all I had not to, but it's got a hold upon me now; I should not sleep an hour without it."

So Ross being the host, sorely against his better judgment, went out for some. "I can't understand it," he said, as he watched him eagerly draining it. "I thought you would have been the very last to take it by the way you talked to me that night. You squared *me* up with it."

Bill lifted a haggard face. "And it ought to square you up still higher to see where it has landed me. I might have had a command by this, but for it."

Ross turned to him earnestly: "Give it up now and start fresh; it's never too late to mend."

Bill shook his head wearily. "I've tried it, and it only means breaking out again."

He did not get the berth he applied for, and for nearly three weeks he shared Ross's room, much to the astonishment of that young man's friends and acquaintances, who rallied him

greatly upon his folly in taking in an utter stranger.

At his work all day in the docks, he saw little of his guest till the late evenings, when, over the tiny fire, they held many a serious talk. The old teacher was the pupil now, and in a little Ross's hopes began to revive that his hero might yet mount his pedestal again some day. A ship turned up for him at last. Bill was almost buoyant in the prospect as he discussed it with Ross over a last meeting. "I'm to be in charge to-morrow morning, though it does not sail till the day after; the other mate's a fine young fellow; plenty of go about him."

"All right," answered Ross serenely, "I suppose you'll come back captain."

Bill went on duty in the morning; in the afternoon, with an advance note in his pocket, he sallied forth to make some additions to his kit for the voyage.

Ross came back from his work later than usual that evening, but there was no sign of his visitor about, nor all that night. As he was eating his breakfast, in no small perturbation of spirit, a boy brought him a dingy note, that he extracted from the depths of a ragged pocket. "I'm in a difficulty, Ross," it ran, "will you help me. Come as quickly as you can," and Ross straightway put on his hat, and went back with the messenger.

It was more than a difficulty, he thought, when he found him. Alas for Bill's promises; he had met some convivial spirits, and made a night of it—ship and outfit all forgotten, utterly penniless, even his overcoat had been sacrificed to pay for the mad outburst. Ross listened with sorrowful eyes. "If I had only kept out of it one day longer," he moaned. "I've let my last chance slip now, Ross, and lost everything besides."

"You must *not* let it slip," said Ross decidedly. "How much will it take to get a few things together and pay up here?"

"Four or five pounds," answered the other, without looking up, "and I have not one shilling."

There was a minute's silence in the stuffy room; Ross broke it, "I can give you so much, Bill, if you will make one more promise, and keep it."

And Bill made it.

Ross stood on the dock-wall that night, where he had once stood a hungry, ragged boy, and watched the ship sail out with the tide, with one erring waif, saved for the present—perhaps, in God's great mercy, saved for the future too. It all came back to him like yesterday, as he stood there long after the darkness had folded in the white sails, and it was the frank kindly young mate that was in his heart again, blotting out all the blurred present.

There was a general subscription a few nights after among the dock workmen for some popular object. Ross's subscription was lacking.

"Why you were eager enough about it a bit ago," hinted one of them rather indignantly.

"I can't afford it though just yet," returned Ross.

"I know where all his money's gone," commented another, with more freedom than politeness; "he's been throwing it away upon some stranger he picked up, who never gave him a sixpence, and all for nothing."

"Ah, no," returned Ross very quietly—almost solemnly—it was the price of a supper.

THE TEMPERANCE HERO.

MAKE room for the Temperance Hero,
Who loves to help every good plan;
He gives like a squire with his thousands:
He works like a true honest man;
He ne'er is found fretting or pining;
No envy or pride fills his breast;
When the clouds of adversity gather,
He sings, "It is all for the best."

He's found in our Band of Hope Union;
He works with our temperance men;
He strives with our noble Alliance,
And cheers them again and again.
No matter what foes are opposing:
Come they from the east or the west,
His zeal is untiring and dauntless;
He sings, "It is all for the best."

While princes are grasping at empire,
And worldlings are hunting for pelf,
He cares not for wealth or dominion,
But learns how to govern himself;
He sees in the humblest a brother,
And makes e'en the drunkard his guest,
In his efforts to bless and restore him,
And sings, "It is all for the best."

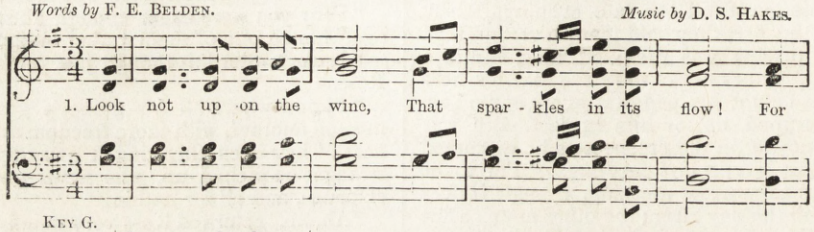
He boasts not of Latin or Hebrew,
But knows things of every-day use;
Whilst others are evils deploring,
He seeks to remove each abuse;
His religion is ever the purest,
In dead faith he never can rest;
In him we behold a true hero
Who sings, "It is all for the best."

W. HOYLE.

"A PRUDENT man is like a pin," said a witty Frenchman; "his head prevents him from going too far."

SHUN THE TEMPTING SNARE.

Words by F. E. BELDEN. *Music by* D. S. HAKES.



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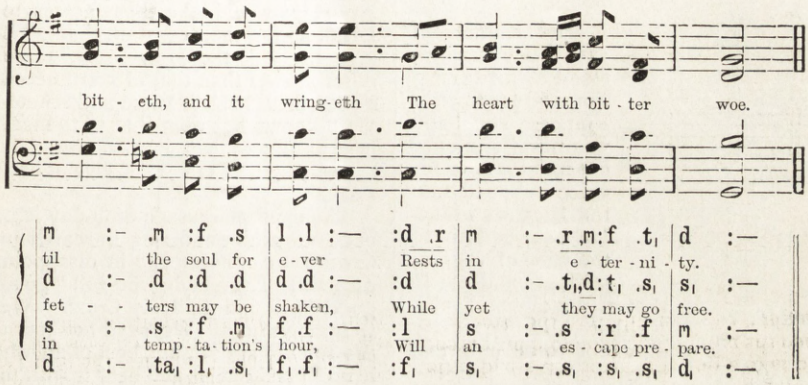
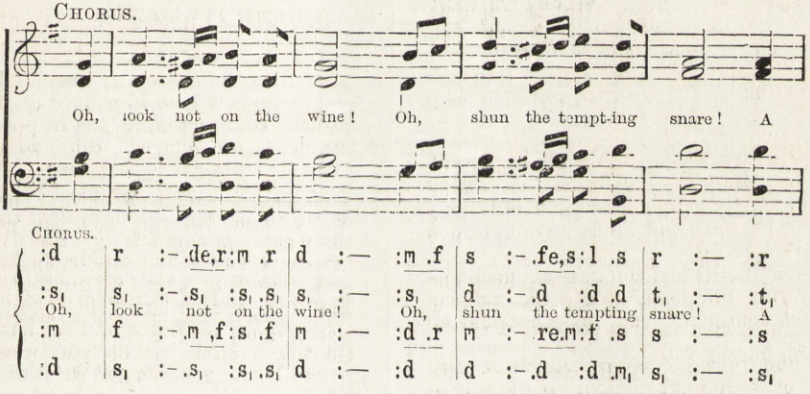
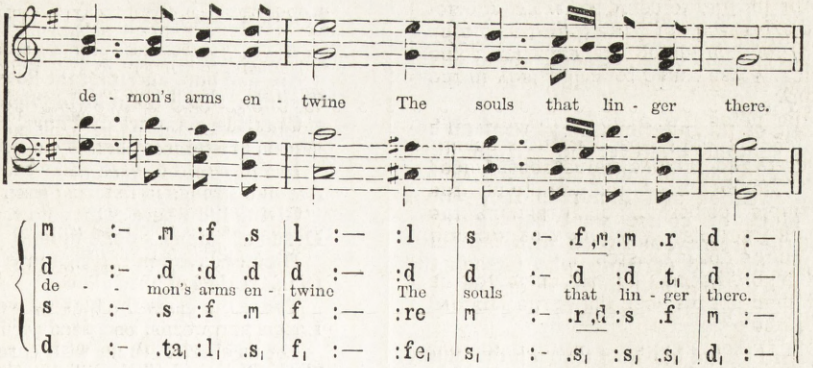
SHUN THE TEMPTING SNARE—*continued.*



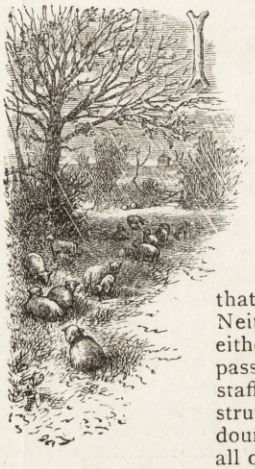
CHORUS.





THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

BY UNCLE BEN.



IN the summer of 1213 a boy was noticed wandering from town to town in France. His hand was never stretched out for alms, nor his voice subdued into the beggar's whine. He belonged not to the tribe of vagrant students, and less to that of the mountebanks. Neither did he carry either of those universal passports—the palmer's staff, or the musical instrument of the troubadour. Unlike each and all of these, his mien was saintly and his conduct earnest. Wherever he went he chanted these words, "Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross," pausing often to indulge in earnest prayer.

In a little time he was universally revered as a messenger from heaven, and happy was that house esteemed wherein he took up his abode. His influence became great, the effect of his example was wonderful, and people began to regard him with awe. For wherever he went a strange infatuation seized on all the boys about his age. No sooner was his voice heard in any town or hamlet, than out they poured, and accompanied him blindly whithersoever it pleased him to direct his course. Bolts and bars could hardly restrain the eagerness of the lads; even tears and prayers of friends and relations could scarcely turn them from their purpose. They hastened to quit father and home and comfort, to follow the strange young leader, whose chant they joined, singing, "Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross."

The fame of this pilgrim always went on before him, so that wherever he arrived fresh numbers would join the young crusader. Sometimes by twenties and hundreds they would follow. Many of course went back, growing weary of the journey, and tired with the hardships. But in spite of those who forsook the crusade, every day added to the throng, until at length no city would consent to receive them within its walls.

Southward he led his host through the sunny places of France, directing the march toward the shores of the Mediterranean, fed by charity and resting where they could find shelter.

Onward they went, day after day, with weary feet, until they came to the deep blue waters of the tideless sea. Then they could go no farther. No ships would take them across to the Holy Land, and to their constant chant, "Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross," there came no other answer than that of stern necessity which forced them back to home and school and work. Who knows but what that is to most of us the best answer to the Christian crusaders who pray in every age, "Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross."

The children crusade of to-day is no hopeless one—no wild wandering in search of the Holy Cross; it can never end in disappointment and disaster. Everybody who will "go about doing good" will find the Holy Cross. We may take it up anywhere. We need not journey toward the East to seek it, but, best of all, when we take it up by self-denial, and bear it with meekness in obedience and love, we bring the Holy Land round us; for our feet are in the shining footsteps and set upon the heavenly way, our eyes are towards the cloudless heavens, and the deep, sweet peace of God is in our hearts.

If we, my little friends, would take up the Cross and follow Him who loved us, if we would make our country a holy land of goodness and blessedness for Him, one thing we can all do, and that is, abstain from that which is the greatest curse and has caused the most terrible crime. We can all join the crusade against strong drink, and by courage and fidelity we shall come, not to discouragement and failure, as did the children's crusade of which we are told, but to certain victory, and our hands shall plant the banner of temperance and peace over the terrible battle-field where drink has brought want, disease, and death to the homes and cities of our fatherland.

LOOKS, WORDS, AND DEEDS.

PLEASANT smiles and glances bright
Are like pure and fragrant flow'rs,
Shedding round them loving light,
Cheering many weary hours.
Words of love from hearts sincere,
In this world of care and woe,
Are like springs in deserts drear,
Giving life where'er they flow.
Deeds of kindness done in love
Diamonds are in settings rare;
In the realms of bliss above,
These the gems the blessed wear.
Looks, and words, and deeds of love,
Let us cherish, then, with care;
Travelling to our home above,—
Each his brother's burden bear.

MRS. MASON.

LITTLE NED.

BY ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

HE was a little simple child ;
A wanderer in the cold,
His sunken eye and feeble limb
A tale of sorrow told.

Beneath an archway bleak and bare,
I saw his gentle form ;
He lay upon a heap of straw,
Unconscious of the storm.

"My little boy, why sleeping here?
How foolish thus to roam ;
Come, rouse you now, and hurry off—
Your place should be at home."

"I have no home," the boy replied ;
"My parents both are dead ;
I have no friends to care for me ;
I roam the streets for bread.

"Sometimes I beg, and, now and then,
I get a horse to mind;
Or else I sweep a crossing, sir,
A friend or two to find."

"But then you have no home, you say,
Nor place to lay your head ;
How can you sleep on wintry nights
Without a cosy bed?"

"Sometimes I find an empty cart
With straw all nice and dry,
And there beneath the seat I creep,
And fast asleep I lie."

"Come, boy, and stay with me to-night,
The storm is raging wild;
And you shall have a cosy bed,
As though you were my child.

"You say you had a father once—
Pray tell me, if you can,
Did he desert his child and home?
Was he a drunken man?"

"I had a loving father once,
A home I called my own;
Sweet flowers on the window-sills
Myself the seeds have sown.

"Sweet pictures hung upon the walls,
And books I had to read ;
I cannot bear to think of home—
It makes my poor heart bleed.

"I was but quite a little boy,
But I remember well
How father learned to love the drink—
The whole I cannot tell.

"Poor mother died, and father then
Grew worse, and stayed from home;
The landlord took our things away,
And I was forced to roam.

"Oh ! if my father's living yet,
How happy I should be !
And somehow, now and then I think
He will return to me."

"Stop, boy ! and let me know your name—
Your voice methinks I know."
"Ned Wilson, sir, without a home,
Ned Wilson, full of woe."

"Ned Wilson? Oh, forgive me, boy !
I was that father wild ;
Come, let me clasp you to my arms,
My own, my darling child !

"Come, come, my boy, for God has blest
The labour of my hands ;
For I have gold to spend and spare,
Well-earned in foreign lands.

"God led me back again to you,
He snapt the drunkard's chain ;
Come, share a loving father's home,
And be my child again !"

THE ABSENT.

OH, the absent are the dearest
To a mother's loving heart ;
And the depth of our affection
Is not known until we part.

We may view our sleeping darlings,
With a watchful pride and care ;
And may breathe an earnest blessing
O'er each dusky head and fair.

But if there remains a pillow
Too uncrumpled and too white,
And the chair a-near the bedside
Holds no garments for the night—

If we miss the shoes and stockings,
A torn jacket or a dress—
If we miss a "Good-night, mother !"
And a dear one's warm caress—

Then our hearts yearn with affection
For the rover from our nest,
And we feel of all our darlings
That we love the absent best.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I WAS sitting in the study,
Writing letters, when I heard—
"P'ease, dear mamma, Bridget told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do :
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma ?
Tan't I wite a letter too ?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy !
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me wite a letter :
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face :
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded
As I slowly shook my head :
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead !"

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news :"
And I smiled, as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Bridget in his glee :—
"Mamma's witing lots of letters ;
I'se a letter, Bridget—see !"

No one heard the little prattler,
As once more he climbed the stair
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
On the crisp October air.

Down the street the darling hastened
Till he reached the office door :—
"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman :
Is there room for any more ?

"Cause dis letter's goin' to papa ;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know :
Mamma sent me for a letter ;
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go ?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anozzer office :
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening,
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair :
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air !

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there ;
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverent they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon his forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod ;
But the little life was ended ;
"Papa's letter" was with God.

THE FISHERMAN.

MERRILY oh ! merrily oh !
The nets are spread out to the sun ;
Merrily oh ! the fisherman sings,
Right glad that his labour is done.
Happy and gay, with his boat in the bay,
The storm and the danger forgot,
The wealthy and great might repine at their state,
And envy the fisherman's lot.

Merrily oh ! merrily oh !
He sleeps till the morning breaks ;
Merrily oh ! at the sea-gull's scream
The fisherman quickly awakes ;
Down on the strand he is plying his hand,
His shouting is heard again ;
The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark
With the same light-hearted strain.



"Happy and gay, with his boat in the bay."— p. 28.

THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT.

THE Band of Hope is the offspring of the two greatest influences for moral reform that this century has seen, namely, the Sunday-school and the Temperance reformation. The mission of the Sunday-school is to Christianize the young; the aim of temperance is to make a sober nation. By the union of these two influences the Band of Hope has been developed, and its progress is the result of organized Christian effort in the Temperance cause, directed among the young people of our land.

A Band of Hope is a society of those who voluntarily agree to abstain from all intoxicating drinks as beverages, to discountenance the causes and practices of intemperance, and promote among all classes the principles and practice of Total Abstinence. Thus the Band of Hope movement is the pioneer section of the Temperance army, and the Christian Church's practical Temperance work, not only to preserve the children, but to secure the loyal adhesion and earnest co-operation of the adult members of each Christian community.

The precise history of the commencement of the Band of Hope movement is difficult to discover. Among the earliest originators were Mrs. Carlisle, of Dublin, and the Rev. J. Tunnicliffe, of Leeds. Assisted by a few lady friends, Mr. Tunnicliffe formed a juvenile society in Leeds in the year 1847. Almost simultaneously other societies sprang up. A new name was wanted for the new movement, and as our *hope* is in the young, and we *band* them together, what more fitting name could be applied than that which by universal consent it has received —Band of Hope?

It was not long, however, before the necessity for united effort became apparent, and in 1851 the Bradford Band of Hope Union was formed. The London Union began in 1855, the Lancashire and Cheshire in 1863, the Yorkshire Union in 1865, and other unions at various periods. The establishment of town and county unions has proved widely beneficial in affording help and encouragement to existing societies, and in promoting the formation of new Bands of Hope. The importance of united effort was so evident that in a few years Bands of Hope were established all over the country.

Having briefly stated what the Band of Hope is, we pass on to show *what it does*. First, then, we say, *the Band of Hope helps to retain the scholars in our Sabbath-schools*. Testimony of this kind is constantly accumulating; every conference of Band of Hope workers goes to establish the fact that where there are well-conducted Bands of Hope in connection with Sabbath-schools there is a larger growth of spiritual life; the scholars, being shielded by the Band of Hope pledge, are saved from many snares and temptations, and kept to a larger extent under the influences of the Sabbath-school. The intemperance of parents doubtless shamefully hinders a large number of children from attending the Sabbath-school, but it is also true that a vast proportion of scholars who had the opportunity of attending have been drawn away from the Sabbath-school through drinking habits. Drinking brings with it Sabbath desecration, late hours, swearing, gambling, prostitution, and a train of vicious indulgences; hence those who even get slightly into drinking ways do not long retain a desire for the Sabbath-school; drinking and the society of the public-house lower their moral tone, whereas the Sunday-school elevates and leads to well-doing. It is soon evident that one must be given up. Alas! in how many instances is the Sunday-school forsaken, while moderate indulgence is followed by deeper drinking habits and the most shameful evil courses.

2. The Band of Hope supplies an organisation through which *the Church can oppose the drinking-customs of our times.*

If we remember that there are 180,000 public-houses and beer-shops in our land, or one to every thirty-six houses, that upwards of £136,000,000 are spent annually in strong drink, that a very large proportion of the crime, pauperism, insanity, disease, and premature death is directly traceable to strong drink, we surely need no further argument to show that it is the Church's duty to oppose, by organised effort, the tremendous forces of the liquor traffic, which is sustaining and day by day extending in our midst these pernicious drinking-customs. What chance is there for the future purity and happiness of our young people in the face of this appalling temptation, unless we supplement the influence of the Sabbath-school with the special training of the Band of Hope, and the safeguard of the total abstinence pledge?

An occasional Temperance address, or any spasmodic effort to oppose the evil, is almost useless. The temptations of the drinking-customs are as continuous as they are mighty. They meet our young people in the domestic circle, the social gathering, at occasions of pleasure, and in places of employment. There must be the bold opposition of some well-directed organisation, and this, happily, is supplied by the Band of Hope.

If it is necessary to present an organised opposition to the drinking usages of society, then it is imperative to promote loyalty and discipline in the army. The injurious nature of strong drink must be taught to the children of our

Sabbath-schools ; we must unmask the demon alcohol, and show his paralysing action upon the human body ; we must make the children familiar with the teaching of science to build them up ; we must glean from daily observation and the history of the past to strengthen holy resolution and fortify them against the false customs and insidious temptations of strong drink. All this special training is continually supplied by a wisely-constructed Sabbath-school Band of Hope.

3. The Band of Hope *promotes self-denial and Christian usefulness.*

Amid the numerous and ever-increasing pleasures of the present day our young people need to practise self-denial, to strengthen their moral nature, and make them valiant soldiers of the Cross. Although abstinence to the intelligent, full-grown teetotaler is not self-denial, but the pathway to robust health and intense pleasure ; to the young, however, who see fathers, mothers, friends, or companions, apparently enjoying the social glass, abstinence has the *appearance* of self-denial, and as such it exerts a wholesome influence in strengthening their moral nature ; it enables them to present a bolder front to the enemy in the hour of temptation, and with a nobler endurance to run the Christian course. Herein lies the Band of Hope's great value, in promoting self-denial and a larger growth of religious life among the scholars of our Sabbath-schools. From statistics, extending from 1871 to 1880, in connection with Sabbath-schools in Bradford, Yorkshire, it is shown that, in proportion to the number of scholars, those schools having Bands of Hope had about double the number of scholars added to the Church, compared with the schools not having Bands of Hope. These statistics, extraordinary as they may at first appear, will create little surprise when it is remembered that habits of abstinence which the Band of Hope inculcates are helpful conditions of the righteous Christian life. The Band of Hope, by the blessing of God, has produced a large army of valiant soldiers who are fighting the battles of the Cross, and are occupying most responsible and important positions. Thus it will be seen that the Band of Hope not only seeks to reclaim the drunkard, but to save the young from the dangers of temptation, and carry out in daily practice the well-known axiom, "Prevention is better than cure."

The auxiliary objects and indirect results of the Band of Hope are :—Care for the young people on week-days as well as Sundays ; providing for them such occupations and pursuits, and surrounding them with such influences that it shall be "easy for them to do right, and difficult to do wrong" ; inculcating habits of economy and thrift ; training them in the simple law of nature, which promotes good health ; and enabling them to take their part in a great practical work of philanthropy, which leads to the highest patriotism. Thus, by urging self-denial and fidelity to the pledge, Band of Hope workers further the noblest social and moral reform of our day, and, above all, help to keep, as Christian abstainers, our young people, from earliest childhood all through life, in the love of God and man, preserved by that heavenly wisdom whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

REQUISITES OF A WIFE.

IF a young man wants a real helper, a mate and companion, how shall he choose wisely ? The glamour, the novelty, the rose tint wear away within the first year, and then follows "the sober certainty of waking bliss" or the beginning of life-long cloud and discontent. One of the first requisites in a wife is good health. If allied to reasonable symmetry of form and features, so much the better. "A sound mind in a sound body" means a good temper, good commonsense, cheerfulness, patience. Comradeship—what the French call "*camaraderie*"—is essential in a happy marriage. The parties must be "true yokefellows." They must be capable of being friends as well as lovers. Each must have a capacity for unselfish devotion. The centre of the wife is not in herself, but in her husband ; the centre of the husband is not in himself, but in his wife. Each lives for the other. Marriage is not a monopoly of one party by another, because of its technical liability, but because of the totality of the union. Each finds in the other his better self, her better self ; otherwise there will inevitably follow starvation or wandering. There are two questions of equal importance to be asked by the young man in search of a wife—Can I make her happy ? Can she make me happy ? Unless both these questions receive a full affirmative, harmony and happiness in the married state cannot in the highest degree be attained.

A "TRAMP" RIGHT.—A tramp was not long since arrested for disorderly conduct and assault, while under the influence of liquor. On his way to the lock-up, he shouted : "You have arrested the wrong fellow ; when I'm sober, my heart is good, when I'm drunk I'm full of the devil. Arrest drink and lock it up, and let me go free." He is right, let us lock up alcohol.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

CATCHING AT A STRAW.—Curate (visiting a poor cabman down with bronchitis): "Have you been in the habit of going to church?" Poor Cabby (faintly): "Can't say I have, sir; but (eagerly) I've druv a good many people there, sir."

A WAG, who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer, said: "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this gentleman *three* pig's *feet*.

WHEN ill news comes too late to be of service to your neighbour, keep it to yourself.

THERE is nothing nobler in man than courage, and the only way to be courageous is to be clean handed and hearted, to be able to respect ourselves, and face our record.—P. S. HENSON.

A DISSOLUTE youth called a pawnbroker out of bed at three o'clock in the morning. When the worthy man put his head out of the window, the young fellow yelled—"I say, uncle, tell us the time; you've got my watch!"

VALUABLE RECIPES.—The following are said to be infallible recipes—"For preserving the complexion, temperance; for whitening the hands, honesty; to remove stains, repentance; for improving the sight, observation; a beautiful ring, the home circle; for improving the voice, civility."

A PHYSICIAN was called to visit a lady in the country. After continuing his calls for some weeks, she expressed her fears that it would be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh, madam," replied the doctor, innocently, "I have another patient in the neighbourhood, and thus I can kill two birds with one stone."

"GIVE me your hand," said the schoolmaster, sternly. "And my heart, too," she replied, meekly. Being pretty, her soft answer effectually turned away his wrath.

SCHOOLBOY with a big apple. Another boy without any: "Oh, Bill! give us a bit, won't ye?" "No, I won't." "Well, then, give me the core." "H'm! h'm! I tell you there ain't going to be any core."

PROFESSOR in Psychology: "Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical student, thoughtfully: "Yes, sir; a poor singer in a chorus."

A YOUNG person wants to know why the mouths of rivers are so much larger than their heads?

UPON being promised a penny by his mother if he would take a dose of castor oil, a bad little boy obtained the money, and then told his parent that she might "cast her oil" into the street.

WHY is a drunkard like a bad politician? Because he is always putting his nose into measures to the injury of the constitution.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Silver and Gold." Short stories for young and old. Published by F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane, E.C. Two shillings and sixpence. A goodly store of illustrations, with most admirable little tales, all very brief, but very sweet.

"Stones from the Brook; or, Talks with Children." By Rev. R. Newton. From F. E. Longley, Warwick Lane; price one shilling. Containing nine charming discourses for little folks. Full of beautiful and practical narratives.

"Everyday Stories." By Emilie Searchfield. From F. E. Longley, Warwick Lane; price three and sixpence.

"The Death March of Drinkdom." By Rev. Forbes Winslow, M.A. In tract form threepence. A day-dream suggested by the march past of the Volunteers at Brighton on Easter Monday, and terrible indeed is the description of the doomed victims of strong drink.

"Onward." Vol. 1881. The serial story, by Mr. Fred. Sherlock, has been well received. The character of the music and the pictures, with all the other features of the magazine, make the bound copy one of the most interesting and useful of the annuals in this class of literature.

"The National Temperance League Annual for 1882" is a *multum in parvo*, and as giving information on the united work of the whole temperance organisation, it is valuable in the extreme.

"Evans' Temperance Annual, 1882." Published by the National Temperance Depôt. Price threepence.—Contains a fresh, a pleasing variety of song and prose, suited for recitation and reading at any season on the Band of Hope platform.

"These Little Ones." By Dorothy Walrond. Publishers: John S. Marr and Sons, 51, Dundas Street, Glasgow. This is a story of London street-life. The principal actors are three children who inhabit one of the wretched lodging-houses that are so plentiful in the metropolis. The writer has evidently a sense of the humourous, which gives her also a more appreciative insight into child-character. We feel as we read that true nobility, generosity, faith can live in the heart of a homeless child. And we are taught very forcibly that it is the grace of human kindness which is best able to quicken these latent qualities into full and fruitful growth. To those who are fortunate enough to read "These Little Ones," Rob, Shrimp, and Mopsie, will be friends for life.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Temperance Record—Western Temperance Herald—The Social Reformer—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Dietetic Reformer—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Irish Temperance Band of Hope Union and Permissive Bill Association twenty-third Annual Report for 1881.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER III.—BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

"YOU must come along with me," said the detective to Ted. He had no wish to be unkind to the boy. He had a very decided opinion, founded upon much experience, that the very best thing that could happen to this little lad was for him to be rescued at once from the life he was leading, and to be sent to some industrial school. But, unfortunately, Ted could not appreciate the kindness. He entirely forgot what his poor father had said to him in relation to submission, and resented altogether the interference with his right to do as he liked. Ted had not been for twelve months and more amongst dissolute, lawless men and women, without learning very much that was bad. Instead of coming quietly with the policeman to the station, he loudly declared he shouldn't go; and not only by words, but by kicks and blows, struggled against fate. Of course a crowd gathered almost immediately, and a good many people took sides with the pretty boy, who now, in a very terrible fit of passion, raved and fought like a little maniac.

Ted was strong, as well as little, and made a desperate resistance; but directly a second policeman appeared upon the scene, his efforts became useless. He was overpowered and led away between the two strong men to the lock-up. The charge of begging and being without any visible means of subsistence was now only one of the complaints against him—he had resisted the police in the execution of their duty.

Poor little Ted, poor little victim of the accursed drinking customs of society. Drink had stood between him and a mother's loving care, drink had robbed his father of a dutiful wife, drink had degraded his associates, and now he was like a little caged bird newly imprisoned and chafing and fretting and wounding himself against the bars of his cage. His awful fit of rage was succeeded by a miserable repentance, not so much of the sin as of the effects of his temper. And yet Ted was not so hardened as to be callous to all the scraps of teaching about God and Christ that he had heard before he ran away from home; so that a feeling of guilt was added to his other troubles.

Supper and sleep solaced him at last, and then the morning dawned, and he was brought at about eleven o'clock before the bench of magistrates in their court. Ted's sweet face here, as elsewhere, attracted attention. He was ther pale now, and his countenance was very sad; but the delicate features, the beautiful complexion, the violet eyes, excited interest in the bench. What can that pretty little boy have done to be here? was the language of their hearts if not of their lips. The charge was read. It seemed almost an absurdity to accuse him of assaulting the police, but there could be no doubt that he had done so, as far as his strength gave him the power. But the constables, now that their temporary annoyance was over, had no wish to make the case worse against the friendless boy.

One of the magistrates, a kind-hearted, fatherly man, put a series of questions to Ted, with a view to discover what was best to be done with him."

"Now, Ned Hatherly——" he began.

"Ted, sir," corrected the small culprit.

"Ted Hatherly," said the magistrate, smiling, "I want you to tell these gentlemen and myself all about yourself. Are you quite sure your father is dead? Are you really telling us the truth when you say so?"

"Sure and certain, sir, I saw him dead," said Ted, impressively.

"Where?" asked Mr. Bray.

Ted's face altered its expression. "I don't want to tell," he said, determinately.

"But, my boy, you can't be helped, as we wish to help you," said the magistrate, "unless you make us your friends. Why don't you want to tell?"

"I won't go back to mother," said Ted, his colour rising; "I'd rather be *drownded* than go back to mother."

"Now you are talking foolishly," said Mr. Bray, in a gentle voice. "Tell us why you don't want to go back. What has your mother done?"

"She drinks awful," began Ted, "and she leathers me awful, too."

"What is your mother's name, Ted?"

"Minnie Hatherly."

"Minnie Hatherly!" The name was echoed around the court, very much to Ted's surprise, in very many tones.

"Your mother, Ted Hatherly," said the magistrate, after a few words of consultation with his brothers in office, "your mother is undergoing a term of imprisonment for the offence of drunkenness. She cannot at present interfere with you."

It was very sad to see that this announcement had quite a consolatory effect upon poor little Ted. He answered with much more freedom the questions that followed. He gave, in answer to them, a history of his young life, so far as it had yet been lived, with so much natural pathos that he moved the hearts of all who heard him. Mr. Bray could hardly conceal

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his emotion. The magistrates consulted. "An order for the Workhouse would meet the case," said Mr. Bray.

"No," said another, "not without a dozen lashes and a day's imprisonment first; we must not forget that the boy is an offender, and let him off so cheaply because he happens to have a soft voice and a pretty face."

"What would any of us have been in similar circumstances?" said Mr. Bray.

"A very kind suggestion on which to act, but a very poor one from a legal point of view, my dear sir," said Mr. Bone, with something between a smile and a sneer. "How many people would get their deserts from that point of view?"

"Why not send the lad to a Reformatory?" said a third magistrate.

"Why not to the *Mount Edgecumbe?*" said a fourth. "I think we have forgotten the existence of that ship, in our very midst, as one may say."

"But he may not like the sea, poor little fellow, and then it would be misery," suggested Mr. Bray.

"Try him; give him the choice of the Workhouse or the training ship."

While this conversation was held, Ted Hatherly stood in the dock, with the feeling burnt into him, as it were, that every eye was looking at him, and that something dreadful was soon to be done to him. What would poor father have said? Poor father, he was so honest, it would have made him mad, Ted thought, to see him there. And if the big gentlemen shut him up, how was he ever to find E. R.? Poor little Ted's face grew flushed and hot in that dreadful place, and he longed to be free with such a dreadful intensity of longing that he felt as if he *must* try to get away, But how? The powerful policemen around had already proved themselves more than a match for him. It was no use.

"Ted Hatherly, would you like to learn to be a sailor?"

It was like reading the emancipation act to a slave, like opening the prison door to a captive, such good news did Ted conceive this to be. His face brightened wonderfully as he answered, without the slightest hesitation—

"Yes please, sir."

"Then so you shall. You will go on board the *Mount Edgecumbe* training ship to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir."

The small prisoner was removed, to make way for a batch of three "drunk and disorderlies."

Any philosopher who attended the court that day might have reflected how much time and talent and energy were wasted, even in that one court, on that one day, by that one bench of magistrates, through strong drink; but people generally are not true philosophers, else we should have banished such an enemy from our midst long ago.

Ted Hatherly was examined by a doctor next morning before being sent to the *Mount Edgecumbe*. The result was satisfactory, and the surgeon, being a good-natured man, spoke some kind, cheery words to the little fellow.

"Pull yourself well together, look alive, stand at attention, and you'll do, youngster, and in time become a smart sailor if you take decent care of yourself. Wrap yourself up well in winter, don't play the fool with frost and snow, and if you get a bad cold, ask for some medicine; you've a tidy sort of a body, if you serve it well."

The surgeon did not know that Ted's father had died of consumption, but he saw that Ted's complexion was a trifle too beautiful to bespeak a vigorous constitution, and that he would suffer unless he had plenty of fresh air, good diet, and in winter warm clothing. These were the very helps to longevity and good health that his poor father had so sorely lacked.

Ted was conveyed, in the afternoon, by boat to the *Mount Edgecumbe*. There he was welcomed kindly by the officials, especially by Mr. Fryer, the schoolmaster, who had precisely the way in dealing with boys that boys most like. The fact was, Mr. Fryer had once been a boy himself, and he did not forget this in his intercourse with his scholars. He was precisely the man for such a post. He had a real love for teaching. He had a sincere, true-hearted compassion for the misfortunes of his boys. He was a Christian, and his great aim was to make the boys understand so much of the love of Christ towards them, that they should dislike to do wrongly from the very highest motive—the desire to avoid grieving their Saviour. And he set himself to carry out these purposes in the most sensible way, by being so good and kind to them, so patient with them when they did wrong, as very often happened, that they were led to love what he loved, and to long to act as he acted. He gave many of them very new ideas of life. He inspired them with the belief that courage meant defence of the weak and protection of the helpless. Fighting was not heroism in his sight; it was the mean display of brute force, altogether unworthy of admiration. But it *was* heroic to conquer sin, to overcome evil with good, to subdue passion, to master bad appetites, and to keep a watch, by God's help, over our lips, that no sinful word might escape them.

In all he taught them, he found no more attentive listener than Ted Hatherly. Yet poor

Ted was about the most disappointing of his pupils in many respects, and from this fact—that his sympathy with good went so very far ahead at present of his moral force. Mr. Fryer could always feel that he was understood when Ted was listening. He enjoyed the kindling of his beautiful blue eyes, the radiant flushing of his delicately-moulded cheeks, and yet, perhaps, that very day, Ted would lamentably fail in simplest obedience to the commands of those in authority over him. Ted himself grew dreadfully discouraged ; the more he tried to be good, as it seemed to him, the worse he was. Good resolutions were made only to be broken, and to bring him fresh shame in the breaking.

Ted was an apt scholar. Directly he set foot on the vessel that bleak, dull November day, he fell much more easily into the daily routine of the life on board, than boys were accustomed to do. His aim was to become a sailor as speedily as possible, that he might seek E. R. through the world, as his dead father had bidden him to do. The story of Ted's sixpence, directly it was told to the boys, assumed in their eyes a great interest. Again and again to one and another he had to repeat it, till they almost knew it by heart. Ted, unconsciously to himself, was a good story-teller. He always pictured the scene in precisely the same way—the father's death-bed ; the earnestly-spoken words of the dying man; his looks; the walk to the Hoe at his father's bidding; his swim that hot afternoon; the arrival of the iron-clads in the Sound ; his return home ; his ignorance of his father's death ; his appropriation of the sixpence ; his awful fear and trouble when he knew he was fatherless.

And if all this had an attraction for the boys, there was no less interest evinced by them for Ted's stories of the lodging-house and its inmates, and his own adventures with different members of the motley group.

Before these stories had at all lost their charm, Ted was busily reading the story-books in the library, and most of his young companions liked much better to hear the tales related by him than to take the trouble to read them for themselves. But Ted's story-telling power led him into sad disgrace. The boys had so often been seen to cluster round him in their playground under the deck, hanging intently on his lips and crowding close about him, that the suspicion of one of the instructors on board was aroused. He feared that Ted was the ringleader in some mischievous plot. He concealed himself so that he could listen for a few minutes without being seen. What he heard was ominous indeed ; he went at once to the schoolmaster's apartment to report, and to take counsel. But Mr. Fryer chanced to be absent on shore for that particular evening, and could not of course be consulted. The officer to whom he reported the case, though an excellent man in several respects, was hot-headed and impulsive, and disposed to disbelieve in the innocence of boys altogether. They were all rogues, as he often asserted in conversation, and the only difference between them was that some were bigger rogues than others.

"Bring the young rascal to me," he said, "and I'll teach him to mutiny on board this ship." He rather enjoyed the opportunity of showing how he would quell insubordination. Mr. Fryer he had small sympathy for ; he bothered himself far too much about these boys. What such young jackanapes wanted was a rough and ready treatment, such as they had been used to, and such as he was used to all his born days.

Ted, much to his surprise, was peremptorily summoned away from his delighted audience to appear before this officer.

"Now, you youngster, take off your jacket," said that august personage. "I'll teach you off-hand not to play your pranks here. Mutiny is a rascally business, and if you want to teach such a trade as that you may go overboard and teach it to the fishes."

"I'm not teaching mutiny, sir," said Ted, laughing ; "I never thought of such a thing. All I did was——"

"All you did was—what?" said the officer, seizing him and shaking him so roughly that Ted saw it was no fun. The shake roused the passion in the poor boy that had slumbered now for some weeks, and he set the officer at defiance.

"I don't care if you won't believe me, sir ; I won't be flogged for nothing," he said, angrily ; and he fought and kicked wildly. "All the boys know I've done nothing ; I only told them a story about a mutiny." These were the loud, passionate words which Ted uttered in fits and starts, as he madly resisted the officer's punishment.

But authority was not to be cajoled, and Ted was severely whipped and condemned to the worst punishment on board, not only for the projected mutiny, but for the insulting conduct he had manifested to his superior—a punishment he was to endure till he humbly apologised to the officer.

"And that I'll never do," said the angry boy, "as long as I live."

Poor Ted ! It is so easy to "speak unadvisedly with our lips." He was assuredly doing this now.

On Mr. Fryer's return the whole miserable story had, of course, to be told. The schoolmaster was deeply grieved. He had been feeling more hopeful of Ted lately than since his first introduction to the ship, and it was a great disappointment to find how lamentably he

had again fallen through the terrible violence of his temper. As soon as possible he went to see him in the narrow cell where he was confined.

"Ted, Ted, I am cut to the heart to see you here, Ted." This was all he said, and he stroked the boy's fair hair caressingly. Ted burst into tears.

"I never meant you to see me here again, master." Then his tone grew angry as he began to exclaim against the officer who had punished him in no measured language.

"If this is all you have to say to me, Ted," said Mr. Fryer, calmly and kindly, "I will leave you till you have regained a little bit of sense. It is not my duty to listen to such language, nor yours to use it. Remember, Ted, what St. Peter says, 'For this is acceptable, if for conscience toward God a man endureth griefs, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if when ye sin and are buffeted for it, ye take it patiently? But if when ye do well and suffer for it, ye shall take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.' I am not going to judge the matter to-night, Ted—you are too angry, I am too tired ; but receive your punishment in this spirit, and to-morrow we will talk again."

"You won't leave me already, Mr. Fryer?"

"I must, Ted. Good-night."

"God's awful angry with me, sir, isn't He?"

"He's sorry, Ted, my poor boy. Anger isn't the word, I think, that shows how God feels when His poor children sin, and feel ashamed and sorry."

"I was only telling stories to the boys, Mr. Fryer."

"Hush, Ted, not another word about that to-night. Good-night ; to-morrow you shall tell me everything."

Ted felt better even for this short conversation with Mr. Fryer. It soothed his angry spirit. It made him feel that certainly Mr. Fryer cared about him still, and perhaps even God. Things were not all bad then.

(To be continued.)

LOOKING FORWARD.

CHILDREN, stepping briskly on
Through the path of life,
Pause awhile, and think upon
All the pain and strife ;
All the sorrow that will come
With the coming years,
That will make your laughter dumb,
Blind your eyes with tears.

Nay, I would not cloud your heart
With a thought of care ;
But 'twould give a keener smart
Coming unaware.

Therefore I would have you learn,
As the days go by,
Life has duties, sad and stern,
Tasks you cannot fly.

Looking forward you will see
Troubles on ahead ;
Some, like mist, will rise and flee
At your onward tread.
"Trust in God and do the right,"
To your pledge be true ;
Do not fear the coming fight,
God will help you through!

W. A. EATON.

DICK PINDER.

DICK PINDER was a jolly soul,
Who dearly loved his glass,
And often in the alehouse nook
An evening he would pass.

But club-nights were his chief delight,
For then the ale was free,
And he would drink, and smoke, and sing :
A jolly soul was he.

He thought the beer was very cheap,
So I have heard folks say ;
But soon, alas! for drinking ale
His life he had to pay.

One club-night in the winter-time
Dick had an extra spree,
And when 'twas time for him to go,
He scarce could stand or see.

In vain he tried along the road
To make his way alone :
The night was dark, he caught his foot
Against a paving stone,

And down he fell, a senseless weight,
He fell no more to rise,
For when they found him in the morn,
Grim death had closed his eyes.

Poor Dick had passed to his account
While in a drunken state ;
Though many were his drinking pals,
None saved him from his fate.

Now from my tale a warning take,
Heed not the tempter's call,
Lest you in some unguarded hour,
Like poor old Dick may fall.

DAVID LAWTON.



"Hold on, Jimmy."—p. 38.

HOLD ON!

BY UNCLE BEN.



IT was a bright spring day, when the evenings began to get long, and the trees were out in their freshest green. The daisies starred the fields, and the country roads were white and dusty. Work was over at the farm, and in the glow of the still light little Jim delighted to wander to the field where father was ploughing, and when the last furrow for the day was turned his great joy was to be mounted up on the big cart-horse and ride home to the farm, as happy as a king, lost to all the world in the enjoyment of being shaken and bumped about as the animal slowly made his way over the clods to the stable for the night. The violent jolting of the steed did not in the least disconcert the young rider; in fact, it only seemed to give zest to the exercise.

"Varder, do make old 'Reuben' go faster," was the chief refrain from the young horseman.

"Varder, do let me have the big vip," the small voice exclaimed.

"No," said the father; "you would fall off, Jimmy, for you couldn't hold on if you had the whip."

"Oh yes I could, for I could hold on with one hand and vip with the other," said the child.

"You ain't safe on that 'igh 'os unless you hold on with both hands," rejoined the father.

They soon came out of the ploughed field into a grass meadow, with a path beside a copse, which led to the cart track that went at the back of the farm. In this meadow there was a steep decline, which was generally known as "the dip." When the travellers came to this little down-and-up-hill the boy shouted—

"Oh, varder, do make old Reuben trot down here."

With that the father touched up old Reuben with the whip, and the heavy horse began to break into a lumbering trot, which so greatly excited the small rider that he shouted and laughed, saying, "Gee up, gee up," as he jostled up and down and slipped from side to side, as his father afterwards said, "like anything."

"Hold on, Jimmy," said his father, encouragingly, just as they came to the bottom; but the next moment he turned round and saw Jimmy had disappeared from off the back of the horse, having slipped on one side, but still clinging to the collar. His father's hand was on him in a moment, and the old horse was stopped as quickly.

"There!" exclaimed the father, as he hoisted the boy back again, "I told you how it would be; you can't ride a 'os, Jimmy, not no how, and you very nearly had a cropper."

"But I didn't, vather," said the child, as soon as he recovered himself, "for I holded on quite tight."

"And so you did, Jimmy, and it's a fine thing when any on us knows how to hold to the right thing at the right time," was the kind response.

The years sped on with Jimmy, and he grew to be a young man, and took a situation in a grocer's shop in a little seaport town on the Southern Coast. The old cart-horse and the ride from the ploughed field had long faded and grown dim in his recollection; but one glorious summer morning, on the August bank holiday, he and some friends were to go for a day's sail and fishing down the Solent; the fishing-smack was all ready, and the passengers were being taken from the little pier to the schooner in a small rowing-boat. All the party had safely arrived on board, excepting one lady, who was late; they were nearly going off without her, when she was seen on the pier. Our hero rowed the small boat to land to meet her, and came alongside the steps, wet and slippery, for the tide was fast running out. Whether it was haste, indecision, or fear, no one could tell, but somehow or other just as she was getting into the boat, missing her foot, she fell into the sea, pulling our hero with her, and overturning the boat.

Those who watched the accident from the schooner say they never shall forget the moments of suspense that followed. Many seconds intervened before they came to the surface, and then the tide had washed them many yards from the pier, and the boat had drifted off a long distance. The young man could swim, and with one hand he seized the helpless sinking figure of the lady, and with the other he struggled to reach the pier. It was a desperate work. He could do it with ease, if he left his heavy burden; but her struggling weight against the tide seemed too much. Yet he held on after almost superhuman efforts, and reached the green, slimy, wooden buttress of the old pier.

He could not regain the steps—he had drifted too far for that; and now to the seaweed-covered piles he was trying to cling; but there was nothing to hold on to. All was hopeless. His strength was gone, and just as he was sinking and being washed away from the post he could not hold, his fingers felt an iron joint—there was something to cling to. It, too, was slippery, and close to the wood; he could hardly set his fingers between the iron clamp and the timber. Voices were calling to him words of cheer and encouragement, saying help was close at hand, but he heard them not; the sucking and wash of the sea round the pile, and the water in his ears, drowned every other sound but one, and that was the voice of his father—who had died some years before—come back to him with all the pathos of childhood and the dear memories of the past, and he heard again the old, forgotten words, "Hold on, Jimmy." And he did. New strength seemed to come for one more effort, and although the drowning woman had ceased to struggle, the dead weight of her fainting form well-nigh wrenched his fingers from their feeble hold. But he *held on* bravely, not only for his own life, but for her whose life he saved. And then came a boat, and the rescue of the two was complete.

The whole circumstance did not take many minutes, though to the spectators every minute seemed an hour. Many who saw the accident were helpless to do anything; but the instant almost the occurrence took place some on shore jumped into a boat, and rowed with all haste to the drowning pair. It rather spoilt the holiday, but it was a grand day, and memorable in the history of the saved.

I don't know if the hero of our story was a teetotaler or not, but this I do know, that it is a grand thing to learn early to *hold on* in life; and then by-and-by we will be able to help and save others. "Hold fast that which is good," and we know the pledge that keeps us from strong drink is good. Therefore, "hold on" to it fast; keep firmly to it, and then, through all the up and downhills of life, you will be safe. And if ever the strain of temptation seems to be too great to bear, never leave go what is good—only relinquish those things which are bad. Lay hold, with firm grip, of those helps which shall keep us in the days of our childhood, and enable us in the streng h of manhood to do heroic service for others.

A HIBERNIAN, when asked if he had a pleasant time at a picnic, replied: "I'll not desave ye, sor; it was a dull time; sorra a black eye on the ground till afther three o'clock."

WORDS OF CHEER.

TEMPERANCE workers! toil away!
The field is wide and short the day:
Plough and dig and scatter the seed,
Stooping to pluck each noxious weed.
Your tireless toil the Master sees,
And fans you with a balmy breeze;
He'll give you strength to labour on,
And cheer with gracious words, "Well done!"
Who work for God can never fail:
Angels their "harvest home" shall hail;
The precious seed they sow in tears,
A golden sheaf of joy appears.

Temperance warriors, fight away
Until ye win the well-fought day.
Before you all your foes shall flee,
And leave you crowned with victory!
The cause you strive for is divine,
Truth, mercy, goodness, from it shine:
It seeks, like God's abounding grace,
To raise and bless a fallen race!
Then let us earnestly contend,
And 'gainst all foes this cause defend:
Our Captain leads us thro' the fray,
And by His help we'll win the day.

Temperance voters! firmly stand,
In one united, earnest band;
Wield your vast electoral might
To aid the cause of truth and right,
Nor care for class nor party ties,
Nor selfish ease, nor specious lies,—
Nor aught your courage e'er restrain,
For Faith and Truth the victory gain!

Workers, warriors, voters all,
Now listen to the Master's call:
"Press forward! for the prize is sure
To all who to the end endure."
Make this the year of jubilee,
Fruitful of work from sea to sea!
So shall the cause triumphant stand,
And scatter blessings thro' the land.

T. H. B.

VIOLETS.

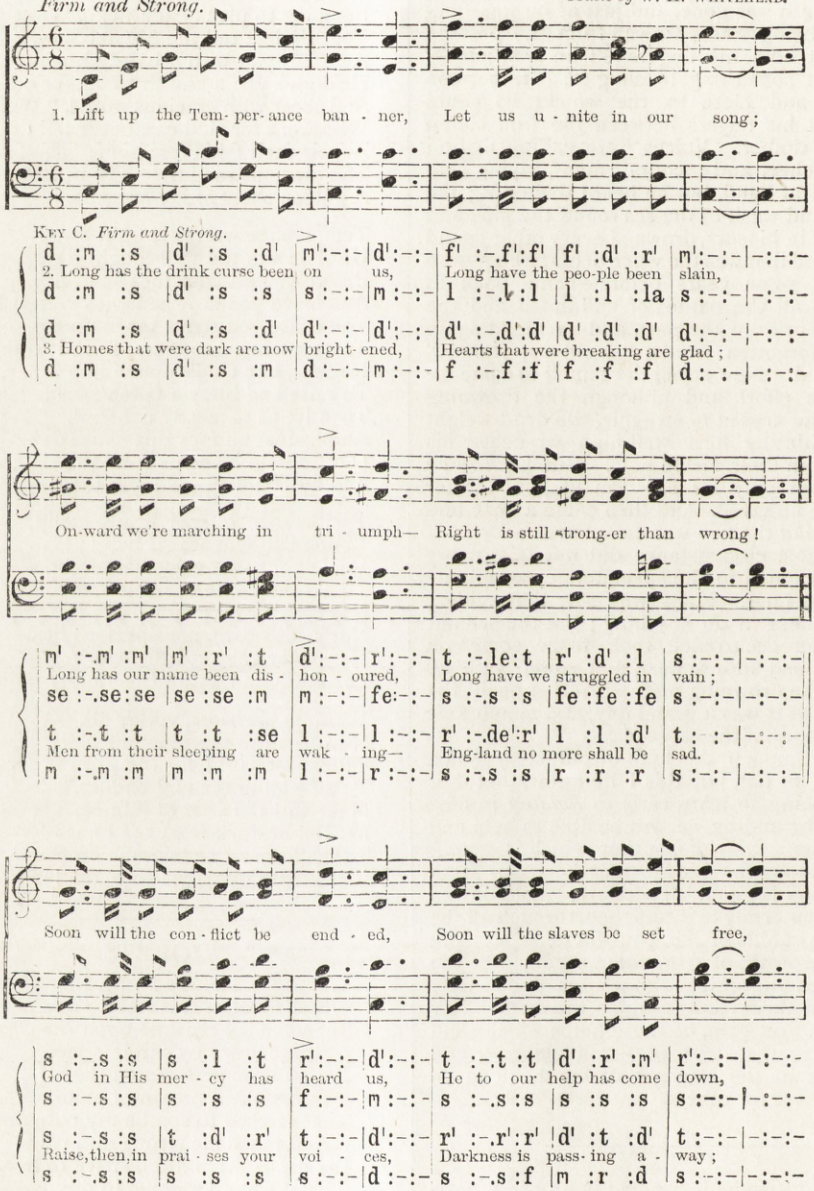
WITHIN a sheltered vale I found
Some violets fresh and sweet,
But some lay crushed upon the ground,
Borne down by careless feet.
But still the perfume on the air
Came like a breath of balm,
That seemed to soothe my pain and care
And make me strong and calm.
Let us, dear children, strive to live,
That when we come to die,
We still may some sweet perfume give,
To guide men to the sky.

W. A. EATON.

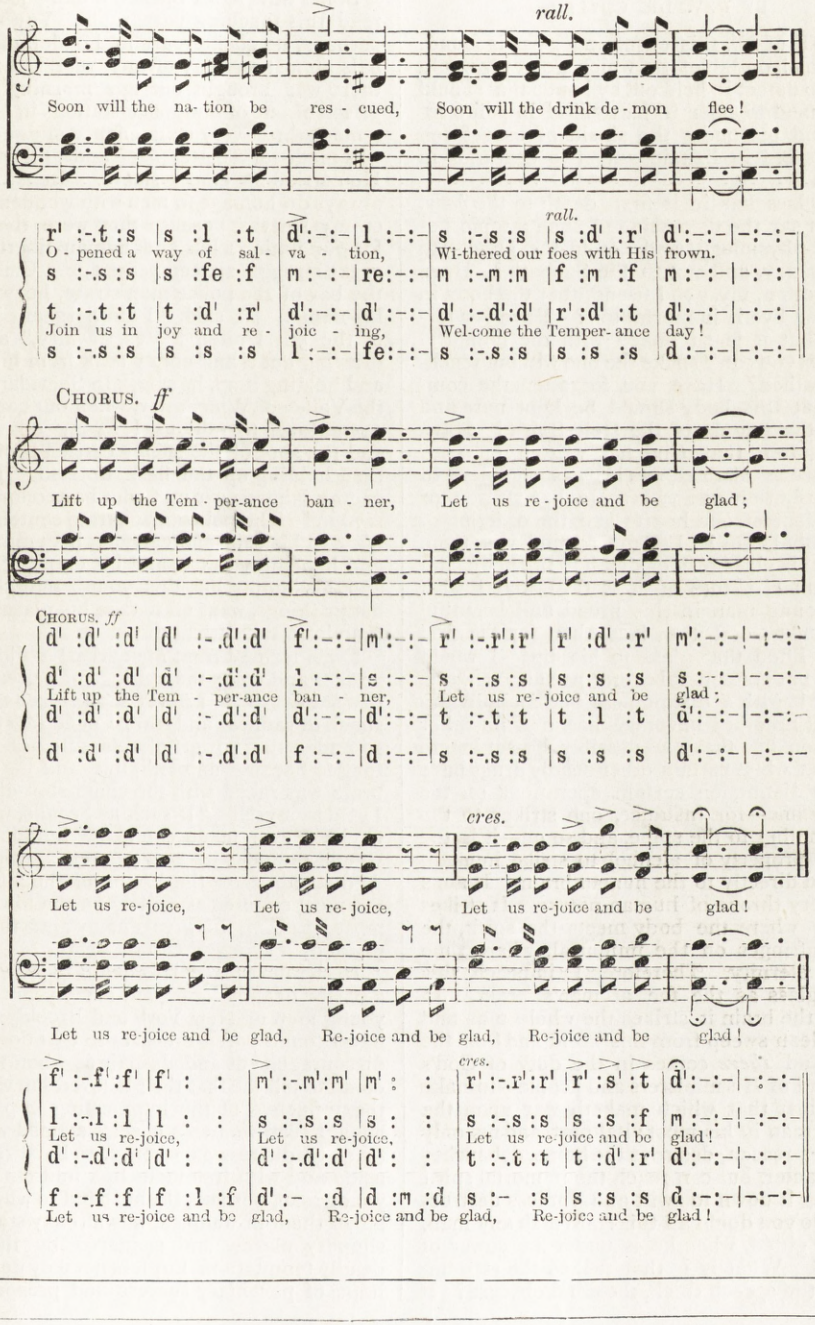
LIFT UP THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Words by REV. CHARLES GARRETT. *Music by* W. H. WHITEHEAD.

Firm and Strong.



LIFT UP THE TEMPERANCE BANNER—*continued.*



DEATH IN THE GLASS.

BY REV. DR. CUYLER.

FIRST of all, this ensnaring glass is found, alas! on tables on which we never would expect to detect it, held out by hands that should be ashamed to offer it, patronised in polite society, and put under the shield of usages ten centuries old in Britain and two centuries in America.

This glass has in it first, death to the *body*. Will you say the discussion of such a topic belongs to physiology, and not to the pulpit—to the week-day, and not to the Sabbath? Have you forgotten, my good friend, that the body in which you live is immortal too? Have you forgotten that it is so linked with the immortal spirit that you can't strike the one without reaching the other? Have you forgotten the command that this body should be kept pure and holy as the temple of the Holy Spirit? Have you forgotten that God has written on your mind laws as distinct, as clear, as complete in their retribution as any law He has written for the conduct of our hearts and the ordering of our spiritual lives? Let me remind you, then, that in this glass resides death to the body, and the peculiar nature of it is this—and I wish every young man in this broad and beautiful realm understood the fact when for the first time he lifted that glass to his lips—I would that he understood this one peculiar feature, marking it with a distinctness and an individuality that no other beverage has, and no other temptation has that can possibly be set before him; that while certain other deadly drugs have for their distinction certain operations on the human frame—for instance, one strikes to the heart, another to the spine, and so on—it is the peculiar property of alcohol to strike immediately and directly to the human brain. It aims at the very throne of human nature. It strikes the man where the body meets the spirit, the mortal infringes on the immortal, where time touches eternity. Therefore I impeach this deadly glass as the foe of man's brain. In striking the brain it strikes the whole man and makes clean sweep from this world and from the next. And *there* comes in the duty of God's pulpit and of His ministers and people—to make war against that which maketh war upon the brain of man in his most vital part, and not only dethrones reason, destroys the home, debauches the character, but can reach the immortal spirit and bring it down to swift and endless destruction. Do you doubt all this? Watch any man, however gifted, when he is under the power of the spell. What is it that makes the step uncertain, the speech thick, the mind obscure? It is because the deadly shot of alcohol has struck the brain, and it is no respecter of persons.

Some time ago I opened a daily journal and read this touching paragraph. You may find perhaps, its counterpart in London daily journals almost any day of any year. I read how there was brought out one morning from the prison of one of our police-stations in New York a man whose very countenance showed that he was made for a better place and a higher calling. He carried an empty sleeve. In America we always do homage to men with wooden legs and empty sleeves, because they were the martyrs for our nation's life and human liberty in our great struggle sixteen years ago. Called up to the bar of the police magistrate, he was asked his name. He said, "I am Sergeant Maxwell, of the 5th United States Cavalry," and then drawing out a half-empty flask from his pocket, and holding it up, he said, "In Sheridan's raid in the Valley of Winchester, when our commander came down to rally us I swung out that arm and the shot of the enemy carried it off." And then holding up the flask, he said, "The only enemy I have ever met who has conquered me is *that*." The police magistrate sentenced him back to his cell, and carrying his empty sleeve, and his empty purse, and his empty character, and his empty life, this young man, born for better things, went off to take his place amongst the victims of strong drink.

I was trained from my earliest childhood to ponder and study the writings of a great American statesman. I never shall forget with what shock of sadness and tears I once saw that man so under the power of this sorcerer that the tongue became unintelligible, and his imperial brain was raked with the chain-shot of alcohol. I said to myself—"If such as he falls, what man God has ever made can claim immunity if he should tamper with this most ensnaring glass?" And so, alike on the brains of the loftiest and the most cultured as well as on the lowliest and most ignorant, this great enemy aims the stiletto pistol of a sure and certain death.

In the next place, it is death to *all hope*. As a pastor dealing for a good many years with the young men of New York and Brooklyn, I have never found parents' hearts so cast down under discouragement and despair as when they have come to tell me that their beloved son was under the influence of the intoxicating cup. Never have I seen women's cheeks stained with such tears of distress as when they have taken me aside and with tremulous lips told me that the young man, perhaps the husband to whom I had allied them in wedlock, was already standing in slippery places, and ensnared by this most deadly temptation. For it is not only death to all hope of pecuniary success and prosperity and

social advancement, but very often it is fatal to every hope for Christian character in this life and salvation in the world to come. The difficulty of reform is so prodigious, especially with women, that I always count that if a man is past fifty who is enslaved by the intoxicating cup there is not, humanly speaking, one chance in twenty that he ever should be reformed. The Commander-in-Chief of the American Army once said, "Out of all the officers I have ever seen addicted to intemperance, I never knew but two reformed in all my experience." And while as I learn from some of your most eminent ministers and Christian philanthropists in London there is a growing tendency to tamper with the cup among women, both of high degree as well as humble, let me say that in their case the ratio of reform is so small as to make the fact of slavery to the cup almost certain and inevitable ruin. I do thank God that prayerful effort in the strength of the Lord has sometimes brought back hope when it had fled, and restored even, as it were, from the very brink of the grave.

How well I recall the anguish I felt when once a young wife—one of the noblest of my flock to whom I had united one of our brave and earnest young men—came to tell me that already she had been obliged to turn away from her home because it was so dark and degraded by her husband's drunkenness. He reached the very nadir of degradation, and all that seemed to be left for him were the prayers of a mother gone to glory, and the fidelity of a wife that clung to him though he were a wreck. One day he came to my house and met me on the threshold sober. He asked me to conduct him to a private apartment, and I took him into a room in my house where God has often permitted me to be helpful to tempted young men—the very room, too, in which the constitution was first framed for the National Temperance Organisation of America. He drew out a document which he had written and said to me, "My pastor, you know how far I have wandered, and how deep I have sunk. I have tried, and tried in vain. My last hope is in God, and now I am going to try it." He drew out the pledge having these words, "By the help of Almighty God, I pledge myself never again to touch the intoxicating cup." "Now," I said, "you have gone to the right quarter." He signed his name. We went down on our knees before the Lord and strove with Him. He rose, handed me the document, and said, "Keep it. I have another for Kitty. It is her birthday, and that is her birthday present." Said I, "You could not have taken her anything so welcome, even if you could carry her all Vanderbilt's fortune." One month after I heard his voice in prayer, and his wife, the tears of joy rolling down her cheeks, came to me and said, "My pastor, isn't this heaven? We have that at home every night and every morning."

So while we look at the perils let us not lose heart or hope in efforts to save those that are already the victims of this most deadly poison.

I need not tell you that it is death to the *home*. Whose home? Yours?—Perhaps not. On your table may be stood no ensnaring cup to-day. Your hand may never offer in false hospitality this most perilous pot that hath death in it, yet there are other homes around you. Every father and mother has rights, and if perchance you bring this glass to your table and any one of my family are tempted by it, *you invade my home*. I have rights when I entrust my son to your hospitality. My daughter has rights when her husband goes to your home and hospitable table and hearthstone, and how knowest thou but what with honest intent and kindness thou mayest put forth that which may bring sorrow and ruin to another's life? I therefore plant myself on this simple principle, that you and I are our brother's keeper, and if we were in no danger ourselves (which we are) and our children were in no danger, have we the right to tempt the child, the husband, the brother, the son of our neighbour who may come to receive our hospitality?

I never shall forget the emotion with which I heard a cultured lady near me say—"I went the other night to a house which I knew to be a home of luxury and wealth for the first time for many months with my husband, and when the evening's entertainment was over I went to the lady of the house and thanked her. She said, 'Why? 'I thank you for having given me for the first time in a year the privilege of going with my husband to a social entertainment at which the wine-cup and the punch-bowl have been excluded. Again and again at other houses my poor husband has brought disgrace upon himself, and I have gone home broken-hearted with him, but in your house he was safe.'" There was not the sight, sound, or smell of the ensnaring cup. The hostess thanked God that night that unintentionally she had not done a wrong to one of her dearest friends.

Have you such a home? Can you always feel when your guests withdraw—"No weak young man was tempted under my roof; somebody's son was not ensnared to-night at my table with a temptation that might have ruined him; I am free from the blood of all, for I never offered to them that which at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"?

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

LET IT ALONE;

OR, SIX REASONS FOR NOT SMOKING.

AN ANTI-TOBACCO APPEAL.

"A PRESENT for you, Thomas," said my mother, the other day, after opening a letter from her daughter in Wales; "your sister has sent you a new tobacco-pouch."

I took it, and discovered it to be a small-sized pouch of the ordinary kind, but bearing the legend in raised letters, LET IT ALONE.*

I may premise that I have been an abstainer from alcoholic beverages for many years, but had not been able to conquer the vile habit of smoking tobacco.

I purchased an ounce of the *best* bird's-eye (though I doubt whether the superlative of "good" can properly be used in respect of a thing utterly "bad"), wherewith I supplied the new pouch, but not an atom of that tobacco has yet been smoked by me. There it is now, protected from consumption by the prohibitive motto, "LET IT ALONE." My sister's plot for my emancipation from a slavish practice succeeded perfectly.

"Why should I *let it alone?*" was the question I asked myself each time I took out the pouch with the intention of replenishing my pipe, and "lighting up," as it is called. And on six different occasions I found a fresh answer to the question. The seventh time I handled the pouch, I placed it on the mantelpiece, the legend conspicuously displayed—where, I hope, it may prove an effective though silent monitor to my male visitors—and threw away, after destroying them for all practical purposes, my briar-root pipe and fusee-case. The "six" reasons for not smoking which I excogitated are as follows:

1. *Because smoking is expensive.*—A two-penny cigar or half-ounce of tobacco daily amounts, without interest, to £60 17s. 6d. in twenty years, including the leap-days. That is about the time I have smoked, yet, allowing for new pipes, occasional cigars, fusees, etc., I don't think my expenditure can be represented by less than three figures in the pounds, so I will call it £100. Very few smokers spend less, many—especially cigar-smokers—spend a great deal more than this sum, which is exactly £5 per annum. And how much money is wasted on "drinks," to which the narcotic weed acts as a sort of pilot-fish, the accompanying shark being fairly representative of the alcoholic draught. Even as that anomaly, a teetotal smoker, I found that smoking begat thirst, and thirst involved considerable outlay in the non-alcoholic beverages to which I restricted myself. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" (Isaiah lv. 2.) Many a man on the verge of pauperism has smoked away in twenty years what, if invested in a land or building society, might have made him comparatively independent.

2. *Because it is* DANGEROUS.—Soon after I began smoking, I was an outside passenger on an omnibus running between Hythe and Folkestone. I had for companion a young man who, as soon as I proceeded to smoke, took an apple out of his pocket. "This is my amusement," he said, "I don't believe in yours." I smiled, and just then the fiery fusee-end, which I had left in my pipe, dropped upon my brand-new overcoat, and burned a large hole in it. "There's a practical proof," said he, "of the danger of smoking." Since then, my clothes have been several times on fire through combustible vesuvians in my pocket. Other smokers, probably, have had more unfortunate experiences, perhaps of a bedroom, or even house, on fire, through their dropping off to sleep in the act of smoking, or carelessly throwing away a lighted match without proper precaution.

3. *Because it is* UNCLEANLY.—Without endorsing to the full extent the varied counts of King James's "Counterblast," I am persuaded that, whether as regards the person, the clothing, or the habitation of the smoker, the utterance of the leper, "Unclean, unclean," may justly be pronounced upon tobacco-taking in all its forms. The very breath is polluted by this odious practice, and the teeth are discoloured beyond all remedy in the shape of dentifrices. As to the clothing, I am sure if Jacob had been a smoker, Isaac would never have said, when "he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him," "See the smell of my son is as a smell of a field which the LORD hath blessed." (Gen. xxvii. 27.) And in the home, or in any place resorted to by smokers, the aspect of the surroundings is most repellent to a refined mind, to say nothing of the vitiated atmosphere which pervades such localities.

4. *Because it is* UNSOCIAL.—The association of the sexes which is so conducive to social happiness, is impossible *while* men are smoking and most unpleasant immediately afterwards. The provision of smoking-rooms in houses and smoking-carriages in trains implies a separation of men and women in order that the former may indulge a selfish gratification. There is no other habit whatever of which the same thing may be said.

5. *Because it is* EXCLUSIVE.—This word requires a little definition, perhaps. What I mean is that smoking excludes its votaries, not only from the society of the other sex, but from

* These pouches are actually sold in South Wales, and I suppose elsewhere.—ZED.

churches, class-rooms, libraries, lecture-halls, and other places where good can be got for body or mind. Instead, it leads the way to music-halls, tavern parlours, billiard-rooms, and similar places of resort. What a waste and misapplication of GOD'S great gift of Time as a preparation for Eternity does the slavery of this evil habit involve!

6. *Because it is* UNHEALTHFUL.—Tobacco, like alcohol, is a real poison, and though slow, is sure in its evil effects. Its first introduction into the system produces more or less violent



"Her home, dark and degraded by her husband's drunkenness."—p. 43.

vomiting, and is the forcible protest of nature against such an inimical thing. Chewing is the worst form of taking tobacco, next comes snuff-taking, and the least hurtful smoking. It is impossible, however, to take it in either form without injurious consequences. The disposition to work is restrained, the memory impaired, and the brain partially paralysed. The digestion of food is interfered with, because the gastric juice intended to aid it is absorbed, and diverted into unnatural expension. Physical harm is also caused by the mixture of saliva and nicotine necessarily swallowed when the spittoon is not used. "Do thyself no harm" (Acts xvi. 28) should be the self-imposed law of everyone who aims at the perfectibility of his physical, mental, and moral nature.

I sincerely hope that this common-sense appeal will induce some smoker or consumer of tobacco to adopt anti-narcotic principles and

"LET IT ALONE." ZED.

TWO LITTLE BROTHERS.

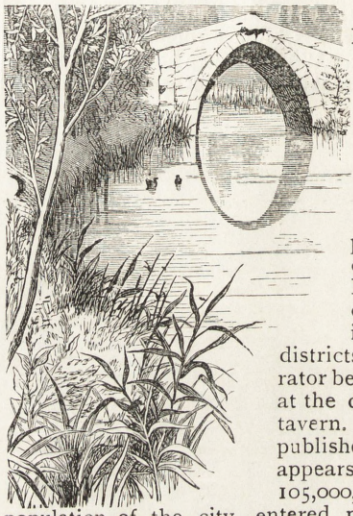
Two little dicky birds
  Were sitting on a tree;
These little birds were singing there
  As sweetly as could be;
When slowly from the ground beneath
  A worm popped forth his head;
But oh, I am so shocked to tell
  What these two birdies said.

"'Tis mine," said one, "I saw it first;"
  The other stamped his claw,
And cried, "Such naughty roguish ways
  I really never saw.
No matter if you saw it first,
  I mean to have my share,
However much you scold and cry,
  You greedy bird; so there."

"You shan't!" "I shall!" Such angry words
  To spiteful blows led on,
But neither noticed how the worm
  Beneath the earth had gone,
Till tired and spent with quarrelling,
  They turned to look again
Upon the tiny crawling thing,
  The cause of so much pain.

Then how they blushed to think that while
  They struggled for a bite,
The tiny worm so quietly
  Had vanished from their sight.
"Forgive me, Dick," said number one;
  "Forgive me, too, dear brother;
Oh, never let us fight again,
  But share with one another."

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.



ON one Saturday in January last the local temperance societies combined to take a public-house census of Bristol. The city was divided into five districts, an enumerator being stationed at the door of each tavern. From the published returns it appears that nearly 105,000, or half the population of the city, entered public-houses during the four hours between seven and eleven o'clock—54,074 men, 36,803 women, and 13,415 children.

This one fact is enough for temperance reformers to claim the attention of the Christian Church. We need seek no other ground as an apology for the platform we occupy than that 13,000 children should be sent to be frequenters of public-houses in any one city or even in the whole kingdom. This is argument enough to justify the need and the importance of Band of Hope work. If children are being trained to become familiar with drink and all the vice connected with it, some kind of education is necessary in order to check the awful harvest that must result from such a seed-time and sowing in youth.

We will say nothing about the 90,000 adults, but without some strong remedy, what is to become of these little ones? How can these little feet be guided aright in the midst of temptations and examples on every hand of reckless extravagance, intemperance, and crime? Are we to stand by and see the children in our midst driven into the ways of sin and shame without an effort to save them? If so, their blood will be required of us; we share in the guilt of their doom. If not, what means do we propose to offer to remove from them the danger, or what safeguard can we surround them with in their peril? There is one reply: total abstinence is the only security, our Band of Hope work the only thoroughgoing preventive to this state of things.

But once more to return to facts. An army of 2,000 volunteers gave their services for this

work, and over 900 houses were watched during the appointed time. The city was divided into fifty districts, and a captain appointed over each. The number of persons entering one popular bar was more than 2,000, and another succeeded in getting about 1,000 customers during the four hours. And it must be borne in mind that this does not include the licensed grocers or refreshment houses and clubs, nor yet the sixty wholesale wine and spirit merchants. Thus the census is only a partial representation of the drink traffic in this city.

Let us see how this drink census compares with the religious census lately taken in Bristol. By the latter it was shown that about 60,000 persons were present at the Sunday evening service, and this is probably a fair average of attendance at church and chapel. The difference between the Sunday evening attendance at God's house, and that of the public-house on Saturday, is the evidence of a terrible state of social evil. A majority in favour of the publicans stands at 40,000.

These figures write for us all a sad word of warning and shame. This is a revelation that comes home to every Christian man and woman. Could this state of things be an actual fact in our midst if the Church of Christ were fully alive to the need and responsibilities of the day? The only remedy lies in our own hand—the great evil must be met by the great remedy. Individual influence and example is the power that can alone master this evil, and none of us are guiltless unless we are by principle and practice striving to our utmost for total abstinence.

MR. SPURGEON ON LIQUOR SELLERS.

"ARE there not to be found in the world men whose very calling is contrary to the spirit of true Godliness? I did know, and may I never know again, such a one—apparently most devout and gracious, who was a deacon of a church, and passed round the communion cup, and yet over the worst drinking-dens in the town where he lived, where the lowest harlots congregated, you would see the man's name, for he was the brewer to whom the houses belonged—houses which had been purposely adapted at his expense for abodes of vice and drunkenness. He took the profits of a filthy traffic, and then served at the Lord's table. God save the man that can pander to the devil, and then bow down before the Most High. Persons are to be found who earn their money by ministering at the altars of Belial, and offer a part of it to the Lord of Hosts. Can they come from the place of revelling to the chamber of communion? Will they bring the wages of sin to the altar of God? He who maketh money over the devil's back is a hypocrite if he lays his cankered coin at the Apostles' feet. 'Thy money perish with thee!'"

BEN ROGERS.

How foolish I've been! said Ben Rogers one day,
The sun has been shining, but I've made no hay;
How many I know have grown wealthy and wise,
And I'm an old cobbler who never will rise.

Shoes new I have made, and I've mended shoes old
For twenty long years, but I've gather'd no gold;
I've swallowed it all, and my bright days are past,
My brains they are surely as dull as my last.

My neighbour, John Brown, had a worse chance than I
When life he began, but he learn'd how to try;
Ah! that is the lesson that I never knew,
Or I might be happy and rich as a Jew.

I want a strong will, my good neighbour did say,
And honest endeavour will soon find a way;
But when I get near to the "Rose and the Crown,"
I seem to forget the good words of John Brown.

Oh, would I were young again, then would I try,
With men of high merit and means would I vie,
I'd covet true wisdom while working for pelf,
I'd mend my old shoes, and I'd mend my own self.

Old drunkards are like an old tree crooked grown,
'Tis hard to reform their false manners and tone,
Yet is there not hope for a man while there's life,
If he like a hero will enter the strife?

I'll enter the strife, for why should I despair?
To die an old drunkard I never can bear;
I'll pray and I'll strive till the struggle is past—
Ben Rogers may turn out a hero at last.

W. HOYLE.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THERE is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position and makes the best of it.

GOOD breeding is the art of showing men by external signs the internal regard which we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

SOME happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of the ladder must be made of stuff to stand the wear and tear, and there is no substitute for thorough-going ardent and sincere earnestness.

"HOW seldom it is," said a philosophical old lady, "that the 'flower of the family' does anything towards providing the family bread."

A DOCTOR and a military officer became enamoured of the same young lady. She said it was hard to choose between them, as they were both such killing fellows.

AN old bachelor explained the bravery of the Turks in the last Russo-Turkish war by saying that a man having more than one wife was willing to face death at any moment.

BEAR patiently with invalids. Their lives are sad enough through their sorrow and incompleteness. Smooth gently their fevered pillows and whisper some word of comfort to their tired hearts. It cannot always last. By-and-by there will come a change. The querulous tones and pale faces will give place to cheerful words and the rose-hue of health; or possibly the grave will have hidden them from your sight for ever.

"WHY," said a physician to his intemperate neighbour. "don't you take a regular quantity every day? Set a regular stake that you will go so far and no further." "I do," replied the other, "but I set it down so far off that I get drunk before I reach it."

A DRUNKEN man, at a Yankee temperance meeting, interrupted the speaker by exclaiming, "I say, mister, does a gin-sling do a fellow any harm?" "Not if a man slings the gin far enough; but when the gin slings him ever so little, then it does harm."

WE know a man so cross-eyed that he put his hand into another man's pocket and abducted therefrom a watch. He wanted to learn the time. The judge told him it would be three years.

A TRAIN had just rolled into the station, and little Charley stood listening a moment to the sound of the escaping steam. Then turning to his father, he said, "Pa, the engine's all out of breath, ain't it?"

ESTEEM.—All of us have at times felt the spur to good conduct that is given by the consciousness that others think well of us and expect good things of us. It arouses all the energy of the nature to retain such esteem and to prove that it was not unmerited. All good and all evil may be largely strengthened and developed by being drawn into notice, and may likewise be weakened and crushed by being ignored or dropped out of sight. In honestly making the best of things and of people we not only increase the happiness of the world, but also strengthen and enhance the good that is in it.

HAVE you heard this before? A child asked: "Mother, what is an angel?" "An angel? Well, an angel is a child that flies." "But, mother, why does papa always call my governess an angel?" "Well," explained the mother, after a moment's pause, "she is going to fly immediately."

"THAT'S what I call a finished sermon," said a lady to her husband, as they wended their way from church. "Yes," was the reply; "but, do you know, I thought it never would be."

I CLASPED her tiny hand in mine; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me, and with her little lips said she, "An umbrella will do as well."

OH, she was a jewel of a wife; she always struck me with the soft end of the mop.

"TO be continued in our necks," said the toper, as he listened to the liquor gurgle from the bottle.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Wines, Scriptural and Ecclesiastical." By Norman Kerr, M.D. Published by the National Temperance Publication Depôt. The question is viewed from no narrow sectarian or even clerical point of view, but from a broad scientific basis which carries an unbiassed authority with it. The book is a fund of learned information made simple and useful for all readers. The capital Index at the end is not the least valuable part of this valuable work.

From the same publishers we have received two little story books, entitled "Motherless Alice," by Helen Crickmaur, and "Saved in the Wreck," by J. E. Chadwick, making in all ten Temperance Tales, which might well be read at Band of Hope children's meetings in case the speaker should fail.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The British Temperance Advocate—The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—The Rechabite—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Social Reformer—The Western Herald—The Temperance Record—The Dietetic Reformer.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—A SKIPPER'S HOME.

IN the quaint old Norman port, Dieppe, and in a *logement*, or series of rooms, in a venerable house facing the harbour, lived Ebenezer Raymond, skipper of the coasting vessel *The Two Friends*. Circumstances, rather than inclination, had induced this man, who was an Englishman in habits and tastes and prejudices, to settle in France. He had married a French girl, attracted by the lively gaiety of her manner, and the spotless cleanliness of her person and attire, and had been for a few years following his marriage, the mate of *The Two Friends*, which then sailed under the French name of *Les Deux Amis*, whose captain and owner was the father of Marie. On the death of the old man, the ship had come into the possession of Ebenezer Raymond, for Marie was an only child, and the steady mate, her husband, had been a great favourite with the French captain.

Prosperity had not had so good an effect upon the new skipper of the little vessel as might have been expected. He grew proud of his position, and swaggered considerably, and what was even worse, he seemed to imagine that he could afford to tarry longer in the wine-shops of Dieppe, and to purchase many more bottles of spirit for home consumption. He was not the man to drink without company, however, being of a social, boastful disposition, who enjoyed yarning with his companions; and Marie was pained, as any good wife must have been, to find that he brought in with him idle English stragglers from the quays, or Frenchmen, or Americans, with whom to share his spirit and his stories. She was very patient in word, but she keenly resented in her heart this desecration of her neat home, and now and then she expostulated firmly on the matter. Ebenezer was never rough to her, but he treated her annoyance as the whims of a woman; while as the ship was not her property now, but his, she had not so much power over him to control his ways as formerly, when it was uncertain how the old French captain might leave his possessions.

Ebenezer and Marie had, however, one fair bond of union in their love, to which they very sweetly and tenderly agreed. This was little Honoré Raymond, their only child, now just seven years old. Love had encircled this dear little girl like a golden atmosphere ever since her birth. The old grandfather's heart had been set on her. Never did the captain of the *Les Deux Amis* return from a voyage after Honoré came to gladden their home, without bringing something to enrich the little maiden. "Grandpapa's presents," many of which were really very valuable, were stored away by the careful mother in a large cupboard, whose shelves were all of them devoted in one way or another to the little child.

But one of these gifts hung in the window, and was the child's constant amusement. It was a gaily-hued parrot in a magnificent gilded cage, and looked altogether like a bright patch of tropical colouring in the tasteful French home. "Polly," as Ebenezer Raymond taught his little daughter to call the bird, spoke a very mixed tongue indeed, and the skipper and his companions in the intervals of telling their yarns, smoking their pipes, and drinking their spirits, would often amuse themselves with teaching the bird sentences in English or French.

Honoré's speech was almost as polyglot as the parrot's, and it made the French visitors laugh to hear her conversing with her father quite readily in English, while she would then turn to speak to them or to her mother with quite as easy fluency in their own tongue. Ebenezer Raymond was very proud of this proficiency in his child. He had managed the rather delicate and difficult business of wooing and winning Marie without much knowledge either on her part or his of each other's language, and had often been obliged to call in the help of signs and gestures to his aid. It was a comfort to him that if an English lad should some day want Honoré, and English he had fully determined her husband must be, the child would be well able to make out his meaning.

One evening he invited home with him three Englishmen, the captain and two of the officers of a ship that had foundered in mid-ocean, to whom he was anxious to show hospitality. They had been brought to Dieppe by the French ship that had rescued them, and were about to make their way home to Newhaven by the English steamer. Marie's kind heart was touched by the account of their dangerous and hazardous escape, and she received them no less kindly than her husband had done. These were not the sort of men of whom she so justly disapproved. She and Honoré, who sat perched on her father's knee or nestled her little curly head on his bosom, listened with breathless attention as they told of the awful storm, the frightful force of the wind, and the danger in which they had lain hour after hour, hopeless of succour. It was while they lay to, "with eternity staring them full in the face," as the captain phrased it, that one poor fellow was killed by being thrown amongst the wreckage of the boats and falling deck-houses, which the wind swept away as if they had been made of chips. And a few hours later, the ship still in

ONWARD, APRIL, 1882. *All Rights Reserved.*]

its awfully perilous position, the captain had himself lashed to the mainmast, whilst he read the burial service over their poor comrade, whom they were thus compelled to commit to the raging billows.

Marie cried as she listened. What if some day her skipper should encounter such a gale? what if, instead of being lashed to the mainmast, to read the burial-service over the corpse of another, he should be instead the corpse committed to the restless, angry, seething waves? Such thoughts would sometimes force themselves into the mind of the loving wife. Little Honoré beholding her mother's tears, left her father's knee to comfort her. The soft caresses of those dear little hands, the sweet kisses of those ruby lips could never be unwelcome. Marie caught the child in a passionate embrace, and wept more freely for a few moments over her, tears that eased her heart of its load, and made her feel nearer to the God who takes care of shipwrecked mariners amongst awful storms, as of His little ones in the warm shelter of their homes.

Then she gently set Honoré down, and herself rose to bring the coffee and fill the cups around the table. Ebenezer Raymond lifted Honoré to her old place, drank with her from the same cup, and gravely looking at her, and softly stroking her glossy raven ringlets, he spoke of a scene that was often present to his mind, and a peril from which he had himself escaped half a score of years ago.

"What you have just told, mates," said he, "has made me feel as if I were once again with my old chum, Ned Hatherly, full ten long years ago; before ever I had seen you, Marie, or dreamt of having a French wife and a little daughter like Honoré here."

Marie had heard the story more than once before, yet it had not lost its interest for her. Honoré, who listened to such tales as though they had a special fascination for her, prepared herself to listen; the strangers raised their minute glasses of spirits to their lips to fortify themselves, perchance, against fresh horrors, and the skipper began:

"Ned Hatherly was the best man that ever breathed, and if ever I come across him or his, kith or kin, wife or child, son or daughter, may I be rewarded as I deserve to be, if I fail to show them kindness as he showed kindness unto me." Here he raised his glass of brandy to his lips, and swallowing the contents said, as he put it down again, "I drink to my vow." A moment or two of silence succeeded, and then he said—"Ned Hatherly and I were apprentices together on board the same trawler, sailing out of Plymouth Sound, and there wasn't a good turn he could do me as a youngster that he failed to do. As to that, he was kindness itself to everybody, and never grudged another an advantage. We all loved him as if he had been a brother; nothing was right to us if Ned wasn't in it, and nothing was wrong if he was. He was one of those fellows who draw people close up to them, as if they couldn't get near enough—a man to anchor close to, and never want to shift your moorings."

"What was he like, my father?" asked littie Honoré; "what sort of a face had he?"

"A bright, sweet, pretty sort of face, with a lot of fun and mischief in his eyes. Never did a young fellow enjoy a lark better than he did, but then it must be the right sort—he was very particular. We often wanted to make game of people that he wouldn't make game of; and he never would do any mischief to the old or poor. Some things he carried a good bit too far: he would never drink, not even an honest glass of beer."

"Bad boys, bad boys!"

The sailors started at the unexpected interruption, but the Raymonds burst out laughing. Honoré exclaimed, "Polly, Polly, naughty Polly!"

"Oh! 'tis Polly, is it?" said one of the guests. "I'm afraid Polly doesn't know right from wrong if she calls it bad not to drink. Or perhaps she means we are bad boys for drinking."

"You are not teetotal, are you mates?" asked Ebenezer Raymond of his companions.

"I suppose you are laughing at us, seeing what we have taken in this hospitable home," said the captain.

"I thought maybe you took it now for medicine," he returned: "many folks drink a little for medicine, and call themselves teetotal all the while."

"That's not my sort," said the captain; "I haven't the pluck to be teetotal, but if I had, I'd be the whole thing out and out, that I would: none of your shilly-shallying for me. But let's hear of this teetotal friend of yours, Ned Hatherly, and how he got along in the world without it."

"I said," continued the skipper, "that Ned and I were fellow-apprentices, and after that we went to sea together, and saw a good bit of the world: first we were on board a trader between Newfoundland and the Mediterranean, and we had some queer sort of weather and many a storm. Not only did we rough it on the Atlantic, but we had some awful tossings in sudden squalls on the Mediterranean, and as you've been there you'll understand all about that. But it was on the last voyage we ever sailed together that the worst storm of all happened, and then we were in a leaky vessel

that gave us hardly a chance of life ; I thought I had seen big waves before then and heard the winds roar, but the billows rolled mountains high around, and every new one that swept over us we thought would be our grave. It was awful ; I can never think about it without feeling as if my breath were going and I was preparing for the next plunge. God help all poor mariners exposed to such a storm as that ! "

"Amen," said both the sailors, with thoughts of their own perils in their hearts.

"There was the enemy aboard as well as the treacherous tempest outside."

"The water coming in, eh, skipper?" asked one of the guests.

"No, I didn't mean that. We had a cargo of rum from the West Indies, and the captain was a regular old soaker, one of the hard sort, and he knew of nothing better—or thought there could be nothing better—than to drown the anxieties of the men in drink. 'Drink and die happy,' said he to the poor fellows, and they opened a cask and obeyed the first part of his orders, at any rate. I shan't soon forget how Ned Hatherly looked when this order was given. 'There's our last chance gone, Eben.,' said he; 'we're dead men, unless a miracle happens.' But I for one did not expect a miracle, and I told Ned we might as well do as the captain said. 'Never,' says he, as plucky as possible ; 'I'll keep my senses to the last,' says he ; 'I'll not sell my life so cheap as that. And you, Eben., you won't be a fool either.' But I wasn't teetotal, and I told him a glass would keep me warm, and put me in spirits. 'I've no faith in its doing anything but harm,' says he, and he looked at me solemnly, and I knew what he was thinking about as well as if he had spoken. For Ned had got married before this, and his home was cursed with a drunken wife. For all that, though he had no comfort, he would try to live, as I knew well, for the sake of his little son, a baby boy two or three years old then, of whom he was never tired of telling me. Years before this, when we were going on our first voyage together, we had been in a storm, and it had frightened us well, for we weren't hardened to it then, and we took two sixpences from our pockets, each of us one—a crooked one that we carried for luck, and carved each other's initials on them, and I gave mine with E. R. to him, and he gave his with E. H. to me, and we each vowed on the sixpence to be brothers and to treat all belonging to us as if we were. Ned reminded me of that when the rum was going round, and, says he, 'If you are saved, Eben., and I am lost, don't forget my boy. Sometimes the thought of that weighs a bit heavy, for I haven't fulfilled my vow. 'Tis true I don't know that Ned was lost, but I never heard of him again. But I'm going on too fast. The drink made many of the men right down mad, and there was a fight on board that leaking, sinking vessel. As if the storm didn't fight against us badly enough, we must make another combat on deck. Suddenly, in the midst of the horrid tumult, this loud, noisy interchange of blows and shouts and groans, with the sea-water breaking over us, and the winds roaring like mad creatures around us, there came an awful pause, for Ned Hatherly shouted, and his voice came above the waters and the hurricane—'Mates, we are going down! going down!' The poor drunken sailors stood like men paralysed. 'Mates,' he shouted a second time, 'save yourselves—the ship is settling—to the boat—to the life-belts—poor fellows, you are not fit to die!'

"What compassion was in those tones ! There was only one boat that the fury of the storm had left to us ; there was a scramble now to lower her and then to get into her. She was filled too full for safety, directly she was lowered. Ned calmly took a life-belt and put it around the stupefied captain, saying as he did so, 'That's all we can do for you, sir.' And now there was only one life-belt left; the others had been seized by the sailors, and one or two had been swept overboard. 'You take it, Ned,' I said ; 'I'll get on somehow.' The generous fellow did not hesitate a moment; he slipped it over me. 'God knows, Eben, you are dearer to me than life.' The voice of the skipper trembled as he spoke ; for a few moments he could not utter a word, then he continued.

"There was a gurgling sound, the ship was fast going down. I saw, as in a dream, the form of Ned Hatherly clinging to a spar, and then I remembered nothing more for I don't know how long ; I must have fainted, I suppose. When I came to myself, it was to find that I was floating on mid-ocean. The wind and storm had somewhat abated, though I was tossed about hither and thither for a long while by the violence of the waves. I was so numbed at last by exposure that I seemed to lose the power to think, and only knew in a sort of half-awake, half-asleep way that I was shipwrecked and drifting. I could not measure time being in this half-unconscious state, but it was many hours before I was picked-up by a passing vessel and taken to America. From America I got a berth on board a ship trading between New York and Dieppe, and here you see I found a wife, a ship, and a home, and I have never been in old England since."

"And a little girl," said Honoré, not at all approving of the neglect of her father to mention so important a finding. Ebenezer Ray-

mond pressed her close to his heart and kissed her many times.

"Aye, and my little Honoré," he said, "you don't wonder that I lost all inclination to wander far. But yet I don't feel to have done my duty by Ned Hatherly; the sixpence reproaches me yet."

He drew out from his pocket a much-worn, very thin, and very crooked sixpence, and handed it round. All inspected it attentively. As Marie held it in her hand, she wondered how she had not seen before that it was her husband's plain duty to make inquiries as to its former owner.

The rescued captain, who was the guest of the Raymonds, took it a second time in his great hand, and laid the small shining coin on his hard, brown palm, gazing at it fixedly. Perhaps he was thinking of the brave fellow its owner, and the noble example he set to seafaring men in respect to sobriety, godliness, and generosity.

It is certain that the brandy was not again used by either of the men that evening. One more turn of the sixpence on the palm of the captain, then he said, "If we can make some return for your great kindness, Captain Raymond, by seeking out your friend when we reach old England, we should be well-pleased to do it."

"Nothing could please me better," said he heartily; "but you'll maybe not get to Plymouth. Ned, the last time he told me about his home, lived in rooms in a tidy house in North Road, but I forget the number, and I doubt whether his wife has let him keep a decent roof over him by now. I doubt still more whether he ever reached his home again; I don't know how he was to live without a life-belt, and in such a sea."

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

BY UNCLE BEN.

CLAUD and Ethel Delain lived in a very fine old-fashioned house, with great, wide, oaken staircases, and many rooms with high panels, some of which were grandly furnished. Their father and mother were gay people, and went out very much into what they called "society." Mr. Delain was the squire of the parish, hunted with the foxhounds in a red coat, and visited all the county families. Mrs. Delain left her children very much to the care of a French nurse and English governess; she was delicate and often went away for a long time. For part of the winter she would go to the south of France or North Italy, and not see the little boy and girl for a month or two; even when she was at home at Dowton Hall she would often not see the children all day until they came down to dessert in the evening after dinner; for neither of them were thought to be old enough to have any meals with their parents. They had wealth and luxury far beyond most of the people who lived around them, and yet neither husband nor wife was happy or contented.

The squire was a county magistrate, and would sit on the bench at the neighbouring market town and would condemn poor men for being drunk and disorderly, while he would go out the same evening to a dinner party and come home much the worse for too many glasses of champagne, swear at his footman, and say all sorts of cruel and wicked things to his wife. One great desire of the mother's life was to keep the evil example of her gay and fast husband from the children.

The parents often quarrelled about money matters; the wife having brought a good fortune lived almost wholly for style and fashionable life, but was not inclined to have it wasted on horses and wine, and her husband called her mean. He lived for pleasure, and was reckless and extravagant. As the years passed on things did not mend, the children were almost strangers to the influence of mother's tenderness and father's care; they were consequently thrown much together, and all the best affection of their young lives were concentrated on one another. They were never happy out of each other's sight; they learned together and played together; she at the games he liked best, he at the games she loved; they shared each other's joys and sorrows. And so unconsciously they were most unselfish, and therefore very happy. For nothing brings such true pleasure in life as living for others; when we lose ourselves in pleasing some one else, then that life is one of pure delight, whether we live in a cottage or a palace. Love will make the wilderness a paradise where there are two souls to be the loving and the loved. The children really set their father and mother a good example, but, of course, they did not know it, for the parents thought little about the kingdom which we can only enter as little children, with the child-heart and the child-trust.

Like many other boys and girls, Claud and Ethel were very fond of dressing up. And though Claud liked least of all playing with dolls, yet he would never mind if he could only sustain the character of a full-grown man. Once it was a wet day and all out-door enjoyment was rendered impossible; so when lessons were over, it was resolved they should play at dolly being taken ill. Ethel, of course, was to be the



"He came back with a bottle of physic."—p. 54.

distressed mamma, and Claud the clever and attentive doctor. As soon as the outline of the play was settled on, away Claud ran and borrowed from the footman his grand livery coat and an old hat, which, if put upon his head, extinguished it and rested on his shoulders.

He paid a preliminary visit immediately he could to find out the nature of the disease. After feeling the pulse and asking a good many questions, the young doctor pronounced the malady to be measles.

"Oh, it can't be measles," said the little mamma; "because there are always spots with measles. Do let it be some inside complaint."

"No," said the physician; "it's really measles, I know, because I am the doctor: the spots ain't come out yet, and if they don't, Georgina will die, for there was a boy who did die because the spots would not come out."

"Oh, no, don't let her die; let her only be a little poorly, and say, 'I don't think there's much the matter; give her a glass of wine, and plenty of nice things to eat; keep her in for a day or two, and she will soon be quite well.'"

"If she is only like that," replied the boy, "it is not worth while to have a doctor. No, she's very ill, indeed, and if the spots don't come out she'll die, and then we'll play at funerals."

"Very well, then; if she is so ill as all that, if you are a good doctor you will cure her," said the kind mamma.

So the medical attendant went away, saying he would return with some medicine; he was not long absent, and came back with a bottle of physic.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad to see you, for dear Georgina's worse."

"What have you been giving her while the doctor's away?"

"Only a teaspoonful of brandy, for you know papa says brandy does him good whatever is the matter with him."

"But the other day I heard Doctor Turner tell mamma it was all rubbish, and he would be another man if he never touched another drop; and when I asked just to have a sip at mamma's glass she said, 'No, for Dr. Turner says everyone is better without it, and it never does any good,' and then ma cried a little, and kissed me, saying, 'Oh! don't touch it, dear boy; it causes more trouble than all else in the world; and you know ma doesn't often seem so kind and so much in earnest."

"Oh!" said Ethel, opening her large brown eyes, and looking quite sorry, "I did not really give Dolly any; I was only pretending."

"Then," rejoined the boy, "it would not matter this time, only when we play at make-believing it's best to play at make-believing right and not make-believing what's wrong. Now I have brought some nice medicine, which will do Georgina good."

"I am sure it does not look nice at all, and she won't like it. I shall have so much trouble to make her take it like a good child."

"She must take it, and if she is naughty and spits it out, she must be severely punished. You must make her take it, or else we shall have to play at funerals."

"I think I shall manage her all right, and I daresay she will be better when you come again."

"Well, good morning. I shall send some powders to be taken in jam before she goes to bed."

And my readers will not be surprised to hear that the medicine or nursing or the frequent visits of the doctor soon cured the afflicted Georgina.

As Claud and Ethel grew older they saw for themselves what sad and cruel work drink does, and how Mr. Turner's words were true. Mr. Delain went from bad to worse. At first his downward career was a slow process, with many checks and some attempts at reform, and then it became in after years more rapid; suddenly he died, and then the family were almost ruined. Mrs. Delain had to some extent anticipated the miserable end, knowing that gambling and drinking had long involved her husband in financial difficulties from which he could never escape.

After his death she and Ethel went on to the Continent to live. But Claud remained in London, where he had just begun the life of a medical student. He was very successful and fond of his profession, and there he learnt to prove for himself the truth of the words of the old family doctor Turner, which, in the days of his boyhood, had first taught him that strong drink does little or no good to any one, much harm to many, and is the cause of danger to all.

HELPS AND HINDRANCES TO BAND OF HOPE WORK.

BY REV. G. M. MURPHY, LONDON.

THERE are at present happily but very few who demur to the Band of Hope idea; and so it will be no part of my purpose to demonstrate the necessity for, or show the importance of, Bands of Hope, these points being almost universally admitted.

As little need I try to prove that we have not yet attained unto perfection either in our methods or machinery; but we are pressing forward toward better things, ever grateful for

the strides already made ; a million of Band of Hope members, and a whole army of officers and conductors have not been raised by sitting down and deploring the evil we condemn, or by simply *wishing* and *hoping* that something should be done, but by much faith, earnest prayer, continuous effort, friendly counsel, and a wise use of printer's ink, as the adjunct of considerable literary skill devoted to our enterprise.

Very much that I may say in my short paper will no doubt be considered as very trite and wofully commonplace ; but homely counsel is not always to be despised with either safety or comfort.

I.

It's a good help to a Band of Hope to have a good start: to be launched with the full sympathy of the ministers, deacons, or officers of the church and Sunday-school ; but it's a great hindrance to have neither help nor sympathy from these friends, and it is still worse after consent to hold meetings and form a Band of Hope is given by them to grudge the consent and grumble at all that is done.

II.

It is a wonderful help when the conductors and committees are in all things fully alive to the importance of our cause, and do not deem it sufficient to nibble at the evil, but with a wise and understanding heart determine to destroy the drink, the drinking customs and the drinking business, at the very earliest opportunity. Temporisers and half-and-half folks are sad drags on most movements, but specially on ours. We are building castles of sand if not thoroughgoing in our teetotalism.

III.

We are aided skilfully when by thoughtful persistence in well doing our Band of Hope work commends itself so heartily to the Church, its members, and even outsiders, that they look favourably on our efforts, and when, by the earnest application of our principles, we can awaken the public conscience to a sense of the wisdom of the work we have in hand. Loose notions about our work, or laxity of purpose in performing it, may make it stink in the nostrils of some whom it would be better than well for us to win ; this is an offence, and woe unto him by whom the offence cometh.

It might help us much to have periodical inspections and examinations of our Bands of Hope by county unions, very much after the fashion of the visits of Her Majesty's Inspector to day schools. The day of inspection might be made a kind of home gala day. If this is done, the superintendents, conductors, or committees, should previously supply the examiner with particulars of the society, list of officers, full statistics of the band, the work done during the year, the chief subjects of address, and on what points their knowledge might be tested ; the reports of such examinations should be filed for reference, and would be found exceedingly valuable.

IV.

As regards children and conductors, it is well to remember that the dear little ones come to us to be instructed and comforted, to be made happier and wiser. Let us have, therefore, as cheerful premises as we can, but if doomed to meet in dull apartments, let us make them as lively and inviting as possible; it isn't always the best workman who has the best tools, but he's a master-man who turns the rudest instruments to the best account.

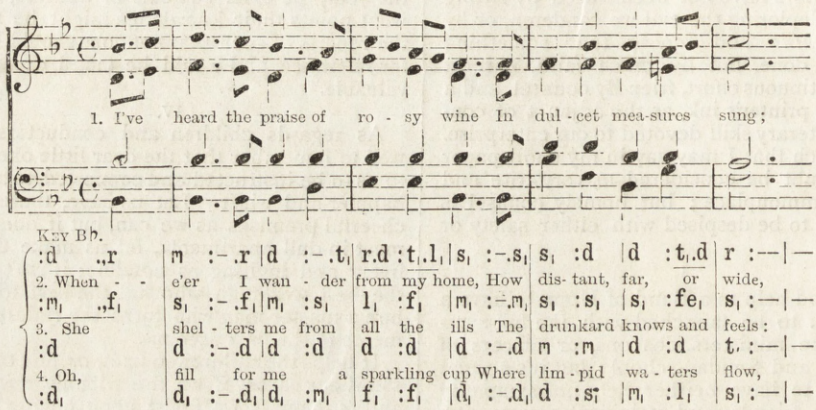
It helps the children to know *us*, and to understand our cause, if we are friendly *with* them and *to* them, if we insist upon having orderly behaviour inside the meeting-place and OUT, if we occasionally fraternise with their parents and are familiar with their homes. Be regular and punctual in all engagements with the members; never let a member leave the Band for a distance or for another Band of Hope without some slight token that they are not lightly let go, or disregarded—a letter, a little book, a kind word in the meeting by way of farewell may be as good seed sown in good ground, bringing forth good fruit. Children are often very wilful and wayward, but they are also extremely susceptible to thoughtful and kindly treatment. Let the children take a fair share of the meeting at all suitable times ; see to it that all are provided with hymns, and so may join in the singing exercises. Don't mix the seniors and juniors together, and avoid addressing youths and maidens as though they were infants, and treat neither young nor old to dull and insipid meetings, or long, dry speeches. Children, like other people, love variety, pictures, music, singing, and such like. It requires *thought* to provide it, but the provision is worth thinking about. If you want to clog the wheels of progress, neglect such like things, and it's done.

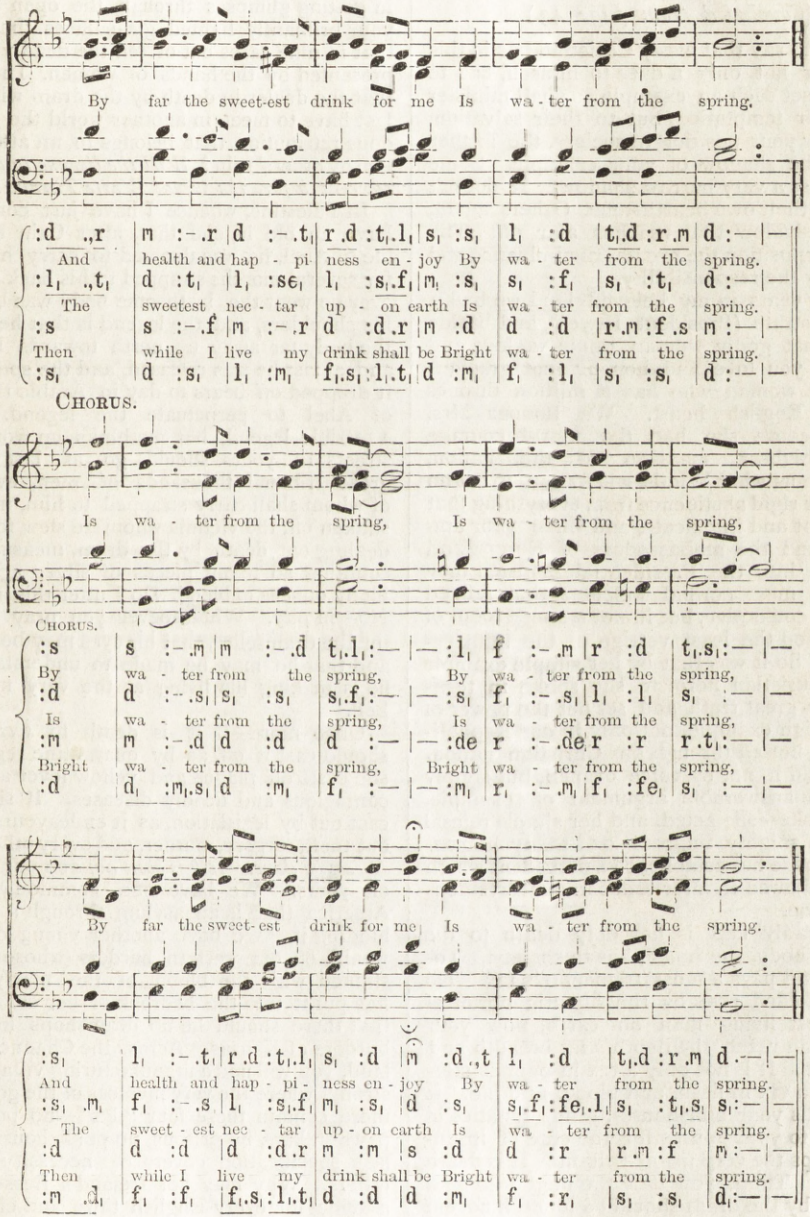
"Evil is wrought from want of thought,
As well as from want of heart."

(To be continued).

Mr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS (*Chambers' Journal*). —"The odious practice of tobacco smoking by the young concerns the national welfare, and is worthy of very general consideration. Every one in his sphere is called on, as a matter of moral obligation, to do what lies in his power to discountenance and abate a practice so needless and reprehensible."

WATER FROM THE SPRING.




By far the sweet-est drink for me Is wa - ter from the spring.
And health and hap - pi - ness en - joy By wa - ter from the spring.
The sweetest nec - tar up - on earth Is wa - ter from the spring.
Then while I live my drink shall be Bright wa - ter from the spring.
CHORUS.
Is wa - ter from the spring, Is wa - ter from the spring,
CHORUS.
By wa - ter from the spring, By wa - ter from the spring,
Is wa - ter from the spring, Is wa - ter from the spring,
Bright wa - ter from the spring, Bright wa - ter from the spring,
By far the sweet-est drink for me Is wa - ter from the spring.
And health and hap - pi - ness en - joy By wa - ter from the spring.
The sweet - est nec - tar up - on earth Is wa - ter from the spring.
Then while I live my drink shall be Bright wa - ter from the spring.

DEATH IN THE GLASS.

BY REV. DR. CUYLER.

(*Concluded from page* 43.)

I GO on to say that every Christian has in this matter not only a duty to himself, but to others, to set such an example as shall minister not to their temptation, but to their salvation. The higher your position in society, the further reaching the shadow of your example. Some persons cast a very narrow shadow. It doesn't go beyond their own hearthstone. Others, again, project a shadow that reaches afar off. The higher the position the greater the influence and the greater the responsibility.

For four years in my beloved land we had a chief magistrate (President Hayes), and beside him was that godly woman whom we love and honour as you love and honour that gracious and noble woman who has a million thrones in every English heart. We honour Mrs. Hayes because she had the moral courage in the highest mansion of the nation, which is to us what Windsor is to you, to set an example of rigid abstinence from everything that could tempt and intoxicate, and when your ambassador and the ambassadors of Europe and Asia came into the Presidential mansion they found the most cordial welcome that refined politeness could give, but in not a single room of that mansion the least vestige of the intoxicating cup. So it was that by her simple example and her Christian heroism she spoke in testimony for a great truth and set out the power of her sovereign example, not only in our Republican Court, but all through our Christian nation. And she did it not by voice or pen, but simply by the unanswerable argument of example. Others spoke—she acted, and her simple refusal has left a mighty impress on many homes, and I trust she has established a precedent which shall be followed in after-times in our Presidential mansion.

This deadly cup is not only death to the brain, the body, the home, but to society. To-day England pays a most tremendous tax. No budget unfolded even by the historic power of the greatest living man on earth, now your Premier, can reach the depth and breadth and extent of it. It is not only a tax in pounds sterling; it is a tax in flesh, and blood, and life. It not only fills your almshouses, sends lunatics in regiments to your houses for the cure of insanity, but saps the very life of Britain. It is death to society. Think you that the men who deal out death by the dram should be found innocent in the last great tribunal? No, verily. If there be any class for whom incessant prayer should be made it is for the dramsellers of this land, when you remember that a large majority of them are not *men* but *women;* for nothing shocks me more in passing through your streets in getting glimpses through the open doors of your brilliantly lighted gin-palaces than to see that in nine cases out of ten the deadly stuff is presented by the hands of women. Think you that the dealer in death by the dram will not at last have to meet in another world the tremendous retribution that belongs to an attempt to live by others' ruin? *Will the license to do it pass current before the Great White Throne?*

In Palestine, whence I have just come, they have an old legend that, after Cain took the life of Abel, he was doomed to carry his body for several months strapped to his back. Wherever he went the loathsome body was bound to his shoulders, and the legend is that he carried the body far away up north towards Hermon, and at last he was released, and the spot where it dropped off bears to-day in Arabic the name of Abel to perpetuate the legend. It is a terrible legend, but methinks up from these streets of yours should go at last to the great tribunal thousands of men, every one of whom shall carry strapped to him, not to be shaken off, the victims whom he slew for pence, dealing out death by the dram, measuring and counting so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood. Do I utter this in wrath? No—in pity. Whomsoever you pray for, pray for the dramseller, that his eyes may be opened, and that he may be made to understand that he is making his living at the very mouth of hell.

Once more—if it is death to *society*, she should cast it off, as by quarantine regulations she casts off plague and yellow fever and other contagious and deadly diseases. It should be cast out by legislation, as it endeavours to cast out theft, forgery, murder, and every other crime. *It can be done. It has been done* on our side and on yours. We have one commonwealth in America that is an asylum through a law forbidding it. We have another young commonwealth on our western borders (whose soil was stained with the blood of the martyrs) that has put it into the bedrock of her constitution, that there should be no dramshops in all the borders of Kansas. Across the Channel, in Ireland, you will find a manufacturing village, 4,000 strong, where the very invoices of the goods sold there contain these four "P's"—no police, no pawnbrokers, no prisons, no publichouses. The last specification covers of necessity all the others. Why may not Ireland's Bessbrook be a model for every English town and city in all your borders? If there be any right in the world *it is the right of society to protect itself;* and if there be any one evil against which *the Church*

of God should carry their religion into the political arena, it should be this question which comes home so closely to the welfare of society, and the immortality of unnumbered souls.

It is death *to the soul*. Can Christians shirk it? Can prayer-meetings ignore it? Can Sabbath-schools fail to meet it at the very threshold of life with their instruction? Can pulpits be silent? I utter here to-night my hearty thanks, not only that so many pulpits of London have, like this one, spoken out fearlessly and faithfully with a voice that is heard afar, but that the venerable Church of England has among her ministers and in her Convocations so many men whose trumpet voices have been lifted so loud that we have heard them across the sea. We are thankful that from the pulpit of Durham Cathedral the foremost scholar of the English Church speaks out for total abstinence. We are thankful that the eloquent voice of the grandson of her great emancipator, Wilberforce, is heard in protest against this sin. We are glad that we have no uncertain sound under the arches of Westminster Abbey, where a Farrar lifts up his voice for God, for truth, and the welfare of England's young men. Thank God that the ancient Church, the old-established Church of the realm, is stirring itself, and beginning to move, though it be with stately step and slow, towards this great goal of social and of religious reform!

What is your duty and mine? First of all, *to set an example of abstinence*. Mr. Moody was questioned before a general assembly as to the best method of resisting the fearful intemperance that desolated the country. There was hushed attention for his answer. With that short, sharp common-sense that is the characteristic of my beloved friend, he gave his answer in one sentence—"Let every Christian minister and man in this assembly put the wine-bottle off his own table." That was an answer not in vague generalities, but with a practical personal application—the only truths that ever do good. Abstract sin never harmed a child; it is the concrete practice of wrong that tempts and kills and damns for ever. So, therefore, he addressed himself to the immediate duty of those before him, and I address myself with every loving-kindness to every one of you to give the power of your personal influence, your individual example. Is that too much? Too much for me to put away that which makes my brother stumble? and, then, if it be to you an enjoyment, put it away for your own sake.

Years ago the superb Sailors' Home in Liverpool, that was the pride of the commercial city, took fire at midnight, and the flames kindling very high attracted thousands to the spot. When the crowd reached it the building was already enveloped in flames, and they said, "Oh! everybody is out, it must burn. Let it go: it can't be saved." But by-and-bye, when even the firemen had abandoned the noble edifice, there appeared on the fourth storey four arms thrust out of the windows and two pale faces behind them. A shriek of horror went through the populace, and they cried, "There are two men left there near the roof; what can be done to save them?" Half-a-dozen gallant bluejackets from one of Her Majesty's ships in the Mersey, said, "Give us a ladder; we will save these men." The foremost of them climbed the ladder amidst the smoke, but only came within ten or twelve feet of the outstretched hands. Again the shriek of horror ran through the crowd, and they cried, "Pass up another ladder." They sent up a short ladder, but it didn't reach by a foot or two. What did the sailor do? He lifted the ladder upon his shoulders, and grasping the casement firmly the two men left the window, climbed over the ladder, over the stout burly man, down to the street, and were received with the huzzas of the rejoicing multitude. What did the man do? Simply this—added his own length to that of the ladder—that is all. Would you save the young man you know to be in danger? *Add the length of your own example* to the length of your ladder. You who work in missions are simply adding your own length to the length of the ladder to save the poor and degraded. Oh! I trust it is not profane or irreverent when I say to you that when poor humanity was to be saved from perdition, the Divine Lord of glory descending to earth by His personal mediation and suffering added His own individual length to the ladder of human hope, of human rescue, of human salvation. Blessed Saviour! if Thou wouldst give Thyself for the tempted and the dying, teach us how to be self-denying for others' sake, that we may save them as stars for Thy crown of glory.

I can bring you no other argument. I might ask you to incorporate this great reform with the work of all your churches, for no church is complete that has not in it some spiritual machinery for the rescue of the drunkard, and the salvation of its young people from this temptation, any more than a church is complete in its machinery that does not recognise foreign missions, or city missions, or homes for the poor, or any other method of practical philanthropy. If you have not that wheel in your machinery, supply it. Put it into your Sabbath-schools. Teach it to your children. Incorporate it in the instruction of your public schools, and let there be an elementary treatise in every school in Britain in which a child shall not only learn God's commandments in

His Word, but God's laws written upon the body against tampering with alcohol. Then, with prayer to God for His blessing, banded together in our churches, and in affiliated organisations for the promotion of this great reform, looking at this question in the light of judgment and of eternity, let us consecrate ourselves afresh to this great work of the hour. *It was the question of the hour*, here, as in my own country, and over the world. There was a time when slavery was the question of the hour, when the Wilberforces and the Lincolns were called to their work, and went up at last to carry their broken fetters before the throne of God. You have from time to time had great questions which have agitated your Parliament and your people. This now is the great question that lies deepest, that spreads widest, that reaches furthest of any one you can agitate in Church or State. As Christians I exhort you to make Christian temperance a part of your everyday religion. Weave it into your prayers. Carry it in your thoughts. Give it the potency of your influence, and your responsible example. The bottle is the deadliest foe to Christianity. A friend of Christ must be an enemy of the bottle. More souls are ruined by it than by any single vice known to the Omniscient. Every professed Christian who gives his example to the drinking usages in England is a partner and a participant in the fearful havoc that the bottle produces. "If any man will come after Me," said the Master, "let him deny himself and follow Me," in the spirit of brotherly love to his fellow-traveller for eternity.

THE LINNET.

THE morning sun peeped through the pane,
  And shone upon a little bed
Where long a poor sick child had lain,
  With weary limbs and aching head,
But no one ever heard the child complain.

His hollow eyes so large and mild,
  Grew more unearthly day by day,
And often to himself he smiled,
  As if his thoughts were far away;
The mother knew that she must lose her child.

She tried to think what he liked best;
  She bought him picture-books and toys;
He whispered, leaning on her breast,
  "I cannot play like other boys;
I am so tired; all I want is rest."

But now a singing bird was caught;
  Last year for one he used to long.
"The linnet will," his mother thought,
  "Delight my darling with its song."
And to his hand the bird she brought.

"And will the linnet be my own,
  My very own, oh, mother dear?"
His eyes with long-lost pleasure shone.
  "The bird's sweet song will help to cheer
The weary hours when I lie here alone."



In vain, with every blandishment,
  They tried to make the linnet sing.
It seemed to say, "In prison pent
  A song from me you will not wring;
Free, I would warble to your heart's content."

A tear stood in the sick boy's eye;
  "The bird will never sing," he said;
"It has been used to liberty;
  I must not keep it by my bed;
It would be cruel. Mother, let it fly."

The mother set the linnet free,
  And watched it on a tree alight;
She turned to let her darling see,
  But he also had taken flight.
The bird again was happy—so was he.

I. JEMMETT BROWNE.

HURRAH FOR THE BILL!

HURRAH for the Local Option Bill!
'Tis the harbinger of pleasure;
Then let us all with earnest will
Speed on the people's measure.

Hurrah for the Bill! the People's Bill!
To purify the nation,
And spread o'er every vale and hill
A glorious reformation.

Hurrah for the Bill! the Poor Man's Bill!
The foe to grief and sadness;
It comes the humblest home to fill
With virtue, peace, and gladness.

Hurrah for the Bill! the Rich Man's Bill!
His wealth and bliss securing;
It points to nature's sparkling rill,
And joys that are enduring.

Hurrah for the Bill! the Statesman's Bill!
'Tis a measure worth obtaining;
A people sober, virtuous still,
Is a victory worth gaining.

Hurrah for the Bill! the Preacher's Bill!
The soul for Christ preparing;
It seeks the house of God to fill,
To all men good-will bearing.

Hurrah for the Bill! the Patriot's Bill!
The nation's worth enhancing;
'Tis a friend devoted, loyal still,
Each noble work advancing.

Hurrah for the Bill! the Christian's Bill!
From the fount of truth descending;
'Tis the sword to slay a giant ill,
The Saviour's rule extending.

Hurrah for the Bill! the Landlord's Bill!
His sinful trade undoing;
He shall not men destroy and kill,
And send himself to ruin.

Hurrah for the Local Option Bill!
'Tis the harbinger of pleasure;
Let it swiftly come, for come it will,
The people's honest measure.

Hurrah! hurrah! o'er land and wave,
We'll hail the reformation:
"Long live Sir Wilfrid, true and brave,
The noblest of our nation!"

W. HOYLE.



BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

Two Portraits.



EAR CHILDREN, —Although I am not an artist, or even a photographer, I want to draw two portraits for you to look at and think about, so that you may learn something from them. Most portraits are called by the names of those they represent, so I shall call my first portrait "I Can't." Just let us take a good look at him! There he stands with his shoe-strings unfastened, his coat out at elbows; a dirty skin, a pipe in his cheek, and a regular hang-dog look on his face. His appearance tells us at once that he is a lazy good-for-nothing. Now we will turn to the other portrait, that of "I Can." How pleasant he looks, with his bright, beaming face and tidy appearance. His shoes are nicely polished and neatly tied. His coat is whole and respectable, his face washed, and his hair neatly combed; in fact, everything about him is clean and orderly; intelligence beams in his eyes, he is full of hope and promise.

Having sketched these two characters, let us follow them into every-day life, and see how they get along. "I Can't" goes to a day-school, but he never makes any real, lasting progress. His lessons are always either too hard or too long; or else he has not time to learn them for lounging about; and so he grows in ignorance. "I Can" goes to school too, and very soon we find him at the top of his class; and besides that he is the best batter, the best racer, and the best kite-flyer in the whole school; and he ultimately grows up to be a learned, good, and useful man. If we follow them to the Sunday-school it is just the same old story. "I Can't" never looks at the lessons during the week, never learns the golden texts, it is too much trouble! and finally he leaves the school because he is too lazy to get up and be in time in the mornings. Not so with our friend "I Can"; he is always present, and in time. He can repeat the golden texts straight off without any mistakes, and he knows exactly where to find the lessons, because he has read them over during the week carefully at home, and has come prepared to ask his teacher questions; and he is eager to listen to his teacher, and anxious to learn. By-and-bye he becomes a teacher himself, because he is always obtaining knowledge and putting it to good uses, and at last he rises to be superintendent in the school, and discharges the duties of his high and honourable office with pleasure and profit to himself and the community. "I Can't" went to the Band of Hope once or twice, and signed the pledge, but he very soon broke it, because it was so troublesome to keep it, and so he fell off, and soon drifted into drunken habits, and made shipwreck of his life. "I Can" joined the Band of Hope, and kept his pledge all through life, and so he escaped the terrible evils of intemperance; and by his example he was the means of influencing many others to become abstainers, who, but for him, might have perished in their evil ways. "I Can't's" and "I Can's" have lived in all ages, and it has ever been the same with them. "I Can't" heard the people talking about the railways when they were first proposed. He would never have thought of such a thing himself. Oh no, it would have been too much trouble; and so he laughed and tried to look wise when they told him about the wonderful carriages which were to run on iron roads, drawn by puffing, panting iron horses. "Oh," said he, "it can't be done! How are they to get over the rivers, and up the mountains, and across the valleys? The whole thing is absurd." But whilst "I Can't" was talking, "I Can" was busy contriving and working, cutting his way through the mountains, bridging the rivers and valleys, and levelling the plains, till at last one day when "I Can't" was napping, he was suddenly startled up out of his sleep, and whilst he was rubbing his eyes and wondering what was up, "I Can" went thundering by seated on his fiery steed, the proud victor over all, aye, and more than all, the difficulties which "I Can't" had been so clever about foreseeing, and declaring to be insurmountable.

"I Can't" is very good at seeing difficulties, but that is about the only thing which he is good at; whilst "I Can" not only sees difficulties but tries to overcome them if he possibly can. In fact, the whole matter may be summed up in a few words. "I Can't" never did anything that was worth doing, because he was afraid of exerting himself; and "I Can" has done everything that has been done that is great, good, and noble in the world. Dear children, which of these two characters do you like best? Which of them will you imitate? "I Can't," who loses everything, both in this life and the life to come; or "I Can," who wisely makes the best use of this

life, and so prepares for the enjoyment and rest which God for Christ's sake gives to His faithful servants as the reward of their self-sacrificing labour for the good of others.

DAVID LAWTON.

"DON'T TELL BETSY JANE."

"AND for your life, don't tell Betsy Jane!" Mr. Nichodemus Harding, having uttered this caution in a low, earnest tone of voice, alighted from a Concord waggon in front of his own farmhouse door, and stood there for a few moments in a brown study, watching the figure of his brother-in-law and lawyer, as he drove back toward the village of W——, whence the two men had just come.

"Don't tell Betsy Jane!"

Now, Betsy Jane was Mr. Nichodemus Harding's wife—a stirring, notable soul, who made more butter and cheese and took more eggs and fowls to the village market in the course of a season than any other woman for miles around. Strong, healthy, and hearty, she "made the housework fly" (to use her own energetic expression), and if Mr. Nichodemus Harding owned his farm that day, and was a "well-to-do," in fact a rich man to boot, it was owing in no small measure to the skill, and energy, and economy, and general go-aheadativeness of his Betsy Jane. What was it, then, that the ungrateful man was not about to tell her?

"It would never do—never!" thought Nichodemus to himself, shaking his head. "She'd be wanting a new carpet, or a new silk gown, or the house all painted over, or some such nonsense. No, the woman is the weaker vessel, and it won't do to trust one too far; their heads will not bear it."

So Mr. Nichodemus passed through the house and out toward the barn with the preoccupied air of a hen who has an egg to lay and don't know where she can hide from the eyes of man to the best advantage. The kitchen was empty and silent as he went through it. But, oh! if he could but have seen the buxom good-looking female who stole silently out of the pantry, and as silently followed him on his way to the barn.

Mrs. Harding came back, in about twenty minutes or so, with a face red from suppressed laughter.

"Don't tell Betsy Jane!" she said, giggling into her gingham apron. "You are a very smart man, Nichodemus, and my brother, Tim Voes, is another, and a lawyer into the bargain. 'Don't tell Betsy Jane,' indeed! Two wretches! You will deserve all you'll get pretty soon."

Betsy Jane said no more, but bided her time. A week passed away, and then brother Tim's waggon drove up again to the door, and Nichodemus stepped into it, and was off to the village once more. Betsy Jane had asked in vain to go. Nichodemus was bound on business—"business which a woman could not understand," he loftily explained to her. So, after watching her lord and master well out of sight, Betsy Jane went about business that a woman could understand, with a merry twinkle in her bright black eyes.

At four p.m. Nichodemus returned home again, looking quite as important as before. He tiptoed along through the kitchen, Betsy Jane watching him from the corner of the eye the while. He passed out into the shed. A fragrant smell of smoke came forward to meet him—an odour of burning corn-cobs and gradually-curing ham.

Nichodemus turned deadly pale, and ran frantically forward, to find a fire smouldering in the ash-house, and a large ham or two, covered by blankets, hanging placidly there. The yell he gave brought Betsy Jane from the house instanter, to find Nichodemus grovelling before the ash-house door, weeping and wailing and tearing his hair, and uttering yell after yell of anguish and despair.

"Why, bless me! what's the matter? are you in a fit? Let me run for the camphor?" shrieked Betsy Jane.

"Camphor? Bring arsenic! bring prussic acid! bring pison of some kind—pison—pison—pison!" yelled Nichodemus frantically. "Woman, you've ruined me! Twelve thousand dollars in Government bonds did I put in that ash-hole for safety just a week ago, and you've gone and burnt them up to cook that bacon!—Pison! pison! pison! and let me go out of this weary world!"

"Oh!—so that was what you were not going to tell Betsy Jane! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Nichodemus Harding?"

Nichodemus could not answer. He laid prostrate in the ashes and howled.

"Get up—and don't be a fool!" said Betsy Jane, amiably. "I heard you and brother Tim conspiring that day at the door, and I watched you to the ash-hole, and soon found out what you had hid there. Woman is the weaker vessel, no doubt, but she don't generally put twelve thousand dollars where the first match that comes handy can burn it up. Here are your bonds, Nichodemus, for ten thousand. I have kept two, for my honesty."

Poor Nichodemus! He gathered himself up out of the ashes, and took his bonds—what was left of them. He rather thinks it pays best, on the whole, now, to tell Betsy Jane!

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

NO unhappiness in life is equal to unhappiness at home. All other personal miseries can be better borne than the terrible misfortune of domestic disunion, and none so completely demoralises the nature. The anguish of disease itself is modified, ameliorated, even rendered blessed, by the tender touch, the dear presence of the sympathetic beloved ; and loss of fortune is not loss of happiness where family love is left. But the want of that love is not to be supplied by anything else on earth. Health, fortune, success, nothing has its full savour when the home is unhappy ; and the greatest triumphs out of doors are of no avail to cheer the sinking heart when the misery within has to be encountered.

OBEDIENCE is a habit, and must be learned, like other habits, rather by practice than by theory, by being orderly, not by talking about order.

TO think we are able is almost to be so ; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savour of omnipotence.

MAN can never come up to his ideal standard ; it is the nature of the immortal spirit to raise that standard higher and higher, as it goes from strength to strength still upward or onward. Accordingly the wisest and greatest men are ever the most modest.

"MY dear," said a repentant husband to his wife, "if I have ever used any unkind words to you, I take them all back." "No you won't. I know you. You want to use them all over again."

AT a young lady's seminary recently, during an examination in history, one of the pupils was interrogated thus :—"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death ?" "No," was the reply ; "he was excommunicated by a bull."

"THE times are hard, my dear," said a man to his better half, "and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water." "You could easily keep your nose above water," returned the lady, "if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

ENGAGING child : "Oh, Mr. Jenkins, do let me see you drink." Mr. Jenkins : "See me drink ! What for, my dear ?" Engaging child : "Oh, mamma says you drink like a fish."

A SMART scholar was asked—"Well, my boy, do you know what is syntax ?" "Sin tax ?" said the intelligent child ; "it must be duty on strong drink."

IT isn't that I care about a little work now," said a lazy tramp, "but I'm afraid if I once begin to earn my own living I shall always be expected to do it."

WOMAN'S right.—husbands.

AN old maid was heard to explain, while sitting at her toilet the other day—"I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardships, and withstand the changes of fickle fortune ; but oh, to live, and droop, and die like a single pink—I can't endure it ; and what's more, I won't!"

THE following *bon mot* is attributed to the Prince of Wales :—On being asked what he thought of Lord ——, who always appeared clothed in the height of the fashion, however extravagant the fashion might be, His Royal Highness is reported to have said—"To my mind he dresses not wisely, but too swell."

OFTEN thrown together by accident—railway passengers.

GROCERS should remember that *honest tea* is the best policy.

A GOOD husband, like a good gas-burner, never goes out o' nights.

A BOOK with a loose leaf should be bound over to keep the peace.

TELLERS of exaggerated stories are known in Stock Exchange circles as yarn merchants.

A QUARRYMAN said he couldn't see any danger in smoking while he was handling powder. He can't see anything now.

"YOU never saw my hands as dirty as that !" said a petulant mother to her little girl. "No, but perhaps your ma did !" was the sharp, if not respectful reply.

"MY dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." "Be patient, madam," he replied ; "you will probably suffer a great deal more without them."

HE who makes a great fuss about doing good will do very little ; he who wishes to be noticed when doing good will not do it long.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WE have received a parcel from the National Temperance Depot, and among the publications are two small books, "The Castle in Trust" and three other stories by J. W. Dungey. They are simple temperance tales for the young in parables. "Murry Ballantyne" is a matter-of-fact narrative, and the included stories are safe reading for youths and maidens. Also "Unfermented Wine" and "Stimulants in Workhouses," both by Dr. Norman Kerr—short papers on important subjects, threepence each, the former being a review of the latest attempt to show that the existence of unfermented wine among the ancients was impossible.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Social Reformer—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Record—The Rechabites—The British Temperance Advocate—The Western Temperance Herald—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Church of England Temperance Chronicle.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER V.—AT MR. FRYER'S.

MR. FRYER, schoolmaster on board the *Mount Edgecumbe*, was enjoying a brief but well-merited holiday at his home. Mr. Fryer was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." He was, also, the idol of a circle of young sisters, of whom he did his best to take a fatherly care.

Frank Geddes, the suitor of Kate Fryer, had laughingly declared, when the brother received his appointment, that henceforth the *Mount Edgecumbe* would have five instructors and six additional patrons. If a true and loving interest in the institution, and the individual boys on board the training-ship, were what Frank Geddes meant, it is very certain he was far from being mistaken. Mrs. Fryer and her girls soon became almost as well acquainted with the lads as Mr. Fryer himself; and, indeed, they often were of much service to him in suggesting motives and clearing away difficult problems respecting his pupils.

In Lady Ted they had from the first felt a keen and lively interest, and amongst their earliest inquiries were those concerning him.

Mr. Fryer on this visit had nothing very agreeable to communicate. He felt discouraged about Ted, because, after some apparently real progress in the path of right, he had fallen back, and been passionate to one of the instructors, when falsely accused of suggesting mutiny to his companions.

"And who wouldn't be angry if so falsely accused as that?" said Ethel Fryer, warmly. "I hope you don't expect your boys to be more than human, Charlie?"

"I am afraid I am much more likely to find them a little less, Ethel," said her brother.

"I should feel inclined," said Ethel, "to put the instructor in the insubordination cell rather than Lady Ted."

"Which shows, my dear girl, how eminently unfit you are to undertake the management of refractory youth. I conclude you would feed our boys on sugar cakes and toffee, and let them skip all the hard words in reading, all the awkward figures in sums, and every difficult splicing of the ropes."

Ethel, as well as her mother and sisters, laughed heartily.

"Your great difficulty, Charlie," said his mother, "appears to me to be to find plenty of employment for your boys."

"You would hardly say so, mother, if you knew how they were occupied. From one thing to another is the rule, without much time for relaxation, until their respective tasks are all accomplished."

"I think I have heard you say, my son, that there would be danger in allowing them too much idle time together?"

"I am quite willing to admit that; indeed, I am painfully convinced that this is the case."

"What I was about to suggest was this. Form a Band of Hope amongst them, and let the preparation for it come to be regarded as one of their most agreeable pastimes. What do you think of it?"

"I think I have been very foolish not to remember this before. I feel sure there will be no opposition whatever to such a scheme. Of course I must procure the formal sanction of our committee, and having that, I shall afford a great deal of legitimate amusement to the boys in carrying it out. We will make them all work. A Band of Hope will be a good subject for conversation; and if we could have a drum and fife band in connection with it, that would fire their musical capabilities and ardour. What a good thing it is to come home and have such loving counsellors and advisers to help me in my work."

Charlie Fryer bent over his mother and kissed her affectionately. She looked pleased, as good mothers are apt to do, when their suggestions are approved and accepted by their dearly-loved sons.

All the family did their best to forward the scheme thus originated. The schoolmaster penned a letter to his committee asking for their approval.

"Gentlemen," he wrote, "I have, with your knowledge and sanction, done my best to influence the boys under my charge to give up the use of intoxicating drinks as beverages. Knowing, as I know, in how large a proportion the boys are in the industrial training-ship through the direct or indirect means of drunkenness, I have always felt that it would be an important step towards their personal reformation, if they could be brought up as teetotalers. I have now under consideration the formation of a Band of Hope, both as a way of consolidating and making permanent my previous work in this direction, and also as an agreeable source of employment and recreation to the lads. I trust, gentlemen, you know me well enough to feel that I shall not allow the claims of such a society to provide any excuse whatever for the diligent performance by the boys of all the ordinary work of the school and the ship.—I have the honour to remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant, CHARLES FRYER."

The committee almost unanimously approved of the step, but before the answer came to Mr.

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Fryer's home their expected decision involved a good deal of very pleasant labour. Kate and Ethel were very enthusiastic and successful workers in their Sunday-school Band of Hope, and had many suggestions to make and plans to propose to their brother.

"Do have your meetings on our evenings," said Ethel; "it would be so nice to feel we were all at the same good work at the very same hour."

"I can't promise that, I can't even fix the day and hour yet, I must find a time which will not clash with anything else. I cannot be my own master in this, remember, Ethel," said her brother.

The Fryers were not rich, but each one believed in the joy of giving, indeed they had experienced it too often to be faithless. One of the sisters was milliner at a shop, another assisted her mother as "lady help" in the care of their pretty little home, a third made artificial flowers, and the youngest, Susie, who was still at school, was earning her tuition by teaching the junior classes part of each day. None were idle, and it may almost be said that therefore all were bright and happy, and interested in life. And now from their small financial stores, each brought an offering for "Charlie's boys." Kate gave him a hundred pledge cards of bright and attractive appearance; Ethel a hundred melody books, "just to start him with," and she covered each one and painted on it with Indian ink, "The Mount Edgecumbe Band of Hope." Lucy made a bright showy flag of scarlet long cloth, on which in letters formed of small artificial daisies, were inscribed the same words. Susie bought him three volumes of recitations and collected several stray copies of "Onward," which might furnish suitable reading for the teetotal juveniles.

But perhaps what did their brother most good was their hearty sympathy and co-operation with him in his work.

"You have not left me much to do, children," said Mrs. Fryer, playfully. "I must turn my pen to account."

"Yes, do, do, mamma, it is so long since you have written anything," said Susie, eagerly.

"Prose or poetry, Susie?" asked her mother.

"Say you will, mamma, and then we can leave all else to your own choice," said Susie.

"Very well."

That evening, when they all met after the respective labours of the day, Charlie announced that he had received a kind letter from his committee approving of his suggestion, and sanctioning his efforts to teetotalise the boys. This information was received with a happy burst of feminine applause. Then Mrs. Fryer said, "I feel encouraged, my dear children, to bring out my little story that I have written for the inauguration meeting of the Mount Edgecumbe Band of Hope."

"Hear, hear!" cried Ethel.

Mrs. Fryer opened her manuscript and read:

"THE BOY AND THE GIANTS.

"Once upon a time there were two giants of enormous size. They were so tall and so broad that no one had measured them. Yet one was a little taller and a little broader than the other, any one could see that. In the same land there lived a little boy, whom each of the giants desired to obtain for himself. The name of the one giant was Duty. The name of the other giant was Drink. The giants never could manage to be together, or rather Giant Duty could never breathe in the same atmosphere as Giant Drink. Directly Drink entered a place Duty stepped out, he said he felt poisoned, and must get some fresh air. Drink would willingly have gone in anywhere with Duty, but Duty retreated when Drink came. Duty sometimes rocked the cradle of little children and carried them about, but when Drink came into that room, Duty at once retreated. Only now and then might be seen a strange sight in that land. Up and down the streets of the cities or the roads between the villages a man might be seen walking along with Giant Duty on one side of him persuading him to go to one place, or to do one kind of thing, and Giant Drink on the other persuading him to go to quite a different place and do quite different things. And sometimes the man would bend first to one side and then to the other, and each giant would become quite anxious lest the other should conquer, and sometimes the man yielded to the one giant and sometimes to the other. It was to be noticed that Giant Drink was very deceitful. Before the man decided to go with him, he could smile and laugh and seem a much more good-tempered fellow than Giant Duty. He would promise the man all sorts of pleasures, and enjoyment, and merriment. But when he got him in his power, he showed himself the robber that he was, and took from him by degrees every nice valuable thing he possessed, and when all else was gone, he made the poor man a slave.

"Duty did not promise in this way: he told the man exactly the truth, and if he stayed all his life with him, he was quite sure to obtain a beautiful mansion in a much finer country, where he would go to dwell after he had passed through the Gate of Death and begun to live again. Some people who were wise told their little children about the giants, and made them promise not to go with Giant Drink whatever he said to them, or however much he tempted

them. They warned them how much evil he could do, for all his fair words and pleasant looks. These people banded themselves together and had their little ones do so too, because then, though Drink was dreadfully strong, they hoped by fighting against him every day to make him weaker by degrees, and at last to destroy him altogether, as a monster who was not fit to exist.

"Others, and even those whose relations had suffered terrible things from the cruelty of Giant Drink, thought him a good sort of fellow after all, and that if they and their children were careful he would not hurt them very much. The boy whom I have spoken about, knew there was a very monstrous giant called Drink, but he did not know that he was able to get away from him if he tried hard. He had seen him do quite a number of cruel things, but yet he thought he could be just a little friendly with the giant, and then he wouldn't receive much harm. He had not learnt that whenever you trust this giant he puts an invisible cord round your body to draw you about, to make you go just where he wishes, and do just what he likes.

"This little boy had also heard of Giant Duty, but he was not quite sure that he wanted to obey him. And now it is necessary I should tell you that each giant had a squire like the old knights we read of, and the squire of Giant Drink was called Inclination, but his pet name with his master was Appetite. Giant Duty's squire was one of the sweetest-tempered people you could imagine, his name was Love. Because Giant Duty looked rather grave boys were not so well inclined to follow him and obey him, but when he sent his sunny, bright-faced young squire to fetch them to him, they often could not resist. And oftener still they would have liked to go very much, only Giant Drink's squire, Inclination or Appetite, whichever name you like to call him, was such a frightfully strong young fellow that he often actually drew people away from Love; for Love would never compel people to do rightly except by the beautiful example he set, and the sweet pity in his eyes for those who went wrong. He never used force as the other squire did.

"Those whom Love persuaded were never ashamed of following him to the side of Giant Duty. But the same cannot be said of those who yielded to the persuasions, the entreaties, the threats, and the force of Appetite. They were as often as not most miserably disappointed and bitterly ashamed.

"Little 'Neglected,' the boy of whom I have spoken, though he had no proper home, and lived in a lodging-house with strangers, who did not care much if at all about him, was not forgotten by Love. And sometimes when he had felt tempted to do something very wicked indeed, Love coaxed him to come with him somewhere where he could see Giant Duty. And the sight of that great majestic giant, so large, so mighty, so noble, would make Neglected determined not to do the wrong thing that day at any rate. But sometimes, precisely at that moment, Squire Appetite would come up and force him away from Love, and take him to Giant Drink, who made all sorts of promises to him, that he knew perfectly well he should never take the trouble to perform, and indeed that he had no means to perform. He told Neglected that if he would stay with him and become his servant he should never again be cold nor hungry, nor in pain; and he wanted him to swallow some poison to show he was one of his servants. He spoke so fluently and kindly, and looked so rosy, and smiling, and laughing, that Neglected was quite charmed, but the thought of swallowing poison was not so agreeable by any means.

"'Oh, that is all right,' said Appetite; 'it may be poison to other people, but it won't be poison to you. You're one of the sort of people whom the Giant can't poison, so you need not mind.'

"Appetite often told this lie, and he found a great many people much older and wiser than poor little Neglected who were willing to believe him. Neglected swallowed the dose, and from that hour, unhappy as he had been before, he became fully a hundred times more so. The hope he had of getting better seemed to go, unless he kept on taking the poison. And the more he took the poison, the weaker his poor little body became, the dimmer his eyes, and all his limbs shook as if he had an ague. One day Love came to him just as he set down the cup in one of the Giant Drink's poison houses, out of which he had swallowed his dose.

"'Neglected,' said he kindly, 'what have you been doing?'

"'Oh! Mr. Love,' said the poor child, quite angrily, 'you mustn't talk to me, I'm in the service of as big a Giant as your master; you go about your business, and I'll do mine.'

"Love smiled very gently, and took Neglected's poor little wasted hand in his. 'My giant is stronger and bigger than yours,' he said.

"Then Neglected grew very noisy, and the giant's servant, who lived in that prison house, came and threw the poor little lad into the street, breaking his feeble leg in the fall. Poor Neglected began to use the horrible language the giant himself had taught him, but Love picked him up from the muddy ground, called a cab, and took him to a hospital. And he thought the while, 'If this turns away the heart

of Neglected from the Giant Drink, it will be the best thing that has happened to him for a long while.' Love nursed him all the time he was in the hospital, and made himself so dear to the poor child, that when he was well he was quite ready to go to Giant Duty, and say he wished to enter his service. But he was afraid that Giant Drink would force him away again.

"Giant Duty told him he need not fear, that he was much the stronger of the two, and the first thing he did was to break the invisible cord by which the cruel giant had bound him, and which was so fine that Neglected did not know he had it on. The second thing was to tell Love to throw around him instead the exquisitely beautiful silken chain, which the squire alone knew how to make, and which any one might be proud to wear, because it is the proof of freedom instead of bondage. Then he told Neglected to sign his name on a prettily adorned card, to show he had entered on a new course, and then Duty, looking more gentle and kind than Neglected had ever believed he could look, indeed he seemed almost to have changed faces with Love, stooped and kissed that weary child, and welcomed him in the name of the Lord Jesus to the paths of sobriety and virtue.

"'And now, Neglected, you have a new and prettier name,' said he; '"Rescued" you will be called in future, for a season, till you by perseverance earn the better name of "Saved." What I have to require of all who are called Rescued, is that you find out all of your old name who are still in the power of the terrible Giant Drink, and bring them to me.'"

"Oh! mamma, what a pretty allegory," said Susie: "I am sure the boys will like it."

"I hope I have written what they can understand," said Mrs. Fryer, turning to her son.

"I don't think there will be the least difficulty, mother," he answered, "and the knowledge that you have taken so much trouble to write it expressly for them, will be sure to interest and please them. I shall leave them to interpret for themselves, but I will find out by questions, how much they do understand. Now I feel I am quite set up for my new venture."

(To be continued)

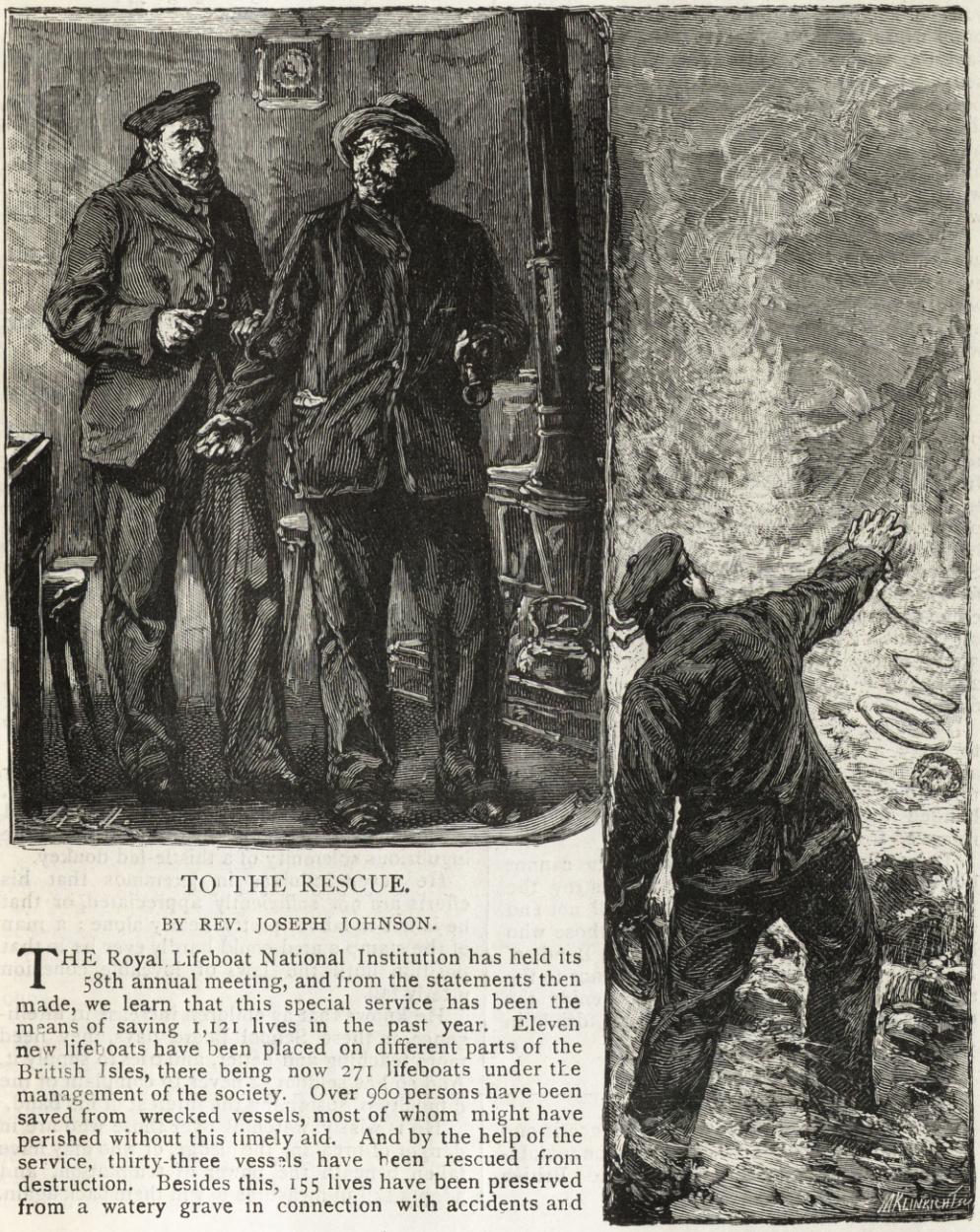
THE TWO GLASSES.

THERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck by blight,
Where I was a King, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honoured name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than King am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be.
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
For your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host,
But I can tell of a heart, once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad—
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved;
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chain'd wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and paler brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.



TO THE RESCUE.

BY REV. JOSEPH JOHNSON.

THE Royal Lifeboat National Institution has held its 58th annual meeting, and from the statements then made, we learn that this special service has been the means of saving 1,121 lives in the past year. Eleven new lifeboats have been placed on different parts of the British Isles, there being now 271 lifeboats under the management of the society. Over 960 persons have been saved from wrecked vessels, most of whom might have perished without this timely aid. And by the help of the service, thirty-three vessels have been rescued from destruction. Besides this, 155 lives have been preserved from a watery grave in connection with accidents and

perils which beset fishing and other smaller boats. Two gold medals and thirty-three silver ones have been given to the brave men who have risked their own lives to save others.

This is a splendid record of heroic work, and well may a nation be thankful for such sons in such a service. All honour be to the noble band who dare the roughest storms to seek and save those perishing in the wild tempests of the sea. Since the founding of the society, it has been instrumental in saving 28,724 lives from the fearful death of drowning. How many homes have been happier, how many prayers have been heard and answered by its labour, what gallant sacrifice it has borne witness to will never be told on earth.

The time and money in this mission of mercy are well spent. But there are perils on shore even more deadly than the dangers of the deep, wide sea. The young are being ruined, men and women in the prime of life are being wrecked, and the old are going down to the grave in hopeless despair. Everywhere the sea of intemperance is raging around us, and every church and Sunday-school should have a temperance lifeboat attached, as a society at work to seek and save men, women, and children from the curse of drink. None are too young to help in the service; all who will sign the pledge are helping to man the lifeboats. All hands are wanted. There is no time to delay. Strong drink is swallowing thousands of our fellow-countrymen. The death-rate from drunkenness is, according to official report, in England and Wales, 2·04 per thousand; Scotland, 1876, 3·29; Italy, 1881, 1·65; Norway, 1875-1878, 2·36; New York, 1872, 12·8; Sweden, 1878, 6·25.

These are terrible facts; what need, therefore, to have a total abstinence crew established always ready and ever at work, not only to pick up some poor lost soul here and there, but banded together to toil on until the evil is removed from our midst.

The sailors of the Lifeboat Society cannot bid the angry waves be still and destroy the perils of the ocean. Their work will not end until there is "no more sea." But those who belong to the Lifeboat Service in the Bands of Hope may, by their efforts, bring peace to the stormy sea of intemperance by hastening the day when there shall be no more drink in England.

The Templar:—"The use of tobacco is one of the most powerful accessories of the temptations to drinking which surround British youth."

HELPS AND HINDRANCES TO BAND OF HOPE WORK.

BY REV. G. M. MURPHY, LONDON.

(*Continued from page* 55.)

CONDUCTORS are the first on whom success or failure must turn; and even the conductor of a Band of Hope may prove not to be infallible. It would be hard to persuade *some* conductors of this; but it is true, nevertheless. The model conductor is a model, and doesn't know it: the conductor who only thinks he's a model has the thought all to himself, and he has his reward. The first, however, helps us most cheerfully without vulgarity.

Knowing many things, but not parading his knowledge.

Orderly in his habits without prudishness.

A polygon of a man, but not a sharp or rude angle among all of his many sides.

Always ready to be or do anything, but just as ready to stand aside for others who are capable and willing to help.

A man who rules, but never seems to wield authority.

An electric light of a man for clearness and reflection, but with the warmth, brightness, and geniality of the golden sun.

His watch never stops; he is never kept late by talking with a friend; he never forgets it was the night of meeting till it was just time to go; he never grumbles or gushes, but goes to his work with a will, and believes it worth doing well.

He is not easily discouraged.

He never leaves his arrangements to the spur of the moment, because that spur pricks very unsparingly.

He is wisely emotional, judiciously thoughtful, and pleasantly illustrative in his teaching, hitting the golden mean between the horrid sensationalism of the penny dreadfuls and the lugubrious solemnity of a thistle-fed donkey.

He never indulges in jeremiads that his efforts are not sufficiently appreciated, or that he is left to labour pretty nearly alone; a man of the stamp stated could hardly ever be in that position until the laws of loveable cohesion utterly fail.

He knows that as children increase in intelligence, in these School Board days, they need more teaching and better, and tries to supply it. And so has seldom or never to complain of the difficulty of sustaining the interest of his band.

He is wisely watchful over those who are in danger of breaking the pledge, or who may have fallen beneath the power of temptation, and adopts skilful measures to win them back again.

Being wise, he is not wheedled by anybody into neglecting his own particular work in the Band of Hope to wander into "fresh fields or pastures new;" to all such blandishments he has but one, to him a solemn, answer—"This one thing I do."

His consistency is obvious, *and it had better be*, for his peace and comfort, for children are sharp critics; and in all things he is an example, a workman needing not to be ashamed, feeling in his heart that he has undertaken a great work, for a great and good Master, and He will not forget the labourer in the day when He makes up His jewels.

But the conductor is not everybody; the secretary, the librarian, the registrar, the treasurer, committee, etc., what about these? Well, if they are to adorn the temperance movement, and it is worthy of the best men the world can furnish, they must be like the conductor we have tried to sketch, only better. Much hinges upon them and their efforts. The workers in the Alpine tunnels were not seen; but their completed labours united two nations, and the unseen efforts of committees and officers may, and often does, bring heaven and earth nearer. The Band of Hope handbooks and manuals published are full of wise words which, if turned into deeds, would render it needless for me to say another word; but this is not always so, and thus our work gets hindered. May I urge upon all the reading or the re-reading of the Handbook published by the Union; it is full of good counsel, which followed would save many sorrowful mistakes. At the same time, bear with me while I try and show a few ways of helping and hindering our work.

1. Be at peace among yourselves.
2. Put no round men in square holes.
3. Be always true to your principles and hopeful of success.
4. See that meetings are held at regular intervals; the shorter the period between them the better.
5. Induce the children to pay a regular contribution.
6. Take care the work is well sustained pecuniarily.
7. If you think you can't help, do not hinder.
8. Be always on the look-out for eligible young workers from among the members.
9. If you feel inclined to be dull and dismal over what you call non-success, look at the success of the past fifty years gained over opposition such as few movements ever had to contend against, and thank God and take courage.
10. Do not slacken your hands because of the prejudices of good people; good people that bolster up bad things are the greatest sinners in the universe.

If you really want to help us onward—

Have the meeting-place always ready in time well-lighted and warmed.

Be ready to receive contributions, and enter names as the children enter.

Have the pledge-book handy.

The stall for literature well-stocked.

Have the library books changed without bustle or noise.

Patronise only good books, good pictures, good music, good melodies, and good every thing.

Do not break your hearts if you cannot have a band in connection with your Band of Hope.

Have occasional competitive speaking bouts with the senior members, as well as competitive examinations.

Aid the conductor all you can in having a varied programme for each meeting.

Do not allow the Band of Hope to be turned into a singing-class merely. Never forget the fearful foe we fight, and the massive work we have undertaken.

Have occasional meetings for the parents, and do not forget a Christmas-tree at Christmas-time for the children of very poor neighbourhoods.

In all your approaches to the young to advance their present and eternal interest, never forget Old Humphrey's guide in writing his splendid papers—First Allure, then Instruct, and then Impress.

Do you say, Who is sufficient for these things? Well, our sufficiency is of God; He is our helper; let us not be slothful, or weary, or weak, in well-doing. One of our poets has said—you find it quoted in Eadie's "Life of Dr. Kitto"

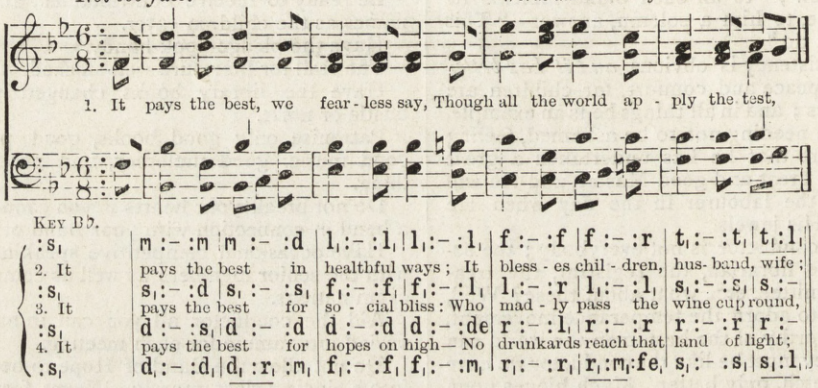
> "I slept and dreamt that life was beauty;
> I woke and found that life was duty.
> Was then my dream an idle lie?
> Toil on, brave soul, courageously,
> And thou shalt find thy life to be
> A noontide light and joy to thee."

THE celebrated Dr. W. F. Carver, of whose skill as a marksman (which has excited so much interest) the *Times* says:—"The teetotalers will be pleased to know that Dr. Carver has never tasted any intoxicating drinks, nor does he use tobacco in any form."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the philosopher, and the first discoverer of the system of the universe. —"When he was asked to take snuff or tobacco he declined, remarking that he would make no necessities to himself.—"*Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton.*" *By Sir David Brewster. Vol. ii., p.* 410.

IT PAYS THE BEST.

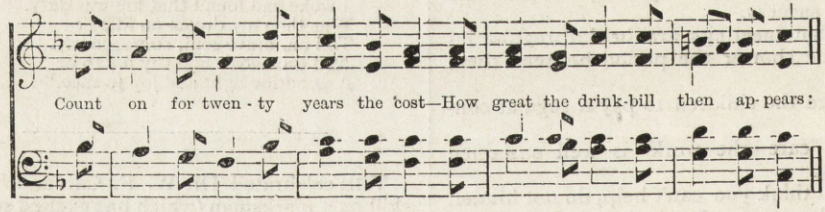
Not too fast. *Words and Music by* WILLIAM HOYLE.



KEY B♭.

:s₁	m :- :m | m :- :d	l₁ :- :l₁ | l₁ :- :l₁	f :- :f | f :- :r	t₁ :- :t₁ | t₁ :l₁	
2. It	pays the best in	healthful ways ; It	bless - es chil - dren,	hus- band, wife ;	
:s₁	s₁ :- :d | s₁ :- :s₁	f₁ :- :f₁ | f₁ :- :l₁	l₁ :- :r | l₁ :- :l₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :-	
3. It	pays the best for	so - cial bliss : Who	mad - ly pass the	wine cup round,	
:s₁	d :- :s₁ | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :de	r :- :l₁ | r :- :r	r :- :r | r :-	
4. It	pays the best for	hopes on high— No	drunkards reach that	land of light;	
:s₁	d₁ :- :d₁ | d₁ :r₁ :m₁	f₁ :- :f₁ | f₁ :- :m₁	r₁ :- :r₁ | r₁ :m₁ :fe₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :l₁	

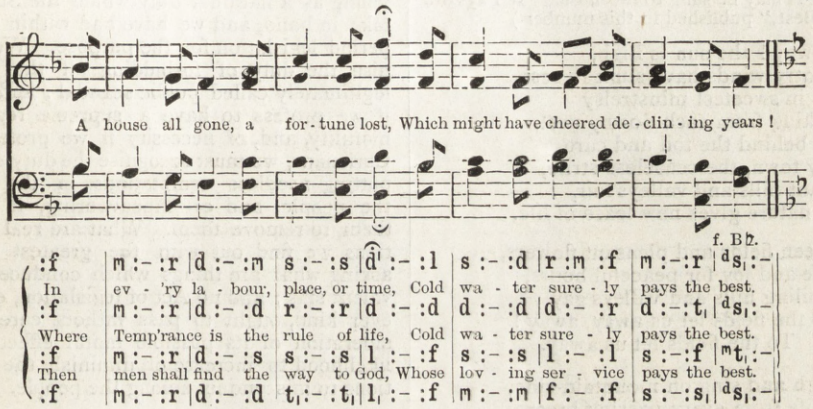
:s₁	m :- :m | s :- :d	r :- :m | f :- :r	d :- :d | d :t₁ :d	m :- :r | d :-	
While	drink a migh - ty	ar - my slays, Cold	wa - ter lengthens	hu - man life.	
:s₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | d :- :s₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | f₁ :- :l₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :m₁	s₁ :- :f₁ | m₁ :-	
They	wan - der from true	hap - pi-ness— The	pure delights where	love is found.	
:r	d :- :d | s :- :m	r :- :d | d :- :f	m :- :m | r :- :d	d :- :t₁ | d :-	
In	vain the sav - ing	word is nigh, Drink	leads men from the	path of right.	
:t₁	d :- :d | m :- :d	t₁ :- :ta₁ | l₁ :- :f₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :s₁	s₁ :- :s₁ | d₁ :-	



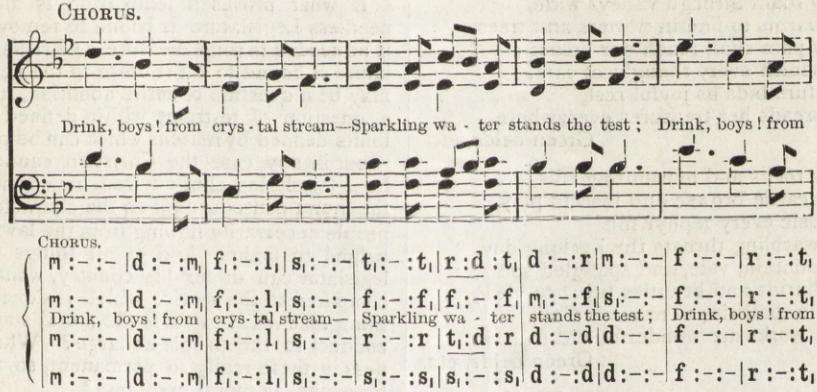
F. t.

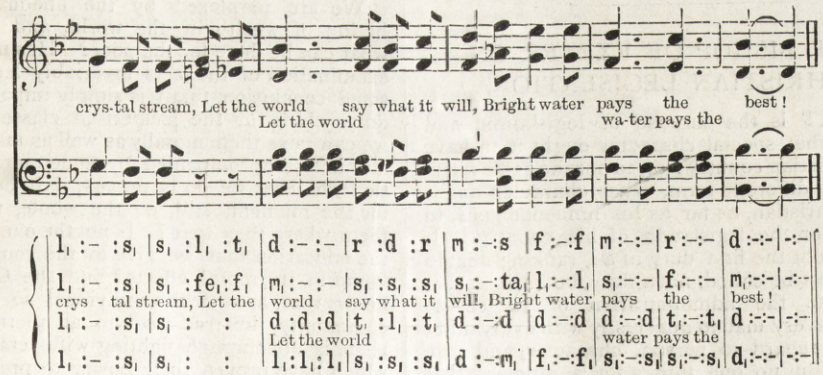
:ᵈf	m :- :r | d :- :l	s :- :f | m :- :m	m :- :r | s :- :s	fe :m :fe | s :-	
In	ev - 'ry age, or	state, or clime, On	sea or land— look	east or west;	
:ᵈf	m :- :r | d :- :d	d :- :t₁ | d :- :d	d :- :t₁ | d :- :d	d :- :d | t₁ :-	
Oh,	hap - py chil - dren,	husband, wife ! Thrice	bless - ed home of	peace and rest :	
:ᵈf	m :- :r | d :- :f	s :- :s | s :- :s	s :- :s | s :- :s	l :- :l | s :-	
Re -	move the drink, pre-	pare the road To	earth - ly bliss, to	heaven-ly rest ;	
:ᵈf	m :- :r | d :- :f	m :- :r | d :- :d	s :- :f | m :- :m	r :- :r | s₁ :-	

IT PAYS THE BEST—*continued.*



CHORUS.





GREEN FIELDS.

(These words may be sung to the music, "It Pays the Best," published in this number.)

AWAY! away! the sun is high,
The wintry winds have sunk to rest,
The birds in sweetest minstrelsy
Are waking from each downy nest.
Oh, leave behind the toil and care
Of busy town, the ceaseless strife,
For verdant hills and valleys fair,
Where nature gives new lease of life.

Green fields and pleasant flowers,
Life and joy for peaceful hours,
Smiling hills and valleys gay;
To the fields let us away, away!
To the fields let us away.

We'll laugh and sing on mountain-side,
Drink life from every passing breeze,
And gaily roam through valleys wide,
New charms to find in flowers and trees.
Oh, not a pain shall reach our breast;
We'll banish every thought of care,
While nature bids us joyful rest,
And spreads her treasures everywhere.
Green fields, etc.

By shady rocks and murmuring rills,
Where cattle browse and insects play,
Sweet music every zephyr fills
From warbling throats the livelong day.
While mountain, vale, and spangled sod
New charms and beauties bring to view,
Our hearts shall rise to nature's God,
Whose works are wonderful and true.
Green fields, etc.

W. HOYLE.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER ON CHRISTIAN LEGISLATION.

WHAT is the purpose of legislation, and what special character ought it to have in a Christian country? or, to put the same question in a different form, what character ought every Christian, as far as his influence goes, to impress on the legislation of his country? It is no doubt the first duty of all, ranking next to what must be called, not a duty, but a necessity, to see to the administration of justice—to compel every man to deal justly with every other man in regard to person, character, and property. But no one thinks for a moment that this is the only duty of a State, nor does any civilised State in the world confine itself to this. Legislation must always aim at other, and though not higher, yet more far-reaching purposes. We recognise the duty of educating the young as a national duty which the State may take in hand, and we have had within a recent period legislation for the purpose. We recognise the duty of forbidding all that can be legitimately called public scandal; and so, too, if we profess to have a supreme regard for morality, and, of necessity if we profess to be Christians, we must recognise the duty of never putting needless temptations in the way of the people, and of endeavouring, if we find them, to remove them. What are real temptations we find out with the greatest ease by asking what are things which conduce to prevalent sins; and no Act of legislation, of whatever kind, ought to pass without careful consideration of its possible moral effects, or its likelihood to increase or diminish the temptations to misconduct among the people.

If what proves a temptation is altogether needless Legislature is bound to remove it. If it be needed in some measure, a Christian Legislature is bound to cut it down to the needs. It may be a question of entire abolition, it may be a question of restraint within defined limits—limits defined by reasons which can be produced—but in any case the Christian cannot, when he is legislating, shut out from his consideration the moral consequences on the character of the people necessarily flowing from the laws that he helped to make. And of all things which a legislator can do for his country, what can be compared to the service which is done by anything that tends to raise the moral standard of conduct in the people at large? What greatness is there really so permanent, so fertile of blessings, as moral greatness?

We are perplexed by the unequal distribution of wealth in the world, and we ask what can be done for the poor? Has not every examination of the facts invariably led to the same conclusion, that it is simply impossible to do anything for the pauperised classes unless we can raise them morally as well as materially, and unless accompanied by some moral elevation whatever we do is proved, if it be a help for the moment, still, on the whole, to leave them where they were? Is not the one value of the education that we give to the young to be found in its moral effects? and the Christian knows that, as with the individual so with the community, the true road to all moral excellence is not through fighting with temptations which have proved their power to prevail, but by removing the temptations and giving the character the opportunity for inward growth in strength.

HOW A LAD WHEELED HIMSELF INTO FORTUNE.



AT a meeting of the stockholders of a prominent railway corporation, which was recently held, there were present two gentlemen, both up in years, one, however, considerably the senior of the other. In talking of the old times gone by, the younger gentleman called the attention of his friends, and told a pleasant little story which should be read with profit by every poor, industrious, and striving lad. We use his own language:

"Nearly half a century ago, gentlemen, I was put upon the world to make my living. I was stout, willing, and able, considering my tender years, and secured a place in a hardware store, to do all sorts of work required. I was paid seventy-five dollars per year for my services. One day after I had been at work three months or more, my friend there, Mr. B——, who holds his age remarkably well, came into the store and bought a large bill of shovels and tongs, sad-irons and pans, buckets, scrapers, and scuttles, for he was to be married next day, and was supplying his household in advance, as was the groom's custom in those days. The articles were packed on the barrow, and made a load sufficiently heavy for a young mule. But more willing than able, I started off, proud that I could move such a mass on the wheel-barrow. I got on remarkably well till I struck the mud road, now Seventh Avenue, leading to my friend B——'s house. There I toiled and tugged, and tugged and toiled, and could not budge the load up the hill, the wheel going its full half diameter in the mud every time I would try to propel forward. Finally, a good-natured Irishman passing by with a dray took my barrow, self and all, on his vehicle, and, in consideration of my promise to pay him a 'bit,' landed me at my destination.

"I counted the articles carefully as I delivered them, and with my empty barrow trudged my way back, whistling with glee over my triumph over difficulty. Some weeks after, I paid the Irishman the 'bit,' and never got it back from my employers. (Mr. B——, I am sure, would have remunerated me, but he never before heard this story; so if he is inclined he can compromise the debt by sending me a bushel of his rare ripe peaches next fall.) But to the moral. A merchant had witnessed my struggles and how zealously I laboured to deliver that load of hardware; he even watched me to the house and saw me count each piece as I landed it at the doorway. He sent for me the next day, asked my name, told me he had a reward for my industry and cheerfulness under difficulty, in the shape of a five-hundred-dollar clerkship in his establishment. I accepted, and now after nearly half a century has passed I look back and say I wheeled myself into all I own, for that reward of perseverance was my grand stepping-stone to fortune."

The speaker was a very wealthy banker, a man of influence and position, and one universally respected for many good qualities of head and heart. Boys, take a moral from this story, and be willing and industrious. You do not know how many eyes are upon you to discover whether you are sluggish and careless, or industrious and willing, or how many there are who, if you are moral and worthy, will give you a stepping-stone to wealth and position.

SPRING.

GONE are winter's showers of whiteness,
Gone with every chilly wind;
Dreary days, devoid of brightness,
For a time are left behind;
Dawn is smiling, lovely spring-time,
Happiest, best of all the year;
Hail, bright harbinger of sunshine!
Welcome time to all so dear!

Pretty flowerets all around us,
Fields with verdant grass are clad;
Beauty everywhere surrounds us,
Giving pleasure to the sad;
Joyfully the birds are singing,
Warbling sweetly grateful lays,
The air around melodious ringing,
On these happy spring-time days.

Hand in hand, O let us wander!
And forget our care and strife;
Banish every thought of sorrow,
In the sunshine of our life;
And while every living creature
Seems so happy, blithe, and gay,
We will praise the Lord of Nature—
Praise Him for the spring-time day.

T. J. GATLEY.

GRACEFUL manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind and good affections in the heart.

THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

BY UNCLE BEN.



I HAVE many nephews and nieces; sometimes some of them come to see me, and when they come they always want me to tell them stories. The moment I have done they say, "Oh, do tell us another," and if I remonstrate they exclaim, "Then tell us the same over again," and if I forget to say, "Well, she had a white pinafore or a straw hat," they will ask at once "What kind of a hat did she wear?" or "You have left out the bit about the pinafore."

One of my nicest little nieces, named Katie, sat on my knee the other day and asked for a story. I said I did not know any more, she had heard the stock, and there was not one left she did not know. So she exclaimed, "Could you not make one out of your own head?"

"Well," said I, "if I do it must be a very short one, and what shall it be about?"

"Let it be about Jesus, or about a white lamb," said my young friend innocently.

"I can't make up anything about Jesus," I modestly replied. But the very mention of the Saviour's name with the lambs seemed to suggest some thought that flowed into a little parable.

So I began in the unorthodox way and said, "Once upon no time, there lived a little girl, just like you, of the same age and name. Annie and Ada Watts were neighbour's children, and were very kind to her, and they were all very fond of animals. They loved every living thing—caterpillars they thought nice, and mice were such dear little soft-skinned creatures that they felt the greatest compassion for them when pussie, whom they held in domestic adoration, caught any. In fact, they hated cruelty to dumb animals, who could not come and complain of their woes. The larger cattle, such as cows and horses, were treated with a reverent affection because of their size. A pony or a donkey had generally the adjective "dear" attached to it whenever alluded to. But young animals awakened their most devoted attention, although their highest enthusiasm was kept for tiny things. A foal with its long legs, and a calf with its large mild eyes, were simply beloved. But staggering little puppies or kittens, just opening their eyes, or a fluffy brood of chickens or ducklings, would throw them into raptures of delight. In fact, I am sure they would have liked to caress a lion, and pat a tiger, and pet a young hyena. They had no fear, because they loved so much. Ada would go up to great strange dogs and make friends with them at once.

At the end of their orchard was a wood or copse, where sometimes in the winter the hounds would turn out a fox. They liked to see the horses and dogs; besides, their compassion for Reynard was at the lowest ebb, because they always looked on him as the cruelest foe to their dear little chickens. In the depth of winter this wood, with its path through the thick underwood, always seemed beautiful. But in the springtime it was a real earthly paradise; the primroses were the largest you ever saw, and made the open spaces yellow with their sweet pale bloom. The wild hyacinths would come a little later on, and so thickly did they cover the ground that it almost seemed as if the blue sky had come down to dwell on earth.

One fine sunshiny spring day, Katie, without her hat, ran away with her two little friends into the wood to play, "not for long," they were told. Far above, the thin white fleecy clouds swam across the bright light-blue beyond, the wind sang in the tree-tops and rustled the leaves of the undergrowth, and through the first green lattice-work of the new foliage the sunlight flickered and danced as if trembling with boundless joy. The birds sang—of course they did; they seemed to sing for the children's gladness as well as for their own delight. They did not know how happy they were. That is the highest, purest form of joy when it ceases to be measured and compared with other experience, and we rise above self to forget even the thought of our own happiness in the sense of the resurrection life of beauty and of peace that is around us.

Suddenly, in the midst of flower-gathering for daisy chains and cowslip bells, there, in the middle of the broad grassy and flowery path, lay a poor helpless white woolly lamb. Now, had it been an old ram, their compassion would have been great; but at the sight of the dead lamb, as they thought, their pity was beyond words. They knelt down beside the forsaken child of the fold; they stroked and kissed it, and found, to their great hope, that it opened its eyes, and was not really dead. Then a short consultation ensued, and they resolved they would not call for help, but without a moment's delay carry home the suffering wanderer. And home they *did* lug that lamb, and nearly fore-



"At the sight of the lamb their pity was beyond words."—p. 76.

quartered the poor affected one. They brought it home, to the surprise of all, and to their young mother-hearts it seemed that their discovery was nothing short of special providence and miraculous interposition for that lost lamb. Their triumph was great and their rejoicing as supreme as in the picture of old, for though they had left no ninety-and-nine TO SEEK the strayed one, they had *found* a lamb almost dying, and had carried it home to live again.

It needed nourishment, having been some hours away from its mother. They gave it milk and every care, and it revived. Katie's father said it would soon have died had they not found it and brought it back at once. He told them, since they had saved its life, it being one lost from his own flock, they might keep it as a pet lamb. But it was kinder, mother said, to let it go back to its own mother and the fold. And so they did. They gave up their new-found treasure, and when the shepherd came and said the old sheep had done nothing else but bleat since the lamb had gone, they knew it was best that the little one should go back to its home beneath the sunlight and the everlasting stars.

And what shall be said about the meaning of this simple story? Only this, there are many lambs lost for long to our Father and the Good Shepherd. Many, many lose their places in the blessed fold through the snares and temptations of strong drink, and all our Band of Hope work is just a going forth in the early spring to seek, to find, and to save lambs that might perish if we did not try to bring them back to the shelter and safety of the care which is of "God, who is our home."

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

IT is a delicate and difficult task to rightly and impartially administer family discipline. The utmost tact is necessary to enable one always to discriminate between what is right and what is wrong. The judge on the bench has not so important a work. To the mother is entrusted the highest and holiest of missions. The hearts of her children are plastic in her hands as clay in the hands of the potter. She may mould them as she will, yet it is only for a little while that the work is hers.

The young mother clasps her new-born babe to her bosom, and with smiles and tears of joy she utters thanksgiving to God for the precious gift, and proudly anticipates the time when she shall behold in her child the perfection of all that is pure, and true, and good, and noble in manhood or womanhood. Each heart is a little garden given to the mother's care to tend and cultivate; and unless she carefully prepares the soil, watering it with her tears, and enriching it with her prayers; unless she sows the good seed, and watches and tends it, giving it the proper light and heat, removing every noxious weed and guarding against every destroying agency, she cannot hope to see an abundant and goodly harvest. If she relax her labours, or neglect her little garden, the weeds that are indigenous to the soil—evil tempers and passions, a whole host of them—will quickly spring up, and choke the growth of the tender plant, drawing from it the nourishment it needs, and, finally, rooting it out entirely, will run riot over the ground, and grow, and flourish, producing a crop far different from what the mother had hoped for and expected.

O mothers, if you would have your brightest hopes for the future of your children realized, be more careful to implant in their tender hearts the principles of virtue and right, than to fashion the dainty garments that are to show off their beauty to advantage. "I want my children to look as well, and be as tastefully dressed as the best," says the fond mother; and so she spends hours and days of precious time, taxing her strength to the utmost, stitching, tucking, ruffling, and embroidering, but what advantage is it that the raiment that covers the little forms be snowy, and spotless, and elaborately finished, if the heart is permitted to become sullied and stained with sin? if the face is distorted with angry passions? if from the rosy lips proceed heartless or cruel or wicked words? if the feet wander in the by-paths of mischief and wrong-doing, or the hands are outstretched to gather forbidden flowers?

O mothers, put aside every hindering cause, and look your duty in the face. Seek help from above, and teach and train your little ones while you may. Teach them to be kind and generous; to be gentle, patient, and obedient; teach them to be strictly truthful, frank, and honest; teach them to abhor selfishness, which, more than any other sin, mars the beauty of the human character. With loving, unremitting care and painstaking guide their feet in virtue's paths, and restrain them from every evil way, and Heaven will bless your efforts and crown them with success.

Oh, how many mothers would give up all that they hold dear to have their children back under their care as in the early days, that they might teach, and practise before them the virtues that are so sadly wanting in their young lives. "Too late!" are sad and remorseful words, words that have made many a mother's heart ache to the core.

CELIA SANFORD.

HOME NEAT AND CHEERFUL.

NEAT and cheerful! There is a great deal in those two words. How much, some do not seem to realize, as is plainly shown by their surroundings.

Wives, mothers and sisters, make your homes neat and tidy. How much more favourably a person is impressed on going into a neat and tidy house than on entering a slovenly and dirty one! A few ornaments make a great difference in the appearance of a room. But of course cleanliness is the first thing to be considered, or ornaments, of the costliest kind even, would be of small avail. There are so many things which may be used to adorn our homes, if we would only give the subject a little thought. What a change a few flowers or pictures will produce in the aspect of a room! In the season of flowers, a bouquet nicely arranged in a glass of water, if one does not have vases, will always give a sense of the beautiful. Although pretty vases can be had at the present time for very little money, try to have flowers around you. They cultivate and refine the taste. They are sweet messengers speaking to our hearts of God. And what wonderful power of the Divine Creator they exhibit! Some will say, "We don't have time to tend flowers." But take a little time each day from something else: from something that will tire your mind and body both, while it would be only a pleasure and rest to you to tend the flowers, leading your thoughts to something higher and more ennobling.

We cannot do too much to make our homes cheerful and inviting. Above all, we should have cheerful hearts and try to do our Master's bidding, so that when He calls we can all go to that home where everything is beautiful.

A DEED OF LOVE.—Not long ago, in a crowded thoroughfare in Manchester, one of the little shoeless city arabs met with an accident. In the busy crowd some careless foot had come sharply down upon the little bare heel and made an ugly wound. The little fellow crept into a doorway, where passing, *many* paused to *pity;* but the good Samaritan came along in the shape of a schoolboy, evidently of good position, who *chanced* to pass that way. Arrested by the suffering and distress he took the little fellow to the nearest shop, where (himself a complete stranger) he asked if they could bandage up the wound, nor left him until he "had done what he could." The two may never meet again; but, if the little city arab should ever hear that Gospel, "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in *deed* and in *truth*," he will need no sermon to expound it.

MY SHOPMATE JOE.

WE worked together day by day,
My shopmate Joe and I;
Joe smoked his pipe, he drank his glass,
And ofttimes he was dry.

"I like a glass of generous ale,"
My shopmate Joe would say;
"It always cheers one up again
When worn at close of day."

"You like it certainly, old boy,"
I used to make reply,
"Else you would very soon find out
How drinking makes you dry.

"There's death and ruin in the glass;
It never can do good;
Both pipe and bowl, I tell you, mate,
Are poisoning your blood.

"When wholesome food and drink we take
We nature's laws obey;
But when we break them, mate, we soon
The penalty must pay."

"Health's laws behang!" Joe would reply,
"Experience is the test;
I *feel* the liquor does me good,
And ought to know the best.

"I like a foaming glass of beer,
My pipe is my best friend;
I care not what you say or think,
I'll take them to the end."

Joe had his way, he smoked his pipe,
And drank whene'er he could;
He turned his back on counsel wise,
Intended for his good.

At last his debts he could not pay
Through drinking too much beer,
His household goods were all knocked down
By Briggs, the auctioneer.

His poor wife brokenhearted died,
His children void of care,
Left Joe to live as best he could,
Or perish in despair.

The end soon came, Joe drank so hard
All efforts failed to save;
Down from the bridge he leaped one night
And found a watery grave.

Alas! alas! I often think
How many like him go,
Who spite of all will have the drink
Which killed my shopmate Joe.

DAVID LAWTON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

PRAISE, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation or animate enterprise. It is therefore not only necessary that wickedness, even when it is not safe to censure it, be denied applause, but that goodness be commended only in proportion to its degree ; and that the garlands due to the great benefactors of mankind, be not suffered to fade upon the brow of him who can boast only of petty services and easy virtues.

HAPPINESS and unhappiness are qualities of mind, not of place or position.

IT is more honourable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

SCHOOLMISTRESS (just beginning a nice improving lesson upon minerals to the juniors) : "Now, what are the principal things we get out of the earth?" Youthful angler, aged four (confidently) : "Worms."

A LITTLE fellow wanted his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was the shrewd suggestion, in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

"I HAVE just met our old friend Daly," said an Irishman to another, "and was sorry to see that he has almost shrunk away to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin ; but he was thinner than both of us put together."

"I'M afraid you'll be late at the party," said an old lady to her stylish granddaughter, who replied, "Oh, you dear grandma, don't you know that in our fashionable set nobody ever goes to a party till everybody gets there?"

AN English servant-girl who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home was told that she "looked really aristocratic," to which she responded funnily, "Yes ; in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

A GENTLEMAN, after getting a soda-and-brandy, was retiring from a railway-station refreshment-bar. "Recollect, sir," said the polite barmaid, "if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out here."

A STOREKEEPER in Georgia, having sued a desperado, the latter came into the store in a furious passion, holding the summons in one hand and a long knife in the other, and exclaimed, "Williams, did you sue me?" "Let me get my spectacles, and I'll see," answered the merchant quietly. He soon returned with a revolver, and said sternly, "Yes, I sued you." "All right," said the cowed desperado, "I guess I'll pay ;" and he handed over the money.

ENGLISH tourist to Pat : "Now, Pat, supposing a gentleman were to give you a shilling, what would you say?" Pat : "Shure, and I'd put it in my pocket. Wur yer honour goin' to thry the experiment?" English tourist : "You are a smart fellow. How many children like you did your parents rear?" Pat : "Well, sorr, in the first place let me ax yez the question, How do you know whether my parents ever had any childer?" Collapse of tourist.

IT is to labour, and to labour only, that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labour is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage ; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields ; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships ; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance, instead of want, misery, and barbarism.

FETTERS of gold are still fetters, and often press more heavily upon the unlucky wearer than even those made of a baser metal ; for gold will not buy content, nor a healthy body, nor peaceful sleep, neither will it bring domestic happiness.

A MAN cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one

MATHEMATICAL.—A lady being asked her age, said, "When I was married I was eighteen and my husband was thirty. His age has since doubled, and so of course has mine. That makes me thirty-six." And she was astonished at her own frankness.

THE MAN WHO WAXES STRONG EVERY DAY.—The shoemaker.

FOR MEMBERS OF SHAKSPERE SOCIETIES. —If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where are the audience and the orchestra to come from ?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Reggie's Boast." By F. M. Holmes. Price one shilling. Published by F. E. Longley, Warwick Lane, London. The six stories in this book powerfully and well illustrate the evil effects of the drinking system, and there is a superior and finely written tone about them.

"The Foster-Brothers' Story." By Rev. James Yeames. The same price and same publisher as the above, and also illustrated. The four stories, beside the one which gives the name to the book, are characterised by bringing before the reader scenes of interest and lessons for profit.

PUBLICATIONS.

The British Temperance Advocate—The Temperance Record—The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—The Rechabite—The Derby Mercury—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Hand and Heart—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—CAPTAIN NEVILLE.

NEVER could boys in a training ship, or for that matter in any kind of ship whatever, hope for a kinder, more judicious commander than Captain Neville. Love of power was far less strongly developed in him than love of kindness; and the Captain's approval was far more anxiously sought by the lads even than his punishments were certainly dreaded. Unhesitating obedience to his orders was of course enforced; but for a boy who was at all inclined to do as he was told there was a happy time in store on board the *Mount Edgecumbe*. No harsh commands, no tyranny, no unmeaning doubt of their honesty oppressed the boys from their chief, whose gentlemanly demeanour and agreeable presence inspired at first sight trust and pleasure.

Mr. Fryer worked in the utmost harmony with the Captain, and felt sure of his certain approval and probable co-operation in anything he might do for the boys in his charge. Both these efficient officers had the welfare of the lads who were entrusted to them thoroughly at heart, both anxiously desired out of the rough untrained or badly trained children to make, by God's help, good men, efficient sailors, and sober, upright citizens. The Band of Hope scheme commended itself to Captain Neville. No intoxicating drink had ever been allowed the children as a beverage, ever since the establishment of the ship. But it is one thing to be compelled to go without a certain article of any kind, and quite another to be principled against it, and to learn to know what injury it does to the human frame. Indeed it was to be very much feared that unless some such society as a Band of Hope were formed amongst them these poor boys might have been peculiarly liable to temptation on those rare occasions when they are allowed liberty from their ship, associating, as too many of them do, the idea of jollity and fun with strong drink. The Band of Hope meeting was announced by Mr. Fryer one afternoon to the boys just as school was over for the day, and some curiosity was at once manifested.

In these days, it would hardly be possible to collect a hundred or two of any class of boys from any part of England without finding some amongst them who could tell what a Band of Hope was; but neither the little Quartermaster nor his young companions had attended such meetings more than occasionally, and they certainly could not exactly guess how such an affair would be managed on board ship.

ONWARD, JUNE, 1882. *All Rights Reserved.*]

Everything is done on the *Mount Edgecumbe* in a very orderly and regular manner. When the boys are going to have dinner, quite an elaborate performance takes place. First the lads who attend to each mess-table, at which eight boys sit, are busy arranging and dividing the eight portions which come from the kitchen in an undivided state. A pile of salt, a huge piece of dough pudding, a vast piece of meat, sixteen potatoes, and eight chunks of bread, besides soup, have to be arranged and apportioned fairly on pewter plates. When all is about ready, the bugle sounds, the boys gather in lines between the tables ranged on either side of their quarters below the deck. At the word of command they fall in behind their forms; here they stand and say grace, and at another order spring into their places ready to seize their knives and forks and commence the attack upon the abundant repast.

So when the Band of Hope meeting was to be held that evening the bugle sounded, and they marched into place in an orderly manner. We have no wish to make children into machines, but a good many Band of Hope managers might have envied the decorum and good order which prevailed amongst Captain Neville's boys at that meeting. Mr. Fryer made them a very interesting speech. Gently and kindly he reminded them how many of them strong drink had injured, some through their parents and relations, some even personally. As he said this, he thought of Ted, and of Ted's favourite companion, Joe Benwell—a little lad who formerly earned his living by dancing in public-houses, where he sometimes received as much as ten or eleven shillings a night, and at others, poor, unhappy boy, hardly enough to pay for a night's lodging, and where he learnt to like the drink he was treated to only too well, and missed it more than anything, when, happily for himself, he was sent to the industrial training-ship. Mr. Fryer went on to say how terribly it would grieve him for the boys he taught and loved, to go into bad ways again after they left their present home, as they surely would do, if they began to drink. Then he showed them his pledge-cards, and invited them to think about it for a fortnight, and then sign the pledge, when, after keeping it three months, he would exchange the memorandum of their signing for one of these prettily-decorated cards. He afterwards lent them the hymn-books, and taught them to sing one or two temperance melodies, after which he read to them the story his mother had written for the boys, about the two giants Drink and Duty.

As he read, Mr. Fryer could not help noticing that Lady Ted was very much interested indeed. He hardly took his eyes from

the reader's face, and when it was ended, gave a sigh, and seemed to wake up from a strong exercise of feeling. Ted and some of the other boys wanted to sign that night, but Mr. Fryer told them it was better for them to talk to each other, and think about it, before they decided. He knew of course that they would not have any temptation to drink on board the vessel, and he wished to awaken attention to the subject. The Band of Hope and the temperance pledge were the questions uppermost in the minds of the *Mount Edgecumbe* boys during the next fortnight ; one or two of the lads, rather degraded specimens of humanity, boys whom it was very difficult to reach and influence or good, were, as they themselves called it, "dead against teetotal," and a good many smaller boys, whom they very largely influenced, echoed their opinion; but the strongest party was in favour of the Band of Hope ; and Ted, young as he was, became in some sort their leader. Nothing could have happened better for Ted than this ; it gave him something to do for others, it lessened his morbid feelings, Duty and Drink were real giants to him, and he told the story over and over to those who would listen.

When the fortnight was up, another meeting was held, and officers were appointed for the young society. Captain Neville became president ; he was chosen unanimously by the whole ship's company, and with ringing cheers his consent was received. Mr. Fryer became treasurer, and Ted, to his unbounded delight, was made registrar. It would be his duty to put down the names of those present at the meetings, to issue pledge-cards and hymn-books, and to perform many other services. Attendance at the meetings was expected of the boys, and few would have cared to miss them, so attractive did Mr. Fryer manage to render his Band of Hope evenings. But to sign the pledge and to become an accredited member was a purely voluntary act on the part of the lads, and no compulsion whatever was used in this respect.

Very soon Ted was made immensely happy by one and another of the "instructors" who are over the boys in the various departments, volunteering to join and to identify themselves with the Mount Edgecumbe Band of Hope.

The books, many of them standard temperance works, that Mr. Hayler every now and then sent for the use of the boys, proved charming additions to their meetings. They had always one good tale in hand, from which an instructor, or one of the boys, and occasionally Captain Neville or Mr. Fryer would read consecutively every fortnight to the audience. In this way the boys' interest was kept continually alive, for except on meeting nights the volume could not be obtained for any consideration, and the reader was always obliged to leave off precisely when the hearers most desired him to go on.

Captain Neville was especially clever at doing this, just as the young eyes fastened upon him grew most eager, and they settled themselves to hear the end of the adventure or to accompany the hero out of his dilemma : the Captain with his agreeable smile, and a rather roguish look in his dark eyes, would close the story with the words, good-temperedly spoken, "To be continued."

Of all the boys in the *Mount Edgecumbe,* the Band of Hope influenced most strongly and thoroughly the mind of Lady Ted. He thought about the principles he had adopted ; read about them, and, as a consequence, became a really intelligent worker in that great Reform that will do more to improve the condition of the young in our land than any other.

As time went on a few of the boys of the *Mount Edgecumbe* entered into the competition offered by the Band of Hope Union for the best answers to certain questions founded upon the knowledge contained in a little book written by Dr. Ridge. They had many obstacles to overcome, which boys more carefully trained in early years would not have known. Lady Ted was one of those who made the trial ; and he became almost too absorbingly interested in it. It was a very difficult thing, indeed, to him to pay the proper amount of attention to those other branches of instruction which duty required.

Amongst the various employments of the boys is that of making their own clothes. The dress of the little Quartermaster and his companions is made in pattern just like the ordinary dress of boys in naval training ships, but it differs in colour, being of very dark brown stuff, turned out with red. When Ted was at this work during the time that his examination was in hand, he found it very difficult indeed to concentrate his attention on cloth and needle and thread, so as to ensure approval from his instructor. This man was very patient with the lads, if he saw they were doing their best, but for carelessness or idleness he had remarkably little patience. Ted certainly forgot that it was as much his duty to attend to his seams, as at the proper time to endeavour to explain the action of alcohol on the brain. He had received several sharp reprimands from the master-tailor when Captain Neville chanced to pass by.

"All good boys to-day, I hope, Smith?" he said, with his accustomed affability.

"Wish I could say so, sir," was the respectful answer.

"Who's giving you trouble, Smith?" demanded the Captain a little sharply.

Ted coloured, and his eyes sparkled ominously.

"That boy attends to everything but his work, sir."

"Ted," said Captain Neville, "this isn't like you. What is the matter?"

"I don't understand what Instructor Smith told me to do," said Ted hotly.

"That's it, Captain," said the tailor; "he's no good at all. He doesn't listen to a word I say, I do believe."

"This won't do, Ted," said the Captain authoritatively. "Your work has to be done; see that you do it, and that I hear no further complaint of you."

Ted had more command over himself now than when he was accused of mutiny, but it was difficult indeed to the passionate boy to utter aloud the "Yes, sir" for which the Captain so evidently waited. It was spoken at last, though its utterance seemed to choke him.

"What do you do next, Ted?"

"Learn the compass, sir."

"After that come to my office."

"Yes, sir."

Was a punishment in store for him? The other boys in the tailor's shop glanced meaningly at each other. There had been a sort of impression amongst them that Lady Ted was a favourite, both with Captain Neville and Mr. Fryer. Some were not sorry that he had been discovered as a delinquent. They were additionally attentive to their instructor for telling his faults to the Captain. Poor little Quartermaster! He was bitterly disappointed. It was so long since he had been specially punished for any misdemeanour or breach of attention to rules, that he could hardly force back the bitter tears that were so close to his eyes, or the heavy sighs that oppressed his young heart. He tried bravely to do better with the work in hand, and to concentrate his mind so fully upon it as no longer to deserve reproof.

In due course Ted joined the class for learning the points of the compass. He stood amongst the group of boys, about a score, and carefully watched the elder lad, who pointed out to his fellows the various directions it was possible for the needle to take, and called out in a clear young voice, "west, nor'-west," or "nor'-nor'-west," as the case might be, with every other voice around him echoing his own. And close beside them on the deck, his far-seeing bright eyes watching for mistakes as carefully as a cat watches for a mouse, was the old seaman who acted as their instructor in these nautical matters, and who was responsible for the boys' progress and proficiency. Ted determined no fault should be found with him now by the clever old boatswain. After this he proceeded timidly and unwillingly enough to the office of the Captain, where that gentleman appeared so busily engaged with some ledgers as hardly to notice Ted's entrance, though he had bid him "come in" in answer to his knock.

Captain Neville continued to write, and Ted continued painfully to stand just within the door. He stood so long, and at last felt so uncomfortable that he almost determined to ask the Captain whether he knew that he was there. After awhile he heard the bugle-call for supper. Poor Ted was hungry. He had a growing boy's appetite, and not even his anxiety as to what awaited him could make him able to anticipate a supperless bed with equanimity. "Captain Neville, please, sir," he began humbly. The Captain took no notice. He simply wrote on. There was a hurrying noise below, and then the sound of the many young voices singing grace together, in measured accents. Lady Ted could almost have cried, only he was ashamed to cry because he had missed his supper. Of course the boys who had been in the tailor's class, or that instructor himself, would explain his absence. There would not be the least chance of supper for him. Everybody would believe, in Ted's little world, that he was having a beating instead. Ted was so unhappy by this time that he almost wished he had been punished instead of being treated so strangely.

Why didn't Captain Neville attend to him? If he didn't want him there why didn't he tell him so? Couldn't the Captain attend to him as well as to his dreadful writing? The writing engaged in so persistently, so remorselessly, had really become dreadful to Ted by this time.

"A penny for your thoughts, Ted," said Captain Neville, looking up so suddenly at last, and fixing his penetrating eyes so fixedly upon the boy as almost to bewilder him. How could Ted venture to tell what he had been thinking about? Ted coloured vehemently as he said,

"Please, Captain, I *can't* tell them."

"They were not very complimentary to me, I suppose. Let me see, you thought, Why does Captain Neville send for me here to treat me like this? and if he wanted to punish me why does he go on writing as if I wasn't in existence?"

Ted's confusion became greater every moment. It seemed to him like magic that the Captain should read his thoughts in this way.

"I see by your face, without a word, that I am not far wrong. Now, Ted, I want to ask *you* a few questions. Because you have undertaken to compete in a Band of Hope examination, is it impossible for you to attend to your other business properly? Did you consider I was acting rightly, when because I had the accounts of the ship to look over, I therefore



"Ted learning the points of the compass."—p. 83.

neglected the needs of one of the boys whom I also had to overlook?"

"Thank you, sir," said Ted, brightly; "I understand. Please, sir, I'll try not to do it again, and please, Captain, will you punish me now, and then it will be over?"

Captain Neville smiled, and was silent for awhile.

"I have not said all I wish to say yet, Ted," he said at length; "I want you to remember that the Band of Hope on board this ship is a special privilege to you boys, and every member of that Band of Hope who has its interest at heart, will be especially careful to do nothing which can bring it into disgrace with the committee or the captain or any of the instructors. Every member has the honour of the society in his keeping to the extent of his influence. If I were to ask Instructor Smith what sort of boys the teetotal boys proved themselves to be



"We carried him out, opened the cage door, and set him free."—p. 87.

so far as he had to do with them, would he not say, Well, if I must judge from the behaviour of Ted Hatherly, they are not quite so good at their work as their neighbours. I'm afraid they believe in total abstinence from work, or some such folly."

Ted could not help smiling.

"I don't wish, Ted," continued the Captain, "for any one to say to me or to Mr. Fryer, 'You've made a great mistake in allowing those boys of yours to go in for a competitive examination in teetotalism; you see their brains are so small, that if you allow this it immediately causes them to neglect other matters which it is considered very important they should attend to.'"

Again Ted found himself obliged to smile at the words of the Captain.

"Now, Ted, you may go. Ask Mr. Fryer what he thinks you deserve as a punishment; but first I must give you some supper, or you will think I want you to practise total abstinence from food."

Ted was presently furnished with an abundant supply of bread and cheese and a glass of milk, a very welcome exchange for the supper he had missed, and also a very acceptable quietus for the hunger he had felt.

"Go to Mr. Fryer, if he will have you, and then to your berth. Good-night, Ted."

"But, Captain ——"

"Well?"

"The punishment, mayn't I have it to-night, Captain?"

"You *have* had it, Ted, my boy; I hope I can always distinguish between error and sin. You are sufficiently corrected."

(*To be continued.*)

THE CAPTIVE FREED.

BY UNCLE BEN.

IT was one of those most lovely summer days when open doors and windows let in the warm, balmy air as if, ladened by the love of heaven, it had been wafted down to earth with silent messages from the home above, a day which makes every one feel "it is a shame to be indoors," and above all it was the birthday of Mr. Lloyd.

In our house the birthdays were kept as sacred festivals. Secret preparations were going on for

some time before, presents were brought into the house so stealthily that the keenest vision of expectation never discovered them, all was hidden away until the morning of the happy day. And then, when the lucky owner of the birthday came down to breakfast, after an almost sleepless night of hopeful and excited imagination concerning the joys that waited with the morning of the long-expected day, there on the table, mid plenty of flowers, lay the treasures and gifts. The great difficulty was experienced on the occasion of the anniversary of a parental natal day. To get the presents for mother, if our own pocket-money did not run to the amount required, needed much skill and caution ; then we were obliged to beg and wrestle with father for pennies "for a very particular reason," and sometimes we were obliged to take him into our confidence entirely. And then we worried and feared lest he should tell mother in the night ; for we had the impression father couldn't keep anything from dear mother, not even his own birthday present to her. Of course, when father's turn came, mother was fully consulted, and wisely so, as by these long and serious discussions she removed from the minds of the most youthful members of the family many errors, and we learnt with wonder and disappointment that a large gingerbread elephant or a beautiful box of beads were not the best things to give father. When we were very little we could not understand how the things most beloved in the shop windows and most desired by us could not be the most appropriate gifts for those we loved so much. It was a mystery indeed. Even when we rose so high as to suggest a walking-stick or a nice knife for sixpence, it was painful to see the sweet smile of non-approval on dear mother's face, and when we scorned the idea of puzzles and picture-books for father, there was nothing else left except toys.

Relief came once to us in this way. The man who came to do the garden told Clara, that is the youngest of all in the family, that his boy had a young thrush, which in a little time would sing just A 1. This Clara carefully reported to a family conclave, and urged the purchase of the bird and a cage as a grand present for father. The delight we should all have in the gift may, I fear, have been an unconscious bias that helped our unanimous decision, so that we all stumped up to the last penny, and went to the full extent of all our money to purchase a splendid cage wherein to place our bird. And this was the tribute of our affection to the best of fathers "in the leafy month of June."

We had all of us been many times to the gardener's cottage to inspect the thrush ; it looked all right, but we did not hear him sing. When one of us remarked on the silence of our bird, Bobbie, the boy who had reared him, said, "Bless you, he's a deal too young and shy to sing afore a lot of folk, but when he do begin to sing, he'll go it like a nightingale."

"Will he really, Bobbie ?" said Clara.

"I guess he will. He'll be a first-class singer—thrushes allus is ; there's never any breaking down with their singing as there used to be at our Sunday-school afore we got the armodium,' replied the seller.

On the morning of the eventful day we got up early in the morning. Mother used to say all the people who want to do a great or good thing "rose early in the morning."

The cage had arrived safely with the bird inside, and we all went down to express our admiration at father's present. When we had exhausted all the adjectives at our command, we waited until we heard father coming ; then we rushed to the door and all burst out together saying, "Many happy returns of the day, father! That's our present. Aren't you surprised, father ? You never thought it was going to be a live bird."

"Nor a stuffed one either," said Mr. Lloyd.

"Father, it'll sing like a nightingale. Bobbie said so," exclaimed Clara.

"I expect it'll sing more like a thrush," rejoined the father, smiling ; "and what else did Bobbie tell you ?"

"Hush ! Clara don't say any more, or you will tell father what it cost," said our eldest sister.

"Oh, no," said Clara, shaking her head. "I know that's to be always a secret."

"So my little girl can keep a secret, can she ?" said Mr. Lloyd.

"Yes, when I'm with the other children," said our youngest ; "but when I'm alone with you I shall want to tell you all. It's very hard to keep a secret when you are alone with any one."

"And now," said father, "to breakfast, for mother's waiting to pour out."

The day was a happy one ; we had a whole holiday, and fed the bird until we nearly made a beast of that biped.

In a very few days, in spite of the united devotion of the whole family, that bird turned poorly. Singing was quite out of the question. Whether he was too young or too shy we never knew ; we never heard his voice, he turned out a failure. Our anxiety grew worse about father's bird, as we called it, and at the end of a week we all consulted father after tea one evening about his bird ; and the result was, father said we had better carry him out in the wood and let him fly away ; he thought a permanent change of air would set him up.

At first this was a dreadful blow to us all, but

as it was father's bird we determined to do as father said, and so that next day, as the poor dickey continued to beat himself against the bars and do little else beside lose his feathers, we carried him out into the beautiful wide home God had made for him, and opened the cage door and set him free, and away he flew and we never saw him any more. We brought home the empty cage, and father said he was so glad we had set his bird at liberty, for he would be quite well now in the place God had prepared for our little thrush.

There is just one lesson this little story tells us. That it is not natural for wild birds to be shut up in a cage, and to be natural is to be free. It is not natural for us to need or to take stimulants. And some foolish people say, I do not wish to be a slave and sign the pledge ; I wish to be free to take a little. We say every evil habit is like a cage ; and we teetotalers wish to be quite free from the temptation of strong drink—we wish to be so much at liberty as never to go into the cage at all. We are quite free to go into prison if we like, but we prefer to be free to keep outside. We are at liberty to take a little or much of the poison of alcohol, but we are too free to do it. We belong to the Band of Hope that we may keep our freedom always, for good health, for better lives. For we know God meant birds to live in nests, and not in cages ; to be free, and not to be in prison. And we know that no prison-house or place of confinement is so terrible as the evil habit of taking strong drink, therefore we mean to be free, and keep our freedom as long as we live. Hence to prove this to all the world, we sign the temperance pledge and belong to the Band of Hope.

THE POOR MAN AND THE FIEND.

BY VERY REV. CANON FRITH.

A FIEND met once an humble man, at night in the cold, dark street,
And led him into a palace fair, where sweet song and music greet,
And light and warmth cheered the wanderer's heart, from frost and darkness screened,
Till his brain grew mad from the poisoned cup, and he worshipped before the Fiend.

Ah ! well if he ne'er had knelt to the Fiend, for a task-master grim was he,
And he said, "One half of thy life on earth, I enjoin thee to give to me,
And when from rising to set of sun, thou hast toiled in the heat or snow,
Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be ;" and the poor man ne'er said, "No !"

The poor man had health, more precious than gold, stout bone and muscle strong,
That neither faint nor weary grew, to toil the liveday long ;
And the Fiend, his god, cried hoarse and loud, "Thy strength thou must forego,
Or thou no worshipper art of mine ;" and the poor man ne'er said, "No !"

Three children blest the poor man's home, stray angels dropt on earth,
The Fiend beheld their sweet blue eyes, and he laughed in savage mirth.
"Bring forth thy little ones all," cried he ; "my godhead wills it so.
I want an evening sacrifice ;" and the poor man ne'er said, "No !"

A wife sat by the poor man's fire, who, since she became his bride,
Had soothed his sorrows and brightened his joys, his guardian, friend, and guide.
Foul fell the Fiend, he gave command, "Come, mix the cup of woe,
Bid thy young wife drain it to the dregs ;" and the poor man ne'er said, "No !"

Oh ! misery now, for this poor man ! Oh ! deepest of misery !
The Fiend his god-like reason took, and worse than brutes fed he :
And when the sentinel mind was gone, he pilfered his soul also.
And, marvel of marvels ! he murmured not ! the poor man ne'er said, "No !"

Now, men and maidens in your prime, children and grandsires old,
Come listen with soul, as well as ears, whilst I this tale unfold ;
Oh ! listen till your brain whirl round, and your heart is sick to think,
That in England's Isle all this befell ; and the name of the Fiend was DRINK.

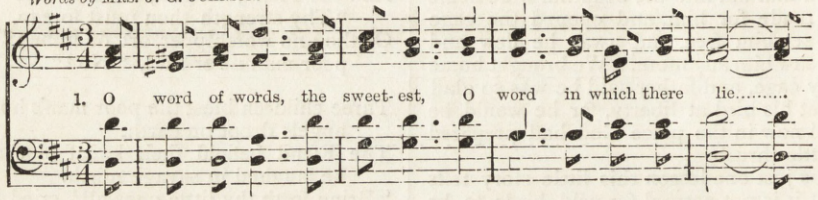
—Church of England Chronicle.

A GENEROUS BOY.—Two brothers broke through the ice on which they were skating in Cincinnati. While they were clinging desperately to the edge of the ice and efforts were being made to reach them, the older one cried out : "Be sure and take Willie out first." But both Willie and his generous brother were drowned.

IF a two-wheeled vehicle is a bicycle, and a three-wheeled a tricycle, it does not follow that the one-wheeled is an icicle. It is a wheelbarrow.

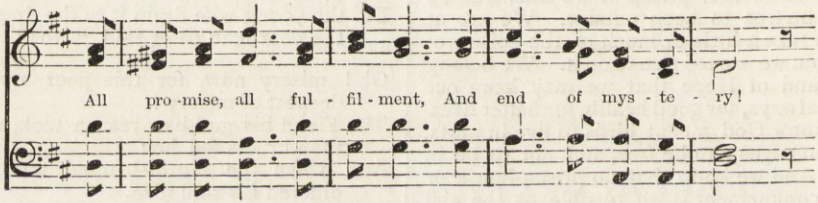
"COME!"

Words by MRS. J. G. JOHNSON. *Music by* J. MCGRANAHAN.

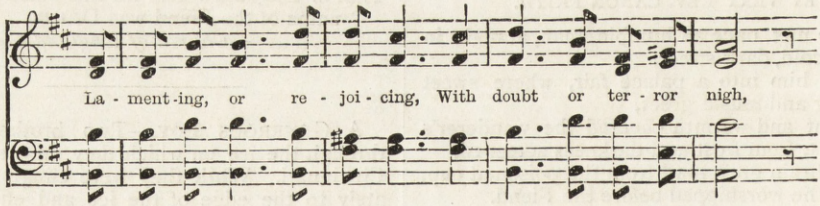


KEY D.

.s	fe .s :d' :- .s	t .l :— :l	t :- .l :r .l	s :— :-.
2. O	soul! why shouldst thou	wander From	such a lov-ing	Friend?
.m	re .m :m :- .m	s .f :— :f	f :- .f :f .f	m :— :-.
.d'	d' .d' :s :- .d'	d' .d' :— :d'	s :- .s :t .t	d' :— :-.
3. Oh,	each time draw me	nearer, That	soon the "Come" may	be
.d	d .d :d :- .d	f .f :— :f	s :- .s :s .s	d :— :-.

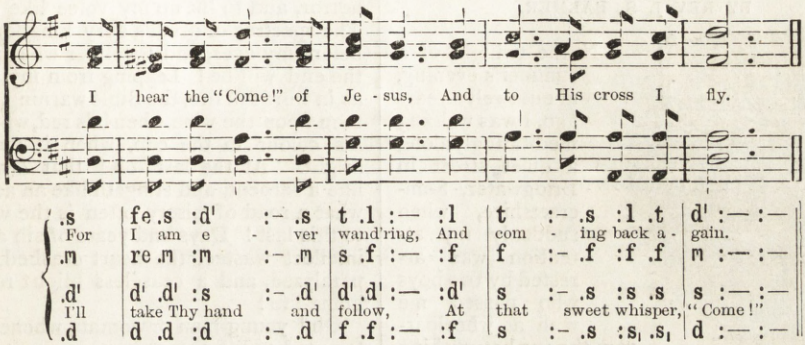


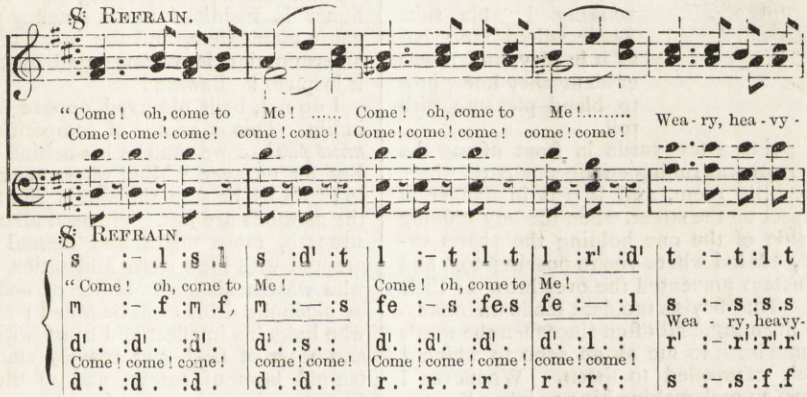
.s	fe .s :d' :- .s	t .l :— :l	t :- .s :f .r	d :— : .
Cling	clo-ser, clo - ser	to Him, Stay	with Him to the	end;
.m	re .m :m :- .m	s .f :— :f	f :- .f :r .t_1	d :— : .
.d'	d' .d' :s :- .d'	d' .d' :— :d'	s :- .s :s .f	m :— : .
Nought	but a gen - tle	whisper, To	one close, close to	Thee;
.d	d .d :d :- .d	f .f :— :f	s :- .s :s_1 .s_1	d :— : .

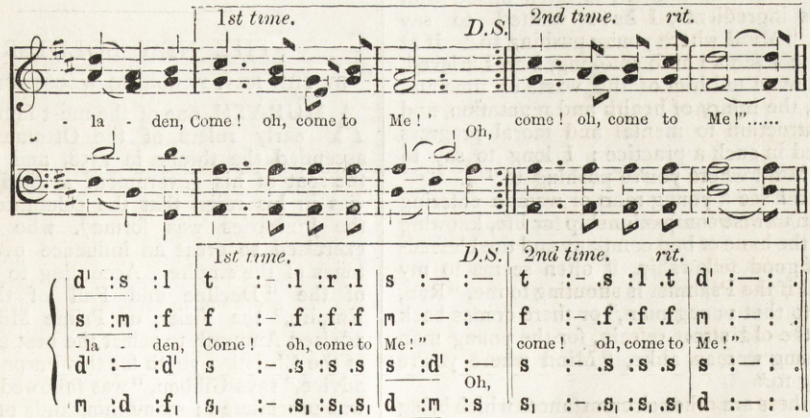


.m	m .l :l :- .d'	d' .t :— :t	d' :- .l :m .fe	s :— : .
A -	las! I am so	helpless, So	ve - ry full of	sin,
.d	d .m :m :- .m	m .m :— :m	m :- .m :d .r	r :— : .
.l	l .d' :d' :- .l	se.se:— :se	l :- .d' :d' .d'	t :— : .
Then,	o-ver sea and	mountain, Far	from, or near my	home,
.l_1	l_1 .l_1 :l_1 :- .l_1	m .m :— :m	l_1 :- .l_1 :l_1 .r	s_1 :— : .

"COME!"


I hear the "Come!" of Je - sus, And to His cross I fly.
For I am e - ver wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.
I'll take Thy hand and follow, At that sweet whisper, "Come!"


REFRAIN.
"Come! oh, come to Me! ..... Come! oh, come to Me!.....
Come! come! come! come! come! Come! come! come! come! come!
Wea - ry, hea - vy -
REFRAIN.
"Come! oh, come to Me!
Come! come! come!
Come! oh, come to Me!
Come! come! come!
Come! oh, come to Me!
come! come!
Wea - ry, heavy-


1st time.
D.S.
2nd time.
rit.
- la - den, Come! oh, come to Me!' Oh, come! oh, come to Me!".....
1st time.
D.S.
2nd time.
rit.
- la - den,
Come! oh, come to Me!"
come! oh, come to Me!"
Oh,

"MIND WHERE YOU'RE PUSHING TO."

BY REV J. S. BALMER.



IN the twilight of a summer's evening, about twelve years ago, I was walking meditatingly along a quiet street in Bridgwater, Somersetshire, when suddenly my attention was arrested by two boys who passed me with a wheelbarrow, the one boy pushing it forward and the other walking by his side. Their voices rang out as if in play, and it was evident they knew how to blend pleasure with toil.

At a point a few yards in front of me the wheelbarrow was rolling on the side-path, where was but little room, and it was in danger of being upset on the street, when the boy walking by the side of the one holding the shafts exclaimed, "Mind where you're pushing to," and at the instant prevented the overthrow of their charge. That boyish incident made an impression on my mind, and often since then the words have come back to me as an echo to which I have felt compelled to listen. Whenever I have seen a youth making his way into a theatre, where the mental aliment is often mixed with noxious ingredients, I have wanted to say to him, "Mind where you're pushing to." If at any time I see a youth smoking, I feel grieved, and want to tell him of the waste of time and money, the injury of health and reputation, and the obstruction to mental and moral progress involved in such a practice; I long to say to him, "Mind where you're pushing to."

When I see a young man or woman entering upon an unwise companionship for life, knowing as I do the bane of bad company and the blessedness of good fellowship, it often seems to my mind as if the Psalmist is shouting to me, "Run, speak to that young man," or there comes back to me the old street refrain, for the young man and young woman alike, "Mind where you're pushing to."

And there are other circumstances which bring to my recollection the Bridgwater boys with their wheelbarrow and its dangers; but on no occasion is this more striking than when I see the young taking hold of the wine-cup, or the glass which contains any kind of intoxicating liquor. I feel impelled to hold up my hands in horror, and to lift up my voice like a trumpet. The spectres of drink's gory kingdom start up before my eyes, and I wonder what in this case the end will be! Leaping from my lips comes, as in words of fire, the Bible warning, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last (oh! that *last*) it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." And what a road of misery often is the way leading to this last! Days and years of sin and shame; intellect wasted, the heart crushed, the hand paralyzed, and a ceaseless blight resting upon home-life!

Oh! young man or woman, whenever you are tempted to lift the poisonous cup to your lips, "Mind where you're pushing to." Intoxicating liquor is insidious in its potency; it rapidly gains momentum, and the break of your self-determination is overmastered by the passion it inspires! Beware!

I do not, be it observed, oppose honest push in life. This is an age of competition, and we *must push* or we shall be left behind in the race. But let us ever "Mind where we are pushing to;" let us be sure the aim is right, and that the methods are just. We need all our physical strength, more might and mental energy to grapple with life's stern difficulties. The man who wastes his forces either of body or mind by alcoholic drinks will be foiled; but the man who links his intellect and heart with the mind and heart of God, and bravely stands by the eternal laws of nature, and of the Cross of Christ, will be victorious for ever.

THE NEW SOLDIERS.

BY THE REV. FREDERIC WAGSTAFF, F.R.H.S.

AMURATH, one of the most famous of the early rulers of the Ottoman Empire, ascended the throne in 1358, and established the seat of his government at Adrianople. It was in his reign that the celebrated body of the Janizaries was formed, who afterwards exercised so great an influence over the fortunes of the empire. According to the author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the Vizier, or Prime Minister, had advised Amurath to select the best and bravest of the Christian youth for this purpose. "This advice," says Gibbon, "was followed; the edict was proclaimed; many thousands of the European captives were educated in religion and arms, and the new militia was consecrated and named by a celebrated dervish. Standing in

front of their ranks, he stretched the sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost soldier, and his blessing was delivered in these words: 'Let them be called Janizaries (*Yengi cheri*, or new soldiers); may their countenances be ever bright! their hand victorious! their sword keen! May their spear always hang heavy over the heads of their enemies! and wheresoever they go, may they return with a white face!'"

When we read this statement the other day in the pages of the famous historian, we naturally bethought ourselves of the members of our Bands of Hope—the "new soldiers" of the Temperance movement. In the first place they are *young*. It was shrewd advice that the Vizier gave to Amurath. Taken early and trained while mind and body were alike susceptible to the influences that were brought to bear upon them, it was easy to make brave soldiers of them. Our hope lies in the children, and as we gather them together we would bless them in similar, yet better, fashion to the benediction of the old dervish: "May their countenances be always bright!" May the innocence of childhood be preserved amid the dangers and temptations of adult age, "May their hand be victorious!" They have a battle to fight that becomes sharper and more fierce as the day of assured triumph draws nearer. To ensure from them all of which they are capable, and all we have a right to expect, we must do four things. We must take them *while they are young*. The younger the better. "You sign the pledge!" exclaimed a drinker once to a little boy. "Why, you are not old enough!" "Am I old enough to drink?" was the child's question. "Certainly, my little man." "Then I am old enough to abstain," was the shrewd reply. Secondly, we must *train them*. It is here we have too often failed. With all our earnestness and zeal in the Band of Hope movement, we have not yet "attained unto perfection" in this matter of drilling the young people in Temperance principles. Our meetings need to combine both entertainment and instruction. Our addresses want to be simpler, while they are not less full of sound teaching. Thirdly, we must *consecrate them by the sanctions of religion*. The Janizaries were "educated in religion and arms." The religion they learned was false; we have the true. Before a growing army of devout God-fearing young abstainers, the powers of drinkdom must quail. *Their* spear would indeed "hang heavy over the heads of their enemies." Lastly, we must keep them employed. Amurath and his successors took care that their standing army should never be idle. Had they allowed that, mischief would have come of it, as mischief did sometimes come. Keep the children's minds and hands engaged, and you will keep them fast to the pledge. Find out what they are each best fitted for, and give them something to do appropriate to their capacities. Thus trained, and thus employed, our "new soldiers" will assuredly, by God's blessing, exert a mighty influence for good upon the world.

WEAK YET STRONG.

We are weaker far than David,
When the pride of Gath he slew;
Yet the God in whom he trusted
Will give *us* the victory too.

He will guide us in the battle
Of the right against the wrong.
What though we are small and feeble,
He is ever wise and strong.

And we, like the sling of David,
Guided by His mighty hand,
May o'erthrow the giant evil
That is saddening our land.

Therefore let us battle boldly
'Gainst this enemy of peace,
Till the tears of mourning widows
And the cries of orphans cease;

Till no longer golden cornfields,
Till no more the graceful vine,
Grant their gifts for draughts of poison—
Foaming beer and sparkling wine.

Till his broken, cast-off fetters
Leave the sin-bound drunkard free,
And the nation's loud thanksgivings
Join his song of liberty.

We believe the time is coming
When 'gainst Sin and Might and Sword
Love shall raise her voice exultant,
From the kingdom of the Lord.

A. J. Wybroo.

A GOODLY OUTSIDE.

A CERTAIN little boy, only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant Maggie as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one, which was very white and nice on the outside, but when cut into pieces, it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot. Willie exclaimed, "Why, Maggie! that potato isn't a Christian." "What do you mean?" asked Maggie. "Don't you see it has a bad heart?" said he. However fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right clear through.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEARL.



"MAMMA, I don't suppose God *always* answers little girls' prayers; do you?"

"Certainly I do."

"Just as much as though they were big?"

"Of course, if they pray with all their hearts."

"Always gives them just what they want?"

"Oh, no, dear! When you ask God for anything, you say, if He thinks best you would be glad to have it; don't you?"

"Yes, mamma. I say, '*If it is Thy will.*'"

"And if God saw it was not best, He would still be answering your prayer, if He did not bestow the gift. Do you see?"

"Yes'm; but I think it was best."

"*You* may be wrong; God *cannot* be."

"But, mamma, the Bible says we must seek it; and there's no other way, only just to pray, you know. I asked, and He didn't answer me. I tried to ask right."

"What did you ask for? You may be mistaken about what is best for a little girl to have."

There was a conscious blush as she answered in a whisper—

"I asked for the pearl of great price."

"And have you got it?"

"No, mamma."

"Do you know what the pearl of great price is, dear?"

"No, mamma; but it's beautiful, I suppose."

"Yes, dear, it's the most lovely ornament any one can have. It makes the plainest face sweet and lovable. It's worn in the heart, but its radiance lights up the whole countenance, and makes musical every word one speaks, and gives grace to every act. It is the spirit of love in the heart that makes us forget to please ourselves and try to please God. It is because Jesus bought it for us with His precious blood that makes it of great price. Do you think you love to please Him, dear?"

"I think I do, mamma."

"Then perhaps you have that pearl so beautiful and priceless."

"I *hope* God answered me. Would you ask again, mamma?"

"Never cease to ask, my child, not only for the precious pearl, but that your daily words and actions may never tarnish it. If you are disobedient, the pearl is tarnished; if you are peevish or fretful, its lustre is dimmed. If you are selfish, and forget the text you learned today, that 'even Jesus pleased not Himself,' the pearl, although you still may hold it, grows very dim. Keep it bright, my child, if God has indeed given it to you; and let every day of your life add a new lustre to it."

A WISE KADI.

ON board a certain ship which sailed in one of the Eastern seas, there was a passenger who had made some money as a milkman at Constantinople, which he kept in a bag in his cabin, and was very fond of retiring there and counting it over. Now, the captain had a pet monkey that used to watch this man, and seeing him so often going to this bag, he thought there must be something in it worth examining; so one day he watched his opportunity, ran into the man's cabin, seized the bag, and climbed with it up to the mainsail yard. The man soon missed his bag, and soon found out where it had gone, for the monkey began taking out the gold coins and throwing them alternately on the deck and into the sea.

Those that fell on the deck the poor man greedily picked up, but as half of the money went overboard, that of course was lost. He did not intend putting up with his loss so quietly, for he held the captain responsible, as it was his monkey that had robbed him.

Nothing could be done until the vessel got into port, when the man had the captain brought before the Kadi, or magistrate, to recover the value of the coins lost.

"You were a milkman? said the Kadi.

"I was, sir," replied the man.

"And pray, will you tell me how much water you used to put with your milk?"

The man was much confused, and replied that he would rather not tell; but as he saw the magistrate was determined to know, he at last confessed that he used to mix one half.

"Very well, then," said the Kadi, "it appears to me that only one half of what you earned was honestly yours. You have got, therefore, all that was your due, and this monkey has only thrown into the water the amount of profit you dishonestly got out of the water."

Thus judgment was given against the man, and every one but he felt how just it was.

THE ears which bend down so modestly are full of fine grain, while the proud ones, which raise their heads so haughtily, are empty and worthless.



MIDSUMMER

Now come the rosy June and blue-eyed Hours,
With song of birds and stir of leaves and wings,
And run of rills and bubble of bright springs,
And homely burst of pretty buds to flowers ;
With buzz of happy bees in violet bowers,
And gushing lay of the loud lark, who sings
High in the silent sky, and sleeks his wings
In frequent sheddings of the flying showers ;
With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy floods,
And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
Answered in far-off faintness by its dam ;
With cuckoo's call from green depths of old woods ;
And hum of many sounds making one voice,
That sweetens the smooth air with a melodious noise. WEBBE.

POLLY PLYMTON.

POLLY PLYMTON is a merry-hearted girl. "Pretty Polly" she is called by her rustic lovers; and really she is a pleasant picture to look upon this lovely summer morning. Her cheeks are as red as the strawberries which her deft fingers are picking; her eyes are bonny and blue, and her hair has caught the golden light of the dandelions that grow so thickly out in the meadows.

As Polly busies herself in gathering the luscious fruit, she sings a tender little love-song, and her head is bent down over her work so that she does not see who is watching her. He is a manly-looking young fellow, of some five and twenty years.

Presently he calls, "Polly, Polly," and the girl lifts her head.

"What is it, John?" she asks, a merry smile lighting up her winsome face.

"I have news for you, dear," he says. "They are coming to-day; they will be here in an hour or two."

"Oh, John! Tell me something about them. Will I like them? Are they nice?"

"Will you like them, dear?" says John, "I can't tell that; you will have to wait and see. Mr. and Mrs. Cantlin are city people; very different from all the quiet folks around here. But Miss Nellie is not fashionable one bit; you will like her, I guess. And oh, Polly!" he says, a shadow stealing over his face, "you will think Mr. Clarance Cantlin very nice, and grand, and all that; but, dear, don't have much to do with him. Promise me, Polly."

But Polly pouts, and shakes her pretty head.

"Why, John," she says, "he wouldn't look at me. I am nothing but a poor country girl, and he is a fine young gentleman. Poor Johnny! Is he afraid that somebody will steal his Polly away?" And with a saucy laugh she runs hastily into the house, and while she is telling her mother the news, we will have a little talk about them all.

Mr. and Mrs. Plymton are well-to-do country people; but, now that Polly is going to be married, they want a little extra money for her bridal clothes; and so Mrs. Plymton has decided to take a few summer boarders.

Mr. and Mrs. Cantlin are wealthy people from the city. The daughter Nellie is just recovering from a long sickness, and the doctor says that the country air is what she needs. And—poor John! Clarance Cantlin is his greatest trouble just now, for though John knows that Polly loves him dearly, still he is afraid; for Polly has seen so few people in all her simple life, that Clarance Cantlin will fascinate her, for a while, at least.

And so they come, and Polly immediately falls in love with white-faced Nellie; "She is not stiff nor proud one bit!" so Polly says.

Poor little Nellie! A few short months ago, and she was all the world to some one; the wedding-day was fixed; the bridal robes were made; and all the guests invited. And then a message came telling them that the ship and all on board had found a resting-place at the bottom of the sea.

There were weary days and nights of anxious watching, when Nellie hovered between life and death; and now that she was convalescent, they brought her here, hoping that the country air would bring back the happy light into her eyes and the colour into her white cheeks. And so Polly becomes her faithful attendant, and one day Nellie tells her all her story. Polly sheds many tears when she hears it, and then resolves that she will try her best to bring back the sunshine into Nellie's life.

So the days pass on until half the lovely summer weather is gone; and Nellie is quite strong now, and almost well; and so the three, Nellie, Polly, and Clarance, take many pleasant walks together, and Clarance tells the simple country maiden all about the great city, and Polly—like a foolish child—longs to see the busy world beyond.

One day Clarance brings a pair of slender golden bracelets, and placing them on Polly's dimpled arms, tells her that they are hers.

Polly's eyes sparkle with delight. She has never owned anything of the kind before. "But, dear," says John, "I cannot let you keep them; you must give them back to Mr. Clarance."

"You will not let me keep them?" says Polly, in surprise, and a little defiantly. "But I will though."

Just then somebody calls John away before anything more can be said; and so Polly keeps her bracelets.

But Clarance means no harm; he likes the young girl because she is so kind to his sister.

And now foolish Polly begins to draw comparisons between poor plain John and this fine young city gentleman.

"John is so rough and noisy," she thinks, and when he is in a room, he seems to fill it completely, he is so big. And then his hands are not white and soft, like those of Mr. Clarance." And so when the next day John sees Polly again, there are the bracelets shining on her round arms.

"What are you going to do with these, dear?" says John, touching the bracelets lightly.

"Do with them!" answers Polly. "Why I shall wear them, of course."

Then John's face grows very white. "Polly,' he says, speaking sternly, "which do you like the best; me, or that young city chap?"

But Polly is so angry that she hardly knows what she is saying.

"I will like Mr. Clarance if I want to," she answers, her eyes flashing. "And Mr. John, here is your ring; you had better give it to some one else. I see that I am not good enough for you."

John does not say a word, but takes the ring that is offered, and goes sadly away. Polly does not think of all the pain she is giving him; her foolish head is filled with ideas of the great city; and she thinks how nice it would be to marry such a man as Clarance, and live all her life in the busy town; and then she wonders if Mr. Clarance really loves her, and if some day she will be Mrs. Clarance Cantlin.

But that very afternoon Clarance tells Polly that somebody else is coming to the farm-house, "And, Polly," he says, "I want you to be very kind to her, for some day, very soon, she will be my wife."

Poor, pretty Polly! She thinks that her heart is really broken; but she does not know that it is about John she is grieving, and not Clarance at all.

She does not see John again, but one day she gets a letter from him, telling her that he is going away, and that he will never come back. Now Polly has a deal of pride hidden away somewhere, and so she holds her head up very high, and no one knows that she cares. But one day, going in to speak to Nellie, Polly is startled by the change she sees; for Nellie's eyes are full of tears, but her white cheeks are crimson, and her dainty lips are smiling.

"Oh, Polly, see!" she cries, holding up a letter; "it was all a mistake; the ship was lost, but he was saved, and he is coming home to me. Oh, Polly, I am so happy!"

Ah, everybody is happy but poor, pretty Polly: she will go away, she thinks, where she cannot see such happy looks and smiling faces.

So she runs off into the old barn, and sitting down, buries her troubled little face in her hands, and cries bitterly. Presently she hears a noise, and, lifting her head, she sees Bess, the brindle, standing there, and, looking at her, quite sorrowfully, she thinks:

"Poor Bess!" she says, gazing at her through a mist of tears. "Do you miss your master? Oh, Bess! if only John would come back! But he will never come home again, he says."

And at that thought Polly hides her face again, and cries more bitterly than ever.

"Polly! my little Polly!" calls a tender voice; and she looks up startled.

"Oh, John!" she cries, "I thought I had lost you for ever."

"I missed the train, dear, and so had to come home again."

"But, John," she says wistfully, "can you love me now, I have been so wicked?"

Then John kisses her, and Polly knows that she is quite forgiven.

HAMILTON.

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break its head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's,
And not your head, that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And to make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach-and-pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And would it not be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole arrangement
Will be altered just for you?
And is it not, my boy and girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

Dr. GRINDROD, of Malvern.—"Opium is a narcotic, tobacco is a narcotic, alcohol is a narcotic." These narcotics destroy the nervous system.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

MR. SPURGEON the other day said that he had heard of a man who used to say to his wife, "Mary, go to church and pray for us both." But the man dreamed one night that when he and his wife got to the gate of heaven, Peter said, "Mary, go in for 'em both."

ONE morning a guest, while staying with a friend, came down late to breakfast. The host, a very punctual man, reminded him of the rule laid down by Wellington—"When you first turn round in bed, it is time to turn out." "I don't agree with the Iron Duke," replied the late one, "for one good turn deserves another."

FRENCH "BON MOTS" BEARING ON THE DRINKING QUESTION.

"Moderation is something between a glass and a gallon."

"Old drunkards are the devils' decoy ducks" (Bishop Berkeley).

"The worm of the still is a worm that never dies" (Dr. S. Johnson).

"A toper's nose blushes at what the mouth is condemned to swallow" (Thackeray).

"The dram-shop is half way to the hulks" (Warren).

"The modern publicans differ from the ancient ones in this, that the latter were engaged in collecting the public taxes and the former are engaged in manufacturing them" (Professor Miller).

"Such as are ablest at the barrel are weakest at the book" (Dr. South).

"The bottle is a crucible in which the fine gold of human nature is converted into dross."

"JOHNNY," said his father, as the boy took a biscuit from the plate, "don't you know that it is unpolite to help yourself before your elders?" "Why, pa, mother told me to help myself before you!" "What do you mean?" asked his father, while his mother looked up with astonishment in every feature. "Why, I heard mother tell Aunt Hannah that she hoped I wouldn't take after you; and so I thought I'd take my biscuit first."

PAYING VISITS.—The doctor's.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.—A workman's bench.

THE ONLY CROP THAT GROWS BY GAS-LIGHT.—Wild oats.

A MILLIONAIRE, who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him, "I do admire a rich green flat." "So do I," significantly replied the agent.

WHEN is a cat like a teapot?—When you're teasin' it.

A MAN who was formerly a night-watchman refers to it as his "late occupation."

WHAT is the difference between sea-sickness and putting a bankrupt's property under the hammer? When you put a bankrupt's property under the hammer, it is a sale of effects; but sea-sickness is the effects of a sail.

JONES: "How on earth, Robinson, could you vote for that fellow Smith for the Town Council? He knows a precious sight more about coats and trousers than vestry business." Robinson: "Well, you see, he gives me any amount of credit, my dear friend, so I thought I might as well give him a little!"

A VERY SOLOMON!—Teacher with reading-class. Boy (reading): "And as she sailed down the river——" Teacher: "Why are ships called 'she'?" Boy (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex): "Because they need men to manage them."

CIRCULAR DRAFTS.—Cyclones.

A WORK OF NECESSITY.—Relieving the poor.

THE DYING SCHOOLMASTER.—Dr. Adams was once the beloved headmaster of the Edinburgh High School. As the damp dew of death settled upon his bodily eyes, his mental eyes thought they perceived the waning of the day. His ruling passion brought him back again to the class-room, amidst the boys he loved, who could drink up knowledge as the thirsty ground does the rain, and make every grain of that knowledge yield its full intent. But the windows of the class-room no longer yielded the necessary light, and as the earthly tabernacle was dissolving, the skilled teacher, thinking only of his life-work, quietly said, "It is getting dark; the boys may dismiss," and so passed away. The Great Napoleon, also, with his latest breath, in St. Helena, gave orders to occupy the *tête du pont* (the bridge-head). Perhaps the terrible struggle at the bridge of Lodi came over his mind at the last moment. At all events, the ruling passion was strong in death with him, as it has been with multitudes; and happy they whose ruling passion then shows itself to have been love to Jesus. "Here is not rest; here is but pilgrimage," sang Chaucer on his death-bed, re-echoing what had been spoken by inspiration before, and what has been the experience of humanity.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—The Derby Mercury—Hand and Heart—The Western Temperance Herald—The British Temperance Advocate—The Irish Temperance League—The Temperance Record—The Social Reformer—The Rechabites.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—MRS. HAYLER'S MISTAKE.

"I THINK there is something the matter with my knee, mamma; it hurts me," said Ernie Hayler one day to his mother.

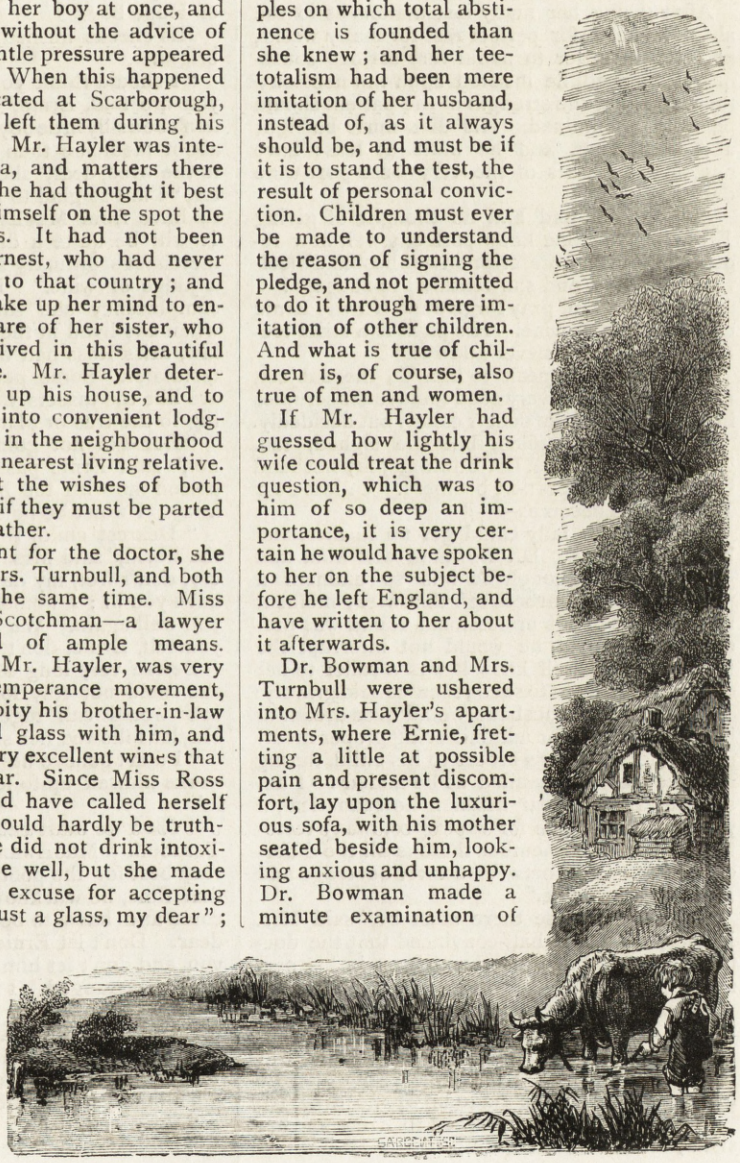
Mrs. Hayler examined her boy at once, and then she felt too anxious without the advice of a physician, for a very gentle pressure appeared to give her child pain. When this happened she and Ernest were located at Scarborough, where Mr. Hayler had left them during his absence from England. Mr. Hayler was interested in a firm in India, and matters there having become involved, he had thought it best to go and ascertain for himself on the spot the exact position of affairs. It had not been thought wise to take Ernest, who had never been a very robust child, to that country; and Mrs. Hayler could not make up her mind to entrust him even to the care of her sister, who was now married, and lived in this beautiful Yorkshire watering-place. Mr. Hayler determined therefore to shut up his house, and to settle his wife and child into convenient lodgings with a fine sea-view, in the neighbourhood of her sister, who was her nearest living relative. This plan precisely met the wishes of both Mrs. Hayler and Ernest, if they must be parted from their husband and father.

When Mrs. Hayler sent for the doctor, she also sent for her sister, Mrs. Turnbull, and both of them arrived about the same time. Miss Ross had married a Scotchman—a lawyer in good practice, and of ample means. This gentleman, unlike Mr. Hayler, was very much opposed to the temperance movement, and thought it a great pity his brother-in-law would not enjoy a social glass with him, and partake of some of the very excellent wines that were stored in his cellar. Since Miss Ross married, though she would have called herself an abstainer, that title could hardly be truthfully applied to her. She did not drink intoxicating liquors when quite well, but she made very small maladies an excuse for accepting her husband's offer of "just a glass, my dear"; and she was also unhappily conscious that her husband, whom she very much loved, was never much better pleased with her than when she yielded what he called her prejudices to his judgment.

So powerful is example, and so dangerous is it for us to be often surrounded by strong drink, that it is very certain Mrs. Hayler had not quite the same feeling about wine and ale when she had been two or three months at Scarborough, as she had had in her old home with her husband's constantly avowed disapproval of such liquors to strengthen her. She had been less perfectly convinced of the principles on which total abstinence is founded than she knew; and her teetotalism had been mere imitation of her husband, instead of, as it always should be, and must be if it is to stand the test, the result of personal conviction. Children must ever be made to understand the reason of signing the pledge, and not permitted to do it through mere imitation of other children. And what is true of children is, of course, also true of men and women.

If Mr. Hayler had guessed how lightly his wife could treat the drink question, which was to him of so deep an importance, it is very certain he would have spoken to her on the subject before he left England, and have written to her about it afterwards.

Dr. Bowman and Mrs. Turnbull were ushered into Mrs. Hayler's apartments, where Ernie, fretting a little at possible pain and present discomfort, lay upon the luxurious sofa, with his mother seated beside him, looking anxious and unhappy. Dr. Bowman made a minute examination of



the knee that gave Ernie pain ; he seemed by no means to regard the matter as trifling ; on the contrary, he presently requested to have some conversation with Mrs. Hayler, while Ernie remained in the care of his aunt.

Poor Mrs. Hayler ! she was devoted to her child, her fine little son, her only one, and she had scarcely courage to ask from the doctor the opinion he had formed.

After giving her many instructions as to the absolute need for perfect rest for many weeks, at least, in order to avoid very serious consequences indeed, he insisted upon the necessity there was that the strength of the patient should be fully maintained. His diet must be light and nourishing, and he must at least have one or two glasses of the very best port wine daily.

Mrs. Hayler had had no thought of giving Ernie drink. She knew perfectly well how repugnant to such a prescription her husband's feelings would be, and she ventured to suggest :

"Dr. Bowman, pray forgive me if I say Ernie cannot have the wine. His papa is a strict teetotaler and would never allow it."

"Allow *me* to speak to him on the subject, madam, and I will very soon remove his scruples in this case," said the doctor calmly but decidedly.

Mrs. Hayler smiled, but she sighed, too. "That is impossible, Dr. Bowman ; my husband is in India on important business. Unless dear Ernie's case becomes——"

But the poor lady could get no further, and burst into tears. Dr. Bowman was kind and gentlemanly. Though he was so eminent a practitioner in Scarborough that every moment in the midst of his professional round was precious to him, yet he would not interrupt the tears which he well knew it was a relief to her over-charged heart to shed ; then he said gravely:

"I am sure no husband would ever dream of blaming his wife for administering proper medicine under a doctor's orders to his child, during his absence." He smiled as he added : "I am quite aware, my dear madam, how fanatical, if you will pardon me for saying so, many teetotalers are ; but remember there is all the difference in the world between a mere beverage and a dietetic medicine."

"Yes ; I suppose there must be," said Mrs. Hayler, more than half-convinced that the doctor must certainly be right, at least in his own sphere of action.

Then the doctor bade her good-bye, promising to see Ernie on the morrow, and recommending that the wine should be given him at once, even before the medicines, for which he left the recipes, were made up by the druggist.

When Mrs. Hayler returned to Ernie and her sister, the latter asked,

"And what does Dr. Bowman say of our dear little patient ?"

"He has prescribed some medicine, and some lotion for the knee, and he says Ernie must take some wine—as a medicine, you know, dear," she added, turning to the child.

"Oh ! but I *can't*," said Ernie ; "what would papa say ? I don't want any nasty old wine ; don't you remember mamma, that I am a Band of Hope boy ?"

His cheeks flushed, and his eyes grew very bright.

"I should think your papa would say, do as you are told, Ernie," said Mrs. Turnbull, "and don't be a silly little boy and pretend to know more about medicine than clever Dr. Bowman. As to the wine, dear," she added, turning to her sister, "I am so glad to know that you will be able to have from MacEwan's cellar *the very best*. It will be quite a different thing to the wine merchant's ordinary stock. MacEwan is *such* a judge of wine." It was strange with what complacency she said this, considering that when she lived in the family of her brother-in-law, Miss Ross had believed herself an earnest teetotaler. Some people's avowed principles are like the insects that change colour according to the tree or plant they live upon.

"But I'm not going to take it, auntie, I'm not," said Ernie passionately ; "you want to poison me with the horrid stuff while papa is away ; I won't be poisoned with wine, I wont!"

"Dearest child, I won't let you be hurt for the world," said Mrs. Hayler soothingly ; "don't cry, don't fret, my darling ; I am so unhappy to have you ill ; I would do anything only to have you well again. We will see, dear ; don't excite yourself, Ernie, don't, for my sake!"

Before very long Mrs. Turnbull rose to go ; she could not stay longer ; MacEwan and herself would call together after dinner. Mrs. Hayler followed her sister from the room.

"I don't believe he will take it," she said; "he works himself up to feel quite frightened about it."

"Then we must call it medicine," said Mrs. Turnbull. "MacEwan will bring a bottle of his very best for the poor dear child to-night. By that time, he will know his medicine could have come and have to be taken. We will manage, dear. Don't let Ernie extort any promise from you, and don't let him grow suspicious of how it may be arranged. I have no doubt it will be all right in the end. Dr. Bowman must make him take it, if we fail."

"You won't make me break my Band of Hope pledge, mamma, will you ?" said Ernie to his mother, as she once more sat beside him.

"Very well, dear."

"Promise me, mamma,"

"I must try to get you well, Ernie; just think how sad it will be to have to send poor accounts to India."

"Papa won't so much mind if I'm only doing right, mamma."

The boy's words were a noble testimony to his father's character; it was certain that the child appreciated that father's steadfastness of principle better than his mother did.

Mrs. Hayler commenced to read to Ernie a new book which he was very desirous to hear. He became so intent in the story that he even forgot at last about the wine. But when evening came Mrs. Turnbull arrived according to promise and with her her husband, bearing what he deemed a very choice gift indeed for the sick boy. The three elder people entered into a little plan to make Ernie unsuspicious. Some of the wine was poured into a large medicine bottle, and Mr. Turnbull, taking it in one hand and a wine-glass in the other, said coaxingly, "Now, Ernie laddie, take your medicine."

"Is that my medicine, uncle?"

"Indeed it is."

The boy took the glass from Mr. Turnbull's hand, and smelt it suspiciously. "I believe it is wine, uncle, and it looks like wine too, and I'm not going to take it, unless you say it is not wine."

Mr. Turnbull hesitated; he could not tell a deliberate lie, and no skilful answer suggested itself to the minds of either of the disappointed three, who certainly had not given Ernie credit for so much determination on this particular subject.

"I call it very naughty and very bigotted of you, Ernie, not to obey Dr. Bowman," said Mrs. Turnbull.

"Papa would not call me so," said Ernie; "you write and ask papa; if he says it is right I'll take it."

"It would be absurd to wait all that time, Ernie," said Mr. Turnbull; "the doctor wants it to do you good at once; you know your papa told you to obey your mamma; he would not approve of this."

"He did not know she would want me to break my pledge," said Ernie sobbing.

"I can't have him teased," said Mrs. Hayler. "Dr. Bowman must speak to him to-morrow and convince him he is quite wrong."

"I don't believe he will," said Ernie.

Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull decided that night that Ernie Hayler was a sadly wilful, spoiled child; if only they had his training they would soon bend his stubborn temper.

"But it is more the father's fault than the child's," concluded Mr. Turnbull. "Hayler has one craze, and that is total abstinence. It is positively absurd; the notion is positively unscriptural; temperance is the thing enjoined in the Bible, and is a far higher, far more manly attainment than total abstinence. See how many blessings are attached to the use of wine in Holy Writ."

"You forget I am a teetotaler," said Mrs. Turnbull.

Her husband laughed. "Just the kind I like," he said; "a thoroughly temperate woman, and not wedded to teetotalism by any means."

Mrs. Turnbull reflected that she had really almost better drop the name teetotaler altogether, she took a glass of wine to please her husband so often, once or twice a week at the very least. He was no doubt right; temperance was higher than abstinence.

Next day when Dr. Bowman came to see his little patient, Mrs. Hayler went to him before he saw Ernie, and stated the difficulty that existed in the child's mind about taking wine.

"Oh! we must knock that notion out of him."

"You will not find it at all an easy task, doctor; he is so very firm," said Mrs. Hayler.

"Then I will perform a difficult one," said Dr. Bowman; "he is a little obstinate; mothers often call obstinacy firmness, I observe," he said, playfully; "but leave him to me."

"Well, Ernie," he said, kindly, after he had made the necessary examination of the case; "you don't like my medicine, I hear."

"I have taken your medicine, sir," said Ernie; "it is the wine I can't take."

"The wine is as much medicine as the other physic," said Dr. Bowman; "why are you so disobedient, when I should think you would rather be regarded as a good boy, and get well the quicker?"

"But, please doctor, you don't know," said Ernie, "I am a member of a Band of Hope: people who are teetotalers mustn't take wine, of course."

"Where is your pledge? I don't think you are forbidden."

"Mamma, will you fetch it for me?"

Rather unwillingly, Mrs. Hayler rose to go; but a re-assuring smile from Dr. Bowman, as she looked at him in passing, convinced her she was doing what he approved.

She brought Ernie's pledge-card, which hung just above his wash-stand, in a neat gilt frame, and put it into the doctor's outstretched hand.

"I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks as beverages, and to discountenance their use," he read. "Well, Ernie, I have not the slightest objection to your pledge. I have never asked you or even wished you to take them as beverages, and your pledge does not in the slightest degree affect your taking wine as a medicine."

"Doesn't it, sir?"

"Of course, it doesn't."

"But papa would never take it," said Ernie; "how was that?"

"Perhaps he did not think it would do him good; but I am sure it will do you good. Where is the wine, Mrs. Hayler?"

She brought the phial bottle.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Dr. Bowman, in surprise. She had to explain. The doctor looked grave, and then smiled. "That child is too sharp to be deceived," he said; "I have no wish to deceive him. His pledge permits, decidedly permits, the use of wine purely as medicine. Just as you would honestly try to get better by taking the other medicine I have ordered you, so you must honestly try to get well by taking the wine."

"You will explain to papa, mamma," said Ernie, in rather a sad voice; he was not more than half-convinced it was right even now. "You will tell him exactly what Dr. Bowman says."

"Of course I will," said his mother.

"You must be very fortunate in your wine merchant, to obtain a wine like this, madam," said Dr. Bowman, tasting a little before he handed it to his patient.

"Pray take a glass, doctor," said Mrs. Hayler; and she went to a cupboard for another wine-glass. "This is a present to Ernie from his uncle, Mr. Turnbull, who is very anxious to see him well again."

Ernie looked in pained surprise at his mother, as the doctor took the glass of wine to which he had been invited.

"Mr. Turnbull must be a connoisseur," he said, as he set down the glass, after drinking the wine with very evident relish. "Thank you, that has done me good. I, too, have taken it as a medicine, Ernie."

Scarcely had the door closed upon Dr. Bowman, when Ernie said, "Oh! mamma, how could you? what would dear papa say? I never knew you offer anybody wine before."

"My dear child, how could I do otherwise?" asked Mrs. Hayler. She felt painfully at that moment, that once, having swerved from the course her husband had prescribed ever since their marriage, it would be very difficult indeed for her to return to it; though she was not a far-seeing woman, she was troubled now. When she wrote the letter describing Ernie's illness to her husband in India, she remembered her child's request that she would tell him all about his taking the wine as medicine. But somehow, she found herself altogether unwilling, and as she said to herself, really unable to do it. The illness itself was enough bad news for one letter. She was conscious that her husband would regard Ernies broken pledge almost as painfully. That must be told next time she wrote; it was a relief to decide this, even in her own mind.

"Have you told *all* about me, mamma?" asked Ernie, with a meaning stress on the word all, when he knew that the long letter to his father was dispatched. He had sent many loving messages; one asking forgiveness if he had done wrong about the wine his mother of course did not transcribe.

"Have you, mamma?" he repeated.

"Yes, Ernie," answered Mrs. Hayler, and she tried hard to convince herself that she spoke the truth; she had told all about Ernie, though not about the wine. Conscience spoke plainly to her, and it said that was miserable sophistry. She had deceived both her husband and her child.

(*To be continued.*)

WORTH WINNING.

COME hither, my love—my darling!
Queen-gem in the great world's mart;
There is nought in the world worth winning
But the love of a woman's heart.
If you and the world together
Were placed in the scale I hold,
The world would go up like a feather,
And you would go down like gold.

Though a man work hard for riches,
And win in the strife for pelf,
He is always sure to encounter
A richer man than himself.
Though he strive for honour and glory,
And carve him a blazoned name,
He is sure to find scores above it,
With more of the gilt of fame.

Though he be king, right-royal,
With courtiers on either hand,
There yet is a king more mighty,
Ruling some other land.
But let him be loved by a woman,
Loyal, and lovely, and true—
Let him lavish his heart upon her,
As I lavish my heart on you—
And lo! who can equal his riches,
Lo! who can outstrip him in worth!
And lo! he is king of a kingdom—
The mightiest throne of earth!

ELLA WHEELER.

A YOUNG man in Boston is attempting the feat of going forty days without working. He says if his employers do not watch him he thinks he can do it.



THE LARK.

Now hear the Lark,
The herald of the morn ; whose notes do beat
The vaulty heavens so high above our heads,
Making such sweet divisions.—SHAKSPEARE.

WEEDING AND WATERING;

OR, HOW SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK IS PROMOTED AND CONSOLIDATED BY THE BAND OF HOPE.

BY REV. JOSEPH FINNEMORE, F.G.S.

THE great object of Sunday-school teaching is to lead young people to Christ; to awaken in them love for, and response to, Divine truth; to lay in them a foundation of moral and religious principle upon which they may build up a character which shall secure not only the respect of men, but also the favour and blessing of God.

Our methods and arrangements approach completeness and perfection in proportion as they cover the whole ground and meet the entire demand. This involves three things, viz.:

1. The cultivation of sacred susceptibility and willingness to receive the truth.
2. The direct and efficient teaching of that truth.
3. The constant and careful guarding of the tender growth.

With the second of these we have nothing to do in this paper; but in the other cases there exists a most important relation between the Sunday-school and the Band of Hope. The latter renders most effective aid to the former by clearing the ground for the reception of the good seed, and in guarding the tender growth which springs therefrom. This will become obvious if we carefully contemplate the causes of comparative failure in Sunday-school work.

Let us at once confront the humiliating and painful fact that very many young people pass away from our schools heedless of the truth, and are soon lost; and that many others who seemed to be influenced by the truth, and to give promise of good, fail and fall. The evidences of this are, alas! numerous and obvious.

The disproportion between the numbers passing out of our schools and those received into our churches is one of these. How many tender plants, reared in the nursery, and designed to bear good fruit, perish before they can be transplanted. How many young people taught and trained in our Sunday-schools perish, morally and spiritually, before they bear that fruit for which we have a right to look. This is a very fruitful source of discouragement and disappointment to those who guard the spiritual interests of our churches.

Prison and other statistics are a further proof of this comparative failure. It is a well-known fact that a large proportion of prisoners have passed through our schools either as scholars or teachers; and in these cases they have become not only heedless of the truth, but actual and degraded transgressors of the law. To this painful fact we shall return presently.

Many other proofs we derive from our personal experience and observation. Where is the Sunday-school teacher who has not had to mourn over one or more scholars who have gone astray, notwithstanding earnest and persistent warning? Who does not remember some who promised well, but are now lost in sin? All who have had much experience in schools will find it painfully easy to recall many such cases.

Now, what is the explanation of this comparative failure in our work? Why is it that so few of our scholars are retained for church-membership and Christian service? Can we for a moment doubt that the drink has had much to do in bringing about this unhappy failure? Home influence; workshop influence; and sometimes the influence of those to whom they have looked for example and guidance, have encouraged them to tamper with the drink; and, this weak point being exposed, they have been overcome by the temptations which appeal to them from every side. The conclusion to which we come in this matter is not a pre-conception arising out of a kind of morbid monomania, but one which is forced upon us by facts which no one can reasonably dispute. In his prize essay the Rev. J. Smith gives the following particulars, which serve to illustrate our former statements, and to confirm our present conclusion. "In the report formerly mentioned, concerning the prison of Edinburgh, it was stated that 408 out of 569 prisoners attributed their criminality to strong drink; and no less than 398 of these had been Sabbath scholars for an average period of two-and-a-half years. Mr. Logan found that 62 out of 78 prisoners in Glasgow had been connected with Sabbath-schools; and of these 59 assigned drinking and public-house company as the causes of their leaving school, and also of their becoming criminals. Of 202 prisoners in Huntingdon gaol in 1867, 143 had been Sabbath scholars; and of 2,000 prisoners in Leeds, 1,400 had been in Sabbath-schools. From an inquiry instituted on a large scale, by which information was obtained from the chaplains of the principal prisons in England, Scotland, and Wales, 'it appeared that of 10,361 inmates of the principal prisons and penitentiaries of our country, not fewer than 6,572 previously received instruction in Sabbath-schools. . . . And upon pursuing the inquiry it was *almost uniformly* found that the use of intoxicating liquors was the cause, directly or indirectly, of so many Sabbath-school scholars becoming criminals.'"

Now these statements, which are well authenticated, ought to convince every one that the greatest cause of our comparative failure in Christian work is the drink, and the influences and companionships which surround and accompany it.

What, then, is the duty of all Christian workers in relation to this subject? Can we do anything to prevent this fearful loss? We dare not ignore the facts—we cannot deny the inference. Indifference on our part would be unworthy and criminal. What shall we do?

First let us make it a personal matter between our scholars and ourselves. Let us ask ourselves—Is it possible for my conduct and example to encourage my scholars in the use of that which has ruined so many and may ruin them? Is it possible for me by precept and example to exert upon my scholars an influence sufficiently powerful to counteract those other influences which threaten to draw them away from truth and religion? Does not the important issue at stake call upon me to make the attempt, even though I fail? If Christian workers will only make this matter personal, and take it up with the earnestness which it deserves, they will soon accomplish a great and glorious work.

Then let us make this subject special in our school methods and arrangements. In our Teachers' Meetings, our Committee Meetings, and our Conferences, let us make this a subject of special inquiry and investigation. Let it not be said that in our schools we take no cognizance of this evil; that we utter no voice of warning; that we offer no help to those who are in danger. Surely, from such influences and dangers as those which we are now considering the school ought to be a constant refuge. We have it in our power to make it such. In this assurance we urge you to make this Band of Hope movement your own. Take it up not as an external movement from which you may derive indirect good, but as a part of your organization—an institution without which your school will be incomplete. I am persuaded that our Bands of Hope will be far more effective even than they are now when they are made organically one with our Sunday-schools. In the meantime, however, let us work them with the interest and earnestness which they deserve.

(*To be continued.*)

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY ON TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.—In answer to an invitation to attend a temperance demonstration in Hackney, Sir Garnet Wolseley sometime ago wrote the following letter:—"War Office.—I do not expect to be here on the date of your meeting, so I shall not be able to comply with the request which you have addressed to me in such flattering terms. Although I do not like taking an active part in temperance meetings, there is no one in England whose heart is more sincerely in the good cause you advocate than mine. About ninety per cent. of the crime in our army is owing to drunkenness, and when our men are removed from the temptation of intoxicating liquor, crime is practically unknown among them. During the operations I conducted in South Africa in 1879, my own personal escort was composed almost exclusively of teetotalers. They had very hard work to do, but grumbling was never heard from them, and a better behaved set of men I was never assisted by, a fact which I attribute to their being almost all total abstainers."

THE ONLY BLOT.

I WANDERED down a shady lane,
One lovely day in hot July;
The birds sang loud their sweet refrain,
There was no cloud in all the sky.

And I had brought a favourite book;
Said I, "I will not waste my time,
But here, within a shady nook,
I'll read some glorious poet's rhyme."

But on the book of nature now
I gazed with wonder and delight;
With beating heart and throbbing brow;
In truth it was a glorious sight!

No book that I had ever read,
No picture I had ever seen,
No poem to grandest music wed,
Could e'er do justice to the scene.

But suddenly my heart stood still,
I felt my cheek grow hot with shame,
For here were signs of human ill,
Of misery, of guilt and blame.

Beside the hedge, all prostrate, lay
A wretched drunkard, bleared and wan,
The only blot on that bright day:
I blushed to think I was a man.

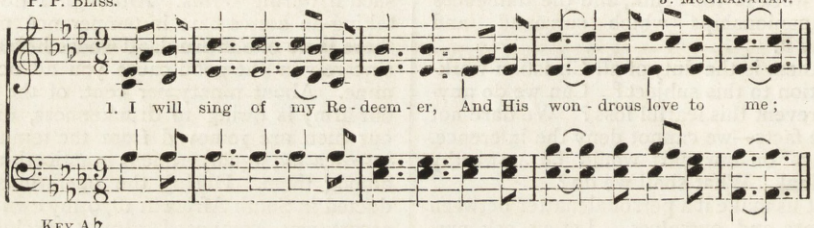
In nature's heavenly music, this
The only harsh, discordant tone;
Where all was innocence and bliss,
There man had gone and peace had flown.

Oh, when will men true wisdom gain?
Nor shame the beasts that round them stand!
Oh, Christians, help us till this stain
Of drink is blotted from our land!

W. A. EATON.

MY REDEEMER.

P. P. Bliss. J. McGranahan.

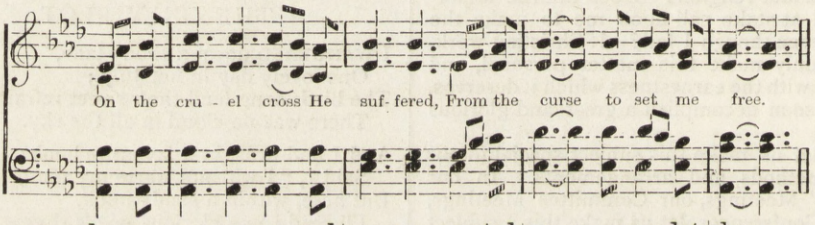


1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;

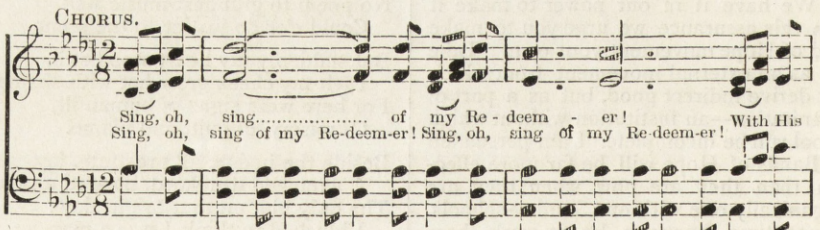
Key A♭.

:s, ,d ,r | m :m :m ,r ,d | r :r :s, ,t, ,r | f :-,-,f :f ,m ,r | m :—:
2. I..... will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
:m, ,- ,f, | s, :s, :s, ,f, ,m, | s, :s, :s, ,- ,s, | s, :-,-,s, :s, ,- ,s, | s, :—:
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant power I'll tell;
:d ,- ,d | d :d :d ,- ,d | t, :t, :t, ,- ,t, | r :-,-,r :r ,d ,t, | d :—:
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heaven-ly love to me;
:d ,- ,d | d :d :d ,- ,d | s, :s, :s, ,- ,s, | s, :-,-,s, :s, ,- ,s, | d, :—:

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.



:s, ,d ,r | m :m :m ,r ,d | r :r :s, ,t, ,d | r :-,-,r :r ,d ,t, | d :—:
In ..... His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
:m, ,- ,f, | s, :s, :s, ,f, ,m, | s, :s, :s, ,- ,s, | s, :-,-,s, :s, ,- ,s, | s, :—:
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
:d ,- ,d | d :d :d ,- ,d | t, :t, :t, ,r ,m | f :-,-,f :f ,m ,r | m :—:
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.
:d, ,- ,d, | d, :d, :d, ,- ,d, | s, :s, :s, ,- ,s, | s, :-,-,s, :s, ,- ,s, | d, :—:



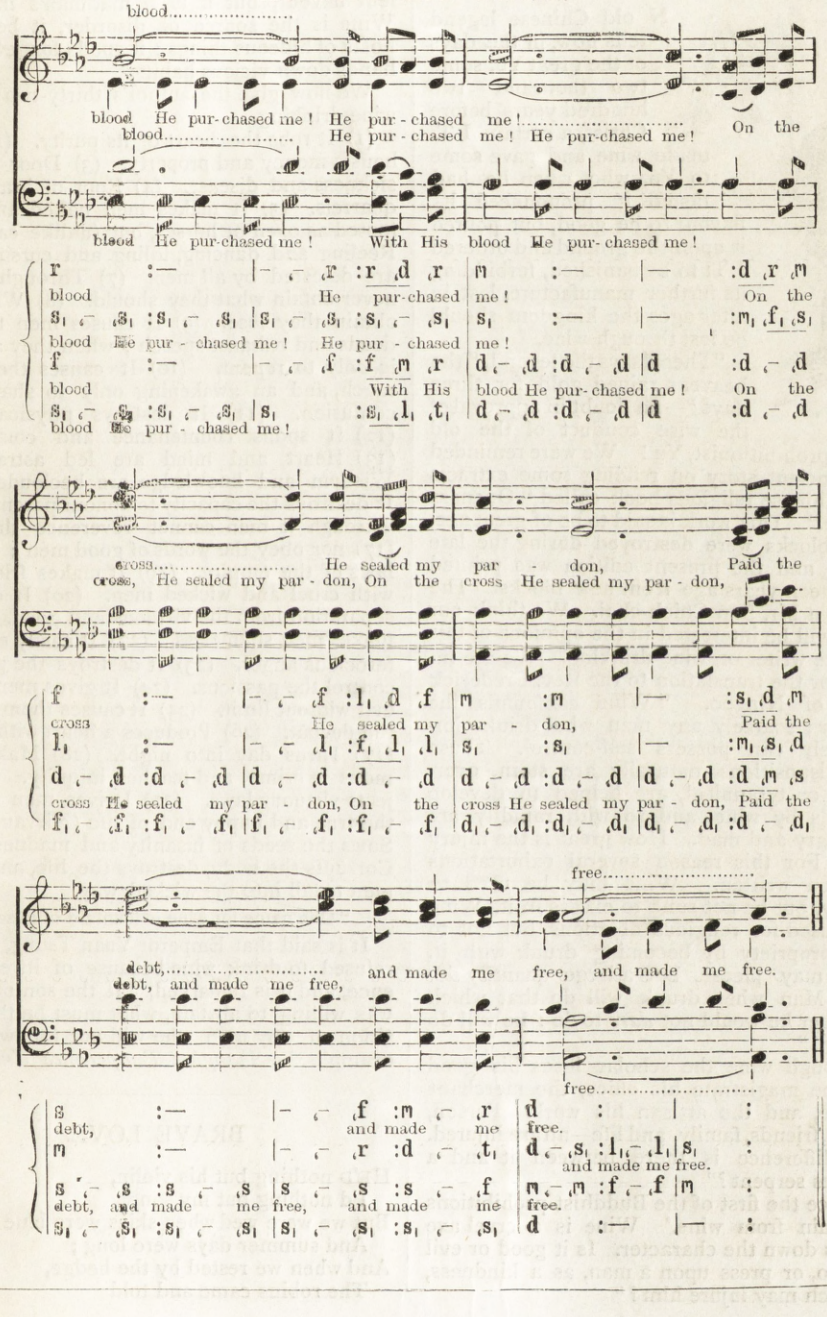
Chorus.

Sing, oh, sing..... of my Re-deem-er! With His
Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er!

Chorus.

:d ,r ,m | f :— |-,-,f :l, ,d ,f | m :m |— :s, ,d ,m
Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er! With His
:m, ,f, ,s, | l, :— |-,-,l, :f, ,l, ,l, | s, :s, |— :m, ,s, ,s,
With His
:d ,- ,d | d ,- ,d :d ,- ,d | d ,- ,d :d ,- ,d | d ,- ,d :d ,- ,d | d ,- ,d :d ,m ,s
Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er! With His
:d ,- ,d | f, ,- ,f, :f, ,- ,f, | f, ,- ,f, :f, ,- ,f, | d, ,- ,d, :d, ,- ,d, | d, ,- ,d, :d, ,- ,d,

MY REDEEMER—*continued.*



A CHINESE INDICTMENT AGAINST WINE-DRINKING.



N old Chinese legend tells how, in the days of the great Yü, some two thousand two hundred years before Christ, a certain I Ti made wine and gave some to Yu, who when he had tasted it pronounced its flavour to be good, but poured it upon the ground and ordered I Ti to be banished, forbidding its further manufacture, lest in after ages the kingdom should be lost through wine.

"Then," says the legend, "the heavens rained gold for three days"—no doubt in approval of the wise conduct of the old Chinese prohibitionist, Yu! We were reminded of this ancient story on reading some extracts from a Chinese religious book called "Oneness in Virtue." This work is said to be of great age, but the blocks were destroyed during the late rebellion, and the present edition was printed only thirteen years ago from new blocks. The author is a Mr. Sun Chieh-chai. We think our readers will be interested in the opinions of this old native writer on wine-drinking. We are indebted for the translation to the Rev. Frederick Galpin, of Ningpo. "Wine confounds the character; scarcely any man who drinks immoderately can possess self-control. Those whose dispositions naturally are stern, overbearing, or tyrannical, are helped to develop such evils by wine, and so with rapidity are made angry and mad. How great is the injury caused! For this reason several exhortations have been written. Wine may be used to assist joy, but be not sunk to excess in it. Wine may be used for religious oblations, but not to violate propriety by becoming drunk with it. A little may please, but a large quantity destroys. Man when drunk will do that which when sober he would not *dare* to do: he will do anything!"

"Through wine the scholar loses his good name, the magistrate his office, the merchant his trade, and the artisan his work. Person, property, friends, family, and life—all are injured. What difference is there between it and a venomous serpent?"

"Hence the first of the Buddhist prohibitions is 'abstain from wine.' Wine is a cruel axe that cuts down the character. Is it good or evil to give to, or press upon a man, as a kindness, that which may injure him?"

"Some may escape the evil, but nine out of every ten are destroyed. Wine may be of excellent flavour, but it is a madman's medicine. Wine is the source of disorder, it bequeaths hosts of hideous things; it spoils longevity, and hands down vicious habits."

We now give the author's thirty-two evils of wine-drinking.

(1) It robs the heart of its purity. (2) It exhausts money and property. (3) Door of much sickness and disease. (4) Root of brawls and quarrels. (5) It makes men naked and barefooted as oxen or horses, but (unlike cattle) (6) Reeling and dancing, idling and cursing, they are detested by all men. (7) Through it men never obtain what they should. (8) What they obtain they lose. (9) It causes men to waste deeds and exhaust speech; when they awake it is only to repent. (10) It causes the loss of much, and an awakening only to shame and confusion. (11) It destroys physical force. (12) It spoils countenance and complexion. (13) Heart and mind are led astray. (14) Wisdom and knowledge are beclouded. (15) It destroys the capacity to honour parents. (16) Through it men cannot reverence the gods; (17) nor obey the words of good men; (18) nor laws of the empire. (19) It makes friendships with cruel and wicked men. (20) It causes a separation from the virtuous and good. (21) It makes men shameless. (22) It easily excites to ferocious anger. (23) It destroys the power to control the passions. (24) It gives men over to evil without limit. (25) It causes them to resist the devout. (26) Produces a heart without fear. (27) Turns day into night. (28) Makes infamous in crime, and teaches iniquity. (29) Rejects virtuous laws. (30) Drives men far from the true and happy end of life (Nirvana). (31) Sows the seeds of insanity and madness. (32) Corrupts the body, destroys the life, and causes men to fall into the wicked way.

"One name for wine is fountain of misery."

It is said that Emperor Yuan Tsung, A.D. 713 refused to drink wine because of its evil influence, and it is remarked, "If the son of heaven was willing to abstain, what must be the disposition of any man who will not follow such an example?"—*Shanghai Temperance Union.*

BRAVE LOVE.

HE'D nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told

How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dew-berries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes.
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin,
And I my sweet love song.
The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one;
Our homeless wandering down the lanes,
It long ago was done;
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
And love and beauty tine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear,
When you had but your violin,
And I a song, my dear.

HONOUR AND HONOURED.

BY UNCLE BEN.

MARY WALTERS was the daughter of parents who had risen in life. By industry her father had "got on," and having made some money they had begun to lift up their heads very high in the world. The only son was much older than Mary, and having received a fairly good education he carried things with rather a high hand; began to love money, and gain position and appearance, even more than his parent did. He liked to keep what he called good company, and desired above all things to make a show in the world. He soon began to mix with fast young men, and he easily learnt extravagant ways; he spent far more money than he earned, and as things in his father's business began to go down this did not do. The family did not retrench any expenses, and, after one or two heavy losses and some family quarrels and much vexation, one day, owing to the failure of a concern in which Mr. Walters had invested all the capital he could, in hope of redeeming his declining business, the whole family were brought to the verge of ruin.

The son was sent out abroad, the home had to be given up and, in advancing years, Mr. and Mrs. Walters had to leave the neighbourhood where they had long lived and come to London with their daughter Mary, the father having to take a situation with only a small pay. And the three had to settle down in a narrow back street in the north of the great metropolis. Mary, who ought just to be ready to leave school, found she would have to go out and earn her living as a teacher. But though very intelligent, her parents thought her too young and not sufficiently competent, so they determined to pinch as closely as possible and give Mary the chance of qualifying herself, by going to a large daily school or college for young women, in order that she might pass an examination which would be her certificate for future employment.

She was determined to be at as little expense as possible to her friends, and had seen how want of moral courage, with a true sense of honour, had kept them seeming to be rich before the world, when in reality they ought to have been retrenching and economizing in every possible way. And now, when it was too late to recover their old position, they had to manage things very differently and cut their coat according to their cloth. Mary's firm determination was to deny herself all luxuries in dress and amusements; she also made up her mind that she would never take any more intoxicating drinks, knowing that they did no good and had been a means of largely encouraging her brother in his extravagant ways and worldly company, and indirectly had been the cause of much mischief at home among the servants, besides bringing those people to their table who like a good glass of wine, and talk of the giver as one endowed with the chief virtues of hospitality. All these were the influences and people Mary desired to shun, and so, with a brave resolve, now that she was going to begin life under harder and more difficult circumstances, she would be on the right side, and see to it she did not countenance, but quietly set her face as one who meant in her small way to be in warfare and opposition to those tendencies which often became not only a peril to many, but not unfrequently the cause of social and moral ruin.

Mary's first term at the school was the making of her character for life. Her plainness of speech and puritan ways; simplicity of dress and retiring modesty, combined with a peculiar and abrupt manner, gained for her a notoriety among all the girls. She somehow seemed different from most of them, and became the observed of all observers, and then her natural nervousness and shyness only drew more attention, and in many ways she became the butt of the whole school. The clever girls made fun of her and endeavoured to draw her out. The seniors patronized her and canvassed her views. She had never felt so lonely, so out of her element as she did among these girls; their influence seemed to make her shrink more into herself, and anything she had to say or do before the classes which she attended was done badly; the knowledge of the criticism she was subject to paralyzed her efforts.

She was easily repressed and could only give forth her best under the genial influence of sympathy and affection. Public life was not her sphere. She could be faithful to martyrdom and patient even to stoicism ; but she could only grow and yield her best in the light of love. Much as she disliked this life, it was a splendid discipline ; unconsciously it was making her into a heroine for after life.

The girls all thought her stupid, until after the term's closing examination which, by a strange incident, brought out her true character and ability. It happened in this way. The subject was English History. Mary had worked very hard and was well up. The day for the examination came. Some thirty elder girls were in the same class and were present at the examination. In the middle of the two hours' work, Mary's nearest neighbour slipped a little note, asking her for a certain date in rather a flattering but brief epistle. Mary coloured with indignation at the very idea of such dishonesty, and tore a piece of paper off a spare sheet and passed it back, the one word "no" written on it. Then went on writing her answers until she had done, and when she had finished put her papers together and left the room.

The watchful eye of the teacher in charge had noticed Mary's blush and thought she detected her pass something on to her neighbour. And that neighbour, angry at Mary's refusal to help, spitefully put back the paper with the word "no" on under her papers. So when the time was called and the teacher came to collect the papers, she discovered the fragment, and without saying another word reported the incident to the head mistress, on the supposition that Mary had asked for some information and had probably received this as the answer. Before the day was over, Mary was sent for into the private room of the lady superintendent. Mary saw something was wrong the moment she entered.

She waited in nervous alarm for what was to come. The lady inquired in cold and severe tones if, during the morning examination, she had communicated with any of the other girls.

Mary was fearful of involving the other girl, and dreading above all things the character of being a sneak, did not know what to say at first. But after a moment's hesitation, she said, "I was asked a question and in reply I wrote the one word 'no.'"

"Indeed," replied the lady, "and to whom did you send it?"

Mary said, blushing crimson, "Please, you must excuse me, but I cannot say."

"It is very strange," was the response ; "I should have thought by the evidence that you asked the question and received the answer 'no' to it. Because under your papers this was found after you had left"—producing the bit of paper.

"Oh," said Mary quietly, "I am glad of that, and if you have my other papers you will see where I tore from it, and if it fits into my sheet, I think you will see I sent it and wrote it."

The lady found the sheet, and to her evident surprise it fitted. "Well, it is very odd ; how did it come back to you?"

"I don't know. I can only think it was what some of the young ladies might call a 'lark,' because I did not answer the question."

After the lady had tried hard to get Mary to tell who had written, and what the question was, but all in vain, she dismissed her with no very gracious way, and said the thing must be inquired into.

However, Mary heard nothing more about it, until what was called the closing day, when a grand concert was given, and the prizes awarded before all the friends interested. The proceedings of the day had not much interest for Mary ; she had felt herself under a cloud ever since the history examination, and had not done well in anything else, so felt the whole business was a show in which she was only an on-looker. Between the first and second part of the concert a distinguished M.P., and patron of the higher education of woman, made a speech, and then commenced to bestow the prizes.

The English ones came first, the literature, and then the history one. After this first had been taken, he called out the name, "Mary Walters." Mary was so taken aback she could hardly believe her ears—all the girls were thunderstruck. And as she rose to go to the high platform, and stood there trembling, he said, "I have unusual pleasure in giving this prize to one so lately come to our institution, but especially because the lady superintendent tells me that, owing to a little incident that occurred at the time of the examination, Miss Walters' high sense of truth and honour deserves to be honoured before the whole school."

Mary took the large prize and bowed, coming back to her place with tears in her eyes. Nothing more was said about the matter, except by one girl who walked home with Mary in grateful repentance. They became friends, and Mary's fidelity helped to make the honour of the whole school greater in the days that followed.

"SIR," said the astonished landlady to a traveller who had sent his cup forward the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drunk so much water to get a little.'



"Miss Walters deserves to be honoured before the whole school."—p. 108.

LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS SISTER.

BY THE REV. F. WAGSTAFF, F.R.H.S.



POOR little George! His home *was* an old hay-loft in some out-of-the-way street in Birmingham; his home *is* a comfortable farm-house in Canada, where, at eighteen years of age, the former street Arab is gaining his own living by honest industry, and where he has long been altogether severed from every association connected with his old life of degradation and wretchedness. Yet stay. Let not the reader suppose that every natural tie is severed. George has a sister—a quaint little specimen of humanity, some three or four years younger than himself—and she shares with him the brighter prospects of their new and far-off home. The reader will be interested to receive a few particulars concerning this pair.

One of the most useful institutions of the great and thriving town of Birmingham is the Boys' Emigration Home, St. Luke's Road. Mr. Middlemore, one of a family famous for works of charity, has sent out several hundreds of children of the most neglected class, and for these, good and comfortable homes have been provided in Canada, some of them being adopted by farmers and others who have lost their own children. With but few exceptions, these little emigrants are doing well—none of them better than the boy of whom we speak.

Walking into Mr. Middlemore's room at the Home, to ask admission to that institution, some five years ago, little George presented a sad sight. His feet were bare; he had neither coat nor waistcoat; his curly, light-brown hair was covered by no cap; and his spare frame told of ill-treatment and want. Of his mother it may suffice to say that her character was as bad as could well be. For a month at a time George would sleep at night under railway-arches and in any sheltered corner, glad to escape from the presence of the woman whom he called "mother." His sister, whom he loved with an affection that was touching in the extreme, would sometimes accompany him, and the brave little fellow would share with her any crust he could procure. He was as proud of her, he declared, as if she had been a little princess; and when she came to see him at the Home, he placed her with her back against the wall, and, folding his arms, danced in front of her for very joy.

From the time George was admitted to the Home he was the life of the institution. No one could resist the infection of his fun and laughter. He was a thoroughly bright, sunny-hearted boy. If he heard of any treat for himself and his school-mates, he received the intelligence with great demonstrations of delight, and rolled on the ground in an ecstacy of happiness. Contributions towards his maintenance came from one of the churches of the town, and the clergyman would sometimes write the lad a short and kindly note, which George would show to every inmate of the house, nor would he be satisfied till every one had seen it and shared his pleasure.

Early one morning George was missing. A foolish companion had tempted him to run away, and the day was spent in the Bull Ring and about the Market Hall. In the evening he began to feel lonely and unhappy, and wished to be back again; but was ashamed to return. Wandering about the streets till quite late, he hit upon an ingenious expedient to be fetched back, and induced one of his companions to go to Mr. Middlemore with a hint as to his whereabouts. His subsequent conduct gave ample testimony as to the genuineness of his repentance.

One incident which occurred during his stay in the Home is very touching. One afternoon Mr. Middlemore was approaching the institution, when he saw a woman in the road, screaming and gesticulating furiously. It was George's mother, under the influence of drink, as was often the case. He asked what was the matter. The woman replied, "I have brought George a present, and he won't take it. I wish he was dead at my feet." "No, no, you don't," said Mr. Middlemore; "you will speak differently by-and-bye." "Yes, I do!" screamed the excited woman; "I wish he was dead!" Leaving the wretched creature without, Mr. Middlemore entered the house, and called George to him, asking why he refused his mother's gift. The lad burst into tears, and turned away to hide his face, saying in a low wailing voice that told how terribly he felt the degradation, "I don't want nothing from her—not for me nor yet for my sister."

The girl was rescued from a life that must have been fraught with terrible danger to her had she been suffered to remain in it; and brother and sister were among one of the happy com-

panies whom Mr. Middlemore took with him in one of his voyages to Canada. During the passage George was very sea-sick—so bad, indeed, that Mr. Middlemore had him removed to his own cabin for special nursing. Presently he lifted his pale face from the pillow and said, with a faint smile, "You see, sir, my sister is not at all ill; she beats me in everything."

It is a blessed and Christ-like work to rescue such children as these from the streets of our large towns. It is still more blessed, by the spread of Temperance principles, to remove the one chief cause of all the wretchedness and sin of their lives. "It is not the will of your heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish." Yet perish they do, by hundreds and thousands, while our churches and chapels, our schools and reformatories, and all the rest of our religious and benevolent efforts seem well-nigh powerless to prevent the sacrifice. Happily we have already received assurances that our work is not in vain. The task is great; but time and God are on our side, and victory must eventually crown our endeavours.

MARRIAGE.

To Young Women.

NOTHING is more revolting than the careless manner in which some are given to speak of this contemplated relation; and if I could induce any to look more earnestly, and with profounder reverence upon this life-union before taking a step which is to bring with it blessing and joy, or fill the heart with anguish, I should be indeed happy.

The young are apt to regard marriage as the ante-chamber of heaven. That it *is* designed to increase the good and happiness of our race, is indeed true, but it leads us into that temple where *duty* stands ministering round the altar, and where "the baptism of love, is followed by the quick discipline of trial."

Children should not marry. A young woman cannot be in any sense prepared for this union under twenty-one; twenty-five is better. She is not physically or mentally developed before this. Solemn duties, cares, and responsibilities await her, to meet which she needs large development, mature judgment, good calculation, domestic training, and knowledge of men and things. Girls of sixteen and eighteen cannot have these. They do not know whom they really like or dislike—who and what will meet their necessities—until matured themselves.

In that mysterious relation, where a soul meets face to face with another soul—where propensities, tastes, aspirations, powers and wills, meet and press against each other—what need for adaptation, intimate and vital union! Else, what chafing, discord, suffering!

Young women should not be so impressed with the duty, privilege, and *eclat* of marriage, as to rush into the relation without due thought, time, and acquaintance. You cannot overestimate the importance of a thorough knowledge of the man whom you design to marry. Uprightness, fixedness of principle, and unselfish and generous disposition, with good business abilities, should be regarded as indispensable. If a young man is a good son and brother, he will make a kind husband, provided you do *your* part.

Do not be won by trifles. A handsome face, a fine figure, and noble bearing, may be desired, but they constitute a small part of what you really need. They may be but the gilding of the frame, or the gilt which hides some terrible deformity, and which by-and-by will cause you emotions of disgust, terrible grief or constant unrest.

Neither is it wise to aspire far above your present station in life, as this would give rise to solicitude lest you fail to adapt yourself to your changed circumstances.

Marriage should not be entered upon without a knowledge of its physiological laws, else much domestic misery may be expected. Neither should it be sought for worldly gain or position. True esteem and affection, united to adaptation and congeniality of tastes, should form its basis. When this does not exist before marriage, it is hopeless to expect it afterward. One must look out for breakers ahead, and feed the flame of love with pure oil. You will need fully as much tact, skill, and patience, to manage another heart as your own. If you cannot think alike, be resolved to yield, rather than to differ. Avoid altercation and recrimination. Be forbearing and forgiving, if need be.

I would also suggest that those graces and charms which won a lover's heart, be still kept for the husband. Never consider it too much trouble to dress tastefully and in your best, for your husband's eye. Give him freely of those graceful and pleasant surprises which will make him happy, if you expect a continuance of those love-like attentions from him. Hide all the disagreeables in person, toilet, and home, and keep the *best* for love. Such a course would be likely to make a good man of a *bad* one, if anything would!

Consider also, that marriage is for life—"till Death do us part"—"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!" Alas! how many turn the solemn edict into a farcical jest. Therefore, look well before you leap.

MRS. H. S. THOMPSON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE happiest children are those who have happy mothers. The young life which grows up in the shadow of a discontented, repining, and gloomy mother is like a plant unwatered by kindly dews. It is apt to be dwarfed and stunted Even when things are crooked and temptations to be harsh come, let the mother, for her sons' and daughters' sake, try to be happy.

DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to seek intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

A STITCH in Time may save nine ; but he never seems to be entirely sewn up.

THE most formidable stand against oppression ever made was the inkstand.

LEGAL QUERY.—Should the limbs of the law be clothed in *breaches* of promise ?

JONES thinks a man fortunate who has his will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he wedded Mrs. Jones.

A MAN with knowledge, but without energy, is a house furnished, but not inhabited ; a man with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in, but unfurnished.

TEMPORARY INSANITY.—Time "out of mind."

OUGHT a baker to drive a thorough-bread horse ?

HOW to produce a telling effect ! Communicate a secret to a lady.

THE TERROR.—"I'm not going to school any more," said a little four-year-old boy to his mother on his return after his first day at the kindergarten. "Why, my dear ? Don't you like to see the little boys and girls ?" "Yes ; but I don't want to go," persisted the boy, "'cause my teacher says that to-morrow she's going to try to put an idea into my head."

MAGISTRATE : "You are charged with having emptied a basin of water over the plaintiff." Irishwoman : "Sure, yer honor, you must forgive me ; in the dark, I took the gintleman for me husband."

WHY ought church-bells to be sounded at a wedding ?—Because no marriage is complete without a ring.

SIMPSON says that when he asked the girl who is now his wife to marry him, she said, "I don't mind," and that she never has minded.

THE most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.

MAKE yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one real rascal less in the world.

DISPOSE of the time past to observation and reflection ; time present, to duty ; and time to come, to Providence.

THE most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.—The story is told that Dickens and Douglas Jerrold at one time had a falling out, which prevented them from speaking to each other for several weeks. It chanced one day that they met in an eating-house, where they moodily sat down back to back. Suddenly Jerrold wheeled round, crying out, "For mercy's sake, Charles, shake hands ! A life's not long enough for this !" Dickens turned as quickly, and gripped his old friend's hand with "God bless you, Jerrold ! If you hadn't spoken, I must !"

IT is better for the memory to have a distinct idea of one fact of a great subject than to have confused ideas of the whole.

There is a kingdom of love for every man and woman who is willing to accept its laws. The secret of winning these crowns is an open one, and he who runs may read it. Direct your thoughts from yourself and fix them upon others, study their moods, weaknesses and wants, and minister to them.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Sharpened Saws ; or, Every-day Illustrations of Homely Sayings." By Rev. John Thomas. Published by F. E. Langley, 39, Warwick Lane. Price one shilling. This little book contains wholesome expositions of many well-known proverbs, and short sermons on pithy texts, all of them teaching wise lessons.

From S. W. Partridge and Co. we have received two illustrated sheets, "A Nation's Curse," and "A Bridge of Choice." The former is clever and striking series of picture, showing the evils of strong drink and the value of the cure. The other sheet illustrates the path of ruin and virtue. Price one penny each.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Temperance Record—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Hand and Heart—The Social Reformer—The Rechabite Temperance Magazine—The Western Temperance Herald—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The British Temperance Advocate—Yorkshire Sunday Closing News—Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—"OH! WHERE AND OH! WHERE?"

LADY TED'S time on board the *Mount Edgecumbe* training-ship was fast coming to a close. The kindness he had received from Captain Neville and Mr. Fryer, together with the wholesome necessary discipline of the ship, had been of the utmost service to him. At sixteen years of age the little Quartermaster had developed into a tall, manly youth; his handsome face, his fine dark-blue eyes, his graceful bearing, all were greatly in his favour. He had evinced a love for study, and a determination to master the science of navigation as far as possible; and Captain Neville was anxiously on the look-out for some opening to a career which might promise well for so upright and superior a lad. It is a fine thing for a boy when his own conduct wins for him true and interested friends. Ted's love for the temperance cause had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. For many months he had been the secretary of the *Mount Edgecumbe* Band of Hope, and during that time he had devised many excellent plans for ensuring the interest of the younger boys and the co-operation of the elder ones.

Christmas-time on board the *Mount Edgecumbe* is always an especially busy and happy season to the boys, and Ted Hatherly, knowing that early in the New Year he must leave his comrades, instructors, and commander, entered with additional zest, though with a good many misgivings as he thought of the untried future, into the preparations for that festive time. All the boys who have friends in a position to send them a little present forward very earnest requests to them a few weeks before, for gold and silver paper and any beautifully coloured paper, either tissue or of a more solid nature, for great decorations require abundant material, and there are ambitious visions before the eyes of old boys to eclipse the doings of every former year, while new boys anticipate, with unwonted satisfaction, the stir and novelty inseparable from the pretty devices in hand.

Lady Ted has been for two or three years the glad recipient of a most bountiful supply of the very best gold and silver paper from kind Mrs. Hayler, who has never ceased to take a deep interest in the well-being of the little Quartermaster. The roll, carefully packed, reached him in good time, but Ted was somewhat disappointed that the usual letter from herself or Ernie did not accompany it. He studied the postmark, and ascertained that his friends were now at Manchester. Since Mr. Hayler's visit to India their change of residence had been not unfrequent.

Ted exhibited the shining sheets before admiring eyes, and from that day forward all the play-time of the whole ship's company of boys was fully occupied fashioning wonderful things in paper—linked chains and Chinese lanterns and mottoes of silver and golden words intermingled with gayest colours and shining beauty—which, when hung in festoons in almost every available niche below deck, would convert the commonplace into a veritable bower of beauty, as pretty and more ingenious than a fairy palace. It was wonderful to see how skilfully and perseveringly some boyish fingers, which you might have called clumsy had you looked at them, managed to fashion these light, graceful paper decorations. It might have taught any one a lesson in patience to watch the delicate manipulation of the easily tearable fabric out of which so much prettiness was wrought.

And when the tops of the masts of the very pretty ship blossomed into evergreens, and holly boughs and misletoe branches decked every yard-arm and adorned both bow and stern, while the boys' handiwork charmed the eye below the deck, it is very certain that those who could see all this, and yet miss the sight, deprived themselves of a very great pleasure.

There were many treats arranged for the boys that Christmas—a magic lantern, with views to illustrate a temperance tale, on Christmas Eve; their usual good cheer on Christmas Day, and a Christmas-tree the day following. Besides which, on New Year's night, the *Mount Edgecumbe* Band of Hope had arranged for a musical evening, interspersed with a few readings by Mr. Fryer and the elder lads.

Lady Ted was studying his piece, when he was called to Captain Neville's office. There he found that gentleman and Mr. Fryer both seated. As he entered, Mr. Fryer handed him a sealed but unstamped letter, which he at once concluded to be an enclosure in a letter to that gentleman from Mr. or Mrs. Hayler, he having received one or two such letters from them.

"Read it, Ted," said Mr. Fryer, and the lad opened it at once. His two friends watching him saw the bright colour flush his face, and a light of surprise and pleasure flash into his dark-blue eyes.

"You would like to go, Ted?" asked the schoolmaster presently.

"Oh! then, you know about it, Mr. Fryer; do you think I am fit to go? Indeed, I should think it an honour."

"And perhaps they will find you some work that will make you forget all about going to sea," said Captain Neville, smiling.

"Oh, no, sir," said Ted promptly. He looked

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serious as he added, "It wouldn't interfere with my getting a ship, would it, sir? You would still look out for me?"

"Yes, if you are sure you will still wish it."

"How could I find E. R. else, sir? Father's wish is a law to me, just as if he hadn't been dead, sir." The tears welled up into the beautiful eyes as he added, "I've thought about him more lately, sir and Mr. Fryer, than I ever did in my life before; I shall never be easy till I find E. R."

"You mustn't set your heart on it too much, Ted," said Captain Neville kindly, as he had said many a time before, indeed whenever the subject had been alluded to in his hearing. "You have only the very smallest foundation for expecting to find him. There are thousands of E. R.'s in the world, you must always remember that."

"But only one, sir, that had Edward Hatherly for a friend," said Ted earnestly; "and if I do my best and fail, that won't be my fault; but if I don't try I can't succeed."

"That's perfectly true, Ted," said the captain, smiling; "now you had better go and write to Mrs. Hayler, and tell her you will accept her very kind invitation, and that your time is up on the 13th of January, after which any day that suits her for you to come you will be delighted to set out."

"Shall I ever come back here, sir?" asked Ted.

"Ever is too far ahead for us to talk about. It is possible you may get a ship at Liverpool, then, of course, it would be a very unnecessary expense for you to return to Saltash from Manchester. But if I hear of anything for you at Plymouth I almost expect you would like to come and bid us all 'Good-bye' before you go, eh, Ted?"

Ted felt a choking in his throat as he looked up at Captain Neville with the simple response, "Yes, sir."

On the 14th of January, according to the expressed wish of the Haylers, Ted left the *Mount Edgecumbe* for his long journey to visit his kind friends. On both sides a good deal of faith was exercised regarding the pleasant anticipations of the visit. It is true Mrs. Hayler had had very excellent accounts from Mr. Fryer of Ted's behaviour and progress from time to time, and had carefully ascertained that his influence with her own Ernie was likely to be beneficial rather than otherwise before she invited him.

Ted's journey was arranged for him with great care by Mr. Fryer. It was thought best that he should take a fast train, and get through in the day, rather than tarry a night on the road. It was very late in the evening when Mr. Hayler, who was at the Manchester station to meet him, saw a tall, gentlemanly-looking lad emerge from the carriage; who, spite of the differences years had made in age and appearance, he was able to recognise as the little Quartermaster.

"Welcome to Manchester, Ted Hatherly," he said kindly as he extended his hand.

Ted smiled, and his face brightened as he returned the cordial greeting.

"How very good of you to meet me, sir."

"I know what it is to be a stranger in a strange land," said Mr. Hayler; "now come away home."

During their drive to the suburbs of the great manufacturing city Ted decided that his agreeable remembrance of Mr. Hayler had been by no means exaggerated. On entering the house, a delightful warmth and the aroma of coffee were by no means unwelcome to the young and inexperienced traveller.

"Mrs. Hayler and Ernie will welcome you tomorrow, Ted," said Mr. Hayler, as they took off their boots before the blazing fire, and ensconced their feet in the warm slippers which had been left for them. Then he rang the bell, and a neat serving-maid brought in the coffee-urn, and a dish of fried ham.

Ted thought he had never enjoyed a meal quite so much in his life. He was so very hungry, and the viands were so well cooked and appetising.

"You are sticking fast to your pledge, I hope, Ted?" asked Mr. Hayler, as he poured out the fragrant coffee for his guest into a large breakfast-cup, and handed it to him.

"Oh! yes, sir," said Ted earnestly; and then he added modestly, "I don't think I should be here, sir, if I had not."

"Why?" asked Mr. Hayler.

Ted coloured, but answered, "Because I believe teetotalism has helped me to deserve your great kindness a little more than I should have been able to else, sir."

"Explain yourself more fully, Ted; I want to get at exactly what you wish me to understand. You are all teetotalers on board the *Mount Edgecumbe*, at least, you are not allowed any drink there, so I don't quite see what you mean."

"I think teetotalism has given me a sort of something to work up to, sir."

"Ah! yes, Ted, I think that is a very fair way of putting it. It has acted as a moral lever."

"I think so, sir."

"You had better make Ernie a Band of Hope boy," said Mr. Hayler, with a shade of annoyance in his pleasant voice, and a slight frown on his open, agreeable face.

"I thought he was one, sir," said Ted, very genuinely surprised at this information.

"And so he used to be, and so he ought to be still," said Ernie's father; "but during my absence from home a stupid doctor undid the work of years. The boy was out of health, and he persuaded them all that he must take wine, or he couldn't be cured. My own opinion is that the remedy was considerably worse than the disease, and kept him on the sick list far longer than he need have been there; and now he has faith in that medicine above every other for all possible ailments. He doesn't take it with my sanction, however, but decidedly against my will. But come, Ted, I am neglecting your creature comforts sadly while I talk; pass your cup for more coffee."

Directly supper was over Mr. Hayler showed the weary Ted to his room, where, spite of the coffee, that might have kept a less healthy constitution awake, he had no sooner laid himself in his comfortable bed than he was fast asleep. But long custom and a sort of unconscious fear of discipline made him wake early next morning, and though he felt tired he jumped out resolutely. It was barely light, but not knowing at what time breakfast might be ready he dressed himself in readiness. He looked out of window, it was a dreary morning, a cold drizzle, half rain, half sleet, fell piteously. There were dim outlines of leafless shrubs and garden rails, but as yet he could see nothing distinctly. The house was so very still, he began to regret his early rising, and to conclude that *Mount Edgecumbe* rules by no means extended to Fairleigh Villa, Cheetham Road, Manchester. He lay down again upon his bed, and soon fell fast asleep. In his sleep he dreamed that he was seeking his father's friend, and singing with a variation the refrain of the "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Oh where, and oh! where, does my father's E.R. dwell?"

A quick knock at the door, and a bright young voice, "Ted Hatherly, are you awake?"

Ted sprang up, startled, and opened the door.

"Oh! you're all ready, are you? then will you come down to breakfast? I'm very glad you're come; but, I say, you look sleepy. How was it you didn't answer my first knock if you were up and dressed?" All this Ernie Hayler asked without giving Ted the chance to reply. He was very much amused at the confession Ted had to make.

"We didn't expect you would get up till somebody called you. We knew you would be tired. You are not used to railway travelling, are you?"

"No," said Ted.

"Well, you know," confided Ernie, "I am, and yet even I get awfully sleepy after a long journey, that's a fact."

Mrs. Hayler rose to welcome Ted as he entered the parlour escorted by Ernie. She looked at him searchingly. "You have by no means belied your promise, Ted," she said; "I see you are a good boy in your face."

Ernie came laughingly up to his mother, set himself in her path, and inquired saucily, yet so merrily as by no means to offend, "Do you see I am a good boy by my face, mamma?"

She patted his shoulder as she answered discreetly and playfully, "I won't either praise or blame you at present, Ernie. I am concerned just now with Ted Hatherly. Ring the bell for breakfast, and then we shall be spared your interference, till the edge is off your appetite."

For the next few days and even weeks Ted had a happy time of it at Manchester. There was so much to see that was utterly new to the experience of the young Southerner, the mills, the museums, and the varieties in daily life to which he had been wholly unaccustomed. His remembrances of the surroundings of a seaport such as Plymouth, were of quite a different kind to those of the streets of Manchester, and the novelty had a great attraction for him. He was also introduced to wholly new influences when taken to concerts in large rooms, where all his previous limited knowledge of an art of which he was excessively fond seemed to be swallowed up in sentiments of extreme wonder and admiration. Ernie, with his five years less of life, enjoyed to witness the new-found delights of Ted Hatherly. But in sturdiness of principle and determination to excel, the youth from the *Mount Edgecumbe* was as manly as any friend need wish to see him. Mr. Hayler delighted to instruct him in politics, and took him to various meetings and debating classes, on purpose to educate the lad's mind.

Ernie and Ted were out one day for a long stroll, when Ted observed, "This is our Band of Hope meeting night on board the *Mount Edgecumbe*; I wonder how they will get on. Do you belong to the Band of Hope, Ernie?"

"Master Ernie," the title by which Ted at first designated Mr. Hayler's son had been exchanged at that gentleman's request for the simple name, but no one could accuse Ted of showing any want of respect to those with whom he came in contact.

"No," said Ernie, without hesitation, "and I wonder you are. It's just because you don't know what good stuff wine is. I have to take wine, the doctor ordered it for me."

"But you are not ill now," said Ted in surprise; "I never saw any one appear less ill if you are."

"Oh! no, I am not ill now, of course," rejoined Ernie, and he seemed rather at a loss what more to say; then he laughed, and added

"I take it now as a preventive, don't you see? Mamma thinks it safer to guard against illness."

"You don't take wine every day, do you? Oh! what a pity!" said Ted in a tone of genuine sorrow.

"You needn't say anything to the pater, you know, and get the mater and me into trouble," said Ernie; "'tis really necessary, at least the doctor at Scarborough said so."

"But he must be wrong," said uncompromising Ted Hatherly; "no boy in health wants wine, nor in sickness either; we don't have it on board, and we always get well without it."

"You wouldn't have me disobey my mother, would you, Ted?" asked Ernie, with a demure but comical look on his young face.

"Perhaps your mother doesn't know you would rather give up taking it?" suggested Ted.

"Certainly she doesn't," answered Ernie.

"Then why don't you tell her so?"

"Because it wouldn't be true."

"You don't mean to say you *like* the drink?" asked Ted.

Ernie nodded. "But, I say, you needn't pull down your mouth and look so awful about it."

"But if you like drink at eleven—" began Ted.

"I'm nearly twelve, I can tell you; a fellow ought to have some sense, I suppose, when he's twelve."

"Well, twelve then; if you like drink when you're twelve, what will you do when you're twenty?"

Ernie laughed merrily. "That's a sort of Rule-of-Three sum," he said; "why, I suppose the answer is, I shall like drink then too."

"Those that like drink become—drunkards," whispered Ted. It was dreadful to him to think of the bright boy, his companion, owning to a liking for drink.

"That's like father talks," said Ernie, "but, begging his pardon and yours, that's all teetotal moonshine, made to frighten small boys, and induce them to spend their money in buying pledge cards, and medals, and melody books, and all that sort of thing. A gentleman can drink a little wine as I do, without getting drunk. Dr. Bowman, the doctor who ordered it for me, liked it just as I do, but he did not get drunk. Of course people wouldn't employ a drunken doctor. Then, there's my uncle, Mr. Turnbull, who is a lawyer at Scarborough, he has no end of wine in his cellar, and he drinks with people, but he doesn't get drunk, it's only poor low cads—" Then Ernie remembered that the lad beside him came from an industrial training-ship, and had been very poor, and might have been called by that name once. He had not the ability to hide this remembrance by going straight on, so he stopped abruptly, got very red indeed, and wished he knew what to say next. If he had looked at Ted Hatherly, which he by no means wished to do at that moment, he would have seen that he, too, had flushed scarlet, and for a moment there was that passionate gleam in his blue eyes which made them flash like steel. Angry words were on his lips and savage thoughts in his heart at what he deemed a personal insult. But Ted had lately been seriously learning the lesson, that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." So he smothered quickly the evil in his heart by the help of God's good Spirit, and even assisted Ernie Hayler out of his confusion.

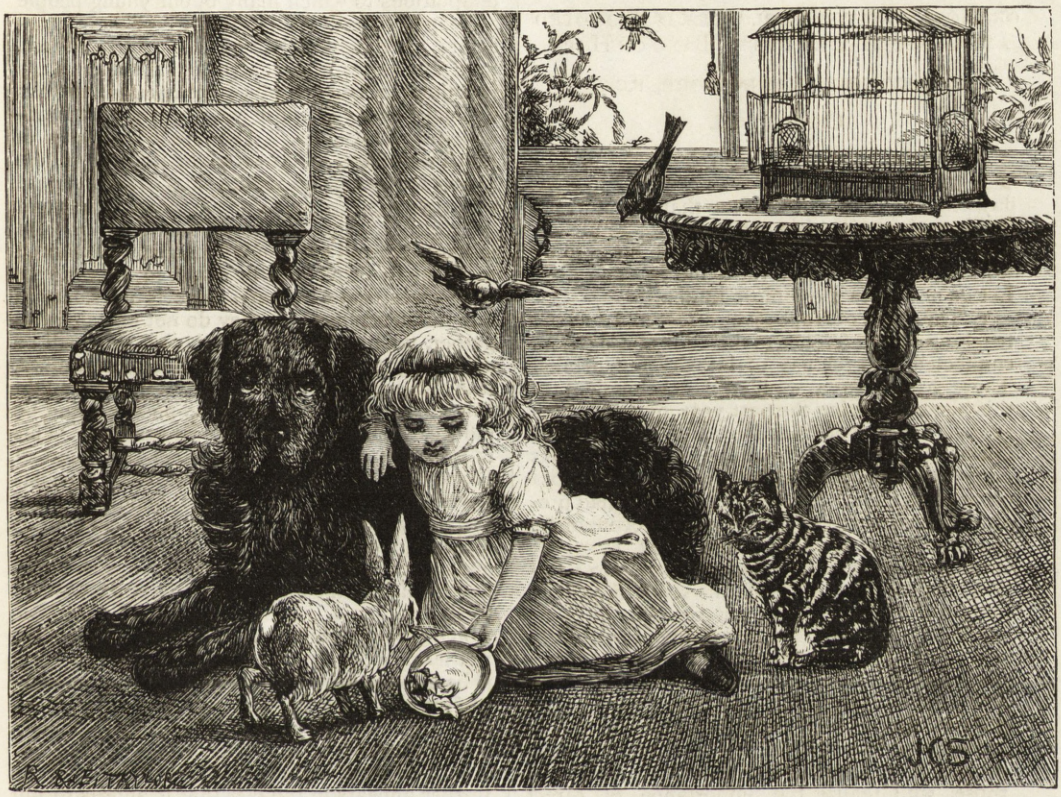
"I don't think—indeed I know you are not right, Ernie. Gentlemen, clever men, have been victims of drink; it is not only uneducated people who fall through that vice, that curse."

Ernie felt that Ted had been more gentlemanly than himself, and grew tired of the argument in consequence. "If you're a Band of Hope fellow I suppose you are more posted up about it than I am," he said, rather ungraciously; "however, I mean always to drink like a gentleman should, and leave off when I've had enough. There can't be any harm then. Oh! don't begin again; of course you'll say there is, but I don't think so."

By this time they had come to Peel Park Museum, to which place they were bound, and were soon interested in the various objects it contains.

When Ted had been almost six weeks at Fairleigh Villa a letter came to him from Captain Neville. He had obtained an excellent berth for him on board a mail steamer. If he decided to accept it he must return at once. Mr. Hayler had very kindly offered Ted a junior clerkship in the house of business with which he was connected in India, but Ted remained firm to his old choice, and to the determination to enter upon the search for his father's old friend, which, vague as he daily more clearly saw it must be, was yet as it seemed to him his duty. And he had an unwavering faith that E. R. was more likely to be met with if he chose the career of a sailor than any land occupation whatever. When Ted came again within sight and sound of the English Channel, as the train swept along by the coast of Dawlish, his heart leapt within him, and he told himself that this glimpse of the salt sea was worth all the dry land he had beheld in his long absence from it. (*To be continued.*)

IT is no sign because a man makes a stir in the community that he is a spoon.



MY PETS.

BY UNCLE BEN.

My family is large, you see,
  My charming pets, I love them so ;
They never seem a care to me,
  Like other families I know.

My biggest pet is "Jupiter,"
  A dog that is so kind and good ;
He never hurts my little ones,
  But shares with them his daily food.

My next is pussie, soft and sweet :
  So fond of home, so mild and tame.
We never lose her down the street ;
  So call her "Goody"—that's her name.

My Bunny dear, so warm and soft,
  I really think I love the best ;
She used to be afraid and shy,
  But now upon my knee she'll rest.

My birdies never fly away,
  They bill and coo, such gentle doves ;
They love each other all the day,
  They are my sweet, my precious loves.

I'm very proud of all my pets ;
  They never quarrel, scratch, or bite ;
And this is why I love them so,
  Because they do just what is right.

"WELL, my son," said a good-natured father to an eight-year-old son, the other night, "what have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy a penny," replied the hopeful. "Ah, ah! that was a charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the son. "I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my school-bag."

WEEDING AND WATERING;

OR, HOW SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK IS PROMOTED AND CONSOLIDATED BY THE BAND OF HOPE.

BY REV. JOSEPH FINNEMORE, F.G.S.

CHAPTER II.

EVEN in its present form and relationship the Band of Hope is most helpful to Sunday-school work. So much so that we are justified in anticipating that, whatever its future relation to the school may be, it will have to be worked substantially on the same lines as now. Let us now note these more in detail.

1. The Band of Hope gives direct and specific teaching with reference to the evils and dangers connected with the use of intoxicating drinks. There has been a wonderful development of this element during the past year or two. The scientific aspect of this subject has been brought down to the capacity of children, and small books have been issued, setting forth medical and other reasons for that abstinence which had previously been enforced on moral and economical grounds. I am quite aware that from our standpoint the moral argument is the most important; but the value of this scientific confirmation of that argument can scarcely be overestimated. If we can prove to our children, and enable them to prove to others, that abstinence is not only safe and profitable on moral and economical grounds, but also beneficial on physical and medical grounds, we strengthen our argument a hundredfold, and fortify it against attacks from all quarters. But apart from this, those who realize the importance of direct specific teaching on any moral subject will also realize the value of any institution whose set purpose it is to give such instruction. These will at once acknowledge that the Band of Hope has been and is most helpful to the Sunday-school. In the nature of things instruction given in the school cannot be specific upon this point. It is intended and calculated to impress upon the mind the great truths of the Gospel, with a view to the moral and spiritual elevation of the entire man. It is, of course, deeply and intensely interested in any movement which seeks the removal of those things which hinder, but it cannot concentrate its forces in any such movement. And yet the hindrance cannot be ignored. It is important and necessary that it be faced and counteracted. Now, the Band of Hope is the outcome of such necessity, and it supplies that direct, specific teaching on the subject of intoxicating drinks, which cannot be given in the Sunday-school itself. Hence its importance as an auxiliary and supplement to the Sunday-school.

2. Again, considering the influences and temptations to which many of our young people are exposed, and the immaturity of their characters, we conclude that in their case, at least, total abstinence is the only sure remedy. If my judgment be correct, this statement will not be disputed even by those who are not total abstainers themselves. The great majority of those who have to do with the training of the young have come to realize this. But many of our scholars live and labour where this great principle is ignored, and some of them live and labour where all sorts of inducements are offered to them to drink and to drink to excess. In such cases, and in others, there is no safety in any middle course. If they do not abstain altogether, the great probability is that they will be drawn right away. Under these circumstances, it is of the utmost importance that they be taught this great principle as early as possible, and be induced to adopt it in their own practice. This is the very principle upon which the Band of Hope is founded, and as an institution it exists for the purpose of inducing and encouraging and helping young people to abstain. It adds to its direct and specific teaching on this subject direct and specific action. Now such continuous action in this direction as is required is impossible in the school itself. And yet it must be done if we would save the children. We must not—we dare not leave them without warning and help. Let it be at once acknowledged, then, that the Band of Hope is essential, and that without this organized effort we cannot completely discharge our responsibility.

3. The great usefulness of the Band of Hope further appears in the fact that it affords to our young people the encouragement and stimulus of association. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." (Prov. xxvii. 17.) And what is true of a man is true also of a child. It is encouraging and stimulating to find that others are as we are, having dangers like our own, and finding refuge where we seek safety. The relation of this fact to the subject in hand is obvious. Where our young people find helpful association, there they will abide. And, as a matter of fact, the Band of Hope has been, and is, the bond between many young people and the school in which they have been trained. It keeps them under our influence when, but for it, that influence would cease. In this way it increases the probability that we shall retain them for still higher purposes and that they will become useful members of our churches.

4. This suggests another advantage which the school derives from the Band of Hope. In it many are trained for useful service. How many of our foremost citizens and of our best workers

began their career of service in the Band of Hope! The shy recitation or the unpretentious speech has helped many a lad to realize a new power which, under cultivation, has grown with his growth, and enabled him to occupy a position which would otherwise have been impossible. I know of no institution so fruitful as the Band of Hope in this kind of development.

It must be obvious, therefore, that the Band of Hope is most helpful to us in all our Christian work. It clears the way for the casting in of the good seed, and when we gather in the harvest it helps us to keep what we have gained, so that the vermin of an accursed traffic shall not eat it up, and that the violence of an almost quenchless fire shall not burn it. Am I asking too much, then, when I claim for this movement the sympathy and help of all Sunday-school workers? I do not ask you to acknowledge that our institution is perfect, or that our methods are the wisest and the best. We, on our part, acknowledge that we are not perfect in our work, but that great reforms and developments are necessary. But we say that without your sympathy and help many of these reforms and developments cannot be accomplished. We earnestly desire to do our work more efficiently and more effectively, but if you stand in the way, or even withhold your help, you weaken our hands and stay our work. We claim your encouragement, we claim your companionship and co operation, while we do our best to help forward the good work which you and we have in hand.

But, to be practical, let me ask if what has been written is true, can any Sunday-school be complete without a Band of Hope? Such a school leaves one of the weakest points unguarded. Every argument which proves the necessity for Bands of Hope proves the incompleteness of such a school. We are not ignorant of the great difficulties which, in many cases, stand in the way, but I know that where help is needed by earnest workers help can be obtained. The Union which I have the honour to represent freely offers such help, and nothing would give us greater joy than to be called upon to witness the formation of a Band of Hope in every school in which this work has not yet been undertaken. In the meantime, let us who are already engaged in this good work renew our diligence, and, with fresh energy, direct our strength against the giant evil, the overthrow of which we hope ere long to celebrate with triumph and joy.

LAW is like a sieve: you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

LEAD NOT THE LAMBS ASTRAY.

OH! give them not that fiery draught,
Ye know not what ye do,
Nor how that deed in after years,
All vainly ye may rue.
Teach not the little ones to tread
Destruction's slippery way,
Hark! 'tis the Heavenly Shepherd's voice,
"Lead not My lambs astray."

Yes, they are His by right divine,
Lent unto you—not given;
He bids you train with tender care
The infant heirs of heaven.
A blessed recompense is yours,
If you that charge obey,
But woe, a double woe to those
Who lead the lambs astray!

Lightly ye drop those seeds of sin,
Nor think that they may grow,
And bring to those young hearts so dear
A reaping-time of woe;
While ye yourselves pass mournfully
Along life's downward way,
As conscience whispers all too late,
"Ye led the lambs astray."

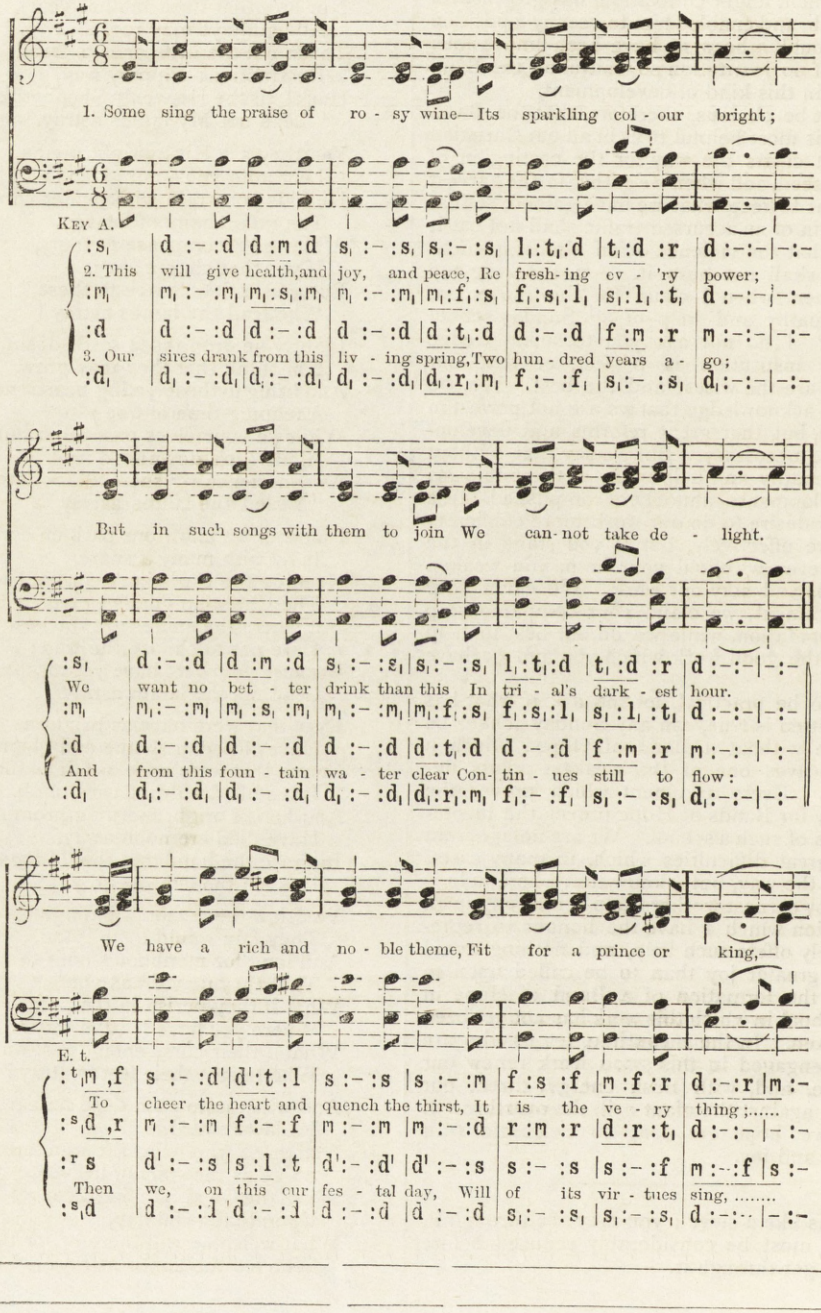
Full well we know our path on earth
Is set with many a snare,
Needing the Christian's constant watch,
The Christian's daily prayer.
But where the snares are thickest laid
Dare not to choose the way;
Because your feet have yet escaped,
Lead not the lambs astray.

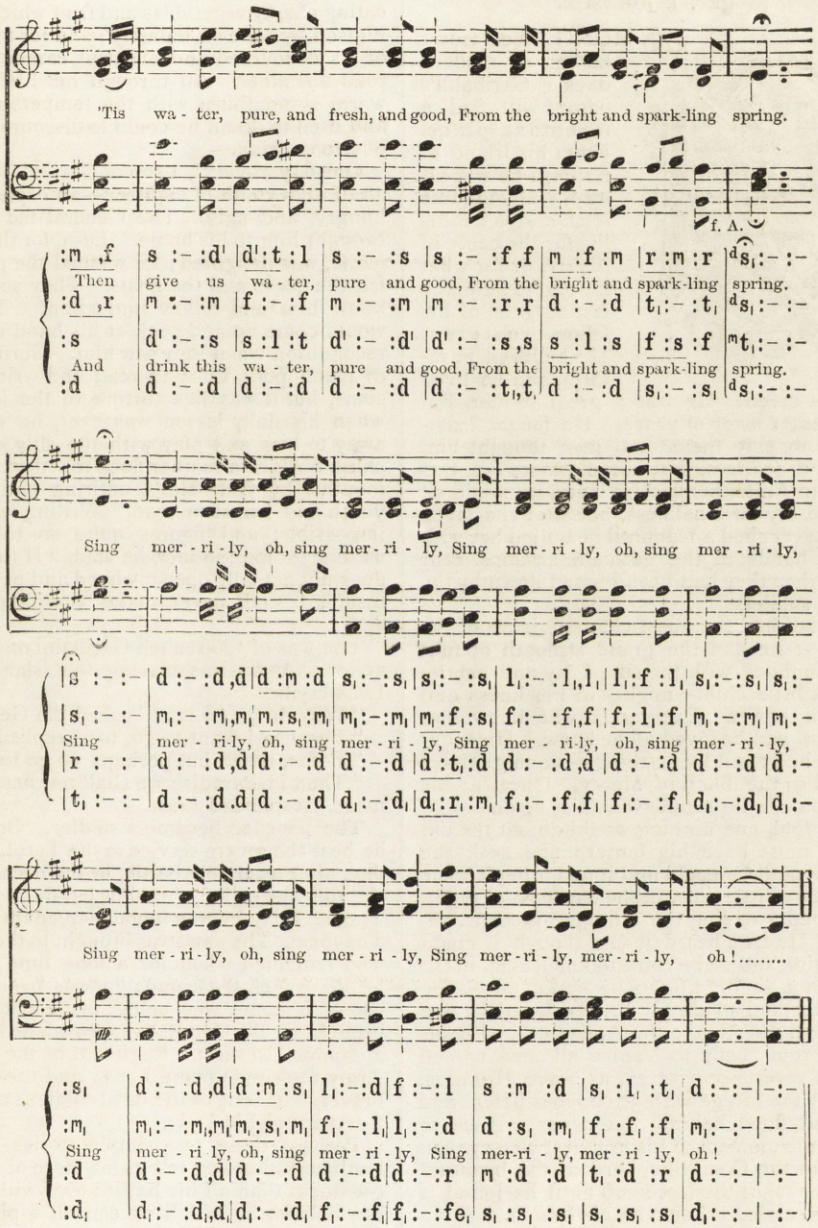
Eyes that were once as bright as theirs
Have closed in shame and gloom,
Forms that were once as fair as theirs
Have filled a drunkard's tomb.
And hope's bright morning promises
Have died ere noon away,
Because the hand that should have kept
Has led the lambs astray.

Ye drink the reason blinding cup,—
They fain would taste it too,
And long for manhood's hour to come,
That they may do as you.
What if they perish in the path
Where you have led the way?
What if their curse should rest on those
Who taught their feet to stray?

And when unto each deed on earth
Its just reward is given,
And those who bring the wanderers back
Shine as the stars of heaven,
When the Good Shepherd counts His flock,
Upon that awful day,
What welcome will there be for those
Who led the lambs astray? A. L. W.

SOME SING THE PRAISE.




'Tis wa - ter, pure, and fresh, and good, From the bright and spark-ling spring.
f. A.
Then give us wa - ter, pure and good, From the bright and spark-ling spring.
And drink this wa - ter, pure and good, From the bright and spark-ling spring.
Sing mer - ri - ly, oh, sing mer - ri - ly, Sing mer - ri - ly, oh, sing mer - ri - ly,
Sing mer - ri-ly, oh, sing mer - ri - ly, Sing mer - ri-ly, oh, sing mer - ri - ly,
Sing mer - ri - ly, oh, sing mer - ri - ly, Sing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, oh!.....
Sing mer - ri - ly, oh, sing mer - ri - ly, Sing mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, oh!

GARIBALDI—HIS GREATNESS AND HIS TENDERNESS.

BY REV. J. JOHNSON.



AMONG the truest heroes of modern days Garibaldi's name will find a foremost place. From his island of Caprera he was always ready to come forth and offer his life for the cause of liberty, or for what he held to be for the lasting good of his fellow-creatures. He believed in reform, and he lived up to his creed. He was a great soldier, but still a greater lover of peace. He fought existing evils to slay them. All men thought him brave and fearless, but often before he was married to Anita, his faithful lover, he would sit down and cry for loneliness, but after she loved him he never shed a tear until he buried her with his own hands in the desolate swamps near Venice, when they had been hunted down by the Austrian soldiers.

Garibaldi had the finest characteristics of the true hero: he had the grand strength of full-grown manhood with the simplicity and gentleness of a little child—mighty in meekness and tender in power. Everybody who knew him loved him, and he loved all he knew. His kindness reached to all living things—he might have belonged to the Band of Mercy. Once, at his island home, a little lamb was missing one night from the fold, and nothing would do but the old General must have his lantern and seek the wanderer until he could find it and bring it home again. In a little time, in the darkness of night, he returned, carrying the lamb in his arms, rejoicing. He had heard it cry, though it could not see him, and so he came to find it even in the dark. In a hundred fights he had done daring deeds that had made all Italy ring again and again, from the Alps to the Apennines, with his fame. From Sicily to Venice all men named him with reverence as great as brave Horatius, who kept the bridge with 30,000 foes before and the broad flood behind, but never was he so great in the moment of his proudest victory than when, like the Good Shepherd in the beautiful story, he sought the lost lamb until he found it and then carried it home on his bosom.

At first, when he went to the desolate island of Caprera, he was almost like Robinson Crusoe, for the only inhabitants were wild goats. For a little time he and his family lived there in a tent, then in a wooden hut, and by-and-by in a nice little house. He was very nearly a vegetarian, eating chiefly vegetables and fruit which he grew himself by his own industry; and for many years of his chequered and eventful career he was a total abstainer. All through his life he was a warm sympathiser with the temperance cause, and used to do all he could to discourage the use of strong drink.

One day Menotti, a son of Garibaldi, met with a half-idiot youth of eighteen—an orphan, naked, hungry, and ugly. The General fed him and brought him to his home. Luca, for that was his name, was delighted; he washed the plates and fed the geese and the goats. They soon got to know him and follow him about. The geese would come up and peck at his hand in friendly recognition when they saw him. Garibaldi tried to teach poor Luca to read and write and do sums, but it was like torture to the idiot; and when his daily lesson was over, he would run away to kiss and play with the silly geese, because birds of a feather flock together. In eight months, by Garibaldi's untiring patience, the youth had learnt to read. Writing was almost impossible, and figures quite so to his poor understanding; in fact, he said, "If the General does not actually open my head and put the book inside, I shall never make anything of these figures."

The war of 1866 called Garibaldi once more to action. As he was leaving the island he saw Luca crying.

"Why do you weep?" asked the General.

"Because I want to go, too," replied Luca.

"Come, then; but perhaps we go to die."

"Then in Paradise we shall not need to study more," responded Luca.

The poor lad became a soldier. Bravely did he bear the severe service in the Tyrol. But one day, after a terrible battle, in the evening, when the roll was called, the idiot lad did not answer. The next day he was found pierced through with a bayonet. The news was brought to the General, who remained silent for a long time with bent head. When the campaign was over, and the list of honours was being made out and was brought for the General's approval, he took a pen and added to the 1st Regiment of the Tyrolean Army the single name Luca; and the medal for bravery was sent to the dead soldier's only sister, a servant-girl in Italy.

Perhaps these two simple stories about the lamb and idiot boy tell us far more of the hero's greatness than all his battles ever will. This is the nobility to which we can all aspire. Love for our country, fidelity to our cause, courage to do right, will make us all rise to the rank where the good-conduct marks are the stripes of past

service, and where virtue will be its own reward of all. The highest honour in the British Army is to win the Victoria Cross. No greater glory can soldier desire, whether private or officer, and to none is it given except because of some gallant deed done at costly sacrifice. It is of simple bronze, and bears no other words than these—FOR VALOUR.

And this is an honour every boy and every girl in our Bands of Hope may deserve.

FACE THE STORM.

THE squadron lay just over the bar,
And standing into the shore :
Two mighty wings of battle ships,
The flag-ship a little before.
And the Admiral walked his quarter-deck
With a careful, wary eye,
Watching the black and sullen waves,
And the wild and threatening sky.

Up with a roar the tempest came,
And the rain fell thick and fast ;
Quick as thought the signal flew
On the top of the highest mast.
It bid them face the ocean storm,
(For the land was on their lee,)
So they formed into line of battle
And went boldly out to sea.

And every sailor in the fleet
Sprang with a cheer to his place ;
It was a joy to fight the storm,
Meeting it face to face.
No fatal shallows, no hidden rocks,
No land on the perilous lee ;
Their hearts rose boldly up to meet
The storm on the open sea.

Oh ! sailor on Life's stormy main,
If thou hear the tempest roar,
Scan with a careful, wary eye
Both the ocean and the shore.
If thy harbour lay through doubtful ways,
With sin or shame on its lee,
Then turn and face the coming storm—
Put out to the open sea :

The shallows are full of sunken rocks,
There is shipwreck near the shore.
Oh ! when the stormy winds do blow,
And the sullen waters roar,
Set every help in battle line,
Take dauntlessly thy place ;
Go meet the tempest in its home,
And vanquish it, face to face. L. E.

WE FOUR.

BY UNCLE BEN.



"IN the days that we went gipsying a long time ago," and that was a very long time ago when we went gipsying and blackberrying too. We were six in family, with father and mother and we four children. We were not the best of children, but I am sure mother would say we were not the worst. Those were bright and pleasant days, when the late summer passed into the autumn ; then we were sent out to make as much as possible of the lingering sunshine and the fine weather, because the winter would be coming on, when we should have to keep more in-doors.

We four were composed of two boys and two girls. Our youngest was dear Sarah, but I shall not tell you any more of our names, first, because all the others were very ugly Scripture ones ; and, secondly, if I did you might guess who we were. We four were very commonplace children, and did not live in a grand house nor dress in fine clothes. All about us was very plain and simple. In fact, we were plain children. Dear little Sarah was perhaps the prettiest. Our eldest boy was said by mother to have been very nice when he was very small indeed, but he soon began to take after the family, and is thought now to be the plainest of the lot. Little Sarah had nice ways with her, and if people asked how old she was she would perk up and say, "I'm neely half-past five o'clock." We had our favourite places and the nooks and dells we each loved, but even our eldest went so far as to choose one tree out of all creation and called it hers. It really belonged to the property of a peer of the realm ; but that did not matter, for in the days of love and childhood all things are ours, and doubtless if we never went forth from the heavenly Father's kingdom we should never lose the sense of our inheritance and our great possessions. The sacred right of property never interfered with our gladness, for mother always taught us that if we loved the flowers and the trees they would give us quite as much pleasure as those to whom they actually belonged, and we might have all the enjoyment without the expense.

A day's blackberrying was a notable event in the annals of our history, for of all the rich delicacies this fair earth could yield, a blackberry pie or pudding was the best, when the crust was not too thick, and we had gathered every one of the blackberries that made "the purple gravy" inside. Nothing could surpass it, unless blackberry jam, made from our own picking, or save and except, perhaps, young onions that were pulled from the small Eden, divided into four strips, which each of us tilled for ourselves, like Adam did the paradise of old.

One day we went forth for an afternoon's blackberrying, and lest we might faint by the way or be late for tea the not very large basket which was to hold the labour of our hands was filled first with four slices of cake—a very plain dough one, with stray currants here and there. We started, and, of course, were to take it by turns to carry the basket, beginning at the eldest even down unto the youngest. When the two biggest children had borne with patient meekness their fair share of the load, it was passed on to the next boy, not weak in limb, but always strong in appetite. He proposed at once, when the burden became his, that we should each eat our share, it being easier to carry that way; as we were beyond the outskirts of the little country town, the blackberries soon came in sight. We did not linger over the dusty ones by the roadside, except just to refresh ourselves after having demolished the pure plain planks, knowing well a spot from off the highway on the Maidenhead road where they grew in abundance. Now that the basket was lightened the junior boy thought little Sarah might *like* to have it; and as it had been many times arranged and re-arranged that the two boys were to pick and the girls receive, because girls' frocks always tear far more than boys' clothes, our eldest held her pinafore and our youngest held the basket to receive the offerings of these most delicious fruits of the earth.

The afternoon was warm, autumn tints glowed on the trees, leaves were beginning to fall, and the ferns were turning gold; here and there a fox-glove lingered, a ragged robin, with the little wild geraniums, remained in sheltered places; but we did not heed the flowers, the black and shining fruit absorbed our attention. How many we ate and how few we could keep would be a shame to tell. How many pricks we got, over what briers and brambles we pushed our way, what scratches we received, could not be recounted, but we did not mind the thorns in those days; in fact, we only thought of them as part of the day's sport. The blackberries were all the sweeter for them; they gave zest and romance to the proceedings. Why is it when we grow older we cannot look on other thorns and briers as part of the day's providence? Did we understand the world aright, we might find the prickles as much part of God's care as the rose in all its beauty.

While we were all busy—the two boys eating and picking, the two girls receiving, but likewise eating all they could, little Sarah was just going to put down the basket to use both hands to "get a very big 'un," when she gave a scream, and we ran to see what was the matter, and then we found just a little in front of her was curled up a snake. Now if there was one thing more than another we four hated by mutual consent it was a reptile of the viper type. One must suppose this aversion arose from our sorrow for Eve at the sad trouble a serpent had brought her into, for we were very fond of Genesis.

We all fled, we did not wait for the serpent to awake and say anything to us, but we hastened off, and got away quite safe, far beyond the reach of any temptation, should it be ever so gifted with speech. The eldest boy, never famous for courage, said he thought it was time to be going home, and the youngest boy declared himself tired of black-berrying and in instantaneous want of his tea. And of course what the boys decreed the girls would not think of opposing.

So home we four went, and did get back in time for our evening meal, with the little basket not nearly full, and when we were seated round the homely board, mother asked why we had not got more blackberries; she thought we must have eaten a lot. But our eldest said, "Nay, we should have picked some more, only there was a snake asleep, and the *boys* ran away."

Anxious to hide the shame of this reproach, the elder boy tried to let the conversation drift into other channels; so he said—

"Mother, why did God make snakes? and why *did* the serpent tempt Eve?"

And mother said, "God only can answer that question when we die and go home to heaven to understand all His love, but till then the best thing we can do is to shun all evil and avoid all temptation."

And so we four were encouraged even in our want of valour. All four were members of the Band of Hope then, but only one has remained faithful, and I expect you will all think that was dear little Sarah. Please, dear readers, though some of you may think it would have been much better for Eve to have run away from the serpent in Paradise, let us all be sure of this, we may all avoid one great evil that biteth like an adder, by keeping to our temperance pledge, and holding fast that which is good.

ACTS, looks, words, form the alphabet by which you spell character.



"The black and shining fruit absorbed our attention."—p. 124.

VIOLET: A TRUE STORY.

BY SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER I.—THE WIFE'S RESOLVE.

THE clock had just struck ten, and Mrs. Lee, with a sigh, folded up her sewing, and opening the door, she stood in a listening attitude for some time. But no sound was to be heard, save the moaning of the wind as it rushed swiftly past the house, and closing the door, she sat down again and rested her face on her hands. For a quarter of an hour she remained motionless; then rising, with a look of determination on her pale face, she wrapped a shawl around her head and shoulders, and went out, closing the door softly behind her.

The night was dark and stormy, and Mrs. Lee's heart beat fast as she hurried along the lonely road; and several times she was tempted to turn and go back again. But love for her husband was stronger than fear, so she hurried swiftly on.

She had walked about half the distance to the village—where her husband spent most of his evenings—when she was arrested by the sound of voices rising in angry tones above the surging of the wind. One of the voices she easily recognised as belonging to her husband; the other that of Tom Dennis, a drunken, quarrelsome fellow known to all the parish.

Mary Lee, though naturally a timid woman, was not greatly alarmed at the dispute that was raging between the two men. So, standing in the deep shadow of the tall hedge, she waited patiently for them to come up to her.

She quite expected that the quarrel would "blow over" in a few minutes. But in this she was mistaken, and by the time they reached the spot where she stood, words ran so high between them that she thought it quite time to interpose.

Richard Lee was not generally a quarrelsome man, but to-night he was in a perfect frenzy of rage. But when his wife stood before him, both men started back as though they had seen an apparition.

"Go home, Tom Dennis," she said, and raised her white hand as she spoke; and the man, without a word, slunk away abashed. Then taking her husband by the arm, she led him quietly—for he was too astonished to resist—to his own dwelling.

It was a work of no small difficulty to get him to bed, for he was angry and quarrelsome still; but he fell asleep at last, and Mrs. Lee, as she heard his deep breathing, gave a sigh of relief, and taking a candle in her hand, she gazed long and earnestly at him as he lay there in his drunken sleep.

Large tears gathered in her eyes as she saw what a wreck he had become; all the manliness seemed to have been trampled out of him. And how had it been accomplished? Alas! it is soon told.

Richard Lee was a good customer at the sign of "the Bear." It was there he spent the money that ought to have been used to feed and clothe his children. Mrs. Lee thought of all this as she gazed at him, and wondered what the end of it would be. Would he ever again be the kind, good husband he had been, ere the shadow of intemperance had fallen on their home?

"How kind he was then," thought she, "and how happy we were; and how proud he used to be of the children. But now he takes no notice of them, and perhaps will not miss them when they are gone—for it must come to that: we must leave him or starve."

And falling on her knees, the cry burst from her white lips, "Oh, my God! have mercy on me, and show me the right path."

Poor Mrs. Lee was passing through deep waters. Her father had been there that day, and when he was leaving had said, "Mary, I have made up my mind to do no more for you unless you leave your drunken husband. I will not maintain him. I know that for the past year he has not brought home five shillings a week; and if it had not been for me, you and the children must have starved. Now, Mary, I will keep you and the children if you will come home with me; but not a penny more of my money shall go to feed him. I shall be here again the day after to-morrow, and you must decide by that time."

It was a fierce battle that Mrs. Lee fought that night. It was a struggle between the wife and the mother. When she thought of her husband staggering home to an empty house, forsaken by his wife and children, would it not drive him farther into sin? And as she thought of it, she cried aloud, "I cannot leave him." But the words had scarcely left her lips when she heard a low moan. It came from the lips of her eldest boy, George. He had been out the day before in his thin, worn-out shoes, and got his feet wet, and was now suffering from a feverish cold.

That moan, low as it was, decided her; come what would, she could not let her innocent children suffer for their father's sin.

The struggle was over, and the mother's love had triumphed.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

HOME AND CHOICE OF A WIFE.

TO YOUNG MEN.

IF there is anything in this world that serves as a beacon-light, compass, and rudder, across the dangerous sea of life, it is the

memory of a good and gentle mother—a well regulated and happy home. Its influence will gird a young man with moral safety as a bulwark, and for the want of these precious home associations, many a young man has made a wreck of his manhood.

Surely, then, a young man's highest ambition should be the establishment and maintenance of such a home, which shall be the reservoir of his best life, and a perennial fountain of joy.

But let me say to the young man whose eyes shall glance over this page, your home will depend largely upon what you are yourself. You have no right to expect your home to be better and happier than you are. If you are good, generous, and genial, your home will partake largely of yourself; so likewise, if you are selfish, crabbed and disagreeable.

The structure and choosing of the home that is to be, is the most momentous step a man is ever called to take. You should carry with you into it, every influence that has been ennobling and delightful in your childhood's home, and improve upon it all you can besides. Of course you cannot make this home alone, and she who is to help you rear the temple, should not be chosen for trifles, since she is to be prime mover and keeper thereof. See, then, that there is adaptation and fitness, a sweet temper and fervent love. Then consecrate your life to her and home. Bring into this vestibule of love, a deep unselfishness, and a purity like crystal. A young man ought to scorn to bring to his wife, a heart that has flirted with a dozen girls, or a body impure from evil thoughts and practices. Think not lightly of these things. There is a solemn grandeur in the path before you. The soil is rich in possibilities; but as you sow you will reap—rarest flowers or pestilential weeds.

Novel as the idea may seem, believe me, you best attain a manhood fit to offer a pure-souled woman, by cherishing in your breast, through all the years of youth, *an ideal wife.*

What do you think of that? Somewhere upon the earth, your wife to be, is living. Would not you, too, do well to think much of her, plan and labour for her, and mould your life into purity and excellence for her sake? Might not you, too, find it a safeguard against temptation, and a powerful stimulus to attain all that is worthy and complete in a perfect manhood?

Remember that the influence of a noble woman is heavenly, and can draw you heavenward; and home as it should be, is only a faint type of that celestial land where every pure affection is cemented for eternity.

MRS. H. S. THOMPSON.

GOOD name for a bull-dog—Agrippa.

SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE ON TOBACCO.

THE empyreumatic oil of tobacco is produced by distillation of that herb at a temperature above that of boiling water. One or two drops of this oil (according to the size of the animal) placed on the tongue *will kill a cat in the course of a few minutes.* A certain quantity of the oil must be always circulating in the blood of an habitual smoker, and we cannot suppose that the effects of it on the system can be merely negative.

The effects of this habit are, indeed, various, the difference depending on difference of constitution, and difference in the mode of life otherwise. But, from the best observations which I have been able to make on the subject, I am led to believe that *there are very few who do not suffer harm from it, to a greater or less extent.* The earliest symptoms are manifested in the derangement of the nervous system. A large proportion of habitual smokers are rendered lazy and listless, indisposed to bodily, and incapable of much mental exertion. Others suffer from depression of spirits, amounting to hypochondriasis, which smoking relieves for a time, though it aggravates the evil afterwards. Occasionally there is a general nervous excitability, which, though very much less in degree, partakes of the nature of the *delirium tremens* of drunkards. I have known many individuals to suffer from severe nervous pains, sometimes in one, sometimes in another part of the body.

But the ill effects of tobacco are not confined to the nervous system. In many instances there is a loss of healthy appetite for food, the imperfect state of the digestion being soon rendered manifest by the loss of flesh and the sallow countenance. From cases which have fallen under my own observation, I cannot entertain a doubt that, if we could obtain accurate statistics on the subject, we should find that *the value of life in inveterate smokers is considerably below the average.*

Nor is the practice confined to grown-up men. Boys, even at the best schools, get the habit of smoking, because they think it manly and fashionable to do so, *not unfrequently because they have the example set them by their tutors,* and partly because there is no friendly voice to warn them as to the special ill consequences to which it may give rise where the process of growth is not yet completed, and the organs are not yet fully developed.

SOUND REASON.—An urchin, rebuked for wearing out his stockings at the toes, replied: "Toes wriggles, and heels don't!"

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE BEER OF THE WORLD.—England has 26,114 breweries, with an annual production of over one thousand millions of gallons; Germany, 23,940, producing 800,000,000 gallons; United States, 3,293 breweries, 300,000,000 gallons; France, 3,104 breweries; Spain, 2,500; Austria-Hungary, 2,297; Holland, 560; Russia, 460; Norway and Switzerland, 400 each; Denmark and Sweden have each 240. This gives a total of 63,544 breweries in Europe and the United States.

CHURCHES AND PUBLIC-HOUSES. — The licensed victuallers have 250,000 establishments for the sale of intoxicating drinks. Now in the United Kingdom there are not more than 40,000 places of religious worship; while it appears to be a well-ascertained fact that for every thousand persons attending the house of God above two thousand are to be found on the Sunday in the public-house. The annual amount spent in drink on an average for ten years is £136,000,000, while the amount raised in connection with all the churches and chapels of the kingdom does not exceed £20,000,000 a year. The £136,000,000 spent in drink would pay not only the rent of all the houses in the United Kingdom, from the Queen's castle to the poor cabin of the Irish peasant, but also the rent of every farm, and would still leave £1,000,000 for other purposes.

A PHILOSOPHER informs us that "there is more happiness in an ounce of contentment than there is in a ton of gold." What advantage some people have for making comparisons, to be sure! We shall willingly take that ton of gold off his hands at his earliest convenience.

"DON'T stand on ceremony; come in," said a lady to an old farmer, who had called to see her husband. "Excuse me, marm," exclaimed the old man; "thort I was standing on the door-mat."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—Milkman (to Bridget, who appeared in a bower of green ribbons, in honour of the day): "If you're not careful, Bridget, some jackass will be taking a bite ov you, you're so green." Bridget—"Try it." Milkman subsides.

SOME soldiers were digging a well, and when they came to the water the commanding officer went to inspect progress. "Well, Kelly," said he to the Irishman at the bottom of the well, "so you have found the water at last?" "Ah, Kurnel!" replied the other, "it all dipinds upon knowing how the thing ought to be done. Any other man but meself would have gone forty fut deeper without comin' to it."

THE REV. DAWSON BURNS, M.A., has given lately some admirable reasons "Why Moderate Drinkers should become Abstainers." 1. For their own advantage, and this he urges on the ground of health, safety, and economy; 2. For the sake of those who depend on them; 3. For the rescue of the victims of strong drink; 4. For the repression of social drinking customs; 5. For the sake of all philanthropic and Christian work. This is a forcible appeal to those who may be open to conviction, and for those who are not, we fear, few arguments will reach them.

A WOMAN who carried round milk in Paris said a naive thing the other day. One of the cooks to whom she brought milk, looked into the can and remarked with surprise, "Why there is actually nothing there but water!" The woman leisurely looked into the can, and said: "Well, if I didn't forget to put in the milk."—*Figaro.*

THE shoe worn by a horse is a wrought iron shoe, but when the horse loses the shoe from its foot it becomes a cast iron shoe.

THE Rev. Dr. McCosh, of Princetown College, tells a story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his coloured brethren might be preserved from their upsetting sins. "Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang eb dat ar word. It's besettin' not upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so; but I was praying de Lord to save us from de sin ob 'toxication, an ef dat ain't an upsetting sin, I dunno what am."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"Talks with the People by Men of Mark: Sir Wilfrid Lawson on Temperance." By Rev. Charles Bullock. Published by the *Home Words* Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings. This small volume has a short biographical sketch by Fred. Sherlock, and is followed by forty well-chosen selections from the speeches of the well-known President of the Alliance. We feel sure the book must be appreciated by the many admirers of Sir Wilfrid's wit and wisdom.

We have received two of Jarrold's Half-Hour Tracts, by Mrs. F. J. Maude Hamill. "Nelly's Pledge-Book," and "Mother's Beer, and What it Led To." These stories are simply told, and the Gospel lovingly set forth. Both the tracts are silent Gospel Temperance workers. They have an important mission to fulfil. We wish them God-speed.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Temperance Record—The Social Reformer—Hand and Heart—The Western Temperance Herald—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The British Temperance Advocate — The Irish Temperance League Journal.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—ON LAND AND ON SEA.

THERE were weeping and lamentation in Ebenezer Raymond's home at Dieppe. Madame Raymond was very, very ill, and neither the Captain of *The Two Friends*, nor his little daughter Honoré, had courage to face the life that it seemed so probable both must henceforth lead—a life deprived of her constant and tender care for each of them.

But Captain Raymond had a bitter reflection to increase his gloom that his child was ignorant of, and no such miserable memories would cast their shadows over her future, as must for ever haunt him, unless his Marie were restored to him. In that almost mysterious and inexplicable manner in which bad habits gradually assert their sway over man's moral nature, the custom of drinking intoxicants more and more freely and persistently had grown upon Captain Raymond. Again and again his gentle wife had besought him to renounce their use. She had pleaded with him for his child's sake, the darling Honoré, of whom they were both so fond; for her own sake, she who loved him so tenderly and truly with a wife's devotion; for his soul's sake, lest he might be drawn further and further into the terrible vortex of sin and misery which the drunkard endures. She had used all these arguments, and many others, at different times, but only to be repulsed, sometimes carelessly, often angrily, and on a few rare occasions very savagely.

Perhaps poor Madame Raymond had not always chosen her opportunity quite wisely to make these appeals. She had better have waited till her Captain was sober, and less inclined to be quarrelsome. But when one is roused to very strong emotion it is difficult to feel calm and collected, and the vivacity of her Norman blood was strong in Marie Raymond. On the last occasion, when Ebenezer Raymond returned drunk and debased from one of the many wine-shops in Dieppe, his wife had really been sickening for fever. Neither she nor himself was, of course, conscious of this fact; but it added pathos to her entreaties, and a strange lustre to her dark eyes as they were fastened upon her husband's face. He resented their beauty and the fascination she somehow exercised over him. A wild, cruel impulse to strike her, to get rid of her, as she stood before him, crossed his inflamed and maddened brain.

"You're enough to drive a man mad, Marie," he said in a dreadful passion. "Why must you

ONWARD, SEPT., 1882. *All Rights Reserved.*]

be for ever staring and talking at me? Hold your tongue, will you? or I'll make you."

Marie was not silent, and a blow fell. She dropped immediately upon the floor, making no resistance, no further appeal whatever. It was terrible. Captain Raymond was sobered by the sight of that drooping form. He raised her, trembling with fright as he did so, and laid her upon the bed, and called a neighbour, and showed so much real concern about her, that he gained golden opinions for his carefulness amongst the other people in the house. The doctor at once pronounced her disease to be fever, and advised that Honoré should be taken from the dwelling. But Honoré refused to go, and Ebenezer Raymond had not the heart to insist upon it. He had at first a wish that he could escape somehow from life himself, and was careless about the doctor's many precautions. Later on, he so feared death that he grew almost cowardly in his terror, and then, towards the end of his wife's illness, he was so full of remorse and anguish that he could hardly endure existence.

None had ever seemed to suspect him of any want of kindness to his wife; the secret was hidden in his own bosom, but none the less did it torture and torment him. The remarks innocently made by Honoré were sometimes almost more than he could bear to listen to. By-and-by the crisis of the fever was past, and the doctor gave a little hope that Marie Raymond might be restored to her loved ones. But she never allowed any one about her to be sanguine of her recovery; she never expressed the hope that she might get well again.

"Do you want to go away to heaven, and leave me and poor papa, my mother?" asked Honoré one day, whom this behaviour on the part of her loving parent had very much surprised.

"God will judge; He knows best, my little Honoré," said Marie Raymond.

"But you don't want to go away, and leave us—my poor papa and me?" persisted Honoré.

"Life is short, my little Honoré. God will take better care of you than I can do, and then He will bring you to me again," said her mother.

"Life will be very long, my mamma, if you are not here to live it with me," said Honoré, passionately sobbing. "Oh! mamma, mamma, you must not leave me, I am such a little girl."

No mother's heart could fail to melt at such moving words as these. Marie Raymond drew her child to her and kissed and caressed her as warmly as she had ever done in her life. But she was conscious that there was no yearning for a continuance of her existence on her own part, though she said to herself she would try

and get well for the sake of her child. Day by day she grew weaker instead of stronger. The doctor grew anxious.

"Try the effect of a sail, Captain Raymond, take her with you to the Mediterranean, that is her last chance," he said to her husband.

Her last chance! *The Two Friends* was immediately made ready for sea, some few comforts were added to the Captain's apartments on board, to increase that last chance of recovery for the invalid of which the doctor had spoken.

Honoré's spirits rose at the prospect of the change; with a child's delight she began to talk of what she should see, and the things she should do on board papa's ship. For the first week or two after they sailed from Dieppe southward, it seemed as if the last chance might be a very good chance indeed. The air revived Marie, the new scenes amused and interested her. Then she commenced to droop again; and her husband, who had begun to be very sanguine concerning her recovery, grew moody and dull once more.

It was a lovely morning, the air soft and balmy, the sea blue and glorious, the sky above only another blue. Marie Raymond lay on a mattress on deck. Her husband sat himself beside her. He gazed intently on the wasted form, the hollow cheeks, the cavernous eyes from which it seemed to him two little sparks of unearthly light burnt themselves into his soul. He bent over her, he had determined to say the words, and this was the only time to say them. Honoré was away, quietly playing with her toys, at some distance, and quite out of hearing.

"Marie, have I murdered you? You know what I mean; was it that blow of mine which has made it impossible for you to recover?"

A light in the hollow eyes, and a feverish flush over the wasted face, and then Marie spoke: "You murdered hope, my husband, when you gave me that blow. None can say you murdered me."

He was quite silent, trying to think what a murdered hope meant. Marie had delicate, sensitive feelings, he told himself, which he could not quite always understand; but he thought, at last, he understood her now.

"And you could not live without hope?" he asked.

"No; I must have hope in my husband in order to be happy," she answered.

"What could give you hope now?" he asked. If I promised never to get drunk again?"

"That is no good," she said sadly, "you would not keep your promise."

"There are people in England, you know, Marie, who never take these drinks."

"Ah, yes. If you would be one of those. How do you call them?"

"Teetotalers," he answered.

"Yes, teetotalers. Will you be one of them?"

"I will, if you promise to get well again, Marie." He was in earnest.

"Ah! if I could. But I will try. And there is Honoré; for her sake be one, my husband."

After that it was easy for Captain Raymond to seek the forgiveness he coveted so earnestly, and it was touching and beautiful to mark how willing, even anxious, the injured wife was to forgive. The next fortnight was a peaceful, even happy time on board *The Two Friends*. Marie enjoyed the loveliness of all around her, and felt at peace with all the world. If life could have been a drift on the calm sea, such as she now enjoyed, with every one conspiring to her comfort, she would have been content to live to old age. But she well knew that day by day her strength was ebbing, surely, though slowly.

"You would rather not bury me at sea, my husband?" she asked quietly one morning.

"Why talk of burial anywhere, Marie? You are better, not worse. We shall have you home in Dieppe after a while, and keep you there, I hope, for many years to come."

"Don't deceive yourself, Eben," she said. "I do not gain any strength, and you must acknowledge this."

"Would you rather sail towards Genoa, and consult a doctor there?" he asked, as the truth of her words forced itself upon him.

"It may be a satisfaction to you afterwards, Eben."

So the course of the vessel was turned northwards. But the end came before Genoa was reached, and all suddenly at last, and so peacefully, that even little Honoré could only wonder at the stillness, and repose, and calm, which rested on her gentle mother's face, and own that death was not the terrible thing which the old nurse had said it was. Lying on deck, her husband watching beside her, the heavens above all resplendent with the magnificent brilliancy of moon and stars, while the western sky had hardly faded from the gorgeous colouring of sunset, Marie Raymond slept from the terrestrial to the celestial beauties which God has prepared for them that love Him. Death in sleep became to her the gate of life.

The Two Friends proceeded on its course to the marble city of Genoa, and there, in the Campa Santo, whose loveliness attracts every visitor from far-off shores, Madame Marie Raymond was laid to rest. Only the heart-broken appearance of Captain Raymond and the piteous sobs of poor little Honoré marred the soft fairness of everything around, in that quiet city of the dead.

For the days that elapsed between the funeral at Genoa, and the arrival of *The Two Friends* at Dieppe, Captain Raymond devoted himself to comforting his child. Honoré clung to him incessantly, hardly happy, or even contented, for an hour out of his presence.

"You will not leave me at home in Dieppe without you, my father. I cannot live if you do; I must die," said Honoré one day. "Let me make my home here on *The Two Friends*, and go with you all your voyages, my father. Say yes, say yes, my papa, do."

Captain Raymond would not say yes quite so hastily to Honoré's proposal as she wished him to do. But the more he considered her words, the more inclined he felt to agree to her suggestion. Dieppe could never be to him again the home of former years. If he left the snug rooms, and Honoré in them, he must obtain some one to look after both. On the contrary, if the child were with him, he could take longer voyages, as he had sometimes felt inclined to do during his wife's lifetime, but from which he had always been dissuaded by his unwillingness to leave her and his child. Now he would go anywhere that interest or inclination indicated. What was there to hinder his taking the route of the mail steamers to India, or to Australia, or to the Cape? He had long wished to see the Suez Canal, and he might as well make an opportunity.

Captain Raymond's circumstances were largely discussed by his friends. There were young women anxious to become at once his housekeeper and the guardian of Honoré; there were matrons willing to take the child into their families if her father intended to make a long voyage after his "so great loss," as they phrased it. And there were the mistresses of boarding-schools and *pensions* ready to receive the little French maiden among their pupils or boarders.

But after Captain Raymond had made due consideration of everything, he sold a good deal of his furniture and other effects, bought Honoré a considerable stock of clothes, made *The Two Friends* still more suitable for her permanent residence by placing on board several articles selected from their once pretty home, and announced his determination to take his child with him wherever he went, to Honoré's great delight, but very much to the disapproval of his female friends, who vowed she would become what we in English call a tom-boy, or else mope herself to death, poor, unhappy little one, in her father's cabin.

When the Captain protested that he had done it most of all to please Honoré herself, he was reminded that children never knew what was good for them, and more than one prophet foretold that he would live to rue the day when he acted with so much masculine obstinacy.

All this had happened in the summer before Lady Ted's time was up on board the *Mount Edgecumbe*, and now *The Two Friends* was lying in Sydney harbour, and the captain and his daughter were busy sight-seeing in the fine Australian city. So far Honoré had had nothing to regret in her father's conduct towards her. He had been kinder to her and more gentle even than he had been wont to be in the happy past. But as she grew older she missed her mother, poor child, not less, but more than at first; and a soft, almost pathetic sadness stole over her not unfrequently, contrasting with her innocent gaiety, which made the life of the ship's company at other times.

Much as she had enjoyed Sydney at first, when she walked its streets in her father's companionship, yet it was in this port she was first to feel the possible sadness and loneliness of her lot. Without signing any pledge of abstinence, Captain Raymond had never taken drink from the day that he had confessed his cruelty to his wife, and spoken of its cause, until the present hour. One evening in Sydney he entered a public-house for the purpose of engaging a sailor, in place of one who had left *The Two Friends*. Honoré was on board the vessel; her father had taken her "home," as she called it, after a long day of sight-seeing, and being very tired, she had soon fallen asleep in her little cabin, which opened out from her father's. She had no thought of anxiety or fear to disturb her rest, and slept as peacefully as a wearied little dove in the sheltered nest. The plash of the quiet waves, the gentle motion of the anchored vessel, the noises that are never altogether hushed on ship-board, seemed to have no power whatever to disturb her. Hour after hour passed, then there was the sound of oars advancing towards *The Two Friends*, the boat drew up, and from it stepped Captain Raymond, so drunk that he could hardly get up the ship's side, and so noisy that he disturbed everybody who was awake. Still Honoré slept on, till the sounds of angry altercation in her father's cabin aroused her. Startled and trembling, she jumped from her berth, enveloped herself in the long flannel dressing-gown her father had provided for her comfort, and awaited what would next happen.

"Fire! fire! the ship's on fire," she heard her father say, and a noisy rapping at her cabin door followed.

She flung it open, and a loud peal of senseless laughter greeted her from Captain Raymond's lips, as he staggered about in his own cabin, and shouted, "Eh! what a joke, Honoré. It's all a mistake, my girl. How soon you can be ready,



Honoré ! good girl, good girl." Honoré turned appealingly to the mate, who was with her father.

"He's drunk, miss," said the mate pityingly; "don't take no account of nothing he says. There's no fire ; bless you, no. You go to bed, I'll stay till he gets quiet."

"Thank you, Elliot," she said, her sweet young face pale and sad ; "but I'll stay, too ; he may want me, you know."

"You had better go to bed, miss," said the mate ; "he'll let me manage him all right. Don't you lose your beauty sleep. I'll do all I can for him."

Honoré still hesitated, when her father suddenly glared at her angrily. "What are you doing here, girl, looking at me like your mother looked ? Go to bed, or I'll never take you any more voyages, understand that," he added, coming nearer to his frightened child. "Mademoiselle Honoré Raymond, you need never look at me as you looked then ; I can dispense with all that sort of thing ; I'm my own master now, and no daughter of mine shall say me nay; I will have the drink, I will."

Elliot glanced beseechingly at Honoré to withdraw into her own cabin, and she obeyed. But she found it impossible to sleep. His long

abstinence had made her father much more susceptible to the influence of strong liquor upon his brain, and he acted for almost an hour as wildly and senselessly as any man altogether deprived of his senses. Poor motherless Honoré, she threw herself on her knees beside her berth, and prayed to God to keep her father sober in the future, as he had been for so many months. She thought he grew quieter as she prayed, and when at last there was comparative stillness in her father's cabin, Honoré, worn out with watching and with weeping, once more slept.

All this was but the beginning of a very terrible experience for the skipper's daughter. He got drunk several times after this before they left Sydney, and what was worse still to Honoré, he insisted on bringing on board *The Two Friends* a stock of wines and spirits, so that, as she naïvely said, he made it possible for him to be always drunk when these intoxicating drinks were introduced into his cabin. Honoré's peace and his own might well be said to have "flown out of the window."

(*To be continued.*)



"Tom and I took a last look at the resting-place of our dead favourite."—p. 134.

MY LITTLE DOG PETER.

WHEN I was a boy my brother Tom and I had two dogs—Peter and Topsy. Peter was one of the jolliest, cleverest, kindest, and best dogs that ever lived, I am sure. He could play all manner of tricks, and was never tired of trying to amuse us when we were out in the fields at play. On one occasion, when I had lost my ball, after seeking it everywhere I could think of in vain, in came Peter, wagging his tail; and, thinking I would just see what he would do, I told him to fetch my ball. Immediately he began sniffing about under the furniture, and directly he stopped opposite an old chest and began barking furiously and trying vainly to get under. Then he came and tugged at my clothes, as good as to say, "It's there; fetch it, for I can't. I wish I could." Just to pacify him, I went to look, and there, to my joy and surprise, I found that my ball was under the old chest, having rolled into that out-of-the-way corner, where it might have remained for years, perhaps, but for the sagacity of my faithful dog. But

Peter was not only clever; he was kind and good. He was never known to be guilty of doing any sort of mischief, and although he was continually running in and about the house, he never stole or destroyed anything that lay in his way.

Little Peter's death was the first real grief of my life. It happened this way. One day my brother Tom and I went a-fishing in the river, and left Topsy and Peter behind; but we had not been long at the river-side before we heard them coming panting towards us, and very soon they were at our feet, barking and wagging their tails in doggish delight at having found us out. In a little while we set off to go higher up the stream, the dogs running on in front, for they knew the way as well as ourselves. We had not gone far when we were startled by strange cries of distress from the dogs, and, hastening forward, we saw poor Topsy struggling helplessly in the stream, evidently injured in some way, so that she could not swim to the side in the swift current. Almost before we had time to think, Peter dashed past us and plunged into the river, evidently determined to do his best to save the life of poor Topsy. Diving down like a duck, he seized his drowning companion by the neck and brought her to the surface, and then began a most exciting struggle for life. The current was so strong in that place that Peter, brave, strong swimmer that he was, could do no more than keep his helpless burden from sinking down again into the depths. But he never relinquished his hold of Topsy, and away we ran as fast as we could to a point where we knew the water was much shallower, and, wading out into the stream, we managed with some difficulty to pull them both out of the river. Poor old Topsy came to again after a while, though she was maimed for life by her fall; but the struggle had been too much for our brave little Peter, for no sooner had we drawn him ashore than he gave one great gasp and then expired. For a while our grief knew no bounds. Dear, good little Peter had been our favourite all along; and we sorely missed his joyous bark of welcome on our return from school, and his many amusing tricks and pleasant companionship. We buried him in a retired spot on the river-side, and put up a rude stone to mark his resting-place, on which old James, our gardener, who loved the dog almost as much as we did ourselves, cut the following inscription for us :—

"Here lies
PETER,
The best dog in the world.
He died in doing his duty."

Soon after this our parents removed from our beautiful country home into the great city, and on the day of our departure, with sorrowful hearts, Tom and I took a last look at the resting-place of our dead favourite.

"Dear, good little Peter!" cried brother Tom, in deep emotion. "Dog as he was, he has left us a noble example of unselfish devotion and generous self-sacrifice which it would be well for us to copy."

Many years have passed away since then, but still the remembrance of little Peter remains fresh and green; and even now, in my riper manhood, I often fancy myself standing in sorrowful silence before that rude stone, and inwardly pray that my life may be such that at last it may be truly said of me—"He died doing his duty." DAVID LAWTON.

THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

BY W. HOYLE,

Author of "Our National Resources and how they are Wasted."

DURING the twelve years ending 1881—that is, from 1870 to 1881 inclusive—the amount of money spent upon intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom was £1,609,241,534, being an average of £134,103,469 per annum. In 1870 the amount thus spent was £118,836,284, and the expenditure rapidly rose until in 1876 it reached £147,288,669, the highest amount ever reached. After 1876 it declined, and last year—1881—it had fallen to £127,074,460.

Taking the population of the United Kingdom as averaging 33,000,000 during the period referred to, it gives a yearly expenditure of £4 1s. 3¼d. per head for the entire population, or a total for the twelve years for each individual of £48 15s. 3d. If we take the expenditure by families, and reckon five persons for each house, it gives a yearly family expenditure upon drink of £20 6s. 4¼d., or a total for the twelve years of £243 16s. 3d.

The National Debt of the United Kingdom in 1881 was £768,703,692; and the value of the railways of the United Kingdom, reckoning them according to the money invested in them, was £728,621,657; so that, during the twelve years ending 1881, the people of the United Kingdom have spent as much money in intoxicating liquors as would have paid off our entire National Debt and bought up all the railways and left £112,000,000 to spare.

The rent paid for houses in the United Kingdom is about £70,000,000 per annum; the money spent yearly upon woollen goods is about £46,000,000, and upon cotton goods £14,000,000, giving a total of £130,000,000; so that we have spent upon intoxicating drinks each year during the last twelve years as much as the total amount of the house rental of the United King-

dom, plus the money spent in woollen and cotton goods, and leaving upwards of £4,000,000 to spare.

The total rental of the agricultural land of Great Britain is estimated at about £48,000,000 yearly, and of Ireland at about £12,000,000, so that every year during the past twelve years we have drunk nearly three times the farm rental of Great Britain, or over eleven times the farm rental of Ireland.

The value of the bread consumed annually in the United Kingdom is estimated at £70,000,000. Mr. Caird estimates the value of the butter and cheese consumed yearly at £27,500,000, and that of milk at £26,000,000, so that we have spent as much upon intoxicating liquors each year during the past twelve years as upon bread, butter, cheese, and milk, and leaving £10,000,000 yearly to spare.

The extent of the liquor traffic may be judged by the fact that whilst there are about 6,600,000 houses in the United Kingdom, more than 180,000 of them are houses where intoxicating liquors are sold, being one house out of every thirty-six throughout the entire country.

If these houses were all concentrated in one town, the town would be more than twice the size of Manchester. If we supposed the houses to be all situated in one street, and reckoned each house to have a frontal of twelve yards, we should have a street, with houses on both sides, more than 600 miles long; it would more than reach from Land's End in Cornwall to John O'Groats at the north of Scotland.

GET TO THE FRONT, BOYS!

GET to the front, boys! We are living in wonderful times, so keep your eyes open. Get early to school, and when you are there make good use of your time. Don't be satisfied with knowing a little, be determined to master whatever you take in hand. Clever boys get to the front. The world's greatest men were clever boys, remarkable for their industry, courage, and perseverance. Be determined that you will learn. Don't be led away by foolish idle companions. Idlenesss brings poverty and disgrace. Without a strong will and great perseverance you are sure to fail. Be thoroughly in earnest, and try what honest endeavour will do. Never despise small beginnings; don't think lightly of little things; little streams lead to great rivers, drops of water make oceans; and earth's mighty changes are effected by quiet continuous effort. Don't be discouraged because you cannot accomplish great things all at once; keep trying, you are sure to succeed. You may fail at first, but keep a good heart, push on perseveringly, and you will live to see difficulties surmounted, and a career of usefulness and honour opened out before you. C. H. STOTT.

THE OLD STONE BASIN.

IN the heart of the busy city,
In the scorching noon-tide heat,
A sound of bubbling water
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in a grey stone basin,
And over the cool, wet brink
The heads of thirsty horses
Are stretching each moment to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads
As the horses come and go,
"The Gift of Three Little Sisters"
Is read on the stone below.

Ah, beasts are not taught letters,
They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
Has read the words, and yet

I think that each toil-worn creature
Who stays to drink by the way,
His thanks in his own dumb fashion
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
Wrought at the basin's stone;
The kindly little sisters
Are all to women grown.

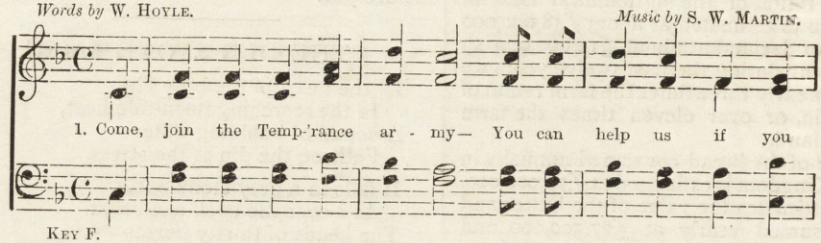
I do not know their homes or fates,
Or the name they bear to men,
But the sweetness of their gracious deed
Is just as sweet as then.

And all life long, and after life,
They must the happier be
For this "cup of water" given by them
When they were children three.

TO WHICH KINGDOM?—On one occasion the Emperor of Germany was welcomed by a school as he was passing through a village. A speech was made, and the Emperor said he would examine the classes. Taking up an orange, he asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?" The answer came rightly, and equally correct was the girl's reply respecting a coin. "Well, tell me," said the Emperor, "to which kingdom I belong." The child, perhaps unwilling to say the "animal kingdom," for fear of offending, replied, after a pause, "To God's Kingdom, sir." The Emperor was greatly moved, and patting the child's head affectionately, replied: "God grant I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

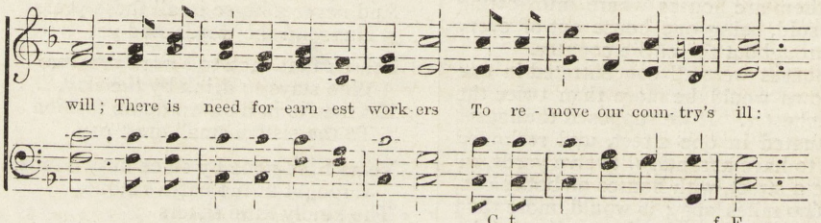
THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

Words by W. HOYLE. *Music by* S. W. MARTIN.



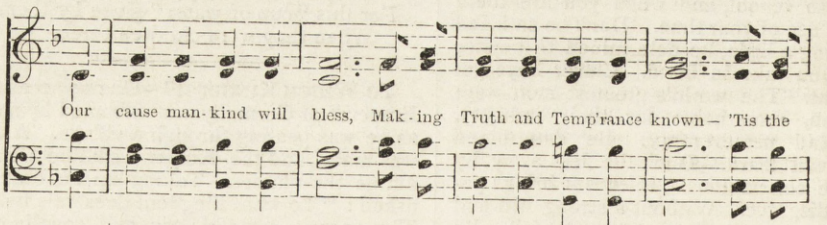
KEY F.

:s₁	d :d	|d :m	|l :s	|— :s .s	|l :s	|d :r	
2. We	know that we	shall	con - quer,	Tho' we	fight a	migh - ty	
:s₁	s₁ :s₁	|s₁ :d	|d :d	|— :d .d	|d :d	|d :t₁	
3. With	songs of joy	and	glad - ness	We are	march ing	gai - ly	
:s₁	m :m	|m :s	|f :m	|— :m .m	|f :m	|m :s	
4. Then	come and join	our	ar - my—	Think no	ef - fort	light or	
:s₁	d :d	|d :d	|d :d	|— :d .d	|d :d	|l₁ :s₁	



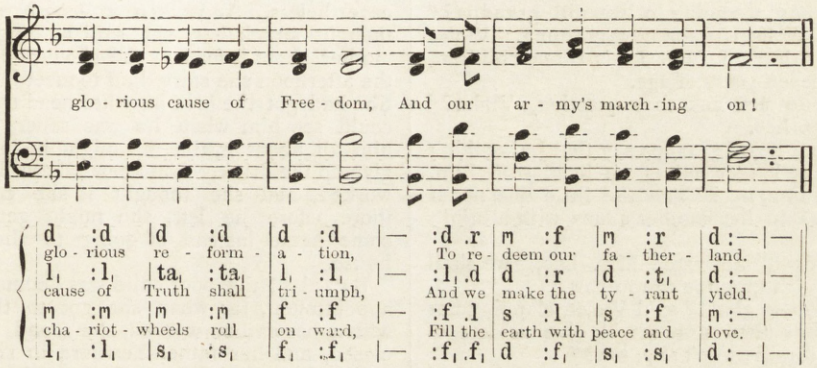
C. t. f. F.

m :—	|— :m .s	|f :r	|m :d	|r :s	|— :ˢd'.d'	|m' :r'	|d' :t |d's :—|—
wrong;	We will	trust in God	our	Lead-er,	For His	arm is	ev - er strong:
d :—	|— :d .m	|r :t₁	|d :s₁	|t₁ :t₁	|— :ᵗ₁m .m	|s :f	|m :r |ᵐt₁:—|—
on,	And our	cause is mak - ing		pro-gress—	Many	bat-tles	we have won:
s :—	|— :s .s	|s :s	|s :m	|s :r	|— :ˢd'.a'	|d' :l	|s :s |ˢr :—|—
vain:	Would you	bring in ev - 'ry		wand'rer?	Would you	speed the	Sa-viour's reign?—
d :—	|— :d .d	|s₁ :s₁	|d :d	|s₁ :s₁	|— :ˢ₁d .d	|d :f	|s :s₁ |ᵈs₁:—|—

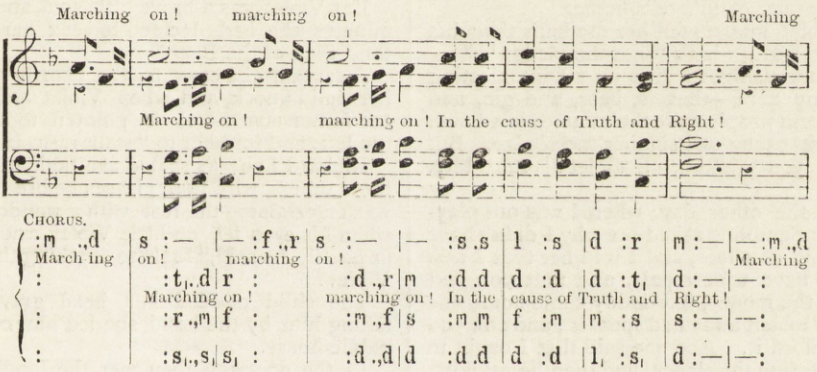


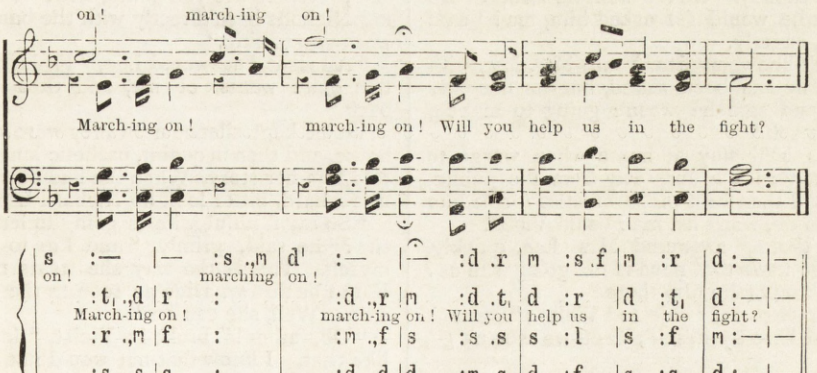
:s₁	d :d	|d :d	|d :—	|— :d .m	|r :r	|r :r	|r :— |— :m .r
Tho' the	hosts of dr'nk	as -	sail,	We will	firm and fear - less		stand In the
:s₁	s₁ :s₁	|l₁ :l₁	|s₁ :—	|— :d .d	|t₁ :t₁	|l₁ :l₁	|t₁ :— |— :t₁.t₁
We'll	keep our ar - mour		on,	We will	nev - er quit	the	field Till the
:s	m :m	|f :f	|m :—	|— :s .s	|s :s	|fe :fe	|s :— |— :s f
Pre -	pare the Gos - pel		way,	Ev'ry	stumbling-block re -		move; Let the
:s₁	d :d	|f₁ :f₁	|d :—	|— :m .d	|s₁ :s₁	|r₁ :r	|s₁ :— |— :s₁ s₁

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY—*continued.*



CHORUS.





VIOLET: A TRUE STORY.

BY SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER II.—THE LITTLE PLEADER.

"MAMMA, are we going to live with grandpa?" said little Violet Lee the next morning. Violet was the eldest of Mrs. Lee's three children, and was seven years of age.

"Why do you ask that question, Violet?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"'Cause I heard grandpa say that he wouldn't keep us any longer unless we lived with him. Are we going, ma?" and the little questioner looked up into her mother's face with a bright smile.

"Yes, dear," answered Mrs. Lee, "we shall go home with grandpa to-morrow."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Violet, clapping her hands, "for then gran'ma 'll give us lots of cream and milk, won't she, ma?"

But Mrs. Lee was silent. Violet's talking had brought back memories of old times, and she was thinking of her childhood's home.

But Violet interrupted her mother's thoughts by saying, "Ma, what's 'sign the pledge'?"

"It's promising to give up all intoxicating drinks, my child—that is, beer, and gin, and brandy—and people write their names in a book. That is what they call signing the pledge. But what are you thinking of, Violet?" said Mrs. Lee.

"Why, the other day, when I was out playing, Kitty Sambling asked me why I didn't have a new pair of shoes, and I told her that I *was* going to have a new pair, and that you had saved up the money, but daddy came home one night and took it away and spent it; and now you couldn't 'fford it. And she said that I ought to get him to sign the pledge, and then he wouldn't spend the money. Oh! I wish he would. Do you think he would if I asked him, ma?" said the child, eagerly.

"I don't know, my dear," said Mrs. Lee, with a sigh; "he has been asked, but he has only laughed, and said he wasn't going to make a fool of himself."

"P'raps he'll stay at home when we go to grandpa's, for it's a long way from the public-house; and then he'll make whistles for us like he used to do, won't he, ma?" said Violet.

"But, Violet," answered Mrs. Lee, quickly, "don't you know that papa is not going with us? Grandpa won't take him there."

"Not have papa?" objected Violet; "we can't leave him here by hi'self; 'deed we mustn't go, ma!"

"But what can we do, dear?" answered Mrs. Lee; "we can't live unless grandpa helps us, and he says he will do nothing for us if we stay here; so there is no choice in the matter," and Mrs. Lee turned away her head to hide the scalding tears that trickled down her face.

Violet said no more to her mother on the subject just then, but she was busily thinking, nevertheless. And when at length a bright thought struck her, she said nothing to her mother about it for fear she should object. In the afternoon she started off to meet her father. She had got the idea into her head that if she could see him when he was sober, and tell him all about it, that he might be induced to give up the drink. She knew where her father worked, and she thought if she could get there before he left, she might get him to come home instead of going to the public-house.

But, alas! the poor child was doomed to disappointment, for when she got to the place where her father worked, she found the shop closed, and her father nowhere in sight, and sitting down on a stone, she burst into a flood of tears.

But Violet was a brave little soul, and in a few minutes she had decided to seek her father at the "Sign of the Bear."

A servant girl came to the door in answer to her timid knock, and when Violet asked her if her father was there, she pointed to a door on the left, and told her to "walk right in."

Richard Lee was seated at a table with two or three others, with their glasses before them. He was entertaining the rest with a wonderful story when his eyes fell on little Violet, and, starting up hastily, he said, "Is there anything the matter, Violet?"

The child nodded her head gravely, and taking him by the hand she led him out of the public-house.

In the doorway they met the landlord, who said, "Where are you going, Lee? I'm expecting Nicholls here directly with the banjo, and I want you to sing."

"All right," answered Lee, "I'll just see what this child wants of me, and then I'll come back."

Violet kept silence until they were out of the house, and then in quaint, pathetic language she told him her story. When she had finished there was a hard, bitter look on Richard Lee's face.

"So my faithful wife is going to leave me, is she?" he said, grimly, "and I'm to shift for myself. This is the way she treats me. And I'm to be thrown aside as soon as the pay-days stop. Well, she can go."

"Oh, father!" broke in Violet, "don't speak like that. I know that ma would not leave you if it wasn't for baby, and George, and me; for I heard her this morning, when she s'posed we were sleeping, and she spoke like she was choking, and she said, 'Oh, my God, if it had

not been for these children I would not leave him.' And when Mrs. Grigg said this afternoon, 'that it was precious little that you cared for your wife and children, and that all you cared for was to get beastly drunk,' ma told her to be quiet, and said that there was never a kinder man born than you when you are not drunk. Oh, daddy, I wish you'd sign the pledge, and then we could stay home with you and not go to grandpa's. Will you, daddy?" And the little pleader looked up into her father's face with large tears in her beautiful violet eyes.

Mr. Lee's countenance had altered two or three times while Violet was talking. Many things that he had forgotten or taken no notice of at the time, came to his remembrance now. He thought of his wife's altered countenance, how pale and thin she had grown. And what a sad look there always was in her eyes. "And when I married her," thought he, "she was the prettiest girl anywhere around, with her sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. And it's all my fault. And now she is obliged to leave me," and Richard Lee clenched his fists, and strode on in silence. "But it shall not be," he said to himself at length; "I will drive away this black shadow that is creeping over my home before it be too late." And again he clenched his fists, and mentally vowed that not another drop of intoxicating liquor should stain his lips. Violet had been silently watching her father all this time, and when at length he caught her up in his arms and kissed her, she felt sure that all would be right, and nestling her head on his shoulder, she said, "How glad ma will be directly."

On their way home they had to pass a grocer's shop. Violet wondered what her father could want inside, but when she heard him ordering a number of things, which the shopkeeper promised should be sent home that evening, the poor child was quite bewildered; it did not seem possible that all those good things could be for them, and she rubbed her eyes to make sure that she was not dreaming. But when she saw her father pay for all the goods, she felt sure it was all right. And all the way home she ran and skipped as if she could not get home fast enough.

As soon as they were inside the door, Violet burst forth with, "Oh, mamma, it's all right; we's all going to live home here all the time; and we shan't starve, for daddy has bought heaps of things—sugar—and—and tea, and bacon—and I reckon he'll sign the pledge soon. And oh, I'm so glad," and the excited child threw her arms around her mother, and sobbed for joy.

Mrs. Lee had looked up in surprise when Violet and her father came in, for it was seldom that he came home before midnight. And now as the possible meaning of Violet's words flashed across her mind, she felt quite bewildered, but when she looked into her husband's face, she saw there the old loving smile that his face used to wear ere the shadow of intemperance had fallen on their home, and throwing her arms around his neck, she said, "Oh, Dick, what does it all mean?"

"It's just as Violet says, Mary; I have determined henceforth to act like a man and not a brute. I feel ashamed of myself when I think of the suffering that I have caused you; but, dear wife, I will try to atone for my past unkindness. Violet has opened my eyes, and her pleading has done more to convince me of the sin of drunkenness than all the temperance lectures that I have ever heard. But there is the boy come with the goods." And Mr. Lee turned away to open the door.

It was a happy family that sat around the table that night; and Mrs. Lee hoped that it might be the beginning of many such happy times. Violet was particularly happy, although she wondered why her father should kiss her so many times before she went to bed, and why, when her mother gave her the usual good-night kiss, that big tears should fall on her face; but she was too happy to trouble herself about it, and she was soon fast asleep.

* * * * *

Twelve months had passed away, and Mrs. Lee was again sitting alone, waiting for her husband. It was the anniversary of the day when Violet had sought her father at the "Sign of the Bear," and brought him home. What a change had come about since then! Mrs. Lee was no longer anxious about her husband, for she knew that, instead of being at the public-house, he was in the house of God.

The sad, weary, haggard look had passed away from Mrs. Lee's face, and she looked very much like what she had done when she won Richard Lee's heart.

The last year had been a very happy and peaceful one, for the vow that Mr. Lee had made had been nobly kept. He was not only a stanch teetotaler, but he had given his heart into the Saviour's keeping, and was a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Lee noticed that her husband was rather silent when he came home from chapel that night, but like a wise woman, she asked no questions; but when she saw him bending over Violet's bed and pressing kisses on the sleeping face, she knew of what he was thinking, and linking her arm in his, she repeated reverently, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And together they knelt by the child's bed-

side, and thanked the Lord that their own little Violet had been the instrument in His hands in the salvation of her father.

NERVOUS IRRITABILITY.

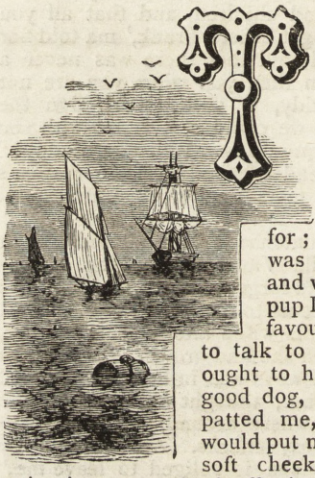
NOW, although many people are naturally of the nervous temperament—among whom may be numbered the majority of our writers, poets, philosophers, and people of high mental endowments, and are so all their lives, extreme symptoms, like those I have just mentioned, must be looked upon as abnormal, and therefore belonging to the category of diseases. They may usually be traced to some distinct cause or causes.

Anxiety of mind, worry, care, and overwork, bodily or mental, but especially the latter, are all sure in the long run to debilitate nerve-tissue. Melancholy thoughts of any kind have the same tendency; so have extremes of heat and cold. A hot summer or a cold winter will often produce nervous irritability, in those who never knew they possessed nerves before. The want of exercise or plenty of fresh air, *bad water*, residence on an unhealthy soil, or in a damp, humid atmosphere, and sleeping in badly ventilated apartments, will bring about the same dire results. Need I add, as exciting causes of this complaint, over-indulgence in wine, tea, and tobacco, and excess of every kind, mental or bodily?

If you have care and anxiety, you are bound to get rid of it, to a great extent anyhow, before you can hope for a cure. If you can trace the cause of your nervous irritability, you must remove it; that, in itself, will be half the battle. Next, you must do your best to obtain healthful, refreshing sleep, without the aid of night draughts, remember. A moderate degree of exercise; a light, nutritious, early supper; a bath, with friction, last thing; a moderately soft bed, with light, warm covering, and a well-ventilated, darkened apartment, will all favour this. By day *everything* that vexes, worries, or annoys in the slightest must be avoided. The diet must be carefully studied and regulated. Exercise in the open air is to be enjoined, the hours of labour must be shortened, and cheerful society cultivated. Medicine needs mention last. This should be of a tonic nature chiefly supplemented by some such mild aperient as the rhubarb pill; but whatever tonic be chosen, it ought to be taken in small doses at first, and it ought not to irritate the stomach or bowels, else it will do mischief. The salt-water bath of a morning deserves a trial, so does the shower-bath for those who can stand it; and the last remedial measure I have to mention is entire change of residence and scene.

LION TELLS HIS STORY.

BY UNCLE BEN.



THE family in which I first saw the light of day was very nice. Dogs of all sorts and sizes they had a special fancy for; but Miss Hellen was our best friend, and when I was a tiny pup I was her pet and favourite. She used to talk to me so kindly I ought to have grown up a good dog, she fed me and patted me, and sometimes would put me up against her soft cheeks, and once or twice in moments of affection she kissed me. I used to wag my little stump of a tail as much as to say, "Do it again, Miss Hellen." She would have me called Lion because I was the smallest of all my brothers and sisters; she meant to make fun of me, but I did not mind, for she would take me on her lap, tell me right out plainly that "I was her dear little doggy," and that she really loved me. Then the other great dogs would come round and she would bid them all be kind to her little puppy. It was bitter cold winter weather in my early days, and when I first looked out on the world it was covered with snow. The only nice place was very near to my mother, or else close up against the fire on Miss Hellen's lap.

When the winter began to pass away I began to grow much bigger, and soon learnt to eat almost anything; in fact, I was always hungry, and tried everything that came in my way just to see if I could get a bite or two between meals; bits of ribbons or leather were not as good as bread and milk, paper I found to be much less tasty than the remains of dinner. I was quite proud when I could manage a big bone all to myself. With a little practice I was not long in learning to snarl, and before six months were gone I had quite a respectable bark. Most people thought I was an ugly little brute, but said I would grow up to be a fine dog if I lived. I knew these friends had not such good judgments as Miss Hellen, and so as long as she said I really was the best doggy in the world I did not mind what the ignorant might say.

One day I learnt the sad news, by overhearing a conversation that I was not intended



to understand, that I was to be sent off to some distant relatives as a birthday present to a cousin who was supposed to be very learned in dogs, and for my breed had a great fancy. I did not like the prospect of going away, for I was very kindly treated, and was very happy and contented. At last the evil hour came, I had a better breakfast given me than usual, and Miss Hellen seemed to make more of me than ever. I thought they are so fond of me they'll never let me go, but that was all a vain delusion; for soon a bran new collar, with my name "Lion" upon it, was put round my neck by Miss Hellen's own hand, and then a few real drops of rain fell on me, which seemed to come from Miss Hellen's head. I had never felt it rain indoors before, but I said, "Well, dogs don't know everything, they have to live and learn like the wisest." Then I was taken to the railway station and something was said about a ticket, but having no pocket they would not let me keep it, so I heard no more about it, and by-and-by I was kicked into a hole in the train which was called a dog's carriage by a porter who was quite afraid of me. I did not like the journey at all, the noise, the jolting, the stopping and starting, nearly frightened the life out of me. And I think if I had known before what I do now I would have given the porter who put me in some cause to be frightened.

At last I was met by a young man whom I found to be my owner, and taken to my new home, where I had a kennel all to myself. I did not much like my new master, he seemed to be kind in one way, but cruel in others. He would be obeyed, that I soon found out; but he could tease and tantalize dumb animals; he would pet us dogs one moment and put his lighted cigar to our nose the next. I did not like the smoke, but the burn was much worse. He was fond of sport, kept lots of dogs and horses, spent much money in many foolish ways, would swear at us when he was not pleased. But the curse of my young master's life was this—that he was fond of drink, and he got fonder of it than all else; the dogs and animals began to be neglected.

I was sent to two local dog-shows when I had been there for eighteen months and took a prize at one. Several people came to admire me, and among the number was my kind friend, Miss Hellen; she was glad to see me, and said what a handsome, charming creature I had grown. How I wished she would have taken me back, and I think she did, too, but as I was a present it could not be done.

My poor young master went from being very bad to be very much worse. He took up with the lowest characters, went to all the races in the neighbourhood, and to the public-houses, where the gambling, betting men of the district used to congregate. It was a terrible and rapid downward career. He lost all self-respect and manhood, and was the object of contempt even to those who had brought on his ruin, and a disgrace to all his friends and relations. His name was a by-word, and the day after he had been up before the local magistrates his father told him plainly that he could have nothing more to do with him, he would bring ruin on the whole family. He had forgiven him many times and tried him again and again, but he could do it no longer, he would pay his passage to Australia, and a small sum of money would be waiting there to start life with, but no more could he have under any circumstances until he had proved himself to be a thoroughly reformed character. All human help had seemed to fail, nothing but Divine power could save him from ruin in soul as well as body. His horses and dogs had been sold, but because I was a present from Miss Hellen I had been kept. He very much wished to take me with him as one link to the old home and ties, but his father insisted that I should be returned to my former owner, and this without delay, saying he would write and explain matters to Miss Hellen.

This, I suppose, was all done, for a day or two after my master came to say good-bye, now a perfect wreck in health and appearance, looking altered and changed so that I could hardly think him the same smart, handsome young man who met me at station when first I came to my new home. He patted me more kindly than he had ever done, and said, "Ah, old fellow, even you have always set me a good example; you are the only possession I have left; my friends have given me up as lost. I have no one in the world to turn to. I have brought all this on myself, I know, but the curse of helpless weakness is on me. Drink is my master. I am not worthy to have a friend like you. I am worse than the beasts. My past life has no blessing in it, and my future has no hope or joy." I licked his hand while he talked on, bemoaning his fate with nothing but regret. It was terribly sad. I rubbed my head against him, and held out my paw, as he said, "Come, old fellow, would that I could be like you, and keep away from the drink; the last thing that cares for me, old Lion—I shall never forget you. You have taught me a lesson. God help me to be as faithful to my pledge as you have been to me in my unfaithfulness to all that's right." And then he rushed off. I did not see him again; when and how he went I do not know. The next day I was sent off with a note tied round my neck, and in due course of time I back came to Miss Hellen and my old home.

All seemed changed. The other dogs had altered very much; they hardly recognised me at first; and Miss Hellen seemed so sad as she read the letter which I could not read; in fact, she appeared too much filled with trouble to welcome me very heartily. She cried, but I knew it was not at joy of seeing me once more. It was something in the letter. I was pleased to get back, though sorry for my young master. I could not like him so much as I did my first home and friends. However, I came back with a good deal of experience, feeling, I thought, older and wiser than when I went away. One thing I had seen and learnt, and that was to know that strong drink is a great curse, and that to be a teetotaler is always a great blessing.

"FAIR WOMEN."

I WOULD not under-rate the work of man—he leads the way and hews out the paths through the wild glens and over the rough mountains—he is our friend and brother, and woman needs him even as he needs her—yet may I not safely say no cause rises to its highest level and is truly prosperous and successful, no work is all it is capable of being as a power for good, until earnest, whole-souled woman takes hold of it? She brings to it a self-sacrificing zeal and energy, a devotion and earnestness that will not be overborne. She who stands

> "Too near to God to doubt or fear,
> And shares the eternal calm,"

is given a strength, a power over others those farther off can never know. In such "Heaven's rich instincts" seem to grow

> "As effortless as woodland nooks
> Send violets up and paint them blue,"

and blessings follow in their footsteps. Often they work unknown and unrecognized; winning crowns but wearing them not to outward seeming. Often those whose lives are daily enriched and brightened by some gracious, womanly presence, take the good, hardly knowing from whence it comes, giving little appreciation or praise.

What beautiful characters we meet as we journey along—women, who through difficulty, want and discouragements of every kind, have still kept the faith—and, though little has been given them to do with, yet have done a good work, yea, a great work, for, be she where she may, a true woman

> "Maketh her place in the world to shine
> As the lily maketh the meadow."

Angels know all about it, and He who sees 'with larger, other eyes than ours" will give the rich reward.

We do not need to go back to the olden time for our "dream of fair women." All around us are brave, cheery souls who work on with an heroic patience and cheerfulness that should win the admiration of the world.

The honour of one is the honour of all, and not less truly is the dishonour of one the dishonour of all. We are banded together, bound inseparably and unchangeably; hand clasped to hand and heart beating to heart. Nothing comes to one alone, but, whether it be of honour or of dishonour, of praise or blame, of sweet rewards or bitter condemnation, all must feel it, all must suffer or rejoice by it. Think of it, my sisters! ponder deeply and prayerfully its great meaning. Let it stir you to stronger action, to nobler impulses. Let it make voice as the voice of one crying across the dark waters guiding the wanderers to home and safety. Let it fill your hearts with love and pity, and make your hands strong to do and dare—strong to work for God and humanity. Have the courage to be true and womanly, have the love and faith to be Christ-like.

TEMPERANCE SOLDIERS!

WE fight to free our native land
From Alcohol's galling chain;
We fight to give each drink-bound slave
His liberty again.
To raise the weak and fallen ones—
To bring back all who roam,
And give to every brother round
A bright and happy home.

Oh, wherefore should we idly stand,
While mighty foes are nigh?
We may not all have strength enough
To raise the standard high.
Yet we can shout the battle-cry,
And sing the battle-song;
Which soon may cheer some weary one,
And make the faltering strong.

We cannot, like brave generals, lead
The army of the brave;
Yet we can teach the little ones—
The children we may save.
We'll take them gently by the hand,
Their feeble footsteps guide;
And thus we'll show to all the world,
We're on the winning side.

Oh, we shall win! Yes, soon shall dawn
The day of liberty!
Oh, soon shall songs of praise ascend,
Proclaiming liberty!
Though now the din of war resounds,
And fierce the battle fray;
Yet soon the shout shall echo round,
Our land, our land is free!

T. J. GALLEY.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THINGS LOST.—There are a great many things lost that are found again, and a great many others that are lost and never found. There are reputations lost which can never be regained ; there are hopes lost, which come not back again ; there are joys and friendships, there are thoughts and talents lost which are never found. Every man has at some time something lost which he would give the world, if it were his, to recover. It may have been but a single pearl from the thread of friendship, or a mere hope of his soul, but it was preciously dear to him ; and life is sad and dark without it.

AN old lady in Scotland hearing somebody say the mails were irregular, said : "It was so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

The photographer said, "If you would only be pleasant : now—smile a little." The visitor smiles. "My dear sir, that will never do : it's too wide for the instrument."

THE most direct method of determining horse-power—stand behind and tickle his hind legs with a briar.

THE true way to advance another's virtue is to follow it, and the best means to cry down another's vice is to decline it.

ONE of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

CON.—What could be said if a lawyer should charge only a nominal fee? It could be said, and said truly, that it was phenomenal.

IF a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

"WHY did you not send for me sooner?" asked the doctor of a patient. "Well, you see, doctor, I couldn't make up my mind to do anything desperate."

"AMATEUR Gardener" wants to know the easiest way to make a hothouse. Leave a box of parlour matches where the baby can play with them.

THE FUTURE AND ITS REQUIREMENTS.—The future is not a harvest-field, into which we can wander at will and reap the golden grain ; it is an unsown field, to be ploughed and sown and watched and worked upon with hourly fidelity and daily toil, if its furrows are to be hidden by the waving grain. There is nothing there but the soil upon which to work ; everything else the worker must furnish. Opportunities will crowd the days, but will pass empty-handed unless we recognize and hold them ; suns will shine, rains fall, dews lie sweet and fresh under the morning sky, but the end of the year will find us as empty and poor as the beginning unless we yoke all these elements of success and drive them with a firm and steady purpose.

MANSLAUGHTER.—Man's laughter. Curious language ours.

"IGNORANCE is bliss," said a pedantic know-all to an old soldier. "Then, you ought to be very thankful for the blessing bestowed on you," replied the veteran.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE JUBILEE FETE.

THE great annual gathering of Temperance friends takes place at the Crystal Palace, on Tuesday, September 5th. A great variety of attractions are offered. Some of the most eminent platform speakers, with Booth and Murphy, of the Blue Ribbon Army, are to be present, besides a great concert of 5,000 juvenile voices, and an adult one of 4,500 voices. The whole programme for the day is one which will afford pleasure and profit to all who avail themselves of the demonstration.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"The Onward Reciter." Volume XI. is now out. Published at 18, Mount Street, Manchester. Price 1s. 6d. The contents more than sustain its usual character. Some of the dialogues are of a very interesting character. We confidently commend it to all our readers, and trust the best use will be made of it, so that the seeds of temperance which it sows may be scattered far and wide.

"The National Temperance Reader." Published by the Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand, W.C. A good book for leaders of Bands of Hope to have, because it contains readings, dialogues, and recitations, which would be a good source from whence to draw selections for young people to make up a programme. The poetry and prose are well assorted, and there is nothing from beginning to end of the volume that could offend any one's taste.

"The Temperance Worker." Edited by Rev. F. Wagstaff, F.R.H.S. Published by The National Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand. Issued in paper covers. 1s. 3d. ; cloth, 2s. 3d. This tenth volume of "The Worker" sustains the character of the title, and provides many helps for the Band of Hope platform. A choice selection of recitations, with many facts and suggestions for speakers.

"The Children's Own Paper." Published by John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester. A new penny weekly for young people, illustrated and attractive, containing a useful and pleasant variety, making the "Band of Kindness" a prominent feature in its pages.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—The Temperance Record—The Rechabite—The Dietetic Reformer — The Western Temperance Herald — The Social Reformer — The Temperance Worker—The Bradford Daily Chronicle.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved; "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER X.—YOU?

LADY TED had the opportunity he hoped for, of saying good-bye to his youthful companions and his kind instructors on board the *Mount Edgecumbe*. He promised to write a letter to be read at a Band of Hope meeting, concerning the experiences he might meet with in foreign lands in reference to strong drink, either in favour of abstinence, or in warning against the use of intoxicants.

Captain Neville kindly accompanied Ted to his new berth, and introduced him to his captain as a boy whom, he firmly believed, might be trusted to try to learn his duty. Mr. Fryer addressed to his former scholar on his leaving him a few words of good advice, which Ted was not likely soon to forget, coming as they did from the lips of one who had uniformly shown him the truest and most continual kindness.

"Don't drink. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't lie, even to escape blame or punishment. Live as in God's sight, Ted. Trust to your Saviour in all danger or trouble. Do good to everybody about you. Say a prayer and read a text every morning and evening of your life that it is possible for you to do so. Religion consists in *doing* and *being*, much more than in saying."

Off and away from Old England to the new fifth continent of Australia in a great emigrant vessel. What a new experience it was to Ted! How totally different to that in his old home in Palace Court, the old house which was torn down now for the site of a handsome structure to be called by-and-by "The Palace Court Board Schools." How different, too, to his life on board the *Mount Edgecumbe*, moored in the tranquil river, with its peaceful English shores. When Ted came on board all was bustle and excitement. Newly-shipped passengers and emigrants were engaged setting their various properties in order; others, who had come in the ship from London, and were already somewhat used to voyaging, were coolly promenading the deck, observing the surrounding scene. Huge carcases of oxen, divided into quarters, were being thrown on deck from a small steamer alongside, and carried off to the stores which they supplemented. A bumboat or two, in which women bring freshly-baked bread, fruit, sweets, red herrings, etc., for the sailors to purchase, were to be seen alongside, nd the saleswomen were doing a thriving trade, especially in oranges and small loaves and red herrings.

On the other side of the ship from where the meat was taken in, and at one end, amongst the emigrants, the zealous and kindly Bethel missionary of Plymouth, Mr. Corrie, was holding a short religious service. He had a very varied audience. Some dissipated, careless-looking lads and broken-down men smoked their pipes and yawned, or joined in a stave or two of one of Sankey's popular hymns. Others, very much in earnest—tidy, respectable people—crowded around the preacher, and listened most attentively to every word of the plain, practical, homely, and eminently suitable address he uttered. More singing, and a few words of prayer, and then he left these to visit the berths, to put a tract into the hands of those he found about, and to say a kind, cheering sentence to any who were sick or downcast.

Ted had been told to make himself useful, but when Captain Neville had said good-bye to him and left the ship, he felt very much puzzled how to obey this order.

"Here, lad, what are you doing? Lend us a hand with the luggage," said a sailor, and Ted joyfully assented. This work took a considerable time, there being apparently twice as many boxes, parcels, and packages of all kinds to be stowed away as there was room to receive them, so that an interesting problem concerning possibilities and probabilities was continually to be re-solved.

The old man whom Ted was assisting took to the boy, and they got on very well together through that long afternoon. But before the work was finished, the little quartermaster of the *Mount Edgecumbe* was aware of greater quietness on board than at first: the noise of the hymn-singing had ceased, the shouting of the sailors, and the tramping on deck; and before long he was also conscious that he was no longer stationary, but making progress through the water at a swift rate. The motion made him giddy and unsteady on his feet, and at last he began to feel decidedly sea-sick, and unfit for duty.

Although he had lived so many years on board a ship, Ted had by no means that experience of the sea itself which it would, perhaps, not be amiss to give every lad trained with a view to "a life on the ocean wave."

The sailor with whom he had been working took him below and told him to lie down in his own berth, for Ted had not as yet been apportioned a sleeping-place. Then he good-naturedly enough brought him a spoonful of brandy, and told him to take that, for it was the best thing to stop the sickness that was ever invented. Poor Ted! Every boy or girl who

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has been really ill with this disagreeable complaint knows what a temptation one feels in such suffering to do anything to get better; and it was really brave of the little quartermaster when he tried to thank the old well-seasoned sailor for his good nature, but also told him how impossible it was for him, as a teetotaler, to take brandy. The effect of this information was, as it seemed to Ted at that moment, very unfortunate. The old man gulped down the brandy himself; then, with an angry oath, called poor Ted a little fool, and bade him get up and shift for himself. But as he went away, Ted did not obey quite directly, for the very sufficient reason that he felt utterly unable to do so. By-and-by the sickness ceased, and Ted fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke it was quite dark, save for the feeble glimmer of a little lamp; he could hear the loud breathing and snoring of the men about him, lying in their hammocks; and he knew it must be night. How was it he was still undisturbed? Some reflection convinced him that the old man must be one of the watch, and that he would probably soon come and displace him. All which was true. A little later a gruff, surly voice said, abruptly, "Come out of that, will you?" And Ted rose at once, and put on his jacket, and went on deck. It was still almost dark, but for that soft, faint glimmer of greyish whiteness in the east that told another day was at hand. The fresh air cooled poor Ted's fevered brows, and he lay down on a seat, glad for a little while that he had been turned out of the hammock. Then he began to feel very chilly, and to wish he could return to its warmth.

Very soon the men on deck noticed Ted, and spoke to him. He soon explained to them who he was, where he came from, and what was the matter. One of them good-naturedly brought a sheet of tarpaulin and threw over him, telling him it would keep in the heat. The captain was informed of Ted's condition when he came up from his quarters, and absolved him from duty for a day or two, till he found his sea-legs; he also apportioned him a hammock, slung in a small passage outside the doctor's cabin, for there were so many emigrants and passengers that every usually available space was already filled. Ted preferred the quietude of his limited lodging, and was content. In a few days he got used to his new life, and felt well and ready for a bit and a sup at almost any moment, so hungry did the sea air make him. He found that his occupation was to be of a very varied character. The steward had so much to do that he very frequently called upon Ted to assist him, the sailors bade him "lend a hand" to them, the captain now and then employed him in his cabin, and the doctor availed himself of his services, especially with regard to some of the emigrants, Ted acting as surgery boy. It was a new, strange life; and so varied that the last thing Ted had to complain of was monotony. His handiness and good-nature were so uniformly acknowledged that the passengers, in their various diversions, often summoned him to their aid in arranging the saloon, and there was perhaps some little danger that the little Quartermaster would become a Jack-of-all-trades, rather than a master of any.

Amongst the emigrants Ted became a great favourite. He had roughed it enough already, young as he was, to understand the stories they could many of them tell him; and he sympathized warmly with their aspirations for a newer, happier life in the future. One old woman, about seventy years of age, especially excited his interest; she was hopeful and bright, in spite of her advancing years, and was on her way to her son, who had written to her from Sydney to say there was a comfortable home for her with him if she could only make up her mind to come out. So she was going bravely forth, with, as it seemed to Ted, something of the faith that Abraham had when he left all to seek the unknown country to which the Lord would lead him. Perhaps to those of us who look at life with intelligent eyes, it is often quite possible to trace very close analogies between the hero spirits of the Old and New Testaments and the people with whom we mingle every day. Humanity is a study that fascinates us more and more as we engage in it more and more fully. Old Mrs. Way and Ted had a good many chats, and when it came out that the lad was a teetotaler, she grew still more fond of him.

"I was a going to warn 'ee, my dear, as how the drink is an awful curse to young men, sure 'nough. There be lots and lots of 'em as poor as church mices, as might have been riding in their carriages if 'twarn't for the drink. Never thee take to drinkin', my dear; 'twon't do thee no good to emigrate if thee does; thee mightst as well stay in thee own country, and let thee own parish bury thee."

"I'm not an emigrant, Mrs. Way," said Ted, "I'm learning to be a sailor; at least, I'm learning to be handy on shipboard, and beginning to earn my own living."

"Ah, well," said the old Cornish woman, not much disturbed by her mistake; "'tis all one in that respect. Emigrant or sailor, or whatever thee be, teetotal's the right thing, thee mayst depend on it. It's cruel hard, my dear, for the wives when the husbands drink, and it's crueller still when the wives drink for the husbands.

Don't thee never go picking up with a drinking young 'ooman, my dear; I couldn't bear for thee to."

Ted laughed and coloured. "Time enough, granny, for me to talk or to think about such things," he said; "I must learn how to keep a wife before I dream about one."

"That's very good, too," said Mrs. Way, "but it's never too soon for a youngster to make up his mind to have a teetotal wife when he does begin to look round."

Ted was on capital terms with the sailors, always excepting the old man whose brandy he had refused, and who, spite of the boy's desire to be in his good graces, treated him with uniform gruffness and coldness. No youngster who professes the intention of being a sailor can ever hope to escape the initiation into the kingdom of Neptune, which takes place when he crosses the equatorial line; and the little Quartermaster experienced the ordeal in its usual rough and very unwelcome details, of which the sousing was by no means the worst. He could not help knowing that the old sailor devised every added torment to the process, and that he was fully determined not to spare him in any one particular. Ted put a brave face on it, and bore it with pretty good temper. He thought that his father, and E. R., and many another brave tar had borne it before him, and that it would be cowardly to do otherwise. When the crew had had their fun at his expense, there was a general request that he would stand treat to the extent of his purse, or at all events join the carousal that finished the ceremony.

It was not easy for Ted to do battle with such customs, to refuse to spend a penny for drink, or even to share the contents of the punch-bowl that the men had concocted. It is at such times as these that principles, if they are truly embraced, prove as an anchor to the young and inexperienced.

"I'll gladly do anything else you want me to but drink or supply drink," he said pleasantly, in answer to their persuasions.

"He'll be so obliging as to disoblige," said the old sailor. "I never heard of a canting hypocrite of a teetotaler who wouldn't. Such mean sneaks have no business on board this line, and if I had my way they shouldn't be either."

"Where would they be, mate?" said an emigrant standing near.

"At the bottom of the sea, food for old 'Nep's' fishes," said the sailor savagely.

Everybody laughed, but Ted, though he tried not to think about it, could not enjoy the cruel look of the old man. He felt as if he would be glad to do a "canting hypocrite of a teetotaler" some injury. Ted would have liked to have mentioned the old man's dislike of him to the captain or the doctor, but he feared he should be considered fanciful and troublesome. The story of the Giants Duty and Drink came into his mind very vividly; he determined, by God's help, to do his duty, and leave the rest in His hands. But when Smith, the old sailor, was in liquor, every man on board disliked him, and would take Ted's part; and it was only when half-intoxicated that he would dare to lay a finger on him, if he did at all. So Ted decided to try and avoid him, without seeming to do so, and to be civil to him whenever he came in his way. They were not many days from Sydney, the port for which they were making, when the wind freshened to a gale, and a brief but furious storm suddenly assailed them. Smith was quarrelsome and tipsy, and he took the opportunity he had been long looking for to wreak his vengeance on Ted Hatherly.

"Look alive, Ted; let loose the boat—captain's orders."

Ted was enduring the terror of his first storm at sea; he sprang forward to obey without a question. The old man gave him a cruel push; the young, light form slipped his footing, and was falling heavily forward into the sea. A strong hand grasped him, and threw him back upon the deck with a suddenness that saved him from an inevitable death; but it was unavoidable that the shock should hurt him, and at the first moment of pain Ted could not feel the gratitude he afterwards experienced at his release from peril.

"What have I done, sir?" he asked, bewildered, as he picked himself up, half-stunned, and wondering inexpressibly at what had happened. "The boat's wanted, sir; let me do my duty."

"No, Hatherly, the danger's over; follow me." It was the doctor who spoke; he led the way to his cabin, and Ted followed him.

He gave the boy a little sal-volatile in a glass of water after he had made him sit down, and then asked him how he felt.

"Better, thank you, sir," said Ted; "but I feel now the grip of your hand on my neck, sir. Was I doing anything very wrong, sir?"

"No, but somebody else was. Be thankful you are not at the bottom of the sea; thank God for your deliverance."

"I don't understand what happened, sir. I suppose the ship gave a lurch—was that it?"

The doctor did not answer for a few minutes. "Hatherly," he said then, "I think if it goes wrong with you, and I do not tell you, I shall feel I ought to have warned you. Have you and Smith had any quarrel; why does the old

fellow dislike you? Tell me everything, Hatherly."

Ted obeyed. He made excuses for him in so far as he could. He told of Smith's kindness to him in his first attack of sickness, and of how he must naturally have felt disappointed at his refusing the brandy he had kindly procured for him as a remedy.

"Why didn't you try it?" asked the doctor, smiling; "weren't you bad enough to wish to get better?"

"Indeed I was, sir," returned Ted; "but I should have been weak to break my pledge for that."

"As medicine, you know, Hatherly!" the doctor's eyes twinkled.

"I wouldn't willingly take it even as medicine, sir," and then he finished his story. "I don't believe Smith would think of really hurting me if he was sober, sir."

"Perhaps not," said the doctor—"we will hope not; but you must take care to keep out of his way altogether when he is drunk. Now say no more about it; but let me know if he behaves badly to you, Hatherly. I am not a teetotaler, but I wish all you fellows were, without a doubt."

"Why, sir?" asked Ted.

"Because I should have so much easier a berth. Sailors and emigrants, for the doctor's sake, should all be teetotalers."

Ted mused a minute before he asked, "If it's such a good thing, sir, wouldn't it be good for the doctors too?"

Dr. Leon burst out laughing, as he said, "There's one bad quality in teetotalism: it makes all you youngsters such terribly direct fellows. Good night, Hatherly, you had better go to bed; I'll explain, if necessary, to the captain."

After this there could be no doubt that Dr. Leon exercised a watchful care over Ted Hatherly. He had always liked the boy, and now he told himself, and also told the captain, it would never do to have a case of martyrdom for teetotalism on board their ship.

Very soon they were at Sydney, but even then Dr. Leon made Ted his companion in many of his visits to the city. With his usual kindness to any of the emigrants who were especially necessitous or deserving, the doctor had interested himself a good deal in old Mrs. Way, and both he and Ted were delighted when the son made his appearance on board to claim his mother, and brought with him a fine, healthy, happy-looking young wife, to whom he had not very long been married. The kisses she showered upon the old woman as she welcomed "mother" to the new country, the kind, anxious way in which she helped her to collect all her little treasures, were very pretty to witness, and the dear old soul's happy emotion and thankfulness to look upon her boy again completed the picture. Nothing would satisfy the old woman but an invitation to her son's house for Ted Hatherly and for "his honour the doctor," both of which were also given by the sensible, respectable-looking son and the pretty young wife, and both of which were accepted very readily by Dr. Leon and Ted.

One evening Ted found himself in a *café*, sitting with the doctor, opposite a seafaring-looking man, whose eyes were so often fixed upon himself that he grew puzzled, and almost embarrassed by the intensity of the gaze.

Just as the stranger rose and was slowly walking out, Dr. Leon turned to the little quartermaster with the remark, "Now, Hatherly, are you rested?"

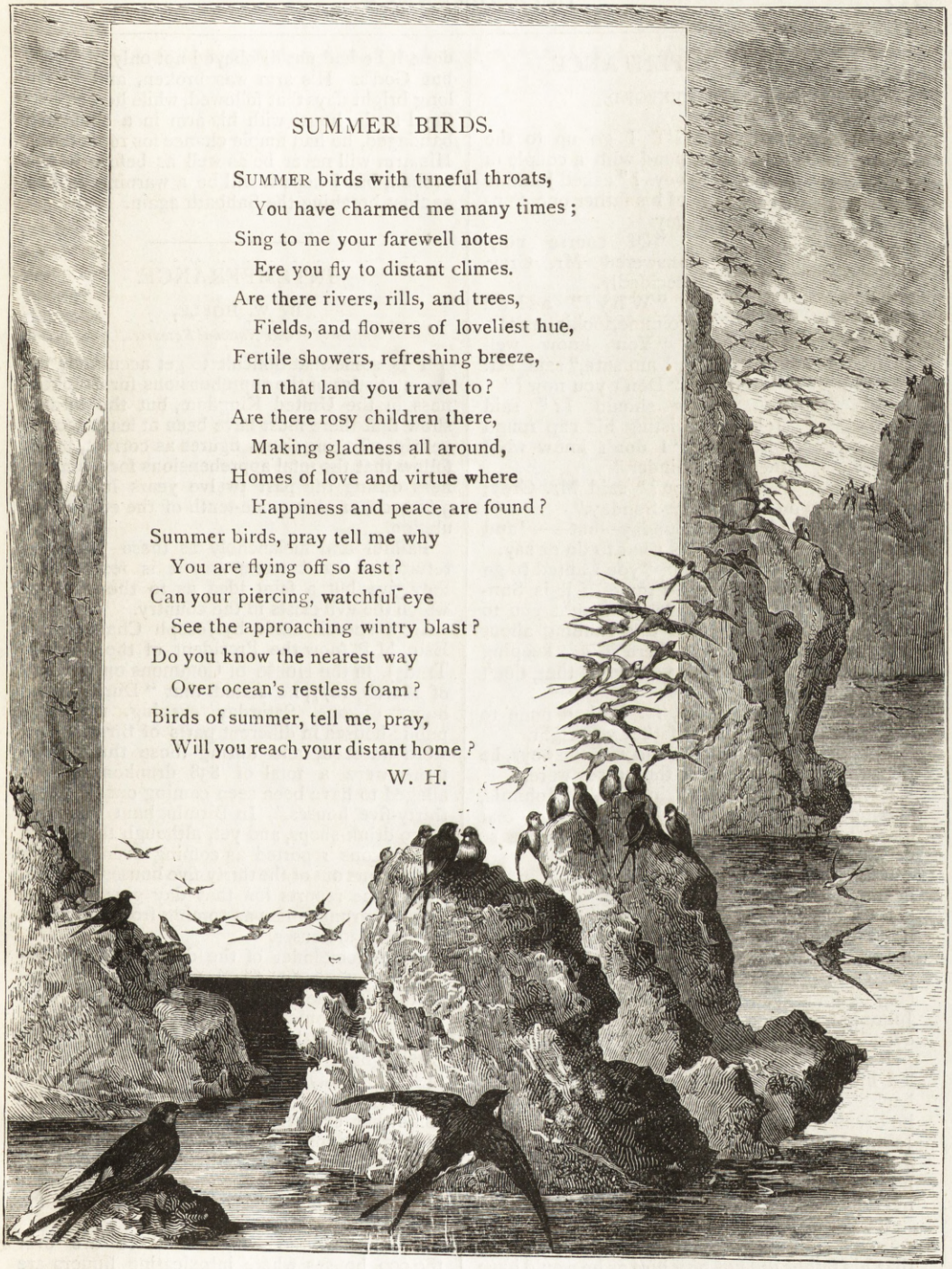
The stranger stopped as if the question had been addressed to himself, and turned to Ted.

"Are you called Hatherly—*you?*" he asked almost breathlessly.

(*To be continued.*)

SENSE AND SENSATION.—Professor: "Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Student: "The touch." Professor: "Prove it." Student: "When you sit on a tack, you can't hear it, you can't see it, you can't taste it, you can't smell it; but you can feel it's there!"

HE DID NOT DIE.—Canon Basil Wilberforce, at a recent meeting of the Southwark Help-Myself Society, described a recent visit to a mission room at the London Docks, where he had asked any one who wished to get up and say what God had done for them. An old sailor rose and said how bad he had been—felt that he was even a devil's castaway; but six years ago, in that little room, he was led to see that he was a great sinner, but that Christ was a great Saviour, and that on the cross was nailed every one of his sins. He signed the pledge and threw away his pipe, and had been upheld by God, because every morning he prayed that he might be protected. Returning recently from Hong Kong, this old sailor had an accident and was badly scalded; he was very ill. When he began to recover the doctor said, "You must take some port wine." "No," said the old sailor, "I am a teetotaler." "But," said the doctor, "you need it to strengthen you." "Doctor," said the old man, "do you think I shall die if I don't take the wine?" "Yes," said the doctor. "Then," said the sailor, "when you get into the St. Katharine's Docks, go round to the little room and tell them that the old man died sober." But he did not die!



SUMMER BIRDS.

SUMMER birds with tuneful throats,
You have charmed me many times;
Sing to me your farewell notes
Ere you fly to distant climes.
Are there rivers, rills, and trees,
Fields, and flowers of loveliest hue,
Fertile showers, refreshing breeze,
In that land you travel to?
Are there rosy children there,
Making gladness all around,
Homes of love and virtue where
Happiness and peace are found?
Summer birds, pray tell me why
You are flying off so fast?
Can your piercing, watchful eye
See the approaching wintry blast?
Do you know the nearest way
Over ocean's restless foam?
Birds of summer, tell me, pray,
Will you reach your distant home?

W. H.

JOHNNIE'S REPENTANCE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.



"CAN'T I go up to the pond with a couple of boys?" asked Johnnie of his father one Sunday.

"Of course not," answered Mr. Grey, decidedly.

"Why?" asked Johnnie, looking sullen.

"You know well enough, I am sure," said Mr. Grey. "Don't you now?"

"How should I?" said Johnnie, twisting his cap round his hand; "I don't know what there is to hinder."

"Don't you?" said Mr. Grey; "I thought you knew it was Sunday."

"Well, yes, I know it's Sunday—but——" and Johnnie hesitated, at a loss what to do or say.

"But," finished his father, "you wanted to go off with those boys just the same, if it is Sunday. You know I have always taught you to keep the Sabbath day, and this running about here and there and everywhere is *not* keeping it as it ought to be kept; you know that, don't you?"

Johnnie made no reply, for he had none to make. He knew that his father was right.

Finding that he could not go with the boys, he went to the pasture where the horses were.

"I wish I could ride 'Prince,'" said Johnnie, looking, with longing in his eyes, at the great black horse who bore the name of Prince so becomingly.

"But it's Sunday," said something in his heart.

"I know that," answered Johnnie; "but I'd like to ride if it is. I wish I could."

It was wrong to wish to do what he ought not to do on the Sabbath. From wishing it is but a step to doing, and it was but a short time before Johnnie had made up his mind to have the ride, even if it *was* Sunday.

He had no difficulty in catching Prince. He led him up to a stump and climbed upon his back. At first he trotted along nicely, but soon he became frightened and started to run. As Johnnie had no bridle, he could not manage the animal, and before he was aware of his danger, he found himself in a corner of the fence with his arm crushed under him and aching terribly.

He got up and made his way to the house. Of course he had to tell his story. Perhaps he saw that his father did not pity him as he would have done if he had not disobeyed not only his word but God's. His arm was broken, and in the long bright days that followed, while he was confined to the house with his arm in a sling, and bandaged, he had ample chance for repentance. His arm will never be as well as before it was broken, but I hope it will be a warning to him against breaking the Sabbath again.

INTEMPERANCE.

BY W. HOYLE,

Author of "Our National Resources," etc.

IT is somewhat difficult to get accurately the statistics of the apprehensions for drunkenness in the United Kingdom, but the returns show that there must have been at least 300,000 yearly. Taking these figures as correct, it will follow that the total apprehensions for drunkenness during the past twelve years have been 3,600,000, or above one-tenth of the entire population.

Painful and melancholy as these published returns of drunkenness are, it is feared that they give but a faint idea as to the extent to which the evil exists in the country.

In a speech made by Joseph Chamberlain, Esq., M.P. (now the President of the Board of Trade), in the House of Commons on the 13th of March, 1877, he stated that "During three hours of one Saturday evening, thirty-five public-houses in different parts of Birmingham were watched, and during those three hours there were a total of 838 drunken persons alleged to have been seen coming out of these thirty-five houses." In Birmingham there are 1,839 drink-shops, and yet, although there were 838 persons reported as coming drunk during three hours out of the thirty-five houses watched, the police reports for that day give only 29 cases of drunkenness as coming from the whole of the 1,839 houses.

If the remainder of the drink-shops in Birmingham gave an equal proportion of drunkards with the thirty-five houses which were watched, it would give 44,136 cases of drunkenness for three hours of Saturday evening in Birmingham alone, instead of twenty-nine for the whole day as reported by the police. If, however, we regard the thirty-five houses as somewhat exceptional, and reckon the 1,839 houses as supplying half the quantity reported in the thirty-five for the three hours, it will still give upwards of 22,000 cases of drunkenness as against only twenty-nine reported by the police.

In the United Kingdom there are over 180,000 houses where intoxicating liquors are

sold. My own conviction, founded upon considerable observation, stretching now over thirty years, is, that if we estimate an average of three drunken persons daily for each drink-shop, we shall be below the mark. Taking this estimate, however, it will give 197,100,000 cases of drunkenness yearly, or nearly 4,000,000 cases per week.

These figures stagger and appal; nay, it almost makes one feel paralysed to write them; but if we took the Birmingham returns as our basis, we should have to multiply the figures by more than eight; and, therefore, painful and sad as it may be to pen such figures, the melancholy facts of observation compel it.

A PHILOSOPHER has said, "Though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer." Worldly gifts cannot bear up the spirits from fainting and sinking when trials and troubles come, no more than headache can be cured by a golden crown, or toothache by a chain of pearls. "Earthly riches are full of poverty."

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I WAS sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed;
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing,
For the child of my love and care;
Some stitches half wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair:

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide:

And, remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won:

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,"
I said; "it will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned:

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I *know* I have tried;
But I'm sure, when He sees such a building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes makes us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me;
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh, what a botch, she had made it—
The grey mis-matching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me:
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love;
And my faith came back to its Refuge,
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew:

Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light,
And, seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said for her:
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

"And, for the real love that was in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there, in the deepening twilight,
I seemed to be clasping a Hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

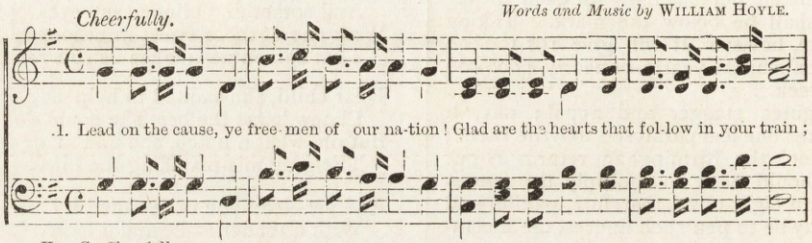
Then I knew, by the thrill of sweetness,
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labour is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And my eyes are unto HIM.

LEAD ON THE CAUSE!

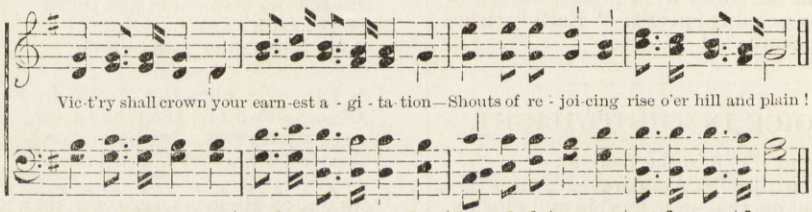
Words and Music by WILLIAM HOYLE.

Cheerfully.



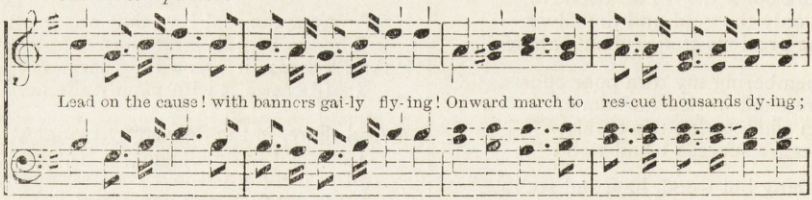
KEY G. *Cheerfully.*

d :d .,d | d :s_1	m .,f :m .,r | r :d	l_1 :l_1.l_1 | s_1 :d	d .,t_1 :d .,m | r :—
2. Lead on the cause thro'	years of firm endeavour!	Long have ye stood, the	fearless and the brave;
d :d .,d | d :s_1	m .,f :m .,r | r :d	f_1 :f_1.f_1 | s_1 :s_1	s_1 .,s_1 :s_1 .,d | t_1 :—
3. Lead on the cause! the	people are a-wak-ing,	Joining our ranks to	battle with the foe;
d :d .,d | d :s_1	m .,f :m .,r | r :d	d :d .d | m :m	m .,m :m .,s | s :—
4. Lead on the cause! the	hosts of drink assailing;	Faithful and true, re-	lying on His word:
d :d .,d | d :s_1	m .,f :m .,r | r :d	f_1 :l_1.l_1 | d :d	d .,d :d .,d | s_1 :—



d :d .,d | d :s_1	m .,f :m .,r | r :d	l :l .l | s :m	s .,f :m .,r | d :—
Glo-ry a-waits the	hearts that falter never,	Fighting for truth, our	fatherland to save!
s_1 :l_1.,l_1 | s_1 :s_1	d .,d :d .,t_1 | t_1 :d	d :d .d | d :d	m .,r :d .,t | d :—
Drunkards are rescued,	e-vil ways for-sak-ing,	Glo-ry to God! we'll	lay the tyrant low!
m :f .,f | m :m	s .,l :s .,f | f :m	f :f .f | m :s	s .,s :s .,f | m :—
Soon shall we see their	arms and arts all failing,	Vic-t'ry is ours! all	glo-ry to the Lord!
d :d .,d | d :d	d .,d :s_1.,s_1 | s_1 :l_1	f_1.s_1 :l_1.t_1 | d :d	s_1.,s_1 :s_1.,s_1 | d :—

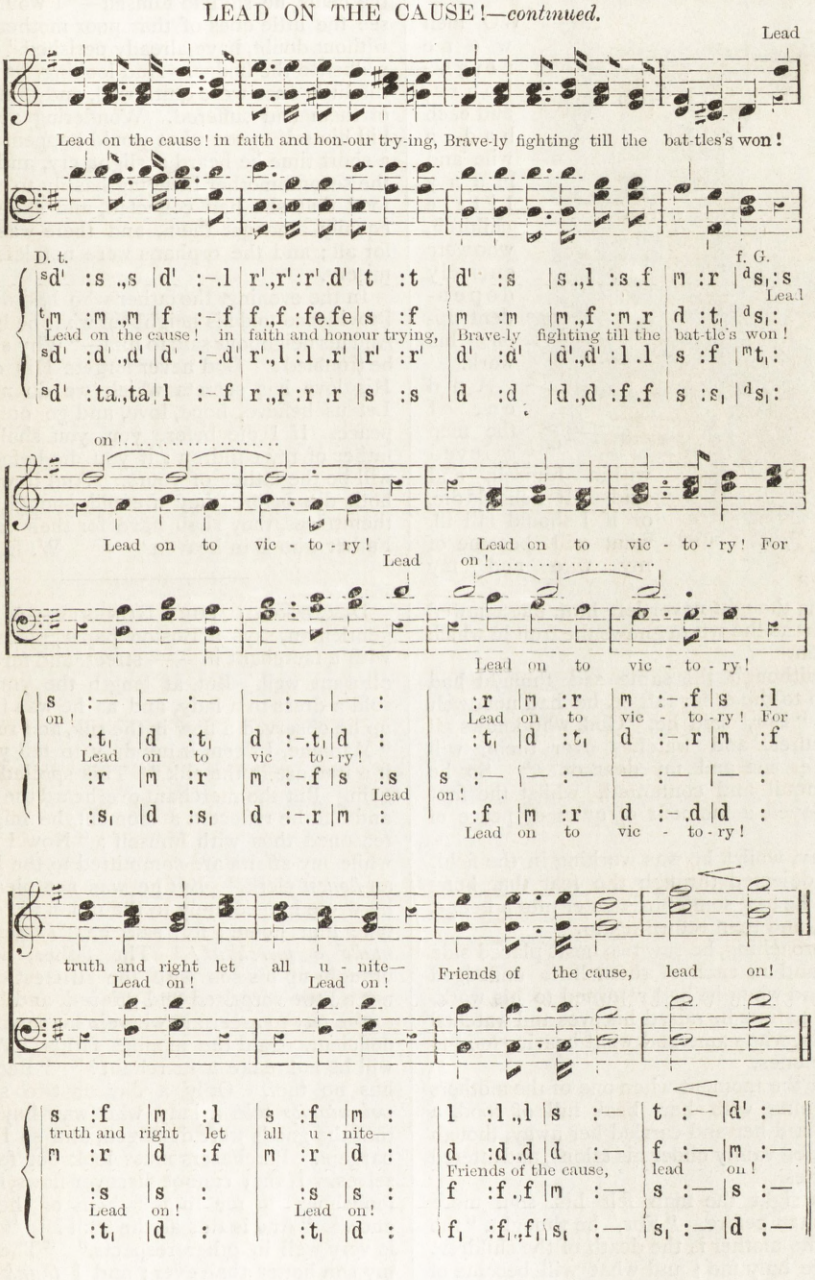
CHORUS. *Spirited.*



CHORUS. *Spirited.*

m :d .,m | s :-.m	m .,r :d .,m | s :s	r :m | f :-.m	m .,r :d .,r | m :m
m :d .,m | s :-.m	m .,r :d .,m | s :s	r :de | r :-.de	r .,r :l_1.,l_1 | t_1 :t_1
Lead on the cause! with	banners gaily fly-ing!	Onward march to	rescue thousands dying;
m :d .,m | s :-.m	m .,r :d .,m | s :s	l :l | l :-.l	l .,l :l .,l | se :se
m :d .,m | s :-.m	m .,r :d .,m | s :s	f :m | r :-.m	f .,f :f .,f | m :m

LEAD ON THE CAUSE!—*continued.*



THE TWO NEIGHBOURS.



TWO men were neighbours, and each had a wife and many little children, who were entirely dependent upon his work.

And one of the men grieved within himself, and said—"If I should die, or if I should fall ill, what will become of my wife and my children?"

And this thought never left him, but gnawed at his heart as the worm gnaws the fruit in which it is hidden.

Now, although the same sad thought had come also to the other father, he had not dwelt upon it. "For," said he, "God, who knows all His creatures, and watches over them, will watch over me and my dear ones." So he lived tranquil and contented, whilst the first never enjoyed a moment of quiet or peace of mind.

One day, whilst he was working in the field, sad and dejected through the fear that hung over him, he saw some birds enter into a hedge, come out, and then return again.

On approaching, he saw two nests placed side by side, and in each of them little unfledged birds. And when he had returned to his work, from time to time he raised his eyes and watched these birds, who came and went bearing food to their little ones.

Now, at the moment when one of the mothers was returning with her beak full of food, a vulture seized her and carried her away, though she struggled vainly under his talons, and uttered piteous cries.

At this sight the man felt his soul more troubled than before. "For," he thought, "the death of the mother is the death of the children. Mine have only me; and what will become of them if they lose me?"

All day he was sad and gloomy, and that night he slept little. Next morning, on returning to the fields, he said to himself—"I would like to see the little ones of that poor mother; many, without doubt, have already perished." And he walked to the hedge. And looking, he saw that the little ones were quite well, and that not one of them had suffered. Wondering at this, he hid himself to see what would happen. And in a short time he heard a slight cry, and he saw the second mother bringing hastily to them the food that she had collected, and she shared it equally amongst them, and there was enough for all; and the orphans were not left in their misery.

In the evening, the father who had distrusted Providence told his neighbour what he had seen. And his neighbour said to him—"Why should we be troubled? God never forgets His children. His love has secrets which we do not know. Let us believe, hope, love, and go our way in peace. If I die before you, you shall be the father of my children; if you die before me, I will be the father of yours. And if we should both die before they are old enough to help themselves, they shall have for their father the Father who is in heaven." W. E. A. A.

DISCHARGED FOR HONESTY.—A country gentleman, says a Boston paper, placed a son with a merchant in —— street, and for a season all went well. But at length the young man sold a dress to a lady, and as he was folding it up he observed a flaw in the silk, and remarked, "Madame, I deem it my duty to tell you there it a fracture in the silk." This spoiled the bargain. But the merchant overheard the remark; and had he reflected a moment, he might have reasoned thus with himself: "Now I am safe, while my affairs are committed to the hands of an *honest* clerk." But he was not pleased; so he wrote immediately to the father to come and take him home; for, said he, "*he will never make a merchant!*" The father, who had brought up his son with the strictest care, was not a little surprised and grieved, and hastened to the city to ascertain wherein his son had been deficient. Said the anxious father, "And why will he not make a merchant?" "Because he has no tact. Only a day or two since he *voluntarily* told a lady who was buying silk that the goods were damaged, and so I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it will be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence." "And is this all the fault?" "Yes; he is very well in other respects." "Then I love my son better than ever; and I *thank you* for telling me of the matter; I would not have him in your store for another day for the world."

WATCH AND PRAY.

BY UNCLE BEN.



IN the narrow street of a large town, outside the door of an old carpenter's shop, there waited, one dull day, three little folks in solemn council—Dicky and Betty Liggins, with their mutual friend and schoolfellow, Hetty Gray. They all went to the Board School together, and, better still, all three attended the Band of Hope in Gloucester Street close by. Hetty's father kept a little shop in the same street as that in which the carpenter's workplace was situated; and Dicky, with his sister, lived in a neighbouring court, in a home that had been wrecked and despoiled by a drunken father.

Hetty was quite a little Sister of Mercy to all around her. Once a week she always went to tidy up the room in which an old blind woman lived. She was unwearying in her kindness and devotion to many, and always seemed to have some special case upon her hands and heart. At the present time all the interest in her young life seemed to centre itself on the welfare of Dicky Liggins and his distressed family. Dicky was always dirty and always hungry; he was invariably getting into mischief or just emerging; he seemed to spend his time in migrating from one trouble to another. Things had been often very bad with them before, but just now they seemed as if they were coming to a worse pass. The father had been on the drink for some time, and as everything was sold or pawned that could be spared, and nothing was left to get drink with, he was going back to work. The mother had been threatening to leave him, for he had knocked her about, as well as starved the children. If she tried to earn something, and he found it out, he would have the money, and when she kept any back there were high words and fierce language.

Dicky had many friends, and never meant to die of hunger as long as there was a crust to be had in the world. Betty was one of those suffering, enduring children who do not battle for themselves, and she would have starved if Hetty had not cared for her and fed her, giving away her own meals, which were always shared by his little sister with Dicky, who knew quite well, though he occasionally got a bite from sources about which he said nothing, that Betty never had a crust that she did not divide with him. Into the ear of Hetty she confided every care and trouble, and her remedy was always "tell God."

Then Betty would say, "But doesn't He know? and if He knows, why don't He help, and why does He not make father a good man?"

And Hetty always said God would and wanted to; all the misery and ruin that comes from drink is God saying, "Don't take it, you're better without it." She always maintained that things would never be right until the drink was given up. Little persuasion was necessary to induce Dicky and Betty to join the Band of Hope. And now her mind was made up to try and get the father to sign the pledge. It was a difficult work that lay before her, but her hope was strong and her trust great, and the little plan she made was as follows.

She went to see the foreman, and told him how hungry Dicky and his sister were because Liggins drank all his wages, and she urged him to keep the drunkard late the next time the wages were paid, so that he might be the last, and she, with Dicky and Betty, would wait to ask him to go with them straight off to sign the pledge. The foreman was so struck by Hetty's earnest appeal that he resolved to help. He knew into what a helpless, hopeless state the wretched man was sinking, and when he promised the little girl, whom he knew well by sight and name, he made up his mind he would urge the plea himself, and to make his appeal practical, he determined to sign too.

Friday evening came, and the children were there at the old shed door long before the time. Dicky played about with all the friends and acquaintances he could find, and Hetty, to employ the time, had brought her hoop. Betty watched the door and saw all the other men out, and then gave the signal to the others, who came up as the father came out with the foreman. Dicky and Betty seized their father as the foreman locked the door, and Hetty stepped up to make the request, saying, "Please we want you to come along with us and sign the pledge."

"Do what?" said the father.

"Join our Band of Hope. Do. You must. Then we shall have plenty to eat," said Dicky.

"Oh, do, father. Hetty's been praying that God would help you," chimed in Betty.

The man was fairly taken by storm, and before he could reply, the foreman had joined them saying—"Do you hear these children?



You won't say 'em nay? If you do sign the pledge and stick to it, it will be the best day's work you have ever done; and what's more, I'll sign along with you, and we'll begin straight off to see who can keep the pledge longest, you or me."

"Well, this do cap all I've heard of, and I am bothered if I don't take your chaff and make you stick by what you say. Come now, see if I don't."

And it was done. They went off to the Band of Hope meeting that night and became members, never to break their promise. The pledge card given contained these words—"Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand;" and also the lines—

"Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issues of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray."

And it is needless to add that the watching and the prayer found, as they always will, an abundant reward.

A SUMMER WALK.

BY W. A. EATON.

I WALK beneath the spreading trees,
I gaze into the cloudless sky;
The scent of hay comes on the breeze,
The lark pours forth its song on high.

I've left the city far behind,
To wander in this leafy wood;
From every prospect peace I find,
And all things murmur, "God is good!"

I met a troop of merry boys,
Let out from school this sunny day;
Ah, do not chide them for their noise,
But let them romp, and shout, and play.

Aye, "Gather sunshine while you may,"
Rejoice while yet your lives are free;
Too soon will pass life's summer day,
And wintry age will come to thee!

Then fill your hearts with sunshine now,
And let your laughter ring around,
Ere frost lie heavy on your brow,
And age has stopped your merry bound.

A BAND OF HOPE MEDAL.

BY A. J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER I.—THE MEDAL AND ITS OWNER.

THE snow lay thick upon the ground, the trees were bending under its weight, the paths were almost lost to sight, and every one said that such a fall had not been known for many a long day.

The streets were almost deserted, for only those whose business compelled them to face the storm dared to leave the cozy hearth or the warm room. Down the road came a ragged little boy, carrying an old spade and a birch-broom over his shoulder.

Crunch, crunch, sounded the snow under his old boots, but he went along whistling a merry tune, and light at heart; at last stopping outside a pretty house known as Percy Villa, he pushed aside the gate, and walking boldly up the steps, knocked quietly at the door. A tall lady with a smiling face responded to the knock.

"Sweep the snow away, mum?" said the boy, with great politeness.

"Yes," said Mrs. Williams, the lady who had opened the door; "sweep it all into the road, and then come back to me."

The boy commenced the work with an earnestness that astonished the children who peeped through the windows of the next house. An hour had hardly passed when the boy returned to the door, his face hot and red with the exertion, and his curiosity aroused as to what payment he should get for the job. He had worked well, the steps were clean, the gate swung easily, and the paths had come to light again.

"Good! good!" said the kind lady of the house, "you have done well. Now go down into the kitchen and have some hot coffee and bread and butter."

The hungry boy needed no second invitation; however shy he might have been, hunger had robbed him of all such feeling, so, wiping his boots clean on the door-mat, he went downstairs, and was soon seated by a roaring fire enjoying a good breakfast.

Mrs. Williams looked on the poor ragged figure by her side, and feelings of sympathy and motherly tenderness filled her heart.

She thought of her own children, surrounded with every comfort, shielded from the hard, cruel world, and with a bright and happy future in the time to come. Why was this little fellow cast upon the world without friends or prospects, and what could she do to help him out of his distress?

Feelings of delicacy at first prevented her seeking any information from her little visitor for she understood, what many seem to be ignorant of, that the poor often feel keenly their poverty, and would rather hide than expose it. It was not mere curiosity that impelled Mrs. Williams to know more of the little sweeper's history, but a true and sincere desire to be the instrument of helping him out of his trouble.

Anxious for an opportunity to inquire into his circumstances, yet not wishing to ask a question that might seem an intrusion upon his sorrow, she waited for the time when her inquiry might appear to be the purest accident. The desired opportunity soon arrived. Putting his hand into his pocket, the boy pulled out an old rag of a pocket-handkerchief, and at the same time something fell from his pocket and rattled on the floor.

"What is that, my boy?" inquired Mrs. Williams.

"My Band of Hope medal, mum. I had it presented to me twelve months ago because I kept the pledge for a year; but I've been a teetotaler all my life."

"So you are a Band of Hope boy, are you; and pray, to what Band of Hope do you belong?"

"Round the corner, mum, at the Mission Hall. Mr. Weaver is our secretary. We are going to have our anniversary next week, and I am to recite."

Mrs. Williams was clever at obtaining information without appearing to be rude. The conversation had not continued long before she knew that her visitor's name was Johnny Stephens, that he lived in a back street not far away, and that he was twelve years of age. The boy was intelligent above his class; the polite manner in which he spoke decided in her mind that he was certainly above the ordinary class of boys that roam the streets for indiscriminate work, and that there must be some reason why he had come to engage in such a lowly occupation.

"Have you any nice clothes to wear at the tea-meeting?" was the kind inquiry of Mrs. Williams as Johnny received with smiles a sixpence for his work.

"Not now, mum; I had once, but father sold them."

"Father sold them!" He repeated the words, and tears rolled down his face.

"Father sold them!" thought Mrs. Williams; she had read of cruel parents in story-books, but had never before heard a child give testimony to the cruelty of a parent. She was a woman of action, and was not long in making up her mind how to act.

"Your tea-meeting is next Monday: come to me at four o'clock. Now, remember, hold fast to that which is good."

The next Monday found Johnny, at the appointed hour, once again at the door of his kind friend.

"Go upstairs, Johnny; take off your old clothes, and put on some others you will find in a room on your right."

The transformation was soon complete. The clothes, though not the best of fits, were remarkably neat and tidy; a clean collar, a pretty blue tie, and his shining medal fastened on his breast, completed the toilet.

Johnny came downstairs, his little heart beating so fast that he could hardly give expression to his thanks.

"Thank you, thank you for these nice clothes," was the sincere expression of his heart; but he added, sorrowfully, "I don't like to take them home!"

"Why not?"

"Father will sell them."

"Sell them! What for, child?"

"Drink!"

A cloud came over the good woman's face; she, however, made no comment, except to say that Johnny could come back after the meeting and put on his old clothes to go home in.

The little Mission Hall was crowded with a happy company of parents and children. Johnny in his turn was called upon to recite; he was just making his bow to the audience when a scuffle was heard at the door, voices were raised, the children looked round to see what was the matter, and little Johnny's face turned white with fear.

Chapter II.—The Medal Saved.

Mrs. Williams waited up very late on the evening of the anniversary of the Band of Hope at which Johnny's recitation came to such an unpleasant termination. Ten, eleven o'clock chimed, but the boy did not return. Was the boy an impostor? Had her good nature been imposed upon? These were the thoughts that occupied her mind as she bid her daughter good night and retired to rest. Mrs. Williams knew little of the duplicity practised by many who gain a living on the charity of others; she had read something of the imposture of beggary, but she believed little, and always considered that the mere exhibition of poverty was a sufficient reason why practical charity should be performed.

Left a widow while still young, she had lived for the love and the benefit of her two children, spending her small income with the greatest care, and attending chiefly to the education of her children, while she did such actions of charity as came within her lot to perform. Her son Richard was now in business for himself, and well repaid the care and anxiety of his mother; her daughter Florence was her constant companion at home, and now, in her eighteenth year, made both song and music in the house when Richard joined the family circle in the evening.

But why did not Johnny return to his kind

friend as he promised? When the lad was called upon to give his recitation, as already related, a disturbance was heard at the end of the room, and a scuffle took place. Johnny hastily left the platform, and was seen outside a short time after, in the company of a half-drunken man and a policeman.

"Don't lock him up, sir," pleaded the frightened boy; "I'll show you where he lives. He shan't make any more noise."

"Don't be afraid, my son," replied the man, kindly; "I don't want to take him to the station, I only want him to go home quietly."

The policeman had a kind heart, and in opposition to some of his class, would rather go out of his way to see a drunken man out of danger than humiliate him with a lodging in a police cell.

The man that the policeman held by the arm was Mr. Stephens, who, in a half-drunken state, had found his way to the Mission Hall, and seeing his son dressed in new clothing, had demanded that he should come home instantly with him.

"Now then, Johnny, come on home; I want to see those new clothes you have on."

"You won't sell them, will you, father?"

"Yes I shall if I like; you mustn't wear better clothes than your father."

The miserable home was at last reached, and the boy found it impossible to keep his promise to Mrs. Williams.

The next morning, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, two ladies waited outside the house where Johnny lived.

The elder of the two inquired for Mrs. Stephens, or her son Johnny.

"You'll find her at the top of the house, mum, poor thing," said the woman. "She is in great trouble."

Mrs. Williams and her daughter, anxious to know what had become of Johnny, and desirous to aid in the reformation of his father, had at the earliest moment come to see Mrs. Stephens. With what amazement they made their way to the top floor! No oilcloth lined the passage, or carpet covered the stairs; an old rag of sacking was the only mat; the stairs were covered with dirt, cobwebs hung from the ceiling, and the noise of children crying and women talking loudly made the good woman and her daughter fear for their safety.

The door stood ajar, and Mrs. Williams, giving a gentle knock, heard the sobbing of a woman, and a gentle invitation to "come in."

Mrs. Williams lifted her eyes in wonder at the scene that met her view when she entered the room. In one corner stood a partly disabled table, this found its chief support against the wall; near it was an old chair, the canework of which had long since passed away; several pieces of old sacking, and a few articles as makeshifts for bedding and clothing formed almost everything in the room.

Here lived five people, Johnny, his two little sisters, and his parents.

Mrs. Stephens rose from the only chair in the room, and offered it to her visitors. Mrs. Williams accepted it, while Florence found a seat on an old box.

"My visit is chiefly to know why Johnny did not keep his promise last evening," said Mrs. Williams.

"It wasn't my fault, mum, it wasn't," said a voice from under the bedclothes in the further corner of the room.

"Is that you, Johnny? Where are the new clothes? Why don't you get up and come and sweep the snow away?"

"He can't come out, mum," said Mrs. Stephens, weeping; "his clothes are gone where everything else has gone—sold for drink."

It was a story of a very ordinary nature that the unhappy wife poured into the sympathetic ears of Mrs. Williams. She had married, against the wishes of her parents, a man who, though considered a very good sort of fellow, was unlike herself, a Christian and an abstainer; she trusted that, after marriage, by her influence he would be brought to sign the pledge of total abstinence.

Alas! she had forgot to put into practice the good resolution in the well-known lines:—

> "The lips that touch liquor
> Shall never touch mine."

Thirteen years had passed away, and now her husband was a confirmed drunkard, unable to obtain employment, without money, and without character; the furniture had gone partly for food and drink, they were not only reduced to the greatest poverty, but went in constant fear of their lives.

"And Johnny's new suit has gone too?" said Mrs. Williams.

"Not the boots, mum, I put them under my pillow, and father forgot them; and here is my Band of Hope medal, which I had put there too." Johnny was very pleased that the medal was saved.

When Mrs. Williams arose to go she promised to send Johnny's old clothes home, and putting a small sum into the poor woman's hand, she bid her bear patiently her great trials. She had hardly reached the end of the street when a crowd of people jostled her unkindly, and in the midst of the crowd a man whose face was pale as death was carried along on a stretcher by two policemen.

(To be continued.)

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

LITTLE Willie has been summarily corrected by his mother for repeated acts of naughtiness. The punishment being over, "Papa," he sobs, in tones of anguish, "how could you marry such an ill-tempered woman as mamma?"

IF sixteen drachms make one ounce, how many drams will destroy all scruples?

THE way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

A BUSINESS that is always picking up—Rag-picking.

A DOG frequently worries a cat, but man, who is nobler than the dog, worries himself.

THE individual who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying they made a man forget his other troubles.

A PRISONER who has been convicted at least a dozen times is placed at the bar. "Your honour, I should like to have my case postponed for a week. My lawyer is ill."—"But you were captured with your hand in this gentleman's pocket. What can your counsel say in your defence?"—"Precisely so, your honour. That is what I am curious to know."

"PROFESSOR, why does a cat, when eating, turn her head first one way and then another?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

"I HOPE you will find it warm at home this bitter weather," said a lady to a poor Irishman. "Nivir you fear, ma'am," said he; "my wife takes good care to make it all that for me."

JOHN HUNTER used to say that most people lived above par, which rendered the generality of diseases and accidents the more difficult of cure. Sir William Temple says the only way for a rich man to be healthy is, by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he was poor; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty. Baron Maseres, who lived to be nearly ninety, and who never employed a physician, used to go one day in every week without dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea.

"THE bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said Farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy George came in a second afterwards, and said there was an end to one of 'em, anyhow, and it was red-hot, too.

LITTLE Alice was crying bitterly, and, on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," unwisely said the questioner. "Oh, I returned it before," said the little girl.

"LENNY," said his maiden aunt, "you should eat the barley in your soup, or you'll never get a man." Lenny, looking up innocently, inquired, "Is that what you eat it for, aunty?"

WHY are thoughtless ladies the very opposite of their mirrors?—Because the one speak without reflecting, the others reflect without speaking.

WHY should you suppose the wheel of fortune belongs to an omnibus?—Because it is constantly "taking up" and "putting down" people.

"HE'S my darkest hour," said a wife, pointing to her husband; "and would you know the reason why? It's because he always arrives just before day."

IT is scarcely surprising that the age is so full of falsehood when such a vast number of words are compelled to pass through false teeth.

WHY ought the stars to be the best astronomers?—Because they have "studded" (studied) the heavens since the creation of the world.

"LANDLADY," said he, "the coffee isn't settled." "No," she replied, "but it comes as near it as your last month's board bill does."

"HOW far is it to Butler if I keep straight on?" "Well, about twenty-five thousand miles; but if you turn the other way, it's about half a mile."

BEAUTIFUL lives have grown up from the darkest places, as pure white lilies full of fragrance have blossomed on slimy, stagnant waters.

A MOTHER, noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked her what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street. That's what papa does with his."

EVERY man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually.

HAPPINESS is something to hope for, and something to love.

FAITH builds the bridge of prayer that spans the chasm of human need.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—The Temperance Record—The Rechabite—The Dietetic Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Social Reformer—The Temperance Worker—Band of Hope Chronicle—The Irish Temperance League Journal.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—ERNIE'S EXCUSE.

"DIDN'T your father ever tell you about his mate, Ebenezer Raymond?" asked the man, as he laid his hand on Ted's shoulder.

"Sir," said Ted, smiling, and looking frankly into the eyes of the skipper of *The Two Friends*, "I've been searching for you, or wanting to search for you, ever since poor father died. But I didn't go right at first. Mother drank, so I ran away from her, and then I got my living all sorts of ways, and then I was put on board a training ship for four years, and I'm come to sea now on purpose to try and find you, only I didn't know your name, and that made me feel foolish about asking."

"Didn't know my name?" said Captain Raymond in surprise. "Why, how was that, lad? Are you sure you know anything about me? If 'twasn't for your face, I should think it was all a mistake; but you are so very much like your father, my best of friends, Ned Hatherly. And you say he is dead, do you? Tell me everything, my son, and if you prove yourself to be indeed his boy, you shall never want a father as long as I live."

It would be difficult to describe the pleasure these words gave to the quondam quartermaster of the *Mount Edgecumbe*. Now, at last, his boyhood's wishes and his father's promises alike seemed to be realized. He at once drew from his bosom the precious sixpence which he had worn so many years, and handed it to Ebenezer Raymond, while the skipper of *The Two Friends* attentively regarded it, turning it over and over slowly between his fingers, as if the sight of it called up many emotions. Then lifting his watch-chain, he exhibited the duplicate of the sixpence, with the initials "E. R." engraved on it. Dr. Leon, not unnaturally, judged the scene from a cooler, graver standpoint, and was disposed to know the full explanation before he could measure it aright. Ted had been shyer of showing his sixpence and telling the story of late than amongst the boys in training on the *Mount Edgecumbe*. The older he grew, and the more he reflected, the less buoyantly hopeful he felt of finding "E. R." He had a strong faith that at some time in his life he should certainly learn who he was, and where to discover him; but he had also made a resolution not to be impatient, if that did not happen for several years to come.

Now that so unexpectedly and so strangely he had been brought to grasp the hand of the unknown "E. R." he joyfully and freely made known all facts and particulars to Dr. Leon and his father's friend; and in return he learned with satisfaction the noble conduct of his father, and felt his heart glow with filial joy and pride.

"Sir," he said, respectfully, turning to Dr. Leon, "do you not think I have a noble example left me to follow?"

"You have indeed, Hatherly; see that you are not unworthy of it."

"To-morrow I shall come to see your captain," said Ebenezer Raymond at parting, "and explain who I am, and what are my purposes concerning you, and there is little doubt we shall understand each other, and he will let you come to me at once."

Ted was full of his adventure, and anxious lest he should not be permitted to go, as he felt it would be right to go to his father's friend at once. He hardly knew what arrangement had been entered into upon his behalf between Captain Neville and the captain of the steamer, but since he had not signed any indentures, he knew he was not an apprentice in the ordinary sense of the word. Dr. Leon kindly engaged to tell the story to the captain, so that when the skipper of *The Two Friends* made his appearance on the morrow, the business might be well understood between them.

Just about the time that the doctor and Ted reached the ship, Captain Raymond entered a boarding-house in Sydney; he opened the door of a small room at the back and walked in. Here he was evidently at home. Immediately he entered, the light, agile figure of a young, dark-haired girl sprang from an American rocking-chair in which she had been sitting, with the book that had amused her yet open in her hand, one finger acting as an impromptu book-marker. A rather anxious expression made Honoré, who was only just twelve years of age, look much older. The keen glance she gave her father seemed to satisfactorily remove every doubt, for she sprang forward, threw her arms about him, and welcomed him with the easy grace and buoyancy of spirits natural to the women of her nation when they are happy and content.

"My father," said Honoré, "how glad I am that you are come; now we will have our coffee, and stewed fruits and cakes. I am hungry; I have waited supper for you."

"I had something while I waited for somebody on business," said Captain Raymond.

"Coffee, papa?" questioned Honoré, studying him as she spoke.

"Yes, coffee, child, and a pipe; I am not so well satisfied that I cannot eat your supper with you."

"I am very glad" she said, as she rang the

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bell, and when the waiter appeared she gave her orders with the air of a clever housekeeper :

Please bring the supper I have already arranged for."

They were comfortably seated together, partaking of this, when Ebenezer Raymond said, rather abruptly, "I am going to bring you home a brother to-morrow, Honoré." He enjoyed the puzzled surprise manifested in her face at his strange words.

"A brother, my father, I have no brother. Oh! please say what you mean."

"You have heard me tell the story, Honoré, of my sworn friend and brother, Ned Hatherly, who saved my life in the storm."

"Oh! yes, father, have you found him?" The child was delighted at the idea ; he was so good and kind, so noble, this friend of her father's, that he would surely save him from ever getting drunk again ; for he did not take the drink, she remembered her father had said so. Honoré felt nothing but satisfaction at the intelligence her father had given her. She was both surprised and disappointed, when he said, in answer to her question, "No, Honoré, I have not found him, he's gone where no living man can find him, he's been dead for years."

"I thought you had seen him, my father ;" she could not help it that her tone was saddened.

"'Instead of the fathers shall come up the children ;' don't you read that somewhere in the Bible, Honoré? I have seen young Ted Hatherly, my old friend's son, and he will be to you as a brother, Honoré, for of course I shall adopt him as my own."

"Is he a sailor, father?"

The child was busy wondering if Ted Hatherly was a wild young fellow, like some sailors she knew, or a kind, good-tempered one, who would shield her from her father's roughness when in drink.

"He doesn't look much like one, but he'll sail with me on board *The Two Friends*, and come home to you wherever you are, Honoré, when the voyage is over."

The plan of taking his child everywhere with him had not been found to work so well as the skipper had expected, and there were other considerations which made him determine to let Honoré be on shore for a while, though he looked forward to taking her with him again by-and-by. He had no wish to see her grow up in ignorance ; on the contrary, he wished to be able to feel proud of her attainments. He sent her to a high-class boarding-school in Sydney, only making a stipulation that whenever he was in port she was to be permitted to stay with him at his boarding-house. *The Two Friends* was now trading between Australia and New Zealand, and her captain was making money. Honoré rather resented her present position. She thought that unless her father would keep her with him, as he had promised, on board his ship, he should not have taken her from Dieppe, where she had many friends, and where she had sweet associations of the life she had lived with her tender mother. But as she made friends of her school-girl companions, and became better acquainted with her kind, judicious governess, Honoré became more reconciled to her position, and enjoyed more keenly the periodical visits of her father, as they furnished her with so many agreeable topics of thought and conversation in school-life.

Ever since the night when he had made his child miserable by his drunken folly, Captain Raymond had been careful, save on one or two rare occasions, to drink no strong liquors at those periods when she was with him, and though he had dreadful drunken fits now and then on board his ship or in New Zealand he was generally esteemed a sober, well-to-do man in the city of Sydney. And even his sailors, who best knew his habits, were so accustomed to occasional excesses on the part of captains, that they, too, if questioned, would have given him precisely the same character with perhaps a few slight reservations.

Honoré asked a number of questions concerning Ted Hatherly. "Is he young, my father?"

"Half-a-dozen years older than yourself, perhaps."

"Is he handsome, papa?"

"You shall see for yourself to-morrow, I hope, Honoré."

When she did see him, she was very much pleased with her new brother. All was settled between the captain of the mail steamer and the skipper as comfortably as could be imagined. There had been no arrangement come to, that was binding on either side, for more than the one voyage. It had been agreed that Ted should return in the same ship if he was inclined to, but that if a good opening occurred for him in the colony, he should be free to accept it, if it were such as met with the captain's approval. And now this opening had certainly occurred, Captain Raymond told his story of the life-long gratitude he must feel for his saviour from a terrible death ; who had also been to him the dearest friend a man could possibly have. What could be more natural than that he should wish to adopt Ted as his son, especially as he had only one little girl of his own?

Ted was as eager to go to him as Ebenezer Raymond was to have him, and he accompanied him home that very day to make the acquaintance of "little Honoré," as the skipper called his child. Ted had had about as limited a

knowledge of girls as it was possible for a lad to have. He had never played with one in his life since the old days when he was a child, and sported with the little maidens at Plymouth under the Hoe. But Honoré and himself were excellent friends from the very first moment of their acquaintance. The little French girl was not shy, though she was as modest and sweet as a flower, and there was so much to tell on both sides that was of the deepest interest to the other, that the time passed together went all too swiftly for the wishes of both of them.

In a few weeks Honoré's holiday was over, she was back again at school, and Ted was at sea in *The Two Friends* with his adopted father. But before he left Sydney, Ted had written to Mrs. Hayler to tell her the important change in his prospects, and also to Mr. Fryer and Captain Neville and several of his boy friends on board the *Mount Edgecumbe*. The promised letter for the Band of Hope had also been punctually dispatched. After that, communication grew less frequent between Ted and his old friends, and changes and press of occupation made them write less often to him; but Mrs. Hayler and Mr. Fryer sent him every Christmas a missive of some sort, a card, or a letter, and were as sure to receive some memento of him in return.

The Haylers had removed from Manchester to London, and Ernie was a student of medicine. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hayler had any comfort in their only child, his wildness and dissipation were no secret now. For a long time his fond and foolish mother had hidden from her husband his love of drink and his extravagances. She had paid his debts from her own purse, by depriving herself of many accustomed luxuries, and she had concealed from his father all she possibly could conceal, even descending to tricks and artifices for the sake of peace between Ernie and Mr. Hayler. Poor, foolish mother! she said to herself, "Peace, peace, when there was no peace," and when the best chance she had of saving her son was by revealing everything to his father, and allowing him to receive the punishments he so justly deserved. But if ever she threatened this, as she did sometimes in a weak and very unwise manner, when Ernie annoyed her almost beyond endurance, he had an excuse to make for his folly and sin, which had so much truth in it, that it was almost sure to silence her at least for a time.

"You taught me to drink, mother, you know you did, and now you say it is my fault; I hated it once, mother, and if it hadn't been for you I should have hated it still; you must take things as they are now, mother, for they are as you have made them."

It was cruel and inconsiderate of any son so to taunt her, but Mrs. Hayler could not deny the accusation. Oh, if Ernie were only a little, loving child again, suffering from whatever malady, no doctor should persuade her to make her child break his pledge! The fear of annoying his father, which had made her resolve to hide it and not mention it in her letters to India, had marred and lessened the happiness and confidence between husband and wife. Mr. Hayler could not feel quite the same to her when he afterwards learnt the truth from the child's lips, and he never could tell whether his strict injunctions that Ernie was to give up all use of it in future had been obeyed. He suspected they had not.

It was altogether a wretched piece of work. There was nothing to look forward to in her boy's career. What hope can a mother bring herself to feel in her son's after life, when she waits up for him night after night till past midnight, and opens the door at last to admit a flushed, semi-intoxicated youth, who sneers at her tender care of him, and outrages her motherhood by treating her with impertinent disrespect. Poor Mrs. Hayler, she had "sown the wind, and was reaping the whirlwind." Her friends said her son was killing her, but if she had heard it she would have most likely censured them for their unkind opinion of him. There were moments when, as she waited for him, she would fall into a dose and imagine herself watching by his cot in infancy. She would wake with a start at some imagined cry from her innocent baby's ruby lips, to remember that, instead, she was expecting her prodigal son.

Ernie Hayler, in his sober moments, when for a brief period free from the deadening, blighting, cursing influence of drink upon the brain and the heart, hated himself for his conduct to his mother, and became a prey to the bitterest agony of mind, the most terrible remorse. It is not too much to say that life's happiness was spoiled for both his mother and himself by his broken Band of Hope pledge, while it was as certainly blighted for his father also.

Mr. Hayler felt miserable and uncertain of his duty in regard to his son. Sometimes he almost decided to banish him from his home in consequence of his disgraceful behaviour. But the thought of his wife always restrained him from this extreme course. "If anything were to bring Ted Hatherly home to England again, I would send Ernie abroad with Ted for a companion, always supposing that Ted has not been a victim to the horrid fascination of drink."

Mr. Hayler was in his counting-house when these thoughts occurred to him, and they were still in his mind as a rap of the clerk's knuckles on his private door announced some interruption to his meditations.

"Some one wants to speak to you, sir," said the clerk.

"Ask him in," was Mr. Hayler's matter-of-course response.

The clerk reappeared, and ushered into the counting-house a young man dressed in the ordinary garb of a mate. Mr. Hayler waited a little, then, as the young man did not speak, he asked in his usual pleasant way, "What is your business, my friend?"

"I see you do not know me," said the mate, smiling.

"I certainly should know that face," said Mr. Hayler; "and yet I am compelled to own my ignorance. But no—it can't be—yes, I do believe it is—Ted Hatherly?"

"I am so glad I am not quite past knowledge, sir," said the little Quartermaster, now, however, by no means entitled to that appellation, being rather tall for a sailor, and a well-proportioned, and a powerful-looking young man. But the face had only grown manly; it had not lost the regularity of its features, nor the sweetness of its smile.

As Mr. Hayler's mind recurred to its former train of thought he sat as one puzzled—almost bewildered; and at length, to Ted's amazement, there broke from his lips the words, "Well, this is really the strangest thing that ever happened to me in my life."

"What! that I should come to see you, sir?" queried Ted.

"No, Ted, but that you should be where you were when you were:" and then, in order to explain himself more fully, Mr. Hayler proceeded to give Ted some idea of the unhappy career of Ernie, and his own half-formed plans concerning him. Ted listened to all in pained, respectful silence; but his words when he spoke were very hopeful, though almost strangely emphatic.

"Ernie must be saved, sir; he is young, we will save him: I am at your service to assist in any and every way you can wish me to."

"How is this, Ted? have you left your adopted father?"

"Another drink story, sir," answered Ted Hatherly. "He is sometimes like a man possessed; I endangered my own life by remaining with him. I have left him for awhile to try what my decision to do so may possibly effect. He was very unwilling for me to come away, and I have promised if he will throw the drink overboard, both afloat and ashore, for twelve months, to go back to him."

"And your adopted sister, what does she say to your desertion?" asked Mr. Hayler, smiling.

"I do not desert Honoré; she will ever be as a sister to me."

(To be continued.)

WASTE OF FOOD.

BY W. HOYLE,

Author of "Our National Resources," etc.

INTOXICATING liquors are manufactured out of grain or other agricultural produce, which, if not thus used, would be available as food. To manufacture the £134,000,000 worth of intoxicating liquors consumed during each of the past twelve years, 80,000,000 bushels of grain, or its equivalent in produce, has had to be destroyed each year; and, taking the bushel of barley at 53 lbs., it gives us 4,240,000,000 lbs. of food destroyed year by year, or a total for the twelve years of 960,000,000 bushels, or 50,880,000,000 lbs.

The generally accepted estimate of grain consumed as bread food by the population of the United Kingdom is 5½ bushels per head per annum; if this be so, then, the food which has been destroyed to manufacture the intoxicating liquors which have been consumed in the United Kingdom during the past twelve years would have supplied the entire population with bread for four years and five months; or, it would have given a 4-lb. loaf of bread to every family in the United Kingdom daily during the next six years.

If the grain and produce which have thus been destroyed yearly were converted into flour and baked into loaves, they would make 1,200,000,000 4-lb. loaves; and if these loaves had all to be baked in one bakery, and 500 were baked every hour, ten hours each day, they would take over 750 years before the loaves were all baked.

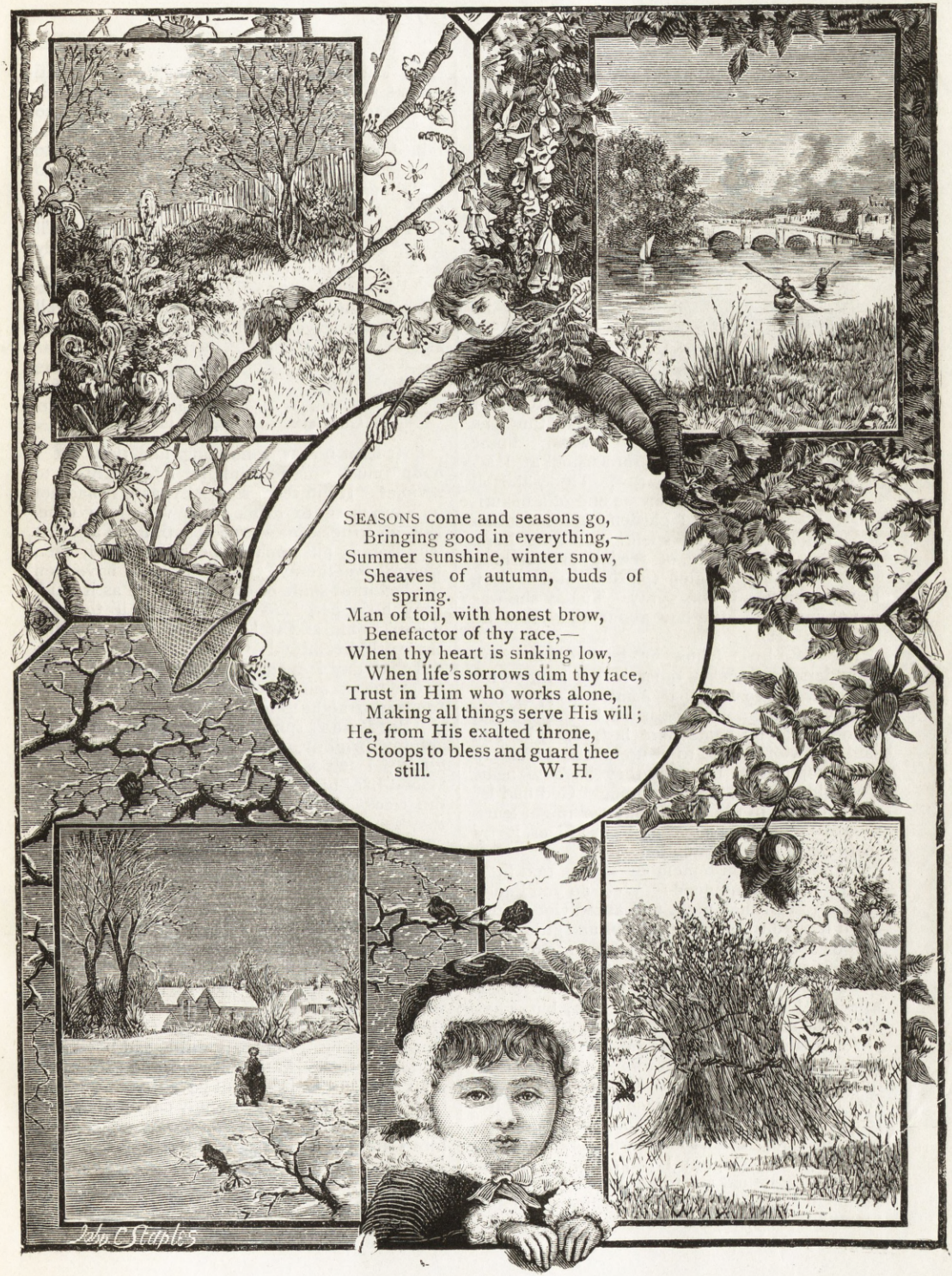
An acre of fairly good land is estimated to yield about 38 bushels of barley; if this be so, then, to grow the grain to manufacture the £134,000,000 worth of liquor which has been consumed yearly, it would take a cornfield of more than 2,000,000 acres, or it would cover the entire counties of Kent, Surrey, Middlesex, and Berkshire.

BE FIRM.

WHEN you make a promise,
Keep it like a rock;
Never swerve from duty;
Let the cowards mock.
When you answer, "No!" be strong,
Truth will drive away the wrong.

Those who first despised you
By-and-by will praise,
When they find you honest
In your words and ways.
Though your path be often crossed,
Keep your word at any cost!

W. A. EATON.


SEASONS come and seasons go,
Bringing good in everything,—
Summer sunshine, winter snow,
Sheaves of autumn, buds of spring.
Man of toil, with honest brow,
Benefactor of thy race,—
When thy heart is sinking low,
When life's sorrows dim thy face,
Trust in Him who works alone,
Making all things serve His will;
He, from His exalted throne,
Stoops to bless and guard thee still.
W. H.

"WHAT AM I FOR?"

BY W. F. BENNETT.

"



'I'LL just tell you a dream I had a few nights ago.' The speaker was a little girl named Annie. She was seated on the rocky basin of a waterfall. Her big brother had put the rocks together last time he was home from school at Harrow. The waterfall was at the end of a beautiful garden, and she often used to spend her time here, reading, or sewing, or watching the water splashing at her feet, or the rainbows in the spray. To day she was not alone, for a little boy about nine years old was with her.

He was a little fellow, but he had fine broad shoulders, and such a quiet, loving look on his face. It was to him that Annie was speaking. "Do you remember," she asked, "what you said to me when you came here last, Harry? You said that you wanted to be useful and to help to save people from the pain they have to bear. You told me, too, that you thought God had let the pain be in the world that we might learn to grow kind and good and get rid of it by learning to love one another.

"And don't you remember saying that little things could do no good? Well, do you know, I went to bed that night and asked God to tell me if it were true that little boys and girls could do no good. It did seem so strange then, for I just felt as if some one that loved me very much were near me, and then I must have fallen asleep. I had such a funny dream, but it has made me so glad.

"I dreamt I was a raindrop right away up in the sky. I didn't know who I was, I felt so queer; at least somehow I didn't feel at all. But I seemed to hear a voice near me, so I listened, and then I heard a sob, and some one near me said, 'I don't know what I'm made for, I want to do good, but I can't, I'm too small.' It quite frightened me to hear the voice and to see no one. At last the voice came again and seemed to come from a raindrop near, so I said, 'Mr. Raindrop, what is the matter?' It did seem strange to be talking to a raindrop, but it answered me. 'Little sister,' it said, 'I am so sad; I think God must have made us by mistake, for we can't do any good.' I was going to try then to comfort him, but then I seemed to be falling, but yet I heard voices all about and they seemed so glad. 'Away to the earth,' they shouted; 'I'll be there first;' 'What fun we'll have,' and they shouted and sang just as merrily as a lot of school-children.

"We came to the earth at last. I fell right into the midst of a forest glade. I remember so well hearing the leaves of the great oak trees singing as I went past. They seemed to say:—

> "'We never think about our food,
> Because our Father God is good;
> He always sends us what we need,
> Our Father God is good indeed.'

"At least it was something like that, but I hadn't much time to think, for I fell right on to a violet. It did seem so thirsty, as if it had not had anything to drink for a very long time. But, oh! the scent was so beautiful. I asked it why it gave out such a beautiful smell, even when it was thirsty. Oh! you should have seen the beautiful smile on its calm face as it said, 'My little pet, God is good even if the rain doesn't come, and so I just do all I can to make the world beautiful.' Oh, Harry, it was splendid that day I spent with the violet, she did teach me so much. I felt just as if God had sent me straight to her.

"But I didn't stop there long. The sun began shining brightly, right down into the little glade. I felt as if it were calling me, so I said 'Good-bye' to the violet, and up I went through the trees. I heard them singing again, but they seemed sadder now:—

> "'Go, sisters, cheerily, singing so merrily,
> Leaving us wearily waiting for rain;
> Yet we will look for you, patiently, lovingly,
> Hoping to see you returning again.'

"I can't tell you what happened then. I only know that I went floating in the air for a long time, and then fell with several other drops right on to a rosebud. It seemed to be lifeless; but when we touched it, it seemed to come right again directly. I was so glad that I had helped to waken it up. But soon a little sad boy came by, and he looked at the rosebud, and said, 'Oh! what a beauty! Edy shall have that.' Then he took out his knife and carefully cut off the rosebud, and carried it away. I was angry with him; and yet it did seem to make him so happy. But where were we going? He took us upstairs to a little room, and then I seemed to know all about it at once.

"In the corner, lying on a bed, propped up by

pillows, lay an angel. Yes, I'm sure she was an angel, so kind and good. She was very pale, but oh! so gentle, and I loved her at once.

"The little boy called her Edy, and kissed her, and gave her the rose. She looked at it and kissed it, and I'm sure she kissed me too. I was so glad when she said, 'What a beautiful dewdrop, it sparkles just like a diamond. Then they put the rose in a glass at the bedside. I watched her then for a long time, but it made me so sad, for every now and then she put her hand to her head as if in great pain. But when any one came near her you should have seen the beautiful kind look of love that she gave them. Then she got worse. A doctor was sent for, a kind good man he seemed to be. She told him that she was so happy, for she was going to Jesus. Then she called her father and brother, and said she would watch for them when she was with God.

"But the sun got hot, and they opened the window. I felt it was calling me. Just as I was going, little Edy died they said, and they wept and kissed the beautiful cold face. But oh! I knew better, for I went hand-in-hand out of the window with her, and up into the beautiful sky. She thanked me for coming to see her when she was ill, and for having helped the poor little rosebud. Then she seemed to vanish, but I listened and I heard a sweet voice say:—

"'They serve Him best, dear little one,
Who daily humbly bear His yoke so mild,
Or to their loving Father, as a child,
With lowly, loving spirit come.'

"Then the voice seemed to die away. A cool breeze came over my face, and opening my eyes I found myself in my own little bed. The dear birds were warbling outside, and the water was flowing over the rocks, and the sun shining so bright. I thanked God then for what He taught me. And now, Harry, do you still think we can't be of use?"

A MANLY HABIT.

BY REV. PROFESSOR KIRK.

IS it really the case that women are made of better stuff than men? It would seem so. At least it would seem that some women are made into hardier beings than are some men. They, at all events, endure privations and hardships in silence which would make the men who smoke ineffably wretched without their pipe, and such women would scorn to have their trials lessened by the stupefying influences of a narcotic. It does certainly appear as if these women were made of superior, and these men of inferior material.

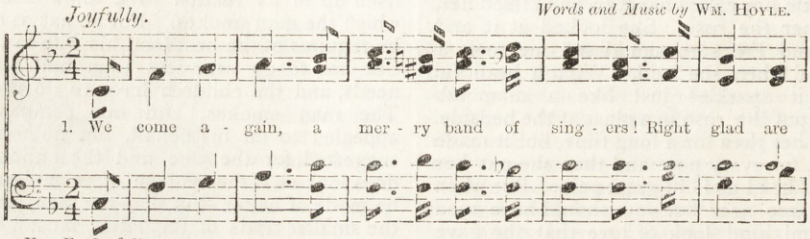
The subject is a serious one when it opens itself up in its reality. We know families in which the man smokes. But he has as much as he requires of the best food his wife can secure She has to go with less than half what she needs, and the children have to do the same The man smokes, and our compassion is appealed to on his behalf, but no tobacco is suggested for the wife and the children! It does look as if the women were understood to be made of better stuff than the men, and hence the smaller trials of the latter must be narcotized, but the women must manage to do without such "helps."

But is not all this the outcome of some wretched delusion? It is so. The man, from the very nature God has given him, has a fund of endurance which a woman, other things being equal, has in less degree than he. If he does not show this, then that is his shame. If he chooses to call up his manhood when it is required to show itself, he will have vastly less need for tobacco than even his wife, and she has need of none. Neither of them has any need for the deceptive drug. They will both do better without it than they can possibly do with it. Like its kindred spirit alcohol, it can do nothing but deceive by silencing for a time the call of the nervous system for real and substantial relief. In this way it deadens the pangs of hunger, but leaves the body unfed. It removes for the time the sense of fatigue when the frame is exhausted and calls out for rest. It benumbs the sense of cold, so as to make the smoker feel warmed at the very moment when the thermometer shows it has really lowered his temperature. How immensely low has a man sunk who confesses that he has become helplessly dependent on such a support! You say that we ought to pity him, and let him have his solace? Would it not be better to deliver him from his miserable delusion, and rouse him to be once more a man? If he will not be roused, then at least let it be understood that we pity the poor thing weaker than the woman who is bravely independent of all his delusive consolations.

It is more than high time that something like this became the general understanding. We are sinking as a nation because our men are becoming weaker than women. Let them be summoned to show themselves men, and let the falseness of their refuges be exposed. If they must still be pitied, let it be on the clear understanding that they have only themselves to blame if they will not fall back on the bravery their Creator endowed them with when he made them men.

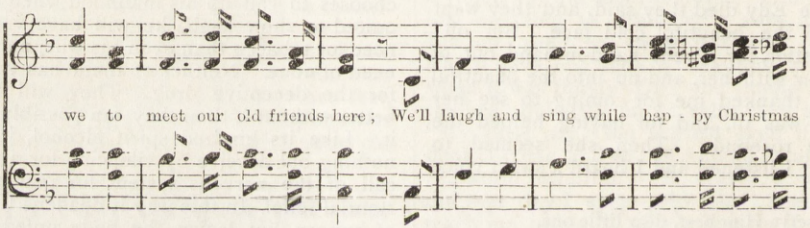
MERRY TIME OF CHRISTMAS!

Joyfully. *Words and Music by* WM. HOYLE.

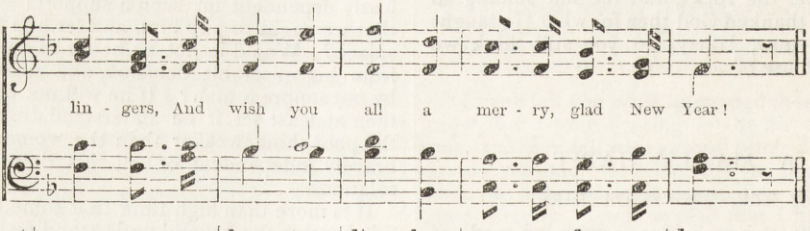


KEY F. *Joyfully.*

.s,	d :r	m :-.f	s .,fe :s .,l	s :m .,s	f :r		
2. The	march of	time may	bring on ma - ny	chan - ges, But	hearts still		
.s,	d :r	m :-.r	m .,re :m .,f	m :d .,d	t, :t,		
3. Be -	gone our	woes! let's	think up - on each	bless - ing Which	Pro - vi -		
.s,	d :r	m :-.s	s .,l :s ..f	s :s .,s	s :s		
4. The	New Year	comes! hope	gilds the scene with	beau - ty, Yet	who can		
.s,	d :r	m :-.d	d .,d :d .,d	d :d .,m	r :f		



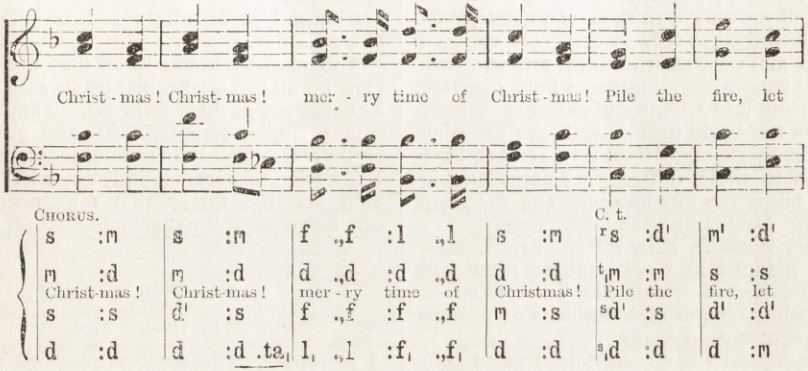
s :m	l .,l :s .,m	r : .s,	d :r	m :-.f	s .,fe :s .,l		
true will	love the good old	strain; The	song of	hope fac as	the wide world		
d :d	d .,d :d .,d	t, : .s,	d :r	m :-.r	m .,re :m .,f		
dence still	scat-ters round our	way; Why	mag - ni -	fy each	lit - tle ill that's		
s :s	f .,f :s .,s	s : .s,	d :r	m :-.s	s .,l :s .,f		
tell what	trou-bles may ap -	pear? Thro'	storm and	shine let's	no - bly do our		
m :d	f .,f :m .,d	s, : .s,	d :r	m :-.d	d .,d :d .,d		

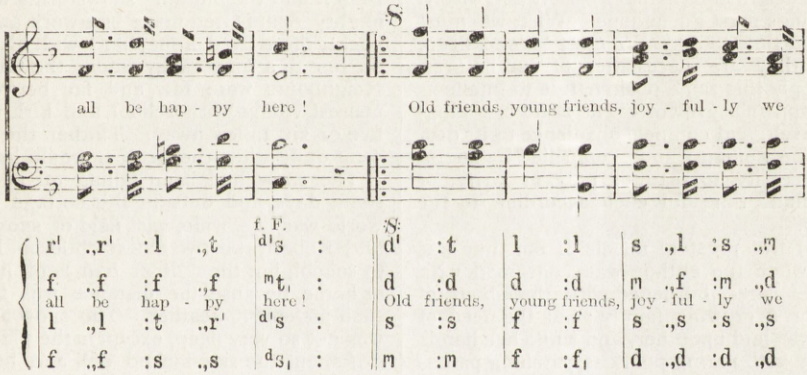


s :m .,s	l :t	d' :l	s .,s :f .,r	d :- .			
ran - ges, And	thou - sands	leap to	hear it yet a -	gain!			
m :d .,d	d :d	d :d	d ..d :t, .,t,	d :- .			
press - ing? 'Tis	wi - ser	far with	cheer-ful heart to	say—			
s :s .,s	f :s	l :f	m .,m :r .,f	m :- .			
du - ty, And	each brave	heart will	find a glad New	Year!			
d :d .,m	f :f	f :f,	s, .,s, :s, .,s,	d :- .			

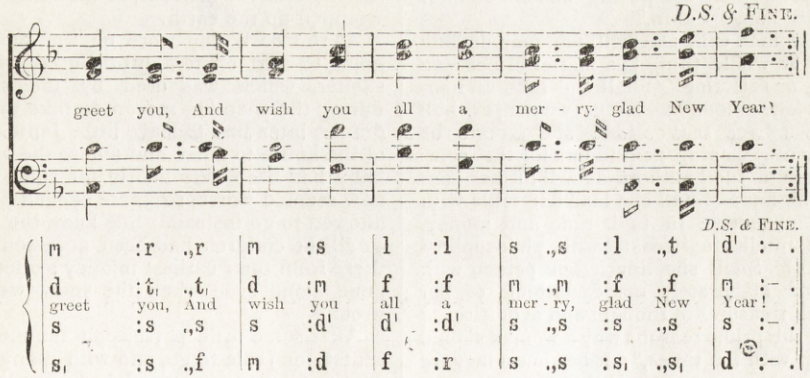
MERRY TIME OF CHRISTMAS!—*continued.*

CHORUS.





D.S. & FINE.



CULTIVATE THE MIND.—TO YOUNG WIVES.

THE young housekeeper who would keep her mind growing, and fresh and active, must give it daily food. This is the great rock on which so many barks strand or are wrecked. With all young wives, this the whole question resolves itself into a matter of choice.

Women the world over are always excusing themselves by saying, "Really I have not time to devote to these things. My best planning does not allow me any leisure. The days are too short. My family need all my time."

In every woman's daily life and avocation, if properly planned and systematized, there will be a little leisure which can be devoted to study, reading, acquiring knowledge or accomplishments of various kinds.

We must bend the circumstances to suit our necessity. The woman who would accomplish her soul's desire must manage closely and wisely. Some things must go undone. What we must do we find time to do. We must eat and sleep, because they are necessities of our natures. Let us apply this same positive rule to intellectual and spiritual growth. The mind is a kingdom in itself, and compels obedience to its own laws. The woman who is compelled by an inward necessity to read, or pray, or write, or lecture, finds time for each according to the necessity.

One of the greatest novels of our time was written when the author was consumed with household cares, burdened with the labour of caring for a growing family; but the need of writing was laid upon her, and while her hands were busy with paring potatoes, patching pantaloons, and other humble household occupations, her mind was busy composing the next chapter of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"If a woman will, she will, you may depend on't." The whole thing is a matter of her own choosing or rejecting. Shall she take an honourable place among intellectual women, or shall she take a back seat? Shall she forego the company of gossiping neighbours for the companionship of such authors as will lift her continually higher? Shall she load her table with dainties expensive in both time and money, or sit at intellectual feasts with philosophers and poets? Shall she adorn her person with costly and elaborately made clothing, or her mind with treasures of thought and acquisition?

One of the prime reasons why a woman should "keep up with the times," not become a laggard in this age of progression, is that she may be a companion worthy, or the peer mayhap, of her husband, and helpful to her children. An appreciative mother is the best friend of her children. To whom can they go fearlessly, freely, so certain of not being misunderstood, as to a good, sensible, clear-sighted mother? What haven like her breast, what comfort like her helpful words, what love brimming over is like unto hers?

Too many women, when they are married, give up all the intellectual feasts in which they so delighted in their girlhood. They go away from them, by stepping aside and giving their entire attention to their household and family. For a time this seems best, but with a will to hold fast the things that must needs be, she can be equal to the demands.—ROSILLA RICE.

A WINTER'S TALE.

BY UNCLE BEN.

FAR away in the north of Scotland, where the sheep are out all through the bleak, cold winter, and the blinding snowstorms with their mighty drifts often make bad work among the flocks, there lived a shepherd with his family at the foot of a long valley among the Grampians. Neighbours were few and far between; the nearest village with school and kirk was some five or six miles away. Thither the children went daily when the weather would let them.

The snow had been falling off and on for some days, and outside the cottage door the world was one wide, vast field of snow. Mary and Robert, the two eldest children, had gone to school, but the mother had kept little Janie at home, because the distance was too far in such inclement weather. The snow at present was not so very deep, except in the places of the drifts, but the sky looked dull and heavy, and there was no break in the low blue-grey clouds that covered the heavens, as the white sheet had wrapped up the earth.

As the dark day wore on the mother was going to start off to a little hut or shepherd's shelter, which was used by the sportsmen during the shooting season, to take the father's dinner, intending to leave little Janie in charge of the house to nurse and amuse the baby. But baby had been very poorly for some days and now seemed worse, so Janie begged hard to be allowed to go instead. She knew the way well, as all the children had been accustomed to go there from their earliest infancy; often had she gone alone even when the snow was on the ground.

After some little persuasion the mother consented for Janie to go, and with many words of caution—having wrapped her warmly up—she saw the little Highland lassie start upon her way. A few large flakes of snow were slowly sinking through the silent air; the wind was

still. The way lay right up the glen for about two miles, by the side of a burn or mountain stream that rushed down between the banks and fields of snow, looking almost as black as ink, except where it lashed itself into foam and spray ; the way was easy to find although it was very rough. It took Janie a long time to get to the little hut, for about half way the falling snowflakes steadily increased. And when she arrived with her basket all safely and pushed open the shaky door, she sat down to rest awhile, hoping father would come, as he generally did, about that time, and as the snowstorm was coming down in good earnest she thought father might let her stay until he could bring her home in the evening.

She waited what seemed to her a long time, and then not knowing what to do, thought again, as mother had told her to come back quickly, she ought not to wait but start at once for home, knowing the days were very short. When she stepped forth again it was to meet a thick blinding sheet of snow. Again she hesitated, not feeling sure what to do ; but knowing how uncertain her father's movements were in heavy storms, and thinking of her mother's words she began her journey home. But it was too much for the child's strength. All objects and signs which acted as landmarks to guide her vanished in the whitened air, and fear of falling into the stream made her step so far from it that all of a sudden she grew frightened because she could not hear its gurgle and its rush, and felt herself lost in the whirling, descending sheet of snow. After toiling and struggling for some time she sank down exhausted and heavy with sleep.

The father returned to the hut not long after little Janie had left, but the freshly fallen snow had obliterated all the little footprints, and he thought that his wife had been and left the basket.

But in the hut he kept his enemy, a black bottle of whiskey. He was not a drunkard ; a pure-hearted, honest fellow, who did well for his sheep, and would have been a noble man had it not been that he loved "a wee drap o' whiskey" more than anything else, and that "wee drap" became his master at times. He prided himself that he was very seldom drunk, and always knew when to leave off, and used to speak very hardly of those who drank less but showed the effects sooner. Company was never a temptation, it was simply the love of the whiskey ; he never drank before his family, although his wife had seen him come home much the worse for what he had taken. Very bad weather was always an excuse for his drinking more than usual. Now, he tried to ease his conscience by saying he must have a good pull at the whiskey to keep body and soul together on a day like this. And when he set out for home in the evening he had made himself dazed and unsteady. All the way Rover, his good sheep-dog, had seemed uneasy, and once or twice had whined and howled, and at one moment in the journey had rushed madly away not to return. But the shepherd did not notice his absence until he reached the cottage. There he learnt that Janie had started and had not returned, the mother thinking that owing to the terrible snowstorm the father had kept her till he could bring her. The other two children had returned with difficulty from school ; and now night was closing in, but Janie was missing, lost out in the glen.

And where was Rover, the good dog who loved them all as a faithful friend? Was he lost, too? Then there shot a pang into the father's heart. The whining of the dog and his absence were all plain now : the good creature had gone to watch over the little Janie. Was the dog more kind and humane than the father?

The sudden terror and shock had sobered him, and without much delay father and son started back up the glen to seek the child. The moon behind the dull, dark sky and the white snow made it light enough to see. About half way to the hut as the snowfall was decreasing, and the moon breaking through the clouds, they heard the long, distant barking of the dog. Guided by the sound, they hastened to find Janie, sunk into what they feared was the last long sleep, but they discovered to their joy it was only a stupor brought on by the cold, and that the child still lived. Had it not been for the dog she would have perished. Rover found her, tried to draw her out of the snow in which she was almost buried; then he licked her hands and face, and kept rubbing against the unconscious form and barking loudly as if calling for help ; but he never left the child until help came. And when the shepherd came up and saw Janie and the devotion of Rover, then he knew for certain the cause of the dog's anxiety and his absence, and felt that he had been a truer friend than her own father was when under the influence of drink.

They carried the little one home, and great indeed was the joy when through the restoring efforts of the mother the child opened her eyes. The father's thankfulness was almost beyond words; and he said that from that day forth he would give up all whiskey-drinking. And a great and good change it wrought in him.

Once, some time after, when the mother was speaking of that snowstorm and how nearly Janie might have lost her life, and how great a blessing it was that God had spared her, saying, too, what great and sudden changes come to us sometimes, how we all ought to be prepared for



any change, even that of death, "for we know not what a day may bring forth," the father replied, "It seems to me as some people even in this world live sae near heaven, it will be na change at last, only ganging hame, just passing from this world of rough weather to the Father's house on high, where comes na cold and snaw, like when we brought the wee bairnie back to you, mother."

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

HOLD up the light, true temperance light:
Heed not the cold world's cruel slight—
The unholy jest, the laugh of scorn,
Whene'er a noble truth is born.
With nothing but itself to please,
And sunk in vain, luxurious ease,
The world is ready those to slight
Who fain would guide mankind aright.

Hold up the light, all foes despite;
For every cause that's good and right
Will gain fresh conquests over sin
With every triumph that you win.
A war with vice and crime ye wage;
Nor slacken in your holy rage
Against ought which our race would blight.
Hold up the light, hold up the light.

Hold up the light with all your might;
Put selfishness behind you quite.
Who hoards the light and truth he gains
In worse than poverty remains;
He fails to sow the precious seed
Which would himself and others feed;
He reaps not, for he has no right—
Who hoards his grain, withholds the light.

Hold up the light, true temperance light,
And earth will blossom fair and bright;
For knowledge from all hindrance freed,
Will raise and bless our race indeed;
Religion bid all tumult cease,
And bring the time of joy and peace,
When man shall nobly aid the right,
And rise to liberty and light.

DAVID LAWTON.

A BAND OF HOPE MEDAL.

BY A. J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER III.—FATHER AND SON.

"WHAT'S the matter?" shouted some of the excited crowd.

"A man run over," was the reply.

"Give the poor fellow air," was the command of the more thoughtful of the people.

How intolerant is a London crowd; how the idle busybodies crowd around the unfortunate sufferer; how they rob him of light and air, and hinder the good offices of those who are seeking to impart some remedy.

Mrs. Williams and Florence gazed for a moment on the excited people, and then as if inspired by some unseen power, they drew near the crowd, and immediately a pathway was made for them, many of the people saying out loudly, "Make room for the ladies."

"Make haste to the hospital; the man has fainted," was the good woman's command.

It was not five minutes' walk to the hospital; here the man was quickly removed to a bed in the accident ward, restoratives were administered, and the extent of the danger ascertained. It was a dangerous affair. There was a serious wound at the back of the head, and several of the man's ribs were broken.

"With care the man may recover; all depends on the strength of his constitution and the state of his blood at the time of the accident." This was the doctor's verdict.

The man was too exhausted to give his name; the anxious lady was obliged to leave the hospital with a promise to come the next day.

"The poor man looks as if he had seen better days," remarked Florence, as they walked home. "I wonder who he can be; do you think he will recover?"

"It is impossible to tell; medical skill can do wonders at the present day, but just as the doctor said, all depends on the condition of the man's strength."

All night the nurse watched beside the bed of the man. It was just beginning to get light, when the sufferer opened his eyes, and, making signs for writing materials, wrote upon a slate the name of William Stephens, and the address, 2, Bevis Rents, W——. No time was lost in informing the now almost delirious wife, whose nervous condition forced her to the conclusion that some accident had happened to her husband, so that when Mrs. Williams and Florence paid their promised visit to the hospital they found, to their great surprise, Johnny and his mother gazing on the face of a dying man.

Partial consciousness had returned to the man; holding the hand of his wife and son, he uttered feeble but impressive words:—

"Johnny, my boy, don't drink—curse the drink. Emily, pardon me; keep the children from the drink. God have mercy on me."

A few almost inaudible words followed, and then the lips closed for ever.

What a sad end! The unhappy father, to satisfy that unutterable craving for the drink, had sold his son's clothes, had soon become in-

toxicated, was then run over by an omnibus, and in less than twenty-four hours his lifeless body remained as a testimony to the fearful consequences of tampering with an enemy that spares neither age nor station.

"This man would probably have recovered if his blood had not been poisoned by alcohol." The doctor uttered these words to the students who stood round the body when a medical examination of the cause of death took place. "And," he added, "I hope the day will come when medical men will only administer alcohol in the most extreme cases; the danger arising from taking only a very small quantity completely balances any good results that may arise from its use. Look to it, young men; you must by your private and public influence be workers in the great temperance reformation."

The students looked at each other in surprise as they walked quietly away from the medical theatre.

"Another victim to an evil habit" might have been inscribed on the grave of the unfortunate Mr. Stephens; but he had contracted this bad habit with the full sanction of the society he mingled with; many of them were exemplary in their moderate use of intoxicating drinks, he was the unhappy exception; thus led on by thoughtless companions, he became the victim of an evil habit which he struggled in vain to conquer. How true are the words of the poet—

> "Bad habits gather by unseen degrees,
> As brooks run rivers—rivers run to seas."

Mrs. Williams had never found herself surrounded with such trouble before, a widow with three orphan children. What could she do with them, and how could she help them?

The first duty was to find them a home, and that most speedily. The second was to find the mother some employment, and then to work to place the girls in some orphanage where they could be properly trained.

All this was accomplished in time.

Johnny was left. What could be done for him? The boy refused every offer for his further education. He would at once begin the business of life.

"No, no," he said, "I must, and will, work for my living, and do all I can to help my mother."

Mr. Richard Williams, stationer and bookseller, was in want of a lad to run errands and do little jobs; how could he further his mother's scheme of love better than by taking Johnny into his employ? Thus it was arranged.

"God bless you, my son," said the fond mother, "and give you grace to be honest truthful, and straightforward in all you undertake to do in this busy life."

"I will try, mother. I am but a poor boy; but God has sent us kind friends. I shall soon be older, and be able to work hard for you and sisters."

"Good-bye, my darling son, let your prayer be constantly through the day, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'"

Johnny started off with a bold heart, and he found that difficulties melt away when met with a determination to conquer.

CHAPTER IV.—INDUSTRY REWARDED.

TEN years have passed away in the history of Johnny Stephens. The lad of twelve is now the young man of twenty-two; he is now known as Mr. John. The once poor boy, dependent on the charity of others, is now able to maintain both himself and his mother in a comfortable position.

These ten years were not years of ease, but years of hard work and diligent study, for what can a lad do in this busy world without intelligence, and industry to make that intelligence useful? Industry is the secret of success. It is related of the great Benjamin Franklin, that, when working as a printer, it was a common saying among his neighbours, that the light was burning in his window when they woke in the morning, and was still burning when they retired to rest at night.

Now let us see how our little hero had spent these ten years of work. No sooner had he settled down in Mr. Williams' shop than he determined to repair that loss of education that circumstances had compelled him to suffer. He found a cheap evening school, and here he spent several hours on three evenings of the week, preparing his lessons in the early morning before going to business.

English grammar was one of his first studies, and to understand the language properly he read a number of English Classics, which he borrowed from a circulating library; then he tried his hand at French, and persevered with such zeal, that though his accent was rather imperfect, he could read with ease his *Sainte-Bible* and the works of Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo. Geography, history, shorthand, and other subjects occupied his thoughts, and carried him along joyfully over those years when the youthful are exposed to such great temptations, and are often so influenced that the blooming days of youth pass away without proper advantage being taken of them.

It is a noble sight to see a young fellow struggling amidst difficulties to push his way in the world, and at last outstripping many of those

who started the race of life with him. John Stephens was one of such, and though he toiled for a good education he did not neglect to devote some of his time to labours of love. Considering that he owed much of his happiness to the influence of the Band of Hope, he was a constant attendant at the meetings, and in time occupied the honourable position of secretary.

While John Stephens had toiled, so had his master. Industry had brought great reward to Richard Williams, an increased business, an enlarged fortune, and City honours. He had been elected a Common Councilman, and expected to be an Alderman so soon as a vacancy occurred in his ward; many important matters occupied his attention, and he found himself constantly obliged to neglect the responsible portion of his business.

He felt the necessity of having some one who would relieve him of responsibility, and in whom he could have perfect confidence that all was going on right. Who better for such a position than John Stephens, who had deserved so well of his employer, and had proved himself so faithful a servant during ten years?

It somewhat startled John to receive one morning a letter inviting him to dine with Mrs. Williams and her son at their new residence at Kensington. He knew that notwithstanding his former benefactor had risen in the estimation of the world, she was still the same kind, indulgent, sympathetic friend as ever, and knowing that invitations coming from her were really intended for acceptance, he politely expressed his intention of being present.

"How changed I am," thought John, as he walked from the railway-station. "Ten years ago the poor outcast, ready to earn a penny at any menial occupation, and now in a good situation, having a good salary, and invited to my master's house. Indeed I ought to be thankful, and I intend to be; and I will pay back with all my heart the kindness shown to me."

Mrs. Williams received John with all her usual simplicity and grace, and John, though unaccustomed to such a bill of fare as was presented to him, felt quite at home, and entered into the conversation of his friends with all eagerness.

After dinner John accompanied his friends to the drawing-room, and in the absence of Richard, Mrs. Williams called John to her side.

"Mr. Stephens," she said, "I have known you now for ten years, and I congratulate you on the noble manner in which you have succeeded in your endeavours both to educate and improve yourself."

"Thank you, madam; for all that I have gained I am indebted to your kindness. I shall ever feel grateful for all you have done for me and my family."

"My own efforts would have proved useless if you had not assisted them. I often think of the morning when you first made our acquaintance. Do you know what first caused me to feel such an interest in your welfare?"

"No, madam; but I imagine you were interested in my unhappy condition, and that you pitied my miserable prospects and surroundings."

"That was only partly the cause. I always feel for a hungry child; but there are some poor that have no ambition, no striving after a better life. I could see that you were not tied down to your lowly state, and, moreover, you were not ashamed to own your allegiance to a cause which then had many opponents—the cause of total abstinence."

John was a little confused at this, his face became scarlet; in his confusion he pulled his watch out of one pocket, and his pencil out of another; something fell from his hand and rolled along the carpet, it was the Band of Hope Medal again. He hastily picked it up, and hid it out of sight.

"Don't be ashamed of your medal, Mr. Stephens," said Mr. Williams, kindly; "I look upon that little ornament as one of the best friends you and I have ever had. It first directed me to consider what I could do for you, and I trust you will not discard your old friend."

"My medal, my medal," thought John, "thou hast indeed been a good friend to me. I will hand thee down to posterity, with the greatest care."

"Mr. Stephens," continued Mr. Williams, "you know that my son, with his numerous engagements, finds it very difficult to keep pace with the business; he wishes to hand over much of the responsible business to another. Our joint wish is that you should accept the position of junior partner, and as a mark of our esteem, you shall receive such a share of the profits, as if you had placed a large capital in the firm."

John was overcome with surprise; he could only realize that all was not a dream when Mr. Richard Williams shook him by the hand and wished his partner long life and prosperity.

You will not be surprised to know that there is another Mrs. Stephens now, and little children are found roaming about a beautiful house, and a smiling grandmother is sometimes seen to open a costly carved oaken box, and taking from its satin bed a simple Band of Hope medal, she explains the cause of their father's fortune, and exhorts them to carry out the good advice impressed upon the medal, "HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

To resist temptation once is not a sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, indeed, were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie, when he is sure his master does not know how much there is of it, he would give strong proof of honesty. But this is a proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humanly speaking, there is a degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury; and if he is overcome you share his guilt.—*Johnson.*

He that would travel for the entertainment of others should remember that the great object of remark is human life. Every nation has something in its manufactures, its works of genius, its medicines, its agriculture, its customs, and its policy. He only is an useful traveller who brings home something by which his country may be benefited; who procures some supply of want, or some mitigation of evil, which may enable men to compare their condition with that of others; to improve it wherever it is worse, and, wherever it is better, to enjoy it.—*Idler.*

Scientific Fact.—The iron horse has but one ear—the engineer.

Courtesy is a powerful aid to him who gives and him who receives. Treat even a base man with respect, and he will make at least one desperate effort to be respectable. Courtesy is an appeal to the nobler and better nature of others to which that nature responds. It is due to ourselves. It is the crowning grace of culture, the stamp of perfection upon character, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood when full blown.

The man who dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls woke up and found that the bed-clothes had tumbled off.

Inferential.—Said Brown to Fogg, who had been indulging in some of his vagaries: "Excuse my mentioning it, but now that we are alone, let me remind you that there are always a fool and a critic in every company." "Two is a small company," replied Fogg, "but why do you call me a critic?"

Rembrandt's First Painting.—In the museum at Rotterdam is a rough, uninteresting painting—it is more a daub than a painting, and the keenest observer cannot discover any mark on it of genius or of skill. By its side hangs a masterpiece, whose value is almost beyond calculation. The artist of the two is the same—the renowned Rembrandt—and years of patient, earnest study and toil intervene between the two paintings.

"Isn't that a perfect likeness of me?" said she. "No," said Leander; "it looks too quiet about the mouth." She didn't look so for the next ten minutes.

A young widow has married again. An old friend of the family reproaches her discreetly. "I am sure, my dear," he says gently, "that you have not chosen as you might have done. Had your poor husband been alive, he would never have let you make such a match."

A Cooking Club.—The rolling-pin.

An Old and Famous Composer.—A dull sermon.

Statement and Comment at the Domestic Board.—"Darling, this potato is only half done." ."Then eat the done half, love."

Acts, looks, words, form the alphabet by which you spell character.

Let no one overload you with favours; you will find it an unsufferable burden.

Thomas Hood, driving in the country one day, observed a notice beside a fence, "Beware of the dog." There not being any sign of a dog, Hood wrote on the board, "Ware be the dog?"

"Tom, where can I get a good two-foot rule?" "I can give you one right on the spot, John." "Well, let's have it." "Don't wear tight boots. That rule applies to both feet."

"I say, Jim," inquired a young urchin of his companion, who was but a few years older than himself, "what does 'p.m.' mean after them figures on that there railway bill?" Jim responded, conscious of his own wisdom, "Penny a mile, to be sure!" "Well, and 'a.m.'?" "Oh, that means—that means," said Jim, hesitating—"that means a a'penny a—mile!"

A book with a loose leaf should be bound over to keep the piece.

"Let us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly and say, 'See baby, papa?'" "Yes," replied Johnny; "and I will say, 'Don't bother me now. I want to look through the paper!'" Children have strange ideas of grown folks' ways, now—haven't they?

When a person declares that his "brain is on fire," is it etiquette to blow it out?

The best way of raising money is by the lever of industry. The griping miser raises his by screw power.

"Woman," says Mrs. Eastman, "is a problem." So she is; and though a problem we can never hope to solve, it is one we shall never, never be willing to give up.

THE LITTLE QUARTERMASTER.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Blossom and Blight;" "Sought and Saved;" "Tim's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour wear through the darkest day."
—SHAKESPEARE.

MR. HAYLER set out for home that evening accompanied by Ted Hatherly, with the welcome feeling that in the young mate he had found the very companion he could wish for his son in the projected journeyings amidst foreign scenes, that he hoped might tend to wean him from his present evil courses. Ted, on his part, looked forward with interest and pleasure to a renewal of his acquaintance with Mrs. Hayler, whose gentle manners and uniform kindness to himself had greatly endeared her to his grateful heart.

But when they arrived at the comfortable residence of Mr. Hayler, at Notting Hill, Ted had a consciousness that the house somehow looked gloomy, and he involuntarily contrasted it with the appearance of the residence in Cheetham Road, Manchester, to which Mr. Hayler had conducted him so many years ago, and which, late as it was at night, had seemed to glow with welcome. True, he was not expected now, but the husband and father was, the one for whom the fire should blaze most brightly, the lights gleam most cheerily, and the loving wife or child wait most affectionately. Mr. Hayler turned the key in his door, and entered.

"They must be out," he said half apologetically to Ted.

At that moment a policeman looked out into the hall from the door of the dining-room. Mr. Hayler's heart seemed to stand still. What had happened?

"Mr. Hayler?" queried the man respectfully.

"Yes."

"Will you be good enough to come in here, sir?"

"Ted," said Mr. Hayler in a low voice, as he opened the door of another room, "will you go in there and wait till we come to you? I do not understand this business at all. My poor boy; my poor, poor boy!"

Ted could only wring Mr. Hayler's hand in deep sympathy, and obey. It was the drawing-room he entered, a well-furnished, handsome apartment, in which only a faint light shone from the one gas bracket that had been lighted. He sat down and wondered what it could all mean. His thoughts reverted to many very different scenes, and it is not to be wondered at that he came to the conclusion at that moment that strong drink is at the bottom of a very great proportion of the misery and unhappiness that are so rife in this Old World of ours. Drink in his mother had spoilt his own home, and made his father a hopeless man when his own sobriety, high character, and industry should have made him a happy and prosperous one. Drink had spoiled the generous nature of Ebenezer Raymond, rendering him, when drunk, as dangerous as an infuriated madman to those who came near him; and now, in this home which might have been so richly blessed, drink was working the cruellest woe, and spoiling the fairest promise.

Mr. Hayler, on entering the dining-room, encountered his weeping wife and his unhappy son. The crisis had come. After patiently waiting for some time, the tradesmen had determined to arrest him on a charge of fraud. Ernie, though not of age by two or three years, had represented himself as more than twenty-one, until now, when being called upon to pay, he had declared his minority—a statement which had of course been confirmed by his mother. Having had some reason to fear the impending disgrace, he had spent the day away from home—fishing—but had been followed to the house, when he returned to it at dusk. He tried to brave it out, but he knew well how his father, who was honest to the last farthing, would view the disgraceful business.

One of Mr. Hayler's first questions was as to the goods for which he had gone so heavily in debt—there were three creditors whose claims were most pressing, a wine and spirit merchant, a jeweller, and a tailor. Mrs. Hayler was in an agony lest her husband should refuse to pay, and Ernie should be taken to prison. She went to him, clasped her hands upon his shoulder, and entreated him, as he loved her, to release their poor child by immediate payment.

"Trust to me, dear; trust to me," said Mr. Hayler, kindly soothing her.

His meeting with Ted Hatherly that day had happened opportunely. He had questioned a little the young man's right to leave his adopted father, and now he told himself that whatever Ernie did he must, in order to win him back to paths of rectitude, prove himself merciful and forgiving to him.

"If you will give me two hours in which to make arrangements," he said to the policeman, "and meanwhile remain here in charge of my poor boy, I undertake to endeavour to satisfy the claims he has so rashly and wrongly contracted."

Ernie started to his feet. "You will pay the money for me, father?" he asked. He had been sitting hitherto leaning his head forward on the elbow of the couch, and thus keeping his face hidden from the sight of every one. It was sad to see

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how worn, how haggard, how old the lad looked, when he should have been fresh and beautiful with the bloom of his youth upon him. Ernie Hayler, like many another, had been spoiling his early manhood even before he reached it, degrading it from that holy, noble, glorious age which God intended it to be, full of aspirations, full of work, full of ambition upward, Godward, heavenward.

"I will pay this time, but I warn you it will be the last time, Ernest," said his father gravely. "Now I have an old friend to introduce to you and to leave with you during my necessary absence in the city."

"Not now, father, whatever you do, not now; it is the last moment in which I will see anybody," said Ernie, withdrawing moodily to the couch.

Mrs. Hayler looked at her husband in surprise, and said entreatingly, "Don't bring in anybody to see our misery, our disgrace."

"You will not mind Ted Hatherly, dear; he knows too well what misery drink can cause. Ted!" called Mr. Hayler, and Ted Hatherly immediately made his appearance. "Drink works different kinds of trouble, you see, Ted; but now I want you to stay here with Mrs. Hayler and Ernie till I return."

"Certainly, Mr. Hayler." Ted advanced to his old friend, and accosted her with the utmost delicacy and kindness. She began to feel her husband was right, and that Ted's presence was a relief. He sat beside her, and engaged her attention concerning his own life abroad, so as really to wile away less grievously the time of Mr. Hayler's absence, and ever by word and tone and gesture he made her pleasantly, though unobtrusively, aware of his deep sympathy.

A few hours later all had been arranged, and Ernie was free from the dreadful restraint of the policeman's presence at the cost of a heavy pecuniary payment made by his father to spare him from disgrace. Mr. Hayler had determined at once to make known to his son his plans concerning him, which he had matured quickly as the most effectual means of saving his child from himself. As soon as possible, within two or three days, Ernie, accompanied by Ted Hatherly, would set out for the Continent. Ted was to be entrusted with all money necessary for the journey, after the tickets and coupons, now so easily to be obtained, had been purchased. Not until Ernie had proved himself in some good degree trustworthy, by continued abstinence from his old enemy, strong drink, were any funds to be furnished to him.

"You have not had money of late you know, Ernie," said his father drily; "the only difference will be that you must learn to keep your hands from picking and stealing."

"Stealing, father?" Ernie's face flushed angrily.

"Whatever you, and others like you, may call it, Ernie, it is best that you should know it *is* stealing when men or women take things from shops under promise of payment, for which they have no means to pay. Indeed, there is also the added sin of wilful lying to make the transaction altogether worse than that of a common pickpocket. And if I had my way I would make giving credit, on the part of shopkeepers, so dangerous to their pockets that they should almost, if not quite, give up the practice."

"Wouldn't that practically put an end to business, sir?" asked Ted, to whom Mr. Hayler's proposal was a very new idea.

"Not a bit of it, Ted. It would make business something better than financial legerdemain, that's all."

Ernie did not dislike, considering the "unfortunate mess" he had been in, his father's plan of travel for him, and the young men set out. But at Dieppe, on their way to Paris, their plans of progress were interfered with by the failure of Ernie's health. Never very robust, and exposed of late to a physical and mental strain greater than his constitution could bear, he sickened of fever, just as there came from his home the intelligence that Mrs. Hayler was alarmingly ill. Then followed on both sides of the channel weary hours of suspense and anxiety; the poor mother sighed for a sight of the son who lay day after day half unconscious of everything that was passing around him, only rousing perhaps to ask plaintively why mamma would not come to him. Ted Hatherly was his devoted nurse. All the kindnesses the Haylers had showered on him from the day when they had taken a fancy to the little Quartermaster on board the *Mount Edgecumbe*, up to the present moment, were richly repaid by the young mate's assiduous care of Ernie. His good health, for which he had so largely to thank his teetotal habits, made him almost insensible to fatigue. Night after night he watched beside him, day after day he ministered to his necessities; it would have been difficult to find a truer instance of unselfish devotion.

At last the cloud lifted, both at the comfortable lodgings in Dieppe and at the Haylers' residence in Notting Hill, both the beloved patients were out of danger. The effect of the intelligence of his mother's alarming illness had been very marked upon Ernie. Now was the time to work, if ever, thought Ted, and he gently and judiciously pressed upon his young companion the need for a thorough reform in his life, if his mother's happiness as well as his own were to

be ensured. Ernie, softened by pain, and conscious how Ted had devoted himself to him, listened, and by degrees old things for him "passed away, and all things became new." There grew within him a feeble hope that he might yet win a place among good men, that he might yet live to redeem the sad past, and to be the blessing and joy to his mother and father which God intends every child to be.

"Suppose I were to sign the pledge again, Ted, as a first step, do you think that would please her?" he asked one day.

"I do not think, I know," responded Ted warmly, and he brought pen and ink and paper for Ernie to sign. Ernie wrote on the sheet of paper, and then handed it to Ted.

"Will that do? I never drew up a pledge before, but that was something like my old one."

Ted read aloud :—"I promise, by God's help, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and to avoid all contact with them as far as possible, knowing my weakness, and to discourage their use to the best of my power."

"I never noticed that clause before, Ernie," said Ted, smiling and pointing to the words, "and to avoid all contact with them as far as possible, knowing my weakness."

"Perhaps not," said Ernie, and Ted's smile was reflected on his wan face, "but perhaps also you never knew such a poor helpless kind of mortal to sign the pledge before."

"We are all weak enough," said Ted, "till Giant Duty takes our part and fights against Giant Drink."

"Tell me that old story again, Ted," said Ernie, "I know you used to be fond of it. I can't write more now. But before post closes, you must bolster me up to add five words to poor mother, and send her my unique pledge."

With some difficulty this was accomplished ; and after it Ernie Hayler went to bed and to a quieter, more peaceful sleep than he had known for many weeks.

That night a storm broke over the channel, and there was great excitement through the town. Ted Hatherly's room commanded a view of the sea, and no sailor could hear unmoved the noise of the booming waves and roaring winds. Finding it impossible to sleep, and discovering that Ernie was undisturbed, Ted dressed himself and went out on to the pier. A crowd was gathered there. At some little distance from the coast, a small craft was seen struggling for shore. Judging from the lightness of the vessel and the terrible force of the storm, and the fact that a high tide was running in, there were many anxious forebodings respecting her.

"You can't leave her to perish anyhow," exclaimed Ted; "who'll go with me in a boat to her help?"

There were at first no volunteers. "Some of you understand English, don't you?" inquired Ted excitedly.

Many nodded. "Then tell the other fellows what I say ; you won't let me say an Englishman is braver than a Frenchman, will you?"

The words were translated, some smiled, others shook their heads. Then Ted glanced at the great crucifixes on the pier, with the figure of the dying Christ, and got his plea from them.

"For the love of Christ," and he pointed to one of the figures, "give me your help for those poor sailors out there."

Superstition, or something still better, made them now yield to his request. Very soon a boat was manned, and Ted was off with the other men, bounding as swiftly as strong hands could make her go against wind and tide towards the struggling vessel—a coaster; and as they drew nearer something so familiar to his eyes about her whole appearance made his heart beat faster even than excitement and hard toil had done. Who should know the cut of her if he did not? Had he not been her mate, had he not sailed in her up and down the Australian coasts, to India, and even to America on one occasion? "*The Two Friends*," the name always associated in his own mind with her Captain-owner and the dear, brave father who was laid to rest in Plymouth Cemetery.

Who was on board? Had he come out to rescue once more from threatening death the very same man his father had rescued in the days that were past? Was Honoré on board, the fair young maiden whom he had had to shield sometimes, ah! several times too often, from the terror of her father's drunken fury? Whoever was on board must be saved, if hands could save them. Duty, with clear voice, told him that. The boat was safely steered under *The Two Friends*, and Ted with difficulty got up her side and on board. Captain Raymond, Honoré, and the five sailors were gathered on deck, waiting silently for their only chance of deliverance. *The Two Friends* was doomed, dear life was the only thing to be thought of now. With great trouble and some risk, all of them were got into the Dieppe boat, and thus heavily laden, they began to pull for the shore. However frightened Honoré might feel, she acted the part of a heroine now. There were no weak exclamations, no tears, no sobs ; calmly, with a sweet, sad look of patient resignation on her young face, she awaited what might come—Death or Life. Ted Hatherly looked at her with eyes that were dim for her dear sake, looked at her, and thought for some moments of her alone. Never had she seemed



so lovely as in those awful moments, never had her character been more worthy of admiration. How was it he had never estimated aright how fair, how good, how sweet she was till now, when at any moment he might lose her? Why had he left her to take this cruel voyage without him—a voyage that had thus imperilled her safety, her precious life?

A sudden plunge, the rudder slipped from the hand of the seaman who guided the boat; as the big wave engulfed them, they were all immersed in the boiling waves. No time for thought, only for safety, if possible, by swimming to the shore. Ted saw Captain Raymond, and tried to help him.

"Save Honoré, save Honoré, Ted; never mind me!"

The poor skipper's unselfish love spoke at last in that terrible moment. But where was Honoré? The gleam of a white face and long dark hair: Ted drew the dear form towards him. Thank God, she was not dead! The eyes opened, and the lips moved. "Father!" Is anything so beautiful as self-sacrifice? Ted loved her better for that word.

"He will be saved, Honoré; let me save you!"

A new strength seemed given to him with that great need. Never before had he been able to swim with such steady force, such grand

breadth of stroke. Ah! those fierce waves, how they dashed around him; as if they coveted Honoré, and would tear her from his grasp. Alas! he is failing in power; the struggle is too much; his senses are going. Another stroke, another, yet one more! His eyes are getting dim. Hurrah! Hurrah! But is the cheer for him? The shore is nearing now; only another stroke, and then—with desperate force he flings Honoré from him on the beach, to fall himself, he knows not how or where—he is senseless!

People are hurrying to and fro in anxious excitement; men bear to places prepared for them the exhausted, fainting, half-drowned occupants of the boat as they bring them in, picked up from the waves. Ted Hatherly is known by some, and borne away along with the form of Honoré to the house where he is lodging. Hot beds are ready, medical aid is at hand, and before many hours have elapsed, those who had been so nearly the victims of the storm are all—save one—in a fair way to recover. All save one. One poor sailor has succumbed to the fury of the waves.

Ted Hatherly has broken his arm, and is terribly exhausted, but he has sense enough to push away the brandy they try to give him, and to demand instead "coffee." Captain Raymond sits beside him soon, and Honoré flits into the room, and asks softly, "How is he?" of her father. Ernie Hayler listens with sympathy in his own room to the landlady's story of the wreck, and the noble exploits of "*Meestare* Hatherly."

The Little Quartermaster has not been saved for nought, and soon England learns with pride, and Plymouth and Saltash with delight, of the grand heroism of this young son of the dear old land. The Albert medal of the second class from his Queen, and many another from various humane societies, fitly reward him for his bravery. But he has rewards he prizes even more than these.

"I know I can't please you better, Ted, dear lad, than by taking the temperance pledge,' says Captain Raymond, with his arm around Honoré; "and as for Honoré here, she hasn't thanked you yet she says, and she knows best what will thank you most. You have broken down my self-sufficiency, Ted. I am a poor weak man, good for nothing but to receive God's goodness, and to cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" Ted draws Honoré to him, and whispers something that causes a bright blush on her sweet face.

"What does he say, Honoré?" asks the skipper.

"Only that I belong to him," she whispers, hiding her face upon her father's shoulder.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

A MOTHER, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a boy, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood at the garden gate one morning, she said:—

"Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of seamen's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," said he, for he told the story, "I gave the promise and went the world over, to Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, and the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes; and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half; "for," still continued he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty years."

"'Do you know me?'

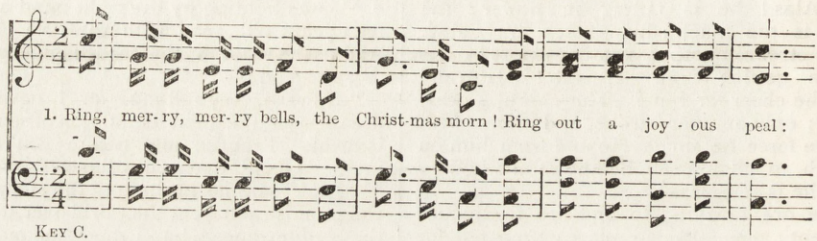
"'No.'

"'Well,' said he, 'I was brought into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside: you took me to your berth, and kept me there until I had slept off my intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I never heard a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest ships in New York harbour, and I have come to ask you to come and see me.'"

How far the little candle throws its beams—the mother's words on the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power exerted by the utterance of a single word!

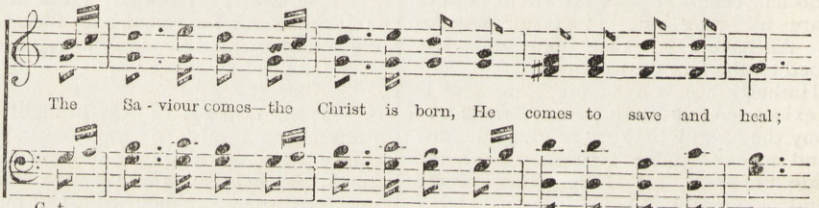
AN EASY PLACE WANTED.—Henry Ward Beecher some time since received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request: "Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor, if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops, and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practise medicine. Be not a farmer or a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of these are easy. Oh, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real easy place in it. That is the grave!"

RING, MERRY BELLS!



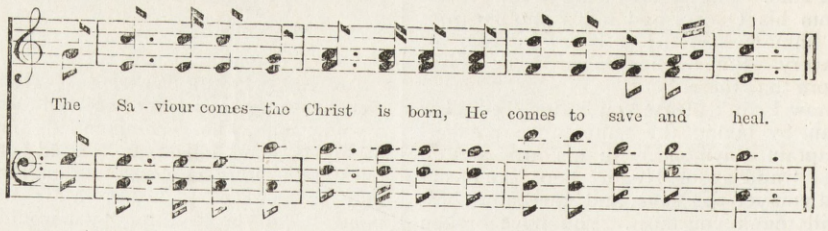
KEY C.

.d'	s ,s .m ,m :f .r	s .,m :d .s	l .l :t .t	d' :- .
2. Ring	merry, merry bells! there	com-eth here The	wondrous truth at	last,
.d'	s ,s .m ,m :f .r	s .,m :d .m	f .f :f .f	m :- .
3. Ring	merry, merry bells! our	heavenly load We	lay re - joi - cing	down,
.d'	s ,s .m ,m :f .r	s .,m :d .d'	d' .d' :r' .r'	d' :- .
4. Ring	merry, merry bells! your	ca - rols pour, Nor	let your glad - ness	cease;
.d'	s ,s .m ,m :f .r	s .,m :d .d	f .f :r .s	d :- .



G. t. f. C.

.t,m ,f	s .,l :s .m ,f	s .,l :s .m	r .r :s .s	d s :- .
By	an - cient King and	king - ly seer, So	longed for a - ges	past;
.s,d	d .,d :d .d	d .,d :d .d	t, .t, :t, .t,	d s :- .
For	by His cross we	gain the road To	our e - ter - nal	crown;
.s,d .r	m .,f :m .d ,r	m .,f :m .d .m	s .s :r .f	m t :- .
The	Won-der - ful, the	Coun-cil - lor, The	migh-ty Prince of	Peace;
.s,d	d .,d :d .d	d .,d :d .d	s, .s, :s, .s,	d s :- .



.s	d' .,d' :d' .s	l .,l :l .l	r' .r' :s .l ,t	d' :- .
By	an - cient King and	king - ly seer, So	longed for a - ges	past.
.s	m .,m :m .m	f .,f :f .f	f .f :f .f	m :- .
For	by His cross we	gain the road To	our e - ter - nal	crown.
.s	s .,s :s .d'	d' .,d' :d' .d'	f' .f' :r' .r'	d' :- .
The	Won-der - ful, the	Coun-cil - lor, The	migh-ty Prince of	Peace.
.s	d .,d :d .d	f .,f :f .f	r .r :s .s	d :- .

MABEL'S ERROR, AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

BY HARLAN E. WARD.

"ARE you going to have wine furnished at your party, Mabel?"

"Oh, certainly."

"I would not, if I were you. Charley Renselaer will be there of course, and you know what they say about him."

"Yes, I know, but I am not responsible for others' shortcomings, and if he chooses to drink himself to the verge of idiocy, it will not be my fault. I shall not urge him to drink."

"But remember, Mabel, that his mother is nearly distracted about it, and that the less temptation there is placed in his way, the better it will be for him. And as you are quite a leader of the fashions in this place, perhaps others might be led to imitate your example, which would thus result in great good."

Mabel Clifford tossed her pretty head disdainfully.

"Well, if I am a leader of the fashions, I don't choose to become a shining light among the teetotalers," she replied in accents of scorn.

"But just think how many hearts might be rejoiced by such a stand on your part against the prevailing folly. It would do more real good in this community than a dozen temperance speeches, and cost you nothing."

"There! Millicent Wayne! I'm all out of patience with you! You are the most provoking young lady it was ever my fortune to meet! Here you are preaching a whole portfolio of temperance discourses at me, and telling me besides, that it will cost me nothing to go directly contrary to the long-established customs of society! Why, if I should give a party without wine, Mrs. Grundy would have nothing else to talk about for a month!"

"Amiable lady, she! But do you care anything for what she says?"

"Of course I care. I wouldn't encounter her displeasure for the world!"

"But there is a power higher than Mrs. Grundy—the power of a right action; therefore, 'Be just and fear not!'"

"What will you do next, I wonder? A few minutes ago you were sermonizing, and now you're quoting texts of Scripture. I tell you, I must furnish wine at my party—common-sense and good breeding demand it."

"Not in the light I view it. But I have another reason for speaking of this—Augustine Howard is coming."

Mabel Clifford's face suddenly crimsoned.

"I don't care," she said, recovering from her confusion; "I shall have wine all the same."

Augustine Howard was Mabel Clifford's accepted lover. He had once been considered a pretty deep drinker, but about a year previously had quit the habit, and was now regarded as a rigid teetotaler.

"But would he like it if you furnished wine? I understand he is seriously opposed to this social drinking, and thinks the cup ought to be utterly banished."

Mabel gave her curls another toss.

"It makes no difference to me whether he likes it or not," she rejoined quickly. "He is nothing to me, and I am not obliged to be guided by his autocratic likes or dislikes."

"Nothing to you! Are you not engaged?"

"Well—yes, I meant that he has no right to dictate to me yet. It will be time enough for that by-and-by, you know. For the present, I claim the privilege to do as I like in all things."

Millicent Wayne did not urge her further. She felt it would be of no use, for Mabel had a will of her own, and being a spoiled heiress was not likely to yield. She therefore concluded to let the subject drop, and shortly after rose and took leave of her friend, promising to come to the party.

Mabel seriously reflected several times upon the expediency of dropping all intoxicating beverages from her list of refreshments, but the fear of what people would say effectually deterred her from doing so, and so the day of the party witnessed the arrival of the usual bountiful supply of champagne and other wines.

The hour arrived, and the guests began to make their appearance, and among them came Augustine Howard and Charles Renselaer. There were the usual greetings, and then the festivities began.

Somehow it seemed that Augustine Howard had never been so brilliant as he was that evening. True his cheek was very pale, and a certain air of wildness appeared to hang about him, but in the conversation he shone as the bright particular, intellectual star.

Mabel Clifford saw it, and as her accepted lover, she felt justly proud of him, and smiled her brightest when he approached the circle whereof she was queen.

Then came the wine. Mabel beheld his start of surprise when that appeared very complacently, but the mute appealing glance he cast towards where she sat puzzled and annoyed her. Some evil spirit put it into her heart to go over to him, and ask him to pledge her health in the sparkling Heidsick.

"Augustine," she said, taking up a brimming goblet, "gallantry demands this."

His pallor suddenly became ghastly, as he cried in a choking voice,

"Mabel, you know not what you do! for the

love of heaven, do not ask me to drink wine ; I am—"

Again the fiend stirred up the fountain of her heart.

"I do not ask it!" she interrupted coldly. "But I demand it, as a right. See the guests are all watching us!"

Without another word he took the glass and drained it to the bottom.

An hour later she had wandered out into the conservatory, and seated herself in a little miniature arbour, formed by clustering vines.

The sound of voices near by engaged in earnest conversation arrested her attention, and she paused to listen.

"It is too bad," said one speaker. "When the poor fellow came to the party, he was suffering from one of his periodical attacks of appetite, and when she herself asked him to drink he could not help it. And now he is wild with frenzy, and is just pouring down the wine, I can tell you."

"What could possess her?"

"I do not know, I'm sure ; but Satan himself must have inspired her, for there is no question but it will prove his ruin."

Mabel gasped for breath. There was no mistaking who was meant, and with a low sob of agony, she arose and hastened back into the drawing-room. As she entered a sudden oath broke upon the air, and the next instant a crash of a champagne glass told her that some of her guests had so far forgotten themselves as to come to blows.

Before she could press forward to interfere, there came a pistol shot and a low groan of mortal agony.

The group between parted, and she beheld a sight which seemed to burn into her reeling heart and brain, in lines of fire.

Augustine Howard was weltering in his own blood upon the floor, while Charley Renselaer stood over him, the murderous pistol still grasped in his hand.

With a shriek, in which anguish, horror, and remorse were blended, Mabel Clifford sank down insensible.

When she recovered, they told her what we here transcribe.

Maddened by the first glass, which she had pressed upon him, and with his appetite now fairly enkindled, Augustine Howard had continued to drink, until the fumes of the liquid had fairly crazed his brain. Charley Renselaer had also drunk deeply, and the two happening to meet, for some reason or other, which no one could explain, they grew angry, and Charley taunted him with breaking his pledge. Instantly he hurled the glass, which was in his hand, full in the other's face, and as soon as he could recover from the blow Charley drew a pistol and shot him dead ; for which deed, he had just been dragged to prison!

It was no wonder that Mabel Clifford when she heard this tale went into a brain fever, from which she was weeks in recovering. It was no wonder that in her long delirium, she was constantly calling upon her murdered lover for the forgiveness which could never come on this side heaven. It was no wonder that when health came back, she walked mournfully about the house, never regaining a measure of gaiety, and remaining silent and taciturn for years.

Charley Renselaer was duly tried for the murder, and sentenced to a long imprisonment, the court deciding that under the circumstances mercy ought to be extended. A sad pale-faced woman, clad in the deepest black, goes sometimes to see him, and her eyes are always dim with tears when she leaves his cell. She does not blame him for the murder of her lover, but she blames herself, for it is Mabel Clifford. And she believes that could the spirit of Augustine Howard witness her action he would approve of it.

And the sight of the wine-cup drives her almost frantic with grief, and horror, and remorse, which for evermore will haunt her pathway to the grave.

ONE GLASS OF RUM.

AT a meeting where temperance experiences were given, a man arose and told what one glass had done for him. He said—

"I had a little vessel on the coast : she had four men beside myself. I had a wife and two children on board ; the night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch that night. The seamen prevailed on him to take one glass to help him to perform his duties, but, being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck ; took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. After hours of suffering, the waves took my little one from my embrace ; then after more hours of suffering the waves swept my other little one from my wife's arms, and our two little dears were lost from us for ever. After more battling with the storm and waves, I looked at my wife, and behold she was cold in death I made my way to the shore, and here I am—my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions lost for 'one glass of rum.'"

WHAT is that which must play before it can work?—A fire-engine.

SITTING ON GRANDPA'S KNEE.

I AM now grown to manhood, but when I was a child, I had no dearer friend in the world than my good old grandfather. I cannot remember my dear mother, she died in my infancy; my father went to India, but never returned; he had an appointment under Government, but, like too many Englishmen, his fondness for strong drink rendered him unable to stand the excessive heat of the climate, so after a period of failing health, he died.

Grandfather and I were left alone in the old home. He had been a teetotaller for many years, and was also a man of great prudence and frugality. Those qualities kept him strong and hearty, and he lived to a good old age. Although I never knew a mother's love, I have to thank God for the tender care and watchfulness of my good old grandfather. Often, indeed, do I turn to a painting in my parlour, where I am sitting on grandpa's knee. There are few things that I prize more than this modest picture; it was given to me by my grandfather just before he died, with many words of counsel and advice, and I never look upon it without feelings of gratitude.

I have passed through many changes since those happy days of childhood, and have had a fair share of life's struggles; I can recall to memory many critical periods when my path seemed beset with danger and my mind, for the time, o'ercast with doubt and perplexity; but, like a cheering ray of sunlight, some good old saying of my grandfather would fly back to memory, and I would take heart again, and persevere in spite of difficulty.

SENSIBLE SAYINGS.

THERE are more apes than those with four legs. I am sorry to say they are found among working men as well as fine gentlemen. Fellows who have no estate but their labour, and no family arms except those they work with, will yet spend their little hard earnings at the beershop, or in waste. No sooner are their wages paid than away they go to the "Spotted Dog," or the "King's Head," to contribute their share of fools' pence towards keeping up the landlord's red face and round corporation. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow, and yet some men hardly know the flavour of it; but beer, guzzled down as it is by many a working man, is nothing better than brown ruin. Dull, droning blockheads sit on the ale bench and wash out what little sense they ever had. Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waster. In all other things keep within compass.

To young men the road up-hill may be hard, but at any rate it is open, and they who set stout hearts against a stiff hill shall climb it yet. What was hard to bear will be sweet to remember. If young men would deny themselves, work hard, live hard, and save in their early days, they need not keep their noses to the grindstone all their lives, as so many do. Let them be teetotalers for economy sake.

Water is the strongest drink; it drives mills; it's the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else. The beer money will soon build a house. Our working people are shamefully unthrifty, and so old England swarms with poor. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, workhouses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye do, my good fellow?" mean true respect, is a perfect simpleton. We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for labourers' good; if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house"? If I spend money for the good of any house, let it be my own, and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beerhouse is a bad friend, because it takes your all, and leaves you nothing but headaches.

He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together, is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, red lions, and tigers, and eagles, and vultures, are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm-tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public-house for happiness, climb a tree to find fish.

C. H. SPURGEON.

To cultivate sympathy between speaker and listener is one of the most effective means of intelligible conversation. It affords a common ground for both, where the power of the uttered words may be appreciated.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE prevailing manners of an age depend, more than we are aware of, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the woman. Those who allow the influence which female graces have in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct. How much then is it to be regretted that women should ever sit down contented to polish when they are able to reform, to entertain when they might instruct. Nothing delights men more than their strength of understanding, when true gentleness of manners is its associate ; united they become irresistible orators, blessed with the power of persuasion, fraught with the sweetness of instruction, making women the highest ornament of human nature.—*Dr. Blair.*

" DON'T waste your time in chipping off the branches, but lay your axe at the root of the tree," said the woodman to his son. And the young man went out and laid his axe at the foot of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy, and then went fishing.

BLUSHING HONOURS.—An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of poteen, was accosted by the reviewing general : " What makes your nose so red ?"—" Plase, your honour." replied the drummer, " I always blush when I spake to a gineral officer."

NOVEL INDUSTRY.—Writing a romance.

NOTE FOR THE " FANCY."—It is not generally known that only extreme fright can metamorphose a bull-dog into a cowed-dog.

ABOUT THE ASS AND THE PIT.—A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. " But," said the master, " does not your Bible say that if a man has an ass or an ox that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day, he may pull him out ?" " Yes," answered the convert ; " but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell that ass."

RELIGION.—Storms may rage around its base, but eternal sunshine crowns its summit.

IDLENESS is hard work to those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.

LEISURE is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

A FOND father boasted that he thought his son would be sure to make a good sculptor, " because," said he, " he ' chisels ' his schoolmates out of all their playthings."

A FISHERMAN'S occupation ought to be the most profitable, because his entire gross receipts are net profits.

FOND father : " Well, my son, how do you like college ? Your Alma Mater has turned out some great men." Young hopeful (who has been expelled) : " Yes, sir, she has just turned me out ! "

THE POLES.—Johnny is just beginning to learn geography. He says that the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other. It is so marked on the map.

IT is a little singular that when a tenant wants to hold his house for another year he always does his best to re-lease it.

SWINGING is said by the doctors to be very good exercise for a person's health ; but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

" DEAR ME ! " exclaimed young Fitzfrizzle ; " if I thought I was going to turn grey, I really believe I should die." He did turn grey, and soon thereafter he dyed.

WHEN once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts.

AN ignoramus, who had become suddenly rich, said to a gentleman, "You see I'm all right now. I don't need nothin' more."—" Except, perhaps, in grammar," suggested the gentleman.

" WILL you please insert this obituary notice ? " asked an old gentleman of a Binghampton editor. " I make bold to ask it because the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

" SIR, do you mean to say that I speak falsely ?" said an irritable Englishman to a French gentleman. " No, sare, I say not dat ; but, sare, I say you walk round de truth very much."

A CONCEITED man, noted for his lack of good looks, pompously said, " I have three children who are the very image of myself." " How I pity the youngest ! " exclaimed a person standing by. " Why is that ?" asked the conceited man. " Because it is the one that will probably have to resemble you the longest."

A LADY died in a ball-room from congestion of the brain, caused by tight-lacing. We didn't think that women who lace themselves as tight as that had any brain.

EVERY year of our lives we grow more convinced that it is the wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false.

IT appears that Field-Marshal Moltke does not require the Channel Tunnel to enable him to get into England with an army. He remarked the other day : " I have five different plans for invading England, but I have not been able to discover one for getting out of it."

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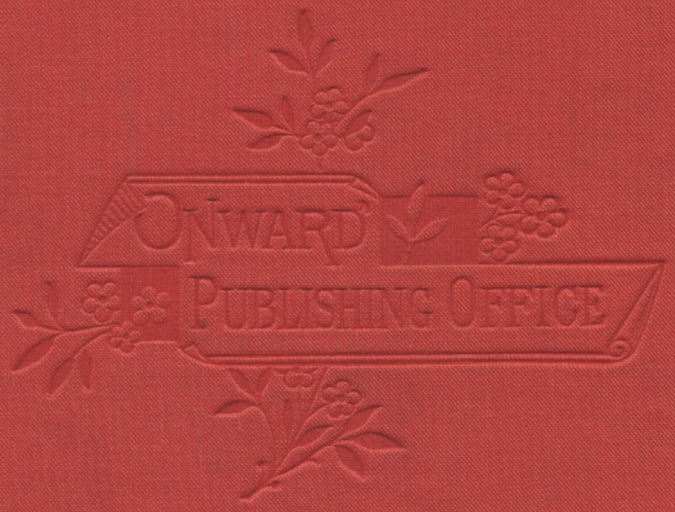
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