ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1883.

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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.

J



"The old woman, Mrs. Watts, had been out picking up sticks."—p. 181.

ONWARD.

A

BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE,

AND

FAMILY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XVIII., 1883.

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

MANCHESTER:
"ONWARD" OFFICES, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street;
JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.

HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY,
PRINTERS,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

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WE GIRLS.

A Story of School-Girl Life.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

Chapter I.—The Soap Club.

"I WONDER what she'll be like, Carry," said my schoolfellow Emily Belmont, as she stood in the little room devoted by Miss Sheffield, our governess, to the accommodation of us, her young lady pupils, in the matter of boots, cloaks, bags, and the washing of hands.

"What who'll be like?" queried Carry, carelessly.

"Oh! you silly," said Emily, "why of course I mean the little miss from Germany, about whom there's such a commotion. But I shall take care to inform her that we have no foreign airs here; we glory in being English—English to the backbone."

"You silly girl," said Carry; "how can we be English, when Nora is Irish, and Jeanie is Scotch, and I'm half Welsh. I think it will be ever so nice to have a German girl here. We'll make her tell us stories of the grand old Fatherland."

"You always were sentimental, Carry. There's nothing, and no place, and nobody I shall ever like so well as England and English people.

It is the Welsh part of *you* I don't like. I never knew before how it was I didn't like you altogether."

"Much obliged, Emily. I didn't know you were so bigoted," returned Carry, laughing heartily at her companion's speech. "I am quite prepared to be a friend to Margherita Ziffel, and I quite expect she will be ever so nice, and make us all love her very much indeed."

"I want you to tell me something, Carry,' said Emily, earnestly; "*is* it in Germany that they eat frogs? I have got so puzzled about it. I shall be awfully afraid of her if it is; she'll bring up frogs from the garden into our bedroom, and kill and eat them at night. 'Twill be horrid. Oh! you needn't laugh, Carry. You go home every day; you haven't to sleep every night in the same room with this Margherita."

But nevertheless Carry continued to laugh very merrily indeed, and at last found breath to tell Emily that frog-eating was supposed to be a breach of good behaviour, only committed by the French.

At that moment another girl ran down stairs from the schoolrooms above, and joined Emily and Carry.

"I suppose you're all out of class now, are you not?" asked Carry, of the new comer.

"Oh yes, thank goodness," said Ada, emphatically, and not very politely. "Miss Sheffield's been ever so tiresome this morning. I believe she's been thinking of the '*sweet little Margherita*' all the time. I do dislike angelic girls, and I know I shan't like this young German if she's all sugar."

"I can't think what has come to you girls; it is really horridly unkind of you," expostulated Carry, "to make up your minds beforehand to dislike a girl."

"Can't help it," said Ada, abruptly; "it's Miss Sheffield's fault. 'Tis sickening to hear how she talks about her. What do you think she said to-day to all of us girls: 'My dears, I am sure you will feel it a pleasure to have the new scholar amongst you, when I tell you that by her own friends Fraulein Margherita is called the Light of the Home.'" Ada, as she spoke, imitated our schoolmistress's manner.

"Then probably she'll be the darkness of the school," said Emily, laughing; "she's not going to eclipse me, I can tell her, with all her shining."

Carry laughed. "I think you have talked enough about this poor dear little German," she said, "and now I want to know if either of you wish to join the soap-club."

"Let's wait till the rest come," said Ada.

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They had not long to wait. In another minute or two the stairs were full of the young, eager life that clustered in Sheffield House, and overflowed its boundaries, and made every room and passage at certain hours vocal and eloquent with song and mirth.

"Girls," cried Carry; "who would like to join the soap-club?"

"I'm going to." "I will." "So will I." "And me."

"*Me* wishes to join! What exquisitely correct grammar is talked by the young ladies of this establishment," said Ada, satirically.

"I didn't mean *me*," said a pale-faced, delicate-looking child, smiling. "I meant myself."

"Worser and worser, my dear Edith," said Emily. "Myself wishes to join! It ought to be *I*, of course."

"Well *I* then," said Edith, good humouredly; "how much is it to pay?"

"A fabulous sum, my dear Edith, a whole farthing a month," said Ada. "Carry buys wholesale and sells retail, and makes an enormous profit out of the transaction."

"Any of you are welcome to the trouble of getting the soap," said Carry, a little hurt.

"Don't take any notice of Ada, everybody knows what she is," said a large, red-faced, merry, stout girl; "it is ever so kind of you, Carry, to take all the trouble for us."

"Have you got a specimen of the soap?" asked Emily, "I thought you were going to bring a cake to-day. What names are down as members? Read up. I see you have your papers. And you'd better read the laws, I mean the rules, as well."

"Hear! hear!" said several of us girls. So Carry obeyed, and read.

"SHEFFIELD HOUSE SOAP CLUB.

Established for the purpose of supplying exquisitely scented soaps to the young ladies of Sheffield House, at an economical rate."

"That's more like a *company* than a club," said Sylvia Moore; "my mamma says clubs never do things *cheaply*."

The girls laughed. "Ours is an exception to the general rule, then," said Carry, and continued to read. "Rule 1st. No one shall be a member who has not been for at least a week a pupil at Sheffield House."

"Make it a month, Carry," said Ada, "then we shan't need to fear intrusion into our ranks from the little Fraulein."

"I can't understand you one bit," said Carry, warmly; "I wouldn't have believed you were all such prejudiced creatures. Why ever shouldn't that dear, blue-eyed girl be admitted to our club?"

"Good," cried Emily, "who told you the colour of Margherita's eyes, Carry?"

"I beg you will read the rules, Carry," said Sylvia Moore, demurely, and Carry read.

"Rule 2nd. Every member of the Soap Club shall pay one farthing per month to the funds."

"That's vulgarly low," said Sylvia, and Ada echoed her words, "even less than the plebeian penny."

The others laughed, but I ventured to suggest that if that were enough, it was useless to subscribe more, and Carry said in her bright pleasant way,

"I assure you, ladies, I have made quite a number of calculations, and I find that a farthing a month from each of us——."

"Limited to *twenty*, remember," said Mary.

"I do remember, but twenty farthings produce——"

"Ah! yes, if you suppose all are going to join," remarked Sylvia. "I would much rather have it a much higher sum, so that——" she hesitated, and I finished the sentence for her:

"So that some of us could not afford to join the Soap Club: but that is not like kind Carry Jones."

"Kate, have mercy," whispered Carry, pleasantly, in my ear, and Jeanie spoke, "I like the Club none the worse that it will not be an extravagance. Read on, Carry."

Thus supported, Carry resumed her explanation. "Twenty farthings a month will, of course, amount to fivepence, which will enable me to put two good cakes of soap here for our use every month, and leave me an occasional penny over for paper, or anything I may want in the management of our affairs."

"And are we only to be allowed two small cakes of scented soap a month? Oh, my dear Carry, in your desire to be economical, you forget that we cannot make such a little soap do." It was Mary Forbes who spoke, and Mary was such a sensible girl that all of us quite naturally listened to her, and Carry looked conscious that she had made a blunder.

"None of us will object to a halfpenny a month instead of a farthing," said Mary, "and that would provide an abundant supply. You must amend Rule 2, dear Carry," which Carry did, promptly, and we were all of us busy discussing our Club, and the kind of soap we preferred, and other matters that grew out of it, when there was a knock at the door, and Miss Sheffield, to our very great surprise, entered the small apartment, which we had always deemed secure from any intrusion. But her face looked so strange and even awe-struck, and her manner was so constrainedly calm, that we were instantly silent with apprehension. Why had she come? What had happened?

We had no time to do more than frame these questions in our minds before she said to Carry as she laid her hand upon her shoulder, "My dear child, put on your things at once. You are sent for."

We all had realised the hidden meaning in this before Carry had done so. She turned herself with a smile to us at first, and the amused words fell from her lips : "They must have got up an impromptu picnic at home, not complete without me."

But our grave faces startled her.

"Girls !" she cried, "do tell me what is the matter? Miss Sheffield ! what has happened ?"

But Miss Sheffield only shook her head sadly, and hurried her away.

The consideration of the Soap Club was naturally exchanged for eager conversation between us about the mysterious summons and disappearance of Carry Jones.

She was a great favourite with almost all of us, and justly so, and the few girls who professed not to like her, and to find her vulgar and unladylike and plebeian, had really no just cause whatever for their adverse criticism. Carry was a girl who had a very great amount of moral courage, and a determined abhorrence of shams ; she was frank and playful, and no games amongst us were ever worth playing unless she had a share in them.

"I wonder what she's wanted for," said Ada. "I daresay it's really nothing. Miss Sheffield always makes a fuss about nothing, if the nothing chances to belong to Carry Jones. The way that girl is favoured ——"

But here I fired up, for Carry was my especial friend.

"If she *is* favoured," said I, "it is nothing more than she deserves ; but she wouldn't allow herself to be favoured, and that you all know very well."

"What's the good of noticing things that Ada says," Emily Belmont whispered, as she leaned over me.

"Miss Kate Percy, you are wanted," said Jenny, Miss Sheffield's housemaid, looking in at the door, and a second time interrupting us.

"Gracious !" cried Ada, disdainfully, "what a day of sensation we are having."

But I did not stay to hear more, but hurried up to the class-room, where at this hour I was pretty sure to find Miss Sheffield or Miss Lancaster correcting our exercises. Miss Lancaster was there ; she was a mild, gentle-looking little lady, whose age we girls could never determine ; she looked almost as young as some of us, when at her best, but on other occasions her fair hair seemed faded, and her cheeks hollow, and her form spare and thin and by no means youthful. She looked old and anxious now, as I entered the room and said : "Jenny told me I was wanted, Miss Lancaster. Did you send for me, please ?"

"Miss Sheffield desired me, on Carry Jones's behalf, to acquaint you with the circumstance that led to her leaving school this afternoon," began Miss Lancaster.

I anxiously awaited her intelligence. What could the circumstance be? I felt pleased and important at being made the sole recipient of the news, but I was to be disappointed. Miss Lancaster was interrupted. "You are wanted, ma'am," said Jenny as she opened the class-room door, after she had knocked respectfully.

"I must delay my communication to you, I fear, Kate," said the lady, turning first to me and then to the servant. "Who is it, Jenny ?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Moore, ma'am, and they said they were in a hurry, and hoped you would come quickly."

"Dear, dear," said Miss Lancaster, quite fluttered, "how I wish Miss Sheffield had been here ! Kate, wait here till I return, I pray you."

I promised, but directly she was gone, I wished I had not done so, and that I could return to my young companions. The day scholars would soon have left for their homes, and we boarders were expected at this hour to dress for our three o'clock dinner. Miss Sheffield's was a morning school, but any of her day pupils who wished could return at four o'clock to prepare their lessons for the next day in her school-room, if they preferred to do so, and they mostly did this, when the boarders joined them ; and although Miss Lancaster sat in the room, we managed to enjoy a considerable amount of social intercourse with the day girls.

It was now past two o'clock, and the domestic arrangements of the household appeared to be considerably disarranged. Though this was a hot meat day, no savoury smell of cooking was discernible, and Miss Sheffield was neither to be seen nor heard, which made me believe she was out of the house. If Sylvia Moore's parents kept Miss Lancaster a long time, what would be my duty ?

I was pondering over this difficult question, and thinking of the wealth of the Moores, which was believed within the precincts of Sheffield House to be almost fabulous in extent, when the class-room door again opened, and Emily Belmont came in. Next to Carry Jones, Emily was my chosen friend, and I now confided to her my position, and asked her advice. Emily was ready for dinner, and had only come to fetch her exercise if it had been corrected. She was surprised not to find either Miss Sheffield or Miss Lancaster in the class-room, and agreed with me, that there were evident signs of con-



siderable disarrangement in that usually orderly household.

"I wish I knew what has happened to Carry," I said, anxiously.

"It was something *dreadful*," said Emily, vehemently, "that's quite certain."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Well, I find that Miss Sheffield took her nto her own private parlour, and there was quite a scene. The poor dear went into hysterics or fainted, or something just as terrible, and then Miss Sheffield wanted to give her a little brandy to steady her nerves, and she shrieked and cried, and said—Not brandy, not brandy after this, not for the whole world."

"How *could* Miss Sheffield?" I asked, indignantly; "she knows Carry would not take brandy; she is a teetotaler."

"Oh! but that's all nonsense when you're faint," said Emily; "mamma doesn't allow me spirit ever, and wine only now and then; but I have heard her say, she should never hesitate to use brandy for me if I were faint."

"Kate Percy, you must prepare for dinner at once, I must reserve my communication to you," said Miss Lancaster, entering at that moment. I felt bitterly disappointed, but we were not allowed to question commands at Miss Sheffield's, and I left the room.

(*To be continued.*)



"At once the father wrote urging his son to return,"—p. 6

THE COASTGUARDSMAN.

BY UNCLE BEN.



ON the South Coast, a little low row of white washed houses may be seen on the top of the sea-cliff. The sheep-trimmed down, with its greensward, looks very bright in the open sunlight; here and there glorious patches of yellow gorse shine in the morning sun; the smiling, dimpling blue sea stretches out to the grey-blue line of misty sky, that shades off so gradually that it is difficult to tell where the sea ends and the sky begins. There are some clean, white palings in front of the cottages, which form the coastguards' station, and before the white palings stands a high flag-staff, for signalling to ships as they pass down the Channel, and for hoisting the Union Jack on special days. A sailor may generally be seen standing about outside, or slowly walking up and down with a big telescope in hand. All the year round a watch is kept, and day and night communication is sustained. On either side men go out to meet at a certain distance men from the next station east and west, like policemen on their beat. And these report to the stations the "All's well" which every morning and evening is flashed by electricity round the whole of England—in fact, round the British Isles.

Among the few sailors stationed there was one with whom the love of the sea had been born and bred in him from childhood: for generations the family had been sailors or fishermen. The voice of the ocean called them to its service from infancy; with bare feet and legs they played on the shore and about the boats, until in summer-time they were brown as nuts, and in winter as hardy as iron. So the winds and storms had no fear for them; they loved the sea as we love our homes. But strong drink had been the ruin and curse of many in that family. The man of whom we speak was named Alfred Brayman. He had married a wife that was a good woman, and never touched a drop of alcohol. But teetotalism was not in the custom of the sailors, and nothing she could say or do could persuade her husband to give it up. And to do him simple justice, he seldom or ever went beyond the strict line of moderation; but their only son was of a different turn. The family failing lived again in him, and the mother watched with anxious earnestness the boy grow into the youth. Then came the time of peril. But force of temptation he would not resist. He believed in his father; he was his ideal man. His father's influence and example were powerful over him. But when he got away from the constraint of his mother, although she kept him to water always at home, his companions urged him on. The taste was soon acquired, and before father or mother could realize their boy was growing into manhood, he was a drunkard. The first time the lad came home intoxicated, the father said if it ever occurred again he would turn him out of doors; he would have no drunken son in his home. High words passed, but by-and-by the event was made faint by time and circumstance. Often the mother's heart ached and bled for her son, for she saw too clearly he was going wrong. Where he got the money from puzzled her. She hid all her fear as much as possible from the father's view, lest his wrath should be kindled against the boy, who was much away with the trawling during the fishing season. And therefore the suspicions aroused in the father's mind were allayed, because he saw so little of him. But the mother was filled the more with a heavier load.

At last the fatal day came; the trawling season was nearly over; the fishing had been good, and the lads and men were all in good spirits, and to commemorate their good fortune some of them must "go on the spree," and take the bad spirits, and among these was young Brayman. His parents knew nothing about this, though they suspected mischief, because the boats were mostly in, and there was no legitimate reason for the lad not coming home. One night, about midnight, long after all had been peaceful and quiet, there was the sound of many voices, hoarse shouts and laughter, and then a loud knocking at Brayman's cottage door. He went at once to see what was the matter. On opening the door there was a small party of fishing-lads and men, all more or less drunk, and in their midst a wheelbarrow and a figure on it, and when the door stood wide enough, a rush was made, and the figure in the barrow pitched across the threshold half into the room, and the voices shouted, "We've brought him home in style; for he's a jolly good fellow. Give us a drink, old fellow. Let's have another grog all round. Here's for Billy Brayman."

But the angry voice of the father, as the drunken lad tried to struggle to his feet, made the noisy crew pause for a minute, and then they moved on, swearing and singing, and father and son were left alone in darkness, with the faint

glimmering of the moon through the cloud. The lad had been half mad with drink, and the angry tones of his father roused all the force and passion of his nature. He cursed, and said he would fight his father, tore at his fisherman's jersey to get it off; the elder man seized his son, and after a brief struggle, flung the lad outside the door, closed and bolted it, saying he had kept his word, and no drunken child of his should find a welcome at his house.

When the morning came the son was gone, no one knew how or where. None could tell what had become of him. The days and months passed into years, but no tidings came. The mother pined and mourned for her lost son. A report came that he had entered the Royal Marines, but no inquiry could prove the report true. When the Zulu war broke out, and the marines were ordered out, the anxiety of Mrs. Brayman threw her into a long and serious illness. At last there came a letter one day, written in a trembling hand, and read by hands that shook so much that they could hardly hold the letter steadily, with eyes dim with tears. It was dated from the hospital, and it simply told the story that their son had been brought to the brink of the grave by fever, and on a sick bed he had learnt repentance and sorrow for the past, and was about to be sent back to England invalided; on arriving again in England he would get his discharge, and would come home if they would forgive the past. He expected his ship would be in Portsmouth about the same time that this letter would reach them, and if his father would write to there, on landing he would return to the parents he had once disgraced.

No words can tell the joy this letter gave in the coastguardsman's cottage. At once the father wrote off to say if his son would come back no word of reproach should await him; all would be forgiven and forgotten; the only condition laid down was this—he should for ever give up the drink, for since the day he left not a drop had entered their house or passed their lips.

Not many days after, as the father was on duty keeping watch, one glorious summer evening, the wanderer returned. The prodigal came home to live a new life. The mother did not long survive; she soon passed away: the trial had been too severe for her strength. The father lived for many years, not only to be guardian of the coast, but guardsman of the souls of men. The lad settled down to be a worthy fisherman, keeping the pledge of his mother's life and example as long as he lived.

THE atmosphere of a beer-shop is apt to be muggy.

THE RAGGED BOYS OF ENGLAND.

THE ragged boys of England,
In city and in town,
In courts and alleys dark and drear,
Where sunlight ne'er drops down;
Their heritage a load of woe,
Hard blows and scanty fare;
Oh, pity as you see them go
With shivering limbs and bare.

The ragged boys of England,
Their state let none despise;
Beneath the covering of dirt
God's loving image lies.
The little ones you daily meet
Are sore beset with sin;
Oh, speak a word in Jesus' name,
To call the wanderers in.

The ragged boys of England,
God bless the noble few
Who bravely toil in ragged schools—
A band devoted, true.
With angel hands they minister,
To soothe each sufferer's pain;
And jewels bring for Jesus' crown,
When He shall come to reign.

The ragged boys of England,
Oh, shame upon our race,
Our statesmen and our laws, that bring
Our children to disgrace.
Oh, cruel laws that open wide
The gilded tavern door,
Where homes are robbed of peace and joy,
And every earthly store.

O England! Christian England!
First on the scroll of fame,
How long shall wear thy little ones
These emblems of thy shame?
How long to thine own children's good
Wilt thou be false and blind,
While in thy loving heart is found
Good will to all mankind?

How long beside thy palaces
Shall rise the bitter cry
From sunless courts and alleys, where
Thy children starve and die?
Oh, wipe from thine escutcheon
This foulest blot of shame,
Cast out the sin, and proudly win
Thine honoured peerless name.

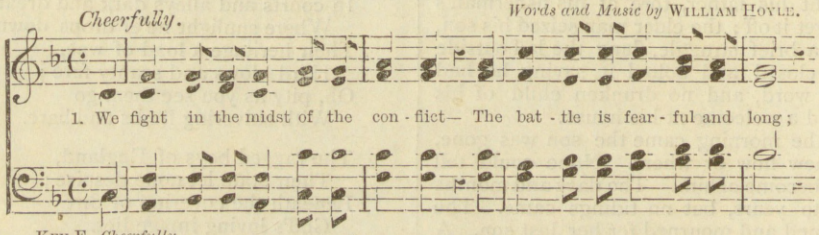
W. HOYLE.

SACRAMENTAL WINE.—Unfermented wine is now used in about 1,200 churches and chapels in the United Kingdom.

FIGHTING FOR THE LORD.

Cheerfully.

Words and Music by WILLIAM HOYLE.

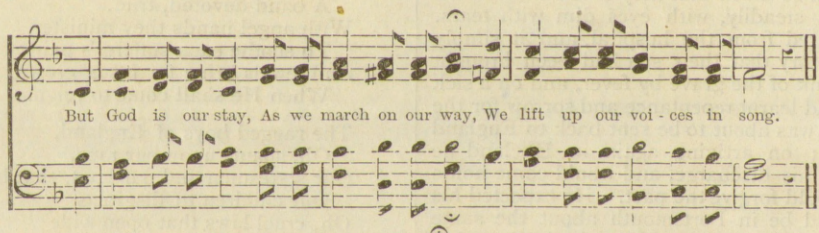


1. We fight in the midst of the con - flict— The bat - tle is fear - ful and long;

KEY F. *Cheerfully.*

:s, | d :d .d | d :r .r | m :m | :m | s :s .s | s :f .m | r :— |
2. We live in a world of temp- ta- tion, With foes all a-round and with- in;
:s, | s, :l, .l, | s, :t, .t, | d :d | :d | d :t, .t, | d :r .d | t, :— |
3. He left us His Word for our guidance; His Spi - rit to help He will send;
:s, | d :d .d | d :s .s | s :s | :s | m :f .f | s :l .l | s :— |
4. Oh, what are the dan - gers a- round us, The trou- bles and toils on the road,
:s, | m, :f, .f, | m, :s, .s, | d :d | :d | d :r .r | m :f .f | s :— |

But God is our stay, As we march on our way, We lift up our voi - ces in song.

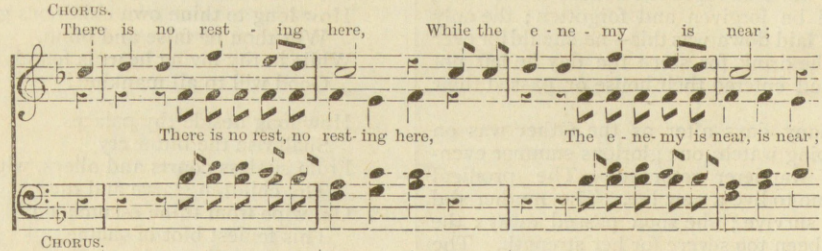


:s, | d :d .d | d :r .r | m :m .m | f :l | s :s .s | f :r .r | d :— |
But Je - sus is nigh, On His arm we re - ly, In bat-tling with e - vil and sin.
:s, | s, :l, .l, | s, :t, .t, | d :de.de | r :d | d :m .m | r :t, .t, | d :— |
And mansions a - bove, In His in- finite love, Shall be ours if we fight to the end.
:f | m :f .f | s :s .s | s :l .l | l :f | s :s .s | l :s .f | m :— |
Com - pared with the rest, In the land of the blest, The pil-grim's e - ter - nal a - bode?
:t, | d :f .f | m :r .r | d :l, .l, | r :f | m :d .d | f, :s, .s, | d :— |

CHORUS.

There is no rest - ing here, While the e - ne - my is near;

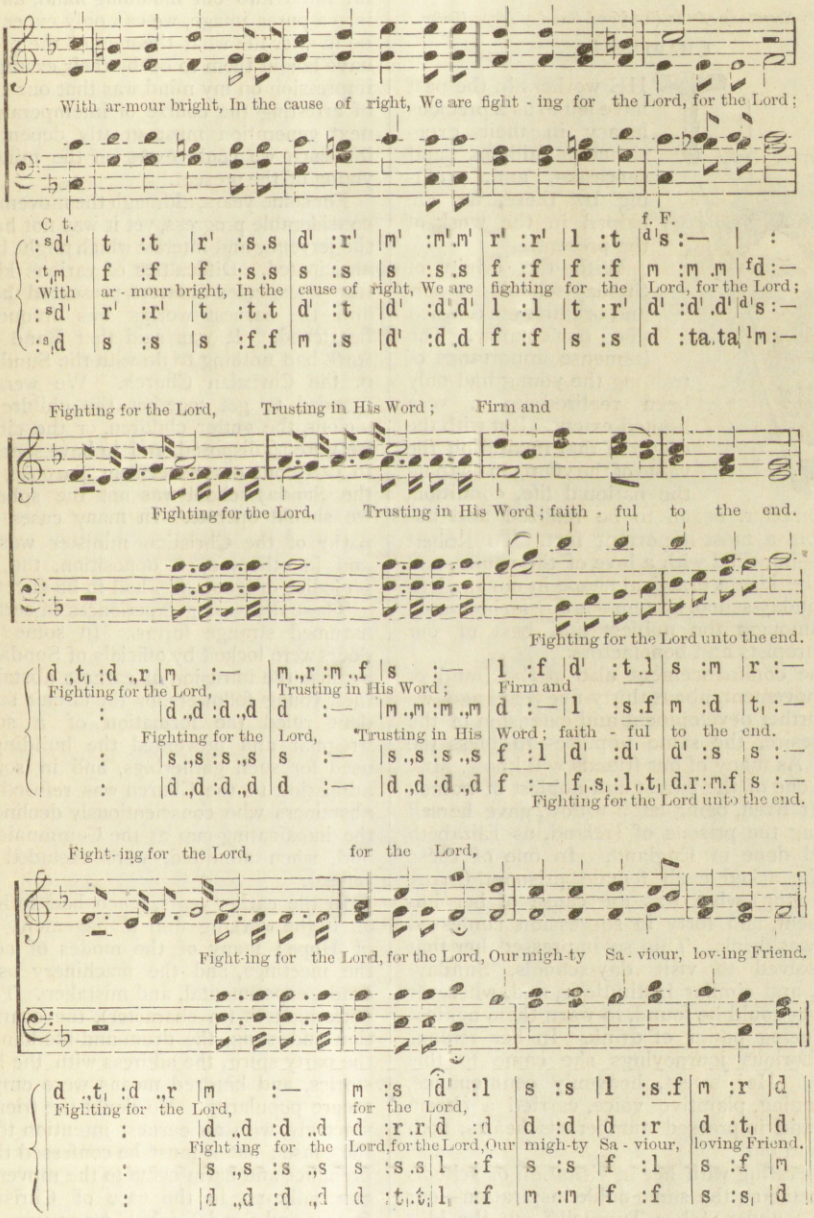
There is no rest, no rest- ing here, The e - ne- my is near, is near;



CHORUS.

:s | l :l | d' :t .l | s :— | :s .s | l :l | d' :t .l | s :— |
There is no rest - ing here, While the e - ne - my is near;
: | :.d | d .d :d .d | d :t, | d : | :.d | d .d :d .d | d :d | t,
There is no rest, no rest- ing here, The e -ne-my is near, is near;
: | :.f | l .l :s .f | m :s | s : | :.f | l .l :s .f | m :s | s
: | :.f | f .f :f .f | d :r | m : | :.f | f .f :f .f | d :m | s

FIGHTING FOR THE LORD—*continued.*


With ar-mour bright, In the cause of right, We are fight - ing for the Lord, for the Lord;
C t. f. F.
:sd' | t :t | r' :s.s | d' :r' | m' :m'.m' | r' :r' | l :t | d's :— | :
:tm | f :f | f :s.s | s :s | s :s.s | f :f | f :f | m :m.m | fd :—
With ar - mour bright, In the cause of right, We are fighting for the Lord, for the Lord;
:sd' | r' :r' | t :t.t | d' :t | d' :d'.d' | l :l | t :r' | d' :d'.d' | d's :—
:sd | s :s | s :f.f | m :s | d' :d.d | f :f | s :s | d :ta.ta | lm :—
Fighting for the Lord, Trusting in His Word; Firm and
Fighting for the Lord, Trusting in His Word; faith - ful to the end.
Fighting for the Lord unto the end.
d.,t, :d.,r | m :— | m.,r :m.,f | s :— | l :f | d' :t.l | s :m | r :—
Fighting for the Lord, Trusting in His Word; Firm and
: | d.,d :d.,d | d :— | m.,m :m.,m | d :— | l :s.f | m :d | t, :—
Fighting for the Lord, Trusting in His Word; faith - ful to the end.
: | s.,s :s.,s | s :— | s.,s :s.,s | f :l | d' :d' | d' :s | s :—
: | d.,d :d.,d | d :— | d.,d :d.,d | f :— | f,.s, :l,.t, | d.r :m.f | s :—
Fighting for the Lord unto the end.
Fight-ing for the Lord, for the Lord,
Fight-ing for the Lord, for the Lord, Our migh-ty Sa - viour, lov-ing Friend.
d.,t, :d.,r | m :— | m :s | d' :l | s :s | l :s.f | m :r | d
Fighting for the Lord, for the Lord,
: | d.,d :d.,d | d :r.r | d :d | d :d | d :r | d :t, | d
Fight ing for the Lord, for the Lord, Our migh-ty Sa - viour, loving Friend.
: | s.,s :s.,s | s :s.s | l :f | s :s | f :l | s :f | m
: | d.,d :d.,d | d :t,.t, | l, :f | m :m | f :f | s :s, | d

OUR WORK IN THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

BY MARTIN FIELD,

Honorary Secretary of the Bradford Band of Hope Union.

CHAPTER I.



THE workers in the past have left to us a precious legacy in their experiences, failings, and successes, and, profiting by these, we are helped in the work of the present.

With the origin of Sunday-schools a new and brighter era dawned upon our country. The immense importance of training the young had only been realized to a very limited extent. But with the origin of that institution the value of the young in shaping the national life, condition, and character, began to be realized and admitted as a most important fact. To Robert Raikes—impelled with a love of the young, and giving the idea a practical shape in our modern great Sunday-school system—is due an honoured place amongst the noblest and best of our philanthropists and benefactors.

In the commencement also of the Band of Hope movement, about thirty-five years ago, we had a further development and extension of the same desire, the same impulse—to bless the young. As many of our friends will know, Mrs. Carlile, one of the purest and noblest of women that ever lived, being left a widow, gave herself to visiting the prisons of Ireland, as Elizabeth Fry had done in England. In one of these visits she asked each female prisoner (many being young) what was the cause of her imprisonment, and forty in succession confessed that it was drink. This so impressed her that she resolved to visit day-schools, Sunday-schools, and similar institutions, and, wherever the young could be found, to warn them against the seducing power of drink. In her zealous and laborious journeyings she came to this country. Her sweet, heavenly countenance, and winning, plaintive voice, carried a charm with it and impressed numberless hearts, both young and old.

Co-operating with her in visitation of schools—and catching the same noble inspiration—our revered founder, Jabez Tunnicliff, put the idea into shape and began the great Band of Hope organization. His words are:—

"Our children grow up in the presence of a temptation which first allures and then destroys its victims; and unless we can take the youthful mind into our moulding hand, and form it into a purer image, we can only expect them to be in after life what the men of the present age have taught them to be by their example. The impression on my mind was that our only hope of arresting the course of intemperance in the next generation must greatly depend on the influence we could exert on the minds of the young of the present."

For some years, although the movement made considerable progress, yet it was not hailed with the fervency and interest which might have been anticipated. Difficulties of various kinds, and from unexpected quarters, presented themselves, and the earnest worker was frequently disheartened. It was said that Band of Hope work had nothing to do with the Sunday-school or the Christian Church. We were recommended to get together the children of the vicious, the gutter children, or the city arab, if we were so disposed, and to have special rooms to carry out our benevolent purpose, but that the Sunday-school was not the sphere where we should operate. In many cases the sympathy of the Christian minister was refused, and in others open opposition, the result of prejudice or ignorance, had to be encountered.

These depressing experiences in certain cases assumed strange forms. In some instances doors were locked by officials of Sunday-schools against the intrusion of earnest abstainers and their young followers, or the circuit superintendent ruled the formation of a society as irregular and prevented the buildings being used for such gatherings, and in some cases admission to the Church was refused to those abstainers who conscientiously declined to use the intoxicating cup at the Communion Table; and, when admitted, were excluded on such refusal.

In the earlier years, much had to be learned as to the working and management of Bands of Hope; many of the modes of conducting the meetings, and the machinery used, were crude, experimental, and mistaken. The vulgar performances (in character), the coarse recitation and song, the drum-and-fife-band mania, the party spirit, the address with the horrifying stories, and kindred means were employed to secure popularity. No doubt the friends acted sincerely, with an earnest intention to help on the cause; but it must be confessed that much prejudice and harm came to the movement, and especially so in the case of Christian professors and Sunday-school managers.

The same objections to our movement, as to the total abstinence cause generally, were fre-

quently used. It was said not to be respectable to be a teetotaler and join the Band of Hope workers. It was urged to be wrong to get the young to sign a pledge. The infallible opinion of the medical profession was quoted against us. Social enjoyment and hospitable entertainment, especially so at young people's parties, would be impracticable on our plan of total abstinence. It was averred that no Bible law or injunction could be given in our favour. These objections kept large numbers, even of godly and Christian men, aloof from us, and prevented our receiving their earnest co-operation and active help.

But, in spite of these adverse circumstances, the work went on with ever-increasing strength and popularity. Being of God, it had Divine vitality in it, which conquered prejudice and opposition. The mists which hung about our earlier efforts began to be dispelled when some of the results of our work were known and felt. Band of Hope lads became missionaries abroad, or occupied pulpits at home, confessing that the Band of Hope was the influencing cause.

The interest of our meetings drew many young ones into the Sunday-school, and from thence into the Christian Church, who acknowledged they were such because of the Band of Hope. The facility of public speaking, acquired at our meetings, by young men, prepared them to occupy important public positions in municipal, political, and religious spheres.

It would be difficult to say what special influence was most potent in affecting this result; doubtless the press and earnest intelligent advocacy had much to do in changing public opinion.

But it is cheerfully admitted that the greatest and most powerful influence in effecting this result came from the young themselves, who, embracing our principles, became their earnest advocates and teachers.

And thus the Church, the class, and the Sunday-school teacher were reached.

The question, "Why are you not an abstainer?" or, "Why do you not attend our Band of Hope meetings?" has often been put to a superintendent or teacher by a young ardent abstainer, when the earnest, winning words have aroused the conscience and won an active disciple for the cause.

Many instances could be given when such a rebuke, coming from a young person, has been more effective than a score elaborate arguments from an adult. In this way the seed has been sown, prejudice removed, and the leaven of temperance spread. The confiding, unprejudiced mind of the young has accepted the simple cure of intemperance by total abstinence, and at once begun to mission, with ardent feelings, the cause, at home, in the class, in the mill, or wherever opportunity presented itself.

In looking, therefore, at the past, there are many reasons for congratulation and encouragement. "The little one has truly become a thousand." The one boy who placed his name on the pledge roll at Leeds has multiplied until there are now a million and a half in Great Britain. The one society has grown into thousands, and these have been formed into unions; and these unions have become the national, powerful confederation of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

To do more effective work special denominational organizations have been formed, and thus total abstinence is an integral part of their machinery and system.

A holy rivalry now exists as to which body shall do most earnest and aggressive work against the citadel of drink.

The National Church joins forces with Dissenters in forming a phalanx of strength to attack the mighty foe — being led by their highest dignitaries and officials.

The united voice of the country also calls loudly and imperatively to the Legislature that something effective and decisive must be done, and at once, to greatly limit, if not to destroy, the liquor traffic.

As temperance workers, in looking at the past, is it not natural that we should be jubilant at these results? God has indeed done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Thanks! devoted thanks! be to His great name!

(*To be continued.*)

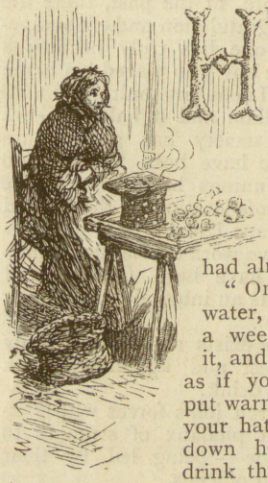
HAIL! NEW YEAR!

HAIL! hail, New Year! with all thy blessings come!
Dawn like a radiant star upon the gloom;
Oh, let thy brightness gladden every home,
And bid each desert place in beauty bloom.
On rich and poor, Oh, let thy joys descend!
The weary sons of toil thy blessings share;
And in our homes bid strife and turmoil end,
Let love, the life and "light of home," reign there.
Let truth and justice now the sceptre sway;
Let true religion spread with rapid speed;
And hasten on that grand and glorious day
When cease the bitter feuds of caste and creed.
May Temperance soldiers press with vigour on,
With unstained banner rush into the fray;
And may the glorious shout, "The truth has won!"
Soon—soon proclaim that drink has passed away.

T. J. GALLEY.

LITTLE BESSIE.

BY HARRIET SLADE.



"HERE, child, drink a little of this, it will do you good."

"What is it, if you please, ma'am?" asked little Bessie, in a feeble voice, for the long walk through the streets in the bitter cold had almost overcome her.

"Only a little warm water, my dear, with just a wee drop of brandy in it, and I am sure you look as if you need something to put warmth in you. Take off your hat and jacket, and sit down here by the fire, and drink this up while I go and get a piece of cake for you;" and the kind-hearted woman bustled quickly out of the room in search of the refreshment the weary child so much needed.

Left alone Bessie gladly availed herself of the invitation to sit down by the fire, but the brandy-and-water remained untasted upon the table when Mrs. Smith returned with a tray laden with biscuits, bread-and-butter, and cake. Her eye soon caught sight of the glass, and she exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, "There now, I declare you haven't drank a drop, and it——"

But the little girl interrupted with a timid "If you please, ma'am, I can't drink it because I belong to the Band of Hope, and when we join we sign a pledge never to touch intoxicating drink."

"Signed the pledge, have you?" answered Mrs. Smith, smiling. "Well, surely you wouldn't break it by drinking this drop of brandy-and-water? I have heard that teetotalers are allowed to drink brandy as a medicine, and I am sure you looked ill enough just now to require it."

"I feel better now, ma'am, thank you. I was very cold when I came in, but I am warm now."

"Well, if you drink this it will keep you warm going home," persisted Mrs. Smith, for like many other people she was a firm believer in the efficacy of intoxicants as security against cold.

But all her persuasions were of no avail with little Bessie Lovel. The lessons inculcated into her childish mind at the Band of Hope meetings had been too deeply fixed, and, young as she was, she had seen too much of the evil of drink in her own home to feel anything but a deadly hatred towards it.

For, alas! Bessie was a drunkard's child. Common words, but fraught with terrible meaning! To understand their full import, we must familiarise ourselves with wrecked homes, blighted prospects, ruined hopes, and broken hearts. All the sweet romance of life crushed out, and the path of childhood strewn with thorns where flowers alone should have bloomed.

All this, and much more, did little Bessie reveal in her simple endeavour to make Mrs. Smith understand her objection to break her pledge, and to excuse herself from seeming ungrateful. For Mrs. Smith had been a good friend to them, supplying Mrs. Lovel with work herself, and recommending her to her friends; for, like many a drunkard's wife, she was obliged to toil hard with her needle to procure bread for herself and her two little ones.

When Bessie rose to go home, Mrs. Smith filled a basket with eatables and put into her hand, bidding her run home as quickly as possible.

Bessie gladly obeyed her injunction, and tripped along *almost* gaily, eager to show her mother and little Georgie the good things the basket contained, and clasping tightly in her hand the money Mrs. Smith had given her in payment of the work she had taken home.

On she went through the rows of respectable houses among which Mrs. Smith's dwelling stood, and little Bessie looked up at the windows that had *not* lost half their glass, and the painted doors, with their tidy knockers, and the white steps that led up to the doors, and she thought how nice it would be if they only lived there!

"And we might, I do believe, if father would only sign the pledge. But then," she pondered, "Mr. Smith isn't a teetotaler, and they have a nice house. How can that be? I'll ask mother about it when I get home," and turning, she went quickly on, leaving behind her the pleasant streets, and threading her way through narrower thoroughfares into the dark, dirty alley where the drunkard's home was.

As she turned into this alley, little Bessie had to pass a public-house, one of those alluring baits which they place so conspicuously at the corners of the streets.

Bessie always hated passing these places, and she tightened her grasp on her treasures. It was all in vain, though, for who should be standing outside the tavern but her father himself? He was half-intoxicated, but had been refused more drink as his money was all gone. Usually he was fairly kind to his children, and Bessie was not much afraid of him. Still she had an



"One of those alluring baits placed at the corners of the streets."—p. 12.

instinctive suspicion that if he saw her he might try to take her money from her. Her suspicions were, alas! only too well grounded. Coming up to her, he said in that maudlin tone that one often hears from the lips of a partially intoxicated man—

"Bessie, what have you got in your hand? Money?"

This direct question fairly staggered the little one, for her mother had brought her up with a strict regard for truth. She hesitated.

"Come, give it to me, there's a good child; and tell your mother I'll bring home some things when I come."

"Oh, father, please don't!" pleaded the child. "I have only got a very little, and mother wants it so badly. There's the rent to pay, and——" but, alas! the pitiful entreaty was cut short by her father roughly seizing the money and turning into the public-house.

* * * * * *

Once more it is winter, and Bessie is again

seated in Mrs. Smith's pleasant little parlour by the side of a blazing fire. But she is no longer thinly clad as on the preceding year; no, she is now dressed in warm, neat garments, and her rosy cheeks are beaming with pleasure as she gazes around at the other occupants of the room.

Mr. Smith and his wife are there, also a well-dressed, respectable-looking man and woman, and little boy, who are none other than Bessie's father, mother, and brother. Evidently they are celebrating the anniversary of some festive occasion, if one may judge from the table, which is spread for tea, and which is literally loaded with all kinds of good things, and from the happy, smiling faces around it.

Few who now looked upon the respectable, intelligent Mr. Lovel would recognise him as the ragged, degraded drunkard of a year ago.

Just one year ago, the poor drunkard took the money from his little daughter, but there was one looker-on whose heart filled with righteous anger as he witnessed it. This was Mr. Smith, who chanced to have business in that vicinity.

Though not an abstainer himself, yet this incident demonstrated so vividly the evil of the drink traffic, that it led him so seriously to think upon the subject that he felt constrained to lay the matter before his wife that evening, and try to convince her that he would be acting wrongly in any longer partaking of that which proved such a deadly curse to his fellow-creatures.

He was prepared to encounter great opposition from her, knowing how firm a believer she had always been in "a little drop," but, to his great surprise, she readily agreed with him, and volunteered to join also the ranks of total abstainers. The fact was, Bessie's words had set her thinking also, and she could not but admire the resolute refusal of the little girl to break her pledge. Then, too, the child's story of suffering and privation had touched her woman's heart; and when her husband told her of the drunkard's heartless act, in depriving the child of the money she had paid her, she was forced to admit that it was all through the drink, for she knew John Lovel was a kind husband and father when sober.

Before they slept that night both their names were enrolled upon the pledge-book of the nearest temperance society.

By loving, persistent effort they tried to persuade Bessie's father to sign, and soon his name was also written in the pledge-book, together with that of his wife, who had been an abstainer in all but name for some years.

It was very hard at first for the poor inebriate to resist the craving for intoxicants, and to bear the ridicule of his fellow-workmen; but he was enabled to stand firm, and now, after twelve months' abstaining, he once more enjoyed a happy home, in a pleasant street not far from Mr. Smith's.

The anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Smith's teetotal birthday, as they are in the habit of calling it, was an event long looked-for, and very happy they all look as they enjoy the good things and compare experiences.

Thus are even little Band of Hope boys and girls capable of exerting a mighty influence for good, if they will but stand firm to their principles when tempted to drink, and, like Bessie, refuse to break their pledge. Like her they may be made the means, either directly or indirectly, of leading others to adopt total abstinence, and thus verify in their experience the truth of the words, "a little child shall lead them."

OUR FIRST FISHING EXCURSION.

OUR first fishing excursion, who can forget it? It haunts our memory like the chorus of some song we learned in childhood. Who can forget the sunshine of that glorious afternoon? We had played truant from school, and the stolen half-holiday was far sweeter than all the time granted us by our teachers. There were three of us, noisy, saucy young rogues, aged seven, nine, and eleven years respectively. Each armed with a twig, from which dangled, at the end of a piece of string, a crooked pin, which was to "hook" any number of scaly inhabitants of the silvery tide. Away we went in high glee, talking loudly, and, I am afraid, somewhat boastingly, of the fish we meant to catch before we returned. We wandered on, until it was long past the time for school to be out. When the evening shadows lengthened, and the evening breeze blew chilly, we limped homewards. Our high spirits had all gone, we were dusty and tired, and only two poor, gasping "tittle-bats," at the bottom of a tin-can, to show for our half-a-day's sport. How we taxed our brains to invent an excuse, but all to no purpose, until at last we came to the resolution to tell "the truth, and nothing but the truth," and dare the consequences of our truant playing. The stars were shining when we got home, and mother was just putting on her bonnet to go the round of the police-stations in search of the wanderers. We all broke down together, and fairly blubbered as we told our story. Of course, mother forgave us, and we promised never to play truant again. That happened many years ago, but I never see a dusty urchin, with a crooked pin dangling on a stick, but I think of "Our First Fishing Excursion!"

W. A. EATON.

TAKE IT AS IT IS, AND MAKE THE BEST OF IT.



IT is wonderful how clever some people are at making themselves miserable. And many who do not excel in this line, have nevertheless a great facility in refusing advantages and pleasures which come within their reach.

I once met with a lady in the Isle of Wight, whose father and mother I had known years before. As she was a stranger to the neighbourhood of Ventnor, where we were staying, and I was not, I felt it to be incumbent on me to call her attention to anything likely to give her pleasure.

So, starting for a walk over the downs at the Bonchurch end of the town, I called her attention to the smooth undulating downs, and then to the wooded heights in the back-ground, and observed, "There's a great variety in the scenery of this neighbourhood;" to which she replied, "Yes, but there are no corn-fields with nice waving corn."

As we passed along we came upon a fine view of the bold and almost perpendicular cliff, and I observed, "What a fine cliff it is." To which my companion answered, "Yes, but it is a very poor shore."

As I could not get a pleasant acquiescence in my remarks on the land, I turned to the sea; and, as the lady had been living all her lifetime in the Midland district, I thought she would possibly be prepared with a good fund of enthusiasm in admiration of the sea, and so when we reached a spot on which we got a pretty look-out upon the water, I said, "Is it not a sweet sea view?" "Yes, but there are not many ships to be seen."

Having reached the charming little village of Bonchurch, which at the time was clothed in all its leafy beauties, and which, with its babbling brooks, its winding lanes, and its perfumed hedges, might have entranced any one who had a soul for the picturesque and the beautiful, I observed, "Oh, is not this a perfect little gem of natural loveliness?" "Yes, but it is not so pretty as some roads we have gone."

In the course of our ramble, I called attention to the beauty of the hedges, festooned as they were with clematis, and variegated with the red and white honeysuckle; and my notes of admiration were met with, "Yes, but there are no roses in them."

Going down through the coach-road which leads from Bonchurch to Ventnor, we came to a lovely spot belonging to one of the villas, in front of which there was a large pond skirted with fuschias and other flowering shrubs. All the foliage around it was mirrored on the glassy face of the water, while to and fro upon its bosom sailed two majestic swans. Of course, I must have something to say about the beauties of the pond and its surroundings, all of which was met with, "Yes, but there's no fish in the water."

Passing on at the back of the town of Ventnor, we went in the direction of the village of St. Lawrence. Here we came upon a narrow road, on either side of which the trees met over head, and formed a perfect alcove. I could not enter such a bower of beauty without some remark on the picturesque loveliness of the spot, which enthusiasm of mine was met as usual with the reply, "Yes, but if two carriages were to meet here they could not pass."

By this time my patience had reached its limit. I could stand it no longer. I turned round and took the lady home; and as we retraced our steps, I delivered to her a homily on the folly of refusing pleasures which are within our reach, by reflecting on possible evils that some day or other may be mixed with them.

The practical application of this little reminiscence of mine to the readers of ONWARD is this—whatever a merciful Providence puts within your reach, take it, and thankfully make the best of it; never refuse to enjoy the sunshine of to-day, because it possibly may be overcast or wet to-morrow. Never refuse the good, because it is not better, nor the better because it is not the best. But, good, better, or best, take it as it comes; thank God for it; with a grateful heart and a contented mind you may turn the good into better, and everything into best.

REV. J. CORBIN.

A FRIEND whom I had not seen for long met me at a public meeting. He placed himself next me and gently whispered, "I would sooner be beside you than be beside myself any day."

A WITTY blind man at a Band of Hope tea said he all but contrived to see the chairman. "How?" inquired a friend eagerly. "Because," said he, "I took a cup and saw, sir."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—A novel cure for drunkenness was lately tried, it is stated with great effect, in a volunteer corps of Indians in Mexico. An Indian, who had been guilty of repeated acts of drunkenness, was led into a hollow square formed by the troops, amid the beating of drums and the blowing of trumpets. Three corporals advanced, one carrying a jug of soap-suds, each of the other two a pliant cane, and, after a short but pithy speech from the commanding officer, the offender was ordered to drink the contents of the jug. Immediately he stopped to take breath as he swallowed the nauseous draught, the sticks came down with a will upon his shoulders, and thus admonished he again addressed himself to his task. Another pause was promptly followed by more stripes, until, stimulated by the latter, the jug was drained. Since that time, it is stated, the Indian has been the most sober of men.

GENERAL ROBERTS, the hero of Afghanistan, is a staunch teetotaler, and almost every English regiment serving in the Afghan campaign has a Good Templar lodge attached to it.

"I WONDER what makes my eyes so weak," said a sot to a teetotaler. "They are in a weak place," replied the latter.

THE three "R's" are very famous; the three D's, Dirt, Drink, and Disease, are, at least in the above connections, very *in*famous.

WHAT reason is there to doubt the existence of the Giant's Causeway?—Because there are so many sham-rocks in Ireland.

AN old lady says she hears every day of civil engineers, and wonders if there is no one to say a good word for civil conductors.

A YOUTH being cautioned the other day by an affectionate parent against sunstroke, replied that he had no dread of a sunstroke—it was a father-stroke he had most cause to fear.

Notices to Correspondents.

Received with thanks: J. Bannister, F. A. Mingard (Ottawata).

Notices of Books.

WE have received from the National Temperance League two short stories, in shilling books, entitled: *Jack in the Water*, by D. G. Paine; and *Birdie's Mission*, by the author of "Home Influence." Both of them are useful Band of Hope narratives.

There accompanies this packet a Temperance Service of Song, price threepence, which is a story entitled "True to the Pledge," with more than a dozen musical pieces.

The Picture Gallery of Bacchus; or, Temperance Readings on Public-house Signs. By T. H. Evans. Published by the National Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand.—A suggestive and instructive work on sixteen tavern-signs. The true reading of each one shows that they are all warnings to keep outside the door. The chapter on the "Fox" is good. The interpretation of the "Blind Beggar" is, they who go in are blind and come out beggars.

A Handbook of Temperance. A collection of thirty-five papers, being "the chief contents of the Annuals for 1880–81 published by the National Temperance League." All the papers are on subjects of interest, and are mostly written by well-known men.

In Ward and Lock's *Epochs and Episodes of History* (Part II., price 6d.) there is an admirable account, in fifteen pages, of the "Temperance Movement, its Origin and Development." The article is historically fair and just, well written, and most instructive.

Till the Goal be Reached! By J. McL.—A story published by S. W. Partridge, price half-a-crown. A well-written and useful story.

The Temperance Mirror, published by the National Temperance League, 337, Strand, contains a beautiful frontispiece, and is replete with stories and information which are attractive and instructive, besides many well-selected poems.

My Neighbours' Windows, by Emilie Searchfield (price eighteenpence), published by F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane, E.C., includes five love stories, told with pathos and poetry, with touches here and there that indicate some true ability.

The Westons of Riversdale; or, the Trial and Triumphs of Temperance Principles. By Mrs. E. C. A. Allen, author of "Echoes of Heart Whispers." Published by Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, London. Price five shillings.—The book is well got up, and thoroughly attractive. The contents give us a story of English domestic life, founded not on fiction but on fact. It is a tale with a purpose in it which is never lost sight of in all the chapters. To many it is already widely known, and in the re-issue of this edition we wish the work and the worker a large measure of success. Our limited space forbids further comment on the book, which we commend to all libraries and readers.

J. B. Gough's Orations. Published by the National Temperance Depôt, Strand. First and second series, price 1s. 6d. each, including fourteen addresses of this famous speaker. The books are cheap, and the matter they contain is the most powerful appeal for temperance that can be made.

Publications Received.

Canada Casket—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Social Reformer—The Western Herald—The Rechabite Temperance Magazine—The Temperance Record—Derby Mercury—The Temperance Advocate—The Sunday School Chronicle—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—the Dietetic Reformer.

TO OUR READERS.

IN order to stimulate and encourage the senior members of Bands of Hope and others interested in the Temperance movement, the Editors of ONWARD have decided occasionally to offer Prizes. The first,

A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA,

will be awarded for the best paper on the following subject—

TOTAL ABSTINENCE:

Its Advantages to the Young in Daily Life.

MSS. must be addressed "Editors of ONWARD, 18, *Mount Street, Manchester," and sent in not later than March 1st. Papers to be written on one side only, and to contain not less than 700 or more than 1,500 words. Competitors must be under twenty years of age. The Editors reserve the right to publish any of the Papers received in Competition.*

REV. CHARLES GARRETT ON SMOKING.

I AM deeply grieved to see so many young people enslaving themselves to tobacco. Smoking is not only a waste of time and money, but it injures the health, the temper, and the influence of the smoker. It evidently promotes indolence and selfishness; almost every idler is a smoker, while the conduct of smokers in railway carriages is a miserable illustration of their selfishness; one smoker, rather than exercise self-denial, will make a whole carriage full of people uncomfortable and unwell. The aged man and the feeble woman are alike sacrificed to his personal gratification. The bondage of the smoker is more despotic than that of the drunkard. I have been assured scores of times that the giving up of tobacco was infinitely more difficult than the giving up of drink; everything has to bow to this appetite when once formed. The company of the fair, the wise, and the holy is gladly left for a pipe. I have seen Christian men miserable in the most attractive and interesting company, and stealing away to the most unattractive room to secure a smoke. It is a sad thing to see a young man, and especially a Christian young man, fastening these fetters upon himself. I trust you will never begin, but for the sake of your health, your purse, and your soul, you will resolve with me, never to touch a pipe or cigar, but to retain and enjoy the freedom from this most injurious habit with which our Maker has endowed us.

ONWARD, FEB., 1883. *All Rights Reserved.*]

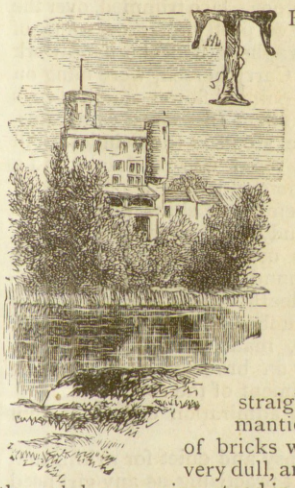
WE GIRLS.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.—MYSTERIOUS.



THE home of Carry Jones was known to all the girls of Miss Sheffield's school. A few of us, among whom were Emily and myself, had been privileged to enter it not unfrequently, yet not without a very stated invitation. But the Joneses had very little company.

The house, a straight, square, unromantic looking one, built of bricks which had become very dull, and dark, and dirty, through long service, stood in a grove of sombre trees, whose shadows almost hid the windows from the healthy light and sunshine. Very few of these windows could be seen from the road, Leigh Road, in which this residence, bearing the name of Leigh House, was situated.

Sylvia Moore declared it was a "gloomy abode," but altogether genteel and proper in her estimation, and none of us disputed her verdict as to Carry's home. We some of us wondered how Carry could bear to live there—she, so bright, so sunshiny, so clever, so full of life; and Emily and I decided privately that her home folks could not even have existed without her.

During the first year or so of my residence at Miss Sheffield's, when Carry and I had first found out how entirely we were suited to each other, and entered into one of those close delightful friendships that make the charm of school-girl life, I had been naturally introduced to Carry's mother and elder sister, for I had been invited to tea with her on her birthday, in her own home. The only rooms I had then seen were the parlour or ordinary sitting-room, where an ample meal was provided, and the bedroom occupied by Carry herself, in which I took off my things.

The former was not by any means a cheerful room, the furniture was old, massive, and dull. There were hardly any pictures on the walls, and

the two or three were large oil paintings of gentlemen Joneses, of grave demeanour and solemn countenances.

But Carry's chamber was as light, and cheerful, and pretty, as a sweet young maiden need wish to possess. The contrast in coming from the one room to the other was as great as between winter and summer. A pretty rose-covered chintz furniture decorated the bed, and depended in neat festoons, lace trimmed, over the window ; a number of pretty pictures, some of them chromo-lithographs, others the handiwork of Miss Jones or of Carry herself, were hung on the walls. A green-painted flower-stand, always filled with gay and sweet blossoms, geraniums, fuschias, mignonette, stood in the window. All the furniture of the room was of maple, and a neat writing-desk, before which a chair stood invitingly ready, seemed to show that Carry's bedroom was her study also, as indeed it was.

A charming little cottage piano, a bookcase filled with gaily bound volumes, some photographs framed in leather work, in which Miss Jones excelled, a number of pretty little plaster of Paris statuettes, made by some ingenious Italian, and placed on brackets, completed the lightness and adornment of the room.

Carry enjoyed my admiration of her sanctum very heartily.

"Here I am as cosy and quiet for writing and learning lessons and practising as any girl need wish to be," she said ; "surely I ought to improve with all these advantages for study."

And I quite agreed with her. Often when we were poring over our lessons at Sheffield House amongst the other girls, I pictured Carry in her home, with everything she could wish to make her comfortable in her pretty room.

But I never envied Carry her relations, fond as they were of her, for I stood in some awe of them myself, and found it difficult to imagine how even my friend could do otherwise. It was very absurd of me, of course, but we girls have strange fancies, which only experience and enlightenment can remove.

I came from a merry house full of boys and girls, with a laughing, gay-hearted father, and a sweet-tempered, smiling mother, and to me the aspect of Mrs. Jones was solemn and almost repulsive.

Mrs. Jones was a tall, upright, dark-complexioned woman, with hard lines about her forehead and face, ploughed therein, there could be no doubt, by anxiety and care ; she sighed heavily very often, and made me feel that life to her was not only as "real and earnest" as the "piece" of poetry I was learning at my introduction to her, described it to be, but very burdensome and troublesome as well. Her black hair was streaked with grey, and seemed almost more like threads of iron-work than human hair, so hard and metallic, and what we girls called "stivery," was each separate hair. She almost never smiled, and I knew her many months before the sound of laughter proceeded from her lips in my presence. And the laugh then had no sound of hearty mirth in it, but appeared to come merely from an echo of a past appreciation of humour.

Yet I never doubted her fondness for Carry : she watched her about the room constantly, as if she were the one pleasant thing her eyes had to look upon, which was assuredly the case. Carry's love, Carry's triumphs at school, Carry's proficiency in games, were her mother's alleviations in life.

Miss Jones was a very different woman from her mother, and can be almost sufficiently described in the one word "fussy." Kind-hearted, benevolent, easy-tempered, unselfish, unexacting, she would have completely spoiled her younger sister had not my friend's own disposition fortunately resembled hers in some particulars ; and there were pretty little contests between the two sisters as to who should do the disagreeable things that each desired to spare the other. Miss Jones had red hair, and the soft pretty pink complexion that goes so far to reconcile red-haired people to their fate. Her eyes were greyish-blue, and she, like our dear Carry, was near-sighted, and required to wear spectacles.

She laughed a good deal—a short, nervous laugh, that never convinced me she was merry, but she was often cheerful, and exchanged bantering talk with Carry occasionally.

The servants at Leigh House were a middle-aged, married couple—the husband a strong, powerfully-built man, with an honest, cheery face and respectable manners ; the wife, a small, neat woman, who kept everything about the rooms in beautiful order.

It was this man, Samuel Renshawe, who had induced Carry to become a teetotaler, as she had herself told me. And Carry's teetotalism was by no means kept a secret ; she endeavoured at once to influence us to join her, as she said, in her crusade against the drink. Her warm, eager, earnest nature had been aroused, and she told me with a sad look on her dear face, that temperance teaching enabled her to understand some things affecting her own family which had been quite a mystery to her before.

"I tell you this in confidence, Kate, and I do wish you would join me, that we might work together to make homes happy."

For the last few months I had only been invited once to Leigh House, and even on Carry's birthday the expected invitation had not been given.

Whenever we girls had passed Carry's home in our walks, I had turned my head to look at it, and to see if Samuel Renshawe was at work in the garden as he used to be almost always. But he was never there now; instead, I saw a tall lad engaged in doing up the beds, cutting the grass with the little garden-mower and doing all that Samuel used to do.

I asked Carry one day if the Renshawes had left them, and she coloured in a way that surprised me, as she answered, "Oh! no, Kate, but he is wanted in the house, so his nepnew attends to the garden for us; I dare say you may have seen him. He is a nice lad, and as good a teetotaler as his uncle."

I apologised for my question, but Carry kissed me, and said it was very natural indeed I should ask it. This was about a fortnight before we established the Soap Club, and the next day she gave me an invitation to tea with her. Miss Sheffield's permission being obtained pretty easily, I returned home with my friend in the afternoon, she having stayed to dine at school, as she always did on "drawing days."

I thought Carry seemed a little nervous and strange as we drew near Leigh House. Once or twice she began a sentence that she did not finish, but turned off into something else. I did not like to pain her by any stupid or inappropriate remark, like I had made concerning their man-servant, so I waited for her to tell me what was the matter, as I fully expected she would do.

But I was mistaken. She took me, as usual, to her own pretty chamber, and kept me there talking over many things concerning our school affairs and the girls, and a little about the Margherita Ziffel, who was soon to become one of us.

As we talked, I heard a very strange sound. Carry's room opened upon a long passage, which led to the disused part, as I believed, of the old house, which was much too large, in my decided opinion as a school-girl, for the small family of women who occupied it, only protected by the one man, Samuel Renshawe.

The noise was not a pleasant noise by any means, yet I find it difficult to describe it; it was not talking, nor laughing, nor shouting, nor screaming, nor quarrelling, nor cursing, but a compound of all of them; and added to this, a wildness, an unearthliness—I could almost say a madness—that made my blood run cold as for a moment I listened to it. It was made by a man—of that I felt certain, though the prolonged howl with which the clamour ended might have done credit to the throat of a wild beast.

Carry looked at me; I knew that, though I avoided meeting her eyes, and tried hard to put on an unconcerned manner. She began to talk to me hurriedly, and opening some of her drawers, showed me several articles which I had seen before, and chatted about them to hide the fact that her nervousness made her tremble, and her grief filled her blue eyes with tears. Then the noise, which had for a while been succeeded by a death-like stillness, began again, and she went to the door of her room and locked it, then covering her face with her hands, she sank upon one of her pretty maple-wood chairs, and burst into tears.

My arms were around her in an instant. "Carry, darling Carry, what is it? Do tell me, or if you can't do that, at least let me comfort you."

"I can't, I mustn't; oh! I really can't," she said; "it is not my secret alone, dearest Kate, it is poor mamma's." And then she wept, almost as if her loving heart would break. I had never seen her like this, even in the least degree, before, and therefore her tears had the greater effect upon me. There were some girls at school whose tears came so readily that they might have shed them for a whole day almost without exciting my pity at all. Girls who cry because they have a wrong figure in their sums, instead of trying to set it right, who cry because somebody won't help them to do their own work, or who whine at a justly-merited punishment, I could never feel much sympathy for any of these. But here was Carry Jones, who never cried at school, because she so faithfully plodded on at her work, so merited the praise of her teachers, and so won, in almost every instance, the attachment of her fellow-scholars, that she had positively nothing to cry about; here she was, giving way to one of the saddest outbursts of grief that I ever saw; and my heart ached for her, and my eyes filled with answering tears.

But after what she had said, I could ask no questions. I was inquisitive, as all girls, and, for that matter, all boys, too, are more or less, known to be. I would have given much to be able to explain those hideous noises which I had been compelled to hear, but I would not appear to wish to pry into what was so evidently a family trouble. And yet do what I would, I found myself asking who could it be? and wondering as to the answer—"Her mother's secret." Surely no woman, even if raving mad, would have such a masculine voice as had pealed along the lonesome passage, and vibrated upon my ear.

As to Miss Jones, with her somewhat shrill, thin voice, it would be absurd to imagine for one moment that it could be she!

After a while, which we had occupied in a desultory manner, Carry proposed that we should go down to tea. She looked out from her room door a little anxiously for some half minute or

so first. All was quite still; so still that I began to wonder as much at the stillness as I had done at the noise.

"Come, dear," said Carry, who had bathed her face, and tried to remove the traces of her deep sorrow, "let us cheer them if we can; I am sure I need not ask you to keep the secret at school, and please do not say a word downstairs."

I kissed Carry's sweet face, now sadly pale, as I promised both these things, and then, with our arms around each other's shoulders, we hastened down.

It was a relief to me to find Mrs. Jones and her daughter seated at the tea-table. There was a deeper, intenser furrow on the mother's brow, and her face was more rigid. Miss Jones showed, by an increase of fussiness, that she was considerably agitated: but Carry said not a word to either of them on what had taken place, and they were as uncommunicative. My friend, however, before she took her seat, went to her mother's side and kissed her softly; then, under pretence of looking for a favourite spoon to put into my cup, she repeated the caress on her sister's forehead—that was all.

The rest of the evening passed just as our evenings had been wont to pass at Leigh House; but when the servant came for me from Miss Sheffield's, instead of my again repairing upstairs, Mrs. Renshawe was requested to bring my things down to the parlour, and I was not sorry to escape the risk of again hearing those hideous sounds.

(*To be continued.*)

TOMMY ROAR.

BY UNCLE BEN.

ONCE I had a young friend whose chief gift seemed to be the readiness with which he could shed tears. I believe that boy could have had a really good cry over almost anything. He wept where many would smile; but these watery showers did not seem to injure his cheerfulness. Between times he was as happy and cheerful as the brightest. I think crying did him good; he wept his sorrows away, and he evidently found refreshment in the act. Perhaps he had discovered it to be a healthy exercise as a baby, and had therefore tried to keep it up. In fact, I am not quite sure that he did not continue to enjoy the exertion, for exert himself over this he truly did, until his bosom friends called him Tommy Roar; for when he cried he followed the ancient custom and "lifted up his voice." In fact, in plain language, he simply howled. He never shed a silent, idle tear, a useless and unobserved dewdrop, from his eye; he wept in public, seldom in private, unless at last the patience of his nearest and dearest relatives was exhausted, and their compulsion obliged him to remain in solitude. Then he wept with emphasis behind the locked door.

If prizes were ever offered for the most successful competitor in a crying race, that boy would have stood a fair chance of being victor over most of his own age and size; for a good, steady, noisy downpour, it would be hard to beat him; for a long and earnest crier I have never known his equal. He would burst out on the smallest provocation, often crying out before he was hurt, and never failing to do so afterward. He would cry at his meals if the milk-and-water was too warm; as the hot fluid ran down his throat, one might think it ran out at his eyes. If he learnt any lessons they were sure to affect him to tears before he could say them. Even at play the waterworks would overflow, and the stream break forth from the eye-tap. If he were punished for crying, it only augmented the evil; so that his friends only reaped the retribution. Nothing seemed to cure him; having his own way would stay it for a few moments; but when he was tired of that, he would go it again with all the more zeal because of the late drought.

Friends suggested many remedies—some an improved respirator, others a muzzle or gag. One thought mufflers might deaden the sound; another said the boy should drink less, for if he imbibed less fluid the outflow would be checked. One said, could the child not have his eyes anointed with some waterproof solution? Tommy was a teetotaler, but this was not the cause of his being a mere Bochim, or place of weeping. One extreme friend urged that the lad should be kept from all liquids and made to stand before the fire until he was dry inside and out; but this was manifestly too absurd. Another said he will grow out of it in time, as he will out of his clothes; and till then can't you make use of him—lend him out as a water-cart to allay the domestic dust? One who was strong on the question of discipline undertook to render him as tearless as a graven image by one means. He said, "Try the stick."

At last Mr. Giles said he would undertake to mend the reservoir. He was a plumber and glazier by trade, but fond of science and engineering as a pastime; he would see what a joke might do. He was a firm and determined man; he maintained he had cured his own children of over-crying by electricity, and he called his battery "the tear-stopper." He was a believer in the principle of homœopathy, "like cures like," and as Tommy was such a shocking boy to cry he felt sure a good shock from his


E. Stevens

electric machine would frighten the boy into greater control over his foolish habit.

Tommy often came in to play with Mr. Giles' little boys, and liked it while he could get his own way; when he could not he immediately tuned up and went home.

One day our little friend, who was known in Mr. Giles' domestic circle as "Cry-baby," came in when Mr. Giles was at home. The children had not been playing long before Tommy was well started in a most affecting performance. Mr. Giles went to see what the matter was. He came just as the tearful Tommy was moving off.

"Well," said Mr. Giles, "what is the matter?" but Tommy only wept the more.

Putting on a cheerful, sympathetic tone, he said, "You can't be hungry, for you've only just had your tea; you ain't poorly, are you?"

"No," blubbered Tommy.

"You haven't lost any relations I know, Tommy, and you ain't married; it's only when a man's married his troubles begin. So what have you got to cry for?" and learning there was no real cause for such expressions of distress, he continued, "Come along with me, and let's have a nice game with my machine; you shall have a turn all by yourself."

They were standing in the passage, and through the open door Tommy could see the electric machine on the table.

"There," said Mr. Giles, "get up on the chair, take hold of the handles, and I'll turn it for you."

Tommy was over-tempted by curiosity, and delighting in anything new, he followed the seductive invitation. Mr. Giles gave several turns, and charged the battery, then the boy took hold of the handles, and in an instant yelled out at the top of his voice, for he found the shocks increasing, and he could not let go the handles.

"Leave off crying, and stop making that noise, or I'll give you something to cry for; this is only play," said Mr. Giles firmly.

Tommy stopped in a moment, and Mr. Giles released him, saying, "Whenever you cry about nothing it's a pity; it's waste of time and energy. And whenever you start the water-works when nothing's wrong, we'll have a game with this machine." It was quite enough for Tommy. He often came again, but never shed another tear in Mr. Giles' house.

I tell the little story as it came to me. I do not vouch for the truth of it; but there are some foolish habits we have to be shamed or shocked out of—some growing evils that require strong measures to cure. The best plan is to avoid them, and then we need no violent checks. And it is a good thing when others teach us how to master our weaknesses before they master us.

THE WANDERER'S PRAYER.

ON a cold, dreary evening in autumn a small boy, poorly clad, yet cleanly and tidy, with a pack upon his back, knocked at the door of an old Quaker, in the town of S——, and inquired—"Is Mr. Lanman at home?"

"Yes."

The boy wished to see him, and was speedily ushered into the host's presence.

Friend Lanman was one of the wealthiest men in the country. The boy had come to see if he could obtain a situation on the road. He said he was an orphan—his mother had been dead only two months, and he was now a homeless wanderer. But the lad was too small for the filling of any place within the Quaker's gift, and he was forced to deny him. Still he liked the looks of the boy, and said to him—

"Thee may stop in my house to-night, and on the morrow I will give the names of two or three good men in Philadelphia, to whom thee may apply, with assurance of kind reception at least. I am sorry that I have no employment for thee."

Later in the evening, as the Quaker passed the door of the little chamber where the poor wandering orphan had been placed to sleep, he heard a voice. He stopped and listened, and distinguished the tones of a simple, earnest prayer. He bent his ear nearer and heard these words from the boy's lips—

"Oh! good Father in heaven! help me to help myself. Watch over my own conduct; and care for me as my deeds merit! Bless the good man in whose house I am sheltered for the night, and spare him long, that he may continue his bounty to other suffering ones. Amen!"

And the Quaker responded another Amen as he moved on; and as he went he meditated. The boy had a true idea of the duties of life, and possessed a warm, grateful heart.

"I verily think the lad will be a treasure to his employer!" was his concluding reflection.

When the morning came, the old Quaker changed his mind concerning his answer to the boy's application.

"Who learned thee to pray?" asked friend L.

"My mother, sir," was the soft reply. And the rich brown eyes grew moist.

"And thee will not forget thy mother's counsels?"

"I cannot; for I know that my success in life is dependent upon them."

"My boy, thee mayest stay here in my house;

and very soon I will take thee to my office. Go now, and get thy breakfast."

Friend L. lived to see the poor boy he adopted rise, step by step, until he finally assumed the responsible office which the failing guardian could no longer hold.

A BOY'S LAST HYMN IN A GARRET.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

A FRIEND of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement-house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder passed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bullseye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! but look here!"

He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!"

"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him!"

"My boy, you must not stay here, you'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing!

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn!"

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang—

"'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.'

"That's the little hymn, sir; good-bye!"

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings; and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead.

WHAT SHE COULD.

ONCE a woman came to Jesus with an offering
rich and rare;
On His head she poured the ointment, and disciples who were there
Murmured, and looked coldly on her. One
amongst their number said,
"Why was not this wasted money given to the
poor instead?"

But the Lord did not rebuke her, He her motive
understood;
And He said, "The work is righteous, for she
hath done what she could;"
Unto Mary, sad and troubled, came His words
like healing balm,
And her heart was filled with gladness—with a
blessed holy calm.

Oh, my sisters, are we doing like that woman
brave and true,
Just because we love the Master, everything that
we can do
For His glory? Are we showing by each action
and each word,
By whole-hearted consecration, our great love
for Christ the Lord?

Are we coming nobly forward in the cause of
truth and right?
Are we found beneath His banner in the thickest
of the fight?
Are we for the sake of others willing both to dare
and do,
And to bravely show our colours by our little
bow of blue?

Erring ones we see around us, little children
meet and fair;
For the sake of these, my sisters, let us always,
anywhere,
Strive to publish Gospel Temperance, trusting in
the Lord the while;
And tho' some disciples murmur, we shall have
the Master's smile.

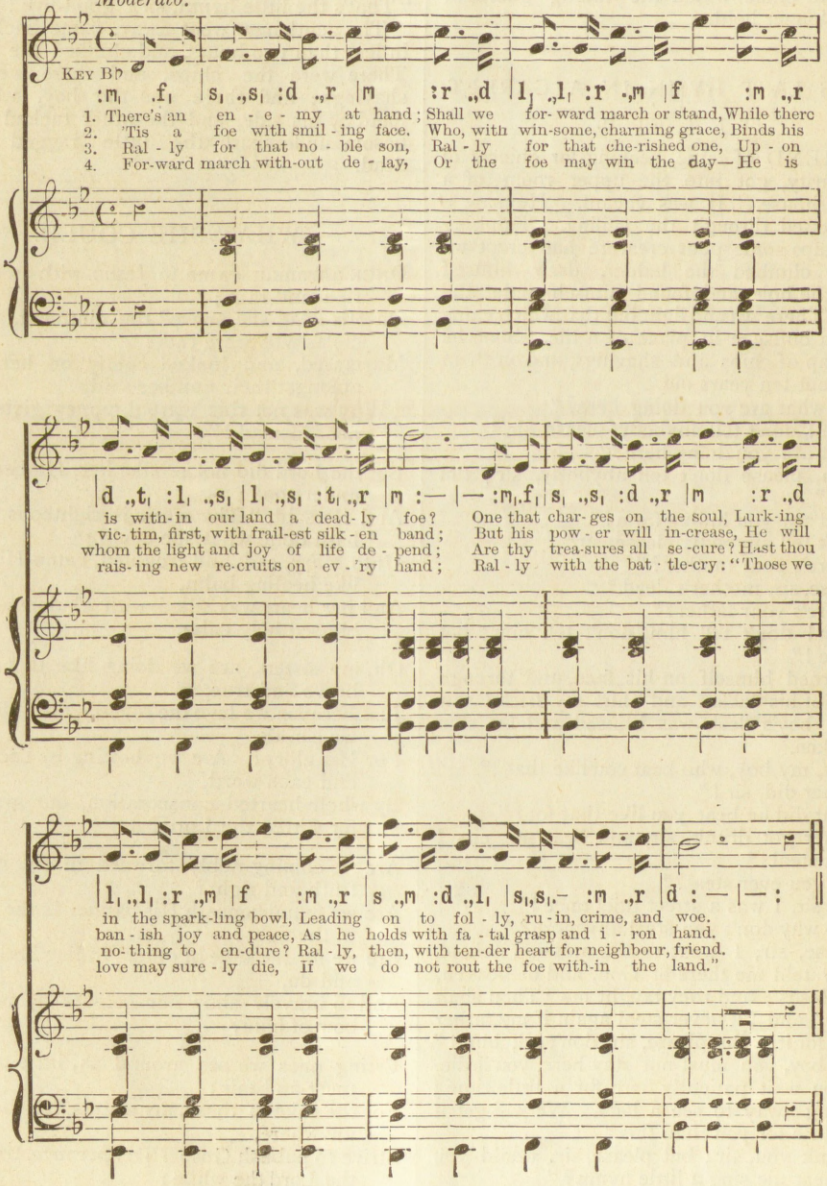
EMILY ALICE MAUDE.

A FOE IN THE LAND.

Words by MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON.

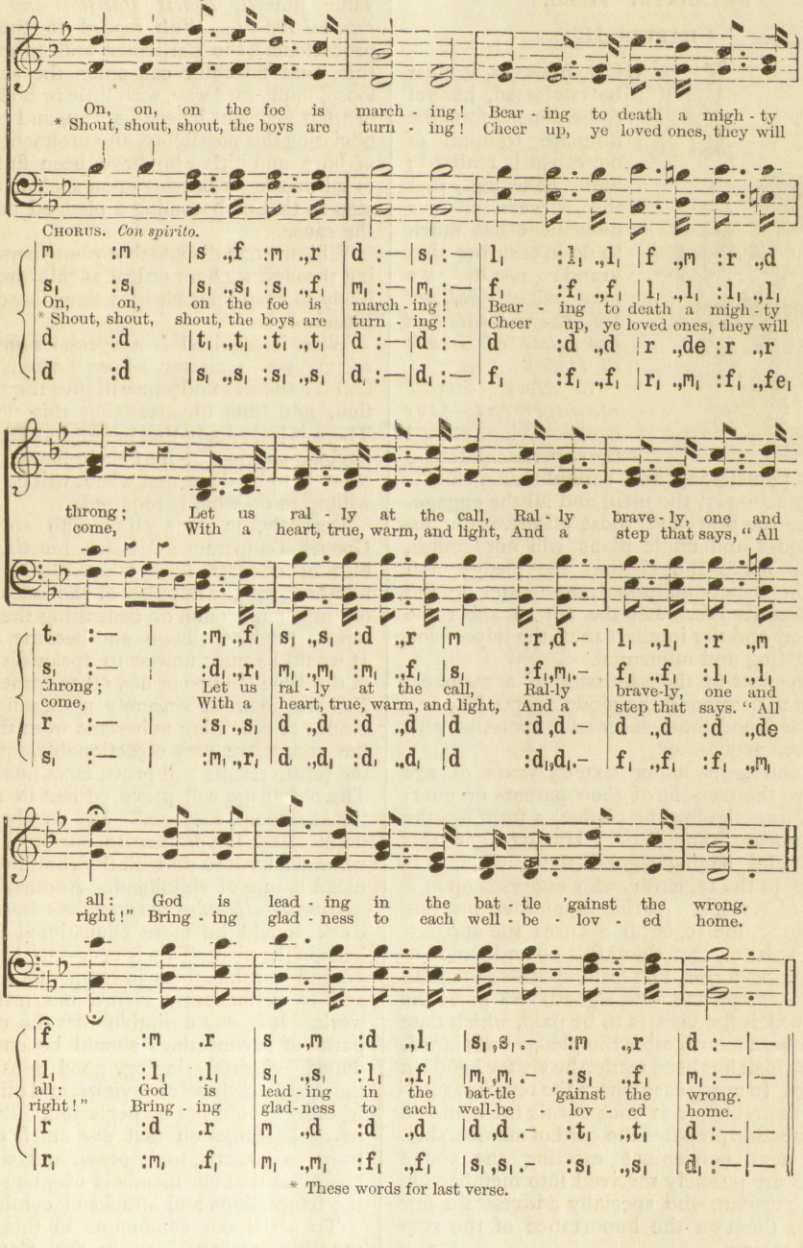
Music by J. W. BISCHOFF.

Moderato.



A FOE IN THE LAND—*continued.*

CHORUS. *Con spirito.*



* These words for last verse.

OUR WORK IN THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

BY MARTIN FIELD.

CHAPTER II.



MUCH, however, it must be confessed, has yet to be done before the ultimate triumph of our cause is realized; and believing that the success of our movement has much to do in securing that grand result, we may ask—*What are the present wants and necessities of Bands of Hope?*

1. *More careful management.*—Our cause having passed the experimental stage demands painstaking and careful management. Let the machinery, the men, and all the engagements be the best and most effective obtainable. Loose and crude plans will not suffice, especially make the signing the pledge and joining the society an important matter in the young person's life. Let the act so affect the conscience and the intellect that the impression will be lasting and influential.

With respect to the admission of a member, allow me to commend the mode adopted by one of the oldest and most successful societies with which I am acquainted.

Boys and girls under sixteen years of age must have the consent of their parents or guardians before signing the pledge, a form for the purpose being supplied. Having got this consent, and having signed the pledge, it is delivered to the registrar, who endorses upon it the date of receipt. At the committee meeting next ensuing, the registrar secures the appointment of a visitor, and there fills up and hands to him a visiting form. The form specifies the date on which the pledge was signed, and gives the date on which the visit is to be paid, which date is, of course, a month after the pledge was signed. When the visit has been made, the visitor hands in his report. In every case where the report is satisfactory, the registrar at once enrols the name on the register and prepares the card of membership. At the next convenient meeting the young members are publicly received into membership by the chairman, who specially addresses a few words to them on the importance of the step they are taking.

What results are got from this laborious work? In the first place, a bond of sympathy between committee and the members and their parents; in the second place, we get what is of very great value indeed, *honest statistics and a reliable annual report.* With regard to the visits to probationers, the particular and special gain is this, that no child can enter the society in a loose, haphazard way, with little or no knowledge of what is meant by such a step, and by entirely obviating this possibility, an enrolment is secured of boys and girls who have been fully advised of all that has a bearing upon such an important step as that of becoming a pledged adherent of the cause.

Will any one dispute that young persons entering through such an ordeal as this are far more likely to keep their pledges than those admitted loosely?

What is required is a special officer, be he secretary or registrar, whose heart is fired with zeal for success and who will give thought, attention, and time to arranging this department. There is little doubt that members of committees, having papers put into their hands specifying what is to be done and when, will be ready and willing to do what is required.

Recently, in connection with some of the Gospel Temperance Mission meetings, gatherings of children have taken place, and large numbers, on the impulse of the occasion, without much reflection or consulting their parents, put on the blue ribbon and became abstainers. It would be most unwise to speak disparagingly of the Blue Ribbon or any other earnest workers. But we do most sincerely maintain that such modes of obtaining adherents from the ranks of the young are very objectionable, and we fear the future results will prove most unsatisfactory. The old adage will prove correct in this cause: "Easy come, easy go." Let us always give a dignity and importance to our work, especially when we have to do with the confiding, unprejudiced nature of childhood. Another want is

Greater attention to systematic teaching.—Our work should be more educational than it has been in the past. This is necessary to thoroughly ground our members in temperance principles, and to permanently secure the results of our work. It is not desirable that the entertaining parts of our meetings should be entirely abandoned—cheerful singing, good sensible recitations, artistic dissolving views, and other pleasant features should not be neglected. But it should never be forgotten that our chief object is to train, to educate, to impress, and so to mould character that our members may be able to meet the temptations and attacks of coming days.

To assist our conductors in this matter, the monthly lessons given in the *Band of Hope Chronicle* are most valuable. The scientific,

physiological, and other aspects of the question are given in a connected and complete form. It is desirable that, instead of the discursive and rambling addresses usually given, gentlemen of ability should be invited to give these addresses, or specially prepare other systematic courses.

In giving them, the greatest simplicity should be observed, so that the facts and arguments may be understood by the youngest members. In all these cases free use should be made of diagrams, the black-board, or other educational appliances.

Closely allied to this, and naturally flowing from it, is the competitive examination upon these lessons. All well-conducted societies should, if possible, have classes for the careful study of Dr. Ridges' text-book, "Temperance Teaching for the Young," and thoroughly master it in all its details.

The time thus occupied until the national competition takes place in this month would be of the greatest service, and would so indoctrinate those who took part in it that there would be little fear of their forfeiting their principles in after life.

The recently proposed scheme, also, of the Honourable Conrad Dillon is a valuable suggestion for securing efficient systematic teaching and management. Doubtless most of our friends have heard of the plan. He proposes that societies should allow themselves, voluntarily, to be visited by inspectors or visitors, something like the day-schools or volunteers—such visitation to thoroughly test the work going on, as to frequency of meetings, kind of programme, order, singing and musical arrangements, recitations, account books, sale of literature, temperance teaching, and other special modes of work. The scheme is an important advance towards efficiency, and therefore we cannot but welcome it, and trust that it may be generally adopted.

It is satisfactory to know that some fifty societies in London have voluntarily offered to be examined by gentlemen appointed to the task; of course, the value and usefulness of these visits will depend upon the persons performing the duty. If done in a kind and judicious manner, apart from a fault-finding spirit, as with a sincere desire to benefit and assist, these visits and the reports afterwards prepared, cannot but greatly conduce to efficiency and thoroughness in our teaching and management.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE SAKE OF THE BOYS.

BY EDWARD HAYTON.

JOE BROWN and his wife were sitting together by the fire. Their three boys had just been put to bed. The oldest was twelve and the youngest seven. They were strong and healthy children, and as yet had given their parents no trouble to speak of.

Mrs. Brown was a careful and thrifty housewife, and an affectionate mother to her offspring. They had wanted for nothing so far—they had had plenty of wholesome food and plenty of warm clothes, for Joe, their father, was a good workman and had the best of wages.

Of late, however, his wife had observed, with some feelings of anxiety, that he was getting more drink than usual by a good deal. She felt that she had as yet no reason to complain of him really, for he still had a pride in seeing them nice, and everything in order at home. She had known as yet no real want of money to carry on house, for he was particularly careful to see that she had enough for the supply of every household want. But there was at her heart a secret fear that he was beginning to like the drink. And if ever this should get to be the case, she knew that it would be a woeful day for them all. She was just a little alarmed. And as they sat she said,

"Since putting the children to bed, I have been thinking of Mrs. Buxton and her boys. They have a hard life of it, poor things, and no mistake."

"Men like Buxton," said Brown, "ought to be made to do better by law. He will not work more than half of his time, and he destroys the half of what he earns in drink, I know; how they keep life in I cannot make out."

"They are half hungered as it is, I dare say," said his wife, "and would be much worse off if she did not work like a slave."

"She must have a life like a toad under a harrow," said Brown. "I heard of him coming home one evening drunk the week before last, and taking the money from her she had earned at the wash-tub that day, and going out and treating his pot-companions all round. I would cut my hands off before I would be guilty of that sort of thing. A man ought to provide for his family, at any rate."

"How shocking," said Mrs. Brown; "and they say he was once as industrious a man as ever lived, and as kind a husband and father."

"Yes, when I knew him first," said Brown, "he was just as good as he is now bad."

"The drink is an awful curse," said his wife, "when one thinks of it. The ruin it works in thousands of homes is fearful to imagine. Wives and children, and men themselves, are trodden under foot by it and made perfectly miserable. They are wise who never touch it."

"Such men as he is," said Brown, "never should touch it. It is next to certain that he will drink himself to beggary before he is done."

"If for nothing else," said she in answer to her husband, "he ought to do better for the sake of his boys."

Joe Brown sat and made no reply to this last remark of his wife's. The fact was, it had gone home to him. His boys were growing up, and his example was not favourable, for if they followed in his footsteps, and began to drink, they might some day be no better than Buxton. He liked a pint of beer well enough, that was certain, but he could give it up for their sakes if that was necessary—and that might be necessary—when his wife's suggestion was fairly considered.

So he thought—and his thoughts having taken this turn, he began to see that his children would have, to say the least, a better chance if his example led in the opposite direction. They had seen him the worse for drink many a time; and when under its influence his language had been anything but becoming. This must have had a bad influence upon them altogether.

The more he thought of it, the more dissatisfied he was with himself.

At noon the next day he went to the secretary of the temperance society, and said,

"Mr. Briggs, I wish to sign the pledge."

"I am very happy to hear you say so, for such as you are the very men we want. And I don't think that you will regret it if you should live for fifty years to come."

"It may be all the better for my boys, at any rate, and it is for their sake I am signing. I might get to be too fond of the beer like others, and that would be a bad day for *them*."

"You are right, it would indeed be a bad day for them," said Mr. Briggs, "and all of you."

Mr. Briggs, the secretary, showed him a variety of pledge cards, and he bought the prettiest to his liking, and then wished him to write in a space at the bottom of it, "*For sake of the boys.*"

He then carried the card to Mr. McAlpin's, the stationer, to be neatly framed against Saturday at noon.

He said nothing of all he had done to his wife, for he intended to give her a gentle surprise. And he was the more anxious to make this surprise complete, because he thought, from the way in which she had talked to him about Buxton's family, that she was half afraid he was getting to like the beer too well himself. It had never crossed his mind as a possibility before the evening on which they talked together by the fire, that the drink might some day get the master of him, and trample him under foot. Now he saw clearly that his wife had really done him a kindness in breaking this matter up in the way she had done, whether it was designed or not on her part. Had she spoken of his danger in a more direct manner, he might have resented it as an interference, and only have been more and more hardened against the consideration of the subject. He inwardly thanked his wife for the ingenious manner in which she had brought this matter under his notice.

When Saturday came, at noon he called at Mr. McAlpin's for his card, and was greatly pleased with it indeed now he saw it fairly finished.

On his arriving at home, he drove a brass-headed nail in the wall just above the mantelpiece, and there hung it up to remain.

When his wife looked at the card, and read,

> "I, Joseph Brown, agree to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and to discountenance by every lawful means the public and private use of them in others.
>
> "For sake of the Boys."

she was so taken by surprise that she could not speak, but laid her head upon his shoulder, and wept tears of gratitude and joy.

The very thing had come to pass for which, in her heart of hearts, she had wished. Now her boys would have a chance, and her fears might be at an end for her husband.

Joe Brown prospered, and his boys, who are now grown up to manhood nearly, are all like their father, working for the destruction of the drink traffic, by which so many of our British homes are laid waste and ruined. Be it ours to wish them good speed.

GOD IS GOOD.

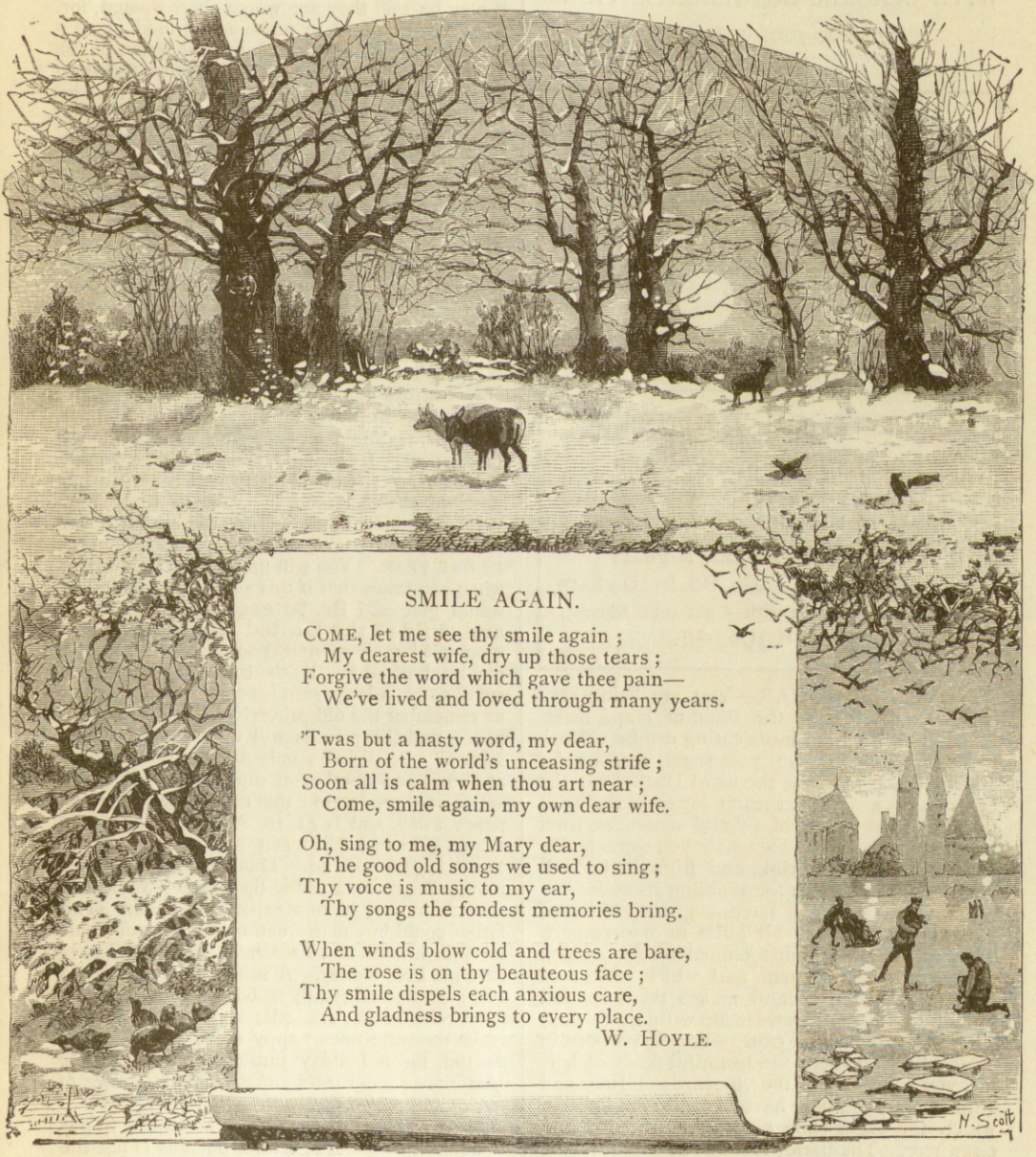
BY W. A. EATON.

LEARN this lesson, little children,
In your early, happy days,
It will save you years of worry,
God is good in all His ways.

Let it ring through all your playtime
Like a glorious, joyful song;
God, though great, is still our Father,
And He can do nothing wrong.

It will make the hard seem easy,
It will make the dark seem light,
If you learn in early childhood,
What God does must still be right!

Right and best, though pain and sorrow
Dim our path a little while;
In the bright and gladsome morrow
We shall meet our Father's smile



SMILE AGAIN.

COME, let me see thy smile again ;
My dearest wife, dry up those tears ;
Forgive the word which gave thee pain—
We've lived and loved through many years.

'Twas but a hasty word, my dear,
Born of the world's unceasing strife ;
Soon all is calm when thou art near ;
Come, smile again, my own dear wife.

Oh, sing to me, my Mary dear,
The good old songs we used to sing ;
Thy voice is music to my ear,
Thy songs the fondest memories bring.

When winds blow cold and trees are bare,
The rose is on thy beauteous face ;
Thy smile dispels each anxious care,
And gladness brings to every place.

W. HOYLE.

BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS. WITH BLACKBOARD ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY A. J. GLASSPOOL.

DRINK.

DRINK

D estroys good food.

R equires much money.

I njures the body.

N o good in it.

K eep away from it.

COST OF DRINK.

£147,000,000 in one year, or £4 9s. to every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom.

4d. a day is { £6 1s. 8d. a year. £60 16s. 8d. in 10 years, And with 5 per cent. interest, £76 10s. 4d.

BOYS AND GIRLS,—You are being constantly told at the Band of Hope meetings to abstain from intoxicating drinks. Now, to enable me to give you some reasons for abstaining, I will write the word DRINK on the board, and we will let each letter in the word form the first letters of several sentences, from four of which I hope to teach you some of the evil qualities of the drink, and from the last tell you the only safe way for avoiding its evils.

Intoxicating drinks have a great variety of names, but they are all alike in one respect. They all contain a spirit named alcohol, which always does some harm, and which often robs men of their senses and makes them commit dreadful crimes. First, let me write that drink

Destroys good Food.—You have been in the country and seen the beautiful fields of barley, you have read of the vineyards of Italy and France, and you may have heard of the fields in which the sugar-cane grows in America and elsewhere. The barley is made into malt for the manufacture of beer, the grapes are robbed of their juice to make wine, and the sugar-cane is emptied of its sap to make rum. Now, the barley, the grape, and the sugar-cane are undoubtedly sent by God as food, but when they are used in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors, it may be said they are worse than wasted, for what they are used to make is not food at all; it cannot supply nourishment to the body, but is an injurious liquor. It has been estimated that as much grain is used in the United Kingdom in one year in the manufacture of intoxicating drink as would make twelve hundred million (1200,000,000) quartern loaves. This quantity of bread would feed all the people of England, Ireland, and Scotland for four months out of the year. Such a waste of food is wrong, especially when so many people are hungry. [*The speaker may here refer more particularly to the poverty around, and also remind the children how careful the Saviour was to prevent waste, instructing His disciples to gather up even the fragments.*]

Let us look at it in another way. Drink not only destroys much good food, but in its manufacture, and in providing the articles and labour required, it causes an enormous sum of money to be spent. I will write, therefore, that drink

Requires much Money.—It is almost impossible to understand the value of the money spent in intoxicating liquors. Let me turn over the board and I will write, £147,000,000 SPENT IN ONE YEAR. You will understand this better when you know that if this sum were divided, it would give **£4 9s. to each man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom.** This money is largely spent by poor people, those who can least afford it. By the constant spending of small sums, a large sum is soon expended. Let us remember the old proverb, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." People who only drink a pint of beer at dinner and another at supper consider themselves very moderate; this costs, however, fourpence a day, and is £6 1s. 8d. A YEAR, IN TEN YEARS £60 16s. 8d., WITH FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST, £76 10s. 4d. This shows how much money might be saved if the drinker would but save the money he now expends in drink. The father could buy many extra clothes and comforts for himself and his family, if he would only save his beer money. A suit of clothes, say £2 10s.; boots, 10s.; cap, 3s. 6d.; school fee, fifty-two weeks at 4d., 17s. 4d.; books, £1; and to make the little ones happy there would be £1 0s. 10d. for a holiday into the country. [*The speaker can vary this calculation according to circumstances.*]

Now, when we spend money we expect to get something valuable in return, but this is not the case with the money spent in drink; for the drinker spends his money for an article that cannot do him good, and which, in fact, does him harm. I may write, therefore, that drink

Injures the Body.—When you eat bread or drink water your body is made stronger, and you are able to perform your daily tasks; but the drink is an enemy to the body; it tries all it can to get out of the body, and if it be forced to remain, it works all kinds of evil. It flies to the brain and takes away reason; it goes to the heart, and makes it wear itself out in working too much; it stops the blood from being able to take in the oxygen of the air; it robs the muscles of their power, and makes the strong man fall down more helpless than a little child. George Cruikshank drew a picture representing a drunken man lying down, and in various parts of his body evil spirits, with little barrows, are represented taking away the most important members of his system. One has his brains, another his heart, and another his lungs, and so on, till the man, having lost nearly all his faculties, is like a wreck. The drink always leaves its mark, and often leads its victim to the grave. Some persons think that a *little* drink cannot do harm; they imagine that it is only injurious when (as they say) too much is taken, and so they advise their friends to drink moderately. We must be on our guard against such advice, or we shall find that the drink, by making us like it, will lead us to drink so much that we shall soon become its slaves. Let me write of the drink,

No good in it.—It is no good as a means of enjoyment. At one time it was thought that friends could not meet together and be happy without a good supply of drink, but now it is found that 60,000 persons can meet together at the Crystal Palace and spend a very happy day without tasting a drop of drink. The drink does not benefit our health. Thousands of persons testify that when they have given up the drink their health has improved. Some persons used to drink because they believed that if they abstained they would die; but now it is found that those who abstain live longer and are much healthier than those who drink. In former days the doctors used constantly to order their patients to take intoxicating drinks; now they are generally very careful, and only prescribe it like other drugs. In fact, many doctors will not allow their patients to take any, and at the Temperance Hospital all kinds of diseases are treated, and a large number of persons cured without the use of any alcohol whatever. Now our last sentence shall be,

Keep away from it.—Keep away from places where the drink is sold. Never go inside a public-house if you can possibly help it. Look upon the lamps outside the public-house as the sailor does upon the light of the lighthouse: he is warned of danger, and so he steers his vessel in another direction. Keep away from people who drink, that is, try to make companions of those who abstain; if you make friends with those who drink, you are likely to imitate their example. Whilst you must always be charitable to those who differ from you in opinion, yet, having signed the pledge, you must be firm, or you will not only bring disgrace upon yourself, but also on the Temperance movement. If you refuse to drink, you cannot be injured. We cannot yet prevent the drink being made, we cannot yet, at all events, shut up the shops where it is sold, and we cannot prevent people from drinking, but we can shut our own mouths, and thus, in one of the best possible ways, do our part towards staying the manufacture and sale of the drink. The drink may be all around, but it will never do us harm till we drink it, whilst but a single glass may be the first step to ruin and disgrace.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is destroyed in the manufacture of strong drink?
2. How many quartern loaves are wasted every year?
3. How much money is expended every year in strong drink?
4. How much would every man, woman, and child receive if this sum were divided?
5. How much will 4d. a day in ten years amount to?
6. How does strong drink affect the body?
7. What is the best way of treating the drink?

SPRING-TIME.

Oh, where is the Spring-time waiting now,
With her hordes of treasures untold,
With her flower-petals and leaflets green,
And her butterflies' wings of gold?

Just round the corner she's waiting now,
Gathering in her store,
A little here and a little there,
Till her treasures need no more.

Oh, why is the Spring-time waiting now,
With her music, and mirth, and grace?
We are tired of Winter, grim and grey,
We are longing to see her face.

Patiently bear with old Winter's reign,
He is brushing the dead leaves down;
He is paving the way for her coming feet,
And helping to weave her crown.

S. J. J.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends towards the Sun of Righteousness.

RELIGION is the fear of God; its demonstration is good works, and faith is the root of both.

THE end of all learning is God, and out of that knowledge to love Him and to imitate Him, so that, possessing our souls with all true virtue, we may grow near to Him.

ENDEAVOUR to keep your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and is suffered to dwell there, then the road becomes paved for a thousand iniquities.

A PATTERN COMPROMISE.—The other day a lady went to pay her respects to one of the latest arrivals on the list of babyhood, when the following colloquy took place between her and the little four-year-old sister of the new comer. "I have come for that baby now," said the lady. "You can't have it," was the reply. "But I must; I came over on purpose," urged the visitor. "We can't spare it at all," persisted the child, "but I'll get a piece of paper, and you can cut a pattern."

"HOW could you think of calling your aunt stupid? Go to her immediately, and tell her you are sorry." Fred goes, and says, "Auntie, I am sorry you are so stupid!"

GIRLS had better be fast asleep than "fast" awake.

AN American Methodist journal remarks:—"W. H. Vanberbilt is reported to be worth sixty millions sterling. That is a big bundle to get through the strait gate. Jay Jould is estimated at twenty millions. They ought often to read Mark x. 23."

"GOLD," says a Georgia newspaper, "is found in thirty-six counties in this state, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, and whisky in all of them; and the last gets away with all the rest."

THE ranks of total abstainers have gained an influential recruit in Sir William Harcourt, who recently announced himself "an abstainer on health grounds."

WHY is a fly one of the tallest of insects?—Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

MEN are frequently like tea—their real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

WHEN is a house not a house?—When it is *a-fire*.

WHY is a box on the ears like a hat?—Because it is felt.

WHY is a melancholy young lady the pleasantest companion?—Because she is always *a-musing*.

WHAT plaything may be deemed above every other?—A top.

WHY is a palm-tree like chronology?—Because it furnishes dates.

WHY is an infant like a diamond?—Because it is a *dear* little thing.

WHY is anything that is unsuitable like a dumb person?—Because it won't answer.

WHY is the letter *l*, in the word "military," like the nose?—Because it stands between two *i's*.

WHAT is that which the dead and the living do at the same time?—They go round with the world.

WHAT is the difference between a permission to speak in a low tone and a prohibition not to speak at all?—In the one case you are not to talk aloud; in the other you are not allowed to talk.

Notices to Correspondents.

The Editors do not undertake to return rejected contributions.

All literary communications and books for review to be addressed to the Editor.

Letters on business to be directed to the Secretary, "Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

Received with thanks:—A. J. Glasspool, Edward Hayton, W. A. Eaton, S. Hocking, M. A. Paull, M. Field.

Notices of Books.

The National Temperance League's Annual for 1883, published at the depôt, 337, Strand, presents a most valuable collection of papers by eminent men, and is one of the most interesting handbooks that has been offered to workers in the cause.

The Brooklet Reciter, by Harriet Glazebrook, from the same publishers, gives us a selection of some eighty pieces of verse, many of which are well adapted for the purpose of use in Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies.

Publications Received.

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

WE GIRLS.

A Story of School-Girl Life.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

Chapter III.—Margherita.



IT was a popular joke amongst us, that Miss Sheffield had one day said to some anxious parents, who were inquiring about the eligibility of her school, as the place of instruction for their darling Matilda, "Nothing can be pleasanter, I do assure you, madame; we stand in our own grounds."

This "standing in our own grounds" made it impossible for us, as we sat in the school-room, to be attracted from our work by any vehicle, unless it was absolutely coming up the drive—a short, but *bonâ fide* drive— to Sheffield House. It is true that no conveyance which came escaped our notice, the baker's cart, the Moores' carriage, the costermonger's barrow, the knife-grinder's machine, were each and all of them sure to draw away some young heads from their legitimate pursuits to look at them.

It was the afternoon of the day after which Carry Jones had left us so suddenly and unexpectedly, and I had not yet been told what I was still so anxious to learn, the reason of the summons, and of her distress and fainting.

I resented being kept in ignorance, and yet I was too shy to ask for the information to be given to me.

Perhaps Miss Sheffield and Miss Lancaster had really forgotten to tell me. They had been busy about many matters I well knew. People had been coming and going much more than was common, and the routine of the house, generally as punctually carried out as the inside arrangements of a respectable clock, had been considerably modified to suit unexpected or unaccustomed circumstances.

Now, as we sat preparing our lessons for the next day, with Miss Lancaster keeping guard over us, and the room very orderly and quiet, there was a noise of wheels in the "grounds" we "stood upon," and a heavily-laden, four-wheeled cab drove up to the door. Two of us jumped up immediately to look out, and the rest almost directly followed suit; but we were arrested by Miss Lancaster's voice.

"Young ladies, what are you thinking of? Consider what a breach of good manners! Sit down all of you, I pray you, at once." We sat down, some reluctantly, some cheerfully, but not before most of us had ascertained that the cab contained a gentleman and a young girl, of what age, size, or appearance, we could neither of us make out, curious as we were to do so.

"It must be Margherita," whispered Emily Belmont to me.

And the whisper went round from girl to girl, by that species of mental telephonic system so common in schools.

"Who can the old gentleman be? I am positive there *was* an old gentleman," said Sylvia.

"I wish Carry Jones was here," I said; "I daresay she could have told us."

"Carry Jones does not know everything any more than the rest of us," said Ada. "I am sure I think it is a great relief not to have her here, and I should think Miss Sheffield will hardly take her back, after all—"

A much more imperative "Silence, young ladies," from Miss Lancaster stopped the interesting sentence, just as I was longing to hear it completed.

Instead, there were sounds in the hall outside of the school-room, sounds of heavy boxes being moved, and a man's gruff accents, and then, like the vibration of a musical bell, a young sweet voice sounded upon our ears. Shall I ever forget that first impression of the music of her voice?

Again the school-girls' telephone was in motion, and the whisper went round, "Margherita."

"She has a beautiful voice; I am sure I shall like her," I whispered impulsively to Emily.

Emily passed on my remark, but laughed at me for making it. "I daresay she can scold and storm with that voice, as well as sing and chatter," she said merrily; "what a funny girl you are, Kate. You always like or dislike at first sight. That is hardly fair, you know." I put up a warning finger, for Miss Lancaster was looking at us.

A minute or two afterwards the school-room door opened, and Miss Sheffield appeared, followed by an old gentleman, and a slight fragile-looking girl, with blonde hair and dark brown eyes and pale complexion. "This, young ladies, is Fraulein Margherita Ziffel, of whom I have often spoken to you," she said; "it is a great pleasure to me to receive her into my establishment, and I hope you will feel it a privilege to welcome her amongst you."

We had all stood up as they entered, and now we all bowed in token of assent.

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"This is only a part of our school, Herr Professor," said Miss Sheffield to the old gentleman; "these young ladies are preparing for to-morrow; several prefer to do so at their own homes."

The old gentleman bowed, and gave us all a very scrutinising look from out his rugged eyebrows, with his keen, dark eyes. He wore his long, fair hair low upon his shoulders, where it turned up, as if it had had an intention to curl, but had then got tired of it, and stopped.

"I should like to ask a favour from you, Herr Professor," said Miss Sheffield; "it is that you would examine my young ladies to-morrow when we are all together."

Then the old man smiled agreeably, and said, "I am not one English master enough for that, madame."

While they spoke, Margherita, with a pretty blush on her young face, stole softly amongst us, and took up one or two of our books.

"May I look?" she asked in her sweet, clear voice, and most of us were half in love with her at once, and volunteered to show her everything she desired to see. Only the girls belonging to the opposition party would not own that she was charming, as much from fear of Ada's displeasure if they gave in, as from conviction of the truth of their statement.

"Kate Percy, I want you," said Miss Sheffield, as they withdrew; and I rose and followed them with the utmost alacrity.

"Come in to my parlour to tea, Kate. But first take Margherita with you to your room, and show her the bed she will occupy."

"Yes, Miss Sheffield."

Nothing could have pleased me better than to be chosen for these small offices of kindness to the young German. I had a little dread at first lest she should not understand my English, but I soon found that she could speak my native language almost as well as myself, and far better than I could ever hope to speak hers.

Our room was not bare-looking for a school bedroom, for we were rather indulgent in pictures and photographs, and Miss Sheffield permitted the girls to make their own rooms pretty in this way, if they felt so disposed. Margherita showed neither pleasure nor disapprobation; perhaps it was very much as she expected to find it.

"Have you ever been in England to school before?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" she said, looking rather surprised at my question. "I have never even been in England before."

"And yet you speak English so beautifully," I said, greatly wondering.

"Oh, but my mamma is English," said Margherita; "there is really nothing to be surprised about. What is your name, please? and will you call me Gretchen? Margherita is so much too long for every day."

I laughed.

"You like to have a grand name for high days and holidays and one for everyday use."

"So do you English, I think. Mamma is called Susannah, but they always called her Susie at home and at school, except on very special occasions—but you have not told me what to call you."

"Kate, Catherine Percy; but Kate for home and school."

"Let us kiss each other and be dear friends, Kate; I like you very much," she said frankly.

"And I like you, Margherita, I mean Gretchen, oh, so much!" I said impulsively, returning the salute with much warmth. "Now I suppose we must go down again or Miss Sheffield will not like it."

"Is she very strict?" asked Gretchen.

"About as usual, I suppose," I answered. "She expects exact obedience. Would you mind telling me if that is your papa before we go down, Gretchen?"

My new friend laughed merrily.

"My papa? Oh, no, indeed! He is *so* different; he is my uncle; he is a professor at Vienna, and oh, so clever! But I like him very much. I never knew him properly till now. He was coming to England and promised to take care of me, and we have had a very charming journey together. Papa is much younger; the professor, my uncle, is his eldest brother."

Then we went down to Miss Sheffield's private sitting-room, and found the professor and that lady deeply engaged in very serious talk.

"What a great pity," the professor was saying; "how say you, madame, a man of his mind, his one great intellect to be so overdone, overcast, and by such a sin. Meine Gretchen," he added, turning to his niece, and then continuing to speak in German, he informed her that the young lady to whom he had hoped to introduce her, the daughter of a dear friend of his, was not now at school, being prevented by illness in her family.

I knew just enough German to understand this, or at least to believe that I did so, but not being quite sure, I felt very uncertain as to whether Carry Jones could possibly be the young lady referred to. This, with the professor's other words, gave me much food for reflection, doubt, and wonder. "Sin!" What could have happened in Carry's home, and why had not Miss Sheffield confided to me what Carry had herself wished me to know.

The professor seemed saddened and oppressed by the information he had received. I could not feel quite at ease in his presence, and yet I

liked to look at him. After the cosy tea that had been arranged with a view to the comfort and refreshment of the travellers, the professor looked at me and demanded if I knew the game of chess. I answered timidly that I could play a little, and Miss Sheffield brought out her board and the beautiful carved Indian set of chess-men that I felt almost afraid to handle, they were so delicate and valuable.

He admired them very much, and signified his wish that Gretchen and I should play a game, and he would help whichever side most needed advice and assistance. So as we played, seated on opposite sides of Miss Sheffield's papier-maché round-topped work-table, he stood towering above us, and helped us in the most impartial manner, now Gretchen and now myself, an impersonation as it seemed to me, of a just judge. Miss Sheffield left us for a little to attend to some business, and our moves were made, as slowly as if we had been the most orthodox players, and every reason for every move was explained to Gretchen by the professor, and by her, unless I understood perfectly, interpreted to me.

My thoughts turned in the midst of this solemn game to the girls in the school-room, who were probably almost envious of my good fortune in being chosen to take tea with the illustrious guests in Miss Sheffield's parlour, and still more often I thought of her whose place I had probably taken, for I had little doubt Carry Jones was the one girl amongst us of whom the professor knew, and whom he had intended to introduce to his niece.

"You know Miss Jones?" said the professor to me in German, while these thoughts about her were passing through my mind.

I answered that she was my dearest friend in the school.

"You know her relations, her parents?" asked the German.

"I know her mother and sister, sir," I answered. "I did not know she had a father."

"Indeed! you have never seen him then?"

"No, sir."

"It was precisely of her father that I desired to ask you a few questions, as to how he appeared to you, what impression he made upon you, whether his terrible, what shall I say, disease, malady, failing, altered his countenance much? And you cannot tell me anything because you have never seen him?"

"Never, sir."

"But very likely your friend—what is the young lady's name?"

"Carry, sir."

"Precisely. Carry has told you of her grief concerning her father, the trouble in her home."

"Indeed she has not," I hastened to answer, for I felt as if I were almost traitorous to my friend to learn thus, things which she had deemed too private to her family to be entrusted even to my loving and interested hearing.

"It is a history not without a lesson to the young," said the professor, "and when you have finished your game I will relate it to you. I have every reason to remember all particulars, so intimately blended has his life been with my life, and so much am I indebted to him in many ways, which, under present circumstances, I fear I shall not discover the means of making him comprehend."

It must not be supposed that I could understand the professor's German to the extent of making out all he said. But Gretchen good-naturedly interpreted whenever she saw me puzzled, and between us we held a discourse that was at least a very good lesson for me in the German tongue.

After so much had been said, the game of chess received the professor's undivided attention for quite a considerable time, indeed, till Miss Sheffield, accompanied this time by Miss Lancaster, had returned to the parlour, and they also stood watching the progress of the game, till the two sides having played very equally indeed, both being directed by the same clever head, were each enabled to check the other several times, and at last I gained the victory, by just the shadow of an advantage over my sweet opponent.

"Margherita, would you like for Kate Percy to introduce you personally to each of our boarders, or are you too tired?" asked Miss Sheffield.

"They are all longing to make your acquaintance, dear," said Miss Lancaster; "but not if it is too much for you to-night."

"Oh! I should very much like to, if I may, and if Kate would like," said Gretchen, looking at me affectionately.

We went out of the room together. "You don't want to hear uncle's story about your friend's father, do you, Kate?" she said as we went along the hall.

"How clever you are to find that out, Gretchen."

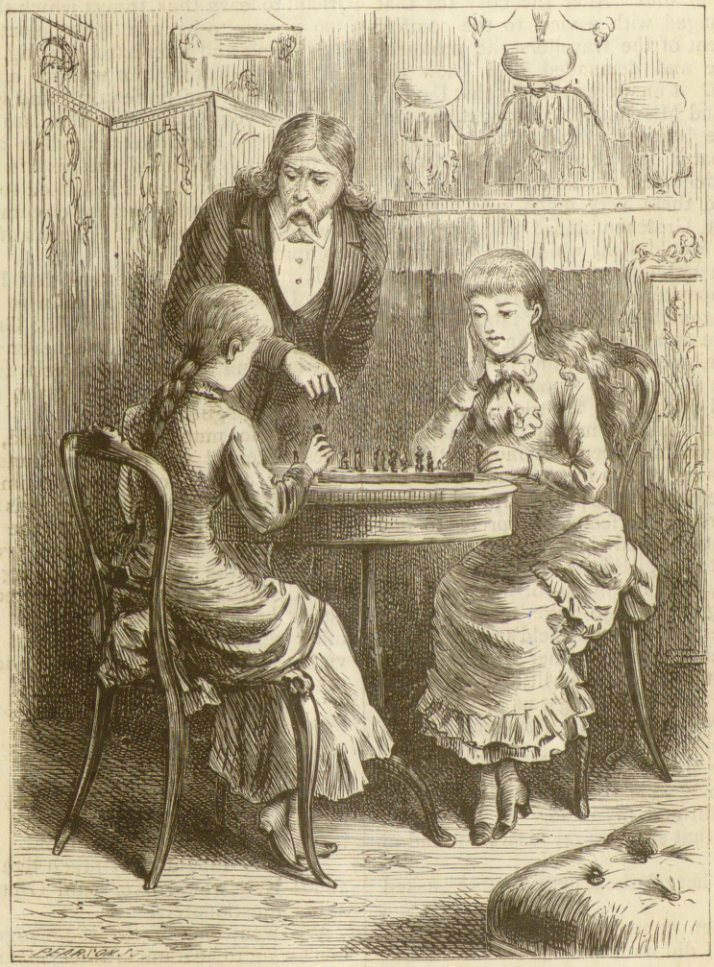
"No, I am not clever; you have a face that speaks, Kate, and your face said I had better not hear it."

I laughed merrily. "I shall have to be very careful, and wear a mask when I am with you."

"But uncle will be sure to tell you, Kate," she said.

"Why? He may not have another opportunity."

"Because he always does the things that he has made up his mind to do, however difficult. I have heard my father say so. You *can* never thwart him, because of his persistency."



"The game received the Professor's attention."—p. 35.

"School girls are different to everybody else; they are kept out of people's way so much," I said. I began to think I should be sorry if the Professor did *not* tell me the story now that my curiosity was so much awakened. The next half hour was fully occupied amongst the other boarders. Emily Belmont, who had expressed herself so freely about Margherita's foreign blood before she came, was very demure and polite now that she was brought face to face with the German intruder upon Sheffield House. Gretchen's sweetness was enough to disarm all prejudice. Emily, Mary Forbes, Gretchen and I were to be room companions, so we naturally fraternised particularly. Gretchen soon read each of us pretty plainly, at least, so I imagined, and her quick dark eyes took in all the appointments of the school-room, and by the questions she asked, we soon found we should have in her a tolerably formidable rival in our studies.

"I think Carry Jones is the only girl that you will have difficulty in passing," said Emily to the young German; "she is tremendously clever."

"Oh! you don't know me yet," said Gretchen; "I know next to nothing; any girl can keep ahead of me; but of course I don't mean to be behind always."

Ada, who had kept herself aloof from Gretchen,



"The water had encircled the boat,"—p. 47.

along with two or three of her favourites, under pretence of studying, now curled her pretty lip disdainfully, and said aloud,

"German modesty never does keep behind, does it, Fraulein Ziffel?"

Ada's satellites laughed, as she intended they should, at this speech, and Gretchen flushed painfully, but she quickly recovered herself, and burst into a merry laugh, enough to disarm all unkindness.

"I never knew that modesty had a nationality," she said; "I cannot help it that my country knows how to progress, can I?"

We all, save Ada and her friends, thought Ada well answered, but that young lady sat haughtily reserved, and did not deign to accept or even to respond to Gretchen's remark. But the rest of us had so much to show the new girl, and to tell her of our ordinary doings, and the routine of school life, that the time passed quite agreeably till Gretchen and I were summoned to supper in Miss Sheffield's parlour.

"Favouritism is the rule, not the exception, in this school," I heard Ada say, as we went away in obedience to Jenny's call; "in any other place one girl would have gone in to tea, and the other to——" but here the door was shut, and though I could imagine the rest, I could not vouch for its accuracy.

And while we in the parlour were enjoying a roasted pheasant, I heard Miss Lancaster reading prayers in the next room, and then there was a sound of many feet ascending the staircase. I did not wonder, having a very excellent appetite, and a very pleasant savoury plateful before me at that moment, that my fellows were a little envious of the preference shown to me that evening.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR WORK IN THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

BY MARTIN FIELD.

CHAPTER III.

More extensive and aggressive effort is needed.—Although a large amount of success has been granted, there is still great necessity for our movement. In point of membership, scarcely *one-fourth* of the young people of the country are enrolled in our ranks. Numbers of villages, especially in the agricultural and outlying districts, are quite destitute of Bands of Hope; and even in a considerable number of places near large towns, no societies at present exist.

With respect to the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, whose remarkable extension and aggressive work we are delighted to acknowledge (thanks to the zeal and ability of its officials and organizing secretary, Mr. G. S. Hall), hundreds of additional societies are necessary before the area of its operations is covered. The same remark will also apply to the Yorkshire Union. The fringe of the work in that large and important county has scarcely been touched.

Here are the facts. Yorkshire covers an area of 6,000 square miles, and includes 1,500 parishes and townships, and 60 market towns; the boys and girls number half a million. At present there are 25 unions, and 90,000 members; but in order to cover the county with total abstinence teaching among the young, it would be necessary to have nearly 3,000 additional Bands of Hope.

Throughout Great Britain also, similar, and even more striking, facts might be presented, showing the immense amount of labour still necessary to be accomplished by the workers and friends of the movement.

In the elementary schools of the country there are some three and a half millions of children, and comparatively little is being done to teach them aright with respect to alcohol. Here is a most extensive field for our efforts. Dr. Pattison's scientific lectures to schools in London, and also the addresses given in a few other places on the same subject, is a most valuable step. But the work is very restricted, and covers an exceedingly limited area. Temperance teaching in all day-schools, in school-books, in the history and arithmetic lesson, in mottoes on the school walls, should be the plea of abstainers throughout the country. The young are the citadel, and whoever can get possession of it, obtains the supremacy. The getting temperance science into our school-books is a vital object, to secure which we must spare no pains. The young instructed in our principles will become the most efficient missionaries in their dissemination. It is astonishing with what readiness children comprehend new truths; and if the truths of temperance were grasped, we should send the knowledge into hundreds of thousands of families, and multiply our lectures a thousand-fold. No doubt some time must elapse before our full desire will be realized. An immense power is centered in the *teachers* themselves—more, in fact, than in management boards. The most pressing necessity, therefore, is to win the teachers to our ranks, and make *them* our earnest advocates.

With respect to Sunday-schools, there is great need for earnest work. In many cases the teachers have no interest in total abstinence, and the officials merely tolerate it for the sake of peace. In these cases the prayer, the address,

and the lesson are all silent with respect to our national curse. To teachers and scholars in such unfortunate circumstances, wise, timely, and loving influence can effect great changes. Let no suitable, judicious opportunity for introducing the claims of our movement be neglected. Of course, our object cannot be secured without toil; but in this work let us never forget we are not seeking to win individuals, but those who will soon constitute the nation and wield immense influence.

Our work also needs *more careful oversight of senior members.* Many societies have large numbers of adult members, and the question often presses upon the managers how best to retain them. This is a matter which at the present time our most earnest workers often ponder, and who would gladly hail any suggestion to secure that important result. The licensed temptations, unwise companionships, and the weakness of their own hearts, often lead them from our influence and the safeguard of the pledge. As Band of Hope workers, we should most heartily welcome any restriction of the liquor traffic, as well as the entire closing of public-houses on the Lord's Day. But with wise consideration might not many plans be devised which would help to retain our elder members? Why not appoint them visitors, occasional speakers and readers, or members of committees? In fact, give them to feel that they have a corner to fill, and are responsible for some part of the work. Many a senior member is lost because there does not appear to be any useful sphere to occupy. Wherever possible, *senior* societies should be formed. The engagements would necessarily not be as elementary as those adopted for the juvenile members. The teaching should include the economic and monetary value of total abstinence; the importance of thrift and economy; and the "saving against a rainy day," by deposits in savings banks, the Rechabite tents, the building or insurance company. Incite in them a love of literature, of poetry, of science, of books, of noble deeds, of goodness, of purity, of religion, so that the depraved habit of drinking would be felt unworthy of their manhood, or of the destinies of their nature.

The last necessity we would name is *more earnest consecration and enthusiasm.* When workers were comparatively few, a large amount of personal responsibility was felt. Now that so many are flocking to our ranks, there is fear that the active worker should lose himself in the crowd. We need to feel more individual responsibility as Band of Hope workers. Two or three earnest friends in former days often nobly and efficiently managed a society. And at the present time a larger measure of the same spirit of consecration is wanted—men and women who believe that temperance work is their special mission and duty, and who dare not depute it to others. Such enthusiasm, with faith in God, can accomplish wonders. Being workers together with Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, glorious results must necessarily follow, as reaping follows from sowing.

It was this feeling of personal consecration that inspired the great Father Mathew to join the movement in 1838, and to say, "If only *one* poor soul can be rescued from intemperance and destruction by *my* efforts, it will be a noble act, and add glory to God: here goes in the name of the Lord;" and so he did, and God most wonderfully blessed him. Oh! that all our committees, conductors, and unions—every link in the great chain holding us together as an organization for saving the young from the curse of intemperance—were fired with this burning enthusiasm and faith! If so, the present days of our movement would far exceed the past in glorious results and in signal blessedness. A revival would take place, and our cause would march on to greater successes and more brilliant victories. Let us then—

Unfurl the Christian standard! lift it manfully on high,
And rally where its shining folds wave out against the sky!
Away with weak half-heartedness, with faithlessness and fear!
Unfurl the Christian standard, and follow with a cheer!

In God's own name we set it up, this banner brave and bright,
Uplifted for the cause of Christ, the cause of truth and right;
The cause that none can overthrow, the cause that must prevail,
Because the promise of the Lord can never, never fail!

Unfurl the Christian standard, with firm and fearless hands!
For no pale flag of compromise with error's legions bands,
And no faint-hearted flag of truce with mischief and with wrong,
Should lead the soldiers of the Cross, the faithful and the strong!

The Lord of Hosts, in whom our weakness shall be strong,
Shall lead us on to conquest with a mighty battle-song;
And soon the warfare shall be past, the glorious triumph won,
The kingdoms of this world *shall* be the kingdoms of His Son!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,
"*Under the Surface.*"

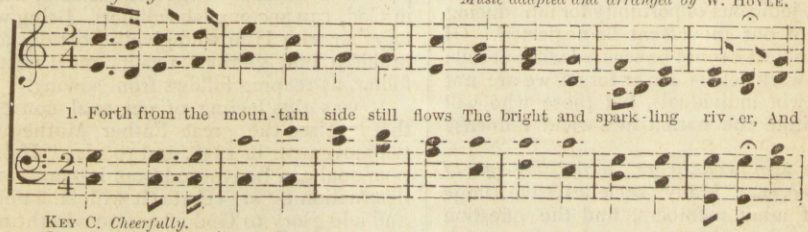
FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Words by W. Hoyle.

Cheerfully.

Music adapted and arranged by W. Hoyle.

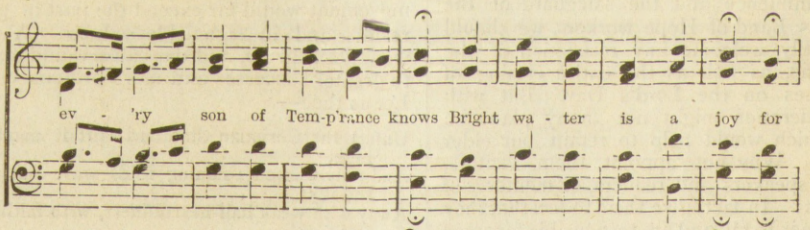
1. Forth from the moun-tain side still flows The bright and spark-ling riv-er, And



Key C. *Cheerfully.*

d' .,t	:d' .,r'	m' :d'	s :s	d' :t	l :s	f :m	m .r :s	
2. Go	to the	drunkard's	home and	see His	wretched,	cheerless	dwelling; But	
m .,r	:m .,f	s :s	s :s	m :s	f :d	l,,t,:d	d .t, :r	
3. Firm	to the	pledge the	storm we'll	brave—For	thousands	round us	dying; We'll	
s	:s .,s	d' :m'	m' :r'	d' :d'	d' :d'	s :s	s .s :t	
4. Soon	shall the	drink be	swept a -	way, No	more to	curse our	nation; For	
d	:d .,d	d :d	d' :t	l :m	f :m	r :d	s, .s, :s	

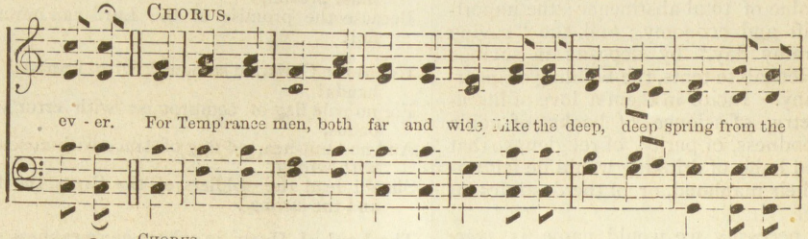
ev - 'ry son of Tem-p'rance knows Bright wa - ter is a joy for



s .,fe :s .,l	t :d'	r' :d' .t	d' :r'	m' :d'	l :r'	d' :t	
in the	mansions	of the	free, A	thou-sand	hopes and	joys are	
r :s	s :l	t :s	s :s	s :s	f :l	s :f	
haste the	drunkard's	soul to	save, For	o - thers'	good our	selves de -	
t .,l :t .,d'	r' :r'	r' :r'	d' :t	d' :d'	d' :f'	m' :r'	
God is	with the	men who	pray And	la - bour	in this	re - for	
s :s	s :s	s :f	m :s	d' :m	f :r	s :s	

Chorus.

ev - er. For Temp'rance men, both far and wide, Like the deep, deep spring from the



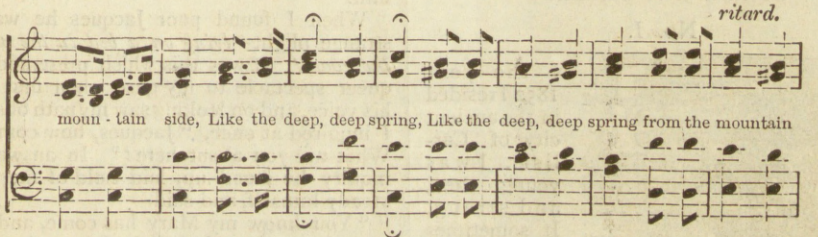
Chorus.

d' .d'	s	l :l	f :l	s :s	m :s .s	f :f	r :s .f	
dwelling.								
m .m	m	f :f	d :f	m :m	d :m .m	r :r .d	t, :t, .t,	
ny - ing.	For	Temp'rance	men, both	far and	wide, Like the	deep, deep	spring from the	
d' .d'	d'	d' :d'	l :d'	d' :d'	s :d' .d'	t :t .l	s :s .s	
ma - tion.								
d .d	d	f :f	f :f	d :d	d :d .d	s :s	s, :s, .s,	

FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE--*continued.*

ritard.

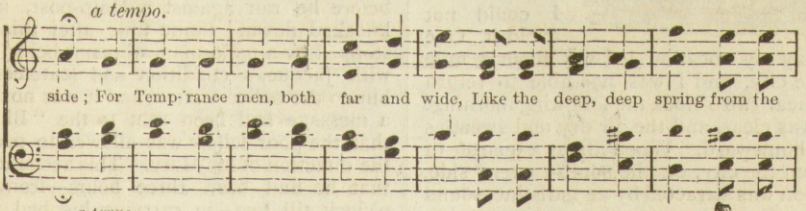
moun - tain side, Like the deep, deep spring, Like the deep, deep spring from the mountain



m .,r	:m .,f	s	:l .,t	d	:t	d	:t .t	l	:t	d'	:r' .r'	d'	:t
d .,t,	:d .,r	m	:f .,s	l	:s	s	:se .se	l	:se	l	:l .l	l	:se
moun - tain		side, Like the		deep, deep		spring, Like the		deep, deep		spring from the		mountain	
s	:s	d'	:d' .,d'	d'	:f'	m'	:m' .m'	m'	:r'	d'	:f' .f'	m'	:r'
d	:d	d	:f .,f	f	:s	d	:m .m	d'	:t	l	:r .r	m	:m

a tempo.

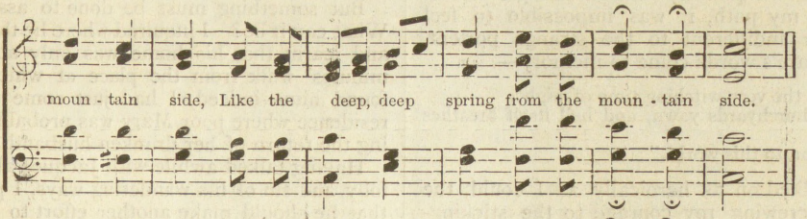
side ; For Temp-rance men, both far and wide, Like the deep, deep spring from the



a tempo.

l	:s	s	:s	s	:s	d'	:r'	m'	:s .s	l	:l	f'	:m' .m'
l	:s	s	:s	s	:s	m	:s	s	:m .m	f	:s	l	:l .l
side ; For		Temp'rance		men, both		far and		wide, Like the		deep, deep		spring from the	
d'	:r'	m'	:r'	m'	:r'	d'	:t	d'	:d' .d'	l	:de'	r'	:de'.de,
l	:t	d'	:t	d'	:t	l	:s	d'	:d .d	f	:m	r	:m .m

moun - tain side, Like the deep, deep spring from the moun - tain side.



r'	:d'	t	:t .l	s .l	:t .d'	r'	:m' .r'	d'	:t	d'	:—
l	:l	s	:f .f	m .f	:s	f	:l .l	s	:f	m	:—
moun-tain		side, Like the		deep, deep		spring from the		moun-tain		side.	
r'	:r'	r'	:t .t	d'	:s	l	:f' .f'	m'	:r'	d'	:—
f	:fe	s	:s .s	d	:m	f	:f .f	s	:s	d	:—

MESSAGES FROM THE STREET.

BY REV. J. S. BALMER.

No. I.



IN the year 1852 I resided in the ancient city of Carlisle. I was young then, and strong. It sometimes happened that in the discharge of my duty I had to be out late at night. This was not pleasant to me, but for a time I could not avoid it. One summer day my vocation led me about a mile outside the city, and I was not able to return home till near two o'clock the following morning. The sky was clear, and the air dry and sweet as I walked homeward. When about a quarter of a mile from the city, on the south-eastern side, my attention was attracted by an indistinct sound as if coming from a human voice, and on nearing the place whence it proceeded I could see imperfectly something bulky lying in the middle of the road. Amid my weaknesses I have never been much troubled with timidity, or the fear of men. As for feeling alarm at the prospect of a visit from some restless ghost, I cannot here plead guilty. Yet in that silent night, as I approached the "unknown quantity" of something or somebody on my path, it was impossible to feel altogether indifferent to the strange portent. Shakespeare's words come to memory—

"'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world."

But I walked on as heroically as I could, the while "screwing my courage to the sticking-place," and there, truly, I found—*a man!*

I recognised the wayfarer in a moment. He was a person whom I had seen on several occasions, and he readily recognised my voice when I spoke to him. He was about thirty years of age, tall, and dark-complexioned, with a kindly face, overlooked by sharp and tender eyes. He was employed at some neighbouring works, and could make good wages. But he was a man of intemperate habits, and the hot liquors taken into his young blood were burning up his strength, and destroying the manhood within him.

When I found poor Jacques he was in a strange plight—*lying on a bed in the middle of the road!* It was this which presented such a queer spectacle to my gaze when first I heard his voice, and on looking saw my path obstructed. I inquired at once, "Jacques, how comes this? What are you about here?" In answer to my inquiry he stood up, laid hold of me as if to steady himself, and said—

"You know my Mary has come, and I want to make her comfortable. I have been at the 'Blue Bell' drinking to-night, and the publican has given me this bed. I am on my way home to Mary."

"But how does it happen," I asked, "that you are here now, only a mile from the 'Blue Bell,' at near two o'clock in the morning?"

He then related that he had not gone far from the "Blue Bell," with his bed on his back, before he ran against a lamp-post, and was knocked down. Some time after this he was stopped by a policeman, who, not being satisfied with Jacques's condition and statement, took him to the police-station, and it was not till after a message had been sent to the "Blue Bell" that the poor fellow was allowed to proceed in the direction of his Mary. This account showed that he had been three hours—from eleven o'clock till two—in carrying his bed just one mile in the direction of home. It is not often a drink-seller gives his poor victim a bed; it too frequently occurs that beds are sold and homes desolated for drink. We will, therefore, credit the keeper of the "Blue Bell" with a generous deed towards one of his unfortunate customers. Jacques was at this time in a pitiable, yet a comical condition.

But something must be done to assist him. What can it be? I inquired where he then lived, and learnt that his home was only about five minutes' walk from the place at which I had found him—indeed, I had just come past the residence where poor Mary was probably awaiting the return of her drunken husband.

Having talked awhile with Jacques about the folly and sin of his wandering ways, I proposed that he should make another effort to advance homeward. He consented, and I then took hold of the dust-covered bed and lifted it on to his back. He seized it by one end and holding it over his shoulder promptly made a start. When he had advanced about a dozen yards he reeled and fell with the bed upon him. A second attempt was made, and in the struggle to overcome his difficulties he ran, his head first, into the thorny hedge by the roadside. For a minute or two the case seemed hopeless. I could not,

however, leave the poor fellow alone, especially when he struggled so bravely to get along, and all the while never uttered an unkind or vulgar word ; so at length I said, "Jacques, help me with the bed on to my back, and I'll carry it for you." He did this, and I started off with a determination to end the early morning adventure at the first possible moment. But I had undertaken a difficult task ; for Jacques held on to the bed behind me, evidently with the belief that he was helping on the business, whereas, in fact, I had almost to carry him as well as his bed. However, we soon reached the front of a long row or terrace of houses, such as may often be seen in a colliery district. Before this row there were some nice garden-plots, which I had often noticed in passing that way. These gave a pleasant and rather respectable caste to the situation. By following the direction which Jacques from time to time gave me I soon reached the door of a house situated about the middle of the terrace. I then perceived that the houses were constructed on a sort of divided plan, that one door led to a dwelling on the ground-floor, and the next door led towards a staircase which conducted to the upper story, and that one family dwelt in the lower and another in the higher part of the house. By the advice of Jacques I paused for a moment, when he threw open the nearest door, which opened to a staircase, and with a loud voice shouted up, "Mary ! we're coming." This brought a woman out of a room to the top of the stairs, and with the aid of her candle I reached the top, entered the room, and threw down my burden, with not a little sense of relief.

I had no sooner thrown down the bed than Jacques exclaimed, "Mary, put 't kettle on and let my friend have a cup o' tea." I assured him that it was altogether unnecessary, and that I could not stay. I was there long enough, however, to discover that Mary gave him as kindly a welcome as mortal woman could be expected to give to such a man at that hour of the morning, coming as he did from a drinking bout. Mary held the candle in her hand, I could, therefore, see her features well as I stood for a moment persuading Jacques to let me leave without having a cup of tea. She was a little above the average height of womankind, fair complexioned, with an eye which would have been bright and beautiful but for the dull aspect of it which had come of poverty, sorrow, and night-watching. Her face was sweet as a summer rose, and her manners as modest as the honour of virtuous womanly nature demanded. I looked at her with deep pity, and we both seemed to realise at once the entire situation. Alas ! how sad is the lot of a good, pure-minded drunkard's wife ! I felt as if the sight of her was my sufficient reward for the dreary toil of that night.

The room was almost empty. No chairs, no tables visible, not to mention pictures or other adornments. There was a small but cheerful fire burning, with the kettle by the side of it. If Jacques could only have been content to drink the liquor brewed by the hands of his loving wife, how different would have been the scene of that dreary night ! All seemed clean and as well kept as the keeper in her poverty could well manage, while her personal semblance was strictly clean and neat. There was one feature in that home-scene which touched my heart more than all else. Two innocent children lay asleep in a corner of the room, and the noise of their drunken father disturbed them. They both turned over, without waking up, and I could hear the rustle of the straw on which they slept ! Look at it as a unity : There the husband, after such a night of encounters, now stands, the lord of his castle ! there the wife as I have described her, and there the trusting little ones as they lie asleep on loose straw, are disturbed by him who ought to have softened their sleep and protected their helplessness. No tongue or pen can ever tell the vast amount of suffering that has been endured by innocent women and children on account of the intemperate habits of their husbands and fathers. If nothing else can keep a man from the debasing habit of drunkenness so common among Englishmen, surely the bright eyes of his trusting children should be equal to this. There are the young on our home hearths waiting to have their minds cultivated, and their characters formed for citizenship and eternity. As M. Thiers said, "The future is for the wisest," and the neglected child will fall to the rear in the march of human progress. Oh ! then,

> "Generous as strong, let human happiness
> Stream from your horn of plenty ; let souls ripen
> Round you."

(*To be continued.*)

AT EVENTIDE.

WHAT spirit is it that doth pervade
The silence of this empty room ?
And as I lift my eyes, what shade
Glides off and vanishes in gloom ?

I could believe, this moment gone,
A known form filled that vacant chair,
That those kind eyes upon me shone
I never shall see anywhere !

The living are so far away ;
But *thou*—thou seemest strangely near;
Know'st all my silent heart would say,
Its peace, its pain, its hope, its fear.

CANON WILBERFORCE ON THE BLUE RIBBON MOVEMENT.

THE blue ribbon movement had for the first time inflicted such a wound in the drink system, that it was gaping open in the Queen's Speech. We should not talk of being depressed, when the Prime Minister himself had said that the liquor traffic of itself was productive of more evil than war, pestilence, and slavery combined. I long to see every man and woman wearing the blue ribbon. I have seen a manifesto of the Yellow Ribbon Army. It was signed by the "general" of the Yellow Ribbon Army, whose name was Hicks. It was opposed to the Blue Ribbon Army. This being a movement in the opposite direction, it was another reason why Christians, instead of being ashamed of their colours, ought to be proud of showing the side upon which they stood. That body had chosen the right colour, "the sere and yellow leaf," the sign of fainting and decay, a sign suggestive of little barefooted children shivering and shaking, and waiting for the father to come home. At the Isle of Wight they had reason to be thankful for the blue symbol. The great West Indiamen coming from St. Thomas's had to go outside the Mother Bank, and run up a little flag to the masthead as the sign of yellow fever. I have watched those ships for hours through a telescope, and have seen the coffins splashing into the water, and it was wonderful that this Yellow Ribbon Army had chosen such a colour. The ship dare not leave the bank to come into port until the telegram came from the Home Office to declare that she might run the "Blue Peter" up to the foremast as a proof that she was clean. I like that yellow flag, but by the grace of God we will hoist our "Blue Peter" in its place. I like to see the movement, however, because I believe opposition is better than stagnation. They might as well try to drive back the oak-tree into the acorn as to try to drive back the temperance movement to the position it held ten years ago. It could not be. I have spoken to hundreds of thousands of working-men upon the subject. The working-men of the country were awaking to the fact that the great licensed liquor traffic, as it at present existed in this country, was a wrong upon them, upon all classes. It was a great iniquity that a large slice of the English revenue should be derived from the pauperism, the misery, and the vice of the mass of the working-classes, but when once these people came to see it, I venture to say that, however deeply rooted in the heart of the nation, however many millions of capital might have been invested in it, and however large sums might be expended in its protection, yet this liquor traffic was doomed; so that I say to those who are in the trade, "You had better sell out at once."

TOUCH IT NOT.

SANCTIONED by custom, licensed by the state,
Worshipped by rich and poor, by small and great;
Sung of by poets, praised by doctors too,
Caressed alike by pulpit and by pew;
The demon Drink reigns proudly o'er the land,
And few indeed his cunning wiles withstand.
The yellow barley bends to the light breeze,
And grapes in clusters load the trembling trees.
God's precious gifts for man to love and use,
And not to wildly squander and abuse!
If from a king the mandate should go forth,
From east to west, from sunny south to north,
That all the barley waving in the field,
And all the grapes the well-kept vineyards yield,
Should in the ocean recklessly be thrown,
There would arise one universal groan,
And men would execrate the tyrant's name,
And pile his memory with undying shame.
But man, a tyrant to himself, does worse:
Turns a rich blessing to a frightful curse!
Crushes the grapes and barley till the life,
Once filled with comfort is with ruin rife;
God made the barley, but man made the beer;
A truth which to the youngest child is clear.
But some who love their drop, make this excuse— [use!"
"God sent these blessings for our *moderate*
But what is moderation? tell me, pray!
I know some hopeless drunkards who still say,
That they are *temperate* men; how can that be,
When all the world their drunkenness can see?
Where do the drunkards come from? Do you know?
They from the ranks of moderate drinkers flow.
But do you say, "I never take too much"?
Pardon me, friend, I have known many such.
Proud of their firmness, they have stood awhile,
And met all cautions with a pitying smile;
But habit, though a chain of flowers at first,
Has grown a burning band they could not burst;
And with the drunkards they must take their place,
And share their awful misery and disgrace.
We strive from our fair land to wipe this blot,
And lift on high the warning—"Touch it not!"
First, for your own sake, throw the drink aside,
Let Temperance be your help-mate and your guide;
Next, for the sake of weaker ones, abstain,
And strive to win the drunkard back again.
Oh, for His sake, who came to save the lost,
"Rescue the perishing" at whatever cost,
And lift your voice in palace or in cot,
A voice of warning, crying—"Touch it not!"

W. A. EATON.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

It was only the family Bible,
A curious old worn book,
With its faded leather covering
And letters of ancient look.

It lay on an old oak table,
In a cottage clean and poor,
Where a woman sat in her loneliness
When the evening meal was o'er.

But that ancient well-worn Bible
Was a dear familiar book ;
She would ponder o'er its pages
With an earnest, longing look.

It was daily joyous feasting
When she little had to eat,
And it brought the best of company
When she had no friend to meet.

She could see their names all written
On that precious well-worn leaf,
And the memory of those loved ones
Brought her lonely heart relief.

They were gone, but not for ever,
She would meet them all again
In that fair and blessèd country,
Far away from grief and pain.

Earth was desolate and dreary,
Cold and cheerless at the best,
To a pilgrim old and weary
Seeking quiet, peaceful rest.

She had long been on the journey,
With her feet on Zion's way,
And through toil and tribulation
She had learned to watch and pray:

Learned it all from that dear Bible—
She could point to every line
Where she saw the love of Jesus,
With a radiance divine.

It was there she gathered comfort,
There she found her simple faith,
And she loved that dear old Bible
Till her eyes were closed in death.

W. HOYLE.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE FETE OF 1883.

ACTING in concert with the National Temperance League and the Independent Order of Good Templars, the Committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union are completing arrangements for holding a great Temperance Festival at the Crystal Palace, on Tuesday, July 10th. The same arrangements will be in force respecting the non-sale of intoxicating drinks, as have been carried out by the organisations named at all recent Fetes.

There is a special reason why the Fete for 1883 should call together the greatest concourse of all for it will be held under the immediate auspices of an organisation specially formed to promote temperance work amongst the young, to which we believe may be traced, to a very large extent, the present state of the movement.

The Crystal Palace itself, apart from any special attractions, is a charming place for a holiday and well worth a long journey to see, especially when it is remembered that on these occasions many special attractions are provided.

Despite all restriction, there promises to be such a desire to take part in the concerts, that it is intended once more to accept the services of fifteen thousand voices for the forthcoming Fete, and although we have no hesitation in saying that the concerts given last year were the best ever rendered, we believe there will be an earnest endeavour to maintain, if possible, the excellence then attained, if not to surpass it.

Our friends should at once make up their minds to organise excursions to the Palace, making the festival the great summer event of the year. Full particulars of the regulations in connection with the three great choral concerts and the choir contests will appear in our advertising columns. Friends are invited to open a correspondence at once.

DRIFTING.

BY UNCLE BEN.

EMMA and Henry Gibbons had taken the scarlet fever. But by kind nursing and care they recovered, and when strong enough the doctor advised a change of air to the seaside. To the two children this was a great treat; to go away from the long row of houses and the narrow street in which they lived, was to them an unbounded source of delight. After some consultation, their parents decided on going to Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight. As it was very early in the spring, before the season began, lodgings would be cheap, and then father was able to get his fortnight's holiday from the firm, where he was a managing man in one of the departments of a wholesale warehouse in the City. He got away on a Friday at noon, and would not have to return to business until the following Monday fortnight, so they would all have a glorious time by the sea for the whole sixteen days.

When the day came, the small family party left Waterloo Station early on the eventful Friday afternoon, and when the tickets were taken, and the children had each a window-seat, the luggage safely labelled, and a small hamper with provisions for immediate use stowed away under the seat to be near personal supervision, and the train began to move slowly off the platform, leaving Smith & Sons' book-stall behind, with two energetic boys shouting the second edition of the *Echo*, the children's glee could scarcely find expression.

The run to Portsmouth was an uninterrupted pleasure, the coming down to the landing-stage, embarking on the steamboat, the harbour, and the sight of Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, were memorable episodes that day. The voyage across to Ryde, the long pier, and the singular little train which conveyed them to Shanklin station, were never-forgotten features in this pilgrimage.

Pleasant apartments were found in one of the few houses down on the little esplanade close to the shore; the windows looked right across the wide, open sea. The breeze in the cool, bright spring evening after the journey, had given them all a splendid appetite, but the meal could hardly be despatched fast enough because of the excited anxiety to get down to the waves. The father consented to take them for a run on the beach while mother unpacked the things and made all ready for the children to go early to bed.

The meal was not over when Emma said, "Please may I get down and get my things on, to be quite ready for father when he has done?"

Permission was given, and with small delay the children were equipped, and each taking one of Mr. Gibbons's hands, they fairly dragged him towards the rolling billows that were dashing in on sand and shingle, and sending the white foam of the surf far up the beach. The boats that were drawn up beyond the reach of the high tide fascinated and charmed the children, who begged then and there to have a beautiful row in the *Mary Jane*, which had just been smartly painted up. The father pacified the young pleaders by promising that he would take them for a row some fine morning very soon. With this happy anticipation in prospect, they obediently came in, leaving the cold, grey sea still reflecting the last lingering light of sunset in the clear, smokeless sky. When once in doors, they were soon in bed, to be quickly lulled to sleep by the roar of the sea, to dream of coming joys strangely mixed up with the events of the day's travel.

Then there was the joy of waking up in the morning to find everything so queer and different from usual; not to remember at first where they were, only to feel it was not home and their own bed. Then to hear the steady, low roar after roar of the falling waves, and to remember it was Shanklin, made lying in bed any longer seem impossible. This first day the new wonders of the sea occupied them wholly.

A visit to the Chine was a sufficient adventure for the Monday, but on the Tuesday their ambition set in strongly for an excursion in the *Mary Jane*. And so it was planned that if the next day should continue warm and fine, Mr. Gibbons would row the two children to the point beyond the Chine, where they would land, haul up the boat, and leave the children to play while he went on to bathe in a little creek further on, which he remembered visiting for the same purpose some years ago.

The first thing after breakfast on Wednesday morning, notice having been given to the boatman, the *Mary Jane* was ready, cushion and all. They embarked for the cruise in high spirits. As the boatman pushed the little craft off into the surf he shouted, "Keep her well into the shore, coming back, as the tide will be going out." Columbus, when he discovered America, could scarcely have known more true delight than the children experienced when they felt themselves going up and down on the gentle swell, and saw they were slowly moving away from land. Harry wanted to row and steer. So by-and-by the father gave him his first lesson with the oar, and explained to him the principle of the rudder. As they neared the point the other side the bay of Shanklin Chine, the father took one oar, and in the most approved sailor-fashion, wriggled it in the water, slowly propelling the boat forward. This movement attracted Harry; he noticed how easily his father did this, and as he was in the stern of the boat, he endeavoured to help his father in the process. They disembarked, drew the boat up the shore, then Mr. Gibbons took his towels and clambered over the rocks to seek the creek for his bath.

The time passed rapidly; the children amused themselves, playing in great contentment. In a little time they noticed that the sea had come up nearly to the boat. Then Emma suggested that they had better get into the boat, as the water would be soon round it, and inside they would be all right. This was no sooner said than done, and the two watched with glee the slow advance of the creeping water, which gradually washed round the boat, until it began to float with every fresh ripple of the smooth sea as the gentle waves came further in. Very slowly the water had encircled the boat, and now that the children felt themselves afloat on its quiet undulations, they thought it fine for Harry using the oar to punt the *Mary Jane* for a few feet away from the shore.

The time fled still more rapidly with this new excitement, and they did not notice that the water had begun now to recede. All at once Harry was startled to find when he put the oar down it did not touch land. So great was his surprise that he almost lost his balance and fell over the side of the boat, but recovered himself just in time, letting go the oar, which soon floated away. Both the children were frightened, they knew their father would be vexed, although they meant no harm and it was quite an accident. Then Emma said, "What will father say? Why doesn't he come? I am sure he has been a long time."

Nothing could be done to recover the lost oar. Harry tried hard to row with the other, but all to no purpose; to propel the boat from the stern with the one oar was not so easy alone, and though he dipped it again and again into the sea he could not touch the bottom, and feared losing this one. Being so much occupied with the lost oar and their fruitless attempts to regain it, they did not know the tide was going out, and that the boat was drifting away with its ebb.

Suddenly Harry looked up and said, "Emma, Emma, look how far we are from that rock where we played? and we are out even with the point!"

"Oh," cried Emma, "I do believe we are drifting out to sea, and father can't come to us; and we shan't ever get back to land."

Real fear filled both the children's minds in a minute, and though the sun shone just as brightly, and sea and shore were as beautiful as they had been all the morning, yet hope and joy were gone. As they got further from land they had a longer reach of shore they could see. Eagerly they scanned the beach, but no figure could they discern on sunny rocks and sand; they shouted, but no answer came, except the peaceful murmur of the idly-lapping sea. At length they could see a figure scrambling along the rock; it was evidently their father hastening to return to where he had left the boat. They were now many hundred yards from the shore, and every minute the distance was widening. They waved their handkerchiefs and shouted—"Father, father, we are drifting out to sea; do help us!" The man on the rock could not hear, but the cry went up beyond the blue sky, to the Father of all troubled children. The signals from the boat did attract his attention; then he paused, and seemed to understand how matters stood, and hastened on with redoubled speed.

The children felt safer now, although they were moving so far away that in a little time they would be unable to make out the hurrying figure of their father, as he ran and walked with all possible speed to Shanklin for a boat. But on the way he hailed a boat in which two gentlemen were fishing very near the shore. Seeing that something was wrong they pulled in at once, and he soon pointed out the open boat drifting towards the horizon, and explained that he had gone away to bathe, it had taken longer than he thought, and instead of finding the two children playing on the beach, he supposed they had got into the boat, and the tide had carried them out to sea.

No time was lost. The gentlemen gladly pulled off their coats, and with goodwill gave way with the oars, while Mr. Gibbons steered straight for the *Mary Jane*. Labour and strength soon told, and they began to gain upon

the missing boat. How eagerly and thankfully the children watched the approach of relief cannot be described. But every vestige of trouble vanished when they heard their father's voice, all alarm sank into peace when they got into the boat by his side, with the *Mary Jane* in tow behind. They told all about the lost oar, and how unconsciously the drifting began, as it always does from whatever shore we leave. When the danger was over, and they recounted their long morning's doings to mother, it seemed only like an adventure. And all she said was, "Thank God, you are safe now, and may the only other drifting in life be upon the tide of the Father's will to the shelter of His love on the sinless, sorrowless shore."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

REFLECT upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—*Charles Dickens.*

EVERY man is the son of his own deeds.

OCCASIONS do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

WE ask advice, but we mean approbation.—*Colton.*

CIRCUMSTANCES are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.

AN unfortunate man who has failed several times, says he wishes somebody would start a temperance movement that would keep money from getting "tight."

A TRAVELLER, recently describing a tropical shower, wrote to a friend in the following words:—"The raindrops were extremely large, varying in size from a shilling to eighteenpence."

AN attorney having died in low circumstances, one of his friends observed that he had left but few effects. "That is not to be wondered at," said another, "for he had but few causes."

JUST down by the stream where the bracken grows rank she placed her easel, and sat by it sketching from nature. "Please, ma'am, is that me you're drawing milking that cow in the pasture?" "Why, yes, my little man; but I didn't know you were looking!" "Coz, if that's me," continued the boy, unmindful of the artist's confusion, "you put me on the wrong side of the cow, and I'll get kicked over."

IS there any perceptible improvement in a caterpillar when he turns over a new leaf?

A TAILOR would make an evenly-balanced politician. He goes in for both men and measures.

A CONCEITED man is like a boot minus the sole. He is uppermost in his own mind, without understanding.

DOES loss of sleep make a man look worn because it takes the nap out of him?

HAS the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion"?

"IF I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

THERE is an East Indian lady in Paris who can talk in twelve languages. Fortunately she is not married.

A TAILOR advertises to guarantee his customers "good fits." If he doesn't give them fits by his tailoring, he probably will by his charges.

"WHAT shall I do," asked a miserly millionaire of his physician, "for a tightness in my chest?" "Join some charitable institution," said the doctor.

A PROHIBITORY VILLAGE.—Low Moor, a village about a mile from Clitheroe, Lancashire, contains a population of about 1,100 souls. There is neither public-house, beer-shop, nor any place for the sale of intoxicating liquors; neither is there a policeman, prison, pawnbroker, doctor, nor lawyer. The rate of mortality is remarkable. During the last ten years the average number of deaths per year has amounted to only fifteen, or only a small fraction per thousand of the population.

Notices to Correspondents.

The Editors do not undertake to return rejected contributions.

All literary communications and books for review to be addressed to the Editor.

Letters on business to be directed to the Secretary, "Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

Received, with thanks, contributions from Rev. J. S. Balmer, Mr. W. A. Eaton, Mr. David Lawton, Mr. I. J. Galley.

Publications Received.

The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—The Rechabite Magazine—The Coffee Public House News—Dietetic Reformer—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Western Temperance Herald—Social Reformer—Temperance Record—The Sunday School Chronicle.

TO OUR READERS.

IN February ONWARD we announced a prize of One Guinea for the best paper on "Total Abstinence: Its Advantages to the Young in Daily Life." The Editors received nineteen papers, many of which showed great care and attention, and such effort will doubtless benefit our young competitors. The examiners have pleasure in awarding the prize of One Guinea to

ERNEST F. H. CAPEY,

KIBWORTH HARCOURT, LEICESTER.

WE GIRLS.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

MARGHERITA was right; her uncle did what he had determined to do.

The morning after their arrival and the game of chess between Gretchen and myself, I was summoned after breakfast to Miss Sheffield's room, not her parlour this time, but her bedroom, where she stood looking over some linen, to occupy the few unoccupied moments between the time when she sent for me and the time of my arrival. It was Miss Sheffield's maxim never to waste moments. This lady had the fine quality in a schoolmistress, of inspiring her pupils with a firm faith in her conscientiousness in little things as well as great. There was nothing mean about her. We laughed, of course, as girls will, at her making the most of her premises, and acting the lady-superior rather grandly on certain occasions; but we all knew and acknowledged that she was a real lady after all, and that the part became her. We knew that we were compelled to learn, and honestly instructed in what she professed to teach or have taught, while a high tone pervaded the school and elevated the pupils themselves.

Lessons ill-learned seemed to bring a genuine reproach on the girl herself. Slip-shod, careless work was never permitted; and if we told each other anything difficult, Miss Sheffield, in some remarkable manner, was sure to pause and sift the knowledge so acquired to the very bottom, and see whether it had become a genuine attainment, or was only a parrot-like repetition.

ONWARD, APRIL, 1883. *All Rights Reserved.*]

She was often accused of favouritism, but perhaps it is almost impossible for a teacher not to prefer the society of her intelligent, painstaking, industrious pupils to that of the idle girls who must needs be pushed up every difficult little ascent in learning, at infinite weariness to the propeller. But this was all. Carry Jones, for instance, deserved richly—at least, most of us thought so—all the words and looks of thorough approbation which she received.

"Kate," began Miss Sheffield, as I entered, after knocking at the door, in obedience to her prompt "Come in,"—"the Herr Professor Ziffel wishes you to accompany himself and his niece into the town this morning, and then he desires to see the house of Mr. Jones, which you can show him. I have agreed that you shall miss school this morning in order to oblige him, and I conclude," she added, with a grave smile, "that the obligation will not be all on one side."

"Indeed, I shall like to go very much indeed, thank you, Miss Sheffield," I answered.

"See that no lessons for the morrow are neglected in consequence. I suppose Ada and the rest will wonder that you have all the little attentions and treats. But to-day I should have chosen another young lady to accompany my guests in their ramble, had not the professor stipulated for you, and Margherita warmly seconded his wishes. One word, Kate; it is very pleasant to make new friends, but do not forget your chosen friend, Carry Jones. Poor Carry, she never needed the love of her friends so much as now."

My eyes filled, for conscience told me the gentle rebuke wus just. The words also reminded me of the story I had never been told; and I began, "Oh, Miss Sheffield, please—"

"I know what you would say and what you would ask, and I must own to having tried your patience, Kate. But you know how busy I have been, and this is not the time I can mend the matter. You must get ready at once or you will keep my guests waiting, a thing I never willingly permit."

So I did not linger except just to say, "But you will tell me some time, Miss Sheffield?"

"Certainly; now make haste, and come to my parlour when you are ready."

Our town, Lewes, in Sussex, is worthy of attention and admiration; it is a clean, orderly, and thoroughly Saxon town, and the picturesque ruins of the old castle, with the small but well-arranged museum of Roman and other antiquities, make it quite interesting. At all events, Professor Ziffel found it so, and he asked me a great many questions which I could not answer, about everything that the museum contained. I was glad to be able to refer him to Mr. Swan,

the custodian, who knows Miss Sheffield and her pupils, and was quite delighted to get a visit from so learned-looking a foreigner as Margherita's uncle.

When we left the old keep standing in the little enclosure, so green and beautiful with the verdure of the past and the present, Herr Ziffel said, "And where is Leigh House, Fraulein Percy?"

"If it would be pleasant to you, sir, and to Margherita, I will take you through the town again, and then we will go out the Leigh Road, and pass Leigh House on our way."

"Very good, you are our guide. But first let me take the opportunity of telling you the story we agreed last night should be told. All the more I would like to make you acquainted with it, if, as I fear, every good thing he has done in the past is too much forgotten in the wrong-doing of the present."

When the professor proposed to tell the story now, I re-arranged my plan a little, and determined to go along the Brighton Road some distance, and take the turning into Leigh-Road, so as to give him the time necessary for the telling of it.

"I was quite a youth when I made the acquaintance of Owen Jones," he began abruptly, "and it was at our German University of Heidelberg. You have castles here in England," and he smilingly pointed back to the one we had just left, "but there is at Heidelberg a castle which those who once see it are likely to remember. Is it not so, my Gretchen?"

His niece smilingly assented.

"But at our German universities," he continued, "we behave very foolishly, and in a manner that deserves to be greatly blamed by every right-thinking person. If any one—I mean any fellow-student—offends us by a word or an epithet we don't like, we propose to that person to fight a duel. Fighting is so common, that a great many men are disfigured all their lives by some ugly scratch that was made in a duel in their student days. Owen Jones, a handsome, clever young fellow, was well established in the University before I entered it. He was respected for his immense abilities, admired for his commanding figure and fine face, and whatever eccentricities were observable in him were assigned to his nationality. We regarded his abhorrence of duelling as one of his peculiarities, and some amongst us were foolish enough to determine that we would make him fight."

"Oh! how dreadful," I exclaimed, and I wondered very much how such a man as Professor Ziffel could enter into such a plan. I was thinking of him as the learned middle-aged man who spoke to me, not as the youthful, fiery student of former days.

"Well, it was dreadful, meine Fraulein," he repeated, shaking his head, "and I was appointed to be the one to offer the insult which should compel him to fight."

"You! O, sir! What a pity you agreed!" It seemed wonderful to think he could ever have done it.

"I was to give him a rude slap on the cheek when we met him, as we arranged to do, walking in the steep road from the town to the castle. I can see him now, advancing towards us unconsciously, that beautiful moonlit autumn night, with his light, quick step—he was remarkably light-footed and agile for so powerful a man. 'Now, then,' said my companions; but I felt half ashamed of myself as I offered that cowardly blow. He flushed crimson, and for a moment he appeared undecided how to act. Then, recovering himself, he said to me, calmly, and with the most perfect courtesy, 'Hermann Ziffel, I do not fight either men or boys.' Then he lifted his cap and passed on. My foolish friends declared that the Welshman had called me a boy, and that the insult was quite sufficient to justify my calling him out. So I, who perfectly agreed with them, challenged Owen Jones to meet me in single combat at a certain time and place, which I duly signified to him by the hands of my 'second,' giving him the choice of weapons. He sent me precisely the same answer, that he never fought duels, adding as a reason that he had something very much better to do. He invited me to spend the time that we should have been fighting at his lodgings, and he would explain the matter. His conduct had awakened a good degree of curiosity in my mind, and I decided to accept his proposal. I felt very awkward at first, which was but natural, but by degrees he led me away from unpleasant subjects, and began to talk to me about our studies, our professors, our books, in a manner that fascinated me. Spite of my pugnacious qualities, I already loved study for its own sake, and we were soon plunged into interesting research and argument such as I delighted in. From that hour, my behaviour at the University was decided upon. I would be a thoughtful, reading man, instead of a careless, fighting one. 'I shall be delighted to have your friendship,' Owen Jones said to me, 'if you give up duelling, but I never make a duellist my friend. I want to ask you,' he added, 'how many duels have you ever heard of that did not begin with your German beer? You had some the other night, before you tried to poke me up to fight,' and he laughed good-temperedly; 'I should have had some beer or something worse, if we had fought, and so the beer and the duels keep hand-in-hand from the beginning to the end of the chapter. I am not come here to play nor to drink; my family depends on me, and will sink or swim in the world as I do one or the

other. Fancy me risking a whole family's happiness on a sword-point or a pistol-shot. It would be madness.' And then I remember he said some words to himself about the folly of the past over again.

"The end of it was that I almost gave up beer, and quite gave up duelling, to deserve his friendship, and I had it unreservedly from that time onwards.

"Yes," repeated the professor, "that was the end of it; but the end did not come directly, other students were not unwilling, as Owen Jones was, to accept a challenge, and only a few weeks after he had refused mine, and talked so sensibly to me, I got into a sad scrape through the beer and the wine. We Germans are heavily weighted with our famous intoxicants—lager beer and Rhine wine. A false, foolish honour and fame have been entwined around both by our poets and our social customs. We have associated love and friendship with the flowing bowl; we have touched glasses in pledge of eternal brotherhood, and the end of our pledging brotherhood has often been a duel and a sword-thrust." Here the professor laughed rather grimly, and glancing kindly at us, said—

"My dear Margherita and my dear Fraulein Percy, do not think I am telling you these stories of my youth without an aim, or purpose. Young girls such as you, will some day, God be praised, grow to thoughtful women, and you can influence others much more than you now know or suppose possible. Let your example and your precepts be all on the side of sobriety, of virtue, of peace. But, as I was telling you, in the midst of drunken revelry, I quarrelled with one of my companions. Others amongst the party were delighted to promote a duel from this beginning, and to cut a long story short, I found myself next morning in as fair a scene as ever invited man to length of days, yet standing opposite a youthful antagonist, with a sword in my hand and a sword in his. He looked pale and trembling, even in that warm sunshine; I have not the slightest doubt I looked the same. At least, I am quite sure that I felt so. I dared not think. My brain still partially clouded by the excess of the previous evening, was yet sufficiently aroused to permit some thought. My heart reminded me that I had a father, a mother who almost idolised me, brothers and sisters younger than myself, who were taught to look up to me. It was horrible to be slashed and gashed as I should be presently, when the signal was given to commence, and I had some compunction too for slashing and gashing at the fair lad opposite to me. The stupid idea that my honour was at stake alone supported me, and even that seemed a doubtful sort of reason, after the remonstrance of Owen Jones on the question.

"Ha! the signal! now for it. But at that moment the sword I held was dashed out of my hand, and the Welshman stood beside me. He had heard of the impending duel, and had obtained the sanction for the interruption from one or two of our professors, who desired to check the stupid, wicked custom amongst us, and he was utterly careless as regarded any unpopularity which might accrue to himself. My opponent fainted, whether with excess of joy or sorrow, you young ladies who know more about such performances than I do, may judge for yourselves. Henceforth I owed it to my English-speaking friend that I developed a love of study that has made my life useful to others and a pleasure to myself. Can I ever be grateful enough to him? From that time we became close companions. We by no means abandoned the pursuits natural and proper for youth; we were boatmen and athletes with the rest of them. But we were determined to be discontented with everything short of high attainments in all branches of scholastic work, and more especially, of course, in those particular spheres of learning to which we had determined to devote our lives. My friend chose medicine and I the science of natural philosophy, as our respective fortes. I am a professor now, but still a learner, as I ever hope to be; but what has my friend done, what has he become?"

As neither Margherita nor myself attempted to answer these questions, Herr Ziffel, after pausing almost as if he expected us to do so, continued, "I waited and watched. Never did I receive an English paper, never did I meet an educated Englishman without seeking or demanding some news of my friend. But constantly my hopes were doomed to be disappointed, constantly my inquiries were without success."

"I wonder," I said, rather timidly, "that you did not write to your friend, Herr Professor."

The great man smiled at me so pleasantly that I was glad I had made the remark. All through this part of our walk, as I listened to his story, I had an agreeable feeling, as if some benevolent giant was permitting us to associate with him, so high above me physically, mentally, morally, socially, did Herr Professor Ziffel feel to me to be.

"It would, indeed, have been a wonderful circumstance, Fraulein Kate, if I had not written," he answered. "We regularly corresponded for years after we left Heidelberg behind us; we even occasionally met—once in England, when I came to see your beautiful country, and two or three times in Germany. During my visit here I shared his hospitality. He had just married.

"And did he live here?" I asked, beginning to be more curious, now that the story approached nearer my own time and that of my friend Carry.

"No, it was in your great metropolis that we met. I wrote to him many, many times, and received answers at first, but had my letters returned to me at last; and then I ceased to write, for it was of no use. I examined lists, and could not find his name where it should have been, in medical directories. Believe me, I owed him too deep a debt of gratitude, to easily forget him."

"And how did you know, Herr Professor, that you would find him living here?"

"I will tell you, Fraulein Kate. When it was decided to send our Margherita to school in England, a great many prospectuses were forthcoming from different ladies, and we had a consultation as to which should be the chosen place of her abode. Her mother is English, and as she had friends in London, it was deemed desirable the school should not be far from the metropolis, and yet it was considered a country home would be more healthful for her. This place commended itself for several reasons, and was decided upon, and one of the reasons was that amongst the list of persons ready to furnish testimonials was the name of Owen Jones, Esq., Leigh House, Leigh Road. A little further enquiry revealed the fact that amongst the pupils of Miss Sheffield was Miss Carry Jones, daughter of this gentleman. Instead of writing to him, I preferred to come myself, and renew old friendship without ceremony."

"And that was your business in England, uncle, that gave me the pleasure of your company on the journey?" said Margherita, questioningly.

"It was, dear child. I had made my little plan to come here, to discover whether the child of my old friend, as I had little doubt Carry Jones must be, was worthy of her parentage, and through her to introduce myself to her family. I now find, through your estimable governess, Miss Sheffield, that a cloud at present rests on Leigh House, and that I shall perhaps not be able even to see the friend whom I have travelled so far to meet."

There was disappointment alike in the expressive countenance and the equally expressive tones of the professor as he said these words. We had now, after our walk, come back to the turning from Brighton Road into Leigh Road, and were proceeding along Leigh Road in the direction of Leigh House, which I was anxious to point out to Professor Ziffel, as Miss Sheffield had desired me to do.

Can I ever forget what happened?

We were within a few yards of the dull old dwelling, and I was on the point of saying to my companions, "There, that is Leigh House," when the gate was thrown open, there was a scream, a rush, and a young slight form, followed by a wild-looking, haggard-faced, tall, gaunt man came tearing along towards us.

There were terror, agony, fear blended in the girl's uplifted face. There were brutal passion, mad purpose, dark revenge in the countenance of the man.

The girl ran almost blindly, but with the instinct of self-preservation, into the arms of Professor Ziffel that were open to receive her; and her raging pursuer stopped abruptly at this interruption to his pursuit, baffled, surprised, but only pausing in his terrible purpose.

From the first moment, I knew that the flying girl was Carry, my Carry! Oh! what did it, what could it all mean?

(*To be continued.*)

HOME TREASURES.

WHAT though my home is not a palace fair,
And though no liveried servants wait my call,
A king and queen both reign right bravely there,
And round them cluster royal children small.

And through the rooms their merry laughter rings,
Their little feet go pattering round the place;
And sure, no fairy with bright golden wings
Could match our baby Rose for winning grace.

Aye, I am king of this delightful spot,
And sweet mamma is our dear "Queen of Home."
Kings have sought happiness, and found it not;
I find it here, and have no wish to roam.

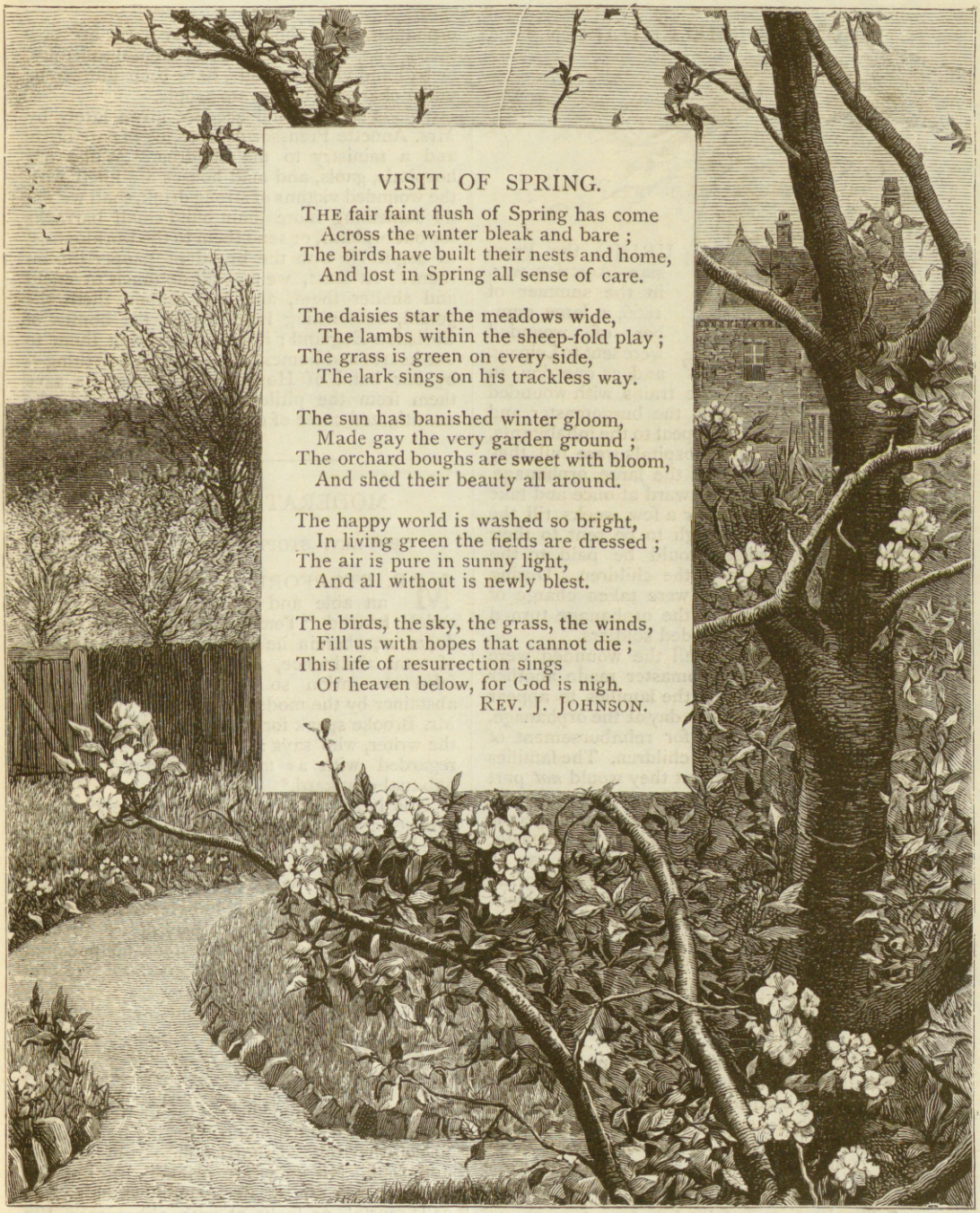
And a right royal welcome I shall get
When yon bright sun is sinking in the west;
And far from all the worry and the fret,
I shall go home for labour's needful rest.

The queen will come and meet me on the way
Bringing the royal princes and princess;
Aye, darling Rose her hand in mine will lay,
And nestle to me with a warm caress.

I have no gold or jewels sparkling bright,
No banners waving in the evening breeze;
But in my treasures I can take delight,
And many a king would give his crown for these.

Yes, I am king, and my dear wife is queen,
We govern by the matchless law of love;
We strive to keep our earthly home so clean,
That it may well reflect the home above!

W. A. EATON.



VISIT OF SPRING.

THE fair faint flush of Spring has come
Across the winter bleak and bare ;
The birds have built their nests and home,
And lost in Spring all sense of care.

The daisies star the meadows wide,
The lambs within the sheep-fold play ;
The grass is green on every side,
The lark sings on his trackless way.

The sun has banished winter gloom,
Made gay the very garden ground ;
The orchard boughs are sweet with bloom,
And shed their beauty all around.

The happy world is washed so bright,
In living green the fields are dressed ;
The air is pure in sunny light,
And all without is newly blest.

The birds, the sky, the grass, the winds,
Fill us with hopes that cannot die ;
This life of resurrection sings
Of heaven below, for God is nigh.

REV. J. JOHNSON.

CARE FOR THE CHILDREN.*



DURING the Prussian-Austrian war, in the summer of 1866, a large number of wounded were sent to Leipzig, and as one day, in the evening, several more trains with wounded were expected to arrive, the burgomaster and Town Council made an appeal to the inhabitants, stating that, as all the hospitals were full, they would like to make use of the large orphanage, if families would come forward at once and take charge of the orphans for a few weeks, till the wounded were well enough to be sent to their homes. All expenses would be paid to the families on the return of the children. During one day *all* the orphans were taken charge of by various families, and the orphanage turned into an hospital for wounded soldiers.

After a month or two all the wounded were discharged, and the burgomaster made another proclamation to summon the families to appear with the orphans on such a day at the orphanage, and bring their claims for reimbursement of expenses incurred for the children. The families appeared, but declared that they would *not* part again with the children, having got fond of them, and only in a very few cases of very poor people payment was accepted. The burgomaster then appointed a trustworthy man as an "Orphan-Father," who keeps a register of all the orphans boarded out and adopted, visits them at their homes, attends now and then at the schools they go to, to see how they improve. He has toys and sweets to give them, so as to make friends with the children and have their full confidence, and hears any complaints from them. The orphan-father reports quarterly to the burgomaster.

During all these years this system has proved thoroughly advantageous to all concerned. The orphans, who used to look thin, pale, and sickly, have got more healthy by being again grafted into family life, and having once more happy and comfortable homes. Instead of three hundred or four hundred children in the orphanage, only about twenty or thirty are now there, who, by some bodily or mental infirmity, or bad and vicious habits, have been unfit to be taken charge of by private people.

This is the beautiful account given lately by Mrs. Annette Preusser of a service of patriotism and a ministry to the children. While our hospitals, gaols, and mad-houses are filled with the wounded victims of strong drink, shall we not do something more than build small barracks for our orphans, or send them to the workhouses, to begin life with the brand of pauperism on them? At least, we may all do much to shield and shelter them, and cast around them the genial, humanising influence of the homes of Christian England; if we do not bring them to our hearts and homes, let us do this one thing—by our Band of Hope enterprise, let us save them from the pitiless temptations and the unmitigated curse of drink.

* The above account is taken from the "Charity Organisation Reporter."

MODERATE DRINKING.

BY REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE has written an able and courageous reply to an article headed "Temperance Reform" in the *Inquirer*, wherein he makes a splendid defence of total abstinence, and entirely answers the false accusation so frequently flung at the abstainer by the moderate drinker. We will let Mr. Brooke speak for himself while he replies to the writer, who says:—"A moderate drinker is regarded with as much abhorrence as the habitual drunkard."

This is a statement which is entirely untrue. I have never seen in any of the books accredited by any of the societies for total abstinence any words which even approached this statement. Nor, indeed, is the habitual drunkard regarded with abhorrence, but with infinite pity, and with such a desire to help him out of his dreadful state that no personal sacrifices are considered too great to give him that help.

What we do say to the moderate drinker is that he is not convinced of the harm he may do by his example, and that he is himself in physical danger. The harm his example does is that it encourages others to drink, who, unlike himself, cannot stop short of the moderate dose, and these are either made ill for life by the daily poison they take, or hurried into ruin of body and soul. No moderate drinker can tell the harm he may do by an example which no one calls mortal, or looks at with abhorrence, but which permits men, and especially his children,

to play with fire without a protest, without a warning.

As to all moderate drinkers we regard them in physical danger. They ask for no more than what has been called the "dietetic dose of alcohol," and with that they are content. That dose is from half a pint to a pint of French wine, or three glasses of sherry or port, or one wineglassful of spirits. This is the mild stimulation they ask for, and they allow that if they took more, or science obliges them now to allow it, the results would be unhealthy. The effect of the moderate dose has been thoroughly investigated. It is to reduce the power of the minute blood-vessels so that they fill with blood. The face gets flushed, the brain also, the lungs also; the breathing is quicker, the heart beats faster, and the mind is excited. This is the first stage. If a man takes more than this moderate dose he passes into another stage, when he begins to lose absolute command over his thoughts and muscles, and is liable to speak fast, to be over-excited, to have headaches, however slight, in the morning, and in the evening to be sleepy if he is alone, to be elevated if he is in company. If a man passes continually into this stage, and it is a very common experience, he is not a moderate drinker any more. The next stage is confusion of mind, of act, of speech, loss of power over the muscles, with depression and bodily cold. The last stage is absolute prostration. The man is dead drunk.

That is the journey. The moderate drinker begins it, and says he need never go further than the first stage, and many never do go further. But the question is, seeing that the journey is so deadly a one, ought a man to begin it at all? If he begin, he is in danger of going on, and there is not one inch of the way which is safe; for alcohol has this peculiar property, that it always lures onwards, that one glass asks for another. The moderate drinker is obliged almost daily to resist that allurement, and he is in continued peril of failures to resist; and, indeed, it is a wonder he is not more afraid, for the whole mass of those who have been killed by alcoholic diseases, who have been made criminals and brutes by alcohol, when alcohol has driven mad, and who have sown in their children the seeds which afterwards quickened weakness of constitution, on which any disease seizes, into idiotcy or mania or early death, began in the same way, went the first stage with the moderate drinker, but could not resist the invitation for more which the first stage invariably makes. It is because all this is so terribly true that we say, and with justice and fairness, that the moderate drinker is in danger, and that the example he sets does more harm than he is aware of. As to his own health: he gets no good of his moderate dose. "*If* he is in first-rate condition, *if* he can freely throw off causes of oppression and depression, *if* he is actively engaged in the open air, *if* he has nothing to do which requires great exactitude and precision of work, if he is not subjected to any worry or mental strain, if he sleeps well and is properly clothed, and exposed to no extremes of heat or cold, if his appetite is good and he can get plenty of wholesome food*—*if* he has all these advantages, he may indulge without much risk in a moderate dose." But if one of these advantages should fail him, then even his moderate dose is doing him harm. It will double the disadvantage under which he suffers, and then step by step deprive him one by one of the advantages he has left, or of part of their power to make life easy.

This is the danger the healthy man incurs from moderate drinking. Let him become unhealthy, and the danger is doubled. Then the moderate dose weakens and batters down day by day the powers he has to resist the attacks which the daily wear and tear of life make on his physical health and on his mental energy.

And this is not only the testimony of science, but the testimony of statistics. No insurance society will insure the moderate drinker at the same figure as the total abstainer. They know—and the death rate, on comparison, proves it—that the life of the moderate drinker is, save in a few rare cases, more subject to disease and shorter than that of the total abstainer.

It is in this way that the total abstainer looks at the position of the moderate drinker, and not with any abhorrence whatever. He appeals to the moderate drinker to give up his dose because he is in physical peril, because he is lessening all his powers, and because the example he sets brings others into mortal danger, however sober his own life may be. And this appeal is not made by any "over-weening zeal." It is based on the answer given to the question—Is moderate drinking safe?—by the long and patient investigation of science, and on the moral call which the dreadful peril and ruin of multitudes make upon his conscience and his heart. It is an appeal which is, therefore, neither unjust nor unfair.

A HARDY seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks on our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves broke over him. He replied: "Wet, ma'am; very wet."

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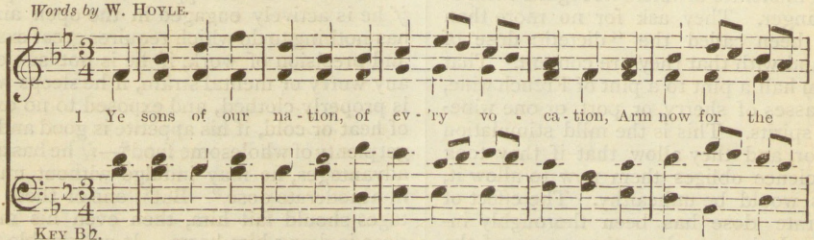
* See Dr. Richardson's "Drink and Strong Drink," a little first-class book, in which the whole subject is accurately and moderately treated.

YE SONS OF OUR NATION.

Words by W. HOYLE.



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3 Shall	earth's richest	treasure serve	sin's cru - el	pleasure, And	gold - en	grain
:m	m :d :m	d :m :s	f :r.m :f.m	r :t₁ :r	m :s.f :m.r	
4 By	firm a - gi -	ta - tion a -	wake all the	nation; Truth,	migh - ty	to
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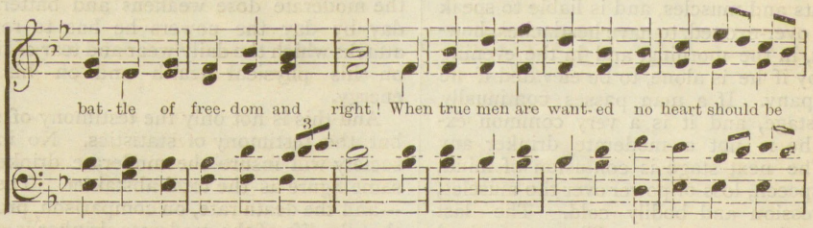

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wave o - ver	val - ley and	plain, That	maltster may	ga - ther, to	curse son	and
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con - quer, no	power can with -	stand! Your	for - ces as -	sem - ble—let	foe - men	all
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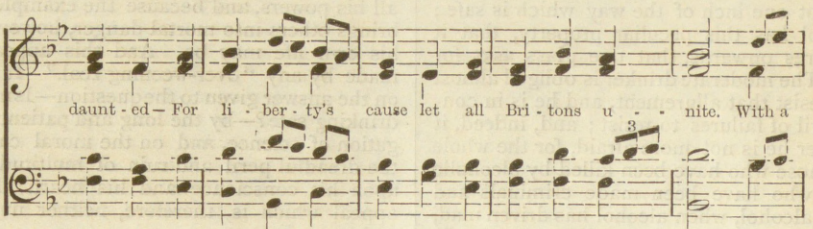

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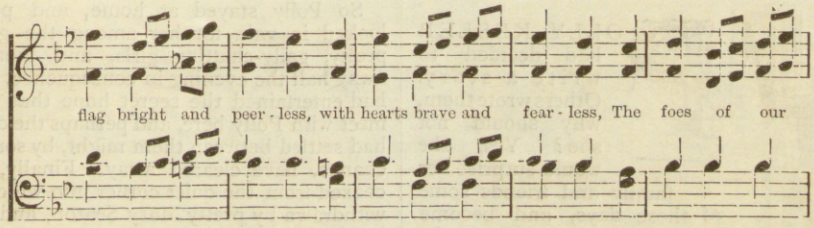
s₁ :s₁ :s₁	s₁ :s₁ :s₁	f₁ :f₁ :f₁	m₁ :s₁ :s₁	s₁ :— :s₁.s₁		
fa - ther, And	send them in	fet - ters a -	cross the deep	main? Shall the		
r :t₁ :r	m :s.f :m.r	d :d :d	d :m :r.m.f	m :— :d.r		
trem - ble, While	bless - ings ye	bring to our	dear Fa - ther -	land. Arm		
s₁ :s₁ :f₁	m₁ :d₁ :m₁	f₁ :l₁ :f₁	s₁ :s₁ :s₁	d₁ :— :d.d		

YE SONS OF OUR NATION—*continued*



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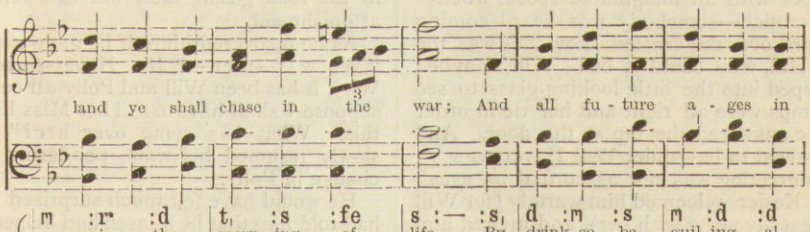

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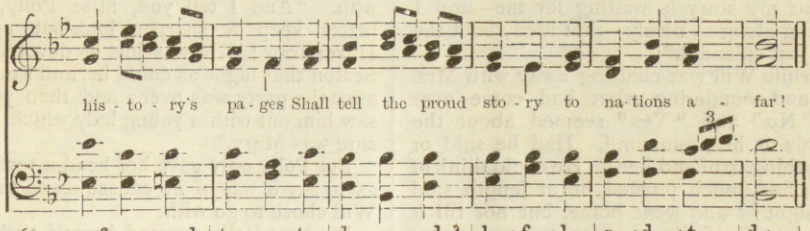

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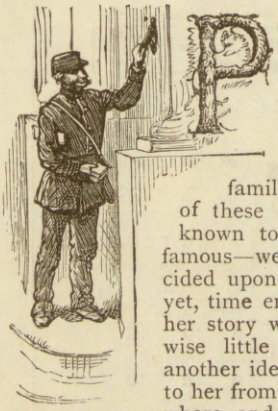
POLLY'S STORY.



POLLY KESLER had decided to write a story. Others wrote them, why should not she? Yes, she would surprise her family and friends some of these days, and become known to the world as the famous—well, she had not decided upon her *nom de plume* yet, time enough for that when her story was written, thought wise little Polly. And now another idea had floated down to her from the ceiling or somewhere, and Polly was putting it upon paper with all imaginable speed, when—crunch, crunch—somebody was heard coming up the yard over the crusted snow. It was too soon for Hal, who could it be! Will, maybe! Polly peeped into the little looking-glass to see if her crimps were all right and her tie in order before she answered the tap at the door. And Will it proved to be—quiet Will Haverstraw.

Polly's greeting was not as cordial as usual, but Mrs. Kesler welcomed him warmly (for Will was a great favourite with her), and invited him to a comfortable seat by the fire.

Polly looked longingly at the bits of paper lying on the table. What must she do? "It would not be polite to continue writing, I am afraid," said Polly to herself, "but it is dreadfully tiresome to be obliged to sit and listen to Will's remarks about the weather and the crops, and know that my story is waiting for me—and I was getting along so nicely—that idea about the ball was just splendid."

Meanwhile Will was chatting away with Mrs. Kesler, and wondering what had come over Polly. "No" and "Yes" seemed about the only words at her command. Had he said or done anything to offend her? He could think of nothing; and, much puzzled, he at length said "good night!" and went home, but not till it was too late for Polly to write any more that night.

But every spare moment the next day, and for several days thereafter, Polly was busily engaged with her story, and so determinedly did she present the cold shoulder to poor Will Haverstraw, that his visits became fewer and shorter, and finally ceased altogether.

About this time Carrie Ashton gave a party. Of course, Polly was invited, but she felt that her time was too precious to be wasted upon parties; and besides, by this time she began to feel herself rather above such simple amusements.

So Polly stayed at home, and poor Will looked in vain for her among the groups of pretty, gaily-chatting girls, and then sulked away half the evening in consequence. For he had entertained the secret hope that he would meet with Polly here, and perhaps the cloud that had settled between them might, by some happy chance, have cleared away. Finally, he was coaxed from the quiet corner into which he had withdrawn by pretty Mary Seaton, and beguiled by her into joining the merry games which were then being played, and at the close of the evening he gallantly escorted that happy young lady home.

A day or two afterwards Will met Polly, driving old Bess, and evidently going to the village. Her bow and salutation were as cold as was the weather. "Good morning, Mr. Haverstraw!" and she drove past, leaving Will standing in the road gazing after her in open-mouthed astonishment.

As he recovered himself he gave a prolonged "Whew!"—then—"*Mr.* Haverstraw, indeed! Why, it has been Will and Polly all our lives. I suppose I shall have to call her Miss Kesler after this. What has come over her?" and Will slowly resumed his walk, pondering anew the change in Polly.

He would have felt much surprised if any one had told him that he himself had helped to widen the breach between them.

Just as Polly was preparing to go to the village that morning, Nancy Ells had called. Now Nancy was the neighbourhood gossip, and as the latest piece of news she had proceeded to give a detailed account of Carrie Ashton's party, with all the sayings and doings connected therewith. "And I tell you, Miss Polly, you had better keep a sharper look-out upon Will Haverstraw! He was just as devoted to Mary Seaton that night as could be, and saw her home after the party was over; and then yesterday I saw him out with a young lady which I am most sure was Mary."

But Polly only gave her head a toss, as much as to say it was of no consequence to her who Will chose to go with.

But here Polly excused herself and hastened out, leaving her mother to listen to the remainder of Nancy's tale; and right glad was Polly to escape from it. She had heard more than enough, for her heart was a little sore on the question of Will, and had been for some time. She had intended to try and make some amends for past coldness the next time she saw him; but now Nancy's words had driven these good resolutions out of her mind, and, as she rode along, she felt decidedly angry with Will—which

was all very unreasonable, you may say, but then people are often so, and Polly was no exception to the general rule. And so it was that Will had received the salutation which had so greatly astonished him.

But Polly knew nothing of this, and drove on to the village in a rather perturbed state of mind.

Having attended to the many errands committed to her charge, she finally stopped old Bess at the door of the village post-office, and, with many tremors, although putting on a brave face, she went in and mailed a small packet to the publisher, for she had at last finished her story, and had determined on this eventful morning to send it forth to meet its fate; and very glad did little Polly feel when this last errand was accomplished. And yet Polly drove homeward with a very sober face.

Several weeks passed by. The air had grown milder and softer, and spring's footsteps might be traced in the delicate sprays of trailing arbutus and the swaying stems of pale anemones, while here and there an early violet, or the purple-veined liverwort, could be seen shyly peeping from beneath its leafy cover—a promise of better things by and by.

But Nature's face did not seem as bright as usual to Will Haverstraw, as he made his way one pleasant morning through the piece of woodland that formed a part of Mr. Kesler's farm, adjoining Will's own place. Even the songs of the birds did not seem as sweet as in the days gone by. Will could not have told why, but he missed Polly's friendly smile and bright, pleasant companionship, and to-day he felt their loss more keenly than ever; perhaps because of his surroundings—the scene of many of their childish pleasures and adventures. Crowning the slope to his right stood a group of huge chestnut-trees. What seasons of delightful nuttings Will recalled as he stood and gazed up at their now leafless branches! How often he and Hal Kesler had scaled their great trunks and sent the prickly burs, with their ripe, glossy contents, down in showers upon the heads of the merry, shouting group of children below, with Polly in their midst, the busiest of the busy. Farther on, near the little brook, stood a large beech-tree, upon which Will had neatly carved his own and Polly's name, while Polly stood near and watched with smiling approval. Will sighed as he read the date—a year ago last autumn. How different everything was now! Presently he neared the glade in which as children they had held their May-day festivals, and on the very last one Polly had been the chosen queen. How well Will recollected the little airs of conscious dignity which Polly had thought proper to assume on that occasion, and how quickly those same little airs had flown to the winds in the merry games that followed! He left the beaten path and entered the glade. Some one was there before him. There, upon the dismantled throne of the May-queen, sat Polly, her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly.

All the coldness and indifference of the past was forgotten by Will as he witnessed his quondam playmate's suffering. Quietly going up to where she sat he knelt beside her, and, softly calling her by name, he inquired the cause of her grief. Polly started up and would have run away, but Will held her fast, and gradually he drew from her the whole story of "*Polly's Story*," and its rejection at the hands of the hard-hearted publisher, which last fact had been the primary cause of Polly's great distress, though whether Will's estrangement had not given an added bitterness to the briny drops, I am not prepared to say.

But, be that as it may, Will turned comforter, and so well did he perform his part that before they bade each other "good-bye" he had brought the smiles back to Polly's face.

And Mary Seaton could not have won Will Haverstraw after all, even though a member of such an *exceedingly winning family*, for in that large white farm-house over the hill lives to-day Will and his little wife, Polly. And Polly laughs and says she is now content to *live* her *story* and leave the writing of it to somebody else.

ESTHER.

COMING HOME.

I SAW an army on the homeward track,
With colours drooping, and with weary steeds;
So many went, so few were coming back,
To wear the glory of their gallant deeds.

With faces tanned beneath a burning sun,
Their gilded trappings tarnished, old, and worn;
They came from many a conquest, nobly won,
With battered arms, and banners rent and torn.

I saw the people crowd the city street,
I heard the cheer that echoed to the sky;
I saw fair dames the noble warriors greet
With waving kerchief and with tear-dimm'd eye!

I heard the bells from many a steeple clash,
The ponderous cannon gave a welcome roar,
The helmets in the golden sunlight flash,
The soldiers smile to be at home once more.

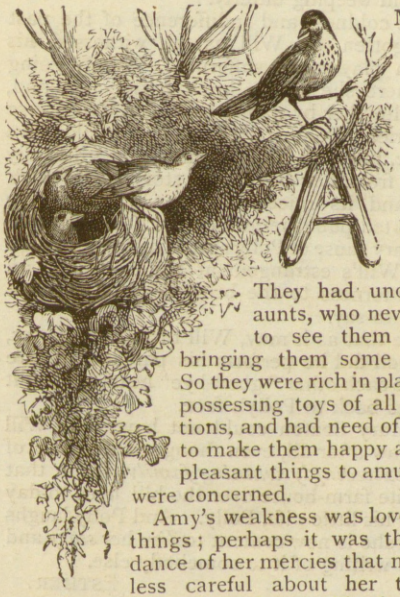
May we, as soldiers, fight life's battle well;
And, having conquered in the bitter strife,
In that fair city where the angels dwell
Receive a crown of everlasting life!

W. A. EATON.

TOO-LATE AFFECTION.

BY UNCLE BEN.

"Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song."



AMY and Fred Richardson lived in a nice house, and had many kind friends. They had uncles and aunts, who never came to see them without bringing them some present. So they were rich in playthings, possessing toys of all descriptions, and had need of nothing to make them happy as far as pleasant things to amuse them were concerned.

Amy's weakness was love of new things; perhaps it was the abundance of her mercies that made her less careful about her treasures than she ought to have been. She had fifteen dolls of all sorts and sizes, from the infant in long clothes to an old lady, who, from the antiquity of her costume, might have been Old Mother Hubbard or the veritable old lady who lived in a shoe, and whose ancient but enormous family is better known to fame than any dynasty of kings heard of in these days of advanced education. Amy loved everything new, because it was new. Her father was a Conservative and an antiquarian, and loved everything that was old, because it was old. Amy loved new clothes, new shoes and dresses, new books, and even new lessons. When she first began to learn to play the piano, music was most delightful; she said she should never grow tired of practising the exercises and scales in Czerny's book for half an hour a day, but she had not got so far as learning the "Vesper Hymn" before she grew so tired of practising, that she had to be punished if she did not keep to her half-hour's practice a day. She never liked finishing anything off before she began another thing; she would get weary of a copy before reaching the bottom of the page, and often wished to turn over a new leaf before one was done. When her sums were wrong, she hated going over them to find out where the mistake was; she would rather try and do two fresh ones than work patiently to get the old one right. Never was there a little maiden that loved novelty more. New places were always delightful, new friends were invariably *so very* nice, new stories were always being asked for. It was "Oh! mother, I am so tired of these old pictures, and these books we have had such a time. Do, please, buy me something new." Her father said that one of these days she would want new parents, for she would get tired of the old home. And then she would put her arms around his neck, and sometimes cry, and say, "Oh, no!" because she never wanted to change anything she loved; it was only pretty, new things that she liked to have as well as the old ones. She was really very loving and kind-hearted, sometimes very careless and forgetful, but always generous and affectionate; soon sorry for doing wrong, but negligent again.

She seldom meant to do anything wicked or unkind, and for any act of disobedience it was always at once, "I am so sorry—indeed I am. I never thought—I quite forgot; I am sure I never meant any harm."

One day Aunt Jane came to see them. She was a very sweet and gentle lady; everybody thought her lovely, because she had such a beautiful smile, that came like the sunshine, and brightened all who saw it. She had returned with grandpapa from wintering in Madeira, and so, after their arrival in England, she had come to see her sister, Mrs. Richardson, to tell her all about their father's doings in the island of perpetual summer. When the cab stopped that brought her, there was handed out a large, bright, wicker cage, with a beautiful yellow canary. This was the kind present she had brought all the way from Madeira for Amy. Soon after it was hung up, the bird began to sing. So full, and fresh, and free was the song of this contented canary, one almost might think it was living in the orange thickets of its own sunny home.

All were pleased with this perpetual music in the house. Amy was delighted beyond all words The bird was the dearest, sweetest canary ever seen, none had ever sung so beautifully—in fact, it was quite the nicest and best bird that could possibly exist. She would take such care of it; give it a bath every morning, feed it very often and most regularly—she never would forget to look after it in the most devoted way.

And no one could doubt that Amy was really attached to her new pet. Constant was the care she showed dicky at first; if anything seemed amiss with her bird she was unhappy; she fed it two or three times a day, and every breakfast and tea-time she put a lump of sugar between the bars for her little songster. She called it "Angel," because it had wings and sang so very sweetly, and talked to it with all the en-



"But Amy turned away; she knew the sad truth."—p. 62.

dearing words of childhood. The house seemed filled with praise from early morning to dewy eve. All went well for some time, but in a month or two the bath every morning was accidentally omitted, and as the bird sang less as the summer waned, every now and then the sugar was forgotten. Then once her mother said—

"Why, Amy, I was quite shocked to see no seed in the cage to-day. Poor little bird, it must be hungry!"

Amy ran and filled the empty seed-tray, and was for a time really penitent for her neglect, and gave little Yellow Dick so much sugar to make up for her sin of omission, that it was quite a wonder "the angel" was not bilious. She bought some sweeties, and would eat none, keeping all for her dear bird. After this things went better again for some time with the songster in the cage. But the old habit of carelessness came back once more; very gradually a little neglect kept increasing, until Freddy had a birthday, on which his father gave the little lad a white rabbit with pink eyes and long ears. This addition to the family interest absorbed poor Amy's ready and generous affection. It was so beautiful, so soft, so warm; it was kissed and hugged by both the children, and so beloved was "Bunny" that Amy actually joined in Freddy's request that they might take it to bed with them. But, of course, this could not be allowed. However, for the first few days of Bunny's advent Amy's whole attention was absorbed in the new comer; the children were wrapped up in Freddy's treasured possession. But Amy, waking one morning, suddenly remembered how grossly she had forgotten the dickey. She got up early, and before breakfast went out into the garden to pick some fresh groundsel to give her still dear canary in atonement for past neglect. She came back into the house with all she could find, and when she entered the room where "the angel's" cage stood, Freddy, who was there before her, came up and said in a wondering way—

"Oh, Amy, I found the dickey had got off his perch, and had laid 'isself down in the bottom of the cage. I called him, 'Angel! Angel!' but he didn't get up, he was so sound asleep. So I opened the door of the cage very softly, not to wake him, and then I touched him ever so gently, 'cause he might be poorly, or sorry to sleep so long; but he didn't stir at all. Then I stroked him and took him up in my hand, but he didn't try to move. Look at him."

But Amy turned away: she knew the sad truth.

And then Freddy continued: "Amy, don't cry; our bird is only very sound asleep. He must have got very tired; and I think he feels a little cold. When do you think he'll wake again and sing? Shall we lay him down by Bunny? for Bunny is always so warm, and it will be nicer than the fire."

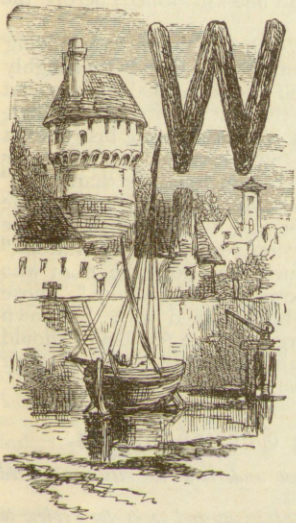
"No, no, Freddy," sobbed Amy. "Dickey will never sing again; he's dead—he's starved—I've killed my bird. Oh! what shall I do?"

That day there was sorrow in the children's hearts; all things were dark to them because the spirit of song had flown away, to return no more to gladden their home. And bitter was the grief of Amy, for she knew she had slain the sweet bird she had loved. Penitent when it was too late—no tears, no care could call back again those bursts of music and that shower of song, for the life of the bird had gone for ever. There stood the empty cage, which no other bird ever filled, a sad memory of a fickle affection, and a solemn lesson of careless neglect. And when either of the children was flagrantly forgetful, or inclined to disagree and quarrel, their mother would point to the empty cage, and their tender consciences were touched.

How many sweet songs we stifle in this world by fickle affection, how heedless neglect will slay the voice of praise, and careless though unintentional infidelity will banish the angels from our home, and leave the vacant places never more to be filled on earth! Let us all be more thoughtful and loving to those about us, more watchful in our care, lest the objects of our affection go forth into the silent land, and the dear, familiar sounds be heard no more, for then beneath the darkened skies and in the empty home we find no place of repentance though we seek it carefully with tears. No wealth of devotion, no monument of marble, can recall the unkind word, the idle slight, the neglect that was worse than a stab in the dark, the caress of to-day, the reproach of to-morrow. That there may be no "too-late" love in life, no costly expenditure of myrrh and aloes for the tomb only, like Mary in the beautiful story of old, let ours be the gift to those we love of precious nard before the day of burial. But for this we need the Divine spirit of charity that never, "never faileth."

EXPRESSIONS of approval or disapproval are natural and wholesome, and form a most salutary motive to action, provided they are guided by intelligent thoughtfulness. They are an efficient means of sympathy—an avenue by which we may arrive at a better comprehension of others, and of the effects which our own conduct produces upon them. But that this power may be truly beneficial it must be used wisely and guardedly. It must be made to nourish whatever is really excellent and retard whatever is really harmful.

HOME INTERESTS.



WE have sometimes thought that if young men generally realised what a stern, hand-to-hand conflict life proves to many who before marriage did not improve their opportunities for securing a home or means to enter business successfully, less money would be spent unwisely, and that there would be fewer aimless lives and more earnest endeavour.

Nothing surmountable should deter the young man from looking well to his future interests. Circumstances may sometimes render this difficult, even impossible, but one should be very certain that nothing save a stern necessity or a higher duty than that owed to self be allowed to obstruct the way.

However, the ambition of the newly-married to "lay by" a portion of their income, if necessary, for the purchase of a home, is a laudable one. How much wiser to economise for this than to spend everything on dress and costly living, and never have a roof to shelter that can be called one's own.

It is a blessed thing to have a real home, where is peace and happiness and rest, and where the children may be surrounded with such influences that after life will be fraught with only pleasant memories of childhood.

And it is of the utmost importance to be guided wisely in the choice of a home. As for ourselves, we would choose a quiet country home, in some healthy locality, where fruit abounds, and among kindly, cultured people, near school and church, and not too far removed from town advantages.

Were we to advise those interested in this subject, we would say: If you can find the opportunity, by all means immediately invest your savings in the purchase of a home, that your family may enjoy the advantages of its comforts as you go along. Then determine to promptly meet all payments, work, economise in all wise ways, and under God's blessing, with health to aid, you must succeed. G. W.

UPON THE SABBATH DAY.

ONE Sabbath eve, the service o'er,
Wending my homeward way,
I paused beside an alehouse door,
And felt constrained to stay,
To watch the thoughtless passers in.
I saw a young man pass,
Within that haunt of vice and sin,
To take an evening glass.
He met with comrades false and fair;
With treacherous word and smile,
They tempted him to drink again,
And thus the time beguile.
I saw him leave, disgraced, unmanned,
And tottering go his way;
And this was in a Christian land,
And on the Sabbath day.

I looked, and saw fair maidens quaff;
And men of Christian name;
I heard the vulgar oath and laugh,
The obscene word of shame;
I saw the haggard drunkard pass—
To all appearance lost—
I saw him drain again the glass,
Regardless of the cost.
I saw a mother raise the cup,
And drink the fatal gin,
And give her infant boy to sup,
Thus luring on to sin.
I saw two lovers arm-in-arm,
Pass through that open door,
Without a word or thought of harm,
They drank and called for more.

I could no longer watching stand,
But sickened went my way;
Is this indeed our Christian land?
Is this the Sabbath day?
O is it true? O can it be,
That this foul traffic thrives,
Upon such crime and misery,
On blood and human lives?
O God of heaven, Thy arm make bare,
Thy mighty power show;
And banish England's treacherous snare,
Her dark insidious foe;
Then shall our country glorious stand,
Her people happy, free;
'Twill be in truth a Christian land,
Upon the Sabbath day.

T. J. GALLEY.

IF we do self no harm, no real evil can happen to us. We should not fear that which kills the body, and can do no more; for that is not an absolute evil. The loss of purity, the loss of simplicity, the loss of honesty are real losses; but they befall us only by our own consent. By industry we receive riches, but by goodness and uprightness the eternal riches of virtue.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

TEMPER.—Happy is he who can command his temper even under trying circumstances. The evils of unbridled tempers are beyond calculation. The violent temper of a fretful and irascible man gives his friends much concern. If he has any real sensibility, the emotions he feels are as painful as those he causes in the breasts of others. When the calm of retirement succeeds to the bustle of company, his solitary moments are embittered by very mortifying reflections; for it has been well remarked, "that anger begins with folly and ends with repentance."

A CERTAIN caravan orator at a fair, after a long yarn descriptive of what was to be seen inside, wound up by saying: "Step in, gentlemen; step in! Take my word for it, you will be highly delighted when you come out."

WHICH is the most modest piece of furniture?—The clock; for it always covers its face with its hands and runs itself down, however good its works may be.

WHO are the best men to send to war?—Lawyers, because their charges are so great no one can stand them.

I PUT outside my window a large box, filled it with soil, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up?—A policeman, who ordered me to remove it.

AN Irish peasant was taken before a magistrate on a charge of having stolen a sheep, the property of Sir Garrat Fitz-Maurice. The justice asked him if he could read, to which he answered, "a little." "You could not be ignorant," said Mr. Quorum, "that the sheep found in your possession belonged to Sir Garrat, as his brand (GFM) was on it." "True," replied the prisoner, "but I thought the three letters stood for 'Good Fat Mutton.'"

WHY is a fool in a high station, like a man in a balloon?—Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

WHICH is the most difficult train to catch?—The 12-50: because it is "ten to one" if you catch it.

ADVICE TO WIVES.—Man is very much like an egg—keep him in hot water and he is bound to become hardened.

MISINTERPRETED QUOTATION.—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." A head would be very uncomfortable without one.

A SETTLEMENT.—"When are you going to settle this bill?" "We've had a settlement already." "When?" "The last time you called." "How so?" "Didn't I then tell you that I meant to settle the bill?" "Yes." "Very well, then; wasn't that a settlement?"

WHY did the Highlanders do more execution at Tel-el-Kebir than the 5th Rifles? Because each Highlander had one kilt (killed) before the Rifles began.

SELF-SATISFIED.—One of the most annoying of visitors is the man who is so thoroughly satisfied with himself and all his belongings that he cannot bestow a thought upon yours. Whatever may be shown him he at once institutes a comparison with his own possessions, and begins to tell that "mine are much better than that," "I can beat you on so-and-so," and ignoring the thing before him, tells us, "Ah! you should see my strawberries," "my roses," "my tomatoes," and so on all through—in short, the man who does not "shut his own gate behind him." Those who are so thoroughly satisfied with their own that they cannot forget it for a few hours should not visit, but remain upon the scene of their remarkable achievements—at home.

Notices to Correspondents.

The Editors do not undertake to return rejected contributions.

All literary communications and books for review to be addressed to the Editor.

Letters on business to be directed to the Secretary, "Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

Received with thanks:—Rev. J. S. Balmer, T. J. Galley, W. A. Eaton, D. Lawton.

Notices of Books.

Hints and Topics for Temperance Speakers. By the Rev. J. Marshall Morrell. Published by the Church of England Temperance Society, 10, Bridge Street, and the National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand. Price one shilling. The advice contained in this book is all good and practical; it is well put into very short chapters. It expounds the simple philosophy of public speech: First have something to say, then think it out clearly, feel it deeply, then nature will tell you how to speak it well, and experience will teach you how to speak it wisely.

"*Chronicles of Cannelby Chase.*" Illustrative of the Lord's Prayer. By James Yeames. Published by Longley, 39, Warwick Lane. Price eighteenpence, nicely illustrated, with twelve plates. The lessons from our Lord's Prayer are woven into the chapters of a consecutive story, which sustains the interest of the reader until the purpose of the writer is attained.

Publications Received.

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

WE GIRLS.

A Story of School-Girl Life.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

Chapter V.—Revealing the Skeleton.

TENDERLY as a father should have done, (but oh! what bitter mockery it would have been to say this to Carry Jones at that moment), Professor Ziffel folded his arms around the distressed fugitive, and prepared to meet her pursuer.

But, quick as thought, he read the terrible face of the madman, and saw in it an evil purpose towards Carry, which no opposition was likely to baffle. The German half turned himself, though still keeping his keen eyes riveted on the face of the other, and said to Carry, in a voice low, and tender, and considerate, "Go, my dear young lady, with these young ladies, your old friend and my niece; they will take you home. I will take care of him."

But these words were not lost on Carry's pursuer, whose relationship to her neither Margherita nor myself could doubt. He raged, he fumed, he even swore that she should never again go into her home, never haunt his path, waking or sleeping, as she had done, never prove herself the fiend she had done. Home! It was not her home; she was not his child, but a creature who pretended to be so, in order to torment him. This and much more he said, and was only prevented, as it seemed to me, from springing on her by the presence of Herr Ziffel. My arms were around her, as we three girls stood undetermined what to do, arrested in our purposed obedience to Herr Ziffel by the words of Carry's father.

There was a pause, awful in its intensity, the pause as of a wild beast, scared from his determined spring upon his victim; and then, horror of horrors! the baffled madman threw himself towards Carry. The poor girl turned absolutely white with terror, Margherita stood still as a statue, and I screamed. Herr Ziffel caught him in his powerful arms, and presently the two men, both of them large and strongly-built, were engaged in what seemed to us a death struggle.

The whole scene is engraven upon my mind like a picture; the soft, quiet, peaceful trees, the rooks cawing in them, and the arching blue sky overhead, flecked with soft white clouds, which in the west were massed into billowy heaps of white and grey and silver. And in the foreground, we three, scared, terrified, yet gazing with wild, fascinated eyes at the awful conflict for the mastery.

ONWARD, MAY, 1883. *All Rights Reserved.*]

Looking back at it now, I can hardly believe that I was an actor in that tragedy, it stands out so strangely, so incongruously, from my young life. Margherita and I had a dim understanding of the pain it must give to the Professor to be compelled thus to fight back the threatened attack of his former friend upon his innocent child. Having heard, as we had but just before, the strange story of the duel which he had provoked, and which Owen Jones, with a noble manliness, would not fight in his youth, there was now a miserable yet unavoidable inconsistency in the sight of these two wrestling for the victory.

Ha! they were down, both of them. Margherita and Carry uttered each of them a low cry of pain at the dreadful sight. For a few instants they grovelled and rolled in the dusty road, and then Herr Ziffel sprang to his feet with such an agile bound as I could not have believed possible in him, and grasped both the arms of Carry's father, as he lay, panting and bruised, beneath him. But never did a victor look more sad and troubled than the German looked at that moment. Never was there less of triumph in any man's face than in his.

Carry rushed forward and knelt down on the ground, and gazed piteously into her father's face, and tried to take his hand. It was not a wise act. She received immediately a torrent of cruel words and abuse, directed not truly at her, but at the false deceptive creature her poor mad father believed her to be, yet none the less terrible for her to hear.

Then Herr Ziffel turned to his niece, still keeping his hold of the madman, and desired her, in a low tone and in German, to take Carry away to her home, or to Miss Sheffield's—anywhere, only somewhere out of the presence of Owen Jones.

"He will never be quiet till she goes."

Carry rose obediently when she heard that. She had not seemed to understand the necessity there was for her to be out of sight.

"Let us go to my home," she said, and we went away in the direction of Leigh House. Directly we drew near enough we saw Miss Jones peeping out anxiously, and at the window inside was the unhappy wife and mother, Mrs. Jones, her stony face yet greyer and more set than I had ever seen it.

"Oh, Carry! my poor Carry! Why did you come back?" was her sister's greeting; "he will kill you, dear, I know he will. Oh, why didn't you go on—fly on to Miss Sheffield's—as you said?"

"I could not have run so far; he would have overtaken me, oh, long before I reached it, Emma," said Carry, shuddering.

"What happened? I could not see properly.

Where is he?" asked Miss Jones, nervously. "And who are——why," she said, abruptly, looking at me, "this is Kate Percy, I do declare; and who, my dear, are you?"

Margherita answered frankly, in that wonderfully sweet voice of hers, which was like a good introduction for her to everybody:

"If you please, I am Margherita Ziffel, and my uncle and Kate and I met them, and my uncle is with Mr. Jones now."

This clear explanation seemed to be satisfactory to Miss Jones; but presently she said to Carry, as nervously as at first, "Do run upstairs, dear, and lock yourself in your room. You are safe there, at any rate, and I am sure you are not anywhere else. If he sees you here again he will kill you."

"I think something else will be done—*must* be done," said Carry, earnestly. "I will speak to mamma a minute." She went into the house, and we stayed outside for a few moments. Then Miss Jones said to me—

"Kate Percy, I know your bright eyes are far-sighted; will you, please, look out and tell me what you can see?"

I obeyed her immediately, being even more curious, if possible, to know what had happened. But the next moment I withdrew in terror.

"Oh, Miss Jones! send Carry away; do send Carry away! They are coming! You said she would be killed. They are nearly here."

We retreated immediately into the house, and into the dim dining-room, where Mrs. Jones and Carry stood in the window. Miss Jones hastily bolted the door.

"They are coming, mother!"

"Who?"

But already the tramp of feet upon the gravel was heard, and Mr. Jones, guarded on one side by Herr Ziffel, and on the other by the policeman, Fred Baston, was brought into his house. The shame of the thing almost overwhelmed me, and I felt as if I could not look at either Carry or her relatives. I was immensely surprised to hear Miss Jones say, much more composedly than she had before spoken—

"So best, mother," and Mrs. Jones nodded affirmatively.

Was it possible something of this kind had happened before, and Mr. Jones had been in the hands of the police? I was amazed the more, as I reflected that perhaps it was some such dreadful thing as this, which had caused Carry to be sent for from school,—and oh! it must have been Mr. Jones who made those horrible noises, that even yet I could hear with dread when my mind reverted to that particular visit of mine to Leigh House. Past the parlour door they went, and up the stairs. None of us moved; all of us were listening. Baston plainly knew the way up, for Herr Ziffel could not, he being a complete stranger to the house. It came into my mind just then to wonder where Samuel Renshawe was; but of course I made no attempt to break the silence, which became every moment more oppressive.

Then there were steps on the stairs, and a knock at the door of the room, made us all start.

Mrs. Jones went to the door, unbolted it, and there stood Professor Ziffel. Mrs. Jones knew him well by name, and she invited him in, and thanked him in her dry hard way for what he had done. He was greatly agitated—he threw himself wearily into a chair, and leaned his large, honest, intellectual face upon his hands; and I saw great tears roll slowly out between his fingers. It was very strange to me to see a man cry, and such a man too,—almost awful.

"If I had not taken a vow," he said, at last looking up at us, with his face tear-stained and sad, "a vow never to drink another drop of strong drink, this that I have seen to-day must have made me do so. This is the most suicidal drink case I have ever known. I cannot understand it. Why should a man, blessed as this man is, with property, and wife and daughters, a man of the noblest intellect, the finest powers, debase himself thus? Above all, a man who thirty years ago eschewed strong drink, and enjoined upon me, his friend, to do so too; a man who was as resolute in setting his face against what he knew to be wrong, as any man I ever knew! God forgive me, if I have hurt him; him, my old friend, my early manhood's friend; he who saved me from imbruing my hands with his blood then, and with the blood of any other of my fellow students; the man who was once the epitome of all my idealisation of manhood. Oh! Jonathan, how are the mighty fallen!"

A drink case; this, then, was the meaning of Carry's words—that teetotalism—the teetotalism she had adopted at the instance of Samuel Renshawe, had enabled her to understand some things in her family, which she had not understood before; this then, also, was her mother's sorrow; the sorrow that had engraved such hard lines upon the face of Mrs. Jones. "The skeleton in the cupboard" of Leigh House was revealed plainly enough now.

Then Professor Ziffel proposed his plan of action. "It is necessary, absolutely necessary, that Miss Carry should absent herself from this house. No one can be answerable for the terrible consequences which might result from his seeing her again."

Carry did not cry, now: did not say a word, but I thought that her sad look was more truly wretched than any amount of crying could have been; and my heart ached for her.

"And she is papa's favourite, when he is well," said Miss Jones.

"That is precisely what I should expect to hear; it is always in that way disease of this kind shows itself."

"It is such a comfort to have Carry in the house," pleaded Miss Jones, who had evidently no wish to be left alone with her mother at this sad time.

"Forgive me, if I urge it," said the German; "it will be no comfort if you keep her to her destruction."

"Emma!" said her mother then, decidedly, almost sternly, "it is as Professor Ziffel says, absolutely necessary that Carry should leave home. Don't say a word to detain her." Then the poor mother's voice faltered, and she could not speak for a moment or two. She cleared her throat with the decision that seemed part of her very being, and went on. "There is no other place she can go to so well as Sheffield House and in the company of Kate Percy and this young lady; I trust she will be kindly helped, as much as may be. Kate," she added, turning to me, "this is even a sadder visit than your last."

How I wished when she said that, that I possessed sufficient courage to go up to her and kiss her; not that her face invited me, but that her sorrow did. I only answered as gently and sympathisingly as I knew how, "Yes, ma'am;" and remained beside Carry.

"Miss Sheffield's is certainly the place for your daughter, Mrs. Jones," said the professor, "but I will offer,—indeed I will beg—that you give the patient into my keeping. You have no man-servant available for any purposes of watching with me, have you?"

"We have a man-servant," said Mrs. Jones calmly, "a most upright, worthy man; but unfortunately, he has been injured by my unhappy husband. His arm was broken, and I was obliged to allow him to go to the hospital."

Carry leant over and whispered in my ear, "That was what happened the day they summoned me from Sheffield House. Of course, they—I mean, Miss Sheffield—told you as I asked them to?"

"No, dear, I had not heard it; it was all to be told in a day or two," I answered in the same tone; "Miss Sheffield and Miss Lancaster have both been extra busy."

"They should have told you, Kate; then you would not have been so frightened to-day."

In less than half-an-hour, we three girls were on our way to Sheffield House; the parting between Carry and her distressed relatives was a very sad one; a dread on both sides of what might happen ere they met again seemed to pervade their feelings. Arrived at Sheffield House, Miss Sheffield must have espied us from a window, for she opened the door to us before we had time to seek admission.

"What is the matter, my dear child?" she asked, kissing Carry affectionately, and she took us into her private parlour, and between us, we told her the whole sad story, and how Professor Ziffel would stay and take care of the sick man.

"I am rather full at present," said Miss Sheffield, "as you know, Carry; but I will make you up a bed in my own room, if necessary. I am very glad you came to me, dear; Sheffield House should seem like a second home to you!"

"Oh! do let us have her with us, please Miss Sheffield," I pleaded; "we should like it so, all of us."

"Your beds are all occupied, and they are small for two," suggested Miss Sheffield kindly.

"Oh! there is plenty of room in my bed for Carry and me!" I answered.

"She might have Professor Ziffel's room; but it would disturb existing arrangements a little," said our governess; "so I think I will let you try; if you are not comfortable, or if you fall out of bed, we will alter the plan to-morrow."

"Indeed we shan't do that, Miss Sheffield," I said, laughing a little. I was very pleased to have Carry committed to my care. Emily and Mary, as well as Margherita and myself, did all we could think of to render her comfortable. She did not go into school that afternoon, but spent it practising her music in the little music-room. Her poor eyes were very red afterwards. When she came amongst us all next morning, I felt sure that Miss Sheffield had appealed to the good feelings of her scholars, by the grave sweetness of manner with which all welcomed her. Yes, even Ada and Sylvia had hearts; and our governess knew how to touch our feelings skilfully.

(*To be continued.*)

"I CAN state of my own observation, that the misery, mental and bodily, which I have witnessed from cigar smoking, and chiefly in young men, far exceed anything detailed in the 'Confessions of an Opium Eater;' and I feel assured that the abuse of tobacco, however employed, may be classified amongst those habits which produce chronic poisoning."—*Sir J. Ranald Martin, F.R.S., Inspector General of Hospitals.*



"The baffled madman threw himself towards Carry."—p. 65.

EVENING SONG.

THE village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rung so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
A still, low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God, of Thee.
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble, fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the building rook—
All these their Maker own.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave:
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

THOMAS MILLER.



THE SEA.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin : his control
Stops with the shore—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

BYRON.

ADVICE TO HOUSEWIVES.

BY MRS. MATHEW,

Author of "Supper Dishes for People with Small Means," etc.

KNOWING the great importance a comfortable home is to men in all classes, I am constrained to write a few words of advice on the subject to my fellow-housekeepers.

The first and most important comfort to the husband when he comes home from his work is his dinner and supper. Now I fear that there are many, many wives who think a good hot dinner and supper things of no importance whatever ; and so long as the husband has food of some kind, no matter how badly or extravagantly cooked, the wife thinks she has done her duty. There is no excuse whatever in these days, when cheap cooking-books can be bought and read by everyone, for a wife neglecting her duty in this respect ; and unless she strives to do her utmost to make her husband comfortable,

she is neglecting her appointed work, displeasing God, and running the risk of driving her husband away from his home in the evenings.

Now let us look on the bright side of this subject. A man comes in tired and worn out, after a hard day's work, either in body or mind. He finds a bright, cheerful room, a clean, tidily-dressed wife, and a hot, well-cooked, and inexpensive supper ready to be "dished up." He sits down, feeling almost too much knocked up to eat, but his appetite returns as soon as he has tasted the savoury "mess," and he thoroughly enjoys his meal, respects his wife, says to her how clever she is, and smiles to himself at the thought that when he was away at his work she was thinking of him; and he says to himself, "I certainly shall not go out this evening to meet John Smith at the 'Blue Pig,' I am much too comfortable."

What a pleasant sound the word comfortable has; a true English word it is, and every wife who has the gift given to her by God of being able to make her husband and family thoroughly comfortable is a happy wife indeed.

The young wives in these days, I am sorry to say, with only a few exceptions, think a great deal too much of themselves, and instead of being a help-mate to their husbands, spend most of their time amusing themselves according to their various fancies; some in reading novels, amusing stories, or those rubbishing and too often unprincipled weekly papers (improving their minds as they wrongly call it); others in altering and trimming up their clothes, hats, and bonnets according to the different fashions they see, dressing themselves out in these (what they think) fashionable clothes, walking out to "show off" before their neighbours, thinking, poor creatures, that strangers will take them for ladies, and their friends admire them, whereas all unite in laughing, and saying what fools they are and how dishonest it is to waste the husband's money in such a manner.

Again, there are the gossips and talkers; "they stand," as a very clever man said of the women in the town where he lives, "taking care of the doorposts all the morning, and when the factory bell rings for the men's dinner-hour, or they see their husbands coming, they rush in the house, fling a lump of meat into a frying-pan, burn it black, and call it cooking the dinner." Then there are those who are too fine or too delicate to work, either by looking after the comfort and cooking for the husbands themselves, or seeing that the servant cooks properly, and does not waste, destroy, or make away with what his money has bought.

Then there are those also who drive their husbands out of their homes by too free a use of that dangerous member, the tongue; particularly dangerous in a woman, because she in talking, tempers, and feelings, is wanting in strength to keep all under proper control. I come now to what I think are the most hopeless of all "miserable wives," hopeless of curing, or touching in any way, either by love or duty; it is those most wretched wrong-minded women who say they will never be "slaves" to men. Suppose you do have to slave, as you choose to call it, for your husband's comfort and happiness, what then? What harm will it do your body or soul? If God has so ordered it that you are to slave, you are doing your duty only, and a grand work it is to feel, as far as we can, we are doing the work that the great and mighty Creator of all has sent us to do. Can we do too much for the man we have promised before God, and in church, to obey, serve, love, and honour? Suppose your husband does not do his duty towards you, is that any reason why you should neglect your duty towards him, or take the punishing of him into your own hands? Look well that it is not you yourself who have caused his failure of duty, and leave him to be punished by God.

Wives, by fulfilling their duties, will help to accomplish the great work of preventing so much drinking, the great sin of our dear country. Is not this a grand thought? That every English wife, however humble, may, with God's blessing, help to improve the character of her country in this respect. Think of this whenever you are going to neglect any of your duties and please yourself. Tremble for fear your husband should choose to please himself also, and then, alas! so many, many men please themselves best by drinking, led to it by wanting a little comfort and pleasant society, and driven to it by their wives and household arrangements being so miserable. The habit then grows stronger and stronger, they become brutal or indifferent, and the wife more and more disagreeable, and in nine cases out of ten this might have been all prevented by the wife doing her duty.—*Church of England Temperance Chronicle.*

LISTEN alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the wood;
Those voices of twin solitude
Shall have one sound alike to thee.
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back, and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strewn beach
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art,
And earth, sea, man are all in each.

ROSETTI.

TALKING BEFORE CHILDREN.

IT is always well to avoid saying anything that is improper, but it is especially so before children: and here parents, as well as others, are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown-up persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear they are very apt to repeat; and as they have no discretion, and not sufficient knowledge of the world to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth." See that boy's eyes glisten when you are speaking of a neighbour in language that you would not wish repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word, and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by the repetition. A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbour's house, and the lady had always expressed to him much pleasure in seeing him. One day, just after she had spoken to him of her happiness from his visit, her little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee, and asked, "Are you glad to see me, George?" "No, sir," replied the boy. "Why not, my little man?" he continued. "Because mother don't want you to come," said George. Here the mother became crimson, and looked daggers at her little son. But he saw nothing. "Indeed! how do you know that, George?" "Because she said yesterday, that she wished that old bore would not call again." The gentleman's hat was soon in his hand, and he left with the impression, "Great is the truth; it will prevail." Another child looked sharply into the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it, replied, "I wanted to see if you had a drop in your eye; I have heard mother say that you often have." A boy once asked his father, who it was lived next door to him; and when he heard his name, he inquired if he was not a fool? "No, my little friend, he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why do you ask the question?" "Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you." "Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbour, "to ask you to take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her hand—that's all she said!" "Well, my dear, did you tell your mother that Miss Turtle was waiting to see her?" *Child:* "Yes, father." *Father:* "And what did she say?" *Child:* She said, "What a bother!"

QUERY.—What insect does the blacksmith manufacture?—He makes the *fire fly*.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

SEE the merry troop of children,
With their banner waving fair,
And their shouts and happy laughter
Ringing on the sunny air;
They are off to spend the hours
In the meadows far away,
Wandering 'mid the woods and flowers
On this joyous holiday!

How their faces beam with gladness!
Brightly gleams each laughing eye,
And old age forgets its sadness,
Smiles to see them passing by.
Pent up in the smoky city,
From the day-dawn to its close,
Objects of our love and pity,
We must soothe their little woes.

Let them have one day of pleasure,
Let them breathe a purer air;
Let them have a little leisure,
In their lives of want and care.
Let them throw aside all sorrow,
And be happy while they may,
And forget the stern to-morrow
In the pleasure of to-day.

Off, then, to the pleasant valleys;
Wave the banner, blow the fife;
Leave the smoky, dirty alleys
For a taste of country life.
Let each little son and daughter
Learn the world is larger yet;
Life is not all bricks and mortar,
Toil and worry, fume and fret.

W. A. EATON.

SWEET SABBATH BELLS.

AYE, sweet Sabbath bells! what memories throng about us as we listen to your delightful melody! Now floating far away, and now coming nearer, rising and falling on the changing wind. The days of our childhood come back, and the friends, who have long ago been put to rest beneath the daisies, seem to walk beside us on our way to the house of prayer. We can hear the old organ that we used to hear in the moss-grown old church. We can hear the wheeze of the bellows, and the squeak of the note that would go wrong. We can see the sunlight streaming through the windows. We can see our mother's gentle face and father's thoughtful brow. Old memories stir our hearts and moisten our eyelids, and with calmer spirits we go upon our way, still listening to the glad music of the Sabbath bells.

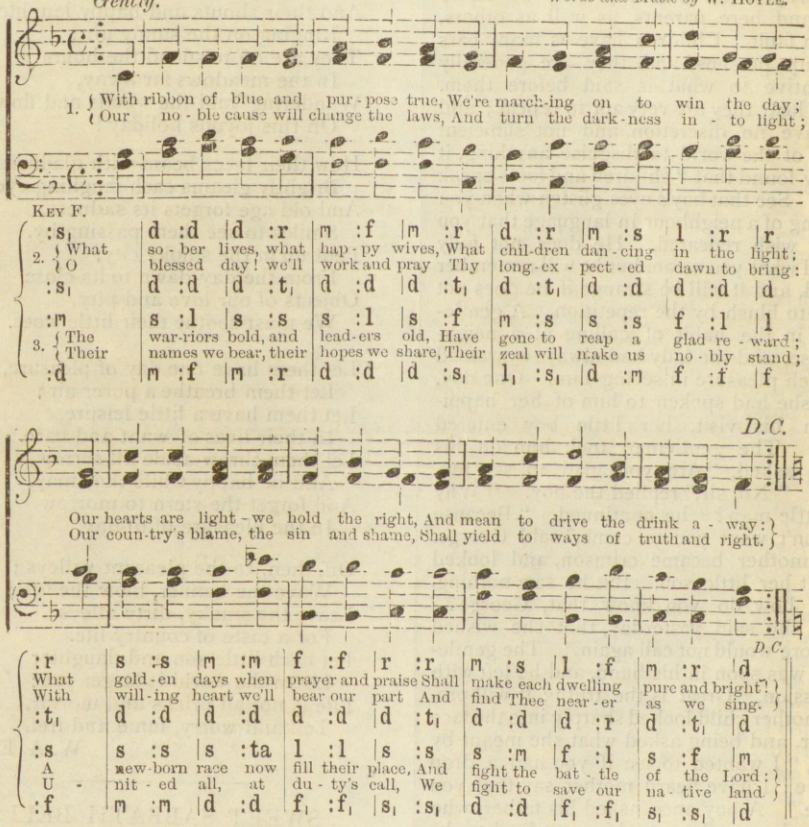
W. A. EATON.

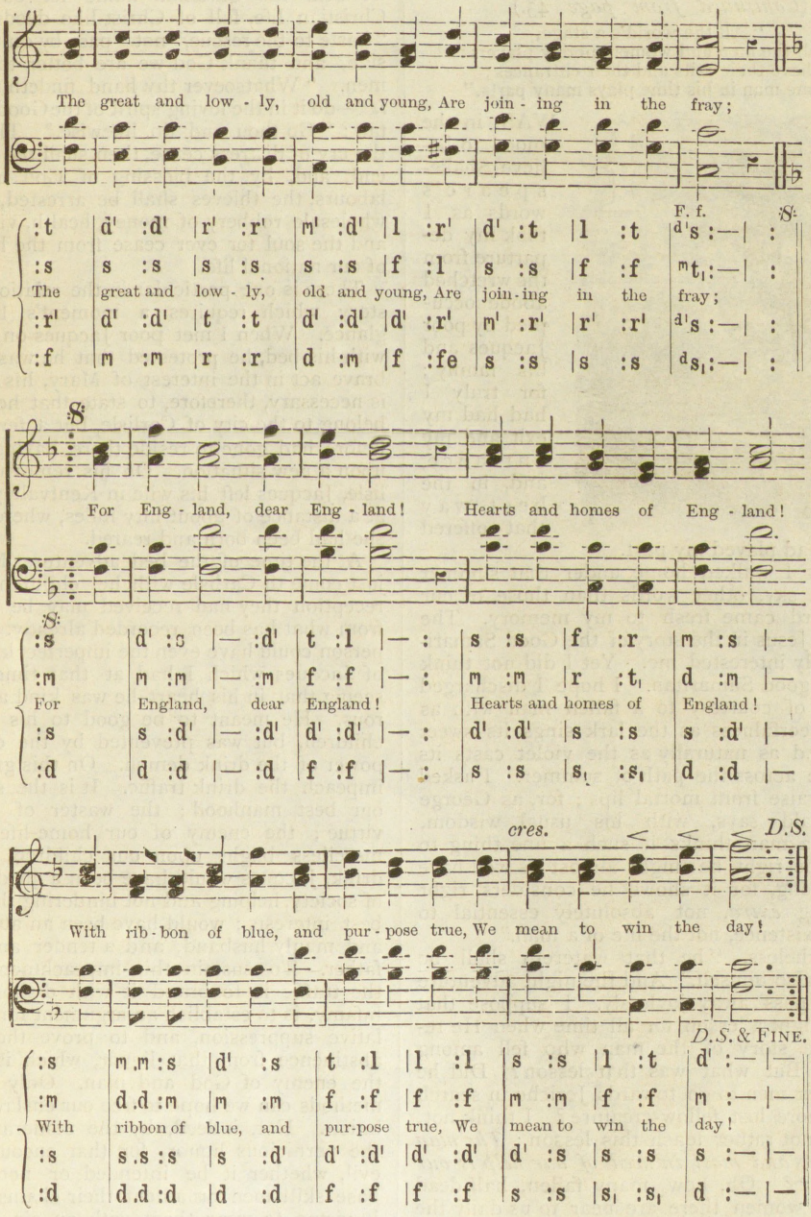
WITH RIBBON OF BLUE.

(*Copyright.*)

Gently.

Words and Music by W. HOYLE.




The great and low - ly, old and young, Are join - ing in the fray;
F. f.
S.
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The great and low - ly, old and young, Are join-ing in the fray;
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S
For Eng - land, dear Eng - land! Hearts and homes of Eng - land!
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For England, dear England! Hearts and homes of England!
:s | s :d' | — :d' | d' :d' | — : | d' :d' | s :s | s :d' | —
:d | d :d | — :d | f :f | — : | s :s | s1 :s1 | d :d | —
cres.
D.S.
With rib - bon of blue, and pur - pose true, We mean to win the day!
D.S. & Fine.
:s | m .m :s | d' :s | t :l | l :l | s :s | l :t | d' :— | —
:m | d .d :m | m :m | f :f | f :f | m :m | f :f | m :— | —
With ribbon of blue, and pur-pose true, We mean to win the day!
:s | s .s :s | s :d' | d' :d' | d' :d' | d' :s | s :s | s :— | —
:d | d .d :d | d :d | f :f | f :f | s :s | s1 :s1 | d :— | —

MESSAGES FROM THE STREET.*

BY REV. J. S. BALMER.

(*Continued from page* 43.)

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."



I WAS in the mood to believe Shakespeare's words as I took my departure from the wretched abode occupied by poor Jacques and his family; for truly I had had my exit and my entrance, and, in the best way that offered tself, I had played my part.

But as I walked home under that summer midnight sky, other words than those of our great bard came fresh to my memory. The words of Jesus in the story of the Good Samaritan deeply interested me. Yet I did not think myself a good Samaritan. I hope I discharged that act of courtesy to a fallen man with as much cheerfulness as the lark sings its sweet notes, and as naturally as the violet casts its fragrance across the path of summer. I asked for no praise from mortal lips; for, as George MacDonald says, with his usual wisdom, "When a man thinks it such a fine thing to have done right, he might almost as well have done wrong, for it shows he considers right something *extra*, not absolutely essential to human existence, not the life of a man."

Nevertheless, "he that watereth shall be watered also himself." And the night adventure did not pass away joylessly. I suppose that Jesus taught a lesson for all time when He related the story of the man who fell among thieves. But what was that lesson? Did he wish other men to go towards Jericho in search of one more lost fellow-creature? I think not. Did He not rather teach this lesson: *The man nearest us and most in need of our help is our neighbour?* Oh, how many fallen, half-dead men and women there are near to us daily the miserable victims of the drink-thief! Shall we pass by on the other side? Shall the brotherly words of Jesus have no weight with us? While we bear the Christian name let us have a Christian life, full of Christ-like deeds; let us "haste to the rescue," not "pass by on the other side," and thank God we are better than other men. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do it*"—do it in the loving spirit of the Good Samaritan: "Go thou and do likewise." Then shall the cry of distress cease, then shall the suffering end, and, by the blessing of God upon our labours, the thieves shall be arrested, and the wholesale robbery of money, health, virtue, life, and the soul for ever cease from the highways of our national life.

There is one particular in the relation of this story which requires a moment's backward glance. When I met poor Jacques on the road with his bed, he protested that he was doing a brave act in the interest of Mary, his wife. It is necessary, therefore, to state that he did not belong to the city of Carlisle, but a few months before had gone to reside there, having entered upon a new situation. On his removal to Carlisle, Jacques left his wife in Kentvalley, a town at a distance of about fifty miles, where he and she had been born and reared.

At the time of the bed adventure, Mary had just come to Carlisle with her children, and the reception they had received may be gathered from what has been recorded already. But no person could have even the imperfect knowledge of Jacques which I had at that time without seeing that in his heart he was kind and generous. He meant to be good to his wife and children, but was prevented by the ensnaring power of the drink demon. On this ground we impeach the drink traffic. It is the spoiler of our best manhood; the waster of womanly virtue; the enemy of our home-life; and a merciless blight upon our children. But for drink, Jacques would have been a good member of society, helping and not hindering the world's best interests; would have been an affectionate and manly husband, and a tender and dutiful father. To sustain this impeachment against the traffic is to brand it with dishonour and infamy, is to establish an argument for its legislative suppression, and to prove the duty of abstinence from that liquor, which is at once the enemy of God and man. Only by these methods can we hope to free our enslaved population. Not, indeed, by the moderate use of the pernicious liquor, for that encourages the evil, whether it be intended or not. "With base skill men ornament their chains, and call it virtue to wear them with an air of grace." Let us never ornament the chains which bind men's souls to sin and misery, but with resolute will and strong arm *break them!*

* The above story is a true narrative; the real names are withheld for obvious reasons.

Six or seven years after I had met Jacques with his bed on the road, I happened to be visiting Kentvalley, a town of rare beauty, and highly inviting in its varied aspects. It is in part divided by a gentle river, with banks of almost perennial verdure, and is bounded by lofty hills, with here and there a footpath, along which it is a luxury to wander. I was walking in the midst of this scene, a little before noon on one of the lovely days during my brief sojourn at Kentvalley, when with surprise and interest I once more encountered Jacques. He was greatly changed; not so much in outward aspect as in tone and language. He informed me that since our first meeting he had become an altered man. "I have began to serve Jesus," said he, "and it makes a great difference; but I have trials and sorrows sometimes which humble and discourage me." I mentioned to him that these things came of our earthly life, of the conflicts with temptation, and the infirmities of our nature; that they were often disciplinary, and did not disturb our relation to God, who continues to be our Father and our Saviour. Then looking skyward I said, "You know, Jacques, sometimes the clouds gather thickly over us, the day becomes dull and dreary; but the clouds are of earth, and do not in the smallest degree change the character of the sun, they only for a time intercept its rays. And so it is with the Spiritual realm: the dark days of our life are earthly, but the loving smile of our heavenly Father is there still. As He says in the book of Malachi: 'For I am the Lord: I change not.' Believe in this, Jacques, and you will gain strength and hope in your darkness; for the sun of your soul is ever shining." The poor fellow at that time was but a child in religion, yet it was obvious he drank eagerly of the water of life. He grasped my hand in his, and his face beamed with joy. He said, "I never thought of that; I shall not forget it." And so the unexpected meeting ended, Jacques went his way and I mine, "till the end be; when we shall rest, and stand in our lot at the end of the days."

I have never ceased to feel an interest in the man, although it is now about a quarter of a century since we met at Kentvalley. The following brief letter is, however, as a gleam of light on the path of Jacques's life during that period:—

"Kentvalley, *Feb. 9th*, 1883.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter to hand of the 6th inst. Many years ago Jacques worked at Baron Mills in this town. He joined the Christian Brethren meeting at Sandfield. Some seven or eight years ago he lost the use of the lower part of his body, and has not been able to walk since. He lives still on the west slope at Kentvalley.—I am, yours affectionately,

"T. ODONTO."

And so my *quondam* friend still lives! When first I met him he was helpless on the road; at the next meeting he was beset with dark days, but hope burned in his breast; now poor Jacques is weak and unable to walk. I do not wish, even by smallest hint, to speak a word unjustly or unkindly of him; but I cannot get rid of the sad reflection that these days of weakness may be the outcome of his early habits. "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The penalty of sin does not always cease when the sin is forgiven. A man may, in a state of drunkenness, lie down by the side of a railway and lose his arm by the crush of a passing train; he may recover his health and become a wise and sober man, but he can never recover his lost arm! And so it is in the mental and moral regions of human history, as saith Divine Wisdom —"He that sinneth against Me, wrongeth his own soul." How does this solemn declaration call loudly to the young not to waste their early years! Would that I could speak in words of fire to the reckless youth around me—I would burn into their hearts and memories this utterance of Eternal Wisdom! Sin wastes the powers of the soul; beneath the weight of sin men groan and wither. It is in the paths of virtue and religion that the soul finds its highest capable growth and its completest happiness. Oh! how often will the young repeat the branded follies of those who have gone before them, and as if no lesson could have any power for good, hasten on their own ruin? "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?"

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest;
How sweet when labours close
To gather round an aching breast
The curtains of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed.

Night is the time to think;
When from the eye the soul
Takes flight; and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine.

MONTGOMERY.

A FALL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY UNCLE BEN.

WE were not an illustrious family; our fame will never be enrolled on the page of history. We have no crest, we have no heraldic sign, except the usual coats and arms common alike to royalty and peasantry; but we were ambitious. We were not a wealthy family, as we grew slowly to discover. In extreme youth and artless simplicity we imagined father and mother could do anything, and pennies could procure untold joys of earth, but as we developed in life we found we were thought to be quite poor people's children by people who were richer than father, and very rich by those who did not live in a house so heavily taxed. But you will know about where we were in the social scale, which often has so much make-weight in the balance that it is difficult to arrive at imperial measure, when it is confessed that we had pudding before meat in order to break the force of our natural and almost perpetual appetite.

We were all ambitious, and in those early days our ambition did not run in any noble channels. They might be characterised as generally selfish. We liked out-doing one another, competition had a charm; a race or struggle for success and victory pleased us in any department. We would race each other in such trivial matters as dressing or undressing, always excluding our devotional exercises. The most popular competitive effort was in the eating line, but these races, either in regard to the quantity consumed, or to the brevity of despatch, were severely discouraged by those in authority over us. But in running and jumping we were allowed full liberty. Our parents used to make capital out of our racing proclivities by saying, "Now let us see which of you three children can sit still longest." Sometimes we were beguiled to try, then after a minute Ethel would say, "Father, I saw Charley move his leg. That isn't fair."

"Oh, but, Ethel, you fidgetted a good deal first, and then you pulled up your stocking."

"Well, then, start again," father would say, "and there's a bit of liquorice for the winner."

A few minutes' awful stillness would ensue, and father would just be having a few first hard breathings of a nice nap, when a voice would be heard,—

"Father, if Ethel and me wanted to blow our noses that wouldn't count, would it, father?"

"Hush, Charley; don't you see father wants to go to sleep?"

Then Charles would shout, "Oh, you oughtn't to speak unless it's to the umpire, and that's father. I've won!"

"No you haven't, because I didn't speak till after you."

"Then never mind, we'll get down and give up racing, and divide the liquorice."

There were three of us—Charles the eldest, Ethel the next; the youngest was a boy, and was called after the blameless patriarch Joseph, but this sacred name was shortened into Joe. This again was changed into Doe by our infant brother, who had an early difficulty with his "j's" and "g's" and therefore called himself Doe. When liquorice or any other dainty was being divided in his presence he usually laid claim to a share, whether he had been a competitor or not, saying, "Dive Doe a bit."

He was inspired with the family ambition, and in the vain imagination of his young heart thought he could accomplish all that he saw his elders try to do. This unreasonable vanity not unfrequently brought him into trouble. One day when it was wet, and we could not go out into the garden, we had been playing ball in the passage, and had been running and shouting about, first in the front room, then in the kitchen, until mother said we had nearly driven her wild. It was washing-day, and all the things had to be dried indoors. Mary, the servant, was very cross, and mother seemed very vexed. At last she said, "Give over, children, and make less noise, or I shall have to punish you." With that she shut both the doors and we were left to our own devices in the passage.

After a brief consultation we elected to see how far we could jump from the bottom step, to clear, if possible, the mat at the foot of the stairs. The contest proceeded for some little time with Charley always doing a much greater distance than Ethel, when little Joe, who had been watching the events, piped up from the floor where he had been sitting, "Let Doe try."

"Well," said Charley, "you see, Ethel, if you can jump as much beyond Joe as I have jumped beyond what you can do, and I'll be umpire, and decide."

Charley assumed the position of judge with folded arms and much dignity. Ethel had just tried and did her best, and stood where she alighted to mark the distance, sure that baby could not come near her. The infant Joe mounted the stair, waiting for the words, "Now, are you ready? One, two, three, and away!" then he made his first attempt. Off he went, and down he came, such a tumble. A moment's pause, and then a scream. Ethel turned round suddenly and trod on one of the extended little hands. The umpire and the victor made haste to pick up the unsuccessful candidate, but in an instant out rushed mother and lifted up the screaming child, who had knocked his little face against the floor with a hard bump so that his

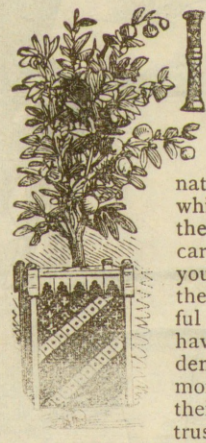


"The infant Joe mounted the stair, waiting for the words."—p. 76.

nose was bleeding. When the others saw the blood they were stricken with sorrow and terror. Little Joe was taken up and soothed and comforted by mother, and soon got better; and we were thankful to find he was not going to die and go to heaven, as we feared when we first saw the blood. But mother gave us two such a solemn talking to that we did not forget it in the long years of after life. She told us how we ought to take care of the weak and helpless, and not tempt them or let them do things we think might injure them if we can help it. And so we grew up to try to protect those around us from the evils and dangers of strong drink.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

BY DR. RICHARDSON.



I KNOW people who have joined the temperance cause with a sense of danger in giving up what they have been so long used to, an actual pain in doing so, and a determination, a resolution to win, which has been astounding in the way in which it has been carried out. But now the young are saved all that; and, therefore, I say it is most hopeful for young people never to have commenced with a dependence upon that which is morally and physically false for their life's comfort. By not trusting to this "enemy of our race" they will become infinitely more precise in all that they do. It matters not whether it be mental work, artistic work, or manual labour; let it be in the studio, in the counting-house, or some occupation out of doors of a heavy and laborious kind, whatever it may be, they will gain a precision which will always place them before their fellows. The other day I read what Mr. Sims Reeves said, that the tone and *timbre* of the voice was damaged by indulgence in strong drink, and that to abstain altogether was to give it that force, precision, and character, which ever make singing a success. I heard the same thing said by a great artist in painting—the late George Cruikshank. He had ever been a lover of Nature; had lived at times in fairyland, imagining gorgeous and beautiful pictures; but he never so enjoyed artistic life, he never created with the pencil so finely, he was never so free, as when he abstained altogether. If we go to accurate measurements of power and precision, we find that alcohol destroys our precision, our presence of mind; and all through life, if young men will maintain their total abstinence principles, they will be quite ahead of all others who do not maintain those principles. They will gain in every way—will gain largely by association; of that I have become perfectly certain. All those people, and young people especially, who have become abstainers, have improved in the associations they have formed, and in the happiness which has sprung from those associations. They will find that they will be better trusted even by those who indulge in drink themselves. We can prove that by our advertisements. There is a great difficulty in obtaining abstaining servants, and although that difficulty is not so great as it has been, yet such is the fierce competition for them that wages have gone up five, six, and ten per cent. in respect to them. That extends to the higher-class pursuits—to those who are engaged in commercial pursuits, in literary and educational pursuits, to all men and women who have posts of responsibility. The desire, even amongst those who take drink themselves, is to have the abstaining class, because they are more trustworthy, and better able to do their work; because they are more likely to do right, having less temptation to lead them into courses which are wrong. Then I am quite sure that I may say that the abstaining young men will gain in endurance. They will be the strongest, will live the longest lives, the healthiest lives, the best lives. I could state this to you from all kinds of sources. When we come to life insurance companies, what do we find? In the company with which I am connected we have taken ten per cent. from off the premiums of abstainers, and we find that our business is equally sound with this smaller percentage; in fact, we should only like to get as many as possible at that reduced premium. Now these are sterling facts—facts which every young man and woman should bear in mind; for they will sustain them in that course which will enable them to enjoy that period of long life, happiness, and honour, which is allotted by nature, strictly and truly, to all mankind. I think I may say that not only the young, but the fathers and mother too, would do well to bear these facts in mind; for to begin to abstain is to begin, to a large extent, to renew life, and I have known many instances in my own career in which fathers and mothers who seemed quite old to their children, have, by simply abstaining from that which is so destructive, become young again with their children, and felt certain that they will live, as far as we can be certain, to see those children grow into men and women and prosper in the world. I speak purely and

simply as a man of science, engaged in making the world as much better, in a physiological sense, as it can be made. As such I appeal to the reason and not to the emotions of men ; and so, appealing to the reason of mankind, I urge upon all who have adopted total abstinence to continue in that course and prosper.

GRANDMOTHER GRAY.



ALL my life I have been living two lives. If people have judged me by the outward seeming only, they must sometimes have felt that I am lacking in feeling, and am not hurt by the common woes of life. But each heart knows its own sorrows. I have not felt like adding to the general woe or bitterness by wearing a gloomy countenance and sighing dolefully over my work," said dear old Grandmother Gray, as she smoothed out her apron and settled her cap, preparatory to a talk with the young daughter-in-law, who, knowing somewhat of the trials and cares she had borne up the hill of life, marvelled at her uniform courage and cheerfulness. "I early learned to hide my deepest feelings under a garb of cheerfulness, for only in this way could I keep up my own courage and that of those who looked to me for comfort and help. Oftener than any one has known smiles have crowded back the tears that fain would have flowed, and a cheerful face has covered an aching heart. The discipline has been severe, but it has borne good fruit. I know I have done more good, and kept up as I could not have done had I given way to my feelings.

"The truth is right here, my daughter. There are some things in life we cannot change ; things that try our courage and strength to the uttermost, and because we cannot change them we must learn to bear them in the very best and easiest way. Sorrow stays long enough without nursing it. If trouble comes, do not sit down to it and make it last as long as you can. So many do that. So many, if they have trials and crosses, and particularly if one they love be called away, shroud themselves in mourning garments and deem it sacrilegious to let a single gleam of brightness strike through the gloom. The sorrow is nursed and fed until the heart is cankered and corroded by it, and loses the good it might have gained. This is very wrong and selfish. I read somewhere, 'He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.' If one of the heart-windows be closed in darkness, why, open another as soon as you can. There is plenty of sunshine outside, if only you will let it in. 'Gather up the fragments.' There is always something left that may not be lost.

"I have let go those who were bound to me by tenderest ties, and, as you know, I have had that which was harder than death to bear. If I had given way to my feelings, and let grief have sway, I must have sunk under my burdens long ago. But I would not give up. Come what there might, I have always seen my work straight before me, and have gone right on doing it, not whiningly and grudgingly, as a slave who is driven by the whip of fear and dare not stop, but with patience and goodwill. There have been dark hours, when it seemed not worth while to go on ; but I struggled against them, and soon found the light shining through.

"When our Annie died in the first flush of her beautiful young womanhood, it seemed wrong at first that she, and not I, was taken. Her work seemed just commenced, and I was growing old. She was upon the threshold of life ; I had passed its meridian. How could it be right that she was taken and I left? Yet so many times since then I have been thankful that it was so. There have been things for me to bear which she could not have borne, work for me to do she could not have done, and I can look back and see that it is well as it is in this as in other things. We have to wait to see the right and justice of some things, but in time we find it.

"Try and keep the sunshine upon your face, whatever your heart may feel. Whatever comes to you, you will bear it best by being hopeful and never brooding over your troubles. When the hour is darkest look hardest for the dawning light. 'Every heart knoweth its own bitterness.' Do not add to another's woes if you can help it. Hush your sorrows to sleep in the silent chamber of your heart as quickly and as quietly as possible, and save the time and strength you would spend in useless lamentation for the work which always waits the hand of the cheerful doer. Keep a brave front in life's battle—'tis the coward who is oftenest hit. Live two lives—if need be. There is such a thing as harmless deception. If sometimes the tears must fall, and the heart be wrung with agony, let it oftenest be when only One can see. Life is too busy for many tears. Try to make the best of everything, and so keep on the bright side of yourself all the way through."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WE sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence of affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families when the head of it is without an heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the inner treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections; teach your children to love—to love the flowers, to love the robins, to love their parents, to love their God.

"MY business is to talk," said a stump speaker; "I deal in words and sentences." "Yes," said a voice in the crowd, "and as long as I have known you your place of business has never been closed."

"I LIKE to hear a baby cry," said a crusty old bachelor. "Why?" he was asked. "Because then the little nuisance is taken out of the room."

THE custom of colleges is teaching young men how to row commendably. A knowledge of rowing enables men to take their own part after marriage.

AN innkeeper observed a postillion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postillion. "If one side of the horse goes, the other side can't lag behind."

A LECTURER on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the order of vision, remarked: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye, and he will see himself looking exceedingly small."

"DO you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied slowly; "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared to yours."

"SAMBO, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, sah; but I've seem um kill mice."

IT is difficult for one man to give another a piece of his mind without destroying the peace of both their minds.

WHEN does a man shave with a silver razor?—When he cuts off his hair (heir) with a shilling.

WHY is a solar eclipse like a mother beating her boy?—Because it's a-hiding of the son (sun).

WHY may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never saw it.

DIALOGUE near the sea, on a hotel piazza:—"I do not see how you ladies can remain here two months looking upon the changeless ocean." "But the men change," was the reply of a lady.

IN giving advice we must consult the gentlest manner and softest reasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down, and making that to droop which it was meant to cherish and refresh; it must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

PROFESSOR BELL, the inventor of the telephone, finds that, penetrating and diffusive as the instrument is, it does not answer all the craving of his nature, and he is going to be married. With a telephone and a wife a man ought to be able to hear all that's going on.

Notices to Correspondents.

The Editors do not undertake to return rejected contributions.

All literary communications and books for review to be addressed to the Editor.

Letters on business to be directed to the Secretary, "Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

Received with thanks:—W. A. Eaton, Rev J. S. Balmer, D. Lawton, T. J. Galley.

Notices of Books.

No. 1, *Gospel and Temperance Stories*, by Mrs. Fanny Isabel Maude Hamill, entitled, "Gertrude's Birthday and Gertrude's Reward." Price one penny. Published by Tubbs and Brook, Manchester; and National Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand, London—We are glad to welcome the first of Mrs. Maude Hamill's tracts, in small book form, with an illustration, feeling assured that they will have a large circulation when known. This one is especially adapted for young people, and will be most useful among Bands of Hope. No. 2, "A Little Child shall Lead Them" is the second of the series, and will prove to be as acceptable and profitable for mothers' meetings as for home reading and private circulation.

"*Malcolm's Enemy.*" By Mrs. Skinner. Published by the National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.—This is a short and simple story, telling us how the foe, strong drink, was fought and conquered, and teaching us how a good example can never be lived in vain.

Publications Received.

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

WE GIRLS.

A Story of School-Girl Life.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

Chapter VI.—A Stolen Visit.

CARRY remained at Sheffield House for many days. The doctor declared, and his opinion was thoroughly endorsed, both by Herr Ziffel and her mother, that it would be dangerous to her safety and to her father if she showed herself at home during his serious and protracted illness. I learnt now from her own dear lips, that which I had been several times prevented from hearing, the occasion of her sudden departure from school, the day we had discussed the soap club—a day which seemed quite a long time ago now, so much had happened since, out of the ordinary routine of our school-life.

It was on that day that her father had first exhibited so terribly the insanity produced by indulgence in drink, as to attempt to injure his faithful servant, Samuel Renshawe. For years he had every now and then manifested a desire to do harm to himself, and the dreadful illnesses ("fits" Carry called them) to which he was subject, had necessitated their having a male attendant for him. It was her father's voice that rang along the passage of the gloomy old house and entered our ears, to my fear and her distress, on the evening of the visit which I have before recorded. And now, to add to the painfulness of the situation, his chief dislike appeared to be concentrated on his younger and hitherto favourite daughter.

"There is a fascination in strong drink for every one of our family on papa's side, if once we are tempted to take it," said Carry, in a low, earnest tone; "oh! Kate darling, to think that if I once took the wine out of my mother's bottle at home, or out of Miss Sheffield's cupboard in the dining-room here, I might be setting alight an appetite that would never rest, till it consumed me physically, and ruined me for ever." She trembled visibly as she spoke, and her words appalled me.

"But then, you never will, Carry," I said as soon as I could think what it was best to say; "you told me you had become a teetotaler, you know."

"So I have, and oh! Kate, I *do* mean to resist, but the temptation is around me *everywhere*. And poor papa! there was a time, Kate, when he had pledged himself against the curse of the family, and yet—" She could not finish for her emotion.

"I wonder your mamma keeps it at Leigh House," I said; "I should be afraid to, I am sure."

"I wish she was," said Carry sadly, "but, you see, she does not feel the *possibility* of the temptation as I do; and I don't think Emma does either. If they did, they would not be able to bear to look at it. Oh! dear," sighed Carry, "I wonder how poor papa is to-day. I feel as if I had been away from them for years. Kate, I don't think I *can* stay away much longer."

I reminded her how dangerous it would be to return; but though she partly acquiesced, I knew it was not a hearty agreement with my words.

Almost every day Herr Ziffel brought her the bulletin of her father's condition. He grew extremely interested in the child of his friend. This was perfectly natural, her splendid abilities, her love of study, her charming manners, her respectful attention to him, combined to render her a very great favourite with the German. But perhaps the chief reason of their especial sympathy was in the power he possessed to tell her of her father, when that father was a man of noble thought and feeling and fine intelligence. Together the professor and Carry paced the "grounds" of Sheffield House, talking intently and with never-flagging interest, of the past lives of her father and his student friend. Spite of the unnatural attack he had made upon her, Carry's love for her sick father never flagged. One day she said to me, "If he had killed me, Kate, I must have died loving him."

I was by no means prepared to agree with Carry in such an avowal, and I said as much. "Thank God, dear Kate," she answered, "that you have not been tried."

Several times as she told me, she requested Herr Ziffel to take her home, even to permit her to walk with him to the house and see her mother and sister through the window. With perhaps almost an excess of prudence, the professor refused to run the risk, and gently pointed out to her again and again, that she had far better remain at school.

One evening Carry drew me to her, as we strolled for a few minutes in the garden, before going to bed.

"Kate," she said, "will you get up very early to-morrow morning, before the others are awake?"

I looked at her in surprise.

"I know," she said, "but I don't think there is any *sin* in it, else I would not be your tempter. I *must* see Leigh House and his room window to-morrow morning. Don't refuse me, dear; I *can* go alone, but I would rather have a companion."

"Of course I will go, if you feel you *must*, Carry." I could never refuse Carry anything.

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"We will get up at five, and then we can go, and be back again by the time the bell rings."

"Why don't you ask Miss Sheffield? perhaps she would *let* you do it," I suggested. I thought the servants would be sure to see us, and as sure to tell their mistress.

"I shall very likely tell her when we come back," she answered; "but not to-night, not to-night, Kate; nobody must prevent my going this time, and she *might* wish to."

The very fact that no one in the least suspected we were at all likely to steal away thus in the early morning, enabled us to do so with the most perfect ease. Only one servant was up, and she was busy in the kitchen; but as she had taken down the bar and withdrawn the bolts, we were outside Sheffield House, and had closed the house door softly behind us in a few moments after we had cautiously crept downstairs.

We were used to getting up early at Sheffield House, but not used to going out early into the fresh, sweet glory of the morning. The time before breakfast was devoted to lessons and practising, and in cold weather quite a species of torture, albeit a mild one, was endured by the luckless "practisers" on the pianoforte, who, with red raw-looking hands and chilled bodies, chased their fingers up and down the key-board in prolonged exercises upon "scales;" and dreary "fingerings," and tortuous, painfully-drawn-out tunes, till some other martyr came to say it was her turn to undergo torment.

But on this sweet summer morning the "grounds" of Sheffield House were eloquent with music, perfect as its great Author, God; the birds were the choristers, and not a single note of their rich warbling jarred upon the ear. The bees and other insects droned, and hummed, and whizzed, and burred, as they darted hither and thither intent on making the most of life; the butterflies displayed their brilliant plumage on their variegated wings; the foliage of the trees was almost dazzling with the fresh gold of the sunshine. If only Carry had been happy, I must have sung for joy.

There was a delicious perfume from the bed of mignonette, from which the dew had hardly evaporated, and the very blades of grass glittered with dew diamonds. Carry's face did not reflect the sunshine, as it often had done; she seemed troubled and careworn. Perhaps I seemed inclined to linger, for she said, hurriedly:—

"Come on, Kate, don't stay," and on we went through the great doors that shut in the "grounds," out into the road, on into the street, through the little town, just waking up to its quiet respectable daily life, past the Castle with its old-world history and its present monotony, on, on, into Leigh Road, and towards Leigh House. As we had walked, Carry's steps had grown swifter and swifter until we drew quite near her home. Then she lingered, almost hesitated to proceed, and once or twice stopped for a few moments altogether.

"What is the matter, dear?" I asked.

"I do not know, Kate. I fear more than I can speak, and more than I have any good reason to fear."

"Why, yes, you heard yesterday from your sister, and it was a better account, wasn't it?'

"I am afraid I have been very wrong and very foolish," said Carry; "I almost think we will go back without going on to the house at all. I have perhaps got you into trouble and blame. You must forgive me, Kate dear, and Miss Sheffield certainly will if I tell her exactly how it was. I ought to be able to trust my dear ones to do all for the best concerning me."

"Now we have come so far, Carry," I answered, "I think it would be very foolish not to see the house at least, and perhaps you will feel better for a sight of it. Of course, if you don't think it best to show yourself to the inmates, you need not do it."

"What I wanted, Kate, was this," said Carry anxiously, "if you would be so very kind—for you to go to the house, and inquire how the invalid is."

I shrank a little from the suggestion, and Carry noticed it. But before she could speak, I had repented of my momentary unwillingness.

"Of course I will, dear; let me run on and do it, and then you need not come within sight of the house even, if you think that is best."

"No, we will go on together, and then I can look up and see if it all looks natural and right, and if you will make the inquiry, you will be so kind, dear."

Somewhat to my surprise, the house appeared open for the day when we reached it, and we stood looking at it for a few moments before I left Carry's side to go across. I turned to look at her as I reached the footpath outside Leigh House, and saw to my consternation that she was beckoning to me, and pointing, and beckoning again. Carry had seemed so strangely unlike herself that morning that I felt just a little anxious lest her health was giving way. But then I reflected, she might have forgotten to give me some message she wished to have conveyed, and I returned to her side in obedience to her signal.

"Kate! look."

Her eyes were upturned to the windows of her home, and I directed mine thither. Could it be?

"Yes, there was no doubt at all about it. The

blinds that had been up when we arrived were drawn down, every one of them ; the last was being drawn, even as we gazed.

" He is dead ! " she whispered ; " dead, and I have never even said, Good-bye ; oh ! my father."

She did not cry, her calmness was dreadful to my girlish mind, worse, far worse, than the tears which would have seemed quite natural. We stood still, what appeared quite a long time to me, Carry in a sort of petrified agony, and I quiet beside her, awed by the strangeness of this grief, unlike any I had ever seen. I had not, indeed, much acquaintance with sorrow then ; my greatest trouble had been the loss of a darling baby brother, and at that my mother had cried continually for the first two or three days, but had clung to my father and even to us children to be comforted. How much longer we might have stayed there I do not know had not the sound of wheels aroused me at last, and coming quickly along towards Leigh House from Lewes, I saw the carriage of Dr. New, containing that gentleman and his man-servant.

He glanced up at the house, and said to himself as much as to his servant : " Too late, then." As he descended he glanced towards us, and an emphatic " Bless my heart and soul ! " burst from his lips.

He bustled across the road, and put his hand kindly, almost caressingly, on Carry's shoulder. " My dear child, how came you here this morning and at this hour ? "

She gazed up at him, as it were involuntarily, with a cold rigid gaze, and a face that seemed as petrified as her form had done.

" Bless my heart and soul ! " again said the doctor anxiously, " what does this mean ? Miss Kate Percy, can you explain matters ? "

I began.

" Not here, not here," said Dr. New ; " come into the house ; we must not keep her here one moment."

He almost lifted her across the road through the gate, up the path, on to the steps, and stood ready to enter with her directly the bell was answered. It was Mary Renshawe whose honest face met ours, and she looked first at Carry.

" My poor bird ! " burst pathetically from her lips. " Sir, where *did* you find her ? "

" Outside here. I don't understand yet ; let us come in," said Dr. New.

So we all entered the large dull dining-room, whose only brightness Carry herself had been, and she was laid upon the sofa, and the doctor said, though almost reluctantly, to Mary Renshawe :

" She *must* take a little brandy ; I don't know anything else that will do in this extremity."

" Then let her die, doctor," said Mary Renshawe solemnly ; " she had better die without brandy and innocent, than take it and die guilty, as her poor father has done. God forbid, doctor, that you should be her tempter to destruction, you, who love the child."

The lips of the impulsive kind-hearted doctor quivered ; he hastily brushed away a tear or two and said, " But I must save life, Mary."

" Oh ! sir, there's more than this life to be thought of ; but, please God, coffee may do it," and with this rather strange sentence, the good woman hurried away. She returned almost directly with a cup full of hot strong coffee, which the doctor took from her, and with which he began to dose poor Carry. It seemed to me as if she were frozen, even on that warm summer morning ; she looked so strange and seemed so apathetical to all around her.

" Make up a bed for her, not in her own room, but on the lower storey, Mary," said Dr. New ; " the sooner we get her into it the better." And then he asked what I wondered he had not asked before—" Where are your mistresses ? "

" We haven't disturbed Miss Emma all night, sir, and mistress went to bed directly all was over."

" Ah ! "

" There is no use in pretending what you do not feel, sir."

Dr. New smiled rather grimly, " No, perhaps not."

" It will be this dear lamb who will really grieve."

" Why, yes, there is no doubt of that," said Dr. New.

I listened attentively—it was not in a girl's nature to do otherwise—to this conversation, and it revealed very distressing circumstances to me. I had never hitherto imagined such a state of things as possible, that a wife should be able to have her husband die, and not feel overwhelmed with sorrow. I reflected proudly, or at all events with satisfaction, that no such miserable state of things would be possible in our home. Why, if papa was at all poorly, mamma looked miserable, and if mamma was out of sorts, papa was anxious. I quite believed that if either of them died, the other would almost, if not quite, die also of extreme grief.

After the glowing description the professor had given us of Owen Jones when a young man, I could not help thinking it was a little hard for such a man to have only one child who cared very much about him. But now Mary Renshawe, who had been absent a little while, all which time the doctor had persevered in the administration of the coffee to poor Carry's pallid lips and parched mouth, came again to announce that the room was ready for the reception of her young mistress. And exactly

at that moment, Herr Ziffel came into the sitting-room, attired in a dressing-gown, his fine face looking extremely haggard, in the early morning light.

Dr. New stated to him the whole of the circumstances under which he had found Carry and brought her in, and then the doctor and professor both looked at me enquiringly, and Herr Ziffel bade me explain all I could to them. So, of course, the little plan for the stolen visit of the young girl to her home had to be revealed, and both gentlemen seemed to appreciate the sadness and pathos of it, and to exonerate me from blame, which I sincerely hoped Miss Sheffield would also do. Herr Ziffel said he would accompany me back to school and explain everything for me, which was very welcome news to me, for I had been afraid I should have been sent back by myself.

We waited till the professor had made himself presentable, and till Carry was reported to be in bed. I begged hard to be allowed to kiss her before I left, and after a little hesitation, Dr. New allowed me to. She was lying white and still, her dear face upon the pillow strangely unlike her usually expressive features.

I almost feared to disturb her.

"Speak to her, Miss Kate," said Dr. New, and I drew nearer.

"Good-bye, darling Carry," I said, bursting into tears to think of leaving her thus. "Good-bye, dear, make haste and get well; we shall all want you back again."

The eyelids trembled like white rose-leaves in a summer zephyr, the lips quivered, and she whispered, "Good-bye."

That was all.

(*To be continued.*)

MOUNTAINS.

Oh, come to the lofty mountains
Where man hath seldom trod,
To the gushing streams and fountains,
And see the works of God.
His skill is seen in leaf and flower,
The mountains show His mighty power.

O lonely solitude,
Where mighty mountains rise,
And man, with soul endued,
Draws nearer to the skies,
Reflecting on the Christian life,
Fresh courage gains for earthly strife.

W. H.

To make a good broil: Leave a letter from one of your old sweethearts where your wife can find it.

LEND A HELPING HAND.

On life's toilsome journey
There are wounds to heal,
There are griefs to soften,
There are wrongs to feel;
There are tears to lessen,
Sobs to understand,
Where the lone one walketh,—
Lend a helping hand.

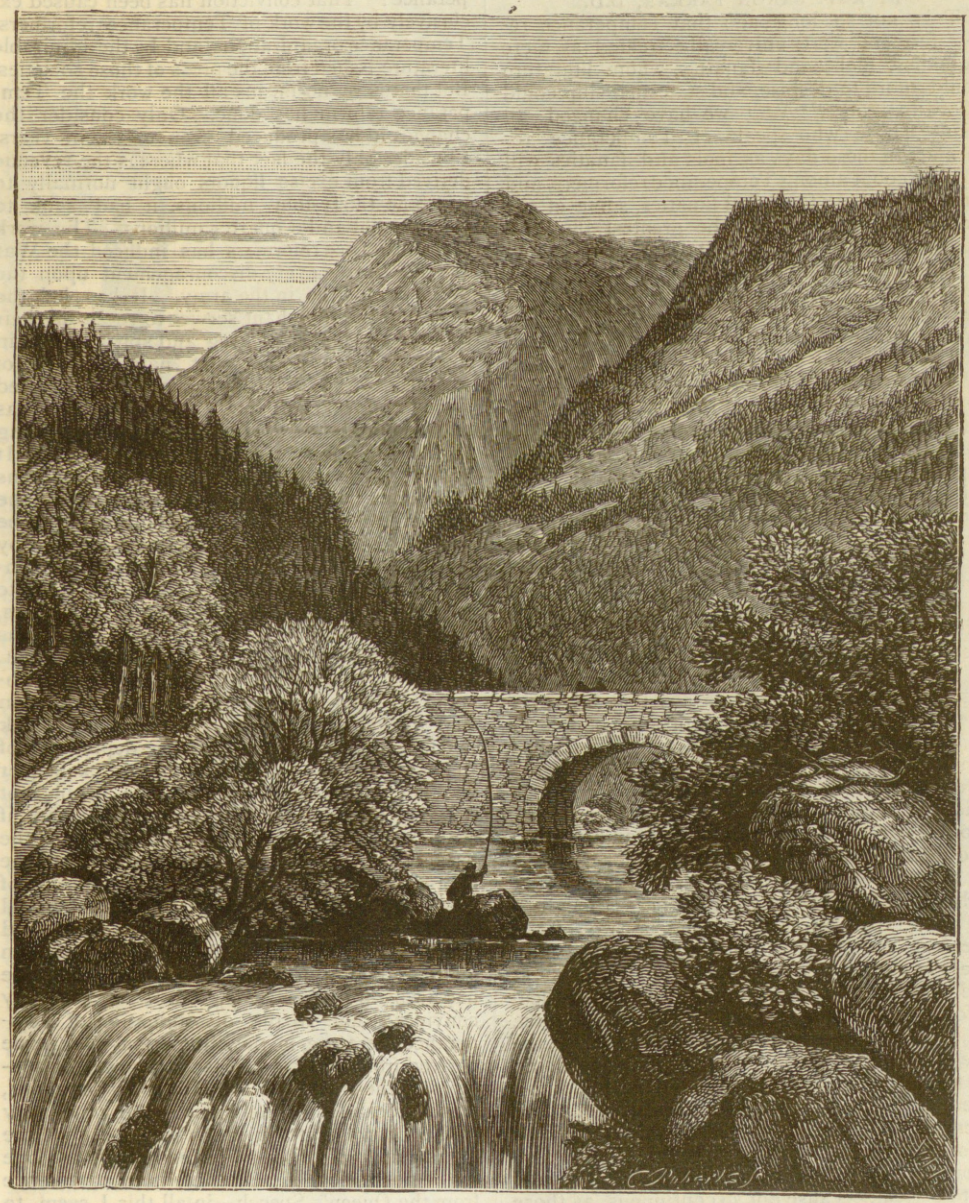
Seest thou one in earnest
For his brother's weal,
Though he low has fallen
Where the shadows steal,
Where the winds of winter
Sweep along the land
With a dismal dolour?—
Lend a helping hand.

Is thy neighbour's burden
More than he can bear,
Struggling with disaster,
Battling with despair,
Though an honest worker,
With an honest band
Striving in uprightness?—
Lend a helping hand.

Is the poor man pining
In his garret old?
Is the widow weeping
Where the walls are cold?
Is the child of talent
Hampered by the brand,
Where distress is crouching?—
Lend a helping hand.

Give thy strength to weakness,
Give thy love to grief,
God's reward shall cheer thee
For thy free relief.
If thou would'st be happy
Where thy lot shall stand,
To the feeblest toiler
Lend a helping hand.

Sir G. Staunton related a curious anecdote of old Kien Long, Emperor of China. He was inquiring of Sir George the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, after some difficulty, His Majesty was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed: "Is any man well in England that can afford to be ill? Now, I will inform you," said he, "how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed. A certain weekly salary is allowed them, but the moment I am ill the salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses are usually short."



"O lonely solitude, where mighty mountains rise."—p. 84.

RESULTS OF THE TEMPERANCE AGITATION.

BY REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D.

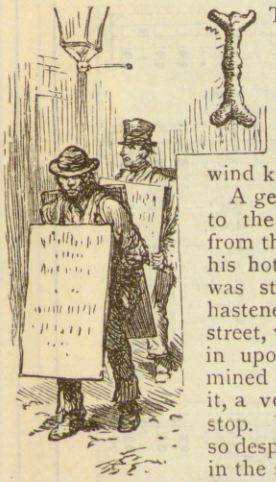
IT is not so long ago that Temperance reformers were universally treated as mere nobodies, fools, and fanatics, whom literature could afford to despise, and statesmanship could afford to ignore. *Now* we have changed all that. Those who speak of Temperance reformers in these days as fools and fanatics will have to count among Temperance reformers, and therefore among fools and fanatics, some of the greatest writers, some of the greatest thinkers, and some of the greatest statesmen of this age.

We have spoken until at last we have made the cry of anguish raised by the victims of drink heard even in the quiet study of the thinker. We have made the demand for justice heard in every church and in every town in England. We have made the cry of indignation ring even in the Council Chamber of the State. Take but an instance or two from our greatest writers. Mr. John Morley is well known as an able and philosophic thinker, and he told the electors of Westminster not long ago that he had long regarded the spread of Temperance as one of the most important questions of the day. Mr. Ruskin is one of the greatest men of genius among the living writers of the day, and he has said that "drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but that it *is* crime, and that if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practised by the bravos of any country or of any age." The late Mr. Carlyle described gin as "the most authentic incarnation of the infernal principle that was yet discovered." He said, "it is one of those things of which all the products are, and only can be, bad, and ruinous, and destructive." *These* are specimens from one or two of our greatest writers. But it is not only they who have expressed these thoughts; we can go from them to one or two of our greatest statesmen. Richard Cobden said, years ago, that the Temperance question lay at the basis of all social, all moral, and all political reform. John Bright said, when a young man, that if for five years England would give up the use of drink, at the end of that time she would be such a paradise that we would hardly know the country again. Mr. Gladstone uttered those memorable words, that the calamities inflicted upon mankind by the three great historical scourges of war, famine, and pestilence were not so great, because not so continuous, as those inflicted upon mankind by intemperance.

But how is it that this terrible conviction has at last been driven home into the minds of statesmen, that the combined evils of war, famine, and pestilence are for us not so great, because not so continuous, as those inflicted by intemperance? That conviction has been caused exclusively by the work of Temperance reformers, Temperance organizations, and by the admirable literature issued from the press of those societies. But that is by no means all the work the Temperance reform has done. Only consider the changes it has produced even of recent years. Consider only the fact that whereas the revenue derived from excise liquors ought normally to be some thirty-four millions, it had sunk to twenty-eight and a quarter millions. The work of Temperance reformers has induced the War Office to throw every discouragement upon the use of stimulants in the army. It has led the navy and the merchant service to revise all their rules about the use of grog and spirit rations in the ironclads, and the great national lines of steamers. It has throughout the country created some 4,000,000 of total abstainers. It has completely altered the old tippling and boozing habits of a great part of English society. It has twice over induced the House of Commons to declare by an increasing majority that the right of controlling the liquor traffic ought to be in the hands of those who are most affected by it, viz., the inhabitants of the localities themselves. All these things have been done quite recently by the work of Temperance reformers, and more than that, Temperance work has even shaped the whisper of the Throne, so that, in the Queen's Speech last year there was absolutely a sentence which expressed satisfaction that the amount of revenue derived from drink had fallen off; satisfaction at the depression of the liquor traffic; satisfaction that the exchequer was not so rich as it was, from the people not drinking the quantity they used to do; and if the Government, and if the Throne, and if the nation unite in expressing satisfaction at the depression of the traffic and the diminution of the sale of drink, we should go a little further and say we should rejoice if we saw its total and entire extinction. England has at last shaken off that dream into which she had fallen. She has awoke from her sleep, and I am perfectly convinced that in the dissemination of Temperance literature, in the diminution of revenue derived from drink, in these utterances of senators, in these votes of the House of Commons, in the decisions of the justices the other day *re* the Darwen case, in which they said that the Legislature recognised no vested right in any one to the possession of a licence, in that sentence from the Queen's Speech—in all this I seem to see so many notes of warning to the licensed victuallers to set their house in order, for the liquor traffic in its present condition shall die and not live.

JACK'S CHIVALRY.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)



IT WAS a cold and pitiless night. A driving wind blew the sleet into the faces of any who faced it, and chilled them as only an east wind knows how to chill.

A gentleman, buttoned up to the chin, was hurrying from the railway station to his hotel, just as the clock was striking ten. As he hastened past the end of a street, where the wind blew in upon him, as if determined to carry him before it, a voice called to him to stop. There was something so despairing in the cry, that in the shelter of a high wall, the gentleman turned round to look from whence it came. It was the old, old story.

A little lad, a few newspapers under his arm, his poor clothes hanging tattered on to him, his brown curly hair blowing in the wind, was looking up with such an appealing glance in his frank blue eyes, that the gentleman was forced to listen.

"Won't you take a paper, sir? it'll make no difference to you, and I daren't go home till I have sold them."

"Why, my lad," said the gentleman, "where are your parents to let you be out so late on such a night as this?"

"Oh, they are in the liquor-shops, sir?"

So that was the reason why this little laddie, who you would have thought would have made any mother's heart beat high with pride, despite his rags and dirt, was out to fight against the fury of the rain and storm. Alas! how many children are in the same condition! The liquor-shops, these curses on our English nation, swallowing up a mother's feelings of love and tender care which God has given her as a trust to render to her little ones who, shame to her and shame to us, now wander the city streets.

But Jack had not time to think about his parents' neglect, he wanted to get rid of his papers, and again he begged the gentleman, who was looking at him kindly, nay, tenderly, to help him lessen the number, for Jack by natural instinct knew a kind look, though he did not often meet with one in his experience of men and things.

The gentleman pulled out some coppers, and as he gave them to the lad, he placed his hand on the curly locks, saying,

"Where's your cap, my boy?"

"I've lent it, sir!" was the ready answer.

"Lent it! To whom?"

"To my sister."

"And where is she? Surely you need it such a night as this!"

"She's there, sir," and Jack pointed to a place down two or three steps, slightly sheltered from the storm. There, huddled in a corner, was a very little girl, her hands and face blue with cold; but there was no cap to prevent the cruel wind from tossing the fair hair wildly to and fro.

Jack saw the gentleman glance at the little bare head, and said, "She's got her feet in it, sir, she said they were so cold." And so it was; the child's little feet were both pressed closely together in her brother's cap, vainly seeking the warmth he had done his utmost to give her.

Poor child! the "liquor-shops" had stolen a mother's love from her, just as they had taken a father's pride away from that sweet face and wavy hair.

But God had not allowed her to be ignorant of what love meant, for in her little brother's heart she saw a reflex of the Divine love, and thus knew that the world held good things as well as evil.

A great lump rose in the gentleman's throat as he turned away, after he had spoken words of comfort to the children and given them that which would help them to hurry home to such shelter as their poor home would give them.

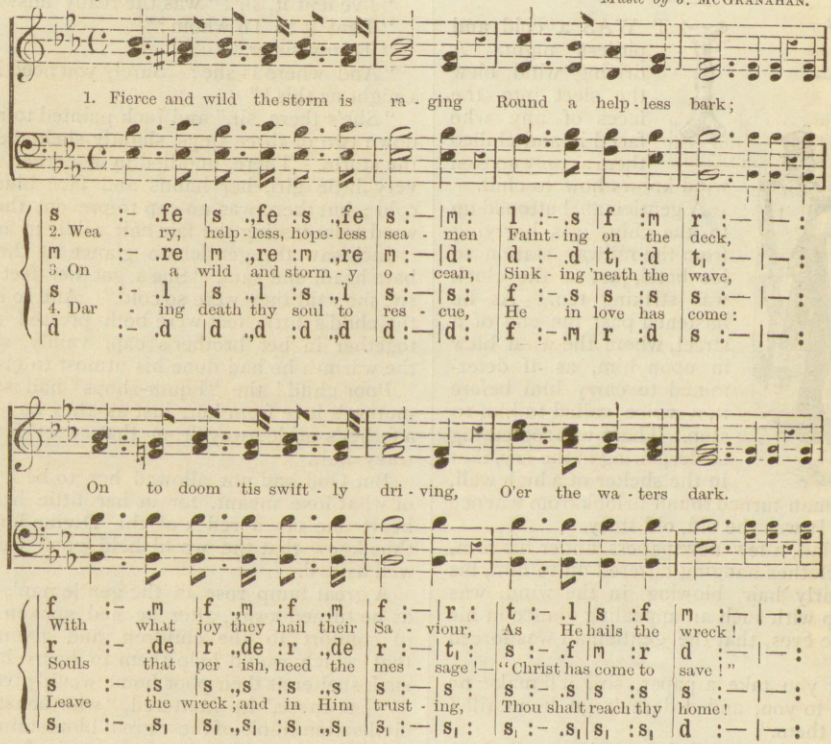
"Let those," he muttered, "who boast of our civilisation think of these great blots staining our English name, which absorb the motherhood from our women and the manhood from our men. As long as the "liquor-shops" lie open to gather in the poor wretches who have not strength to pass them by, so long will the bitter cry of the children rend our hearts as it goes up from the sin of earth to the God of heaven.

S. M. F.

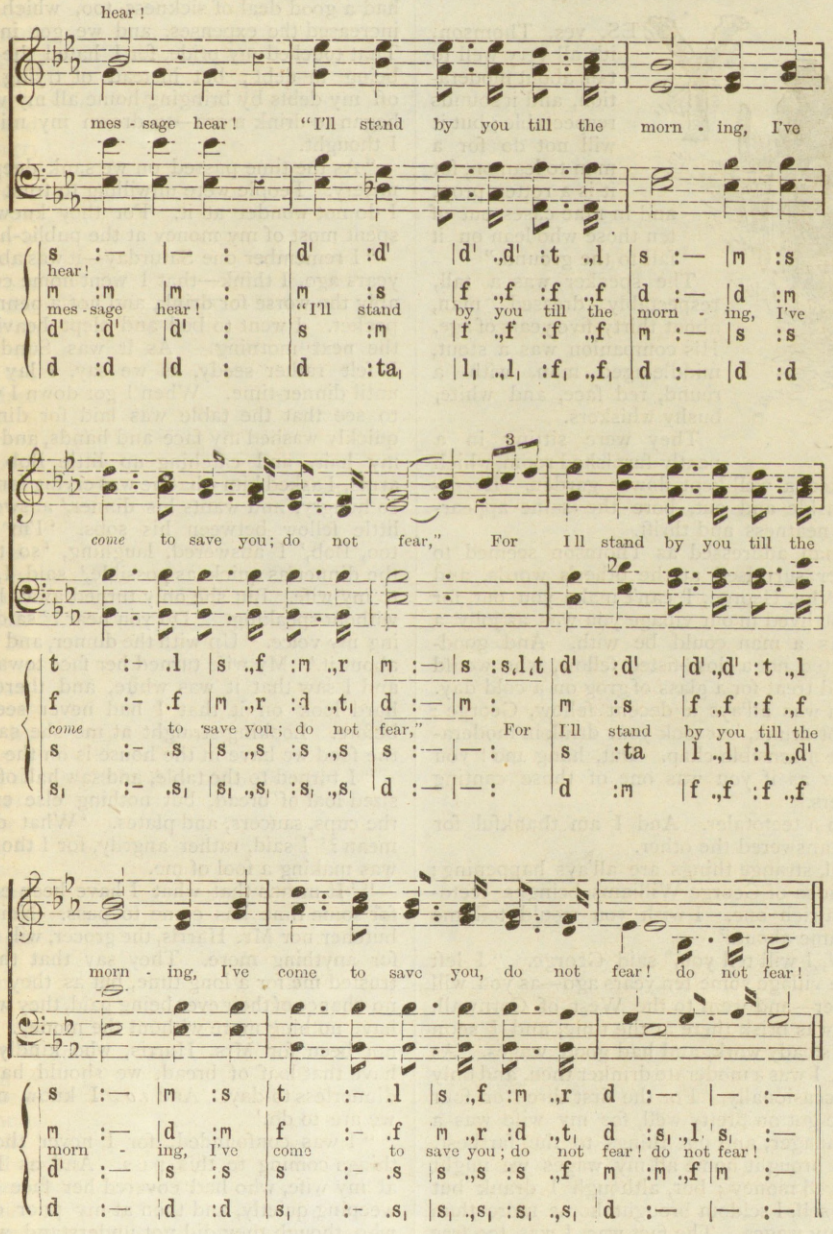
"TOBACCO impairs digestion, poisons the blood, depresses the vital powers, causes the limbs to tremble, and weakens and otherwise disorders the heart. It robs the poor man's family; it is averse to personal neatness and cleanliness; it promotes disregard for the rights and comforts of others; it cherishes indolence of body and mind; it diminishes the vigour of the intellect; it destroys self-control by establishing the slavery of habit; it develops the lower and animal nature at the expense of the higher; it leads into bad associations, and throws its influence into the scale of evil in all the relations of life."—*Dr. H. Gibbons.*

"I'LL STAND BY YOU TILL THE MORNING."

Words by EL NATHAN. *Music by* J. MCGRANAHAN.



"I'LL STAND BY YOU TILL THE MORNING"—*continued.*



"JUST TRY IT."

BY SALOME HOCKING.



"YES, yes, Thomson, it's all very well to talk about moderation, and it sounds respectable; but it will not do for a man to lean on, for it is a rotten prop, and in nine cases out of ten those who lean on it fall to the ground."

The speaker was a tall, respectably-dressed man, about thirty-five years of age. His companion was a stout, middle-aged man, with a round, red face, and white, bushy whiskers.

They were sitting in a neatly-furnished room, which overlooked a well-kept flower garden. Everything, inside and out, bore the same appearance of neatness and thrift.

The man addressed as Thomson seemed to be rather surprised at the other's words, and said, "Why, George, I can't make you out, for when you lived in our village you was as jolly a fellow as a man could be with. And good-natured too, not a close-fisted fellow, who would not stand treat for a glass of grog on a cold day. And you was all'ays a decent fellow, George; never got drunk, but took your drink in moderation, like a sensible chap. But, hang me! you talk now as if you was one of those canting teetotalers."

"I am a teetotaler. And I am thankful for it, too," answered the other.

"Well, strange things are all'ays happening; but the idea of George Williams being a teetotaler is a rich one. I wish you would tell me 'ow it came about."

"Well, I will tell you," said George. "I left our little village some ten years ago—as you will remember—and went to the West of Cornwall. Mining was brisk there at the time, and I soon got into steady work, and had good wages. As you say, I was a moderate drinker then, and only drank occasionally. For the first three or four years we got on pretty well, for my wife was a good manager, and put things to the farthest. If I had brought home all my wages we might have saved money; but, although I drank but little myself, I seldom brought home more than half of my wages. The fact was, I was too free with my money, and some of my companions knew that, and they were always getting me to treat them.

"As the years went by our family increased, and there were five children to provide for. We had a good deal of sickness, too, which greatly increased the expenses, and we got into debt. That touched my pride, for I hated the idea of being in debt; but instead of trying to pay off my debts by bringing home all my wages, I began to drink more—to drown my misery, as I thought.

"As the time passed on we sank deeper into misery. People were unwilling to trust us, and I do not wonder at it. For they knew that I spent most of my money at the public-house.

"I remember one Saturday—it was about four years ago, I think—that I went home considerably the worse for drink, and not a penny in my pocket. I went to bed and slept heavily until the next morning. As it was Sunday, and I felt rather seedy, as we say, I lay in bed until dinner-time. When I got down I was glad to see that the table was laid for dinner. I quickly washed my face and hands, and combed my hair, and catching up little Bob in my arms, I asked him what he was crying for. 'Bob's so hungry, and wants his dinner,' answered the little fellow between his sobs. 'I'm hungry, too, Bob,' I answered, laughing, 'so take out the dinner as quick as possible,' said I, turning to my wife. But she only turned away her head without speaking, 'Do you hear?' said I, raising my voice. 'Up with the dinner, and be quick about it.' My wife turned her face towards me, and I saw that it was white, and there was a hard look on it that I had never seen there before. Looking straight at me she said, 'All the food we have in the house is on the table.'

"I turned to the table, and saw half of a good-sized loaf of bread, but nothing else excepting the cups, saucers, and plates. 'What does this mean?' I said, rather angrily, for I thought she was making a fool of me.

"'It means that what I have been expecting for some time has come to pass. Neither the butcher nor Mr. Harris, the grocer, will trust me for anything more. They say that they have trusted me for a long time, but as they can see no chance of their ever being paid, they will let us have nothing more without the money. If it had not been for Mrs. Harris, who kindly let me have that loaf of bread, we should have gone dinnerless to-day. And *now* I know not what we are to do.'

"I was confounded, for I never thought of things coming to this pass. And as I looked at my wife, who had covered her face and was weeping quietly, and then at my poor children, who, though they did not understand what was the matter, still felt that something was amiss, and were gathered together with sorrowful faces, I felt ashamed of myself, and was possessed

with a mad, burning desire to be away from it all. But where could I go? I had no money, or I should undoubtedly have gone to the public-house, and drowned remorse in the beer cup. But, happily for me, I was cut off from that. I felt ashamed somehow to go out, for the people would be coming and going from church and chapel, and so I was forced to stay at home.

"Hungry as I was, it was but a very little of the bread that I could eat. I had never known what it was before to sit down to a Sunday's dinner with nothing to eat but bread; but I had no one to blame for it but myself. It was a sad but useful lesson that I learnt that day. As I looked out of the window I could see well-dressed men and women, with their children, on their way home from church. And as I thought of their comfortable homes and well-spread tables, and then looked at my own poorly-dressed wife and children, and our meagrely furnished room, the contrast wrung a groan from my aching heart. All that day I sat and brooded over my troubles. My pay-day would not be until the next Saturday, and if no one would trust us, what were we to do until that time? This was a question that I asked myself more than a dozen times that day, but I could find no answer. The thought almost drove me mad, and to put it out of my mind I began to calculate how much I had spent in drink for the last six years. But I soon gave it up in despair, for it appalled me to think of what I had thrown away. And what was I the better for all this wasted money? Nothing! What did those men on whom I had spent so much money care for me? Not one of them would be able or willing to lend me a pound if I went to them.

"It was very little sleep that visited me that night, for my thoughts were too busy. But by morning there was a settled purpose in my head, and as soon as possible I put it into practice. I had made up my mind to sign the pledge, and for that purpose I started off to the other end of the village, where Mr. Pol'ard, the temperance secretary, lived. He was surprised to see me, but when I told him my errand a smile broke over his genial face as he said, 'Well done, George. If you stick to it, it will make a man of you. It has grieved me many a time to see you throwing away your life, when you might be a useful member of society.'

"Somehow his kindness won my confidence, and I told him how it was that I had made up my mind to be a teetotaler. When I was leaving he pressed a sovereign into my hand, and said, 'That will put you right until pay-day, George, you can repay me in a month's time. You see I am not afraid to trust you, for I think the lesson that you have learnt will be a lasting one.'

"I could scarcely find words to express my thanks, but, oh! what a load it had taken from my heart. I hastened home and told my wife what I had done. Great tears of thankfulness filled her eyes, and her kind, loving words satisfied me that I had done right.

"But now began the hardest struggle of my life. The thirst for drink sometimes seemed intolerable, and I thought scores of times that I should have to give in. I had no idea the hold the habit had got upon me, and every night and morning for weeks I went and returned from my work by a road a mile and a half out of my way, so that I might avoid passing the 'Miner's Arms.' But I got better of the thirst after a few weeks, and I tell you it's worth a struggle for a man to feel that he's got to be master of himself.

"At the end of the month that had been agreed on, I paid Mr. Pollard and something towards my other debts. This I did each month until the whole was paid, and I was a free man. Twelve months ago I was offered the chance of being captain of the 'Wheal Jane.' I accepted the situation, of course, and we removed to this house. As you may see, we have everything to make us comfortable. When I look around me, and then think of the past, my heart is filled with thankfulness at the change. That never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath was the turning-point of my life.

"Now, Thomson, I have told you no imaginary story, all that I have stated are facts. I have tried moderate drinking, and I have tried total abstinence, and I know which produced the most peace of mind and self-respect. And then there is my wife. Do you not think it is something for her to be spared the sorrow and shame of knowing that her husband was in the path that leads to drunkenness? And now, Thomson, can you, in the face of all this, say that a man must be narrow-minded to be a teetotaler? How much wisdom do you think a man can gather who is always soaking his brain in beer? I tell you a man must have all his wits about him to make out anything in this world, and he cannot afford to have his brain muddled by intoxicating drink. You say you have been a moderate drinker for thirty years. Now I think you have given it a fair trial; suppose you give total abstinence a trial, and if at the end of two years you are not richer in all that goes to make life happy, I shall be very much disappointed. Just try it, Thomson."

"Well, certainly," said Thomson, "you've made out a very fair case, and I'll think about what you've said."

We know not if Thomson signed the pledge, but this we know, that George Williams, from being an idle, dissipated man, is now one of the

most useful and respected of men in the village in which he lives, and we would recommend his advice to all those who are non-abstainers—"Just try it."

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

BY UNCLE BEN.



MARIA GARBELL was an odd girl: she was the only daughter of a poor artist. Her father, like a great many people, might have done better in life had he been a teetotaler. He was lazy and extravagant, fond of company, did not do much; he often spent more money than he could afford, and sometimes got in debt; then when pressed for money he worked hard and well. He could always find a market for his pictures, for there was real talent about him, and even some little touch of genius was evident at times. He had been a house painter and decorator; he knew his trade, and could always turn it to useful account. But he had got vain, and considered himself above that sort of thing. He had a real love of colour and nature, and when the fit was on him, by the pressure of necessity, good work was the result. What he did best was by chance. He made no noble study of his profession: no earnest, serious principle regulated his life. Had he been inspired by a higher purpose, with a deeper passion for his work, and by a more intense ardour to do the best he could hope and desire, he might have been a great artist. Ambition, and that not of the highest kind, could not lift him much beyond a medium second-rate worker, who painted pictures without meaning, because he knew what suited popular taste, and what would fetch the highest and quickest return in money.

His wife was gay, and untidy at home. The house was neglected, and all the work left to a maid-of-all-work, who, after being "blown up" several times, either gave notice or had to take it, with the usual information on either side that she could put up with it no longer; and each confided in her friends that another worthless, troublesome girl had gone, and that to be quit of missis's temper was good riddance to bad rubbish.

Maria grew up in this home in a hap-hazard way. She received no wise training; things were just allowed to take their chance with her. She had few friends, and was lonely, and lived very much to herself; cared nothing about dolls, and little for children's toys.

Once a friend, who had noticed how little sign of childishness there was about her called, and being left alone with her, said—

"Why, Mia"—as she was generally named—"how is it I never see you nursing a doll? Surely all your dolls are not dead?"

"Oh, no," was the answer; "but I don't care about playing with dolls. There is so much make-believe about dolls, and I do hate *pretending* so."

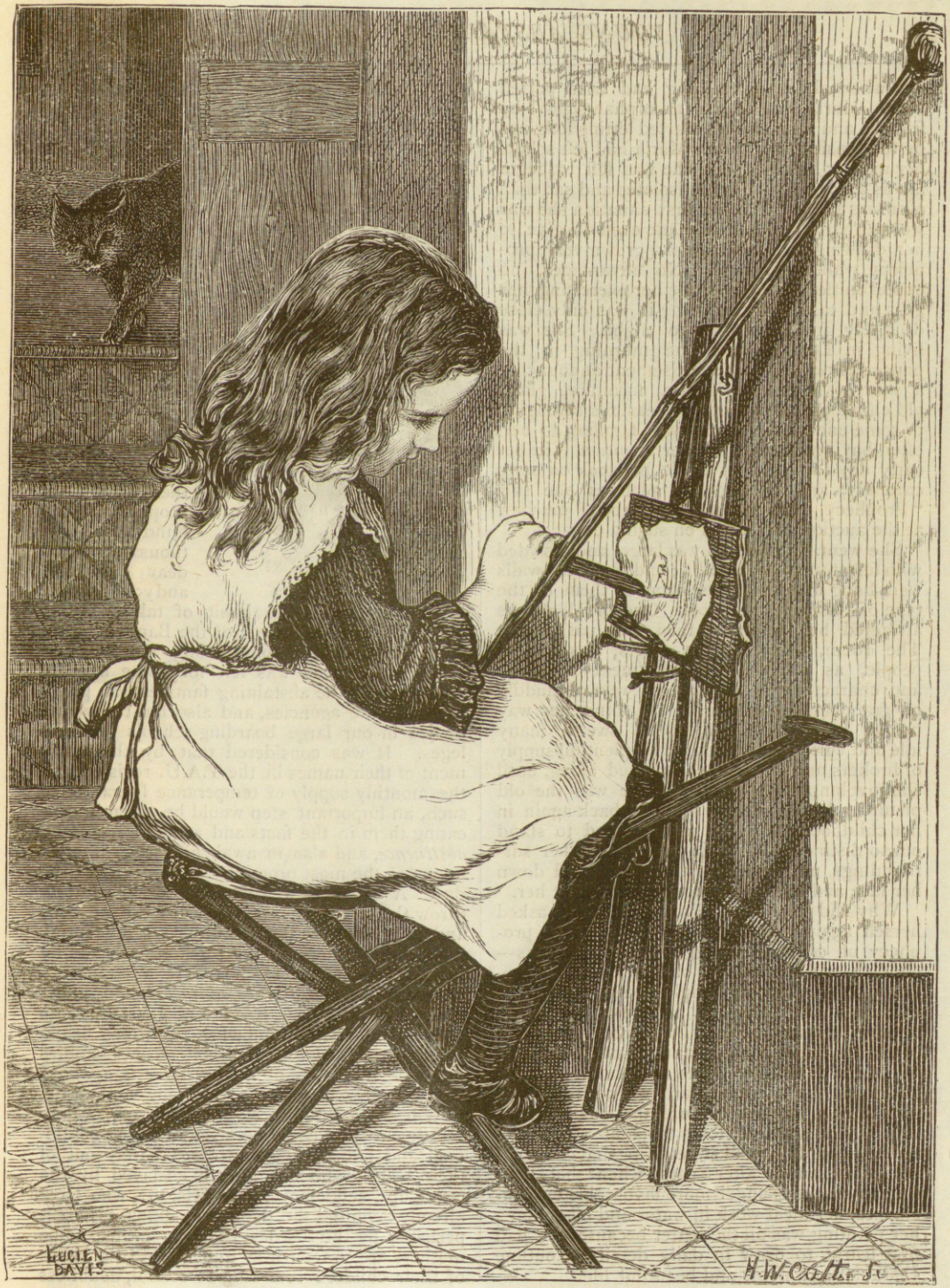
She was rather a delicate child, and only went to school in the morning; but with that she made rapid progress, soon becoming very fond of books and pictures. Her chief amusement was watching her father paint in the studio, and to imitate him at his work was her great delight. She would be good and happy all day long with an old copy of the *Illustrated London News* and her box of paints. Sometimes her father would take her out with him when he went for a short day's sketching and painting; these were red-letter days. On their return home, she loved to get the camp-stool and easel and endeavour to copy her father in all his actions while doing her best to paint a picture; then she would get down and step back a few paces, and say as her father did, "Well, Mia, how will those clouds do for an artist not yet an academician?"

The only companion who visited her at these times was the cat, to whom she was greatly attached; she would talk to "Bedo," the pussy, as though the old Tom were a great art-critic.

Once her father made a large picture of Maria at work as a young child artist, and he called it "Prophecy." Maria asked, "Why?" Her father told her because he hoped it was only the sign that when she grew up she would be a real artist, and do better work than he had ever done.

The picture went to an exhibition of paintings in one of the great cities, and was much talked about and sold for a large sum of money, about which Maria heard nothing. But the words her father had said sank into her heart and filled her with strange, longing, and wistful hope.

It was the last work of any importance her father did. Drinking habits and fast life laid the seeds of disease in a poor constitution. No skill of doctor or nurse could save him. Rapid consumption followed, and within a few months he was in his grave. The wife and Maria were left in great poverty, everything being sold to pay the debts, which were scarcely



"She loved to get the camp-stool and easel and endeavour to copy her father in all his actions."—p. 92.

met when almost everything had been parted with. Maria was sent to an orphan-school by friends, and Mrs. Garbell started letting lodgings by the seaside; but before Maria had left school her mother had died, and she was left to begin life as a governess. More isolated and sad than ever was her lot. In her first situation she was worked hard, and had no time even to give to her drawing, in which she had grown very proficient while at school. No advantages, no opportunities opened out for her exercising her gifts and taste for painting; it was only close drudgery from morning to night. She was living in London, and one morning in the paper she noticed an advertisement announcing a sale of household goods, furniture, glass, old china, pictures, and art treasures belonging to some one whose name was familiar to her, often having heard her father mention it in her early days. This fact made her look on more carefully, and among the pictures she saw "Prophecy, by the late F. C. Garbell," on view at the auctioneer's rooms on such a day.

She went. The room was large, and crowded with furniture in the middle; and round the walls were hung many pictures, some of them of the type of the last generation. One of Morland's attracted her interest; then she passed on. The room, like all the others, was full of people, as strange an assortment of faces and characters as the articles were a muddle of grandeur and rubbish. Pushing her way by old Jews, a few West-end swells, many idle and curious loungers, with a plentiful supply of brokers and fanciers, she passed along, until she involuntarily stopped. There was the old picture. In a moment she was back again in her childhood. All the past seemed to stand out so distinctly that she quite forgot her surroundings, until she felt the tears steal down her face and knew people were looking at her.

Why did he call it "Prophecy"? she asked herself again and again. Was it only a prophecy of constant struggle and no success—childish and fruitless efforts? Was it a prophecy of her lonely helplessness—of an unfulfilled ideal? Was it a picture of a long life of poverty and failure? Did it not rather seem to tell her that a Divine hand paints the canvas of our life: that there is no accident or chance; and to do the common hard work given us is to make the grandest picture, that shall live for ever? And she went forth to paint a real picture in noble doing and sweet living that could not fade; so that in after years, when she found time to continue, under more favourable circumstances, her ideal work in water and oil-colours, her painting was all the better because she had first learnt to draw in daily detail the outline character of a noble and beautiful life.

YOUNG ABSTAINERS' UNION.

BY MISS OXLEY.



SINCE the formation of this Union the question has been asked, "Is there not already *just* such a society? Will not the Band of Hope be quite enough?" As our answer to this query, we would thankfully acknowledge how, for many years, God has greatly blessed the Bands of Hope in saving hundreds, nay, thousands, of dear children and young people in our land from the habit of taking strong drink. But the members of the Band of Hope have been chiefly from among our Sunday-scholars. A need was felt for some bond of union among the abstaining families who prefer more private agencies, and also for the young people in our large boarding-schools and colleges. It was considered that by the enrolment of their names in the Y.A.U. register, and the monthly supply of temperance literature to such, an important step would be taken in educating them in the facts and principles of *total abstinence*, and also in awakening their interest in one of the most prominent movements of the day. A necessity was felt for special effort to throw the shield of protection around the sons and daughters of the wealthy and influential. The work of reform in the direction selected by the Y.A.U. is by no means of a temporary character. *Rank, dignity, education*, and refinement are being paralysed and laid prostrate under the debasing influence of strong drink, which spreads like a moral blight over families in which the lustre of a *fair name* is *dimmed*, because of *those*, ONCE their joy and pride, NOW become but a wreck of former self. Many sad illustrations could be given of young gentlemen and ladies—in some cases barely out of their teens—who are already enslaved by the fatal cup; schoolboys, and girls, too, who have already acquired the dangerous liking, fostered, perhaps, by the bottles of wine which some mothers are so foolish as to pack into the boxes of their children returning to school, doubtless

with the erroneous idea that it was necessary for their health. Such cases, we believe, are and will become less numerous as the principles of total abstinence become more widely diffused; and to do this is the special object and aim of the Y.A. Union. In October, 1879, it was commenced by branches in Liverpool and Manchester. As the number of these branches increased, an office was taken in London, at 23, Exeter Hall. A secretary also was appointed, who devotes her whole time to the work. The present total membership is over six thousand.

In Manchester there are now three branches, with a list of about five hundred members. No public meetings are held, but many ladies have kindly gathered together from twenty to one hundred members and friends, at drawing-room meetings or garden parties, in the summer-time. The Union seeks to keep up the interest by sending to each, monthly, a printed letter and small book, or once in three months the Union's quarterly magazine.

The Union consists of three sections: (A) for young people of sixteen years of age and upwards; (B) for those between twelve and sixteen; and (C) for children under twelve; so that entire families may be united in the movement.

In connection with the North Manchester Branch there are about forty members in large boarding-schools for gentlemen's sons at Waterloo and Wrexham; a few have already left school, and are either at college or business, their universal testimony being, that they are thankful they joined the Y.A.U. at school, for now they find it a great help and safeguard.

THE PANSIES.

A BRIGHT, sunshiny boy came in one day with a handful of flowers for his mother, and with unusually thoughtful brow, said, "Mamma, how can God make such a many *buful fowers?* I tried to find you two Johnny-jump-ups alike, *but they wouldn't.*"

A look of displeasure leaped to the mother's eyes as she looked on the proof of her ruined pansy-bed, that she had watched with so much pride, but ere it found utterance a second better thought came as her gaze fell on the little upturned face, with its bonny brown eyes. Love triumphed over pride, and with many kisses she thanked him for the little gift. In the sad days that followed, she thanked God that no angry word had fallen on the loving little heart; for never again did the little, warm, brown hands bring her sweet gifts of flowers, and never again can the sweet brown eyes she called her most precious gems look into hers. For the little human flower is now blooming in immortal grace and beauty at the Father's feet.

The day after the little one "went home," the desolate mother, too sad for tears, wandered round the yard, seeking comfort for her aching heart. As on she went, lost to all but her grief, she came upon the pansy-bed. A tiny wooden spade lay beside it, and in the yielding sand, *the prints of two bare feet,* as fresh and distinct as if the "little feet, so white and fair," were still in reach of her kisses. Warm, gushing tears came at the sight, to ease the bursting heart.

Sacred evermore to the mother's heart are the flowers he loved, and among her dearest treasures is a little bunch of withered pansies—his last gift. And now that other little feet have come to her home, and other brown eyes look trustingly into hers, no shadow of the old, impatient spirit is there, for memory points ever to the footprints found in the sand. Their impress was as a seal on her spirit, to keep the fountain pure and sweet. AUNT RENA.

DO THE RIGHT, BOYS!

HAVE courage, boys, to do the right,
Life's battle must be fought;
And those who strive will win the fight,
Success may not be bought.
For cowards rarely win the day,
Nor men who idly pace;
'Tis those who bravely work away
That gain the foremost place.

Have courage, boys, to do the right,
Be bold, be brave, be strong;
By doing right we get the might
To overcome the wrong.
'Tis only those who evil do
That need a coward fear;
So let your lives be good and true,
And keep your conscience clear.

Have courage, boys, to do the right,
Like heroes of renown;
For only those who bear the fight
Can hope to wear the crown.
Let manliness your standard be,
Nor heed the scoff and jeer;
Seek after truth and purity,
And holy, filial fear.

Have courage, boys, go on and win,
Walk in the good old way;
Strive day by day to conquer sin,
And ever watch and pray.
Success will come, still persevere,
And keep the prize in sight;
Help from on high your heart will cheer
While fighting for the right.

—*Boys' Own Paper.*

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

SAVE up for old age, save, by all means, some few of life's treasures. Save knowledge, save the recollection of good and noble deeds, innocent pleasures, pure thoughts ; above all, save friends, save love. Ah ! save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish, nor sorrow tarnish, nor take away.

BOW low the head—do reverence to the old man. The vicissitudes of life have silvered his hair and changed the round, handsome face to the worn visage before you. Once, at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain ; now wishing to accomplish deeds of fame, anon imagining it a dream that the sooner he wakened from the better.

THE waist of time can always be found in the hour-glass.

THE fisherman beats the buyer by weighing fish in its own scales.

COSTUMES are to be less clinging this season, but prices will stick.

AS a rule, the men who have been driven crazy by misfortune did not have far to go.

IS it a runaway match in the insect or animal world when you see one ant-elope with another ?

A LAWYER who climbs upon a chair after a law book, gets a little higher in order that he may get a little lore.

WHAT relation is a loaf of bread to a steam-engine ?—Mother ; because a loaf of bread is a necessity, a steam-engine is an invention, and necessity is the mother of invention.

HOW many insects does it take to make a landlord ?—Ten-ants.

WHAT was Joan of Arc made of ?—She was "Maid of Orleans."

THE cup that cheers but does not inebriate—the butter-cup.

CAN it be said that a man who is very much intoxicated is dejected because he is more'n-full ?

BUTCHER (rushing out) : "Hey !—es that your dog, man ?" Donald (whose dog is running away with a piece of meat) : "Aweel, it wans was mine, but he's a-doin' for hissel, ye knoo."

IT seems strange that we should be expected to put out the most strength on week-days.

IT was in a New England school. "What is the feminine of tailor ?" asked a teacher of a class in grammar. "Dressmaker," was the prompt reply of a bright-eyed little boy.

THERE are few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn ; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.—*Addison.*

A JOKER says an expeditious mode of getting up a row is to carry a long ladder on your shoulder in a crowded thoroughfare, and every few minutes turn round to see if anyone is making faces at you.

"HOW are the supplies, Dinah ?" asked a gentleman of his coloured cook, just before starting down town. "Well, sah," responded the sable mistress of the kitchen, "I tink dah is combustible enough to last till to-morrow !"

Notices to Correspondents.

The Editors do not undertake to return rejected contributions.

All literary communications and books for review to be addressed to the Editor.

Letters on business to be directed to the Secretary, "Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

Received with thanks :—T. J. Galley, W. A. Eaton, D. Lawton.

Notices of Books.

The Red Flag ; or, Danger on the Line, by Elys, published by the National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand, is a little story illustrative of the many warnings people receive that there is peril on the moderation line.

Traps, by the same author and publisher, is a tale of the snares connected with strong drink, by which so many are caught. The analogy of "Dot," a mouse, is an interesting feature for the young people.

Messengers of Truth, by Faith Chiltern, from the same firm, gives us a pleasing allegorical story by an authoress who frequently contributes to our pages. We have in the volume a kind of modern temperance Christian progress, written with great sympathy and devotion to the cause, and we sincerely hope these well-deserving efforts will meet with much success.

Publications Received.

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

WE GIRLS.

A Story of School-Girl Life.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

Chapter VII.—Doomed.

THE love of mystery, of something a little bit secret and dreadful, is very strong amongst schoolgirls. I am inclined to think that this feeling is also common to humanity in general. But at Sheffield House we were certainly wont to make the most of any circumstance in the lives of ourselves or our friends which could be said to approach to the marvellous, the awful, or the mysterious.

Emily Belmont had a peculiar talent, which she not unfrequently chose to exercise, for making a sensation, for curdling our blood, for necessitating the process of pulling the bed-clothes well over our heads to shut out possible sights and sounds. She was fluent, and sometimes dramatic in telling a tale, so as to bring every peculiar point of interest well to the front, and we listened many a time, with fascinated ears and trembling bodies, to her weird stories of ghosts, robbers, haunted houses, and smugglers' caves.

Poor Mr. Jones had a grand, ostentatious funeral, so that it made the chief subject of conversation in the quiet little town for many days. Everybody turned out to watch the long, solemn, dreary procession of mourning-coaches, with their nodding plumes, following the dreadful hearse, the top of which was quite thickly covered with those strange-looking appendages. From babyhood I had a horror of them. I used to fancy they were death's dolls, and yet was half afraid they might even have some kind of life in them that made them tremble so persistently whenever I beheld them. When our baby died I dreaded lest they would come to fetch him to the grave, and was greatly relieved when, instead of that, the little coffin was borne away in a perfectly plain carriage, only differing from others in that it was black, with a fringe of white around the hammer-cloth. We boarders were out for a walk with Miss Lancaster, and met the funeral of Mr. Jones. Our governess led us down a lane, being unwilling, I suppose, to have any one imagine we had walked in that direction purposely to see the funeral; but yet she was not averse to seeing it herself, if she could do so without observation, so we stood still at a little distance, and watched it all go by. There were six mourning-coaches, and Miss Lancaster expressed much astonishment at the number, and wondered how they could possibly be filled.

ONWARD, JULY, 1883. *All Rights Reserved.*]

"Will Carry be there, Miss Lancaster?" I asked.

"Hardly, I should think, Kate. Of course, if Mrs. Jones and her daughters go, that would necessitate another carriage."

"Perhaps some of them are empty," suggested Edith; "my papa went once to a funeral, and he said half the carriages were empty."

"What is the good of that, Miss Lancaster?" demanded another of us.

"It is regarded as a compliment to the dead person or to his friends to send a carriage if you cannot go," returned our governess, demurely.

"But these are mourning-coaches, not private carriages, so it can't be that, can it, Miss Lancaster?" said Mary.

Margherita was listening attentively, and watching everything with an interested expression. "This is the first time I have seen an English funeral," she said; "how strange that my uncle should be amongst the mourners. Your hearses are heavy and ugly. I like best our open carriages for the coffin; it does not feel nearly so dreadful."

When we had seen all the procession we hurried again into Leigh Road, and went past the house of mourning. My heart ached for my friend. It must have been so sad to her never to have said good-bye to the father she loved so well spite of his terrible failing, and still more dreadful to remember that his last action towards her had been to attempt her life, and to express his dislike.

Sheffield House possessed what is especially good for girls as well as boys—a capacious playground, only we did not call it by so common a name. It was a recreation-ground. It was well provided with swings, poles, and *perches*, as we used merrily to declare, and dumb-bells, quoits, cricket, and croquet—which Mary persisted in sounding alike in their final syllable for some time after she came to us—were also furnished for our use. We were wisely encouraged in healthy muscular exercise, and the small percentage of sickness at Sheffield House amongst even delicate pupils must assuredly be placed to this account. Almost all the parents of the day pupils were glad to avail themselves of the recreation-ground for their daughters, and there were some older young ladies who had formerly been pupils of Misses Sheffield and Lancaster who were still members of our cricket and croquet clubs. We were in the recreation-ground, occupied in diverse ways, just a few days after Mr. Jones's funeral, and before Carry had returned to school. Gradually, one after another, or in little groups, the girls went indoors, or strolled along in twos and threes of particular friends.

We four—Emily, Margherita, Mary, and I—who shared the same bedchamber began to talk about the return of Carry; we wondered whether she would only be a day scholar, or desire to be amongst us altogether, and came to the conclusion that her mother and sister would certainly prefer to have her with them, to brighten the lonely evenings in the dull old house.

"Have you heard what Ada has been saying?" asked Emily, dropping her voice to the semi-tragic and mysterious tone she could so well assume.

Mary had heard, but Margherita and I had not, so Emily had ready listeners, and she went on in the same style as before—

"Ada says there was quite a scene at Leigh House on the day of the funeral."

But here I broke in, having little faith in Ada. "How could Ada know?" I demanded.

"How can any of us know anything, Kate," said Mary Forbes, "except by being told?"

"But Ada is not a day-scholar, and may be wrongly informed. I should not believe what Ada said of Carry. She always says all she can against Carry."

Emily paused a moment. "You can believe it or not, as you like, Kate, after I have told it; but when I promise to tell a thing, why, of course I tell it. Mrs. Jones is not a teetotaler like her daughter; indeed I suppose she is quite the opposite."

"Oh, how dreadful for poor Carry!" interposed Gretchen, in her soft, sweet, winning voice; "and how could Mrs. Jones drink if her husband got drunk?"

"I don't suppose any of us can answer that," said Emily; "however, she chose to have wine and spirits and all sorts for the funeral. When Carry heard this, her eyes flashed fire from behind her specs—you know how she *can* look when she is roused—and she spoke in her determined way, and said, 'Mother, I warn you not to desecrate the awful solemnity of my father's death. Do you not know what misery enters this house with every barrel, every bottle of that accursed stuff? Do you, not even now, after all that has happened, recognise that our doom is to be in danger through strong drink? My father bravely tried to escape from the inherited curse, and he succeeded till you, my mother, broke down the wall of separation he had placed between himself and it; and now will you risk the destiny of your daughter? Then, mother, I am doomed.'" Emily's melodramatic voice ceased.

"How terrible," said Gretchen, "for a mother to tempt her daughter to evil!"

"Oh! but," said Mary, "surely Carry ought not to have spoken to her mother like that. I should never have thought she would. Nothing could make that right." Mary Forbes idolised her mother, as she had every reason to do. Mrs. Jones was about as different from Mrs. Forbes as black from white."

"But what did she mean about being doomed?" I asked. The positive way in which Emily had repeated the story she had heard about our dear schoolfellow from Ada had made me forget my intention to disbelieve in its truth. "I don't understand how it makes her in any danger because her father drank, do you?"

"I suppose she meant," said Emily, in her mysterious voice, "that because her father was such a disgrace, it will spoil her life, and she will be tempted to become bad like him. You know some people say—I read it once in a temperance paper—that if parents drink to excess, the children inherit a liking for the drink, so perhaps it is true; and as Carry is a teetotaler, I dare say, at any rate, she believes it, whether it is so or not."

"I think it is dreadful," said Mary, looking very grave, "dreadful for Carry and dreadful for her mother; fancy feeling as if you could blame your mother."

"I think it is a great pity Carry Jones should feel like that," said Gretchen, softly; "it is so certain she can escape from her doom."

"Can I? Oh! tell me how."

We all started, for there stood Carry Jones beside us, in her deep mourning garments, with a face pale and drawn, painfully unlike her old self, with eyes that seemed to glitter; and underneath those eyes there were dark rings, caused by sleeplessness and sorrow.

Margherita Ziffel, as she stepped forward to Carry, with kind words of welcome, seemed like a sunbeam advancing to a cloud, so bright and sweet was her young, gentle face in comparison to that of the youthful mourner. I felt a little awe of Carry that I was sorry to feel; she seemed so grave, so solemn, so womanly, it was difficult to imagine she had ever been first and foremost in our games, that her gay laugh had ever echoed through that same recreation-ground. But we all kissed her and welcomed her back amongst us, and then there was a rather painful pause, and Gretchen seemed the only one of us quite at ease. How much had Carry heard of our conversation about her and her poor father? Only a few words, I felt sure; for she was not one to listen without making her presence known to us.

It was a relief when she began, turning to our German schoolfellow—

"You said, Margherita, that it was certain I could escape from my doom. Do you understand what that doom is?"

"The tendency to fall into sin through liking strong drink," answered Gretchen, gently, but readily.

Carry looked surprised. "You have put it exactly," she replied. "I should not have believed you could understand it so well, being a German."

"It is a mistake to suppose we have no drunkenness in Germany," said Gretchen, "and perhaps because it is not so common a sin there as here we think more earnestly about it. I know we are always very much shocked when any one we are acquainted with becomes drunk." Then the loving-hearted girl remembered she had said what might give pain to Carry, smarting under the knowledge of her father's sad career, so she hastened to add, "But what a good thing it is that there is so easy a way to avoid the wrong, by abstaining altogether from the cause of it."

"But if you always have the craving to taste, who shall say you will always escape?" demanded Carry. "If the wine is put before you, will a person born with a love for it always be brave enough to resist?"

She waited for us to answer, but none of us ventured to do so. Her grave manner, her accents full of subdued feeling, impressed us almost painfully. We looked at her with a mixture of respectful wonder, of pitying tenderness, and of anxiety caused by her altered appearance.

"You blame my poor father," she said presently. "Kate, you and Margherita, I have no doubt, blame him severely; you have even, perhaps, called him harsh and cruel because of what you saw. But oh! believe me, his own child, when I say that no one less deserved to be called harsh and cruel when in his right mind, when free from the drink that poisoned him, as perhaps it will one day poison me." She shuddered at the thought, and then continued: "Ought I to speak or ought I to be silent? I *dare* not be silent. You will help me; you surely will help me, for Margherita Ziffel declared she knew I could escape my doom." Carry turned her eyes on Gretchen as she spoke, with earnest longing in their expressive depths.

"I think," said Gretchen's sweet voice, "that if you want us to help you, dear Miss Jones, you had better tell us exactly what you feel and what you fear. We know—that is, Kate and I—know from my uncle how nobly your father acted when he was a young man, a student in Heidelberg; how he resisted all kinds of sin, and refused to drink beer and wine because it might make him do wrong actions. And we are so very sorry for him and for you that he did take it afterwards and bring so much trouble to himself and those he loved." Gretchen stopped, and we looked up as those who have heard a sweet strain which suddenly ceases and leaves those who listened waiting attentively for more. Carry's hard look had gradually changed as her young schoolfellow spoke, her glittering eyes had filled with blessed tears as she heard the praises of her father in his youth.

"Thank you, Margherita. Will you let me tell you now, that long after his student days, even after he was married and drink was brought into his home, he struggled bravely against his desire for it, his inherited love for it, and only began to fall after very sore, very dreadful, very constant temptation. For many generations, as long ago as there are any records of our family, there has always been a drunkard in it. Is not that dreadful to know, dreadful to think about? Again and again property has had to be sold to pay off drinking debts. We used to be very rich indeed; but gradually the estates have gone, and my grandpapa was so dissipated that he wasted all his ready money, and mortgaged his land. My father at first set himself to redeem the wrong-doings of his ancestors. His family depended on him. By his steadiness and perseverance he partially recovered what had been so dreadfully wasted. My grandmother and my aunts blessed him for his goodness, and just afterwards he, too, began to go on badly. Ah! it is the doom, the dreadful doom of my house to crave for drink. I could tell you such sad stories just in this our one family: of hearts broken through this awful appetite; of children crushed and mangled by accident it was said, but really by the drink; of intellects clouded; of souls made to blaspheme God." Carry's look grew almost wild as she said this, and then she turned abruptly to Gretchen, and exclaimed, "Now that you know how I am doomed, will you again repeat that I can escape my doom, Margherita?"

"Indeed I will; you are not really doomed. God never forsakes people who cling to Him for help."

"Don't you know it says in the Bible that the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children and upon their children's children, Margherita?" queried Carry, with the same passionate vehemence.

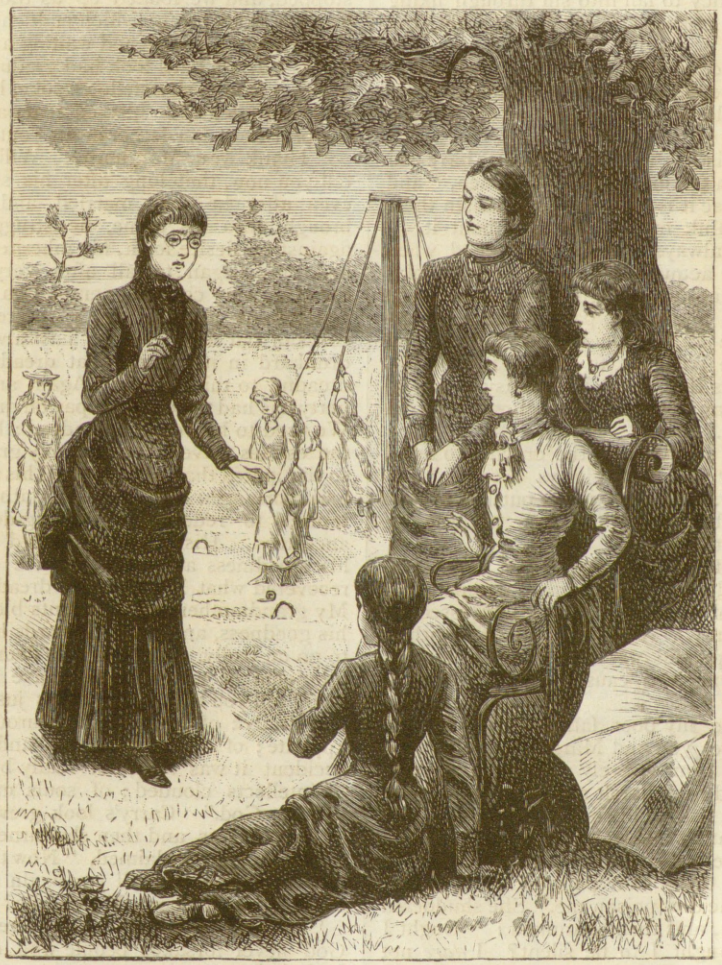
"Don't *you* know," returned Gretchen, "that it says in the Bible, 'If thou warn the righteous man, that the righteous sin not, and he doth not sin, he shall surely live, because he is warned.'"

"I don't remember that," said Carry.

"You are warned," said Gretchen, gently; "and you mean to accept the warning."

"Where did you find that text?" asked Emily, with some curiosity.

"It is in Ezekiel somewhere," returned Gretchen. "Of course it is partly about the



"We all started, for there stood Carry Jones beside us."—p. 98.

duty of the good shepherds to warn their people of danger. But I think it applies well to such a case as Carry's."

The bell rang for us to return to the house. Carry Jones looked gratefully at the German girl. "You have at least given me a gleam of hope, Margherita, in the very dark sky of my future," she said, "and I thank you for it."

Then we were all obliged to hurry in.

(*To be continued.*)

THERE are twenty-five teetotal mayors for the municipal chief magistrates in the provinces.

I HAVE long been one of those who feel and believe that most of the crime in the army has its origin in drink. I firmly believe that if we could only have an army composed of men who not only wore Her Majesty's colours, but who also wore the blue ribbon, it would be the finest army that was ever sent into the field to represent this nation. If there is one curse more than another to which our race and people are subject, and which seems to have fallen upon us from time immemorial, it is the curse of drink. I believe it to be the source of all crime, not only in the army, but in civil life.—*Lord Wolseley.*



FLOWERS OF HOPE.

LISTEN to the happy voices
Of the children at their play;
How each little heart rejoices!
Merry laughter fills the day.
Romping, jumping, skipping, singing,
Up among the branches swinging,
Health and happiness are flinging
Flowers of hope upon their way.

Listen to the weary sobbing
Of the children ill in bed;
Little limbs with pain are throbbing,
Soothe each little aching head.
Sick and crippled, moaning, weeping,
Love may round them watch be keeping,
But the Reaper comes a-reaping,
Flowers of hope may soon be dead.

Happy children, all ye others,
Dancing through the sunny hours,
Think of sisters and of brothers
Whom disease or pain devours.
Have you nothing you can send them?
None too tiny to befriend them;
With your gifts and smiles attend them,
And revive hope's drooping flowers.

H. LENNARD.

THE COTTAGER'S "WELCOME HOME."

FATIGUED and wearied with the day's hard toil,
With cheerful heart I to my home repair;
I know that welcome words and gentle smile,
From my dear wife and loved ones, wait me there.

I own no gilded hall with lofty dome,
No liveried servants listen for my call;
My dwelling is yon pretty cottage-home,
Its peace and calm are better than them all.

I see them now beside the little gate,
Waiting each one their father home to greet,
From manly Fred to darling baby Kate,
And words of welcome flow as all we meet.

Now safe at home, safe in the old arm-chair,
My loving children all their kisses bring;
Forgotten now my trouble and my care,
Blithe as a lark, aye, happier than a king.

The tinsel splendour, all earth's fleeting show,
Such gold-bought pleasures I shall never find;
Give *me* the joys that from affection flow,
A happy home, a calm contented mind.

T. J. GALLEY.

FLOWERS.

SWEET modest flowers, bright gems of earth,
So spotless and so wondrous fair,
They seem to me of heavenly birth,
Come down to whisper what is there.

Flowers have a holy mission here—
Oh not in vain their life, though brief;
They deck the cold dark earth, and cheer
Life's path till hearts forget their grief.

They please the weary sufferer's eye
When tossing on a bed of pain;
Direct a thought, lift up the sigh
To Him who never hears in vain.

How skilful is the Hand that made
These matchless forms that bloom around;
Infinite wisdom is displayed
In every flower that decks the ground.

How bounteous is the Hand that gave,
And scattered free on every side,
Such treasures for the king and slave—
Sweet fragrant flowers, to none denied.

How we should miss them had we none;
How strange would hill and dale appear
Were buttercups and daisies gone,
And green unbroken everywhere!

Fit emblems of our human love—
These gifts of Love all wise, Divine;
Oh that our lives could worthy prove
Of these fair types, great God, of Thine!

DAVID LAWTON.

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY REV. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A.,

Chaplain of Her Majesty's Prison.

OF all forms of crime, murder was rightly considered the most terrible, and of all forms of murder infanticide was the most common, and yet it was preventible. Amongst the upper classes infant mortality in the first year after birth was eight in 100, and amongst the lower or "less comfortable" classes—it was thirty-two in 100. By inquiries in the prison the probable mortality of infants of criminals through intemperance was sixty-four in 100. These deaths were not the result of misadventure or natural causes, but simply those arising from infanticide of a very terrible kind.

Here were a few cases:—A man of fifty had thirteen children—eleven were dead. He said, "I am one of the worst drunkards, and my wife is a drunkard also." A man of fifty-three had had eleven public-houses—his wife had died of alcohol. His usual quantity of drink was twenty glasses of beer a day. He had had nine children—eight were dead, and the living one was paralysed. A man of thirty was in prison for assault. He had had seven children, only one of them being now alive. A woman of forty-one had a drunken husband. Of her eighteen children four were alive, and one was in an asylum. A woman of fifty-two had had nineteen children, and seven of them were alive. A woman of thirty-eight had had nine children, but all were dead. Both she and her husband drank heavily. A woman of forty-four had had twelve children, one of them being now alive. The husband died of paralysis of the brain. A woman of thirty-one had had nine children—"All dead, thank God," she said. One must echo that and say, when one remembered the forces of heredity, "Amen." A man of fifty-four, an old soldier, and an ex-prison official, was charged for murdering his wife. They had had nine children—all stillborn. A woman of forty was in for neglecting her children through drink. She had had thirteen children, but only three were alive. In these and other cases he found that of 136 children born, 114 of them were dead—either stillborn or dying the first year after birth. Surely this infanticide through drink was a subject on which we could appeal to the hearts of the parents.

LEARNING TO LET GO.



LIFE has so much "let go" in it! Every day we learn to let something go — some dear hope, some cherished plan, something of joy or of sorrow. The sunset never leaves us quite as the sunrise found us. The changes may be but slight, often we are unconscious of any change, yet something that was ours yesterday is gone to-day, something saddens or gladdens our lives to-day of which the yesterday gave no promise; and the morrow holds for us that of which we know not. We cling to the to-day, but it tarries not. With silent footfall, Time bears the hours away and we learn to let go. Happy for us if we let none of the soul-wealth go! Happy, if we keep the purity of purpose, the steadfastness of will, the uprightness of our way, and let the sunshine of honest endeavour brighten all our days. Some things

we cannot keep ; there are dear hopes and joys' dear plans and pleasures which will fade out with the yesterdays, but much of the brightness of them all, the real good our tender thoughts and pure purposes have wrought in our own hearts, even though we failed to carry them out as fully as we wished ; the bright threads woven amid the gray of every-day life, the precious memories, the play of the sunshine at the south windows (life has so many south windows if we will but open them !), the chirping of the little brown sparrows, which never wholly leave us—all these we may carry with us from day to day, from place to place. Yesterday's sunshine may strike through to-day's clouds.

There is this one great comfort in letting our friends go into the beautiful beyond : in letting them go, we keep them our friends, our very own, for ever. Friends left here may change and become indifferent to us, but those who go on will not change. The love they gave us here will be ours yet more surely, yet more blessedly, there for ever. I thought of it this afternoon as I stood by the window and watched a funeral procession going slowly along. I saw the casket which held the precious " house of clay " from whence the spirit had ascended. A mother gone from her little ones ! My eyes filled in pity for them, so sadly bereft, yet I cannot believe the dear tie which bound them to her and her to them is broken. She has let go of life here but to find fuller life elsewhere, and will she not still watch tenderly over her children ? Unchanged by the changes the years may bring, unforgetful in her love, she is still " mother." I cannot think she will be too far away to heed their heart-cries, though mortal eyes see her no more for ever. She will come to them in silent houses, and, though they may not know from whence comes the comfort, the comfort will come just the same. The mother-form they must learn to let go, but the mother-spirit, the sweet influence of her love and gentle teachings, will be theirs always. That which we let go is very dear and precious, but, after all, it need not be, it is not, the best things of life. Much which the sad to-day takes from us, the beautiful to-morrow will give back in richer, fuller measure.

So that we ever " hold to that which is good " in our own hearts, so that we let nothing go which adds to our manhood and womanhood, but keep clean hands and a pure conscience, we can bear all the rest, sad and drear though it may be. The sunshine of the to-morrow shall gladden the to-day ; the beautiful life of love and joy in the Hereafter shall lighten the burden of the Here. The good-bye is but for a little time—a little more waiting, more love, an earnest upbuilding of life and heart, a looking onward and upward, a peaceful letting go of earth-life, a laying down of the tired body in unbroken sleep, a glad awakening of the soul where the good-byes are all said, and naught of joy or gladness, naught of peace or beauty, must be let go again for ever. Broken buds here, beautiful blossoms there ! Sad partings here, glad greetings there ! Laying the foundations here, building the perfect structure there ! Letting go the " house made with hands " for the dear Lord's " many mansions " ! Leaving the cross, wearing the crown !

I love to think of it all, but not with idle dreaming. Ah no ! the crown must be *won* before it is *worn ;* won by patient, steady work for the right, wherever found, by love and good-will to all. Love is the crown-jewel, the key-stone. Having it, we have riches untold, and need fear no letting go. EARNEST.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

THE paths are dusty, and the grass
Is withered, brown, and dry ;
The river gleams like molten glass,
And brazen is the sky.

The roses droop upon the tree,
The merry birds are still ;
The sheep are panting noisily,
Beside the lazy mill.

The very breeze that fans your cheek,
Seems from a furnace blown ;
Your throat is parched, and, when you speak,
Your voice scarce seems your own.

But hark ! a patter on the leaves
Comes with refreshing sound ;
The sparrows twitter from the eaves,
The skylark spurns the ground.

Faster and faster falls the rain,
The sun is blotted out ;
It rattles on the window-pane,
And fills the waterspout.

The grass looks fresh and green once more,
The roses bloom again ;
The scented woodbine round the door,
Seems grateful for the rain !

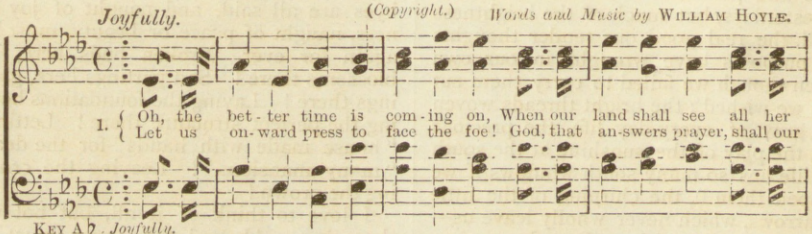
There is a perfume in the air,
A breath of cooling balm,
That rises like a grateful prayer,
Or grand thanksgiving psalm.

Ah, water is God's gift to all,
Then let this drink be mine ;
Oh may I never, never fall
Beneath the power of wine !

W. A. EATON.

THE BETTER TIME.

Joyfully. (*Copyright.*) *Words and Music by* WILLIAM HOYLE.



1. { Oh, the bet - ter time is com - ing on, When our land shall see all her
{ Let us on - ward press to face the foe! God, that an - swers prayer, shall our

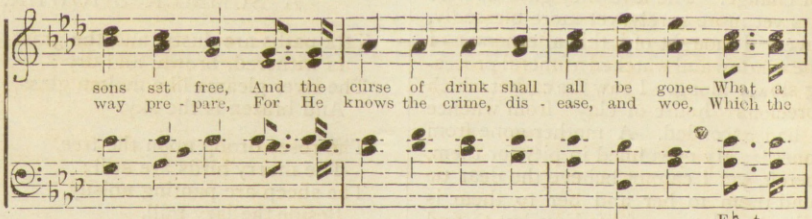
KEY A♭. *Joyfully.*

2. { :s₁ .,s₁ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :l | s :m .,m | s :s | s :m .,m
{ Bands of Hope shall spread and mul - ti - ply—Like an ar - my great they shall
{ All the land-lords of the town shall quake, For they soon shall find men of

3. { :s₁ .,s₁ | d :s₁ | s₁ :t₁ | d :d | d :d .,d | d :t₁ | d :d .,d
{ Pul - pit, plat-form, press shall thun - der forth, Till the pub - lic mind, un - to
{ In the poor man's cot what peace shall reign When he home re - turns with the

4. { :s₁ .,s₁ | d :s₁ | d :s | s :f | m :s .,s | m :f | s :s .,s
{ In the house of God what crowds shall meet! Hearts and minds re-newed, with new
{ Oh, the bet - ter time is com - ing on, When our land shall see all her

:s₁ .,s₁ | d :s₁ | m₁ :s₁ | d :f₁ | d :d .,d | d :r | m :d .,d



sons set free, And the curse of drink shall all be gone—What a
way pre - pare, For He knows the crime, dis - ease, and woe, Which the

E♭. t.

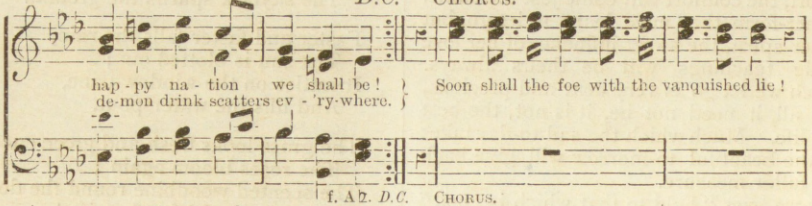
f :m | r :t₁ .,t₁ | d :d | d :r | m :l | s :ᵐl .,l
fill the state, And shall firm - ly stand when temp - ters try To en -
so - ber mind Will no long - er let them for - tunes make Out of

r :d | t₁ :s₁ .,s₁ | d :d | d :t₁ | d :d | d :ᵈf .,f
truth in - clined, Shall de - mand the laws of mo - ral worth, And not
cash he earns, And his chil - dren leap for joy a - gain—While a

s :s | s :s .,s | s :l | s :s | s :f | m :ˢd' .,d'
life en - dued, Res - cued from the drunk - ard's scorn - ful seat, Stand - ing
sons set free, And the curse of drink shall all be gone—What a

t₁ :d .m | s :f .,f | m :f | m :r | d :f₁ | d :ᵈf .,f

D.C. CHORUS.



hap - py na - tion we shall be! } Soon shall the foe with the vanquished lie!
de - mon drink scatters ev - 'ry - where. }

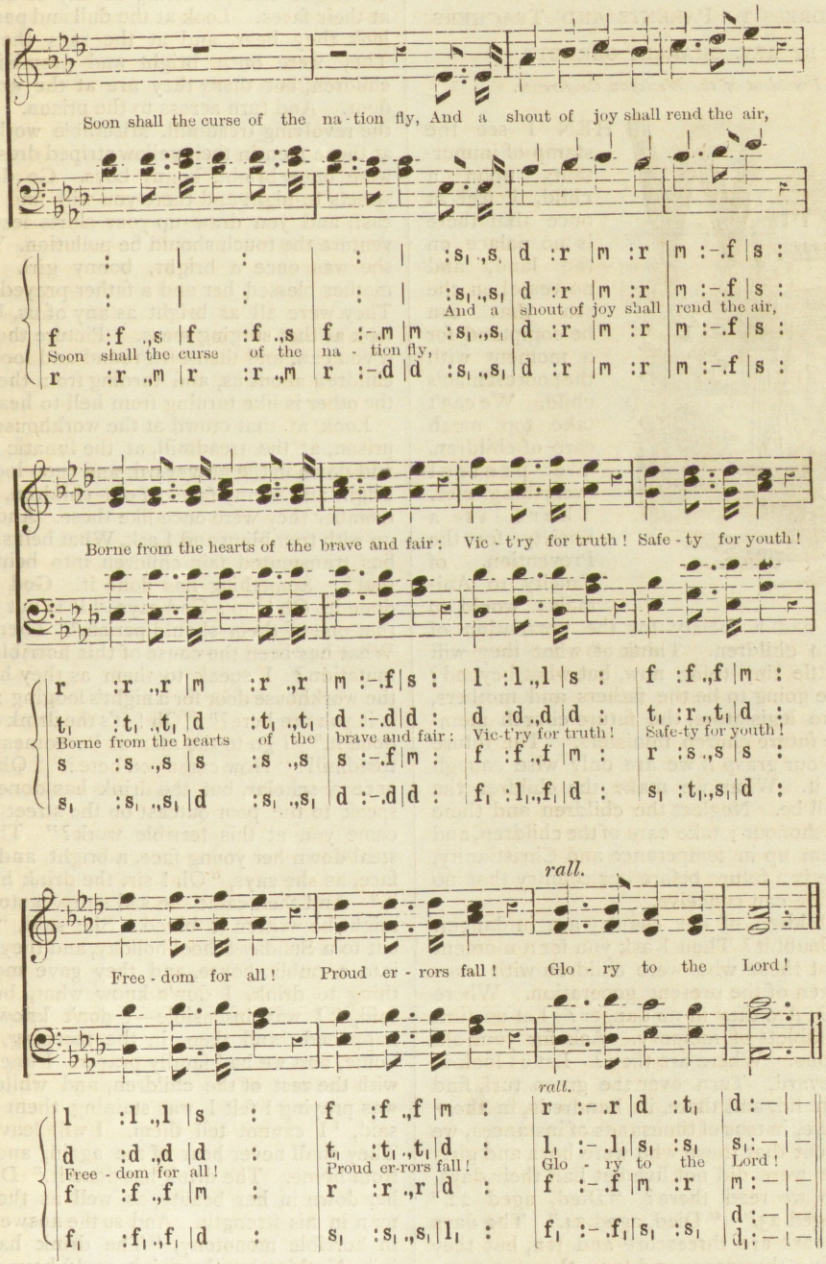
f. A♭. *D.C.* CHORUS.

s :t | d' :l .f | m :r | ᵈs₁ || s :s .,l | s :s .,l | s :-.f | f :
slave them with the landlord's bait. } Soon shall the foe with the vanquished lie!
drunkards wretch - ed, poor, and blind. }

m :f | s :r | d :t₁ | ᵈs₁ || m :m .,f | m :m .,f | m :-.r | r :
leave a trace of drink be - hind. }
grate - ful heart with - in him burns. }

d' :s | s :f .l | s :f | ᵐt₁ || : | : | : | :
with the ho - ly and the good. }
hap - py na - tion we shall be! }

d :r | m :f | s :s₁ | ᵈs₁ || : | : | : | :

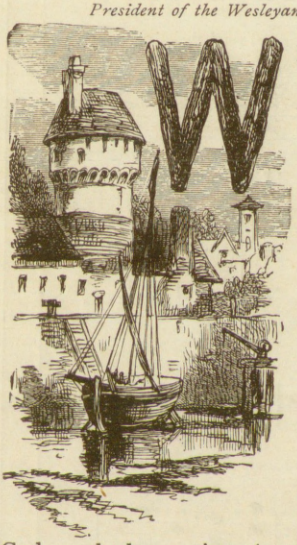

Soon shall the curse of the na-tion fly, And a shout of joy shall rend the air,
Soon shall the curse of the na-tion fly,
And a shout of joy shall rend the air,
Borne from the hearts of the brave and fair: Vic-t'ry for truth! Safe-ty for youth!
Borne from the hearts of the brave and fair:
Vic-t'ry for truth!
Safe-ty for youth!
rall.
Free-dom for all! Proud er-rors fall! Glo-ry to the Lord!
Free-dom for all!
Proud er-rors fall!
Glo-ry to the Lord!

THE CHILDREN IN DANGER.

An Address to Parents and Teachers.

BY REV. CHARLES GARRETT,

President of the Wesleyan Conference.



WHEN I see the stamp of immortality upon a child, I feel at once that there is no palace on the land, and no vessel on the sea that can be compared for a moment with the poorest man's child. We can't take too much care of children. We protect everything else. There is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; would to God we had a society for the prevention of cruelty to children. Think of what they will be: a little tiny thing now, but what beyond? They are going to be the fathers and mothers, the future legislators, the future church members, the future church ministers. The future is within our grasp if we are only wise enough to seize it. What we make the children the future will be. Neglect the children and there will be dishonour; take care of the children, and train them up in temperance and Christianity, and there is a future before our country that no imagination can conceive.

The children of our country are in danger. Do you doubt it? Then I ask you for a moment to look at those who were children with us—the children of the present generation. Where are they? Are they in no danger? Let us turn over the tablets of memory. Ask for your old companions. Where are they? Let us look in the graveyard. Turn over the green turf, find the coffin lid, and there, in hundreds, in thousands—aye, in tens of thousands of instances, we will find out that those who were boys and girls when we were did not live out half their days. What do we read there? "Died, aged 22." "Died, aged 23." "Died, aged 24." The days of our years are threescore and ten, but they did not live threescore and ten; they are gone. Let us look for some more of them. Go to that workhouse. There is a surging crowd waiting for relief. They were boys and girls as bright and promising as any of us. Look at their faces. Look at the dull and passionless look they bear, and at the rags they carry. They were once bright and promising little children, but there they are at the workhouse door. And turn across to the prison. There is the revolving treadmill. Miserable work! Look at those men in their yellow striped dress. They were once bright, bonny boys. Go down the streets to-night and there you will find the outcast, and you draw up your skirts lest peradventure the touch should be pollution. Yet even she was once a bright, bonny girl. Once a mother blessed her and a father prayed for her. They were all as bright as any of us, but now look at that surging mass. Picture their faces if you can, and then turn round and look at our children about us, and turning from the one to the other is like turning from hell to heaven.

Look at that crowd at the workhouse, at the prison, at the treadmill, at the lunatic asylum, and down in the graveyard, and then look at the bright and bonny faces of our children, and remember they were once like these. And now I go with trembling and I ask, What hellish potion has transmuted fair children into beings like that? Something has done it. God has not done it. Oh! no; God says, "It is not My will that one of them should perish." Then I ask, What has been the cause of this horrible transmutation? I speak to them as they hustle at the workhouse door for a night's lodging: "How is it you are here?" "Oh! it's the drink that has done it." I go to the man as he comes off the treadmill: "How came you here?" "Oh! I was once a scholar, but the drink has done it." I speak to the poor outcast on the street: "How came you at this terrible work?" The tears steal down her young face, a bright and bonny face, as she says, "Oh! sir, the drink has done it." And then came the sad story, a story that might be written in blood. She said, "I went out to a Sunday-school holiday, and they took us into a public-house, and they gave me something to drink, I don't know what, but," she said, "I was insensible—I don't know what happened; and then, in the morning, I went home, and we had family prayer. I knelt down with the rest of the children, and while father was praying I felt I was staining them all. I said, 'I cannot tell them. I will leave them. They shall never hear of me again,' and I fled from home. The drink has done it." Dragging her down in her beauty, as well as the young man in his strength. And so the answer comes in horrible monotony, "The drink has done it." Nothing but the drink could have done it.

If somebody could take that fair girl before our eyes, and by the administration of some

potion transmute her into what she is, would not the whole nation rise in indignation against him? But it is done surely though slowly by strong drink. Then what is to be done? Keep the child from the drink and drunkenness is impossible. Here is a house, and the drainage is bad. A poisonous gas exudes. It steals through all the house. You hear your friends talking about it. The drainage is bad. One child sickens. Another dies. The father says, "This is a serious thing. I am losing my children. What is the matter?" Somebody says, "Why, the drainage wants looking after. There is a poisonous gas in the house." "Nonsense," says the old man. "Poison, indeed! Slow poison. I have lived in the house fifty years, and my grandfather was a hundred when he died, and he lived here, and you say it is poison, indeed. No, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I will have the house new papered." "But are you not going to shut out the gas?" Oh! no. The house will be all right when it is newly papered." Yet they sicken. He says, "I will get them some new clothes;" he gets them new clothes, and yet the children sicken and die. "We will get them a new governess to see better after them;" and yet the children sicken and die. "We will have a prayer meeting in the house;" and they have it, and yet the children sicken and die. He says, "I cannot understand this." Somebody says, "Is there not an agent, a material agent at work? Is there not a poisonous gas in the house?" "Oh!" he says, "I have done everything." "No you have not." "What have I not done?" "You have not removed the cause. Remove the cause, and the effect will cease. I do not object to your new paper, your new clothes, your new governess, I do not object to a prayer meeting; but I say, so long as you keep the destructive agent in your house you will have the destruction. Remove the destructive agent, and your children are saved."

Need I make the application? John Bull has the house, and the destructive agent is alcohol, and he says, "We will have better houses." It does not do: he has got the alcohol there. He says, "We will have better teachers," but the alcohol is there. "We will have prayer meetings," but the alcohol is there, and as long as alcohol is drunk, so long the alcohol will do its deadly work. I say, "John Bull, remove the cause, and the effect will cease." How is this to be done? There are two things we can do. First to persuade John Bull to banish drink from his house; then there is another thing, and that is, to go to the children and ask them not to touch the drink. That is what we are doing, and if the children never touch the drink they will never die drunkards.

Who is to do this? I think the parents ought. There is a danger of parents devolving their responsibility on somebody else, and saying, "Let the teacher look after the education, and let the parson look after the religion, and let the dressmaker look after the dress, and let us go on our way." That is not God's way. Children are a heritage from the Lord, and God holds every parent responsible for doing all in his power to make the child what He would have it be. I say to parents, For your children's sake do not put strong drink on your tables. You may have prayer after it, but prayer does not affect the nature of alcohol. If I reach the gaslight it would burn my finger as surely as it would the finger of the greatest thief in England. Material agents are no respecters of persons, and I say, if you put the drink into your children's mouths you will have tears in your eyes by-and-by and sorrow in your heart. Then help to save the children.

But especially I look to the teachers. What are you to do to save the children? Set them a good example. Remember that it is as much your duty to lead the lambs in the right path as it is to feed them. Are you leading them in the right path? There are only two ways, and you have to choose which you will lead your children in. One is the broad, winding, indistinct, slippery path of moderation, and you may take your lambs there if you will; but look down the road, is it not red with blood? Have not a host of lambs perished already there? Look down at the road, and what do you learn? That if you take your class of ten along that road one of them will perish. Oh! my fellow teachers, I will take you by the hand and I will lead you to your class. There they are—the ten children: which will you lose? Which one shall it be? The bright, bonny, blue-eyed girl here, or the one dark and thoughtful at the other end? On your bended knees ask which it shall be, and then determine that, whoever goes that road, a step in that direction you will never take. Then there is the other—the plain, straight, safe path of total abstinence. There is no lion there, nor any ravenous beast that goeth up thereon. It goeth close by Calvary. Lead your children in that direction, and remember you are responsible for the path in which you lead them.

At the struggle at Tel-el-Kebir there was, as you remember, a midnight assault. The British had no sufficient plans of the ground, and yet the Highland Brigade had to be led by the light of the stars round a dangerous circle in order to be at their post. Lord Wolseley selected a young naval officer that had taken the bearings of the enemy, and he said to young Rawson, "I leave you to guide the Highland Brigade by

the light of the stars to the post where they will be wanted at such an hour." The brave young fellow put himself at the front of those hardy men, and there in silence led them round the enemy till he got them to the position where Lord Wolseley wanted them to be; and then the enemy's fire opened and men fell all around, and Commodore Rawson was one of the first to fall. When the cry of victory went up Lord Wolseley, in the midst of all the responsibility and excitement of his position, was told that Rawson lay dying. He left his men and galloped across the field to the spot where the dying man was laid, that he might have one word with him before he passed away. Entering into the little tent that they had drawn over him, the dying man knew him, and a smile came over his pale face as he held up his trembling hand to the general, and looking him in the face, said, "General, didn't I lead them straight?" By-and-by, Sunday-school teachers, you will meet the great Captain of our salvation, and I pray that when that day comes you may look Him in the face as you think of your class, and say, "Captain, didn't I lead my class straight?"

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

BY UNCLE BEN.



IT is not always the good boy who gets on in this world and the wicked boy who comes to grief. Hard work does not always find large pay. Clever dishonesty seems often more successful than simple integrity. But worldly good fortune is not the highest end of life. The unrighteous still flourish as the green bay-tree. Much obscure heroism and patient industry meet with no very profitable return. But in the noblest sense many victories are worse than defeats, and some failures are better than triumphs.

No large share of good fortune seemed to fall on Roger Coulson. He was a quiet, steady-going lad, never first in anything, always content to follow a lead. He was not idle nor careless; he was unambitious in the extreme, generally well-behaved and orderly. His Sunday-school teacher said it was no credit that he was good in class, because he could not help it. He was thought to have too little pluck and spirit by his companions, and his day-school master said there was not much in the lad; he would never do very much in the world; no one need fear he would ever set the Thames on fire. All the friends who knew him rather looked on him as being a little too mild and soft—"more like a very middling girl," his Uncle Adolphus said. He was contented, and therefore almost always happy.

He was not quick to learn, and had not a good memory. He never cared about rough, boyish games, and had no very intimate friends among the boys he knew; he was not popular, for he never went in for "a lark." He had temptations like all of us, and was very far from being perfect, but in a common and dull way he was a good boy. He tried to do right; he was very truthful, never disobedient, and could always be relied upon. He did not know the power, or even the meaning, of moral greatness, but it slumbered in his heart like genius often does in great artists. His was a very quiet kind of goodness; no one praised him. He thought very little about himself, and when he did it was because some one else had made him feel his own deficiency.

He went daily to the grammar school of the little country town in which he lived. In connection with this school there was an endowment and an annual exhibition for the sons of tradesmen in the town, which was open to boys under twelve. The one who came out first in the examination had his education for nothing until he was sixteen, and then was allowed to compete for an Oxford scholarship. Roger's parents were very anxious for their boy to pass this examination, and gain a free education and become a scholar, and, as they said, a gentleman. They, unfortunately, did not know that any one might be a gentleman, whether he ploughed the land or owned it, whether he were a mill-hand or a master-hand, if he were gentle in spirit, kind to all, and a doer of noble deeds.

His father had sent him for two years to the grammar school, in the hope that he might get on what was called "the town foundation" and be a free scholar, and to spur the boy to work hard the promise had been made that if he failed to pass the examination he should be withdrawn from the school and sent to the British school, where the fee, instead of being four pounds a quarter, was only a shilling a week. Roger was anxious to gain this exhibition; he had set his heart on it, if possible, and he worked hard and well. As the time drew on he did all he could to gain the desired end, often in playtimes laying aside his amusements to take his slate and do sums, as he was very slow in arithmetic. He did his best up to the very last. But when the day for examination came poor Roger was very nervous. Only three boys



"Often in playtimes laying aside his amusements, to take his slate and do sums."—p. 108.

were to be examined : one was a little lad who only went in for practice—he expected to take the exhibition next year ; and one other boy, who was clever, but had not intended trying until just at the very last. Roger knew this boy would take the first prize in his class, and felt sadly dismayed when he saw him come smiling into the examination room. The three boys sat each at a separate desk, with one under-master in the room, who remained writing or reading a book. The papers were given to them exactly at nine o'clock ; the first was Latin. Then, at ten, a grammar paper, and history from eleven to twelve. It was near the midsummer holidays ; the day was hot, and the sunshine gloriously bright. The silence at times seemed almost oppressive. Through the open window would come the hum of the many boys in the large school-room, the wind in the trees, and, every now and then, the banging of a door broke the stillness, and dim, far-off sounds came in with the flies. The advent of a large "bumble bee" arrested all their attention ; the master and the three boys followed that buzzing insect with their eyes as it wandered about, beating itself up against the panes of glass as if determined to go through that way into open air. At length, when it flew lower, to the open part, as if by accident, and the sound died away, all looked at one another and smiled. The master said, "Come, boys!" and the noiseless pencil-writing was resumed. In the afternoon the subjects were arithmetic, French, and a short essay, the time being from two till half-past four. Roger had done his best when the master said, "Time's up!"

He went away with a heavy heart, fearing he should be beaten. He had rather expected no competition, and he had hoped to satisfy the examiners, believing himself fairly up in the subjects. His parents were annoyed and vexed with him when he told them what he feared might be the result of his efforts.

A week after—a day or two before the breaking-up—the head master said after prayers, at the beginning of morning school, "I have to inform the school that James Albert Dodds has come out first in the late examination. Roger Coulson was not far behind, and has only missed being equal by a few marks."

Roger heard the words, he had expected it ; but to see all eyes turn to him as the defeated candidate seemed almost too hard. But he did bear it all like a man—no one knew what it cost him, and the bitterness of the disappointment. The boys said it was only what they expected.

Mr. Coulson was angry, and kept his word, took Roger from the grammar school, and said, if he did not know how to make the best of his advantages he could not have them, and the British school was good enough for him. He was a grocer, and as the boy would have to come behind the counter, it was useless to throw money away on him. For if there was one thing Mr. Coulson could not endure it was failure in any form—he worshipped success. He had been successful in his way, once having been the errand boy in the shop he now owned.

Roger took heart bravely, endured the reverse of fortune with regard to his lot, and at fourteen put on the apron and began his shop work. He was honest, truthful, and faithful, and did more for the glory of God selling tea and sugar than many a man of great position. His father had a grocer's wine and spirit license ; he said it had been the making of his trade. Roger had learned another lesson, that success is not everything, and when he came to take the business, on his father's retiring, he did not renew the license. Many said, "What a fool the young man is ; but is it not what you might expect from him?" That is only one instance of the many quiet conscientious things he did that asked for no reward and sought no praise of men. He is a Christian gentleman grocer, who went to the British school because he failed to be as clever as Albert Dodds, who drank himself to death before he was twenty-five ; and whether Roger Coulson lives for long or not, men will know his worth when he dies, and then "One will crown him king far in the spiritual city."

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON THE BODY.

ALL writers are agreed in placing among the common effects of the free use of tobacco, debility and loss of tone of the stomach, nausea, failure of appetite, indigestion, and constipation of the bowels. The liver also is liable to suffer. We have known sick-headache and bilious vomiting to arise from this cause, and to recur periodically until they entirely disappeared with the disuse of tobacco. The complexion is rendered sallow, and the face and body lank and thin. Even the physiognomy is sometimes altered and the countenance distorted, the mouth growing lopsided by carrying the quid or cigar, or pipe mostly on one side. Not unfrequently a gap is made in the jaw, the teeth being destroyed by the heat and acridity of the pipe or cigar. The nose, too, is disgustingly deformed by long use as a snuff-box. The lungs suffer in some instances, a cough being induced, attended with emaciation, resembling pulmonary consumption. The heart comes in for a large share of mischief. Its intimate relation to the stomach, and to the nervous system,

leads to irregular action and palpitation, and to a disorder known among writers as the fatty heart. In this condition the muscular fibres of the heart, on which depend its strength, are softened and weakened; and its walls are liable to stretch with the pressure of the blood, thus laying the foundation for what is called aneurism. The same diseased condition is still more common in the large arteries near the heart. Persons with fatty hearts are always liable to sudden death; without a moment's warning the heart may burst, or it may suddenly cease to act without rupture.—*H. Gibbons, M.D.*

WEBS.

WE are all weavers, and the webs we are weaving are no two alike. Some are bright and beautiful, others dark and sombre, some unchanging in hue, others of every shade.

"The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colours all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown."

Only those who wear sunny faces and throw the shuttles with willing hands and hearts, have a right to expect encouragement. People are not apt to be interested in those who go about their tasks as though they had no care for the work only to get it done; or keep recklessly, aimlessly weaving, regardless of the silver threads which might with a little attention be so woven in as to brighten the whole piece. Truly 'tis

"Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder."

Because we cannot see immediately the good resulting from our efforts, have we any right to conclude that no good has been done? No, indeed! We are told to wait. It may be "the hardest time of all," but what of that? Surely the coming of the glorious day, when, if we faint not, we shall gather the ripened fruit, will more than repay us for the waiting, weary though it be. Let us then each seek to so fashion the web we are weaving, that when the loom shall be still, the work finished, and the light of God's infinite love and justice falls upon the web, it will be radiant with gold and silver threads, and by God's marvellous power the imperfect parts joined together shall shine as a perfect whole.

SISTER LYDIA.

FAR BETTER.

YES, surely 'tis far better that, for ever safe and blest,
Your tender lamb is gathered to the loving Shepherd's breast;
Earth's brightest scenes full often are o'erspread with wintry gloom,
But in that land of brightness clouds and darkness never come.

Yes, surely, 'tis far better that the nursling of your love,
Transplanted from earth's garden, blooms more brightly now above;
For there no blight can enter, and no crushing storms may beat,
There beauty grows more beautiful, and loveliness more sweet.

Yes, surely, 'tis far better, though within the saddened home
One voice is never heard now, and *one smile* can never come.
Fond memories crowd around you, and the stroke is hard to bear,
But through your tears look heavenward; ye shall find your darling there.

Yes, surely, 'tis far better, since the Father willed it so;
Infinite is His wisdom; His design not yet ye know:
This ye *may* know and trust in—what He does is done in love,
Ask not the "*Why*" and "*Wherefore*," till ye reach your home above.

E. C. A. ALLEN.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

WHEN verdure first bedecked the earth,
In Eden's happy bowers,
The Lord, 'tis said, at cool of day,
Came down amongst the flowers.

To each He gave a fitting name,
To each a word of love,
And blessed the garden He had made
Fair as His heaven above.

Again He came, at close of day,
And walked among the flowers;
But one He saw, a blossom fair,
Was sad in Eden's bowers.

The loving Lord bent tenderly,
And raised its drooping head;
When "Lord, my name I have forgot,"
The blue-eyed blossom said.

No chiding word the Master spoke;
"Forget-me-not," said He;
And smiling on the sad, sweet flower—
"Lo, this thy name shall be."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

IT is doubtless hard to die, but it is agreeable to hope we shall not live here for ever, and that a better life will put an end to the troubles of this. If we were offered immortality on earth, who is there would accept so melancholy a gift? What resource, what hope, what consolation would there be left us against the rigour of fortune, or the injustice of mankind.

HAPPY is the man advanced in years who can look back upon his former life with satisfaction.

THE real wants of life are very few; the imaginary ones are indeed innumerable.

A MAN who teaches his children to labour at some honest calling, at the same time giving them habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

HARD labour followed out diligently is a wonderful solace under affliction, for a man who has work to complete by a given period has but little time to be either sad or sorry.

LORD CASTLEREAGH made so many new words that Canning called him the literary coiner. "He has got a mint in his mind," said he. "Mint in his mind!" rejoined Sheridan; "would he had sage in his head!"

THE editor of the *Albany Express* says that the only reason why his dwelling was not blown away in a late storm was that there was a heavy mortgage on it.

JOSH BILLINGS says—"A reputashun once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will alwus keep their eyes on the spot where the krack was."

A QUAKER, giving evidence on a trial, was asked by one of the magistrates, who had been a carpenter, why he should not take off his hat? "It is a privilege we, as Quakers, are allowed." "If I had it in my power," said the angry justice, "I would have had your hat nailed to your head." "I thought," returned Obadiah, "thou hadst given over the trade of driving nails."

ANOTHER UMBRELLA STORY.—During a recent shower, says a New York paper, a citizen carrying a very wet umbrella, entered a hotel, to pay a call to some one upstairs. After placing his umbrella where it might drain, he wrote upon a piece of paper, and pinned it to it, the sentence:—"N.B.—This umbrella belongs to a man who strikes a 250-pound blow. Back in fifteen minutes." He went his way upstairs, and after an absence of fifteen minutes returned, to find his umbrella gone, and in its place a note reading: "P.S.—Umbrella taken by a man who walks ten miles an hour. Won't be back at all."

WHAT renders man unjust? Are not errors and prejudices the causes of the abuses of power? If you really wish to prevent the commission of injustice, you must first remove error and prejudice. Any one entrusted with power will abuse it if not also animated with the love of truth and virtue, no matter whether he be a prince, or one of the people.—*La Fontaine.*

OF all injustice, that is the greatest which goes under the name of law; and of all sorts of tyranny, the forcing of the letter of the law against the equity is the most insupportable.

"WHAT must I do," asked a mean and conceited man of a friend who knew him well, "to get a picture of the one I love most?" "Sit for your own portrait," was the reply.

"THERE is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto; and he heartily added, "I'm glad there isn't."

Notices of Books.

Hearts and Homes, with eighteen good illustrations, a collection of stories by several authors. The book is fairly well got up, and is certainly cheap at the price, two shillings, published by F. E. Longley, Warwick Lane.

From the same publisher has come a packet of Penny Guides—for the Rhine, the Channel Islands, Amsterdam, and the English Watering Places on the East Coast. Each one has some information combined with advertisements. Also three penny Acts of Parliament rendered into very plain English: The Married Women's Property Act, the one relating to bills of sale, and the sale of food and drugs. Also a small illustrated story book, price one shilling, called *Silver Bells.* Gospel temperance is to be found between the covers of this little volume.

Cheerful Homes: how to get and keep them. By Dr. John Kirton, author of "Buy your Own Cherries," published by Ward, Lock and Co. This book is nicely illustrated, interesting, practical, and full of capital suggestions for home-life.

Publications Received.

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

Notices to Correspondents.

The Editors do not undertake to return rejected contributions.

All literary communications and books for review to be addressed to the Editor.

Letters on business to be directed to the Secretary, "Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

Received with thanks:—Rev. J. S. Balmer, Ed. Hayton, W. A. Eaton, D. Lawton, L. Slade.

WE GIRLS.

A Story of School-Girl Life.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

Chapter VIII.—Gretchen's Home.



MARGHERITA ZIFFEL soon established for herself a good reputation in all parts of Sheffield House. Her perseverance and excellent abilities gave her schoolmistresses and teachers the greatest satisfaction, and she almost directly became immensely popular with the whole school. The absurd prejudices against her, which had been indulged in by some of us, melted like snow in the sunshine of her bright presence and the music of her sweet voice. The recreation ground seemed quite dull and empty if she were not in it, and there was a kind of rivalry between us who should win her praise. She obtained the nickname from one rather saucy girl of "German Sunshine," and it suited her so well that everybody sooner or later adopted it. She laughed at the name, and called it too good and too complimentary, because German sunshine was so specially bright and sparkling that we might feel it a mistake if we ever saw it for ourselves in the dear old fatherland. She used to say with demure fun that Germany was indeed her fatherland and England as certainly her motherland, from the circumstance of her mother being born here.

"I am richer than you, girls," she often said. "I have a fatherland and a motherland, while you have only an Ingle-land."

"But when the Ingle encloses father and mother and brothers and sisters it is as good as yours, Gretchen," said Mary Forbes one day smiling.

And Gretchen assented, but added, "With a difference though, Mary; as you must see, dear."

Ada and the little knot of girls who acknowledged her as chieftainess were quite a long time before they were entirely won over by Gretchen's gentleness and grace and lovingness. But even they could not be proof against her charms. Sylvia Moore was very anxious to discover the position, or "status," as she pedantically called it, of the "German girl's father," and at last questioned Margherita herself.

"I don't think my papa troubles himself about a 'status,'" said Gretchen dryly. "If you mean how does he get his money, I will tell you. He is a merchant who sells sugars and teas wholesale to shopkeepers."

Few of us could help laughing at the frank answer Sylvia had received.

Then Gretchen demanded in her turn, "And your papa, Miss Moore, what of him? I suppose he has a status, has he not?"

"My papa is a wine-merchant," said Sylvia proudly.

"Oh, *I am so sorry!* What a pity!" was Gretchen's response.

"Why!" exclaimed Sylvia in surprise. "He gets a great deal of his wine from Germany, your country, you know."

"That only makes me more sorry," said Gretchen; "I would so much rather people sold things to make others happy, than to make them miserable."

We loved to set our new companion talking about her German home, and by degrees we became as familiar with the ancient city "in the valley of the Pegnitz" as if we had visited it.

"It is such a dear old place," said Gretchen; "its very age would make you love it and its old associations. Oh, if I could only take you all to see our old castle and its museum!"

"I suppose we shouldn't think much of Lewes after Nuremberg?" suggested Edith.

"I did not say that," returned Gretchen politely; "but of course our castle is much larger and much more preserved than yours, and there are rooms nicely furnished in it now, which fit it for a royal residence if our good old Kaiser Wilhelm would like to visit it. But I don't suppose he will. In the court stands the old tree planted hundreds of years ago by Queen Kunigunde. She is said to have been a good queen and very kind to her subjects; that is why they like to remember that she planted this tree. If I could take you to the old castle I would show you the great well made by the prisoners, that is so deep that I used to think it was *miles* down to the water. They light a piece of candle and lower it, to show you at what a depth the water begins; and the noise of a pebble thrown into it is quite a time before it reaches you, and sounds, oh, so far away!"

"Do tell us some more, Gretchen."

"There are the chambers of torture in the museums, where they keep all the dreadful things used, to make prisoners reveal secrets."

"Did they?" asked Emily.

"What, reveal secrets? I think they must have done, often, to avoid such horrible tortures.

ONWARD, AUGUST, 1883. *All Rights Reserved.*]

It is most dreadful to think of people being so cruel as to invent them. Fancy what it must have been to be rocked in a cradle lined with spikes, which tore your flesh in every direction as you rolled against them!"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Emily.

"In one room there are pictures of people enduring all sorts of hideous tortures, and then there is the terrible Jungfrau herself."

"I thought the Jungfrau was a mountain in Switzerland, near a town called Interlacken; my papa has seen it," said Sylvia, as if she had discovered a great flaw in Gretchen's information.

"Yes, indeed, you are right; there is a mountain called the Jungfrau, and a very beautiful one too," returned Margherita; "but there is also this deadly 'maiden' of which I now speak, whose embrace killed the person who bore it. The arms opened and drew the wretched creature to certain death, by pressure against cruel spikes."

"You Germans," said Ada satirically, "have a wonderful talent for cruelty, I think."

"Well, if you will come into another museum at Nuremburg, you will see they have also a talent for something better. Albert Durer's sketches and pictures will convince you of that. Oh! and there is also a picture that ought to make every one who looks at it abstain from wine."

"Is there, Gretchen? Do tell us about that."

It was Carry that spoke. She had been listening with apparent attention, yet without joining in our conversation hitherto. She often did so now; she was so grave and quiet, so different to her old self, that I could not feel quite free to treat her as I had done. I hoped she did not notice the change of which I was painfully conscious.

Gretchen always appeared glad to oblige Carry, and went on at once to describe the picture.

"It is a grand historical painting; I like that kind of picture best, don't you, Carry?"

"I can't judge, Gretchen; I have not seen many fine pictures."

"It represents Otho, the emperor, when a dissipated young man, going after a feast to the grave of his grandfather, apparently to perform some drunken vow, or hastily formed resolution. One of his more sober advisers, an older man, begs him not to go, warns him, but the warning is unheeded, and his intoxicated companions and his jester go on into the vault. And there is the great emperor Charlemagne himself rising like a pale shadow of the past, to receive them with majestic dignity and stern reproving countenance."

"That's fine," said Emily, who listened attentively, conscious that she was thus adding a new and congenial tale of horror to her store.

"The consternation and terror of the young gentlemen are so finely brought out," said Gretchen; "you can quite *see* their fright, and Otho looks a little as if he intended to profit by his lesson and forsake his vices."

"If he did not after *such* a dreadful warning, surely he never would," said Carry gravely; "I should like to see that picture."

"I hope you will do so," said Gretchen warmly. "You know how much my uncle wishes that you should visit him and us. We will look forward to that; when I go home next summer you must accompany me."

Carry smiled faintly, but shook her head. "I do not see the possibility, dear Gretchen."

"Christmas is the proper time to visit Germany. I can't imagine how I shall do this year without our Christmas-tree and all the other dear delights of my Nuremberg home. Oh, I must tell you my funny fancies about our statues. When I was a little child I believed them to be real people. We have such a beautiful one of Albert Durer quite close to the place where we live, near which is the old house called Durer's House, because he was born or lived there. I used to look up at him always on my way to school, and say, 'Gute morgen, mein Herr Albrecht Durer,' and I firmly believed he smiled at me, just as if he was saying, 'Good little girl, always speak to me like that.'"

We laughed at Gretchen's fancy.

"And even when I grew too old to imagine that a statue could hear me speak," she continued, "I only grew all the more proud of the true fame of my illustrious townsman."

"I have not the least idea for what he was or is famous," said Ada in her satirical way; "of course, you will say that is because of my ignorance; but I am rather suspicious that he is more of a hero to you Germans, and especially to you Nurembergers, than he is to the rest of the world. Did he make some special toy? I have heard of Nuremberg being famous for articles to please children."

Gretchen's sweet face flushed; she seemed about to speak hotly and indignantly; then evidently tried to conquer herself, and before she answered Carry Jones spoke on the subject.

"Why, Ada," she said, "you must be forgetting yourself. Albrecht Durer is a world-renowned wood-engraver and painter; his engravings and paintings are in almost all the most famous art galleries. I am indeed surprised that you could think he only made new toys, when immense sums are given for specimens of his wondrous art, and Gretchen mentioned his pictures before."

Gretchen had the generosity not even to seem to wish to further annihilate Ada. We all

begged her to continue her pleasant talk about her famous city.

"It is such a dear old-fashioned place," she said; "even the railway has not been able to get inside the city walls, so we are quite primitive people. We have no tramways either, though there are so many in Germany, and we are closely surrounded by ramparts, which form quite a pleasant walk."

"You said there were *statues*, and you only told us about the one of Albrecht Durer," said Emily. "Who was the other of, or who were the others of?"

"The other one I used to love so much also, and look upon as a real person, was that of Hans Sachs, our cobbler poet, of whom we are very proud. He must have been a genial, loveable-looking man, and I could not bear to go away from him sometimes; he seemed to me to like to have me near him. He was not so high up as Albrecht Durer. He sits on the top of a pedestal, with railings around it, with his leathern apron on, so homely and so natural, and a book of his verses in his hand, as if he would read them to you if you liked to wait and listen. I used to stand, and so do many other little children stand, close outside the palings and talk to him. 'Dear Vater Sachs, I have blundered at school to-day,' or 'Dear, kind Hans, I wish thou wouldst help me to do this sum.' And it felt to me as if his answer was, 'I struggled from ignorance, dear child, by hard toil into the light of knowledge; do thou the same, and thou wilt be happier for my advice than if I helped thee.'"

Again Ada laughed sarcastically. "Oh! Fraulein Margherita Ziffel," she said, "you must be innocent if you do not comprehend that such a sage reflection as that was not natural to you at that age, at any rate, and must have been somehow interpreted for you by one of the wiser people by whom you were surrounded, and who were glad to enlist Hans Sachs into the service of making you love school and study."

"I never wanted much of that," said Gretchen mildly. "I always liked school so well that it was never any trouble to me to go, but only to stay away."

"Dear little paragon!" said Ada, in a tone which you could hardly resent, and yet you might very much dislike.

"Tell us some more," said Mary Forbes.

"You would like to see the beautiful old house called the Peller Haus, with its carved front and its oriel windows; then we have many other fine houses, and our Rathhaus or town hall is a handsome building. My uncle says there never was such a city for windows with balconies as Nuremberg, except in Italy, where in some cities almost all the houses have them."

"I wish you would tell us some of the things that seem different to you in England and Germany," said Edith. "Do we look like Germans? you look just like an English girl."

"Ah! but then my mother *is* English, you see," returned Gretchen. "I don't think you will say that my uncle, the professor, looks like an English gentleman."

We all laughed. "No, no, indeed!" burst from our lips.

"We go to school much earlier in the day in Germany than in England, and we make it more our decided business than you do. Children with us think of school as their employment and occupation, just as the employments of older people are in shops, in offices, in warehouses, in the army, in the farms, and so on. If you will forgive me for saying so, I think we make almost more of our homes than you do. We don't want to be grand so much as to be comfortable."

When Gretchen said this, we looked at Ada and at Sylvia, and at each other, and slowly but unavoidably we all, all save Carry Jones, burst into a merry fit of laughter. Without knowing it, Gretchen had exactly hit off the weakness of these two, and of the little party in the school who always sided with them. They were so anxious to be grand, that they very often lost sight of comfort.

"Do you German girls drink much of the lager beer?" asked one of us, a girl called "Florence," whom I have never had occasion to notice before.

"Much of it!" repeated Gretchen, in surprise; "no, indeed. Children with us very rarely drink beer or wine; and we, you know," she added, looking tenderly at Carry Jones, "have been educated never to drink anything of the kind."

"I did not know before that there were teetotal societies or bands of hope in Germany," said Mary; "what do you call them, Gretchen? tell us the German words for them. We should like to know."

"Oh, there are none, so we shall have to make a name," said Gretchen, merrily; "let me see, shall we say 'Die Hoffnungsvolle Gesellschaft, or 'Die Bande von Hoffnung'?"

"What does that mean?" asked Edith, who did not learn German.

"The 'Hopeful Society' or 'The Band of Hope,'" replied Gretchen. "Which sounds best? We must draw up some rules. Why should I not introduce the principle of total abstinence into my dear Vaterland? I am sure it would be as good for us as for you. We also need it. When we leave our country for a time, we should try to find something good to carry back. All the great discoverers did that. As we were reading to-day, Sir Walter Raleigh brought potatoes and tobacco."

"That was not something good," said Emily quickly; "I can't bear smoking."

"And papa says," remarked one of our young companions, the daughter of a London physician, "that tobacco injures more boys than strong drink does, and that the reason why soldiers are not so tall as they used to be is because of the smoking that goes on amongst mere children, which stunts their growth."

"We shall want our hopeful 'Gesellschaft' to be pledged against drink *and tobacco*," said Gretchen, gaily, "for German boys are worse smokers even than English. And our German doctors say just what your papa says, Fanny; and so now there is a law made against the smoking of young children."

"Then there is no use in having a society," said Ada, in her cold manner.

"Oh! but," said Gretchen, "it would be far better for our boys to do it themselves, voluntarily, than to be *made* to do it."

"I thought it was something they were not to do," said Ada.

"I mean I would so much rather they saw it was a bad habit to smoke, injurious to their health, their pockets, their manners, and even their morals, and so gave it up on *principle*, than because they were made to by the law, which some of them would very likely try to break slyly, unless they understood the good of the law and why it was made. I am glad we have talked about all this," said Gretchen; "I shall be quite busy now about the Gesellschaft, and must have some rules ready to present to those who will join me on my return."

(*To be continued.*)

PERSEVERANCE.

BOYS, did you ever think of the meaning of the word "Perseverance"? It is, as a Yankee would say, a big word! The negro's definition was a very good one; he said it meant, "Holding on, and nebber letting go." It is this *never* giving up that is the chief quality of a persevering man. All the great men who have accomplished wonders for the benefit of their country or their fellow-creatures, have succeeded by having this quality well developed.

We used to sing at school—

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again;"

and you will find that after all it is the real secret of all success. However great a man's talent may be, he will never reach the top of the ladder without incessant and persistent effort.

"For by long toil and ceaseless pain
Man makes himself immortal!"

W. A. EATON.

THE BOYS ARE COMING ON!

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

THE men are growing old and grey,
Their work will soon be o'er;
Their faces, careworn every day,
We soon shall see no more.

But on there comes a joyous throng
Of blithe, light-hearted boys;
The lanes are vocal with their song
And merry with their noise.

They gather on the village-green,
Like warriors for the fray,
And many a victory is seen
Ere the closing of the day.

At every sport in which they share
Some wondrous feat is told,
And here and there an urchin fair
Is marked for leader bold.

And every heart with hope beats high,
And every limb grows strong,
While merry shouts make echoes fly
And pass the hours along.

The men are growing old and grey,
Their work will soon be o'er;
But boys will soon forsake their play
And rise to place and power.

While men are growing old and grey,
The boys are coming on,
To show the world in future day
What triumphs may be won.

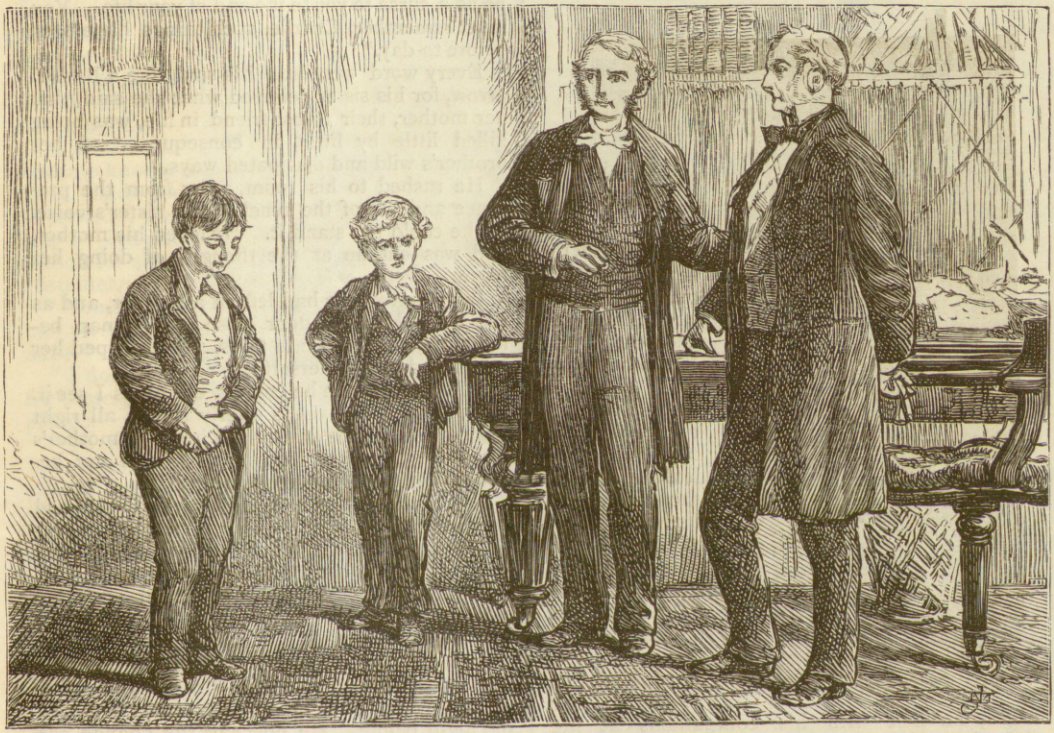
With joyful heart and courage high,
Firm will and honest face,
They mark our nation's destiny,
And fill each honoured place.

They make the teachers of mankind,
With fearless soul endued,
The guides who nobly strive to bind
Men in one brotherhood.

They make the leaders in debate,
Mighty in voice and pen,
Whose words strike death to evils great,
And rouse the hearts of men:

The poets born with heavenly sight,
Sweet singers from the skies;
With nobler strains of love and light,
And deeper sympathies:

The champions bold who never yield,
Though thousands round them fall—
Brave heroes on life's battlefield—
Honoured and loved by all.



"While men are growing old and grey, the boys are coming on."—p. 116.

When old men sleep in silent grave,
And young men take their place,
Who are these heroes good and brave,
A blessing to our race?

The glorious ranks of brave and good
Were earnest boys, and wise;
Who storms of trial fearless stood,
And bravely won the prize.

The careless ones in gaols are found,
Some in the poor-house lie;
And some, with sin's dark fetters bound,
In shame and anguish die.

These joined in childish sports, and were
As joyous as the rest,
And on their dimpled faces fair
A mother's kiss was pressed.

And many a dream of future bliss
Filled the mother's heart with joy;
As the prayer she taught, and stooped to kiss
Her precious, darling boy.

Fair, darling boys! we see you pass
From many a peaceful home,
And many a mother asks, alas!
"What will my boy become?

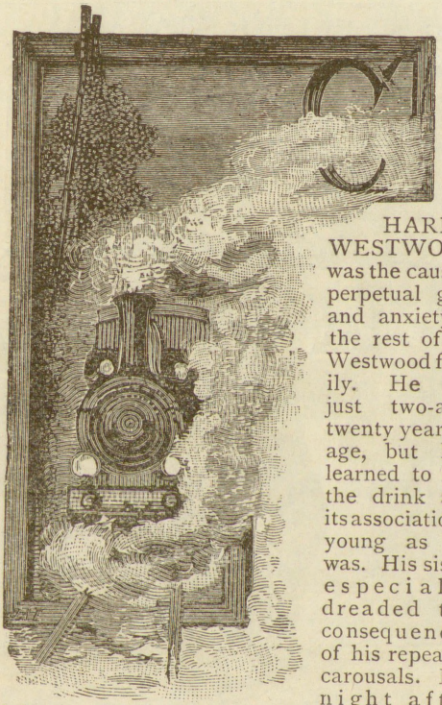
With bounding step and lightsome heart
You are entering on life's race,
Take caution, boys, before you start,
Lest sorrow dim your face.

Before you lies the road to fame,
Through toil and conflict sore;
The noblest men have trod the same,
And fought the fight before.

The careless ones who turn aside
For things of trifling worth,
They never make a nation's pride,
Nor blessings bring to earth.

Then up! and onward in the race,
The world hath need of you;
There's a lasting fame and honoured place
For all the brave and true.

CHARLIE WESTWOOD.



HARLIE WESTWOOD was the cause of perpetual grief and anxiety to the rest of the Westwood family. He was just two-and-twenty years of age, but had learned to like the drink and its associations, young as he was. His sister especially dreaded the consequences of his repeated carousals. For night after night, he met with his companions at the "Golden Lion Hotel," and night after night came in half stupid through intoxication. One night when he was unusually late, his sister said as he stumbled into the lobby,

"Oh, Charlie, I fear you are breaking mother's heart by your wilful ways."

"I can't see it, Lucy. Don't alarm yourself when there is no reason."

"There is just every reason, Charlie; you may depend upon it, mother feels it more than any words can tell."

"How is it then she says nothing, if she feels it as you make out?"

"But you know how she *has* talked to you about this very thing. I think she has lost hope, Charlie; her fears on your account are just crushing her. I see a marked change in her, and I believe it is nothing else but the way she thinks about you."

"Lucy, Lucy—this talk is horrid—why can't a fellow enjoy himself a little without being brought to book in this fashion? It cannot be on my account that mother looks dull and ill—I do not believe it."

"Well, Charlie, she says so. It would be an awful thought for you were she to die, and you be the means of shortening her days—it would be as a curse to you to the end of your life. You must remember, Charlie, such things have been before to-day."

Every word went into his soul like a barbed arrow, for his sister believed what she said, that her mother, their truest friend in life, was being killed little by little, in consequence of her brother's wild and dissipated ways.

He rushed to his room, away from the presence and out of the reach of his sister's voice, for he could not stand it. He loved his mother, and was cut up at the thought of doing her harm.

Lucy thought he had left in a temper, and as she heard his room door close with a snap behind him, she burst into tears. She clasped her hands and said to herself:

"Oh, how I wish he could see it all as I see it. I think he is not yet so utterly lost to all right feeling, as to go on drinking, if he knew mother's real thoughts about him. But he will not believe it; no, he will not believe it."

Now, just at that moment, Charlie Westwood was very seriously considering the matter that his sister thought he would not consider at all. Her words had been backed by the blessing of God, and were destined to be as good seed scattered into good ground, which springs up and bears fruit a hundredfold.

In the morning the sorrowful appearance of his mother's face struck him with a significance which gave point to all that his sister had said the night before. He now saw the change she had spoken of, and it made him feel intensely miserable.

He was resolved to turn over a new leaf, and did so. There was no hope for him but in this. He felt somehow that he would be safer, and better able to resist temptation if he were a pledged abstainer.

He did not tell his sister for several days anything of all this.

The first evening after he had signed the pledge he spent at home, to the manifest surprise of them all. His mother was more than pleased to have him sitting by her again, as it had once been his custom to sit. How she longed in her heart for his reformation. And she lifted up her thoughts to God in secret prayer on his behalf.

The second evening and the third he remained at home, and while in conversation with his sister, things took such a turn as made it perfectly easy for her to suggest to him the advisability of becoming a total abstainer, and taking the pledge. He smiled, and said to her in reply, "All that has already been done, Lucy. I signed the pledge three days ago, but did not tell you of it. Now the question is, can I keep it?"

"Oh, Charlie, how you surprise me! How

glad I am to hear you say so. Mother I know has been praying all along for this, and will be so delighted. I will become an abstainer, too, and help you."

And so she did, and they, in their experience found that two are better than one, for counsel or for fight.

A while after Lucy had signed the pledge, it became known to her companions. And one of them made haste to enquire; she said, "Lucy Westwood, whatever made you take so foolish a step? You above everybody else could have no reason for signing the pledge and becoming an abstainer."

"You are greatly mistaken if you think so. I had a very good reason for doing what I have done."

"I do not understand you. It is all very well for those who have been drunkards to sign the pledge."

"There may be other good reasons," answered Miss Westwood, "besides that though, why one should become an abstainer. I signed the pledge to help Charlie."

"But Charlie will never sign the pledge, I am sure, for he has said so in my hearing."

"But Charlie *has* signed the pledge, I am happy to say."

"I am amazed!"

"Well, perhaps so," said Lucy, "but I assure you it is true."

Here the conversation closed, and they separated. And when Lucy Westwood's companion was alone, and had time to reflect, she thought that perhaps Lucy had done the right thing after all. And then she thought the act was a noble act when it was done to help her brother. Lucy felt perfectly satisfied at any rate in her own mind at what she had done, and only wished that her brother might be kept from becoming a drunkard.

And he was kept, and his life was made a blessing to others. EDWARD HAYTON.

A MEMBER of the House of Commons had been paying attention to a young lady for a long while, and had taken her to attend the House until she was well posted in the rules. On the last day of the session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet of flowers, and said to her, "May I offer you my handful of flowers?" She replied promptly, "I move to amend by omitting all after the word 'hand.'" He blushingly accepted the amendment, and they adopted it unanimously.

IN what place did the cock crow, when all the world could hear him?—In Noah's ark.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING IN BOARD SCHOOLS.

WE earnestly commend to the consideration of teachers and school-managers the following instructions recently issued by the London School Board:—

"That in view of the prevalent evil of intemperance, and its serious consequences to the community, advantage be taken, as opportunity offers, of imparting special instruction to the children in Board Schools as to the dangers arising therefrom."

After careful consideration, the committee adopted the following resolutions, which are now forwarded for your information and direction:—

(1.) That whenever the opening lesson of the day—from the Holy Scripture—supplies a suitable opportunity for the occasional instruction of the children, by examples, warnings, cautions, and admonitions, in the principles of the virtue of temperance, the teachers should avail themselves of it.

(2.) That the reading books and copy books for use in schools might be rendered largely helpful in this direction. Such reading books and copy books are now to be had, and might well be placed on the Requisition Form. (Form 32.)

(3.) The picture cards, diagrams, and wall-papers illustrative of the subjects of industry, sobriety, and thrift, may be beneficially exhibited as part of the wall furniture of schools.

(4.) That songs and hymns at the selection of the teacher, on the subject of temperance, be incorporated with the musical exercises of the school.

(5.) That the board be recommended to grant, free of charge, the use of their schools after the usual school hours for illustrated lectures by well-qualified lecturers to children attending the schools, but that the attendance at such lectures be purely voluntary on the part of both teachers and scholars; the lecturers and their subjects in each case to receive the approval of the School Management Committee.

(6.) That the Works Committee be instructed to supply a drinking fountain in the playground of every board school.—Your obedient servant,

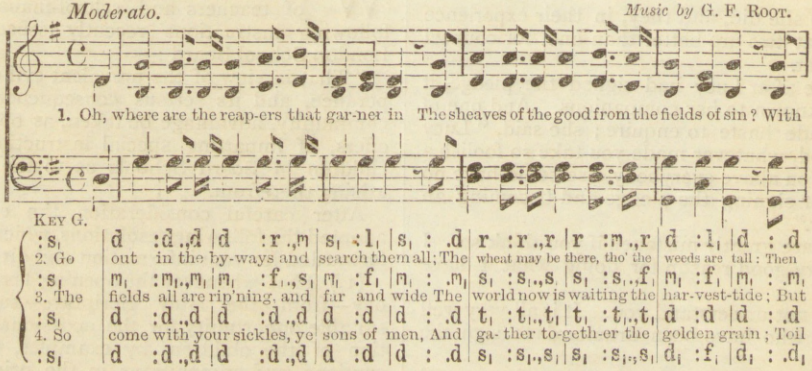
G. H. CROAD, Clerk of the Board.

IT is all very well to say, "Give a boy a chance to work at what he takes to;" but supposing he doesn't take to anything? Why, then, the best course to pursue is to give him a chance to work at something he doesn't take to. If he won't go willingly to the work, the work must be brought to him.

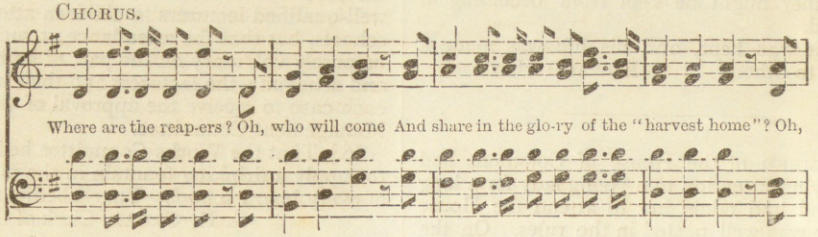
WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

Words by E. E. REXFORD. *Music by* G. F. ROOT.

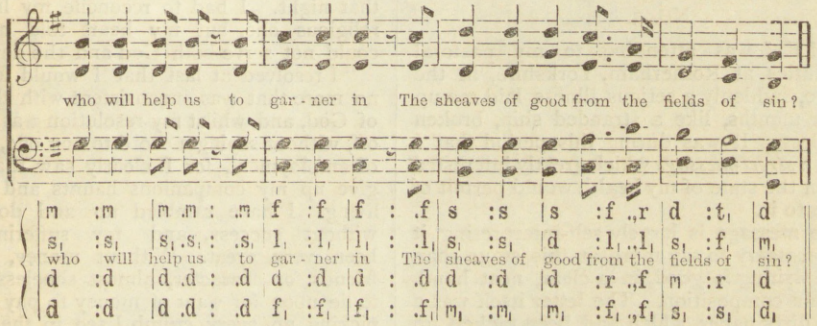
Moderato.



CHORUS.

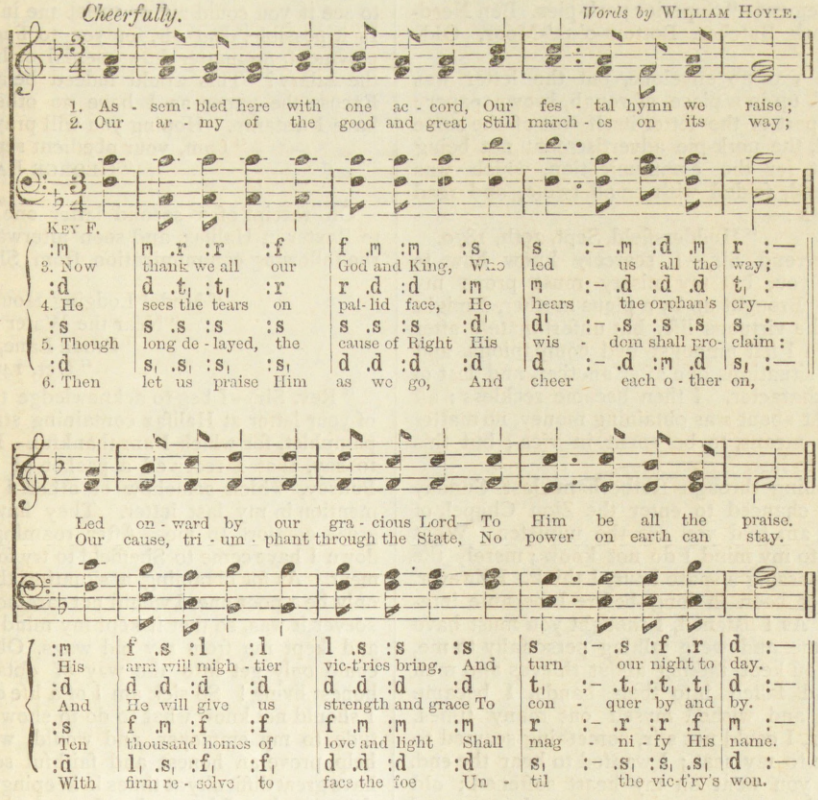


WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?—*continued.*



ASSEMBLED HERE WITH ONE ACCORD.

Cheerfully. *Words by* WILLIAM HOYLE.



MESSAGES FROM THE STREET.

BY REV. J. S. BALMER.

No. 3.

WHILE I was attending to my pastoral duties at Rotherham, Yorkshire, in the year 1870, suddenly a serious illness laid me up for three months, like a stranded ship, broken and useless. It was during this period that I received a *street-message* which greatly interested me, when the state of my health would permit of attention to it.

As the message is largely self-interpreting, it is not necessary to say more at this stage than that the writing is good, in a clear, neat hand, and of fair composition. The letter itself was a piece of dirty paper, which had been picked up from the street. On it was the picture of a pork-pie, and thereon the following words, printed in large type, showing that it had been intended as a wrapper for goods, and also for an advertisement: "Superior pork-pies. Ben Needham, Pork Butcher, Bottom-o'-th'-Moor, Oldham."

There was no envelope, but the letter was wrapped up in a piece of rough, brown paper; indeed, part of the letter itself was of the same material, the pork-pie advertisement not being sufficient for the communication, which was unstamped, folded with small twine, and read as follows:—

"Huddersfield, Sept. 29th, 1870.

"Reverend Sir,—I scarcely know how to address you, but my misery must prove my excuse. Brought up by a pious mother, I might have led a virtuous life, but unfortunately after her death I fell amongst bad companions, and lost my situations one after another, and last of all my character. I then became reckless; all I thought about was obtaining money, no matter by what means, to be spent in vice; but this was not to last.

"Strolling through Rotherham last Sunday week, I chanced to enter the Zion Chapel, of which I am told you are the minister. What put it into my mind I do not know; merely the idea of passing a spare hour, I think. However, I had not been in long before I became interested. As I listened, I thought you must have known me, and were talking personally to me, and as you kept talking about thieves and men who had fallen into their hands, I became alarmed and wished myself out many times. However, I could not stir, something seemed to rivet me to my seat; I wanted to hear the end. And as you went on my heart softened; old recollections came to my memory. I contrasted the happy faces around me with my own miserable condition; I thought of the dying charge of my poor mother, and how different I might have been had I but kept it. When I came out I could not help but shed tears. I could not rest that night. I had to reconcile my life with a religious one, but my heart told me that I could not serve both God and the devil.

"I resolved at last that I would lead a life no more that was inconsistent with the service of God, and whilst my resolution was new I set off, without saying a word to any one, in search of employment, for I clearly saw that I must give up my companions' haunts and modes of living. I have rambled up and down since without success, and my sufferings have been very great. Without money, situation, friends, or character, almost shoeless; no bed to lie upon for want of money to pay lodgings; picking up every crumb I see in the street to appease my hunger, for to beg I cannot, and to steal I want not. My condition is indeed desperate. After praying to God to aid and strengthen me, it occurred to me to write to you to see if you could aid or assist me in any way. Is it possible, dear sir, for you to find me employment, no matter how menial or how small the salary? This would indeed be a blessing. Excuse the paper as I have no other, neither have I a stamp. Hoping you will pray for me,

"I am, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE BAXTER."

On receipt of a second letter one was sent to Baxter at Halifax, and soon afterwards came the following communication from Sheffield:—

"Model Lodging House,
"Near the Water Fountain,
"Broad Lane, Sheffield.
"Oct. 14th, 1876.

"Rev. Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter at Halifax containing stamps and pamphlet, for which I am thankful. I also beg to say, that I received a packet of leaflets at Pudsey, which somehow or other I forgot to mention in my last letter. They have been a great comfort to me. After roaming up and down I have come to Sheffield to try for employment. As for obtaining a situation that would only be a poor one, I would not care how humble soever it was, so that it kept my mind employed and kept me from my old ways. Oh, sir, if I could only get into the way of obtaining an honest living! So sick am I of a life of sin, that I should not know what to do to show my gratitude to my employer, and would, with God's help, prove an honest and faithful servant. I have great difficulty at times in keeping down bad thoughts, but I know that I must nip them in the bud or they will get the upper hand of me. Should you wish to see me, if you will send me

word what will be the most convenient time I will come over.—I am, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE BAXTER."

When this letter had come to hand, I requested my "home secretary" to send Baxter an invitation to come and see me at my house in Eastwood Vale, Rotherham, being only five or six miles from Sheffield.

In the meantime I took into my counsels Mr. George Shaw, an employer of labour and a gentleman in possession of a great Christian heart. He believed that prayer is one of the mightiest forces in the moral universe, and that intoxicating liquor is one of the most gigantic evils in this world. His faith worked by love and purified his heart. I knew and trusted him.

It was about six o'clock of a very dull and wet October day when I was told that a young man had called and asked to see me. I was wrapped with shawls and in a state of great weakness; the bare announcement of the young man's call made me tremble in every limb; but with an anxious wish to see what kind of man Baxter might be, I proceeded down the stairs, it being only the second time since my illness commenced.

I found him in the study. When I entered he stood up, as erect as a soldier, with hat in hand, and evincing the manners of one accustomed to good society.

Baxter was in appearance about thirty years of age, of a slim build, dusky of complexion, with symmetrical features, and eyes as restless as if he was under police scrutiny. His height was about five feet eight inches, and he was dressed in fairly good black cloth. I was too weak to talk much with him, but with such words as a man in my situation might be expected to use I did converse for some time. Then I gave the poor fellow a note to take to Mr. Shaw; for he stoutly refused to have tea with us, giving as his reason that the condition of my health forbad it.

Mr. Shaw at once found him employment in the fitting-room of the works, in which were manufactured various kinds of stoves, fire-ranges, fenders, etc. Our hearts were glad on learning that the man had put on a white apron, and that he was applying himself cheerfully to his task; for there was at least a chance of a better life for the weary-hearted prodigal.

For a little more than a week Baxter got along well, only at times he felt tired with work to which he was unaccustomed, although Mr. Shaw made it as light as possible for him. Nor was he altogether free from moral difficulty. Alas! he had learned that "the way of transgressors is hard."

He was just rising into a spirit of hopefulness, and his work was becoming easier every day, when *a woman* turned up to torment him. She was his evil genius. He had then been with Mr. Shaw a little more than a week. The day after she came to town they both disappeared, and never came back. I fear they were both swallowed up in the great troubled sea of vice. Oh! that our young people would know the preciousness of good habits and the value of "wisdom's ways"; for

> "Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
> As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

IT comes, it comes, on angel-pinions borne,
From yonder glowing east, the Sabbath morn;
It comes, it comes, all hallowed and benign,
Whispering to earth a tale of things Divine.

A Sabbath morn all nature loves to greet,
A Sabbath morning's very name is sweet;
It comes of days the brightest and the best,
Loved in its duties, lovely in its rest.

All vulgar sounds to-day have left the breeze,
All but the music of the waving trees,—
The soothing chimes of early Sabbath bells,
And love-notes wild which yonder blackbird swells.

The smithy's anvil and the village mill,
The whisking flail and woodman's axe are still,
The ploughboy's whistle and the herdsman's call,
With reverence due, are hushed and silent all.

'Tis now the jaded ass is left to browse
In winding lanes o'erhung with hawthorn boughs;
'Tis now the horse, from whip and harness free,
Snorts at the wind, and prances o'er the lea.

This day the peasant, hard and coarsely fed,
Changes his smock, and combs his fleecy head,
Smiles at the fields his weekly toil has blest,
And hails the morn that bids the peasant rest.

Again the bells are pealing in the air;
It is the hour, devotion's hour of prayer,
When gathering crowds the village church attend,
To worship God, their Father and their Friend.

The peasant here is equal with the squire,
Their voices mingle in one general choir;
One faith is theirs, one Lord they jointly claim,
They look to Heaven through one mysterious Name.

O happy throng! where hearts in homage rise,
Grateful to Him that every good supplies;
O blissful Sabbath, day divinely blest,
Loved are thy duties, lovely is thy rest.

OUR SEASIDE DAY.

BY UNCLE BEN.

OURS was rather a small school. It was called "select," chiefly because the terms were high and the house was not large. The "select" aspect of our academy was to be found in the quantity, or rather lack of quantity, and not in the quality of the boys, for I am quite sure we were not better than others of our age. Among the good institutions of this seat of learning was an annual excursion to some place of interest, which took place before the mid-summer breaking up. The excursion partook of the nature of a picnic—that is to say, we carried our own provisions and ate them out of doors, in the presence of many flies and insects who desired to "go shares." Our parents paid all expenses, which were carefully recorded in the half-yearly bill, with the exception of the one important item we termed "grub."

Our means of locomotion was a 'bus, on which very much might be written, for it was a very old-fashioned 'bus indeed, and I am sure the natural history of that 'bus would deeply interest any intelligent and impressionable reader, for its public and private career, with all its adventures and misadventures, would be worthy the pen of Macaulay or Grote. There were only two 'buses in this little country town, with its one long, quiet street, and neither of them quite full size. The one we had on these eventful occasions was called the "Big-un," simply because it was a little larger than the "Little-un," whose daily duty it was to meet the few trains which stopped at Circlehurst Station from London. It never would deign to meet a train that did not come from London unless especially ordered to do so some time beforehand.

Our destination on this particular journey was a small seaside village, about fourteen miles away, called Avonmouth. The day's programme was something like this. The 'bus was to be at the door soon after breakfast, about nine; we expected to reach the shore of the shining sea about half-past eleven; then those boys who cared to bathe might do so under the watchful eye of the usher, who was always spoken of as the second master by the principal, but since there was no third, although he bore a distinguished name, we never looked on him with much awe, but more as a friend in authority. After the dip in the sea (which included a long run upon the sands, with quite as little on as if clothes had never been invented), we were to return to a place appointed on the beach, and find ready a lunch laid out on a white cloth kept down judiciously by a variety of large stones, set here and there to prevent the wind carrying it away, and spreading the eatables all over the shingles and sand. The repast consisted of a few thick sandwiches and plenty of bread and cheese, with one bottle of ginger-beer a-piece; and as the glasses were few, the most approved fashion of drinking was simply to cut the string, let the cork blow off so as to hit a neighbour if possible, and let the effervescing nectar fizz down the throat.

Then the head-master proposed a sail for all who liked to go with him, and the usher was to take the smaller boys for a little row along the shore in one of Bob Sandford's tubs, which were said to be warranted not to capsize. Back again, when the voyaging was over, to a substantial meat tea; after which we were allowed an hour's liberty to go where we liked, spend our burning pennies, or scramble about on the rocks and shore until the time for starting on the return journey, about half-past seven, to be back in the fading twilight as near nine as possible.

One need not recount the many plans we made and re-made, the many things we meant to do and not to do; all our expectations for that day would fill pages. And now the day came at last, and it was as fine as fine can be in that beautiful district of the sunny south. When that two-horse 'bus came up our delight was triumphant; there we stood with peas in our trousers pockets and tin-shooters secreted up our sleeves, and gallantry in our hearts that made us resolve, no matter what temptations might arise, we wouldn't shoot at girls, and not even at small boys, for we believed ourselves to be born gentlemen, being the sons of our mothers, whom we knew to be true ladies. I should like to tell about the struggle for box-seats, and how the strongest boy in the small academy insisted on being conductor, and what he said he would do to any one who stood on the step with him. How the master came up during the contest for seats, and hauled us all down by word of mouth, and then by seniority we ascended the 'bus, as though we were soldiers under orders to leave our native land for service. How the strongest boy took his turn with the rest, and no one was left to conduct the 'bus. But the master said that when we got outside the town into the country, Tom Littlewood, the smallest boy in the school, might stand on the step if he liked, and how we all envied him in his unfeigned delight at his elevation to this post of honour. How we hailed everybody, and cheered every member of the female persuasion, from old women to little girls. How we stopped to bait the horses half-way, and thought them a grand pair, although the harness was very scanty. On what intimate terms we soon were with the driver, who told the boy next him that he had "driv that 'ere



"The usher was to take the boys for a row."—p. 124.

old 'bus off and on for more 'an thirty year." Time would fail me to tell of all we did, until the lunch was over, and the next event for the day was either a sail with the head-master in a two-ton schooner-rig, or a row along shore in Bob Sandford's Tub, called the *Fairy Queen.*

It was dreadfully hard to decide which was best to have, the sail or the row; both had advantages. All the big boys wished for the sail; but the truth was, I was afraid of being sick, and elected in my heart for the row, but did not like to say so. So I took my place with the elder boys in the Tub, to be rowed off by Bob to the sailing vessel then being got ready to go out to sea. Just as we were being shoved off, my little brother came running up and said, all out of breath, "Oh, Fred, do get out and come with us; we shall have a lark, you fellows, for the Boss has given old Longshanks leave to see some friends, so we shall be alone with Bob in his Tub. We can land wherever Bob lets us, and have such a spree, you can't think."

This was just the straw I needed to turn the scale for me. "Oh, Bob Sandford," said I—"Mr. Sandford, do let me get out and go with you for the row with my brother John."

So out I jumped, even at the eleventh hour, while kind-hearted Bob was saying in his merriest tone, "Well, look sharp, and if them there young rascals don't behave theirselves, I'll stow them away in a cave, or give 'em the cat, for we must have order and obedience on board ship."

Then I watched him row the Tub out to the sailing boat, glad that I had saved my inside from the fishes.

Bob was quite a character, a jolly tar. He had been in the merchant service, and what Bob didn't know it would be hard to tell him; he had come back to help his old mother when his father died. For his parents kept the bathing machines, and had several boats for hire. He was well known far and near; all round the coast every one had a good word to say for Bob. He always had a bright word for every one—in fact, he had only one failing, and that was he took a little too much when times were good.

When Bob came back, we juniors got into the Tub and had a glorious time. Bob took us round through an arch in the cliff to see a cave, let us all land, and stayed in to bale out the water, as he said. I came back soon to ask him to let me help him, and then in return to let me row one oar going back. He lifted up a kind of little trap door in the bottom of the boat and took out a tin mug, then raised one or two boards, and we began work. Presently I saw a black bottle—how well I can see it now! I said, "What's that, Bob?"

"It's Dutch courage," replies Bob.

"I don't know what Dutch courage is."

"Well, have a look," said he, handing over the bottle, and there I read on a label, "*Poison,*" written in large letters.

"How dreadful, Bob, to have it in so large a bottle; what do you have it for?"

And with that he took a long pull at it, to my horror, and then laughed to see my fear, and said half in earnest and half in jest, "I writes that on to keep the lads from taking any, but it don't hurt me."

Then the others came back, and we pulled again along the shore over the smooth swell of the sea to the place for tea. The day ended as happily as it had begun, and was long remembered in our school annals.

Two days after this seaside trip, before the school was dismissed, our master came in looking very grave, and said that in the morning paper he had seen the statement of a sad tragedy. The day after we had been at Avonmouth a boat called the *Fairy Queen* had been drifted ashore stern upwards, at a place some two or three miles along the coast. The boat belonged to a man named Robert Sandford, who had gone out alone for a day's fishing, and had not been seen or heard of since. It was believed the man was drowned.

How it happened we never heard, but Bob came no more to Avonmouth, and his mother died soon after of a broken heart. What, I wonder, had the poison in the black bottle to do with this mysterious end of our kind-hearted Bob?

THE STREAM AND THE SKY.

I HEARD such glad sweet music
From the brook as it babbled by,
That I stopped on my way to ask it
Why it sang without a sigh,

And never pausing a moment
In its song so wild and free?
It simply continued singing
Its way to the deep blue sea.

"I long to be up in heaven,
In the clear blue sky of God,
Far from the earth and the darkness,
Away from the dull cold sod.

But in my pools and shallows,
While here I stay, you see,
All hidden low in the grasses,
God's sky can come to me."

PETER SPENCE.

Glimpses of a Noble Life.

THE world keeps moving on and gathering up the wisdom and experience of the past for the benefit of future generations. The researches of the man of science, the labours of the philanthropist, and the persistent effort of well-doing in any station or department of life, all conduce to lessen the sum of human misery, and leave to posterity a brighter dispensation. We cannot read the story of a life ennobled by high intellectual gifts and large-hearted philanthropy without catching some rays of that splendour and goodness which burned within his soul.

On the 5th of last month Mr. Peter Spence passed to his reward. His loss will be specially felt amongst the ranks of temperance reformers, whilst all classes will unite in regretting the removal of a man whose career was one of honourable success, earned alike by intellectual and moral desert.

Mr. Spence was born in the year 1806, in the ancient city of Brechin. Through severe illness, the boy was led to give more attention to the laws of health than is common in young people, and to this may be attributed the green old age to which he attained.

In 1831 he abandoned the use of spirituous liquors, and in 1841 became a total abstainer. This suited his thorough-going disposition, and until his death he was a representative man among all who regard alcoholic liquids as injurious alike to health and morals.

Mr. Spence was a member of the United Kingdom Alliance almost from the first, and was one of its most munificent supporters. The English Anti-Tobacco Society was founded by him in conjunction with his son, Mr. Frank Spence. He was a warm supporter of Bands of Hope, was for several years president of the Manchester Temperance Union, and was chiefly instrumental in bringing to Manchester Mr. Francis Murphy to conduct two successive Gospel Temperance Missions. He also took an active part in the Good Templar movement.

Mr. Spence's business life began at Perth, but he removed to London, where his acquaintance with practical chemistry led to a patent, taken out in 1836, for the manufacture of Prussian blue. In 1845 he established the Pendleton Alum Works. From thence the works were removed to Newton Heath, where, in point of extent and completeness, they were unequalled.

The process for the direct treatment of aluminiferous minerals was patented by Mr. Spence in 1845, and has revolutionised the manufacture of alum, and had a correspondingly important effect on the many industries in which it is used. It would take too long to detail the various improvements which he effected, and which are chronicled in some fifty or sixty patents granted to him.

Whilst being an advanced temperance reformer, Mr. Spence had many other ideas and sympathies. He had been for several years in the commission of the peace, and was very attentive to the discharge of his magisterial duties. He was also a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and occasionally contributed a vigorous speech to the debate of some important topic. For many years he was an active director of the Mechanics' Institution. He was a member of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and read several papers before the members. He was a Fellow of the Chemical Society, and was also a familiar figure at the meetings of the British Association.

We have already said Mr. Spence was a warm supporter of the Band of Hope movement, and for the benefit of our youthful readers we would deduce this lesson from his remarkable life :—The road to success and happiness lies along the path of steadfast well-doing, and they who are the most persevering and walk in the truest spirit will be the most successful.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

IT is related of Frederic Chopin that his power with the pianoforte was such that he could hush the pupils of his father's school even in their most unruly moments. One day, when Professor Chopin was out, there was a frightful scene. Barcinski, the master present, was at his wits' end, when Frederic, we are told, happily entered the room. Without deliberation he requested the roysterers to sit down, called in those who were making a noise outside, and promised to improvise an interesting story on the piano if they would be quiet. All were instantly still as death, and Frederic sat down to the instrument and extinguished the lights. He described how robbers approached a house, mounted by ladders to the windows, but were frightened away by a noise from within. Without delay they fled, on the wings of the wind, into a deep, dark wood, where they fell asleep under the starry sky. He played more and more softly, as if trying to lull children to rest, till he found that his hearers had actually fallen asleep. The young artist crept out of the room to his parents and sisters and asked them to follow him with a light. When the family had amused themselves with the postures of the sleepers, Frederic sat down again to the piano and struck a thrilling chord, at which they all sprang up in a fright. A hearty laugh was the *finale* of this musical joke.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

ORDER AND CHEERFULNESS. — It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. These gild the apartments, but reach not the heart. A neatness, order, and a cheerful heart, make home the sweet paradise it is often found to be. There is joy as real by the cottage fireside as in the splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. The elegances of life are not to be despised. They are to be received with gratitude; but their possession does not insure happiness. The sources of true joy are not so shallow. The cheerful heart, like the kaleidoscope, causes most discordant materials to arrange themselves in harmony and beauty.

A WEALTHY man displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said, "Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me." "Share them with you, sir?" exclaimed the man; "what do you mean?" "Why, you allow me to look at them; and what more can you do with them yourself?" replied the philosopher.

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.—A certain New Yorker never has money enough on hand to pay his bills. A few days ago he bought a pair of boots on credit. "How much are they?" "Five dollars if you buy on credit, as usual, but ten dollars if you pay de cash down." "How is that?" "vell, you see," said the simple-minded German, "Ven I sells on credit I knows it is a dead loss, so I makes de loss so shmall as possible."

COLONEL HENDERSON says:—"Let people refrain for ten whole days from giving in the streets, and I engage London shall be cleared of beggars—not only clear of beggars, but of hundreds and hundreds of its poor little children saved from an inevitable career of disease, ignorance, drunkeness, and sin.

Mr. RUSKIN tells us, in his account of the Cathedral at Venice, which is the shrine of St. Mark's rest, that round the vault of the roof as the pillars of it are the Christian virtues, and first stands temperance, and fortitude the last, for he that endureth to the end shall be saved.

HOW HE GOT SHOT.—A little girl said to her mamma, "Mamma, have you heard of the man that got shot?" "No, child, how did he get shot?" asked mamma. "Oh," said young precocious, "he bought 'em."

THERE are over 3000 ministers in the Established Church, including seven or eight bishops, 800 Wesleyans, 700 Congregationalists, and 500 Baptists, making a total of 5000 abstainers.

"I LATELY visited a gentleman in a lunatic asylum labouring under general paralysis, and *his mind becoming idiotical.* He had lived temperately as regarded drink, but worked hard in a mercantile house, and smoked to excess. The phrase he made use of is, that he 'blazed away at a fearful rate.'"—*Dr. W. Henderson.*

"CÆSAR," said a good-natured gentleman to his coloured man, "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, massa?" replied Cæsar; "I know'd it at de time!"

TWO soldiers were bivouacking in the neighbourhood of Alexandria; lying beneath their blankets, they were looking up at the stars. Said Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife and loved war. What made you go fighting, Jack?" "I had a wife and loved peace, so I went."

THE family were telling riddles one evening, and the five-year-old told this:

"Four little hopper toads sat on a tree,
Two hopped off, and then there were three."

Nobody could guess it. "Well," she exclaimed, "one of them hopped right back again." "Who told you that riddle?" asked mamma. "Nobody," replied the little one. "I thunk it up myself."

Notices to Correspondents.

The Editors do not undertake to return rejected contributions.

All literary communications and books for review to be addressed to the Editor.

Letters on business to be directed to the Secretary, "Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

Received with thanks:—Rev. J. S. Balmer, Ed. Hayton, W. A. Eaton.

Publications Received.

The Temperance and Band of Hope Monitors—The Irish Temperance League Journal — The Rechabite Magazine—The Social Reformer—The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Temperance Record—The Dietetic Reformer.

Notices of Books.

First Steps to Temperance. By the author of "Miss Margaret's Stories." Published by the National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand, W.C. A very admirable little book of twelve short chapters, making sixty pages. The writer supplies a real need for young children in schools, families, or Bands of Hope, by giving to us valuable lessons in a truly simple form, in a wise and temperate spirit. The simplicity is jarred by such a phrase as this—"A healthy person should be able to work his stint." Although correct, it is hardly the language understood by children. The book has no scientific pretension, but commends itself by the inestimable virtue of common sense.

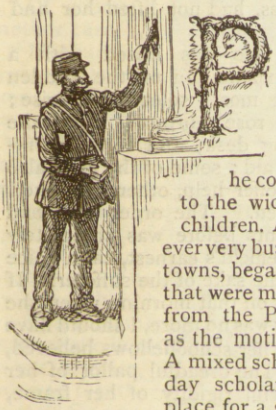
WE GIRLS.

A Story of School-Girl Life.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

Chapter IX.—The Crushed Flower.



PROFESSOR ZIFFEL remained at Leigh House some time after the funeral of his friend, as long, indeed, as he thought he could be of any service to the widowed lady and her children. And rumour, which is ever very busy, especially in small towns, began to suggest reasons that were most likely enough far from the Professor's intentions as the motive for his tarriance. A mixed school of boarders and day scholars is precisely the place for a great deal of gossip. The boarders very often have their dearest friends amongst the day scholars, and of course *vice versâ*, and retailers of news of the family doings of the day scholars have ready listeners amongst the boarders. Seminaries which are supposed to be mere nurseries of learning have thus very frequently other things sown in them than desirable information. Sylvia and other members of Ada's party brought in every fragment of tittle-tattle which they heard from their parents, their friends, and their servants; and the news grew considerably by the process of repetition.

"What do you think," asked Emily of me one evening, "don't tell Gretchen, of course, but her uncle is going to be married here in Lewes."

"What nonsense; if he is, Gretchen will know it, we'll ask her, she won't mind telling us."

"No indeed, not for *worlds*," returned Emily, adopting her tragic voice; "we might spoil the whole thing. It has been told me as the greatest secret, and I wouldn't betray her who told me for *anything*."

"Well, who is it to?" I asked, for Emily's dark, mysterious manner made me interested in spite of myself.

"Ah! who should you think? guess."

"Not Miss Sheffield!" I said, by way of a beginning.

"Miss Sheffield, indeed! I should think not."

"Well, I think she is the most suitable person I know of, for him, or else Miss Lancaster."

"Nonsense, Kate, what a tease you can be."

"Why, they are about the right age for him," I said demurely enough, "only they can't talk German, that would be a little awkward perhaps, but he can talk a bit of English, so they would soon get over that."

"You provoking girl, guess properly. Who lives at Leigh House?"

"Why, you don't need that I should tell you, Mrs. Jones and her daughters, Emma and Carry."

"Well, don't you know that when old Professors like that, marry, they always choose a young wife?"

"Not Carry," I said indignantly; "how dare you talk of her like that?"

"Carry! I should think not, it is you who are absurd, Kate; Carry isn't much older than I am; of course not Carry; do you suppose she would look so glumpy if she were in love and going to be married? I should think not. Not Carry, of course, but Miss Jones, her sister; Emma you said her name was, didn't you?"

"I don't a bit believe it," I said; "she isn't at all the kind of wife Herr Ziffel would have."

Emily burst out laughing, "How do you know, Kate Percy? did he tell you when you had the game of chess, what kind of wife he would like?"

I coloured and was silent for a little, then I said, "You had better not let Carry hear you talking like this about her sister; it is very disagreeable of whoever it was to say all this, just because Herr Ziffel was kind to the children of his old friend when they were very unhappy."

"You needn't be so strange, Kate, I suppose other people may know about it better than you fancy."

Carry had not come as a boarder after her father's death, though, owing to the want of sympathy between her and her mother, she would have very much preferred to do so. I noticed sometimes that she seemed very weak and tired after her walk from Leigh House, but as the morning advanced, she took her part in the duties of the day with more apparent ease and interest. Her place now was between Gretchen and myself. During her compulsory absence Margherita had won the marks that gave her a position above Carry, and though she generously entreated to be allowed to restore it to her on her return, neither Miss Sheffield nor Carry herself would accede to her proposal. I sat next below Carry.

That morning is engraven on my memory—the morning after Herr Ziffel had taken his departure by an early train for London and Germany. He took his leave of us all at Sheffield House the night before.

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He had insisted that the girls who were boarders should have a leisure afternoon, and take tea with him and his niece in the dining-room, and after tea he entertained us pleasantly with games, and music, and stories till our bed-time. He kept Margherita alone with him a full hour after we had all retired, and when my bedfellow came upstairs she was crying bitterly. I did not show I was awake at first, and then I could not help trying to comfort her. She accepted my whispered words of cheer very lovingly, as it was her nature to do, and then said—

"But you know, Kate, I shall feel further away from papa and mamma and the rest when my uncle has gone."

"You may *feel* so, dear Gretchen," I answered philosophically, "but you won't be so, for all that."

I have always found, both in my own case and in that of others, that philosophy is extremely easy to the persons who are not the sufferers, and extremely difficult to those who are.

Gretchen, dear, tender-hearted, affectionate Gretchen, cried herself to sleep in my arms, and when she awoke the bright sun was peeping in at our window, and her uncle was speeding away towards London on his homeward journey.

The sunshine also irradiated the schoolroom at Sheffield House a few hours later. It was a large, handsome, well-furnished apartment, and the sunbeams lit up the brass frames of the great globes and those of some maps against the wall. It shone, too, on Gretchen's fair hair, turning its flaxen hue into a more golden tint, while Carry's glossy brown locks were bronzed and crisped by its magic light. Prayers and reading always commenced the day in Miss Sheffield's establishment. I noticed, as we rose from our knees when the prayer was ended, how languidly Carry moved, and I thought, 'Poor dear Carry, I expect she has been up very early to see Herr Ziffel off; how white and how thin she looks.'

The reading went on: our chapter that morning was that grand exposition in the 11th of John, made by our Saviour of the source of Resurrection life and power which abides in Himself, and which He manifested to the world by raising Lazarus from the dead. We read verse by verse, and it was astonishing how much more real and living the words seemed when uttered by girls like Carry and Gretchen, than from the lips of Ada and Sylvia. It was a chapter that must have acutely tried the feelings of Carry, so lately sorely wounded by death in her family. It came to her turn to read that noblest verse of all, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

She uttered the words with beautiful emphasis, but as she ended a deathly pallor spread itself over her face, her limbs seemed to have lost their power, and she would have fallen forward on her desk, if Margherita and I, with a simultaneous cry of distress, had not lifted her and held her in our arms.

Miss Sheffield's face was raised with a frown to seek an explanation of the sudden interruption of that most solemn exercise; but Miss Lancaster rose abruptly from the other end of the long desk, and came hurrying along to Carry's aid; some of the girls also rose instinctively to offer help, others shrieked in fright, others cried. The order that had reigned a few moments before was completely disturbed. Miss Sheffield's earnest, calm voice demanded quiet for the sake of the sufferer. If I had not seen Carry on that morning when she learnt that her father was no more, I should have believed, as many of her schoolfellows believed, that she was dead. The dreadful pallor of her countenance, the awful rigidity of her frame, might well deceive any one.

All the scholars were presently dismissed to the recreation ground till the bell should summon them to their studies, all save Gretchen and myself, who were permitted to remain to render any help that might be necessary. Jenny, the housemaid, was despatched for a doctor, and I was desired to hold myself in readiness to take a message to Leigh House directly that gentleman had given his opinion. The nearest doctor came at once; he was a young man, only recently established in Lewes, but already, with his wife and pretty little children, favourably received there. It was impossible for him not to have heard something about the Joneses, so much had they come under the public notice during the last few days. Mr. Webb was kind, considerate, and compassionate; he advised some simple remedies, and a few hours of perfectly quiet rest, and promised to send Carry's own doctor to her, who, he said, would be able to understand better the causes from which this attack arose. He carried her into Miss Sheffield's private parlour, and laid her on the couch. The exertion of being moved caused the faintness to return, and Mr. Webb watched her anxiously till consciousness once more came back. Then he bade her kindly, but firmly, to abstain from talking, and, if possible, to go to sleep.

As he quitted the apartment, he smilingly proposed that we, her two friends—that is, Gretchen and myself—should be her body-guard, and prevent the slightest disturbance of her repose.

"This surely is a case, Mr. Webb," I heard

Miss Sheffield say as she retreated towards the door with the medical man, "in which a glass of wine may work wonders. I am surprised, my dear sir, allow me to say, that you have not ordered it."

"Not for worlds, Madam! Would you pour a glass of wine into the mechanism of your watch?"

"Of course not, doctor, but this is quite another case."

"Her mechanism, my dear lady, her internal organisation, mental and physical, is a thousand times more delicate than your watch; you cannot conceive the mischief wine would work in her. I would not answer for the consequences, I do assure you. Her brain is unduly excited already, wine might complete the mischief."

Saying these words, Mr. Webb retired, followed by Miss Sheffield.

Gretchen and I exchanged glances when they were gone. We did not dare to speak, lest our precious charge should be disturbed by us, but we both certainly had received a lesson in regard to alcoholic liquors from Mr. Webb. Presently, to our surprise, Miss Lancaster and the doctor came in together and stood talking awhile, near enough for us to hear their conversation, which they carried on in subdued tones, evidently for the sake of the patient, but with no air of privacy or desire that we should not hear them. He seemed anxious to impress on our other governess what he had already impressed on Miss Sheffield, the danger there would be if, through mistaken kindness, they ever administered drink to Carry Jones.

"I hear," he said, "that the young lady is herself a teetotaler, and one who feels very deeply on the subject; one who has, indeed, only too much reason to abhor and abjure alcohol in every shape and form in which it may be presented. Poor girl, poor girl! when we have seen her pass to and fro daily with the gay, joyous smile extinguished from her pleasant face, leaving it pale and sad, my loving little wife's heart has ached for her, and we always call her the crushed flower."

Mr. Webb paused, and then he went on earnestly, "Do you know, Miss Lancaster, I wonder how you and Miss Sheffield have the courage to keep a school for girls, to profess to teach them what they need in daily life——"

Miss Lancaster interrupted him to say, timidly, and yet with a certain amount of dignity, "I assure you, sir, we do not profess anything beyond what is our true aim and practice."

"I beg your pardon if I seemed to doubt that you fulfilled your intentions and accomplished what is necessary for them, in your sight. But what surprises me is, that, with all your unavoidable experience during the many years I am nformed Sheffield House has been a noted and appreciated school, *you have not* seen the dire, the solemn, the tremendous necessity for teaching abstinence from intoxicants to every one of your pupils."

"I don't suppose you could find a single instance of a lady's boarding-school which has done so, sir," said Miss Lancaster, rather coldly. "I am delighted to be able to tell you that the times in which the necessity for abstinence has arisen, even through mere family circumstances, such as in this case, have been extremely rare, and not such as to justify your present remarks."

"You are mistaken, there are schools entirely free from the use of alcohol. But I think you will forgive me for pressing the question. I feel deeply, almost painfully, on this question. Did it never occur to you what a magnificent opportunity you possess, with all these girls looking up to you and gaining from you so much of their cue, if I may so speak, in relation to their duty, their thoughts, their manners, their habits, for teaching them to perform a mighty work for their country, by using their almost unbounded influence, as the years roll on, against the drink that causes our beloved England to grovel when she might soar, to be abased when she might be exalted?"

There was a sound of wheels on the gravel drive of the "grounds," and both Mr. Webb and Miss Lancaster at once quitted the apartment. I whispered softly to Margherita, who as softly assented. Carry lay with her eyes shut while the two doctors were doubtless talking about the "crushed flower." How just a name it was. I have understood since, what my happy life up to that point had not then given me the opportunity of knowing, how a great sorrow may undermine the strength and the spirits, very gradually, yet very surely, and without the sufferer being fully conscious of what is taking place in his or her constitution. Ever since that day, now many weeks ago, when the formation of our Soap Club—an institution which, by the bye, had never been spoken of since—had been so rudely and painfully interrupted, Carry had endured a terrible strain upon heart and mind; and even before that time, her father's state, as when we heard his awful screams through the long corridor, must have occasioned her an immense amount of grief and anxiety and dread. Now nature was taking her revenge. The abuse of Nature's laws, however unavoidable, however justifiable, as in Carry's case it assuredly was, must be met by punishment. In this way, also, the innocent must suffer for the guilty.

After about ten minutes Dr. New and Mr. Webb came in with Miss Sheffield, and the old gentleman looked anxiously at Carry, and had no eyes for any one else until he had made a

careful investigation of her case. Mr. Webb thanked us in his pleasant way for our careful, quiet watching, and Miss Sheffield dismissed us to our duties in the schoolroom.

As we re-entered it, the girls around eagerly, though in subdued tones, demanded "how is Carry?"

Even Ada evinced anxiety, and Sylvia Moore, in her pompous, pedantic manner, which I think nothing could make her forget to assume, asked gravely:

"What is the doctor's synopsis of her disorder?"

"I haven't heard either of them say exactly what is the matter," replied Gretchen simply; "but I am afraid she is very ill."

Gretchen was right. Carry's malady was much more difficult to cure than a fever or a definite attack of any kind. She had many of the worst symptoms of fever, with such an utter disinclination for every species of physical exertion of any kind, as made it an extremely perplexing case to her kind doctors. The thought of going to her home produced so much palpitation and such violent headache and distressing crying, that it was utterly abandoned; and though Mrs. Jones and Emma came to see her regularly every day it was decided that Jenny, Miss Sheffield's housemaid, of whom we were all justly fond, and who loved Carry as she deserved to be loved, should be installed as nurse, and that as much cheerful society as the invalid could bear should be furnished in turn by her schoolfellows.

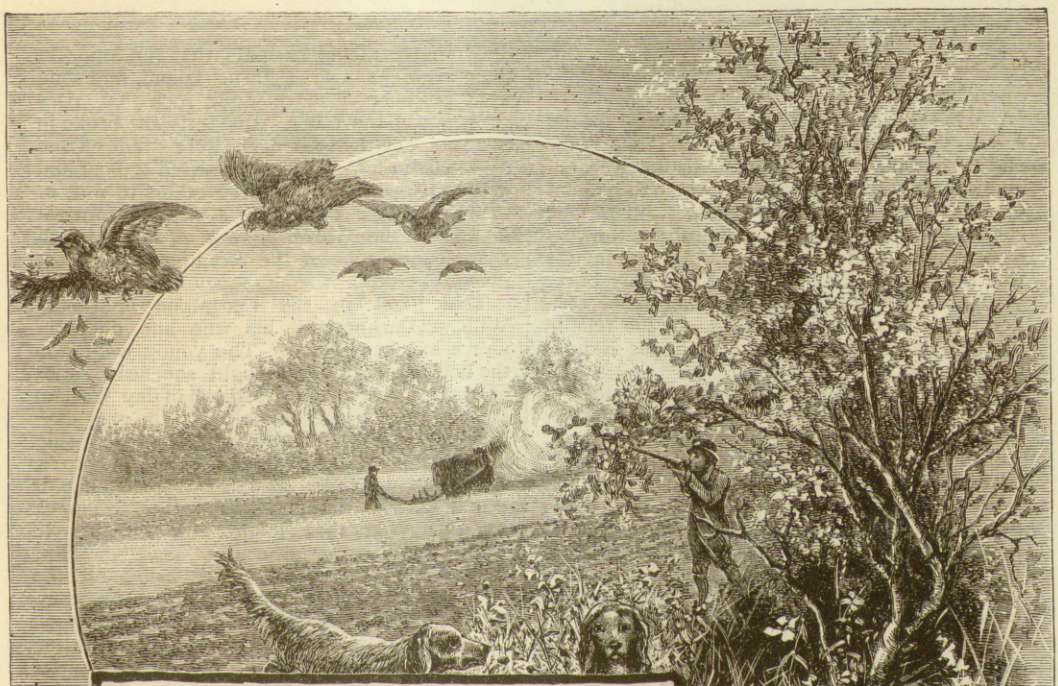
"Don't pretend in her presence a gaiety you do not feel," Mr. Webb said one day to Margherita and myself, "but all that you can honestly attain, show freely—laughter, droll books, games, all these are precisely what we must encourage in and for her. Tell her anything, everything you hear that can amuse her. If we do not want her to drift away from us altogether, we *must* rouse her from this terrible dejection, this almost apathy, which envelops her like a cloud."

(*To be continued.*)



"A deathly pallor spread itself over her face."—p. 130.

A GENTLEMAN, while bathing at sea, saw his lawyer rise up at his side after a long dive. After exchanging salutations, says he: "By the way, how about Gunther?" "He is in jail," replied the lawyer, and dived again. The gentleman thought no more of it; but, on getting his account, he found, "To consultation at sea about the incarceration of Gunther, three dollars."



BIRDIE ON A TREE-TOP.

BIRDIE on a tree-top,
Birdie in the air,
Naughty man came shooting
Birdie right up there;
Down fell pretty birdie,
Full of wounds and pain,
Birdie, pretty birdie,
Ne'er will sing again.

God made all the birdies,
Gave them wings to fly,
Taught them songs of gladness
In the bright blue sky;
Singing ever sweetly
In the balmy air,
Who could think of killing
Pretty birdie there?

Bury pretty birdie
In the valley low,
Where the soft winds murmur,
And the wild flowers grow;
Sleeping in the valley
All the summer long,
God will send sweet birdies
With a plaintive song.

W. H.



GRACE DARLING AND HER BOAT.

BY REV. J. JOHNSON.

AMONG the many things of interest for the sight-seer in the Fisheries Exhibition "now on" in London, one exhibit has a distinct worth of its own, and that is the boat in which the gallant Grace Darling rowed to save the perishing. One cannot look at the old boat and see the very oars without a thrill of glory and thankfulness that the country that gave birth to this brave young woman loves to honour her name still, and that a place has been found for the relic of heroism in this International Fisheries Exhibition.

It is quite worth while to recall the story of the heroine of the Farne Islands. Grace Darling was the daughter of the lighthouse-keeper at Longstone, one of the large group of small islands on the Northumbrian coast. She was born at Bamborough, in the year of the battle of Waterloo, 1815. All her life she lived with her parents, and when old enough she helped her mother in all household work in their lonely dwelling. Here, in the quiet fidelity of love and obedience, she learnt all unconsciously the perfecting of service in little things, and in obscure daily work she was fitting herself for the one deed of bravery that will make her an abiding memory in the land. She was very retiring and reserved in disposition, but the soul of goodness and kindness shone out through her eyes and face in a beautiful expression of benevolence. She did nothing to awaken public attention or excite interest beyond the narrow limits of her isolated home, until all the quiet preparation of character was suddenly called into action, when the skill and courage which had been growing strong in the silent service of home work was needed on the terrible morning of the 6th of September, 1838.

The *Forfarshire* steamer, bound from Hull to Dundee, having on board sixty-three persons, sailed from the Humber in the afternoon of the 5th of September. The vessel became disabled. The unfortunate shipmaster ought to have put back to Hull or run for the Tyne, but he chose to prosecute his voyage. On the evening of the 6th, when the steamer was off the dangerous coast of Northumberland, a furious gale sprang up ; the vessel managed to abour to Berwick Bay just after nightfall, and about ten o'clock off St. Abb's Head she commenced to drift hopelessly to the south, impelled by the force of wind and sea. Back across Berwick Bay the fated vessel drifted, through the pouring rain and dense storm-mist, which prevented the terrified passengers on deck from seeing a cable's length in any direction. Helplessly before the storm she was drawn in the racing currents that run amongst the narrow channels of Farne Island, and soon went crash on a sharp-edged rock that rises sheer out of the water. Instantly she broke in two ; most of the passengers were swept off and drowned. Eight of the crew seized a boat and quitted the wreck, leaving the others to sink or swim, and their conduct is a strange contrast to that of the *Northumbrian Maid*, through whose efforts nine of the remaining ones were saved.

That night in the Longstone lighthouse William Darling and his wife and daughter Grace had kept watch. The young woman in the hours of darkness thought she heard cries of distress, and at the first dawn of day William Darling was on the outlook. In the grey daybreak he could see dimly the fore-part of a ship still fast on the storm-swept rock, and to it were clinging some human beings. Then it was that Grace implored her father to launch his boat, that they might row together to rescue these fast-drowning people. The noble man consented, while using all the skill and caution of experience, for he knew full well how dangerous the undertaking was. The family were a simple-minded God-fearing folk, who were all willing to risk their own lives to save the perishing around them. The boat was launched with the aid of Grace's mother and with reverent prayer they commenced their voyage. Nobly they did their part, while they trusted their all to God. They reached the wreck after nearly half-a-mile's row across a wild sea ; they took the survivors from the wreck one by one, and such of the nine who had strength left to row helped to bring the boat back on her perilous voyage, and all was safely accomplished. But the storm continued to rage so violently that no one could leave or come to the lighthouse for two days and nights. When the rescued ones departed they took with them in deepest gratitude the memory never to be forgotten by them of the daring deed done by this simple, fragile girl of twenty-one, and from them the story of deliverance soon spread far and wide, and all England re-echoed the words of welcome and thanksgiving. Grace Darling remained uninjured by the praise, retaining unchanged all her sweet simplicity of character. She declined all honours, would neither visit London nor Edinburgh, and would not leave the rocks and sea she had loved from childhood. Four years after this deed of heroism, when all England rang with her fame, she faded away as a sea-flower on the receding tide, and was wafted away where "falls not hail nor rain, nor any snow," where come no bitter winds and surging billows, for there is "no more sea" in the country that has no frontier.

And she was laid to rest in Bamborough churchyard, within sound of the music of the waves. A costly tomb is raised to her memory, and children still bring flowers to lay thereon, as Mr. Nicholls has told us in a pathetic picture called "The Tomb of Grace Darling." The lesson of her life is—she rescued the perishing. Go thou, and do likewise, is the application.

ONLY TWO ROSES.

BUT they are too lovely to fade. I wish you could see them in their little crystal vase, sitting in my window. A thousand wishes come flying to me on their sweet breath. First, that I could toss them on the bed of some poor, suffering flower-lover, who has none to cheer a lonely sick-room. Then comes another wish—is it a selfish one?—that I could crystallize them in their own sweetness. I cannot even paint them, for this dainty gift was not given to poor, humble me; but I can love them, and try to read the message they bring, for they are too lovely to have been made in vain. It must have been just such a tea-rose as this that tempted the kiss of Eve. The legend says roses were all of a spotless white when, in the garden of Eden, they first opened their eyes to the morning sunlight of creation. Eve, as she gazed on the tintless gem, could not suppress her admiration of its beauty, but stooped down and imprinted a warm kiss on its snowy bosom, and it stole from beauty's lips the vermeil hue, and gave us roses red and rare. I, for one, am glad Eve did not kiss all the roses, and that some still retain the snowy purity they wore when Divine fingers first moulded the cupping petals. Such an one is this beside me. With what a shy, exquisite grace it curves its stem, with three dewy petals unfolded and frilling the creamy bud with lacy daintiness. How apt an emblem of pure womanhood, or rather of innocence,

> "Standing with reluctant feet
> Where womanhood and girlhood meet."

THE ANGEL IN THE STONE.

ONCE in the long ago (so runs the story),
Dwelt, in a village 'neath Italian skies,
One little heart that dreamt of unseen glory
With intuitions wise.

Beauty he saw where others nought were tracing,
Sweetness he felt where others nothing knew;
Fair lines and curves the rudest forms were gracing
Unto perfection true.

Within the town a block of stone was lying,
Rugged and rough,—a weight that none had moved;
And round about it strayed the child deep sighing
As though that rock he loved.

"Boy, art thou mad?" the neighbours cried, in wonder;
"Why fix thy gaze on what is rock alone?"
"Nay, O my friends!" he answered; "lo, far under,
An angel in the stone."

Tenderly did he touch it, as adoring,
Reverent he whispered of a sculptured gem;
There burned a light within his eyes assuring
His madness unto them.

But after years and years of patient striving
Far in the studios of fairest Rome,
When he had grown to prime of manhood's living,
The sculptor sought his home.

And there, where as a dreaming child he saw it,
Still lay the rock within the wayside rut,
And once again he lingered long before it,
And then—began to cut.

Day after day, and month by month untiring,
Chisel in hand, he shaped that stone away,
The light of heaven his yearning spirit firing
For that which hidden lay.

Till at the last he claimed their recollection—
"Behold!" he cried, "like Eve in Eden shown,
There riseth up in yet undreamed perfection
An angel from the stone.

Thou, O my soul, take comfort from the story,
Rugged thou art, and hard, and all unfair—
Yet there is One who sees, perchance, His glory
Deep hidden even there.

Into thyself His spirit He hath breathed,
Forth from thyself His likeness He doth claim:
Only the fetters strong that sin hath wreathed
Obscure His sacred aim.

Now with the chisel of thy God's correction,
Patient He worketh at the rock within,
Seeing the hidden life of His perfection
'Neath sepulchre of sin.

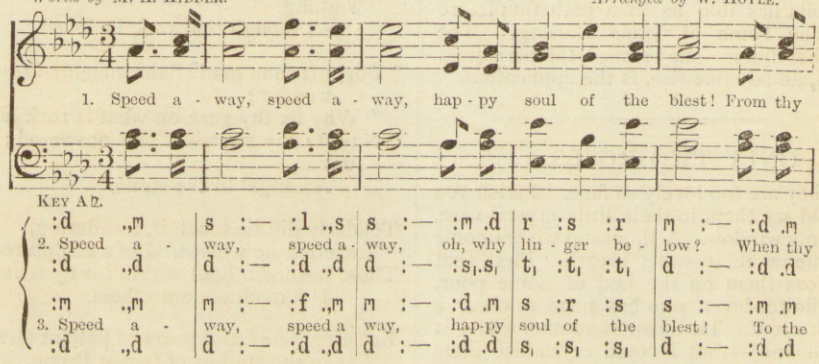
Lord, in Thy hands I leave with voice of praising,
All this my heart—and ask Thy will alone;
Work out Thy purpose, Father, and be raising
Thine image from the stone.

M. S. MACRITCHIE.

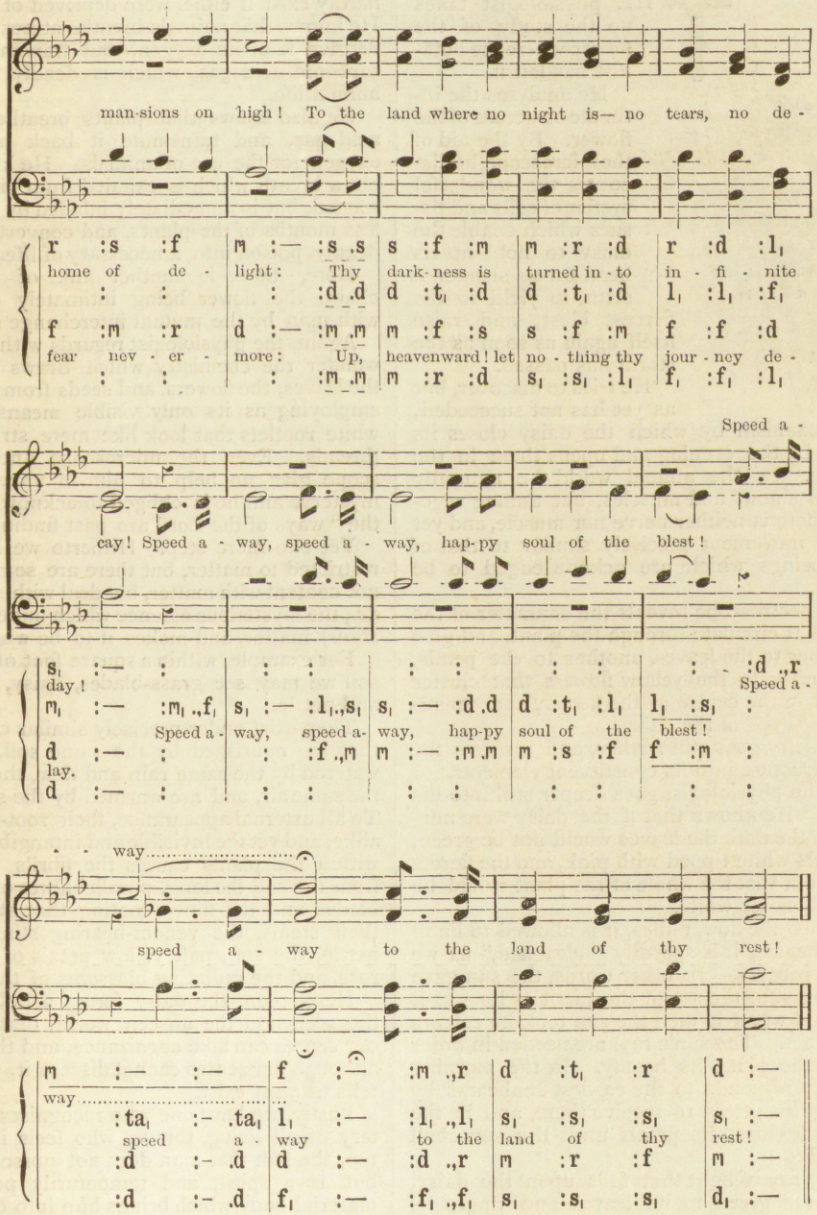
SPEED AWAY, HAPPY SOUL!

Words by M. A. KIDDER.

Music from W. B. BRADBURY.
Arranged by W. HOYLE.



SPEED AWAY, HAPPY SOUL!—*continued.*



LINKS OF A DAISY CHAIN.

BY REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.



THE physiologist takes up the study of the flower where the botanist has left it.

He analyses the intimate structure of the flower. By the aid of the microscope, he discovers the wonderful system of cells and tissues which enable the daisy to hold up its head on so slender a stem, to yield to the fiercest blast, and raise itself again as soon as the storm has passed.

He tries to discover, but as yet has not succeeded, the mechanism by which the daisy closes its flowers in the evening and opens them in the morning. In the animal world he naturally looks for sinews and muscles, but among vegetables there is neither nerve nor muscle, and yet there is movement precisely similar to that of many beings which are acknowledged to be animals.

The spectroscope reveals the character of the juices that circulate through the plant, and give one colour to the leaves, another to the petals, and another to the yellow flowers that cluster together in the centre of the flower, and constitute the "eye" of the daisy.

Chemistry goes still farther, and resolves the entire structure into its constituent elements.

But the physiologist goes deeper still into his subject. He knows that if the daisy were nurtured in the dark the leaves would not be green, the petals white tipped with pink, and the florets yellow, but that the whole of the plant would be of a dull, sickly white.

If, when the flower dies, it is allowed to lie in the sunbeams, it is speedily "bleached," as we call the process. In other words, the sun gave the colours for the use of the plant as long as it lived, and when it died the sun took its colours back again. The sun's rays are needed in order to give the plant its beauty. In the morning the daisy responds to the earliest sunbeams by opening its petals to receive them, and in the evening it closes its petals until the sun shall again rise.

Every ray of light that falls upon the daisy, that gives green to its leaves and tinges its flowers with golden yellow, white, and pink, has been shot from the sun, and binds together the flower and the sun.

The physiologist, too, knows how the animal and vegetable worlds are so linked together that the present vegetables and present animals could hardly exist if either were deprived of the other. He knows that animals breathe atmospheric air, deprive it of its oxygen, and transmute it into carbonic acid gas, which is deadly poison to animal life.

He also knows that plants breathe carbonic acid gas, and transmute it back again into oxygen for the use of animals. He knows that not a breath which is exhaled from his lungs is wasted, but is immediately inhaled by the countless mouths of the plants, and converted from a deadly poison into a necessary of life.

Here, then, is another link of the daisy chain, the flower being intimately connected with man by the mutual interchange of breath.

Again, the physiologist regards with ceaseless wonder the chemistry which draws the stem, the leaves, the flowers, and seeds from the earth, employing as its only visible means the tiny white rootlets that look like mere structureless threads. Even the microscope and spectroscope give no help to him in unveiling this mystery, and he is obliged to acknowledge that the "ways of the Lord are past finding out."

Yet one more step. Hitherto we have been restricted to matter, but there are some who are not content with matter, but deal with substance, *i.e.*, the mysterious essence which underlies (*substans*) matter, and makes it to be what it is.

For example, within a square foot of the same soil we may see grass-blades, daisy, primrose, and nettle.

They exist under precisely similar conditions, they are nourished by the same soil, they are watered by the same rain and dew, they breathe the same air, and are warmed by the same sun. To all external appearance, their root-fibrils are alike, and yet the invisible and intangible essence within the plants causes the fibrils to extract from the soil the long, parallel fibres of the grass blades and the flinty coating that strengthens their stems, the venom-bearing stings of the nettle, the soft, pale yellow petals of the primrose, and the radiating blossoms of the daisy.

Here, then, the daisy forms a link between the seen and the unseen world, that of which our senses can take cognizance, and that which, although our senses cannot discern it, our reason tells us must exist.

Lastly, we have one who recognises this mystery of all living things, who feels in himself, too, the fact that man does not possess a spirit, but is a spirit, and temporarily possesses a material body which brings him into connection with the material world in which he is temporarily placed by God's providence. He knows that, as regards his spirit, he lives in the spirit

world, just as regards his body he lives in the material world.

And this is the last link in the chain of wonder and mystery of this little flower of the field, its link with the spirit world and God.

How wonderful is the world in which we live, provided that our eyes are open to its wonders; and how reverently should we contemplate the meanest flower that our common Creator has taken the trouble of fashioning in such marvellous perfection! Let us hope that some, at least, of us may for the future look upon every flower with different eyes, and when we see even the humble daisy, may we see in it a link of the mystic chain that binds heaven to earth, and connects the world of temporal matter with that of eternal spirit.

THOMAS BYWATER SMITHIES.

DIED JULY 20TH, IN HIS 68TH YEAR.

"THE Editor of the *British Workman* is dead," is a message which will carry heartfelt sorrow into thousands of homes, the whole world round. Mr. Smithies founded the *Band of Hope Review* in 1851; he founded the *British Workman* in 1855. The marvellous success which crowned his endeavours cannot be told. Thrift, Temperance, Sunday Observance, Kindness to Animals, the Love of Art, Loyalty to the Throne, probably owe more to the *British Workman* than to any other newspaper or periodical ever issued. Month by month its faithful messages reached an ever-widening circle of readers, and by its healthy ministry homes were brightened and hearts cheered. His tender love of little children gleams through every page of the *Band of Hope Review*, which, though more than two-and-thirty years old, is still one of the best papers for the young.

The duty and practice of kindness to animals was first brought home to many hearts by the powerful, pictorial pleas which emanated from 9, Paternoster Row. The Band of Mercy, founded by his revered mother, has spread like a network over the land; nor can we forget his chivalrous and valiant championship of drinking fountains for man and beast.

Modern taste has done much to stimulate a love of art by the opening of exhibitions of pictures and by the establishment of local galleries of art. The *British Workman* has proved the people's own art gallery. The artist's genius and the engraver's cunning have been employed to good purpose by our departed friend, and the cottage homes of England have been embellished and re-embellished by the gems of art which his enlightened industry has indirectly produced.

BOY SMOKING.

WE do not at all overstate the case when we say that hundreds of foolish boys owe their temporal ruin to habits and associations acquired in the course of their apprenticeship to the art of smoking. The influence of immoral associations, and the solicitations to the opportunities of vice, which surround the youthful devotee to tobacco are hardly to be resisted by the feeble will, the plastic temper, and the warm passions of juvenescence. To the young man we would say: "Shun the habit of smoking as you would self-destruction." As you value your physical and moral well-being, avoid a habit which can offer no advantage to compare with the dangers you incur by using it.

The bright hopefulness of youth, its undaunted aspirations, and its ardent impulses, require no halo of smoke through which to look forward upon the approaching struggle of life. Your manner of living must be bad indeed if you require anything further than sleep, exercise, and diet to fit you for your duties as students. Your minds must be emasculated indeed, and arrant cowards you must be, totally unfit for the stern realities of what is to come, if you cannot face your present few and comparatively small anxieties without having recourse to the daily use of narcotics.

The intemperate smoker is the intemperate indulger, as a general rule, in all that partakes of the nature of sensual gratification. It matters not that many may, and do, pass through the ordeal unscathed. Vast numbers do *not*. Listless minds and languid bodies, slakeless thirst and shaking hands, delirium tremens, madness—and death—we have distinctly and surely seen to follow the unhallowed indulgence, in youths who began their studies with bright promise of success, with fair characters, and honest purposes.

It is not open to youths to say: "Thus far will I go and no further." To commence the downward course is too easy—to retrace the false steps is too difficult; the risk is too great, the advantages too small, the interest at stake too important, to allow the youth once to begin.

It is no sign of manliness to toy with danger, and sport upon the brink of a precipice. The impulse which may plunge the unreflecting boy into an abyss of ruin may come, he knows not when, nor with how great force; let him prove his strength by avoiding, not by courting danger. We most earnestly desire to see the habit of smoking diminish, and we entreat the youth of this country to abandon it altogether. Let them lay our advice to heart. Let them give up a dubious pleasure for a certain good. Ten years hence we shall receive their thanks.—*Lancet.*

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

ONLY a little brown bird alone
Deep in the heart of a shivering tree ;
Wings of summer have southward flown,
Flowers are dying on hill and lea.

Light and beauty and warmth bereft,
The grey days waning to short and dim,
What have the pitiless north winds left
That thou, O sparrow, hast found a hymn?

Canst thou sing of hope through these hopeless hours,
'Neath skies so dark canst thou chant of faith,
And o'er the grave of the faded flowers
Hast thou found an anthem that conquers death?

Sing on, sing on, thou sparrow alone,
On the branch that hath lost the leaf and rose ;
Thy psalm of autumn shall be mine own—
"*Enough, enough that the Father knows.*"

Unforgotten in God's dear sight,
The brave bird sings on the yellow spray ;
Unforgotten in dark as light
Are the patient hearts that wait and pray.

M. S. M.

"FAITHFUL."

BY UNCLE BEN.

FIDELITY is the most noted characteristic of the sheep-dogs. Their obedience and devotion to their master and their work make the collies most valuable. Many stories are told of their watchful care over the sheep night and day, and of their gentleness to the lambs. Their patience and courage are great, and their instinct is more shrewd than that of many people with education and common sense. They seem to possess real intelligence with such strong affection, that for those they know they will do anything, even to the sacrifice of their lives.

Once there was one of these fond, noble dogs whose name was "Faithful." He was wonderfully well trained, obedience seemed the law of his life. He was of the Scotch breed, but belonged to a shepherd in Wales. And over the hills he used to wander, watching the sheep. If his master told him to lie down, he would remain there as a sentinel till his master called him away. And when he was bidden to fetch or drive the sheep, however far scattered they might be on the mountain, he would scamper sometimes for miles to bring them all together, beginning in a wide circle, and gradually closing round and round, until all were gathered in one flock. He would bark and jump at the troublesome ones, but would never bite or tear the wool, even of the most wayward. He had done a long and faithful service, and was getting old, when one day, after much rain, a sudden heavy storm had filled the streams and brooks into rivers, and mountain torrents and the rapid deluge gave rise to unexpected floods. The sheep were scattered far and wide ; one or two had been injured with lightning, and many of the rest, while care was being taken of these, had in their terror fled for miles. The rapid rising of the water gave the shepherd alarm ; and there was no time to be lost, or several of his sheep might be drowned.

The shepherd and Faithful set off to seek the missing ones where there would be most danger. The evening was closing in ; at last they found some five of the flock isolated on a little patch of rocky land ,entirely surrounded by water, and which, by the evidently rapid progress the flood was making, would soon be entirely submerged. It was too late to seek further help ; they could not be left there all night, for long before morning they would all have perished. So there was nothing for it, but Faithful must bring them. Away the good dog went through the surging water, and seized first one of the terrified and stupid sheep, and swimming dragged the poor thing to the shepherd, who stood up to his arm-pits in the water, and placed it on safe ground. The dog managed to do this with many words of encouragement for four of the sheep, but for the fifth old Faithful was getting spent and done. Nothing daunted, however, he started for the last time, and reached the one lone sheep more frightened than all the rest. The poor thing bleated and struggled ; twice it got away from the brave dog, each time the rush of the torrent and boiling stream washed it further from the shepherd. In vain the shepherd called to the dog to leave the sheep, as the peril was too great to try and save it, for the devoted animal could not hear the call ; the current became too strong for it to stem, and in the gathering darkness both drifted further and further, until suddenly they were carried out of sight by the rush of the waters. All night the shepherd sought his dog ; but no more could the noble creature answer to his name, for he came no more back to his master or the fold. Some days after, when the waters abated, both the bodies of the sheep and dog were found, with the wool still in the dog's teeth. Truly Faithful died doing his duty to the very last.

And when the Good Shepherd comes to call us home in the gathering dusk of night may we be found at our post faithful "in the few things," and "faithful even unto death." Let us show forth our fidelity in obedience to our Master in rescuing the lost, in patient courage and devoted self-sacrifice.



FAITHFUL.

THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT.

BY CANON WILBERFORCE.

THERE cannot be a more interesting branch of the temperance movement than that represented by the Band of Hope. If we only take hold of the rising generation and teach them to love the Lord and deny themselves, and not to know the taste of alcohol, this battle will be won after we are dead and gone. The power of the children in this movement has never been sufficiently realised. Let it be upon principle that we bring up the children with regard to the alcohol question. Let there be none of the stuff in our own houses. Let us never mind the lies they tell about us. If we have a clean conscience we shall win right along the line. I believe there will come more good out of this Band of Hope branch of the movement than out of almost any other.

We must discourage the spirit of sectarianism, which is death to any movement like this. The enemy is in front of us, the miserable desolation of drunkenness is around us, there is the seething mass of pauperism and crime, and in the midst of all this let us forget our differences, and press forward as a united host in the good fight. Fidelity with unity is what we require.

We must be determined. We have no time to halt or to be idle. The Lord says "Go work *to-day* in My vineyard," and the Lord Himself for the joy that was set before Him despised the shame and endured the cross. If we want to succeed we must throw our will before us. One of the mail boats was returning from the West Indies, and there was a man on board who had a dog with him that he loved very much. Some child was playing with the dog, and threw a stick overboard, and in a moment the dog was over the side in the seething foaming waves after it. The owner rushed to the captain and said, "My dog is overboard! I'll give £100 for my dog." The captain said, "Stop the mails for a dog! Not likely. I cannot do it." "You won't?" "I won't." "Then you shall stop the ship for a man." He threw off his coat, and flung himself overboard after his dog. You know what happened. The ship was immediately stopped, the lifeboat was lowered, and they saved both the man and the dog.

We must do for souls what that man did for the life of his dog—risk a little, not our life, for our life will be prolonged, but risk whatever there may be of inconvenience, risk a little bit of persecution, a little desire upon our own part for the alcoholic stimulants, so that we may come forward and help others in their difficulty, in their danger, and have a good account to give at the end. Be faithful for the Lord's sake, and keep the movement in the presence of God, who is blessing it every day.

THE BAND OF HOPE AT INSHALBY.



THE Inshalby Band of Hope was a vigorous and well-conducted institution. Mr. Batsh had been president for seven years, and had spared no pains to make it what it was. His heart was in the work, and he overcame difficulties which less earnest men would have been likely to regard as being insurmountable. The children loved him, and were under perfect discipline, were silent at a word or the motion of his hand.

He had gathered together and trained a staff of workers who were almost like himself, and hardly ever idle. One played the violin, another the concertina, a third the banjo, a fourth excelled in recitation, a fifth was an admirable reader, a sixth was an excellent singer, and a seventh was a very fair teacher of music. There were others who spent a good deal of time in getting the children to recite and sing well, for no child in connection with the Band of Hope at Inshalby was ever allowed to stand up to recite in public until it was in perfect possession of the piece to be recited.

Now it so happened that, at one of their committee meetings, the excellent singer, John Short, took offence at some remarks that were made by James Goodall, the teacher of music, but which were certainly not meant for him. Short rose up in a temper, and said—

"Mr. President, if such remarks are allowed in committee, I for one will leave the work, and Mr. Goodall may exercise his superior skill in fitting some one else to do the work better than I have done it."

"But," said Mr. Rock, the violinist, with a desire to mediate, "you should not be in haste like that; we cannot do without you—you must at least wait until Mr. Goodall gets his man ready. You, I think, misunderstand him."

Short would not be conciliated, however, and said—

"I resent such uncalled-for criticism, and will have nothing more to do with the work in any way."

Mr. Goodall was astonished at the misconstruction put upon his words. He saw that they

were capable of such an application, but it was not in his mind when he said them that they should or could be so applied.

The meeting which might have been a pleasant one, was not so, and was, moreover, brought abruptly to a close.

The morning after, Mr. Batsh sought an interview with Mr. Short, for he had found in his experience, if it were possible to clear away misunderstandings at all, it was to be done at once, and without the least delay.

Mr. Short did not receive him pleasantly, however. But the president was not a man to be upset by trifles, and he pushed past the unpleasantness, and went straight to the mark. He said—

"Well, Mr. Short, are you still in the same mind?"

"Yes, sir, I am. I am sorry to give up the work, but I cannot work with Mr. Goodall, who is too clever by half, evidently."

"You are wholly mistaken, my good fellow, I am sure of it. His remarks could in no sense apply to you."

"I thought they did, and that is the point to be considered."

"I think that is *not* the point to be considered."

"What, then, is the point?"

"You should give our friend credit for speaking the truth when he declares you were not in his mind at all when he spoke the words."

"But I felt they *were* intended for me, and for no one else."

"I am sorry to hear you say so."

"I do say so notwithstanding."

"You admit, I suppose, that the remarks he made are true of many who sing."

"Yes, they are true enough—but I have made it a point always to be careful, and therefore his remarks were uncalled for, and not just."

"But you miss the point. Suppose you think he wished his statement to be understood in a general sense, and not as having a special reference to you."

"That would alter it, of course. But I do not so regard it."

"And have you quite made up your mind to leave the work to others?"

"I cannot be a hypocrite, sir, and work by the side of a man who insults me."

Mr. Batsh had succeeded, though he did not think it, in battering down completely the refuge of lies behind which Mr. Short had at first entrenched himself. He now saw very clearly that he had really made a fool of himself, and the difficulty was, to submit to the acknowledgment of this, and make an apology to Mr. Goodall and the committee for his rudeness. Mr. Short was anything but comfortable. The president had his eye upon his decision, and said—

"Have you thought about whose work it is you are leaving? Consider well, I pray you, that it is not Mr. Goodall's work, nor mine, but God's. His wishes, I think, ought reverently to be considered. I cannot think that *He* will approve of your giving up the work. If you decide to go on with your work in the Band of Hope as usual it may save you many a painful after-thought. Take my advice, and let the thing pass."

There was a struggle for a moment between the good and the bad in him, that must conquer or be conquered—it was but for a moment—and is it anything remarkable, or out of the common course of things, that the bad side of his nature should have the victory?

Alas! it is too often so.

EDWARD HAYTON.

AUTUMN.

THE breeze is blowing fresh,
The corn is bowing low;
And through the half-shorn fields
The merry gleaners go.

Summer has fled away,
And winter draweth nigh;
Now shorter grows each day,
Dull mists enshroud the sky.

The apples, ripe and red,
Are falling from the trees;
And brown leaves, dry and dead,
Are whirled upon the breeze.

Each season comes and goes
In God's appointed time,
Till winter brings the close
Of Nature's well-kept rhyme.

Then do not grieve to see
The summer's flowers die,
And yonder leafless tree
Now wave gaunt arms on high.

What hope for human life,
What food for heart or brain,
If autumn were not rife
With fields of golden grain?

W. A. EATON.

SCENE—A dining-room.—Grandpa, whose nose strongly indicates his propensity for old port—"Where does wine come from, Tommy?" Grandchild—"Don't know, grandpa, but I know where it goes to." Grandpapa puts no further questions.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

IN giving advice we must consult the gentlest manner and softest reasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down, and making that to droop which it was meant to cherish and refresh; it must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

AN angry letter is so much fiercer than any speech, so much more unendurable! There the words remain scorching, not to be softened down by the word of love that may follow so quickly upon spoken anger. This at least should be a rule, that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours have elapsed since it was written. Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; 'twill do you good; you think you have been injured; say all that you can say with your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading while your temper is still hot. Then———put it into your desk; and, as a matter of course, *burn* it before breakfast next morning. Believe me, you will then have a double gratification. Only let any one try it who reads this.

"I NEVER contract bad habits," said Robinson to his wife. "No, dear, you generally expand them," was her reply.

"JOHN, what is that scar on your chin?" "That scar. Oh, that is a relic of barberism."

"Better late than never" does not apply with eminent success to the man who wants to catch a train.

WHEN a certain bachelor was married the members of the Bachelor Club broke him up by sending him as a wedding present a copy of "Paradise Lost."

"I WISH to state," writes a provident minister, "that I have procured an alarm clock that will wake up the congregation as soon as the service is over."

A LADY, having spoken sharply to the plain-spoken Dr. Parr, apologised by saying, "It is the privilege of women to talk nonsense." "No, madam, it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could, but nature only allows them to waddle."

HOW did Queen Elizabeth take her pills?—In cider (inside her).

AT what time of the day was Adam born?—A little before Eve.

WHAT relation is the door to the door-mat?—A step farther.

THE difference between a long and short yarn is very well illustrated by the difference of one's feelings in holding a skein for one's grandmother or for one's sweetheart.

"THERE is one thing about babies," said a recent traveller, "they never change. We have girls of the period, men of the world; but the baby is the same self-possessed, fearless, laughing, voracious little heathen in all ages and in all countries."

AN Englishman shooting small game in Germany said to his host that there was a spice of danger in shooting in America. "Ah!" said the host; "you like danger mit your sport. Then you go out shooting mit me. The last time I shoot mine bruder-in-law in the schtomack."

SIR WILFRID LAWSON relates an Eastern anecdote of a man who had his *choice of three evils*. He was either to commit *murder*, or *theft*, or *get drunk*. He *chose the latter*, and under its influence committed the *two former offences*. The experience in all public and private life leads to the conclusion that more crime is committed through the influence of drink than all other causes combined.

Notices to Correspondents.

The Editors do not undertake to return rejected contributions.

All literary communications and books for review to be addressed to the Editor.

Letters on business to be directed to the Secretary, "Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

Received with thanks:—W. A. Eaton, E. Hayton, T. J. Galley.

Publications Received.

Social Reformer—Western Temperance Herald—Dietetic Reformer—Irish Temperance League Journal—Temperance Record—Anti-Tobacco Journal—Derby Mercury—Hand and Heart—Church of England Temperance Chronicle.

Notices of Books.

We are glad to announce two new books in the "ONWARD Series." *Ronald Clayton's Mistakes, and how to mend them*, by Miss M. A. Paull. The author's stories need no praise to puff them—they are their own best recommendation. This one has all the best points of Miss Paull's style, and is not only well written, but, like all her works, as full of teaching as of interest. The other is by Mrs. Clara L. Balfour, and called, *Lyndon the Outcast*, a striking and original narrative that makes a strong appeal to young men and lads on the temperance question. We can recommend these volumes with every confidence to all our readers. Published by Partridge and Co., London. Price Two Shillings.

WE GIRLS.

A Story of School-Girl Life.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

Chapter X.—"I Promise."

"I WONDER what we *could* do for her?" said Margherita.

Several weeks had passed away since the morning when Carry Jones had been stricken in the school-room, and still her health and spirits were so poor that every one of her friends felt anxious about her. She was not so ill now as to be interdicted from her studies, she came and went from her home again regularly enough, but her interest in life, the sunshine that youth needs, appeared to be quite wanting.

"I wonder," said Gretchen after a pause, "what would rouse her to take a pleasure in life again? poor dear."

"Oh! nothing," I answered, "I am dreadfully sorry for her, poor Carry; but it is of no use wishing she was different. I begin to think she is getting like her mother, and will be always moping and dull. I suppose some people are."

My long-standing friendship for Carry, I am ashamed to have to own, had not stood the test of this melancholy illness so well as it should have done. I was a healthy light-hearted girl, who liked fun and mirth and frolic out of school-hours, and Carry had no heart to join in our games now, so that I spent much less time with her than formerly. Gretchen was quite different to me, she had so much more patience with Carry. Their introduction had been a very painful one; she had first seen her flying from a father, whose fine brain was maddened by strong drink. The sweet sympathy which was one of the strongest characteristics of Margherita Ziffel had been at once awakened on Carry's behalf; and it had known no change, no diminution since. If any one called up a smile to those pale lips, it was Gretchen; if any one could coax her to lay down her book and loiter in the Recreation Ground, or even join for half-an-hour in some game, it was Gretchen. Carry had grown very dependent upon "German Sunshine."

Mr. Webb, though Carry's case was in the hands of the family doctor, did not fail to call now and then to inquire for the "crushed flower," in whom he took such a kindly interest. Whenever he saw Gretchen or myself he used to question us about her, and tell us to try all we could to arouse her from her present apathy, if possible. "She wants something, Fraulein Ziffel," he said one day, "to give her a new zeal for her fellow-

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creatures; something that she *must* do for other people. Can't you find anything? I thought young ladies were inventive and imaginative. You will do a really charitable act when you set her to work about anything, and make her feel that she *and she alone* has to do that one particular thing."

"I wish I knew how to, Mr. Webb," said Gretchen.

"Only set your busy brains to work, and perhaps you will make the grand discovery," he said smiling, as he walked away.

"I have it," said Margherita one day, when she and I were preparing for dinner, Mary and Emily having already made themselves ready and left our room. "I have been thinking and thinking for weeks, and now I see it all as plainly as possible. Oh! why didn't I think of it before? I might have saved her some suffering."

"Who? what?"

"Why poor dear Carry, of course."

"How you do busy your dear brain about Carry," I said; "if you had known her for years, as I have, you could not care more for her than you do. Indeed, I haven't been half as kind to her as you have."

"Oh! Kate, indeed you have. Why I haven't been kind to her at all. But she is such a noble girl, I *do* admire her."

"I don't think she has shown herself as courageous as I expected," I answered; "she has allowed herself to be so crushed, so overwhelmed with her trouble. I think she has been just a little selfish about it, don't you, Margherita?"

Gretchen looked at me wonderingly. "Oh! Kate, I am surprised to hear you talk like that about your chosen friend," she said, with a tender rebuke in her voice, "you don't seem to realise her grand patience, her forgivingness, her steadfastness; those are three magnificent qualities in a woman."

"How do you mean?"

"Do you ever hear her complain? did she ever show anything but affection for her father? did she ever seem inclined to give up the principle she has adopted, even though sorely tried by her mother in her home? Oh! Kate, when heroism like this is brought close to my side, I love to look at it and admire it, and I thank my Heavenly Father," she said softly and reverently, "that He ever keeps the spirit of heroism aglow in His tried but trusting ones. From a child I have loved to read of heroic deeds done by the great, the brave, the good, and when I see a modest humble-minded girl beside me, my own school-fellow, softly, patiently carrying her heavy cross with her through every step of life's journey, I look at her with the truest respect, and long to be able to lift it from her even for an hour or two, that so she may take a few minutes of well-earned

well-merited rest. Don't you remember those words of Longfellow's in 'Footsteps of Angels':

'They the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore.'

Don't they suit Carry perfectly?"

"You are a strange girl, Gretchen."

"Am I?"

The dinner-bell rang; we must not tarry after that summons.

"You haven't told me what you have thought of for Carry," I said.

"No, it must wait a little; it won't hurt by waiting."

My curiosity was aroused, and during dinner-time Gretchen and I exchanged smiles and glances in reference to the subject which she was presently to reveal to me.

It was not until we were in the recreation ground, enjoying a brisk walk around it, by the light of the November moon, that we had the desired opportunity. Before learning our lessons, now that the days were short we were always sent to have a game or a stroll in the Recreation Ground, the sharp air made us walk as speedily as Miss Sheffield desired.

"Now then, Gretchen, what is it?"

"We will ask Carry to be the founder of a temperance society amongst us," said the young German, her dark eyes bright, and her whole countenance lovely with the beauty of goodness.

"A temperance society amongst *us;* oh! but then some are teetotalers already."

"That doesn't matter," said Gretchen; "we can do a work as a society that we can't do singly; Carry will tell us how."

"Do you think that will be enough to really rouse her much?" I asked. I was rather disappointed at the simple common-place nature of Gretchen's plan. I expected something much more novel and striking.

"I hope it may," said my dear German schoolfellow, "I have faith to believe that it will. We shall see."

If Gretchen felt disappointed in her turn at my cool reception of her plan, she did not show anything like annoyance. The next day being Thursday, Carry would stay to dine, as she always did, for her drawing-lesson from a master who attended at Sheffield House in the afternoon.

Between school and dinner, Carry and Gretchen and I had plenty of time for a good long talk. Carry was reading a book when we came to her, and Gretchen playfully laid her hand on the volume, and asked, "Carry, may I confiscate this property? I have something I want to talk to you about."

Carry looked just a little surprised, but she relinquished the volume with the words, "You will let me have it again presently, Gretchen?"

"Certainly, dear. Don't you think, Carry, we ought to have a temperance society in this school?"

I was quite surprised, as I looked at Carry, to see the effect these words had upon her. A light shone in her eyes again, a bright flush spread itself over her thin, pale cheeks; she looked more like the Carry of long ago than she had done for months. Her voice evinced something like real interest again in the subject of which she spoke.

"Oh! Gretchen darling, what made you think of that? It is the very thing."

"If you will undertake it, Carry, it can be done."

"I? But oh! How could I? Would it not seem?——" She paused, hesitated, then burst into tears. I had heard both her doctors express a wish that she would cry naturally, like other girls, now and then. So her tears did not trouble me as they might have done else.

Gretchen's arms enfolded her in a moment. Gretchen's soft kisses were on her face, soothing kisses, as I knew well by happy experience. The touch of the lips of "German Sunshine" was as welcome to the receiver as the dewdrops to the parched flowers in summer. Dear Gretchen!

"I know what you mean, what you would say, Carry, but, dear, it is not so; it is not to reproach him, it is not to blame any one, it is only to save us, dear. Won't you?"

Carry looked full of interest, but she did not immediately answer, and Gretchen went on.

"Think what a grand work it would be for you to do, in your school-days, Carry, to throw around us the safeguard of belonging to a society that would cause us to abstain from all strong drink now while we are young and the habit of taking it still unformed in us. Think how we should perhaps be able to set an abstaining fashion around us in our circles by-and-bye, when we are older and have homes and friends whom we must influence."

"You ought to be the one to carry it out, dear Gretchen," said Carry, warmly. "You have thought about it so wisely and so well."

"Oh! no, no; I am not an organiser, I am only a suggester," laughed Margherita. "I will gladly help you, but if it is to succeed you will have to undertake it."

"Kate, won't you?" said Carry, turning to me with her old bright, deeply-interested look, that I never expected to see on her face again.

"*Dear* Carry! Why I am not even an abstainer. I mean, I have never joined anything about it; though I don't drink, as you know, because papa and mamma said children did not want it. I, too, will gladly help, as Gretchen says."

"Oh! I wonder whether Miss Sheffield

would lend us the school-room for a meeting to begin the thing," said Carry. She was apparently thoroughly roused, thoroughly interested, and Gretchen was the dear little necromancer who had wrought the change. I told her so afterwards, and that, though I knew magic had its home in Germany, yet I never expected to have been so thoroughly convinced of the fact as I had been by her.

"Suppose we go to Miss Sheffield and ask her?" suggested Gretchen. Carry and I agreed. We met Jenny in the passage. She looked at her former patient, Carry, with surprise and pleasure.

"Where is Miss Sheffield, Jenny?" asked Carry.

"Dear Miss Carry, you're looking pounds better than you did yesterday. What has come to you?"

"Oh! we are making a nice little scheme; we shall want you to join by-and-bye, Jenny, but it is a secret yet, so you mustn't ask me to tell you. It is Gretchen's doing."

"God bless her," said Jenny, looking at our "German Sunshine" with admiration. "You've conqueredme, Miss Ziffel, that you have."

"What do you mean?" asked Gretchen, her eyes very widely opened at Jenny's words.

"I said before you came," replied Jenny, "that I didn't believe in having no foreign folk about, and now I think we never had a greater blessing in the house than you, Miss Ziffel. I can never manage your other names; no offence in that; one sounds too much like grits for gruel, and the other like the names people sing in songs—too good for every day, like."

Gretchen laughed very merrily at Jenny's words.

"But you haven't told us, dear, kind Jenny," she said, "where we shall find Miss Sheffield."

"In her parlour, young ladies, that's where I've just left her, so I know I'm right," and Jenny hurried away.

We tapped gently at Miss Sheffield's door.

"Come in."

Our governess looked very much astonished to see us, and perhaps more so to note the change that had come over Carry Jones.

"May we speak to you about something that interests us very much, Miss Sheffield?" asked Carry, her face still beautifully flushed.

"Surely you may." Miss Sheffield's words were as cordial as possible; her manner evinced real pleasure in our presence.

"We want to found a temperance society in the school. Will you lend us the schoolroom for a sort of opening meeting?"

"Oh!" Miss Sheffield's pleased look vanished; she almost seemed annoyed at the mere suggestion even.

Carry turned so very pale that Gretchen and I were quite frightened.

"You do not approve, Miss Sheffield?" she said sadly, her lips trembling with deep emotion.

"It is not," began our governess, "the kind of request to which I can accede without some consideration. If I sanction such a movement among you, will not people very naturally ask why I, who am not a teetotaler myself, should permit even that my pupils should take such a stand against the drink? Would it not, in fact, be like condemning myself and those parents of my scholars who think as I think? As you are aware, the father of Miss Moore, and the fathers of two or three others, are absolutely engaged in the making of these articles you condemn, which they regard as harmless luxuries. I run a serious risk of losing them altogether if I permit what you propose."

A blight appeared to have fallen upon our scheme. I should have been easily discouraged, and have given up at once after these words, but neither Gretchen nor Carry were at all of my mind.

Margherita drew nearer Miss Sheffield and knelt before her. I think no one could resist the sweet pleading face she raised to our governess.

"Oh, Miss Sheffield! dear Miss Sheffield! if you save one of us from an unhappy life through strong drink, will that not be worth doing for time and for eternity? Do, please, say, I promise."

Then Miss Sheffield looked a little troubled, but she stroked Gretchen's soft hair, and was certainly not angry with her for her words.

"When Gretchen proposed that we should have this society," said Carry, in deep earnest tones, "it felt to me as if she gave me a message from God, Miss Sheffield, a work to do for Him. I have felt ever since"—she could hardly say the words, but they came out at last, though brokenly—"ever since poor papa's illness and death, as if my feeble hand could do nothing, nothing to avert the curse from myself or others. But when Gretchen spoke to me to-day she gave me hope, and oh! it was so blessed to feel hope again! Miss Sheffield, you will not extinguish that hope, will you? You have loved me beyond my deserts, you have cherished me beyond what I have deserved, you have been kindness itself to me, and my heart will never lose its fulness of gratitude both to you and Miss Lancaster. But oh! if you can do this one thing more for me, how I shall bless you! how I shall thank you! can you, will you, dear Miss Sheffield? Do not crush the little bud of promise, do not extinguish the faint ray of light. I beseech you, grant us our petition."

I was astonished at Carry's passion of earnestness, amazed at the fluency with which her words of entreaty followed each other. I, the only silent one, had leisure to observe Miss Sheffield. She was very much moved; yet I did not feel at all sure that she would yield. Indeed, I did not expect she would; quieter reasoning, I should have supposed, would have more effect with her judicial and logical mind.

She did not answer Carry, and Gretchen still knelt beside her, when Carry began again, with her hands locked, her face pale, her eyes bright but terribly sad in their expression.

"If centuries ago, before the habit had grown into a hereditary complaint in our unfortunate family, the wise and good had stamped out the existence of strong drink, what generations of tragedies would have been prevented! what weary hours would have been gilded instead with joy! Oh, Miss Sheffield, think of the dread as to the future life upon which those we love have entered, which must haunt some of us to our own dying day! Think how age has crept prematurely around young hearts through this curse, how because of it, estrangement has arisen between those who should be most tenderly united! You will not wonder if I, the child of the curse, feel its chains galling me even as I speak."

Carry stopped, abruptly perhaps, but effectively.

Then Gretchen lifted her sunshiny face, and said, in a voice full of holy entreaty, "Think, too, dear Miss Sheffield, of the other side of the picture. How fair, how sweet will be the fruits of principled abstinence amongst us all; what hope we may carry to those in distress! what protection we may furnish by our example! what work we may thus do for the dear Master! 'bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ.'"

"Dear children, you have overcome my scruples," said Miss Sheffield; "I promise."

(*To be continued.*)

AUTUMN.

THE leaves are turning yellow,
The fruit is growing mellow,
The ripened corn is bowing in the breeze;
Ripe autumn tints are glowing,
The year is slowly going,
The leaves will soon be falling from the trees.
Old winter may be jolly,
With its boughs of dark green holly,
And the icebound ponds as smooth as polished glass;
But give me autumn mellow,
When the leaves are turning yellow,
And the ripened fruit drops on you as you pass!

W. A. EATON.

NOTHING AND SOMETHING.

BY F. E. W. HARPER.

IT is nothing to me, the Beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
The man is weak, if he can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.
It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
When her husband came with fiendish frown,
And hand upraised to strike her down.

It is nothing to me, the Mother said;
I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name.
It was something to her when that only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl,
A ruined body, and a sin-wrecked soul.

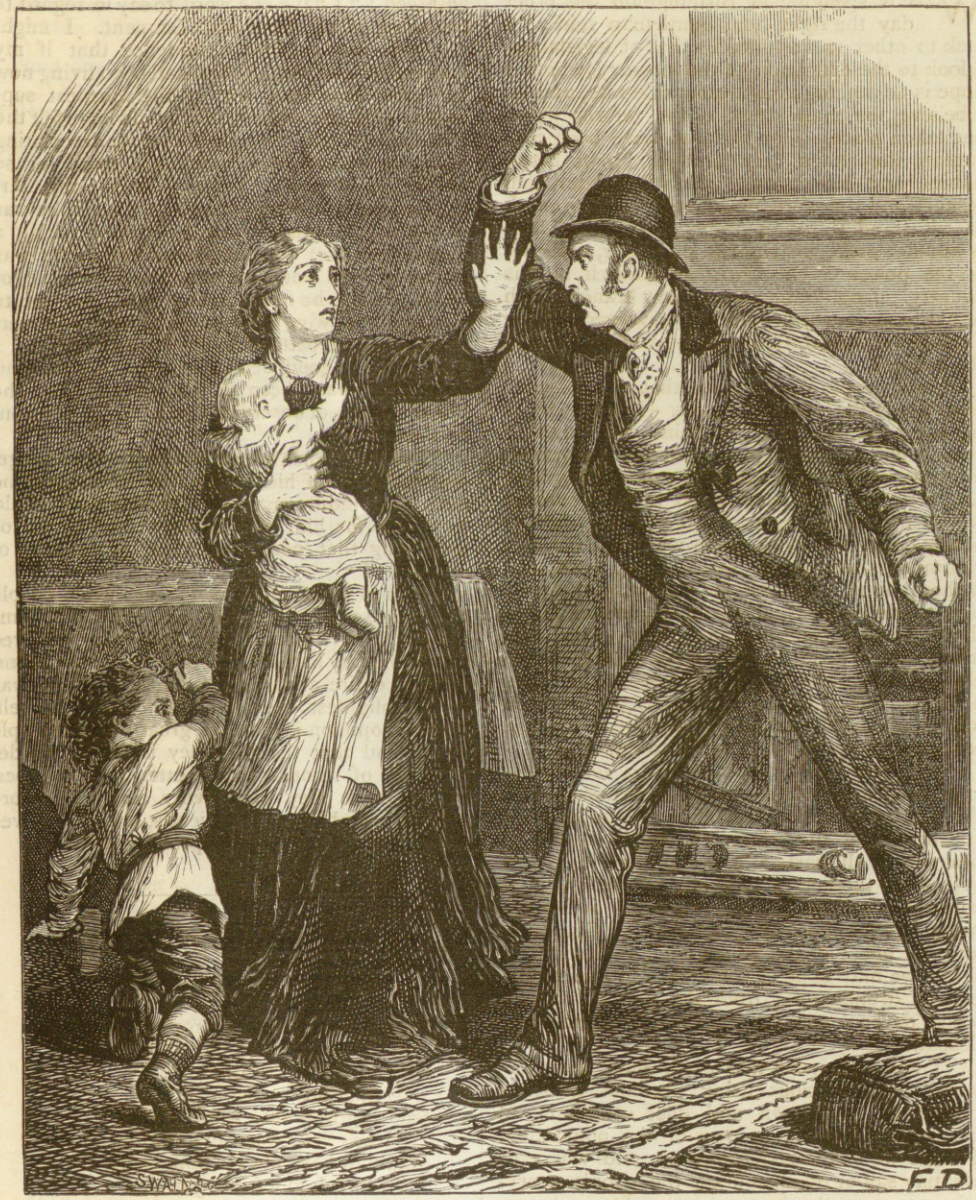
It is nothing to me, the Merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head;
I'm busy to-day with tare and tret,
And have no time to fume and fret.
It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
I heed not the dreadful things ye tell,
I can rule myself I know full well.
'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

It is nothing to me, the voter said;
The party's loss is my greatest dread,—
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.
It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

Is it nothing for us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,
To gather the young and thoughtless in—
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?
It is something—yes, all—for us to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand;
To learn to labour, live, and fight,
On the side of God and changeless right.

HAPPINESS is like riches; we are but the stewards of what is entrusted to us, and in both cases we are amply repaid for what we have distributed.



"When her husband came with fiendish frown,
And hand upraised to strike her down,"—p. 148.

MR. BRIGHT ON TEMPERANCE.

WHEN speaking at Birmingham the other day the right hon. gentleman said: "I look to other means besides that of legislation. I look to the education of the country, which I hope is advancing at a measurable rate, and is, I believe, the main cause of the reform which has taken place. Our children have been educated; they have been brought up in better habits, and have grown up with greater self-respect, and therefore they have greater strength to withstand the temptations to drink. There is another great instrument of power, and that is the power of the Christian Church in this country. I do not mean only that branch which of old time has been specially favoured by the Legislature, but of all the Christian Churches in the country.

"Some people have an idea that this mischief affects only the working classes. Nothing could be a greater mistake. In point of fact, every class supplies victims to the terrible temptation of drink, and indeed, from my experience, there are very few families indeed in this country whose members cannot point to some person nearly connected with them who has fallen a victim to this terrible evil. Now, I am not without hope. I think the progress that has been made is remarkable—far beyond anything that has been seen in past times. My hon. friend Sir Wilfrid Lawson may rejoice in the change of opinion that he witnesses, and I have not the smallest doubt but that change of opinion has been largely influenced by the wonderful zeal and labour he has devoted to this cause.

"I believe Parliament may do something, may indeed do much in one direction; that the Christian Churches may do much, and I believe that the education which is now in progress in all parts of the kingdom must tell even upon the fast growing-up generation; and with this combination, the attempts of Parliament, and the energy in general of the Churches, and the effect of the educational movement, I think we may hope at some day to banish the evil of drunkenness from the nation, an evil which darkens so many homes with sorrow and despair.

"I am quite sure that every man who forsakes the pernicious drink becomes a better citizen of your town and does something to add to the growing renown of the population. I hope we may make progress, and whatever we may say or do, encourage the people everywhere to promote the great cause of temperance, with which, I think, is more intimately connected the real advantage of the people almost than any other public question that can possibly be discussed."

Speaking at the opening of a large coffee-tavern the same day called the "Cobden," Mr. Bright observed: "I have one word to say in regard to the name of the new establishment. I might say with the greatest confidence that if my lamented friend Mr. Cobden had been living now he would have been one of the warmest supporters of the movement, and would have felt the compliment you have paid him in associating his name with the fine building erected for so admirable a cause. I recollect hearing Mr. Cobden say more than once that though he was in the habit, as most people were, of taking a glass or two of wine daily, yet when he was driven by hard work, either of much speaking or much writing, he found it was better for him to abstain from wine altogether, as he could perform his work better without it than with it. I have done a good deal of work of some kind myself. I have been in the habit during the last ten years, of observing total abstinence from all those things.

"I suppose when a man attained a certain age, and especially if his health had for some time been very indifferent, nothing apparently could be better for him than a very fine claret or something that contained some proportion of alcohol.

"I am in that condition of an age when people are supposed to begin to take care of themselves. I have been a long time—two or three years—in very bad health; but I have not found that an entire abstinence from these things was in the slightest degree prejudicial to myself. My own opinion is that the great bulk of people would find that the less they took of this description of stimulant the better their temper, and I think they would very likely be more pleasant neighbours and friends, and their lives in all probability would be prolonged."

LITTLEDROP AND BIGDROP.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

As Littledrop and Bigdrop
  Were walking out one day,
Said Littledrop to Bigdrop,
  "Mankind are led astray."
Said Bigdrop unto Littledrop,
  "I beg your worship's pardon,
Mankind have always gone astray
  Since Adam left the garden."

Said Littledrop to Bigdrop,
  "That's very true, I ween;
But I was thinking more about
  The subjects of our Queen.

My brother, I repeat again,
Mankind are led astray ;
'Tis very dreadful when we see
Men drinking so each day."

Said Bigdrop unto Littledrop,
"You're coming to the point :
It needs no telescope to see
The world is out of joint.
Mankind are led astray, 'tis true :
They drink like fools, and die ;
But who is it that's leading them—
Pray, is it you or I ?"

Said Littledrop to Bigdrop,
"You don't insinuate
That men like me, so temperate,
Can ever harm the State ?
I only take my single glass,
That surely is not sinful ;
But you are never satisfied
Until you get a skinful."

Said Bigdrop unto Littledrop,
"Your words are choice and ready ;
You are a *perfect model* man,
So temperate and steady !
I own that I'm a wretched sot,
A beacon on life's sea ;
For none would care to imitate
A drunken fool like me !"

Said Littledrop to Bigdrop,
"The truth is hard to see :
Society would ne'er go wrong
If all men followed me.
The little drop I daily take,
In sympathy with others,
It sweetens all the cares of life,
And makes men act like brothers."

Said Bigdrop unto Littledrop,
"You covet all the glory.
Come back with me a dozen years
While I relate a story.
You don't forget that very day
I wed your father's daughter :
We drained our goblets at the feast—
Which glass was filled with water ?"

Said Littledrop to Bigdrop,
"'Twas yours, I must allow ;
You were a staunch teetotaler—
I wish you were one now.
Although I've little sympathy
With such a stupid lot,
I'd rather see a man abstain
Than be a reg'lar sot."

Said Bigdrop unto Littledrop,
"I took you for my friend ;
You taught me many clever things
My simple life to mend.
You led me here, you led me there,
Before I'd time to think ;
And, last of all, you ruined me—
You taught me how to drink !"

Said Littledrop to Bigdrop,
"The charge is false, I trow ;
My influence never made a man
The drunkard you are now.
'Tis true you drank at my request,
But who will dare to say
The single glass of wine you took
Could lead a man astray ?"

Said Bigdrop unto Littledrop,
"Remember, my dear brother,
The sea is made of little drops
Which join to one another.
As tiny rills from mountain side
The mighty ocean feed,
So little drops in many lives
To wretched drunkards lead."

Said Littledrop to Bigdrop,
"The subject is distressing ;
I feel a twitch of conscience now,
Though careless of confessing.
'Tis noble only to be good,
And kindly help each other :
I long to see you once again
The same sweet, pious brother."

Said Bigdrop unto Littledrop,
"'Tis hard with drink to cope ;
My days are running swiftly out,
But while there's life there's hope.
You proved my foe in years gone by ;
I still respect your mettle :
Let's sign the pledge together now,
This argument to settle."

So Littledrop and Bigdrop,
While both were well inclined,
They bought two pledges down the street,
Which each with rapture signed.
They fought the drink and settled it ;
They vowed to live as brothers ;
And having cast one demon out,
They settled many others.

"MY WIFE," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attends auctions. She went once, just before we were married, and seeing a friend on the opposite side, nodded politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle, and asked her where she wished it delivered."

ARISE, YE BRAVE!

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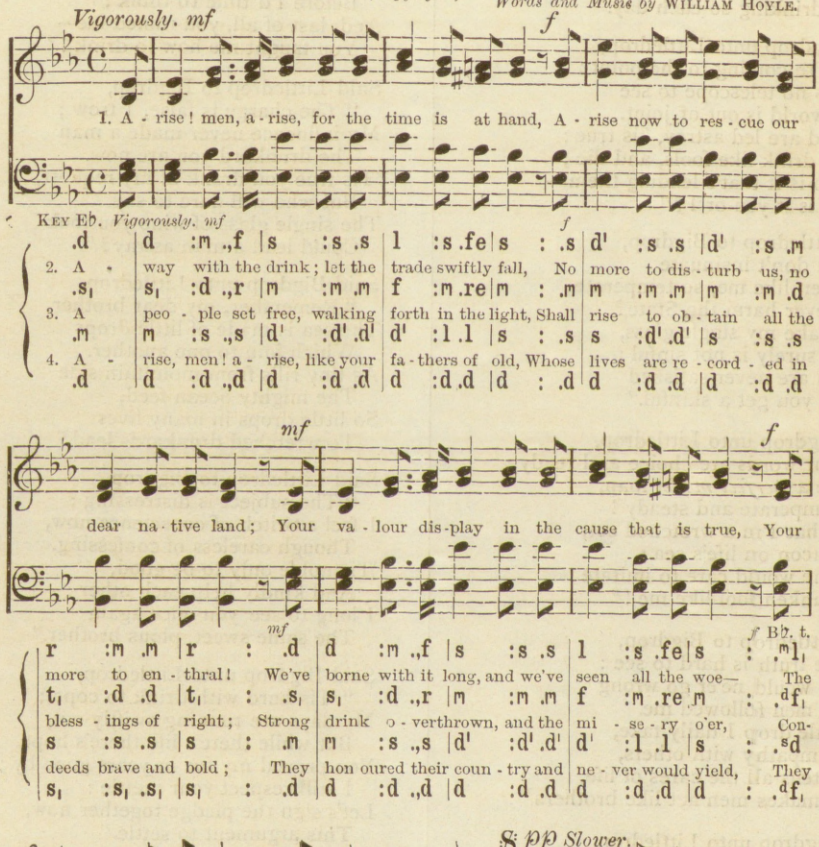
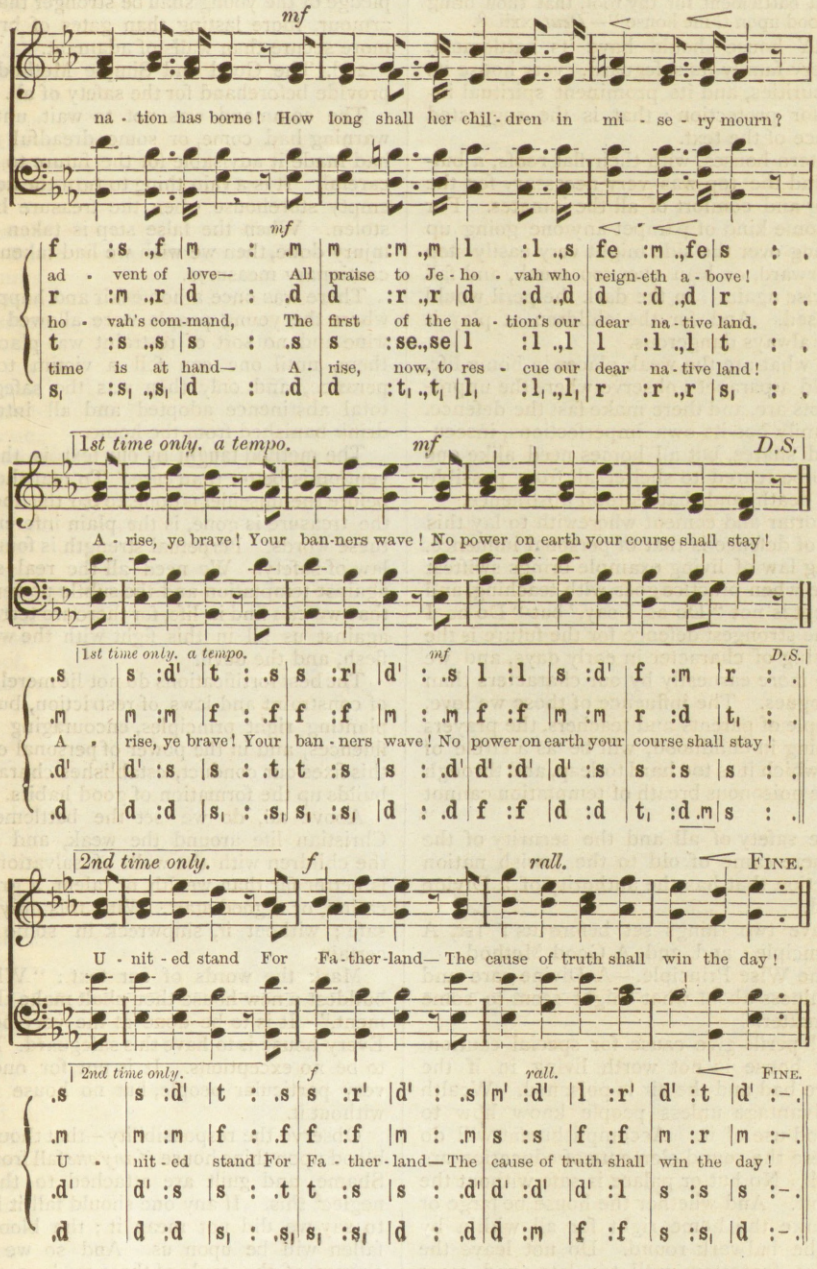
Words and Music by WILLIAM HOYLE.



ARISE, YE BRAVE!—*continued.*



SHORT BAND OF HOPE SERMON.

"When thou buildest a new house then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house."—*Deut.* xxii. 8.

EVERY house should have its battlement, every family its safeguard, every house its moral securities, and its prominent spiritual influences for protection; that is the suggested significance of the text.

In Eastern houses, with their flat roofs, a bulwark round the top was very necessary for the well-being and comfort of all the inmates. For without some kind of parapet any one going up and looking over the side might very easily step too far forward, or lean over too much, and fall never to rise again. In the dark the peril would be increased. And for the children at play it would be always dangerous.

Notice what are the weak places in home-life, there build a parapet: observe where the unprotected spots are, and there make fast the defence. Every family has its own imperfections, insecurities, and snares, but all homes need alike one barrier to be reared to shelter all from possible pain and death, and that is total abstinence.

The mortar and cement wherewith to lay this rampart of defence is that of personal influence. The living law of living example brings swiftest obedience when practice goes with teaching, and the precept is not "Do as I say," but "Do as I do." The strongest defence for the future is the wise making of character in early days, and we all speak more earnestly by our characters than by our tongues. The influence of those we love, the example of parents and teachers, the prayers and training in childhood, will be as a circle of fire over which it is too hard to leap, and through which the poisonous breath of temptation cannot come.

For the safety of all and the security of the young, there came of old to the Jewish nation an injunction that has the authority of a Divine command.

We have two things set before us: 1st, A Wise Principle; and, 2nd, A Good Method.

1st. The Wise Principle.—A Divine care and thoughtfulness about what might seem to some a small matter.

Special perils give cause for special caution. A grand house is not worth living in if the drains are bad and the air is poisoned. Wealth is no advantage unless people know how to make good use of it. Accomplishment will do little where the sound elements of education are neglected. No hut or palace is safe without the battlement. And whether the house be large or small, make the home right for all within by setting the bulwark round. Do not leave the battlement forgotten until too late, and some one has fallen a victim to the neglect. The shafts of the foe cannot penetrate sacred associations and hallowed memories; the first unbroken pledge of the young shall be stronger than plated armour, more lasting than gates of brass, and more secure than walls of adamant.

2nd. The Good and Simple Method was to provide beforehand for the safety of all.

The command was not to wait until some warning had come, or some dreadful example had made it advisable for the future to be more careful. It is a vain thing to turn the key on the empty storehouse when the treasure has been stolen. When the false step is taken and the injury done, then we wish we had taken the precautionary measures.

There was once a home fair and happy to see, where the young people were allowed to drink wine and no sort of restraint was placed upon them, until one son fell a victim to intemperance, and only then was the safeguard of total abstinence adopted and all intoxicating drink banished from the home.

The method taught by our text is that "Prevention is better than cure." To rear the parapet before the mischief is done, to bar the door before the treasure is gone, is the plain inference from these words. Perpetual strength is found in the law of safety. We need all the real securities against temptation and the subtle powers of evil that we can find in life, for there are terrible odds against us all in this fight with the world, the flesh, and the devil.

The best fortifications do not lie merely in rules of constraint and laws of restriction, but in implanting right principles, encouraging good influences, and in the power of personal example; this fixes our conduct, establishes character, and builds up the formation of good habits.

Above all, do we set the battlement of a Christian life around the weak, and surround the children with the walls of salvation? This is better far than wealth or talent, a grand education, or a good start. With this only are they safe; without it, shipwreck in some form is certain.

Mark the words of our text: "When thou buildest a new house thou shalt make the battlement." It is to be done at the very beginning. Every house is to have this safeguard. There are to be no exceptions. It is not for one or two very particular people, but no house is secure without it.

Observe the responsibility—that thou bring no blood upon thine house *if any one* fall from thence. Shame and guilt are attached to those who neglect this. If any one should fall it is useless to say we did not mean it; the blood of the fallen will be upon us. And so we may be slayers of the souls of those we love, simply by failing to do the obvious thing that would remedy

the evil. God holds us responsible for our neglect and ignorance. If we break the law no plea of want of knowledge will be a valid excuse ; we have to pay the penalty.

The simple lesson is, that every home should set up its permanent safeguards for all, but especially for the children. There should be the Band of Hope in every home. And every church, which is the spiritual home of souls, should have its temperance fold for the children, that they may be encircled by the safeguard of total abstinence.

The church's duty is not a substitute for the parents'. But it should supplement the right influence, and share with fathers and mothers in this protective work for the young. It is the church's supreme trust to exercise all its power and influence on their behalf. It is our sacred privilege, our solemn responsibility, lest one of these little ones fall, and their blood be upon us, and the terrible woe be on them by whom the offence came. The importance of this cannot be over-estimated, for whatever may be the advance of education and science, and our future political greatness, and the honour of England's good name at home and abroad, the secret of her strength for blessing, and power for bringing peace on earth and good-will to men, will ever be the moral and religious welfare of the children in our midst. Therefore, " when thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house if any man fall from thence."

A KISS FOR MAMMA.

THE car was all ready—the aeronaut saying
A few last words ere he sailed away
To the far blue sky, where the sunbeams straying
Made perfect the glorious summer-day ;
While thousands and thousands were gathering nigh,
To wish him good journey, and bid him good-by.

A wee little maid, with her sunny hair falling
Back from her beautiful childish brow,
Sprang away from her nurse, her baby voice calling :
" An p'ease, Mr. Man, may I do now?
I want to do up wiv 'oo in 'e sky,
To find my own mamma an' tiss her dood-by."

He kissed the sweet face, while the tear-drops were shining
On many a cheek hardened with care ;
He unclasped the arms round his neck fondly twining,
And sailed from the little one standing there ;
But a sweet voice rose to him clear and free,
" Tell mamma I's dood dirl, an' tiss 'er 'fo me ! "

—*Wide Awake.*

PUT IT AWAY.

BY UNCLE BEN.

FREDDY TOPCLIFF was like a great many other small boys ; he was not always good, although he had a birthday once a year. He was the only child of his parents, and so several friends predicted that he would grow up to be spoilt ; some ventured to say that this was the case already. But if he were spoilt I fear all little lads must be, except the few model boys we never see but only read of in story books. He certainly was not a downright or down-wrong bad boy. If his conduct had been only equal to his appetite he would have been one of the noblest boys that ever lived, for he had a simply splendid power in that way. His appetite was like charity, his mother said, " it never faileth." He could always eat when not asleep ; of course he was not always bread-and-butter hungry, but after the most substantial meals he could find room for any delicacy he could see, and after a hearty breakfast and lunch, a capital dinner and tea, a plain but ample portion of bread-and-butter for supper, he could manage some fruit or sweeties just as he was going to bed. From the first thing in the morning to the last thing at night nothing came amiss to his generous taste.

One of the most important events up to this time of his career was the leaving off a little frock and petticoats, and being clad in a small knickerbocker suit, which contained one breast pocket, in which he found a bright threepenny-piece when he first put it on. The Sunday that he wore his new things was a day to be remembered ; it was a step toward manhood which so rejoiced his young heart, that he told his father he should like when he grew to be a big man to be a postman, or else drive an engine. But these positions of honour he would have renounced if he could have been at once raised to be a cab-driver, for that seemed to him the very highest vocation in life. Still, in spite of these exalted views of duty, when bed-time came he cried at the very thought of discarding his new things, nor could he be comforted even by jam tart until his mother assured him that no cabman or engine-driver cried when he went to bed.

It was not long after this that Freddy had a birthday. The event was to be celebrated by two cousins coming to tea at half-past four, when a large plum cake with a fallen snowstorm of white sugar would be put on the table for Freddy and his friends to enjoy, at which they could " coot and coom again."

On the morning of the auspicious day he received what had been the desire of his heart for some time, and that was a really sharp knife that could cut. He found it by his bedside

wrapped up in a neat little parcel and directed to "Freddy, with father and mother's love." When the parcel was opened, and he had asked for what was written on it to be read to him, he thanked his kind parents with many kisses.

His mother blessed him, and wished him every good and perfect gift, and prayed more earnestly than ever that the Lord would be with the lad. When she saw his sincere and simple delight she was quite as pleased as he was. It recalled to her loving memories of her own childhood, and looking long at the small figure gazing in admiration at his new possession, she said to him, "My precious boy, I do hope you will grow up to be a good man; and now I am trusting you with a real knife, you must be very careful, and mind not to play with it carelessly or you will cut your fingers, for I have often had to take knives away from you lest you should hurt yourself."

"I shan't cut my fingers, I know how to cut prop'ly, and I mean to be like a man."

"Well, I hope you will be a manly boy," replied his mother.

"Oh yes, I am; I will not cry ever again, I'll be a very dood boy indeed." Then he added enquiringly, "It's only big boys that have knives, isn't it, mother? And so I am a big boy, because I've got a knife. You used to say I should have one when I was older."

"I do not know that you are quite old enough yet, but I thought we would try, for you remember the story I told you about the boy who played with fire, and one day burnt himself; and he was like the man we saw drunk in the street the other day, who had been playing with poison until he could not stand, but had lost his sense and reason."

"I won't cut things I ought not to. I won't cut the chairs or tables, only sticks and pieces of wood."

"Well, we shall see, and if I do find you don't know how to use the new knife I shall have to take it from you."

With that word of exhortation and warning away he went to show his knife to Betsy the servant.

The day had not advanced far when Freddy discovered to his great joy in the wood house near the back garden, a stick in a bundle of loose faggots, which would do, as he thought, for a beautiful walking-stick. He trimmed it outside, and then having shown it to his mother, who was busy about household duties, went and sat down on his favourite buffet, and began to make the stick a little shorter, as it was too long for him to walk with. He had not made many strokes with the wonderful sharp knife when it slipped and cut two of the fingers that were holding the stick. And when the blood came the tears began to fall.

His mother heard the cry of distress, and guessed at once what had happened. She ran and found it was not anything that would injure his hand, although it was a nasty, painful cut, and would not be well for some days. While his mother was doing it up she said—

"What had we better do with the knife? You won't be able to use it for a little time; don't you think it would be better for mother to keep it until Freddy is old enough to use it without fear of hurting himself?"

"It is my very own knife, and me don't want to part with it," said the boy.

"But if you kept it always in your pocket the temptation would be too great; I am sure you would use it. Would it not be better *to put it away?*"

The boy looked up at his mother whom he loved and trusted. It was a hard struggle, but he took up the treasure and put it in his mother's hand silently.

"Now, then," said the mother, "we will put it away together, and you shall see where it is, then we will go and look at it sometimes, for it is still your very own knife. And to make up for it I will give you a beautiful picture-book."

Mother and Freddy went out to choose the book in the afternoon, before his cousins came. His mother wrote his name in it that he might remember it in after days:—"For Freddy on his birthday, because he put away his new knife to please his mother."

So may we all learn to put away the harmful thing, strong drink; if not to please mother, at least to please God.

BABY BROTHER.

I HAVE a little baby brother:
He often cries and makes a bother,
But he's my little baby brother,
And I wouldn't change him for any other.

He often tumbles from his cradle,
Spills his milk and breaks the ladle,
Slaps my cheeks and pulls my nose,
And gives me little but kicks and blows.

He kicks his heels, he squirms and squeals,
And wriggles like the worst of eels,
He grabs the scissors, or needle, or pin,
And tries the point on his dimple chin.

In fact, a regular Turk is he,
He worries me out of my life, you see,
But I know the world would be sad and dim
Without my little brother Jem!



"The knife slipped and cut two of his fingers."—p. 156.

THE DEAN OF BANGOR ON THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

MAN was created to bear the likeness of God, and to be a partaker of the nature of God. God is light, and God is love. He is light to the intelligence of men and love in the affections of men. Why is it, then, that intemperance produces greater misery than almost any other thing we can think of? Because it directly tends to quench in man the light of God and the love of God. When a man takes to drink it destroys his intelligence, debases his reason, degrades him into the most selfish, unloving of animals. It is, therefore, on this account that the sin produces such a widespread misery. It is merciful on the part of God to connect so much misery with this sin in order to warn man from doing that which destroys his higher life.

Drink is the greatest cause of misery, of crime, of madness, and of human degradation in all its forms. £130,000,000 or more are spent in drink in this country every year. If that can be reduced one-half, it will be for the benefit of the country. We know that countless torrents of human misery result from drink—every one knows it ; but it is another thing to realise it in our hearts. A great statesman has told us that the drink traffic produces in this country more misery than the combined evils of war, pestilence, and famine. That may appear to be exaggeration, but I believe it is literally true. War, pestilence, and famine are but passing visitations, but this destroying power of drink is here continually. It is destroying, and starving, and desecrating. It produces more misery than war ; it really produces war, war in man's own nature.

No man can become a confirmed drunkard till there has been a great war between his higher and lower nature, between the flesh and the spirit, between the intellectual and the animal. When the battle is fought, if the man is vanquished, then the banner of the beast waves over the ruins of the man. Nothing produces more quarrels in domestic and social life than drink. If we could by some means see at one glance all the misery, all the wounds, all the crimes, all the murders produced by drink within one twelve months, I venture to say that we would realise the fact that this sin of intemperance produces more destruction and more miseries than could be seen on the bloodiest field of battle.

Pestilence, if it causes misery, does not cause shame as well, as drink does. If pestilence ruins the present, it does not deprive them of all hope for the future. Drink causes misery not only to the drunkard, but to the drunkard's friends and relatives. What is it for a man's friends to see day by day his noblest nature dying within him, man giving way to the beast, the reason darkened, all that is really human passing away before that which is bestial, until the poor man passes away into the eternal world? If we could only see all the lives which are cut short in one year by this sin, we would be obliged to confess that no pestilence, however terrible—however it might clothe the community with the garb of mourning, and make the air pregnant with the tolling of the funeral bell—did what this drink is doing day by day.

THE GOLDEN TEXT.

THE minister sat in his study late on Saturday night, a weary, disheartened man ; he had just finished a week of arduous duties and harassing care, and he had not expected to preach the next day, and he was suffering from a severe cold ; but his anticipated help had not come, and himself in anything but a devotional frame of mind—for ministers, after all, if they are ambassadors of Christ, are human. Their physical natures are often weak, and their spiritual condition is not always perfect, even with the Divine help they constantly implore.

On this night Mr. Redmond leaned his aching head on his study table, and almost wished he was not a minister, that he might at least provide his family with the comforts they so much needed—that so much would not be expected from him, and so little given in return. He was not even sure he had the sympathy and prayers of his people, they were so distant toward him, and he felt strongly tempted to have no services on the next day in church, and so excuse himself altogether.

But was that doing his Master's work? No. He could not prepare a written sermon at that late hour in his present depression of spirits, but he could talk to the people affectionately from the pulpit, as a father to his children.

He opened the Bible to select a text, and chose the first his eyes rested on : " Bear ye one another's burdens."

Never had he spoken so impressively as he did on that day ; never had the relation of pastor and people seemed nearer to him, or his sacred office of more endearing beauty. He spoke of the saintly fellowship of Christians upon the earth, and his heart was in what he said.

His people had only respected him before—that day they loved him. There were some narrow-minded men among the congregation. One of these sat the next day in his comfortable home, and talked with his wife and children over yesterday's sermon.

"It seems to me that Mr. Redmond felt badly," he said.

"I thought so too," said his wife.

"Kitty, I have been thinking over that text, and have about concluded to bear his burdens a little."

"How can we do it?" she asked.

"I've a sight more of that hickory wood than I can use in two years, and I will give him a couple of cords. I think that will help him a little."

Kitty said, "Yes, do," and mentally resolved that at pork time a snug ham and sausage meat should find its way to the parsonage.

Somehow the wood was accompanied by a barrel of flour, the gift of another member, and shortly after a real donation visit made the minister's home a happy one for that winter, so that he was able out of his small salary to spare the means for a few needed books.

But that was not all that good text did.

John Collins was a night-watchman at the great warehouse of Baker and Co. He was poor, and his wife was sick, and do what he would, he could not make both ends meet.

There was a trifle of money coming to him from a first employer, but it would not be due until three months. If he could borrow that it would make him straight again. But where could he borrow it? His companions were as poor as he. The minister might lend it, for he had been a good friend to John, but he somehow thought Mr. Redmond needed all the money he got. Mr. Baker, his employer, was rich, and he would never need it, but was very close. John knew that; however, for the sake of his little Nelly at home, sick, and his wife a pale sufferer, he made bold to ask, standing by the rich man's desk, and twirling his rimless hat, and telling his story plainly and emphatically. Mr. Baker heard him through, and then looked at him from head to foot.

"I cannot help you," was on his lips, when like an inspiration came Sunday's text to his mind—"Bear ye one another's burdens."

And he counted the money and gave it to the man.

"You have been honest and faithful in the past, John," was all he said.

Mrs. Weston had never thought to inquire into the circumstances of the woman who did all her washing, standing all day at the weary work. But that Monday morning when she went into the kitchen and saw that bent form swaying to and fro over the steaming suds, she thought of her as a woman and a sister, and by a few questions learned her whole history, a very common one—a widow with four children. Mrs. Weston gave her some warm clothes for her children, and promised to call and see her, and encouraged her by kind words.

And Mrs. Weston resolved never to be guilty of such thoughtlessness again.

"Bear ye one another's burdens" yet rang in her ears and softened her heart.

It had been a great wonder to the people of Mr. Redmond's church to see the miser, Thomas Fulton, coming up the aisle on the Sabbath. It was a still greater surprise when they heard that he had sent to the almshouse for his daughter, Mary, and her crippled boy. Had the pastor's sermon touched that flinty heart?

Under God's grace it had.

"Can I ever be discouraged again?" thought Mr. Redmond, when he had heard of its influence. "Surely the angel of deliverance was near me that night."

There are other places in which that text could be preached with good effect. There are other hearts for it to reach and touch. It has a universal meaning, for wherever toiling, weary humanity is, there should be learned the golden text—"Bear ye one another's burdens."

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

"BEING in the country," says a French writer, "I had an example of one of those small losses which a family is exposed to through negligence. For the want of a latchet of small value, the wicket of a barn-yard leading to the fields was often left open. Every one who went through drew the door to, but as there was nothing to fasten the door with, it was left flapping, sometimes open, sometimes shut. So the cocks and hens and chickens got out, and were lost.

"One day a fine pig got out and ran off into the woods, and after the pig ran all the people about the place—the gardener, and the cook, and the dairymaid. The gardener first caught sight of the runaway, and hastening after it, sprained his ankle, in consequence of which the poor man was not able to get out of the house again for a fortnight. The cook found when she came back from the pursuit that the linen she had left by the fire had fallen down and was burning. And the dairymaid, having in her haste neglected to tie up the legs of one of the cows, the cow had kicked a colt which was in the same stable and broken its leg.

"The gardener's lost time was worth twenty crowns, to say nothing of the pain he suffered; the linen which was burned and the colt which was injured were worth much more. Here, then, was a heavy loss, as well as much trouble, plague, and vexation, for the want of a latch which would not have cost threepence."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

HOW bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only carries in his breast a clear conscience void of offence towards God and man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel we have omitted no task, and left no obligation unfulfilled, fills the heart with satisfaction and the soul with strength.

DO not be above your business, no matter what that business may be, but strive to be the best in your line. He who turns up his nose at his work, quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks. There is no shame about any honest calling. Don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there is plenty of soap to be had to render your hands white and genteel enough if only the dirt on them be clean dirt—that is, I mean dirt only from honest trading.

BEAUTY has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. There is something irresistible in a beauteous form. The most severe cannot pretend that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favour of the handsome. At the same time the handsome should bear this in mind, that no one can bestow this gift on themselves, nor retain it when they have it.—*Steele.*

"I SAY, old chappie," said a city man to a henpecked friend of his, "what a shocking bad hat you have on! Isn't it about time you bought a new one?" "Not yet; my wife told me the other day that she would not go out with me till I had got a new hat; and I am going to enjoy myself."

A MAN, in praising ale, said that it was an excellent drink, though, if taken in great quantities, it made persons fat. "I have seen it make you lean," said an acquaintance.

MEN are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them till they have been for a short time in hot water.

"TOMMY, did you hear your mother call you?" "Course I did." "Then why don't you go to her at once?" "Well, you see, she's nervous, and it'd shock her awful if I should go too sudden."

"MRS. MIFFIN," said a visitor, "Emma has your features, but I think she's got her father's hair." "Oh, now I see," said the dear little Emma; "it's because I've papa's hair that he has to wear a wig!"

A SCOTCH parson said, recently, somewhat sarcastically of a toper, that he put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, but that the enemy, after a thorough and protracted search, returned without any.

WHEN is a thief best understood?—When he is apprehended.

WHEN does the rain become too familiar to a lady?—When it begins to pat her (patter) on the back.

WHY are fowls fashionable birds?—Because they always appear dressed for dinner.

WHAT part of speech is kissing?—It is a conjunction.

WHAT length should a young lady's dress be worn?—A little above two feet.

WHY is Westminster Abbey like a fender?—Because it contains the ashes of the great (grate).

OF interest to mothers: A switch in time saves nine.

Notices to Correspondents.

The Editors do not undertake to return rejected contributions.

All literary communications and books for review to be addressed to the Editor.

Letters on business to be directed to the Secretary, "Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

Received with thanks:—Rev. J. S. Balmer, W. A. Eaton, T. J. Galley.

Notices of Books.

The Onward Reciter, twelfth volume, has just come to hand, price 1s. 6d., published by Partridge and Co., London, and ONWARD Offices, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. It contains a series of admirable selections, a monthly dialogue for the year, a dozen prose addresses, short and pithy, from the best temperance orators, and a great variety of poems well adapted for Band of Hope meetings.

The National Temperance Reader, published from the depot, 337, Strand, London, gives also a large choice of recitations, readings, and dialogues, and will form an excellent supplement to the above.

Two Services of song—published by Partridge, London, and ONWARD Offices, 18, Mount Street, price 4d., or 3s. 4d. per dozen, post free; copies are issued in both notations. *Poor Mike*, the story of a waif, by Rev. Silas Hocking; and a new and original one, entitled, *His Father's Image*, by Miss M. A. Paull. These two services of song will meet a great need and supply a very important demand. Both are thoroughly temperance stories, each of intrinsic worth and interest, and the music is well adapted for Band of Hope choirs, with a charming and easy variety of song.

Publications Received.

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

WE GIRLS.

A Story of School-Girl Life.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

Chapter XI.—Inauguration.

THERE was a considerable amount of excitement amongst the girls at Sheffield House just a week after our conversation with Miss Sheffield. Both our governesses had advised us to take Mr. and Mrs. Webb into our confidence respecting our temperance society. Mrs. Webb had a sister, who was known as an eloquent and loving speaker to the young on the question of total abstinence. So, with a little note from Miss Sheffield to open our way, we three—Carry, Gretchen, and myself—went to call on Mrs. Webb the day after we had made known our wishes to our governess. We were ushered into a pleasant, cheerful parlour, where were seated two ladies at work, while on the floor rolled a merry, jolly little baby boy, and two little children rather older were playing together with some bricks.

Mrs. Webb rose and greeted us very cordially, especially Carry, and expressed herself delighted to see us. She was one of those persons with whom you feel at home almost directly, so kind, so affectionate was her manner. The other lady was quieter in her ways, but very sweet and gentle-looking.

"This is my sister, Ada Stanley," said Mrs. Webb, with something of *empressement* and pride in her voice. "I think you may very likely have heard or read of Ada Stanley."

"Oh! dear Lizzie," said Miss Stanley, "please don't speak as if I were a live lion."

"Will you please read that little note, Mrs. Webb?" said Carry, as she presented Miss Sheffield's introduction of the subject about which we had come. We had all of us felt a little difficulty about Mrs. Webb's sister, because we could neither of us say that we had heard of her by name, though there had already crossed our minds the suspicion that she was the lady who could, if she would, render us so much help.

Mrs. Webb was very impulsive. Directly she had finished reading the note she jumped up in quite a delighted way, and, patting her sister caressingly on the shoulder, exclaimed, as she placed the missive in her hand, "There, Ada, your work follows you. Didn't I tell you if you came to Lewes we would give you plenty of employment?"

"I did not doubt it," said Ada, with a bright, merry smile, and a shrewd, meaning glance at her nephews and niece on the floor; "married sisters can generally find plenty of work for single ones."

"Naughty, ungrateful child," said Mrs. Webb, in a pretty bantering tone and manner; "I will not allow you ever to take my precious darlings in your arms during the whole of your visit, if you speak so disrespectfully of them."

"Not until your arms ache, Lizzie," said Miss Stanley, laughing.

"Now, young ladies," said Mrs. Webb, turning to us, "you see what she is. Don't you call it imposition on her part to speak on the platform as if she loved every baby in creation, and then to talk so disrespectfully of my beauties, her own sweet, lovely little relations, bless them?" And Mrs. Webb looked round upon the merry, rosy children on the floor and seemed undecided whether to lift each up and kiss and fondle, or to leave them undisturbed in their present happy state. She came to the conclusion, apparently, that while they were so content, she might be so. "I am so glad you came to us," she went on, in her bright way, "because Ada can do just exactly what you want; she has the whole proceedings at her finger-ends, and if she chose could say off the way to do it as readily as an answer from the catechism. I should make a mistake if I tried. How does it go, Ada?"

Miss Stanley had finished reading the note. "The same things do not always go first, by any means, Lizzie," she said, smiling at her sister's words. "You are giving these dear girls—they will forgive me for not saying 'young ladies'—a very strange idea of temperance work. If we can be of any use to you in forming and starting a Band of Hope in your school, we shall, I am sure, be delighted."

"I thought Bands of Hope were for poor children," I said, rather timidly. I imagined we should be made into a much more ambitious affair than a mere Band of Hope, and was, accordingly, just a little disappointed.

"I don't know any better organisation for the young than a Band of Hope," said Miss Stanley. "Suppose we prefixed the word 'drawing-room'; would that meet your views better?"

"Oh, but," said Gretchen, frankly, "we shall not be likely ever to meet in a drawing-room; we shall have the schoolroom for our meetings at Sheffield House, if we become properly esta blished, as I trust we may."

"There is a good deal in a name," admitted Miss Stanley. "What do you think of this, 'Sheffield House Band of Hope'? That gives a dignity and respectability at once to the whole thing. Poor children are not accustomed to live in residences with grand names."

I thought she was laughing at me a little, but as I could not be sure I assented, and Gretchen

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and Carry agreed as to the fitness of the name.

"They will want cards, and hymn-books, and papers to send to their parents for leave to sign the pledge," said Lizzie Webb, "and, of course, dear Ada, you have them all; you are, as it says of Timothy in the Bible, 'throughly furnished to all good works.'"

Ada laughed. "Of course, I have them all, or at least specimens of them, and I will fetch them for you to see."

So saying, she rose, and presently returned with a black leather bag, which, upon being opened, was found to contain every requisite, as it seemed to us, for the establishment of Bands of Hope. We had no idea before how many things might be needed, nor how many were already in existence, which proved very plainly we were rather behind-hand as a group of young ladies of this nineteenth century in our knowledge of the temperance movement. There were pledge-cards of many and varied designs, some really very beautiful as well as gay in colour; there were melody-books; there were services of song in both notations; there were register-books; there were hints on forming Bands of Hope; there were Band of Hope periodicals, Band of Hope volumes, Band of Hope tracts, and last, but by no means least, there was this graceful, sweet-looking, ladylike Ada Stanley, the expounder and lecturer about all these things to the young.

"I think if Miss Sheffield will allow me to call and see her to-morrow," said Miss Stanley, "we can then fix on a suitable time for our inaugural meeting, when I shall be very pleased to do what little lies in my power to make this a happy beginning of a very united and prosperous Band of Hope."

We thanked Miss Stanley and Mrs. Webb very much for their kind reception of us and our ideas, and took leave.

We were very much amused during the few succeeding days that intervened between the broaching of the subject on our part and the proclamation of the intended inaugural meeting, to hear the suspicions of one and another of the girls that something particular was in progress.

When it was announced on Thursday, by Miss Sheffield, that a temperance meeting would take place in the school-room on the following (Friday) evening, to be addressed by Miss Ada Stanley, of London, and that the parents of the day scholars were respectfully invited to attend, the excitement amongst us all, of which I have spoken, waxed more and more.

It was such a novelty, such an innovation, and Miss Sheffield and Miss Lancaster were declared by some of the girls to be the very last whom they should have supposed would like such a thing. Besides, if they took wine, why should not their pupils take it also? it was dreadfully inconsistent for drinkers to have temperance meetings in their schools. So said the Ada-Sylvia party, including the girls whose parents were engaged in the manufacture of strong drink, but Carry set herself to combat and conquer the opposition. She put herself into the struggle with an earnestness that nothing could withstand, and so far overcame prejudice as to persuade every one of the girls to hear Miss Stanley. She spoke with authority, as being herself a sufferer from that which she desired to overthrow, and she made thoughtless ones think on the subject, as it is very certain they had never thought before.

So on Friday night, all the scholars without one exception were gathered in the school-room, which we had been busy almost ever since school hours transforming into a lecture hall. We arranged the seats as Miss Stanley had advised, in the form of a square, in the midst of which some cushioned seats had been placed for the speakers, Mr. Webb, who was to act as chairman, and Miss Stanley, and for our governesses and teachers. The front row of the square was also formed of cushioned chairs, lent from the sitting-rooms of Sheffield House, for the parents and friends of the pupils, at the back were the forms for ourselves.

It all looked very comfortable and pretty when the gas was lit, the large fire cheerfully burning, and the smiling girls ranged around waiting for the proceedings to commence. Jenny ushered the visitors in and conducted them to their appointed seats. The servants were as interested almost as ourselves in the whole business, and had obtained leave to attend the meeting. Carry, Gretchen, and myself were, at Miss Stanley's request, accommodated with seats near her, so that we faced most of our schoolfellows, and were able to see everything from a point of advantage.

Amongst the very earliest arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Webb and their eldest child, a little boy of six. Miss Stanley came by herself almost a quarter of an hour before. Mr. Moore, to my great surprise, bustled in, and hurried as if he were late, when the clock still wanted a quarter of an hour of seven, the time appointed for opening the meeting. Miss Jones came, but not with her mother. Her eyes sought Carry, and were apparently surprised to note that she was in so prominent a position. Everybody came whom we had expected, and a very great many whom we did not at all expect. When the servants were just making up their minds to fasten the doors and come in, a muffled figure in deepest mourning crept past them into the schoolroom, and took her seat on a form amongst the girls. It was Mrs. Jones. Carry's eyes which had

been restless before, seemed satisfied when she noted her entrance.

Very punctually at seven o'clock Mr. Webb rose and made a very cheerful, very interesting, very clever speech. Without using dry words or saying what some of us could not understand, he taught us that every liquor which contains the spirit called alcohol, is unfit for men and women and boys and girls to use; that its entrance into the human organisation does mischief, nothing but mischief, and that continually. He spoke with knowledge and power of the delicate functions of the human frame, the exquisite fitness of every part of the human mechanism. I am sure he made all of us girls understand as we had never understood before, what kind of creatures we were, physically. And then he proceeded very beautifully to remind us that God meant these earthly homes of our souls, which we call our bodies, to be pleasant to each other, and to be consecrated to His service, and that every habit which made us repulsive to others, or unfitted us for His work, was condemned of God.

After this interesting introductory speech he told us that his dear relative, Miss Stanley, had undertaken to work in the temperance field amongst the young, and that he hoped and believed her coming there that day would be of lasting benefit, and that from Sheffield House her Heavenly Father would permit her to bring a bundle of sheaves with her. I had never heard a lady speak in public before, and I have never been able to hear one since without instituting comparisons that are, I must confess, rarely favourable to the later speakers.

Her graceful figure, her sweet face, her loving, earnest, pleading tones, the rich music of her voice, the pathetic stories she told, the sparkling anecdotes she gave with such keen appreciation of their humour, all these things delighted us by turn. We had only been listening, as it seemed, a few minutes, when she began to apologise for talking so much, and looking up at the clock, we knew she really had spoken for almost an hour. An outburst of applause assured her we should all be very glad if she would trespass longer, but she now drew quickly to a close, and her last words were for the mothers present. "'Mother' should be to every child as it is to myself," she said, "the synonym for all things best beloved and holy and of good report. That dear word should steal into the heart as the name of the solace in sorrow whom God has in His great mercy set beside us in our helpless infancy, and not only that, the dear word 'mother' should be as a mirror that reflects our joy. The sunshine was brighter when mother smiled, the clouds were less dark if mother's hand soothed us through the gloom. Dear mothers here now, taking pride in the progress of your darlings at Sheffield House, as they add this and that attainment to their knowledge, will you let slip this golden opportunity of helping them forward in their moral progress? Which of you could bear to feel that there was even the remotest possibility that your darling should become the slave of drink? Which of you can bear to refuse to throw an additional safeguard around her path, by permitting her to sign the pledge of total abstinence, and by encouraging her with a similar action on your own part? May God help us all to do the right in this one thing, this day." A solemn silence ensued. And then at a signal from Miss Stanley, Carry, Gretchen, and I sang the hymn beginning—

"Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

Gretchen's sweet soprano and Carry's rich contralto voices blended beautifully, and I did my best not to spoil them. A sweet solemnity appeared to have fallen upon everybody; I saw Jenny, dear impressionable Jenny, crying like a child. Miss Stanley got up again and invited us all to join Sheffield House Band of Hope, either as adult or as juvenile members. Out of an audience of about sixty persons no less than forty-five either signed the pledge of total abstinence, or received papers to send to their parents, asking permission to sign. Mr. Moore, though he did not sign the pledge himself, almost insisted that Sylvia should sign, and offered to be at any expense which we incurred in carrying out our project.

But this Miss Stanley gently refused on our behalf; "The expenses, my dear sir, are almost nominal, since Miss Sheffield so kindly places the school-room at their disposal for their weekly meetings. It is very much better for them to carry on the society at their own charges. A trifling monthly subscription from each member will amply suffice."

"You think my money is not good enough to be so used," said Mr. Moore, not without a ring of annoyance in his voice.

Miss Stanley looked extremely surprised, "Your money, sir?" she asked, "I do not understand."

"Mr. Webb knows what I mean," said the wine merchant. Mr. Webb immediately explained.

"Indeed, then, you are right, Mr. Moore," said Ada Stanley, fearlessly; "it *would* be inconsistent to get money by drink with one hand, and spend it against the drink with the other."

Mr. Moore appeared to be more sorry than annoyed, to my extreme astonishment. I had not



"The music of her voice, the pathetic stories she told, delighted us."—p. 163.

learnt then, that the truth honestly, fearlessly spoken has something of majesty in it, even for those who will not fully acknowledge its claims.

When Emma Jones, who had been informed of her mother's presence, sought her with Carry after the meeting to accompany her home, she was nowhere to be found, nor on reaching home, as Carry informed me, did they see anything of her at supper-time. But when Carry had shut herself in her room, there was a low tap at the door, and presently the tall gaunt form of Mrs. Jones stood beside her child, and words Carry never dared hope to hear escaped her lips in a whisper, "Carry, my child, I have been wrong, wrong to your dead father and to you. The drink must go."

Carry tremblingly, yet rejoicingly, threw her arms around her widowed mother's neck. "Oh! mamma, forgive me, I too have been wrong; I have felt hard, and cold, and cruel to you, because of this thing. You will let me comfort you, you will help me to do rightly; the temptation by God's grace shall be overcome."

A great many people say teetotalers are people of one idea. If this is the case, the drink question must embrace and enfold many subjects, for I am sure that total abstinence from intoxicants was not the only good thing that emanated from our inaugural Band of Hope meeting.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE ACTION OF ALCOHOL UPON HEALTH.*

ALCOHOL is a poison, so is strychnine, so is arsenic, so is opium. It ranks with these, and, like it, can be habitually taken without any *obvious* prejudicial effect upon health, but only in exceedingly minute doses. Health is the state of body in which all the functions of it go on without notice or observation, and in which existence is felt to be pleasure, in which it is a kind of joy to see, to hear, to touch, to live. That is health. Now, that is a state that cannot be benefited by alcohol in any degree; nay, it is a state which in nine cases out of ten is injured by alcohol. It is a state which often bears alcohol without sensible injury, and it is not one which can in any way be benefited by alcohol. This is a state in which, sooner or later, the music goes out of tune under the continuous influence of alcohol.

There is a secondary sort of health which is the health of most of us, and the question is, what of it? Such health bears better with alcohol than any other, and even *seems* for a time to be benefited by it. There are some nervous people, people who are born into the world to be always ailing, and yet never ill. Health of this sort is a heavy burden to bear in life. It is always oppressive. I will next ask your attention to the question of work. One way of determining this matter is by appealing to personal experience; another, and perhaps the better way, is by appealing to a carefully conducted experiment with bodies of men. Now, I will try both questions. I have no hesitation in saying that if a man has the courage to cast aside the imaginative difficulties which surround an experiment of this kind, and say, "None of your nonsense, I mean to try this experiment; I am not a coward, and I will try it honestly," he will succeed.

People always look a little paler or thinner under such an experiment, but bulk is not the measure of power, nor colour the measure of health. If there is any honest man who really wants to get at truth, I would tell him fearlessly, and I would risk all that I possess upon the back of the statement, that as certainly as he does try the experiment for a month or six weeks, so certainly will he come to the conclusion that, however pleasant alcohol is for the moment, *it is not a helper of work*, it is a *hinderer* of work, and every man who comes to the front of a profession in London is marked by this one characteristic: that *the more busy he gets, the less in the shape of alcohol he takes*, and his excuse is—"I am very sorry, but I cannot take it and do my work." Now for the experiment. Dr. Parkes got a number of soldiers of the same age, of the same type of constitution, living under the same circumstances, eating the same food, breathing the same atmosphere, and he did this that the experiment might be fair, and he divided the soldiers into two gangs, an alcoholic gang, and a non-alcoholic gang, and he engaged these two gangs in certain works for which they were to be paid extra. He watched these gangs and took the result of their work, and it turned out that the alcoholic gang went far ahead at first. They had buckets of beer at their side, and as they got a little tired they took beer, and the non-alcoholic gang were in an hour or two left nowhere; but he waited and watched, as I told you, and as the experiment went on the energies of the beer-drinkers began to speedily flag, and before the end of the day the non-alcoholic gang had left them far behind.

When this had gone on for some days, the alcoholic gang begged that they might get into the non-alcoholic gang that they might earn a little more money; but Dr. Parkes, in order to make the experiment clinching and conclusive, transposed the gangs. He made the alcoholic gang the non-alcoholic gang, and *vice versa*—the men being very willing to lend themselves to the experiment—and the results were exactly the same. The alcoholic gang beat the non-alcoholic gang at the starting, and failed utterly towards the end of the day.

This is the most conclusive, the most crucial experiment that I know of upon the question of the relation of alcohol to work. With that I will set aside this question by saying from personal experience, and from experiments most carefully conducted over large bodies of men, it is capable of proof beyond all possibility of question, that *alcohol in ordinary circumstances not only does not help work, but it is a serious hindrance of work.*

Now, as to the effect of alcoholic drinks upon disease. I went to my hospital, and I asked myself this question, How many of these cases are due to natural and unavoidable causes, and how many are due to alcohol? I do not desire to make out a strong case, I desire to make out a *true* case. I am speaking solemnly and carefully in the presence of truth, and I tell you I am considerably within the mark when I say to you that in going the rounds of my hospital to-day *seven* out of every *ten* there *owed their ill-health to alcohol.* I do not know that one of them was what you call a drunkard. It is not the drunkards that suffer so much from

* An Address by Andrew Clark, M.D., Senior Physician to the London Hospital. London: Church of England Temperance Society, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, Westminster. One penny, or six shillings per hundred.

alcohol. There are a number of men that we know to be drunkards. They get drunk and they get sober, and they are so much ashamed of themselves that they won't touch the accursed thing for months to come, until somebody tempts them. These are not the men to suffer most from alcohol. No; the men that suffer truly and really from alcohol are those who are habitually taking a little too much. They are very good fellows, do their work well, but they are always drinking; they are being sapped and undermined by this process. Day by day—just as the grass grows, and you cannot see it—day by day this little is doing its work. It upsets the stomach, the stomach upsets the other organs, and bit by bit under this fair, and genial, and jovial outside, the constitution is being sapped, and suddenly, some fine day, this hale, hearty man, whose steps seem to make the earth resound again, tumbles down in a fit.

That is the way alcohol saps the constitution. Surely you will agree with me that a terrible responsibility lies upon those who, forgetful of these plain teachings which the commonest experience can yield, will stimulate people to keep themselves up with glasses of wine and glasses of beer. It is not they alone who suffer, but as soon as a man begins to take alcohol, the desire of it is not only begotten in him, but the desire of it becomes a part of his very nature, and that nature, so formed by his acts, is calculated to inflict curses inexpressible upon the earth when handed down to the generations that are to follow after him, as part and parcel of their being. What an awful thought is this! Can I say to you any words stronger than these of the terrible effects of the use of alcohol? It is when I myself think of all this that I am disposed, as I have said elsewhere, to rush to the opposite extreme, to give up my profession, to give up everything, and to go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men—Beware of this enemy of the race.

GOOD-NATURE is one of the most precious commodities of life, both to the possessor and to all that come in contact with him. One may own an exquisite picture, and yet, locked in his house, ts beauty is sequestered, and few derive any pleasure from it. One having precious stones may flash a moment's admiration upon spectators; but good-nature brings happiness to scores and hundreds, and the best of it is, that it takes nothing from the possessor.

"THEN," said the new curate, "do I understand that your aunt is on your father's side or your mother's?" Country lad—"Zometimes one, and zometimes the other, 'cepting when feyther whacks 'em both, sir!"

NOVEMBER.

IN dark and drear November,
When fog shrouds up the day,
'Tis well that we remember
The summer passed away.
We'll need our best reflections
To dissipate the gloom,
Our sweetest recollections
When roses were in bloom.

When days are dark and dreary,
And life seems closing in;
And we are growing weary
Of all the toil and din;
'Tis well if we remember
There is an end to pain;
An end to drear November,
That spring will come again.

Then even in our sadness,
Through all the dismal days,
We'll dream of joy and gladness,
And sing our song of praise;
For He who made each season
Knows what for us is best;
Then ask not for the reason,
But in this knowledge rest.

W. A. EATON.

ONLY NOW AND THEN.

THINK it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.
Better to be careful
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable, and strong!

Many a wretched sot, boys,
That one daily meets,
Drinking from the beer-kegs,
Living in the streets,
Or at best in quarters
Worse than any pen,
Once was dressed in broadcloth,
Drinking now and then!

When you have a habit
That is wrong, you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then!

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

MESSAGES FROM THE STREET.

BY REV. J. S. BALMER.

No. 4.



IN one of our Lancashire towns a few years ago a poor man lay drunk by the side of a street. This is not so common a sight, perhaps, as formerly; because now the police are more on the alert, and, let us hope, too, on account of the greater power of temperance habits. As the man lay in his drunken stupor a number of rough boys who saw him began to be merry over the drink-spoiled. No doubt there often is a comic element in a drunken man's grotesque experience; but the case in its entirety is far too serious to admit of rude, unkind treatment. What boy would like to see his own father lying intoxicated on a public street? I am quite sure no right-minded boy would. How base and cruel, then, to abuse and ridicule some other boy's father, who has the great unhappiness to be in such a condition. No doubt the wicked sport of boys too frequently springs from want of thought or from bad training, evils in their case needing to be corrected, or they may get so strong as to form a mighty downward force. Better, then, that boys should aim at promoting intelligence and kindly feeling, and by an active spirit of helpfulness towards others aid in their own ennoblement.

While the sportive boys were in the midst of their foolish mirth there came up a plain man, who stopped to look on the scene. He carried a kind heart in all his walks, whether in town or country; and on seeing *a man* so dishonoured, first by drinking, and then by thoughtless youth, he was moved with shame and pity. "Don't tease the poor man like that, boys," said he; "now listen to me. I will give you sixpence if you will take him home." In a minute they took hold of the unconscious inebriate, and at once started with him in their strong arms. The kind-hearted man in this way enlisted the force used for evil purposes to help and bless a wretched human brother. Could anything be more beautiful?

The boys fulfilled their agreement valiantly, and received their recompense, not only in the money given, but in feeling that they had done a right thing. Right-doing always brings its reward, although the reward may not come just in the form expected. And can it be doubted that these youths had in the instructive incident a life-long lesson? What a blessing it is to know how to use our God-given powers, and how sad it is to see so many young people spoiling themselves by misdirected energy.

A few weeks after this event occurred, the man who had given sixpence to the boys was walking along a street in the same town when he met the person whom they had carried home. He was sober and well dressed. He stopped and took the Good Samaritan (for was he not that?) by the hand, and, as his eyes filled with tears, thanked him for his kindness in rescuing him from the street—for his family had told him of his benefactor. And now the giver of the sixpence is rewarded, for the man assures him that he has not taken any intoxicating liquor since he was carried home, and that he does not intend to have any more. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." The blessedness of God flowed into the good man's soul as the rescued one held him by the hand, and with tremulous lips spoke his gratitude. When Jesus told the wonderful story of the Good Samaritan, He concluded by saying, "Go, and do thou likewise." Whenever a man is suffering, even if sinful, go and help to lift him up—the man nearest and most in need is our neighbour!

In another month I shall be ready with one more message about the sixpence-giver, and may then tell my young readers his name. Meanwhile, let us learn what we can from this street-message of "brotherly kindness."

> "Then gently scan your brother man,
> Still gentler sister woman;
> Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
> To step aside is human."—BURNS.

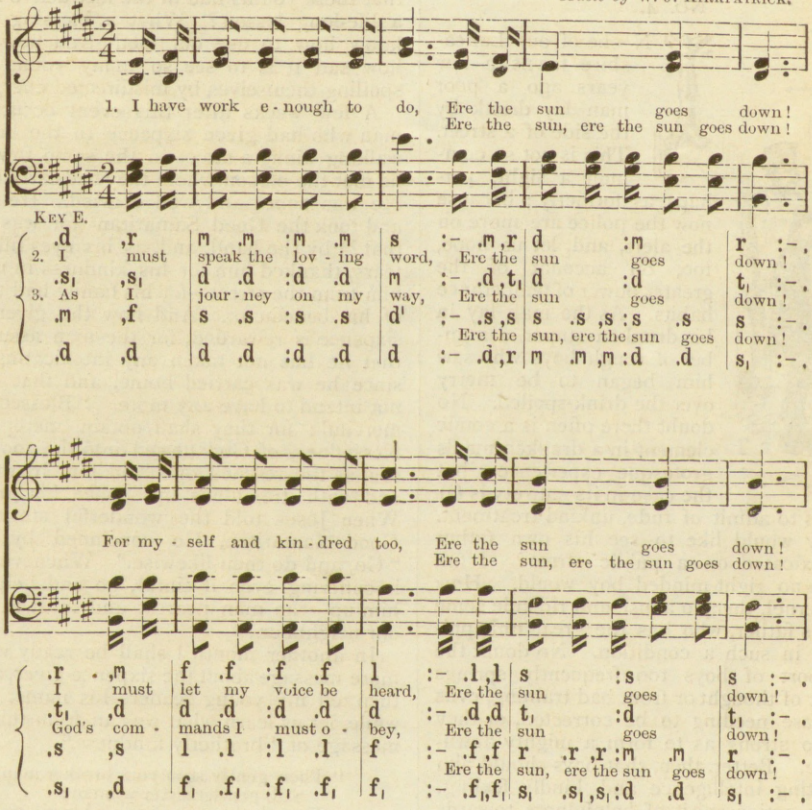
GENTLE WORDS.

A GENTLE word is never lost;
O never then refuse one,
It cheers the heart when sorrow-toss'd,
And lulls the cares that bruise one.
It scatters sunshine o'er our way;
It turns our thorns to roses;
It changes dreary night to day,
And hope and peace discloses.

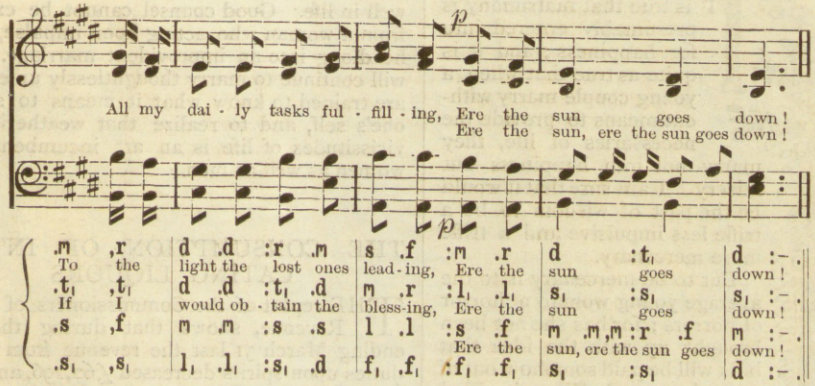
A gentle word is never lost;
That fallen brother needs it;
How easy said! how small the cost!
With joy and comfort speeds it.
Then drive the shadow from the brow;
A smile can well replace it.
Our voice is music, when we speak
With gentle words to grace it!

ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN!

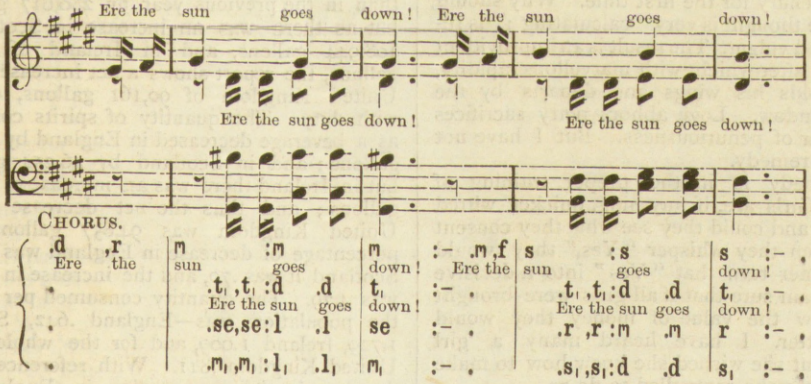
Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. *Music by* W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

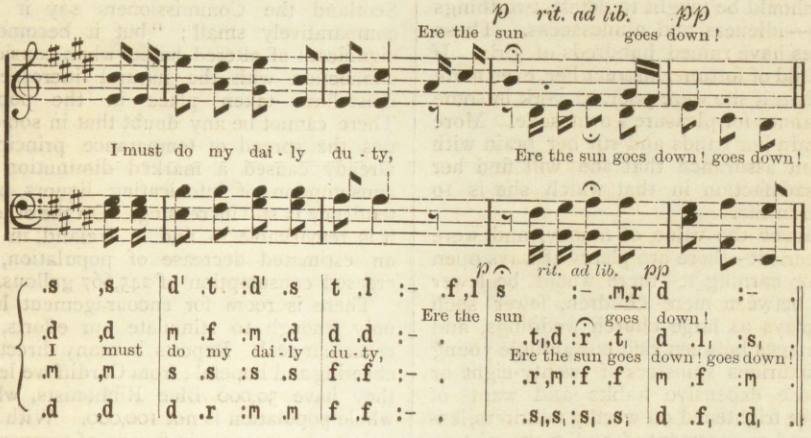


ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN!—*continued.*



CHORUS.





IMPRUDENT MARRIAGES.



IT is true that matrimony is presumably entered into for happiness; and it is quite as true that when a young couple marry without means to provide the necessaries of life, they marry not into happiness but misery. I am sure that it would be the part of wisdom to be a trifle less impulsive and a trifle more mercenary.

But to be mercenary is to the average young woman a horror of horrors; for has she not been brought up with the idea that bills will be paid somehow out of a manly purse? When instilled with love she is not to be expected to be mercenary for the first time. Why should she? The thought is very "calculating;" is repugnant and vulgar. The result is an improvident marriage; after which, with marvellous rapidity, Love unfolds his wings and departs by the nearest window. Love abhors petty sacrifices on the altar of penuriousness. But I have not stated the remedy.

The remedy is in the proper training of women. Girls are, if anything, quicker witted than men, and could they see what they consent to do when they whisper "Yes," they would much oftener turn that "Yes" into a decisive "No." I am sure that if all girls were brought up to know the value of money they would marry better. I have heard many a girl exclaim that she wished she knew how to make a living were she compelled to do so.

A girl should be taught to detest two things thoroughly—idleness and aimlessness. These two enemies have ruined hundreds of girls. If she be a child of fortune, instruct her, even more carefully than if she were poor, to work in some definite manner for pleasure's own sake. More than all, train her hands and stir her brain with the constant assurance that she will find her sweetest satisfaction in that which she is to accomplish in life.

If girls knew the value of money, and were taught to earn it—there are plenty of ways open to them for earning it—there would be fewer marriages between mere children, fewer such vulgar displays as large church weddings, and fewer marriages between rich but gullible young men and luxurious spinsters of twenty-eight or thirty, whose expensive habits and want of fortune have frightened off worthy admirers, less talk of "good engagements," and more of true love.

A good wife will help and counsel her husband; many a man by his wife's good counsel has done well in life. Good counsel cannot be expected from a woman who, acting upon impulse, rushes headlong into an improvident marriage. Girls will continue to marry thoughtlessly unless they are trained to know what it means to support one's self, and to realize that weathering the vicissitudes of life is an art incumbent upon women as well as men.

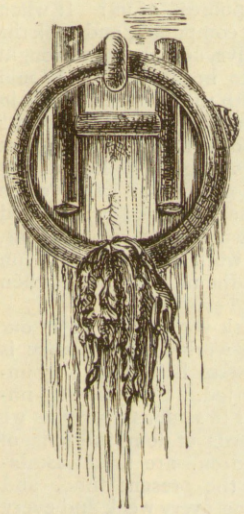
THE CONSUMPTION OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS

THE report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, shows that during the year ending March 31 last the revenue from Excise duties upon spirits decreased £62,296, and upon beer £130,451. The quantity of spirits charged with duty during the year was, in England, less than in the previous year by 280,617 gallons; but as there was an increase in Scotland of 108,944 gallons, and in Ireland of 261,834 gallons, the report shows a net increase for the United Kingdom of 90,161 gallons, charged with duty. The quantity of spirits consumed as a beverage decreased in England by 294,270 gallons; and in Scotland by 46,254 gallons; but in Ireland there was an increase of 245,667 gallons; and thus the net decrease for the United Kingdom was 94,857 gallons. The percentage of decrease in England was 1.73, in Scotland it was .70, and the increase in Ireland was 4.79. The quantity consumed per head of the population was—England .642, Scotland 1.729, Ireland 1.009, and for the whole of the United Kingdom .811. With reference to the decrease in the consumption in England and Scotland the Commissioners say it appears comparatively small; "but it becomes more significant of altered habits when considered in connection with the natural increase which must have taken place in the population. There cannot be any doubt that in some localities the spread of temperance principles has already caused a marked diminution in the consumption of intoxicating liquors, and the tendency is still increasing. On the other hand, it is remarkable to find in Ireland, in spite of an estimated decrease of population, an increased consumption of 245,667 gallons."

There is room for encouragement here, but only enough to stimulate our efforts, not to relax our zeal. Reports in many directions are cheering and hopeful; from Cardiff we learn that they have 30,000 Blue Ribbonists, where the whole population is not 100,000. With a public opinion so strongly in favour of temperance we may well take courage and press forward.

THE STORY OF A KITTEN.

BY UNCLE BEN.



MOTHER," said Mary Skelwith, "as it is so wet to-day, if you would only tell me again the story about the little kitten when you were a girl, I would be a good girl. I have learnt my lesson, and can't go out; I have tidied all my doll's things, and there isn't anything for me to do."

"I have told you the story a great many times, and I should think you nearly know it now as well as I do," replied Mrs. Skelwith, who had just taken her sewing for the afternoon.

"No, I don't know it like you do; but it is one of my favourite stories. Besides, I always do like to hear real things about you when you were a little girl."

"Then put some more coals carefully on the fire as it is a cold November day, and bring the little chair and sit down by my knee."

Little Mary did as she was bid, and having brought her little low chair, sat down close to her mother. It was a cheery picture on this dull, cold, foggy afternoon, to see mother and daughter so cosily seated by the bright fire in the comfortable room of this happy home. Mr. Skelwith was away in the neighbouring city, at business; mother and daughter, Mary being the only child, had the days to themselves. The little girl, having been delicate, was not yet sent to school, Mrs. Skelwith doing all the necessary elementary instruction herself.

"Mother, I am quite ready for you to begin," observed Mary, as she lifted her little frock over her knees, as she had often seen her mother do when sitting very near the fire. And without any more introduction Mrs. Skelwith began,

"Once there was a little kitten born in a nice snug basket, with four brothers and sisters, all of whom were drowned before our tiny kitten saw the light. Two or three times I, being quite a big girl, was allowed to go and see her before her eyes were opened, rolled up like a ball of wool in the basket. At last she began to run about, to my great delight; she was a pretty little thing, very like her mother in more ways than in appearance. She loved to run after her very small tail until she spun round and round tumbling over and over. She would follow anything we trailed on the ground, crouching down for a little time, watching it eagerly, then springing and leaping at it like a young tiger. Once her mother caught a mouse and let the kitten play with it. She let it go, but the old cat was on the look out, and before the poor mouse could escape sprang upon it and killed it. Then she gave the dead mouse to the little cat, who dragged it about for a long time, and brought it into the room where we were sitting, and when your Aunt Mary tried to take it from her, that wicked kitten made such a to-do, and swore, as naughty cats will, in the most shocking way.

"Your grandpapa did not like cats at all, but he was especially set against our old family cat—'Tabby' we used to call her—because she was always after the birds, and father used to like to see and hear the birds. One day as he was talking to John, who looked after the pony, the cow, and the pig, and helped in the garden, John, who shared father's dislike of cats, and had been the executioner of Kitty's four brothers and sisters, said to your grandpapa, 'That young kit will soon be as bad as the old cat after them birds.'

"'How so?' replied father.

"'Why, the other day I seed the old 'un gi'e the young 'un a sparrow to maul about, and ever since that little sinner has been eyeing the birds every bit like the old tabby.'

"'Well, John,' said father, 'I don't like the cats having the run of the garden.'

"'They be all over the beds day and night, sir,' rejoined John.

"'The cats are all very well by the fireside, and to keep the mice down in an old-fashioned house like ours, but I don't allow the boys to shoot the small birds, and I won't have the cats killing them. We have a good many rabbits over the garden, I can see; you had better get a trap or two, and if they pinch the rabbits or the cats it will teach them a lesson.'

"John got the traps, and set them in the shrubbery, bordered by long India grass that hid them. Several rhododendrons grew there and bloomed well. For a long time these snares were there but did no harm to either cats or rabbits. I am sure John was very idle in these days, for he spent a great deal of time watching the cats and frightening away the rabbits, for we lived at a farmhouse near a warren, the whole of the land being overrun with game.

"According to John's account, as the little kitten grew she took after her mother's bad ways, and went after the birds, as John said, in fine style.

"One morning as I was walking by the shrubbery I saw my favourite, now grown quite a little beauty, looking most intently at a dear robin redbreast on a low bough of one of the rhododendron trees. Kitty was so eagerly engaged that she did not see me, nor a beautiful coloured butterfly hovering near. She crouched and stood, then crawled low on the ground and came on slowly. She was just going to make a spring at the unconscious robin, when I heard a click, then a long mew from Kitty, and I saw that a trap had closed on her poor foot. She was trying in vain to disengage herself from it.

"I ran to the house crying. The first person I saw was your grandpapa. I told him, but he said, 'Go to John: he'll know what to do.' I dared not disobey father, but I would rather have gone to any one else. I went and told John, who was evidently very pleased; then I heard father calling me into breakfast, so off I had to go. I said to father, 'What do you think John will do with Kitty?' Father said he did not know, but if she were much hurt John would kill her—it was kindest and best. I could hardly eat any breakfast through thinking of Kitty and her fate. Directly I could I went to John to inquire about Kitty, and found my worst fears realised—poor Kitty was dead.

"When next I saw father I told him what John had done to my beloved little cat. And father said, 'It can't be helped now; you had better let John bury her in your garden, and when the funeral's over,' said father, smiling, 'you should put up a tombstone, and write on it—

"'Here lies a wicked Kitty, who fell into temptation and got punished.' And that's the end of the story."

BE AMONGST THE FEW.

THERE are some who smile, but more that weep;
There are some who wake, but more that sleep;
There are many sow, but few that reap;
Then be amongst the few.

There are some who work, but more that wait;
There are some who love, but more that hate;
There are many marry, few that mate;
Then be amongst the few.

There are some who practise, more that preach;
There are some who grasp, but more that reach—
There is no prize if gained by each;
Then be amongst the few.

There are some who save, but more that spend;
There are some who bid, but more that bend;
Few honoured reach life's journey's end;
Then be amongst the few.

A WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

AND have we not all a work to do for God? The humblest of us, the youngest of us, the weakest of us, the poorest of us? If when the Syrians went out in companies, and took the little Hebrew maid captive, and she was brought to Naaman, and said to her mistress, "Would God my master were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy"—if she was used in God's hands, which of us shall not be instruments of good? Let us not be waiting for great opportunities, for they come but seldom. Every one is placed where God would have us be, and where God would use us, and where we must "work the works of Him that sent us," because "the night cometh when no man can work."

It is in this spirit I ask you to help us in our appeal for temperance work. Temperance is spreading in this Christian land in a way unknown at any former period. Every day its importance is growing. It is said, as nearly as we can know it, that upwards of four millions of persons—especially children—are total abstainers in this country at the present time, and their numbers are growing every week and every day. We ask you to take your share in this work, and we bid you remember that there are just two things necessary to happy life—the first is a confident hope of pardon of sins through the blood of the Saviour, Jesus Christ; the only thing that hinders us from that happiness in life is sin, and the only thing that can shut a man out of heaven at last is sin.

The other thing necessary to a happy life is that it shall not be a selfish life, that we should live for God, live for others, and not for self, and that we should lay out our life in that spirit, and not hoard it up for ourselves, but sacrifice our life, and let it be a spending life that is going out in consecration every day we are spared to spend it for God and for man, not waiting, as I said, for great opportunities, because God grants them but seldom, but using every opportunity. And surely if you, by example or by influence, can persuade only a few to cease from that which by its power is destroying so many around us, then angels in heaven will be glad, and you shall find at last that you have not lived in vain.

CANON FLEMING, B.D.

EXCESS, either in pleasure or work, is the bane of life. To husband strength, either mental or physical—to husband and govern power, passion, every impulse and every attribute of our nature, so that there may ever be with us a reserve strength for use and enjoyment, is one of the chief secrets of happiness.



"Kitty was so eagerly engaged that she did not see me."—p. 172.

A TIN WEDDING.



"COME, auntie, now tell me the news," said Jenny Armstrong, when she had taken her visitor's wraps and settled her comfortably in the large, red-cushioned easy-chair beside a cheery open fire. "I am so glad you have come, and you know I always want to know where you have been, what you have been doing, and everything that interests you."

The old lady smiled and patted the cheek of her favourite niece.

"Well, dearie," she said, "our home is quite as usual. I don't know as I can tell you about anything of more interest than a tin wedding I went to, night before last."

"You out in the evening, auntie! That *is* an event!"

"It so seldom happens? Yes; but this was Josephine Seabright's wedding, and Josie, you know, is an old favourite of mine. I've known her ever since her babyhood. But dear me, how time flies. It seems such a little while since I used to hold her in my lap and tell her stories——"

"And bake saucer-pies and jumbles, I'll venture, auntie; just as you always did for us children."

The old lady looked pleased.

"Yes, dearie, and I liked to make them as well as you liked to eat them. But I was going to tell you about the party. In the first place, the night was lovely, clear moonlight, and just warm enough for comfort. Then Josephine and her husband have such a bright, cordial way of welcoming their guests and making every one feel at home and getting people together that are congenial to one another. It was not a crowded party. We could sit down when we pleased, and I need not tell you about the ladies' dresses and jewellery. You have been to parties enough to know how they look. Of course, there were handsome dresses and a nice supper—no one has better taste than Josephine; and her ready kindness showed itself in all her arrangements for her guests. There was good music and half a dozen square dances, winding up with Virginia reel and lancers. But the presents! All of tin, you remember, in one shape or another. And, my dear, if I wasn't astonished to see what shapes tin *could* be put into—how many useful and pretty and curious things could come within its range. Let me see. I won't engage to tell all, but as Josie herself used to say when going out to tea, and her mother had given her good advice, 'I'll 'mem'er as well as I tan.'

"There was a cream-freezer of the best model, suggestive of delightful coolness and refreshing for the fast-approaching summer days.

"The japanned tea-tray and pair of tea-caddies were very handsome; the caddies were filled. A cake-chest and spice-box matched these, also a crumb-tray and brush.

"There were a handsome pair of Britannia tea-pots, a coffee-pot, and as pretty a tête-à-tête set as you ever saw. A lunch-box and match-safe were also of japanned ware; and a pretty vase contained a specimen of Batavia rice; you know rice is used at weddings in some Eastern countries on account of its symbolism. There was a sample, too, of tin ore from Mexico.

"The kitchen utensils, of course, were plenty; but there happened, fortunately, to be scarcely a duplicate. A bright new pan held two dozen eggs, arranged in grass and leaves to look like a nest. There were cake and muffin-rings, patty-pans, clothes-sprinkler and soap-holder, sieve, dust-pan and brush, colander, dippers, pail, egg-beater, quart-measure, toaster, and egg-boiler; also a rice-boiler. Have you one, Jenny? No? Then I'll bring you one next time I come. I did not know at first what it was, but should think it would be very convenient. It is almost egg-shaped, like a knitting-basket, only larger, opening in the middle and made of wire network. It is put into a kettle of boiling water. Of course you drain your rice as you lift out the basket or ball."

"That would be nice, auntie. Can you remember any more?"

"There were two night-lamps of different patterns, very pretty and handy, and the daintiest little candlestick and snuffer in imitation bronze; the design was Hebe, the candle to be placed in the cup."

"There's our tea-bell, auntie."

"That reminds me of the dainty tea-bell—imitation of silver and bronze—well, I know there are ever so many things I haven't remembered after all, but when I happen to think of any-

thing I'll mention it; and I'll get you one of those pretty night-lamps the first time I go to the city."

"Thank you, auntie. You've told enough to prove that it must have been quite an entertainment to look over the collection."

"Yes; there was a good deal of pleasantry about some of the articles. We had a 'jolly time,' as the children say, and the best of all was its genuine friendship and hearty goodwill. The guests were old friends of Frank and Josephine; many had known them from childhood. The gifts were inexpensive, and real tokens of affection; as such, would be valued, and serve, while in almost daily use, as pleasant reminders of these friends and their loving interest. In this instance a 'tin wedding' proved a delightful affair." M. J.

TEMPERANCE AND RELIGION.

BY THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

I WANT to speak about some of the objections that have been made to our movement. I have heard it condemned because we are already pledged by baptismal vows to sobriety, and that, therefore, a second vow is needless. Surely we are pledged in this, as in all things, to great fundamental principles, and in the carrying out of these principles we are obliged to look for such means and methods as may help us most. We are pledged by baptismal vows to worship our Creator, and will any one say that such a pledge as that is inconsistent with some vow or promise that we might make for the strengthening of our own religious life that we will pray at certain hours, that we will give a certain time to prayer? No: our Church gives us great principles, and we, as Christian men, are in our conscience bound to carry them out in such ways as we best find we can. Conversant as I am with those masses of our fellow-countrymen which are crowded together in the East of London, I thank God for this strength that has come amongst them, but which they themselves have seized upon and resolved to work out for their own benefit.

Does any one say, "Is there no danger of man mistaking temperance for religion?" That again is said, but I do not believe it one iota. Of course, I know there are many men who do not believe in religion at all, who, nevertheless, are temperate—are advocates of the same thing as we are. But that touches not the question. I see no sign of Christian people forgetting that they cannot be saved by temperance. Temperance is a handmaid to religion, but it is not religion itself. And it is more than a handmaid to religion, for it is surely an outcome of the spirit of religion. Its very character is self-sacrifice. Wide numbers resolve and pledge themselves not to drink wine or strong drink, surely not for themselves, but for others. Surely here we have an instance of the great unselfishness of Christianity. Our religion is not a course of sweet, indolent repose on which to dream away our days, while the world rushes by in sin and misery. We do not want only to save ourselves, but to save others. St. Augustine of old said, "I do not want to be saved without you." See this very army of men marching on to destruction. Oh, stop them! If you can only save one or two, thank God for it!

Have you any doubt whether any brother is offended or made weak by this thing? Well, go to our prisons, ask the governors or the chaplains what story they have to tell. What has brought all these poor souls into their terrible state of degradation? I will tell you what I heard the other day as a signal instance of this. A chaplain of a London prison told me he had, on an average, about one person every day coming into that prison for attempted suicide—about 350 a year. He had examined them, and had talked oft and oft with each single one, and had written down the causes of their attempted suicide; and of the 300 cases he turned through while I was there, a vast majority had owned that their dreadful attempt on their own lives had been through drink. That was one prison only. Go to the lunatic asylums, and ask the doctors there what proportion of their inmates are brought there by drink, and you will be surprised what a large proportion there are. Go to the workhouse, and ask the master, and he will tell you the same story—it's the same thing.

I know there are secret sins, sins of impurity, which need to be fought against as much as this sin of intemperance; but here is this open and patent sin before the eyes of the world. We can attack this in its strongholds. Jesus said unto His disciples, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." We must deny ourselves. Our life, our time, our care, our example, our influence—these are things which God has given us in trust for others. God help us to be ready to "spend and be spent," if only we can win one soul from the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of Jesus Christ.

LIFE must ever be measured by action, not by time; for a man may die old at thirty, and young at eighty; nay, the one lives after death, the other perished before he died.—*Dr. S. Fuller.*

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THOUGH peace of mind does not constitute happiness, yet happiness cannot exist without it, our serenity being the result of our own exertions, whilst our happiness is in a measure dependent upon others: hence the reason why it is so rare, for on how few can we count! Our wisdom, therefore, is best shown in cultivating all that leads to the preservation of this negative blessing; thus if we preserve our peace of mind it will prevent us from ever becoming wholly wretched.

A SENSE of justice should be the foundation of all our social qualities. In our most early intercourse with the world, and even in our most youthful amusements, no unfairness should be found. The sacred rule of doing all things to others according as we wish they would do unto us, should be engraven on our minds. For this end, we should impress ourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of man. —*Dr. Blair.*

THAT state of life is most happy where superfluities are not required, and necessaries are not wanting.

THE actor who forgets his cue plays a bad game of billiards.

"THE parting gives me pain," as the man said when he had a troublesome tooth extracted.

WOMAN'S QUESTION.—At twenty, who is he? At thirty, what is he? At forty, where is he?

A MAN is known by the company he keeps away from.

IT is conquer or die with the good doctor; but the patient is expected to do the dying.

WHICH is of the most value, a £5 note or five sovereigns?—A £5 note; because when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it increases (in creases).

WHY is Cupid like poverty?—Because he drives people to the Union.

WHAT word is it, the first two letters of which are male, the first three female, the first four a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman? —Heroine.

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.

WHO were the first astronomers?—The stars; they first studded the heavens.

"MR. SMITH," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in the pulpit; do you mean that you preached?" "No, sir; I held the candle for a man who did." "Ah, the Court understood you differently; they supposed that the discourse came from you." "No, sir; I only throwed a light on it."

WHY is a poor old decrepit man like music?—Because his wants are sharp, his energies are flat, his shake is natural, he is often slurred and obliged to rest, he rises and falls, time bids him halt, and the grave is his *finale.*

WHY is there no flirting on board the "P. and O." steamers to Australia?—Because all the mails (males) are tied up in bags.

ASK no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play at chess with a widow. Never contradict a man who stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Wind up your conduct like your watch, once every day, minutely examining whether you are fast or slow. Make friends with the steward on board a steamer, there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power.

A RESIDENT in a north-country town having committed suicide by hanging, an inquest was held upon the body. As one of the jurors was returning home, he was stopped by a female neighbour, who asked: "What did the verdic' say aboot that man?" "They browt it in *felo-de-se,*" replied the juror. "Dis thoo heor that, May?" exclaimed the inquirer, shouting across the street to a neighbour; "them idiots, the jury, says the aad chep that hung hissel' on the bedpost fell i' the sea!"

Notices of Books.

Annual Report of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. This excellent report now to hand shows most encouraging results all over the country in connection with the Band of Hope movement. The tabulated statement shows an aggregate of over 10,000 societies, and upwards of 1,000,000 members.

We have received a small packet of the "Hopeful" Series of Sunday School and Band of Hope Dialogues, by George Scarr Hall, four in number, entitled—*Charity never Faileth; To the Help of the Lord against the Mighty; Arise, Barak;* and *Tramp Strong and Steady, Boys.* They are all good dialogues, especially the last named; there is humour and true moral earnestness in all of them. They are excellently adapted for the platform. Published by Tubbs and Brooks, Manchester; and James Hartley, Huddersfield; price one penny, or in wrappers, containing a set of nine, sixpence.

Standard Popular Dialogues, by John Kirton, author of "Buy your own Cherries," published by Ward, Lock and Co., London, price one shilling. Containing twenty-four dialogues suitable for home, social, and public gatherings. They provide a large variety for many capacities.

WE GIRLS.

A Story of School-Girl Life.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "Sought and Saved" (£100 Prize Tale), "Tim's Troubles" (£50 Prize Tale), "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

Chapter XII.—Binding up the Sheaves.

A BEAUTIFUL essay of Henry Ward Beecher's, entitled, "We spend our Years as a Tale that is told," has the following paragraph:—

"Who went with you to the village school? Call the roll. Who were the successive teachers? Popes of the ferule. Who were the girls? Who were the boys? *Then*, when the uproarious school broke forth in tumult at dismissal, if I had asked you, you could have given every name. *Now*, call them up. Who sat by you on the right? who on the left? Who were in the first class? who in the second? These were important things then. Who was whipped? and who was never once struck? These to *you* were then more important than the roar of European revolution, the burning of Moscow, the Battle of Waterloo; but what do you remember of them? Some memories are more tenacious than others. A few will reproduce much; more, some; most, but little, if any."

Every one must feel how true all this is, and if it had not been for Sheffield House Band of Hope, we girls as soon as we came into the more active, more responsible spheres of life could probably have echoed every word. But that society exercised an influence upon us that followed and surrounded us after we left school, besides the good work it did while we were still inmates of Sheffield House.

Miss Sheffield and Miss Lancaster were, both of them, thoughtful, conscientious women, women who took charge of their pupils with an honest sense of the many obligations such a trust on the part of parents necessitated in their voluntary guardians.

We girls had felt disappointed, when after our inauguration meeting neither of them had come forward to sign the pledge; but we need not have been so. At the next weekly meeting Miss Sheffield rose and said—

"It is quite impossible that you, my dear girls, can fully realise the joys, the anxieties, the pleasures, and the pains of the instructors of youth. Sometimes when you are all gathered around me, at the very moment, perchance, that you regard me as the unimaginative, dry, logical old lady who educates you"—there were murmurs of dissent to this, at which Miss Sheffield only smiled, and continued—"I am instead looking at your bright faces, and dreaming of your future lives, wondering what trials God must in His kind providence send to my dear, impatient girl here, to teach her to trust fully in Him instead of in herself; and what joys He will shower upon my tried afflicted one there, whose life has been already clouded. I am rejoicing, perchance, in the moral sunshine that makes Sheffield House the brighter for its presence; I am seeing one and another in the midst of the family circles that have grown up around them. Oh, how often I ask myself, dear girls, have I done all I could to help these young lives committed to our care to become pure and true and exalted in their aims? Have I been willing to lay aside my personal likes and dislikes if these would interfere with my duty as a teacher? In this spirit I trust I have approached the consideration of the temperance question. For years I have beheld many ravages through strong drink in the homes of girls who were very dear to me. I have even known bright, beautiful young women, formerly pupils at Sheffield House, to fall from their high position, in some cases as young idolised wives and mothers, by this accursed thing. But I had been brought up in the old-fashioned belief that wine drunk in extremely small quantities was not only harmless, but beneficial to the human frame. I had even doubted my own power to do my work acceptably and well without a moderate stimulant. Often, while you, dear girls, are asleep, wrapped, I hope, in happy dreams or still sounder slumbers, Miss Lancaster and I are arranging the work of the future days and weeks, and anxiously consulting as to what we can do to add to the curriculum of useful study, or to increase the pleasures of the Recreation Ground.

"I have to thank my friend Mr. Webb for thoroughly, if abruptly, awakening me to a sense of my duty to you all in regard to the temperance reformation. I now see that I must not hold aloof from it, but place my example and my influence where I would wish ever to place them, on the side of right and truth."

So saying, Miss Sheffield, amidst unbounded applause on our part, subscribed her name to our pledge of total abstinence.

We used sometimes saucily to assert that Miss Lancaster always followed suit in the doings of Miss Sheffield, but for once we were wrong; Miss Lancaster did not take the pledge that night.

A great many Bands of Hope die very quickly of re-action. A wonderful amount of enthusiasm is manifested for a few weeks; an almost incredible proportion of work is accomplished during a month or two; the descendants of the men who "turned the world upside down" have appeared to come hither also; and then, as

ONWARD, DECEMBER, 1883. *All Rights Reserved.*]

suddenly, the whole movement collapses, meetings are rarely held, absentees are never looked after, speakers are conspicuous by their absence, and the remnant that remains is apathetical and disheartened.

But, in the hands of such girls as Carry Jones and Margherita Ziffel, all this was quite an impossibility at Sheffield House. To Carry it was as a matter of life and death. The absolute necessity of the temperance reformation had been as it were burnt into her soul. Her quiet, persistent, loving zeal to promote it was as abiding as its importance, while Margherita put such brightness and joy into every meeting as made us look forward to Friday nights with delight. We were not subject, so much as many societies must necessarily be, to the fluctuation of our attendance. More than half our members were resident, including Miss Sheffield, Jenny, and the other servants, all of whom had gladly joined our ranks. The outside members were, as a rule, glad of this extra opportunity of being amongst their cherished companions and dearest friends. As long as Miss Stanley remained with her sister, and indeed whenever she came to visit her at Lewes, she kindly and freely gave us her valuable time and assistance, and furnished us with efficient hints as to how we might increase our work and usefulness. She advised us to write to different members of our families and invite them to co-operate in so good a cause, and she was very persistent in reminding us that the truest and surest way to elevate and recommend the cause we professed to love, was to prove ourselves kinder, gentler, more self-denying as teetotalers, than we had ever been before. We all know how much easier it is to preach than to practise, but all who were acquainted with Miss Stanley bore witness to her lovely unselfish character, so that her words came with extra force to those who heard her. As I hope it is quite within the range of possibility that some teachers or scholars who read this record of Sheffield House Band of Hope, may determine thereupon to establish one for themselves, it may prove useful if I narrate our order of proceedings. Directly we had the pleasure and privilege of ranking Miss Sheffield amongst our number, she was unanimously and affectionately elected to the office of President, Carry was made Secretary, Margherita Registrar, and myself Treasurer. We had a visiting Committee of three, Mary Forbes, Ada Granville, and Edith Hamilton, who were to hold office for six months and to be eligible for re-election.

We had had reason to be pleasantly surprised at the conduct of the "Ada Party" as we used sometimes to call them in the school. They had most of them warmly espoused the Band of Hope, and our present unity of aim actually broke down, as nothing else had been able to do, the foolish, in many respects unmeaning prejudice that had arisen between us. I say nothing else, and yet I am wrong, for as I consider the subject, I am conscious how Carry's patient and long-continued suffering, a regular martyrdom, as I heard Ada call it once, had prepared her school-fellows to abhor the terrible cause. And I also feel sure that German Sunshine, with her sweet, glad, thankful, happy nature, determined as she was not to take sides against anybody, did much to render our united work so possible and so pleasant.

In addition to the officers of whom I have spoken, we appointed "readers," who, of course, might hold any other office as well, but whose special duty it was to give the readings from books, which were, at Miss Stanley's suggestion, an essential part of our weekly programme. We always had two books in hand, from each of which a portion was read every week. One a scientific, physiological, or didactic volume, the other a temperance tale. We read a great many books in this way; the able writings of Drs. Lees, Grindrod, Mudge, Richardson, Kerr, and many others thus became familiar to us, and grounded us well in the physiological reasons for teetotalism; while the moral damage wrought by strong drink was forcibly presented to our minds by "Danesbury House," "The Burnish Family," "Nearly Lost but Dearly Won," "More than Conquerors," and the long long list of temperance stories, pure in tone and deeply interesting in style, at least to us girls, which have emanated from the pens of temperance writers of fiction.

All of us, in turn, were chosen readers, and faithful Jennie was one of the most popular; she had lived with a blind lady of refined habits and cultivated ear, and had been trained by her to be a very correct and perfect reader. Jenny entered so fully into the plot of the story, that she even increased our interest in our books, and she had a provoking talent for making the time for leaving off precisely the time that we wished her to continue. If Sheffield House failed to turn out a number of lady orators it must surely be because oratory is not native to the feminine mind. We had a good deal of practice in public speaking, but I think only one of us has made any further use of the readiness and fluency so attained.

The President on Friday nights opened our meetings with singing and prayer. Then the registrar from the platform, in her sweet musical voice, read the list of names, gently commented on the absent ones and enumerated any reason of absence with which she was acquainted. Then we had a solo or a duet from two of our

members. It is the fashion to decry temperance songs as unworthy, but this is altogether a mistake. The words of almost any of the temperance melodies to be found in an average book of pieces for use at teetotal meetings contain as much good sense and as excellent sentiment as are to be found in the average songs of the drawing-room; in addition to which, they have at least the extra merit of definiteness; rendered with our piano accompaniments, and in the clear sweet voices of our best singers, I know they were as pretty as any songs one need wish to hear.

After the singing came the "dry" reading as we girls chose to call it, but which "dry" reading I am quite certain, posted us up in good, sound argument, and grounded us in our faith concerning abstinence from strong drink. Ignorant teetotalers do a great deal of mischief in the world, and we should have considered it quite a disgrace for any of our number to have left Sheffield House Band of Hope without being able to give a reason for her faith in temperance principles.

After the "dry" book, came more music, a melody sung by the whole band, after which the President would often make a few apposite remarks, concerning something in connection with the work of our Band of Hope, which were interesting to us all; or she would call upon a member of the Visiting Committee to relate some fact or instance of the value of our principles.

Another melody, and then our second "reader" for the evening, commenced the chapters of the tale, and an almost breathless silence sometimes ensued as we followed the career of a favourite hero or herione. More singing and the doxology closed the meeting. These proceedings were every two months varied by a debate on mooted points, such as "Whose influence is the more injurious, the drunkard's or the moderate drinker's?" What is moderation? Why is drinking unladylike? Were Bible wines intoxicating or unintoxicating? All these debates necessitated reading, research, and classification of argument, in which some of us became quite skilful.

Our Band of Hope had not been in existence very long before it became anxious to extend the area of its usefulness. We asked and obtained permission to visit the workhouse, to perform a Service of Song in the presence of the inmates, much to their delight and appreciation. Then we went further in this direction and formed a Band of Hope amongst the workhouse children, with the readily granted consent of the Guardians, and henceforth Monday evenings were as welcome to these often too much neglected little ones, as Friday evenings were to ourselves. It was, I am sure, pleasant to them to know that other children, more fortunately circumstanced than themselves, cared for them, and thought of them, and felt for them. The reflex influence upon us girls was blessed in the extreme; we really had almost no time for vanity and personal adornment on the one hand, nor for dissensions on the other. We had always believed ourselves a remarkably busy community before, and so we were, but now, out of the time formerly spent on the consideration of dress and dignity, we conducted our branch Band of Hope in Lewes Workhouse, and felt over and over again that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." The spare cash that was wont to melt in "Turkish delight," and cocoanut biscuits, and three-cornered tarts, bought oranges and cakes for our sick little friends and hymn books, and story books, and tracts for our well ones; and many a poor old bed-lier, who had hitherto experienced no relief to the monotony of his or her existence, was occasionally cheered by the singing in the ward, of the Sheffield House Band of Hope Choir.

We girls! Have any of us become of sufficient interest for our careers to be of any moment to those who have so far followed our history? Carry, dear Carry, friend of my childhood, around whom all that is of most value in this story revolves, is the shield and stay of her aged mother in the little Saxon town, and carries on the blessed work we began in the workhouse, amongst the children, with the help of the Webbs, her old and tried friends, and their bright, beautiful children. For her mother's sake Carry has postponed the joy of her life. German professors, albeit past middle life, do sometimes marry young wives, and Herr Ziffel found himself quite unable to forget the child of his old friend, Owen Jones. Gladly would he have married her directly she left school, and have taken her away from the gloomy old house, with its sad associations. But her sister Emma married during Carry's last year at school, to settle in London, and as nothing could persuade Mrs. Jones that she would like to live abroad in a German or Austrian city, Carry could not find it in her heart to leave her alone in Leigh House.

Mrs. Jones, outwardly at least, accepts the sacrifice with marvellous coolness, and declares to her friends in confidence that Carry is best off where she is, and that it is well she has a mother to take care of her.

Margherita, sweet, bright German Sunshine! what of her? She almost turned the brain of Mr. Webb's young brother, when he came to Lewes, fresh from his honours at Cambridge, and feeling full of hope, and pride, and glad anticipations of the future. To say how Mr. Webb perceiving this, warned Margherita that

his brother was not a teetotaler like himself, and therefore not a safe person for any young maiden to trust herself to; how Margherita, therefore, resisted all his attentions and attractions, till he had joined our Sheffield House Band of Hope, all this which must be passed over so briefly would be a very pretty story in itself, ending with a present chapter wherein Gretchen, with the compound graces of Germany and England mantling her comely form, sits queen in her household the happy wife of a devoted husband, the gladsome mother of half a dozen beautiful boys and girls.

Ada Granville is away at the head of a Zenana Mission, her abstemious habits, we may be sure, recommending her to the confidence of a sober Mahommedan people, to whom the drunkenness of professing Christians has long proved a stumblingblock in the way of their examining the tenets of so disgraced a faith.

Emily Belmont is married, and I have no doubt, tells stories to her little ones as she used to do to her schoolfellows, calculated to make their hair stand on end and terror to possess their souls.

Miss Sheffield, dear, upright, good Miss Sheffield, is dead, and Miss Lancaster has removed from Lewes to join a sister at Brighton. Sheffield House is no longer inhabited by a colony of school-girls, but is the respectable residence, "standing in its own grounds," of a county magistrate.

"Well," says my husband, playfully, as he reads this, my last page, "what about the consistency of you girls, as a Band of Hope? Have you all continued the practice of abstinence? What is the percentage of failure?"

"I cannot answer about all of us, but of the twenty or more whose career is known to me, only one has retrograded from the principle. Jenny—our good Jenny—is, as you know, as faithful to-day as the hour she signed, and even Sylvia Moore, in the midst of many temptations, has continued to carry unsullied her "Banner of Temperance."

THE END.

A CHRISTMAS LAY.

"NO room within the inn," they cried,
"The chambers of the guests are filled;
Seek ye elsewhere!" On every side
The same cry through their sad souls thrilled.
And Mary, faint with toiling far,
Sought refuge in a stable mean;
And lo! the Christ—the morning star,
Beamed radiance on that lowly scene.

And hosts of angels cleaved the sky,
And swept the heavenly lyre to song—
"Glory to God our King on high,
Hail to Messiah, looked-for long!"
And shepherds, on Judean plains,
Watching their flocks at midnight still,
Heard in their souls those rapturous strains
Of "Peace on earth, to men goodwill."

And now, though centuries have rolled
Away since that first Christmas morn,
We hear the same old story told—
How Christ a little babe was born.
And from each tower the church bells ring,—
O'er every snow-clad vale and hill,—
"Glory to God, to God our King,
Peace upon earth, to men goodwill!"

"Peace upon earth!" Ay, lovely peace,
Let every heart by thee be stirred;
Bid jarring discord ever cease,
And cannon's rattle ne'er be heard.
So shall all nations 'neath the sun
Dwell in love's sweet security;
And Christ's own kingdom be begun,
To end but in eternity.

"Goodwill to men!" Wide open throw
The portals of fair Charity;
Who wanders by ye may not know,
To test your hospitality.
Mayhap the Christ-child, in the form
Of homeless stranger, hungry, poor,
Will come to seek from the wild storm
A peaceful shelter at your door.

And will ye say, "There is no room,
Filled are the chambers of my heart;
No room is there for want and gloom,
Seek ye elsewhere, depart, depart?"
Ah, nay! but rather stretch your hands,
With words compassionately sweet,
And draw the shivering guest who stands
Outside, in from the dreary street.

And sweeter will your cheer be found,
And brighter will the yule log glow;
When from your stores with plenty crowned,
Ye ease the load of human woe.
Give! for, remember, Christ hath said
(If done with open hand and free)
"O, inasmuch as ye have fed
My lambs, *ye've done it unto Me!*"

Ardwick. CHARLES H. BARSTOW.

TRUE love may easily be known by the changes it makes in our character, and the sacrifices we are willing to make for it.

A SAD CHRISTMAS.

BY UNCLE BEN.

ON the borders of the New Forest lived an old man and woman. They had seen many winters change to spring and summer. There was no house within three miles, and they lived a lonely life. The old man had been a woodman and gamekeeper, and in this cottage his father had lived before him in the same capacity. They had several children ; one son had taken a small farm of a few acres about five miles away. He had married, and had three children—Dick, about ten or eleven ; Ellen, six ; and the youngest, Fanny, between three and four.

It was midwinter, just between Christmas and the new year ; there had been a great fall of snow, which had lain longer and deeper than had been known for years. The old woman, Mrs. Watts, had been out picking up sticks, and was bringing home a large bundle of faggots, tired with her morning's work in the cold snow and mist, beneath dull, grey, leaden skies, which looked as if they would send down more snow before the day was done, and was getting near to the cottage door, when the little dog "Tiny," who always went with her wherever she went, pricked up its ears and barked.

When she came to the porch of the door, there she found her grandson Dick, who said at once—

"Have you seen father, granny?"

"Why?" rejoined the old woman, setting down her load ; "is there anything wrong?"

"I don't know," replied the boy ; "only father went yesterday to Jackson's sale across the heath, and hasn't come back."

"What, didn't your father come back last night, and such a night too?"

"No," said Dick. "Mother's in a terrible bad way ; she do take on. She went over to Jackson's this morning, the first thing, almost afore it was light, and has come back a-saying they heerd nothing about father since he left last night."

"And never found his way home!" exclaimed the old woman, quite alarmed. "I have not seen anything of him for a week nearly. He came across on Christmas Eve, as he always does, and I haven't seen him since. What's your mother done now?"

"She be that fainty and bad she don't know what to do, and some of the neighbours be gone out to look for him."

"She doesn't think any harm's happened to him, does she?"

"Well, she's a bit afeard, for at Jackson's they told her summut about his having had a drop of drink in his inside to keep the cold out—leastways, I heerd her a-telling Tommy Green's mother that—and he would start to come right across the heath by Balder Wood and not keep round by the road."

"He knows the heath better than ary a one or two about here except your grandfer, who has been boy and man on heath and forest for seventy year last fall. But the snow was deep when he started, and it was snowing 'most all night, I think, by the look of it this morning."

"Shall I go now?" asked the boy.

"Nay," said the old woman, "you had better wait till yer grandfer comes in ; and you'd better have a bite to eat meanwhiles like."

The old woodman came in soon after. When he heard the news he said he would go off with Dick and see what could be done. Away the old man and child went, plodding their weary way across the open road of the forest moor. When they reached their destination their worst fears were realised.

The neighbours who had gone out to look for the missing man had found him half way toward his home, but life was quite gone. He had sunk down in the silent snow to pass for ever out of this life.

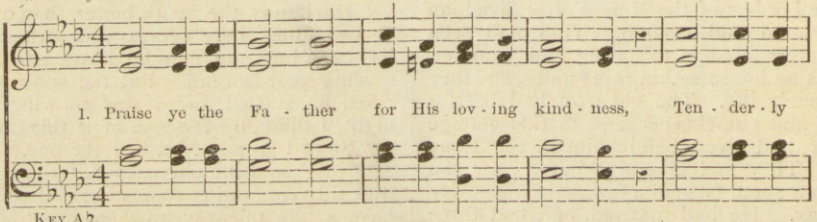
Little could be learned at the inquest. The doctor said it was heart disease, brought on by having taken too much to drink, and sudden contact with the cold ; probably he had not felt well, got giddy, missed his way, and sat down to rest, expecting to feel better, but sleep had overcome him, and the action of the heart had ceased.

It was a solemn close to the old year, and a sad new year for the widow and three fatherless children. Everything on the farm and home went to the hammer, and they had all to go back to the old people and live on at the old cottage. It was a hard lot, but there was nothing else before them save the poorhouse. And when the snows of winter returned, and the frost and mists came, they never forgot that terrible day when the father was brought home dead, slain by the foe which has killed its thousands and tens of thousands.

WHILE the Yuletide log is burning
With an impulse swift and true,
Heart and fancy both are turning,
Fraught with loving thought to you.
We are all too far from meeting
Hand to hand, dear, as of old,
Yet your heart meets mine in greeting,
All unchilled by winter's cold.

PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

Words by MRS. E. CHARLES. *Music by* FRIEDERICH F. FLEMMING, M.D.



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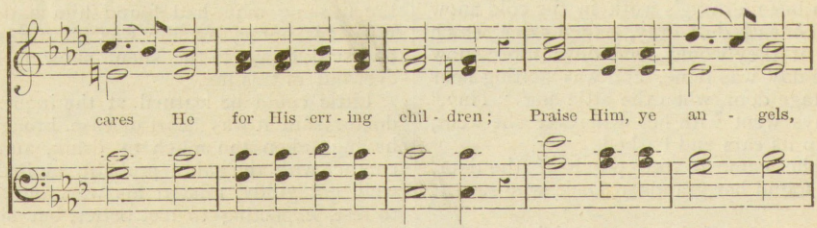

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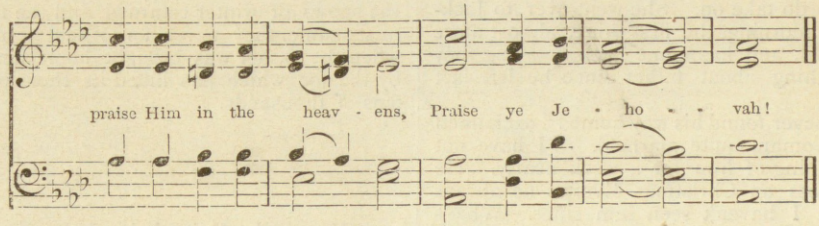

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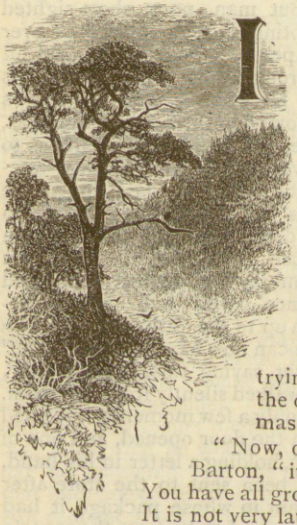
RICH AND POOR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.



IT was Christmas Eve. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and the keen frosty air gave evident signs that winter had set in with unusual severity. Merry bells were pealing forth from distant towers, and sundry bands of youngsters were trying their voices at the old familiar Christmas carols.

"Now, children," said Mr. Barton, "it is Christmas Eve. You have all grown tired of sports. It is not very late yet; the Christmas log is still brightly burning; come, gather round the fire, and I will tell you a story."

"What is it to be?" shouted a chorus of voices.

"It is the story of a discontented man, that I once heard. His name was Willis. He was always complaining and finding fault with Providence. Nothing happened just as he wished. He enjoyed a fair income, the result of industry and skill in his business; but, although all his real wants were supplied, he was far from being satisfied."

"Then I think he must have been a very unreasonable man," said the son, a lad in his fifteenth year.

"Not more unreasonable than many others; nor, perhaps, more unreasonable than we all are sometimes," replied Mr. Barton. "But if I remember rightly, I wrote the story down when I heard it, and if I can find it in my secretaire I will read it to you."

Mr. Barton went to his secretaire, and after searching among his papers for some time, said—

"Yes, here it is." And he brought out a few sheets of paper, from which he read the following story of

THE MAN WHO FOUND FAULT WITH PROVIDENCE.

"I think," said Mr. Benjamin Willis, speaking to a neighbour, "that I am as good as Mr. Jones, and quite as deserving of prosperity as he is. They say that Providence is impartial. But it will be hard to make me believe that. If it be so, why is it that the worst people have generally the most of life's blessings; while those who would do some good in the world with money, if they had it, can scarcely get enough to keep soul and body together?"

"I suppose it is all best as it is," replied the neighbour. "At least, I am willing to believe so. God is too wise to err in regard to His creatures, and too good to be unkind to them. My doctrine is, to do the best you can—to do my duties in life faithfully and earnestly, and let the result come out as it will, satisfied that all will be well."

"I wish I could think and feel so, but I can't," replied Mr. Willis. "It is impossible to make me believe that all that happens is best for me. Do you think it was best for me to lose a thousand dollars last year by a man who cheated me out of that sum?"

"I suppose it was," said the neighbour, "or it wouldn't have happened."

"You can't make me believe that doctrine," returned Mr. Willis, shaking his head. "It was all for the best, too, I suppose, when I fell and broke my leg, and couldn't attend to business for three or four months?"

"No doubt of it. When I get sick, and my business suffers in consequence, or when I meet with losses and disappointments, I say to myself, 'This is permitted for some wise purpose, and I will try and think that it is a blessing in disguise.'"

"It's all very well for you if you can do it, but I can't," replied Mr. Willis. "I don't believe in such blessings in disguise. They are no blessings to me."

"The time may come when you will think differently," said the neighbour.

"I doubt that very much," returned Mr. Willis, and then they parted.

Mr. Jones, to whom allusion was made, had hired a vessel, and sent out a cargo of flour to the West Indies, upon which he had made a large sum of money. At the same time that his vessel sailed Mr. Willis sent one out, also with a cargo of flour, in expectation of getting a handsome return. It so happened that the vessel of Mr. Jones reached its destination four days earlier than that of Mr. Willis, and found the market almost exhausted. Mr. Jones, of course, got a high price. Four vessels, all laden with flour, came in on the next day, and overstocked the market. When the cargo of Mr. Willis arrived, prices had fallen so low that his flour scarcely brought its cost. This was what had worried his mind, and set him to complaining against Providence. He thought himself a great deal better man than Mr. Jones, and felt quite angry with the Great Disposer of events for favouring Mr. Jones and disappointing him in his scheme of profit. "Mr. Jones," said he to himself, "is a selfish, bad man, and does no good at all with

his money, and yet everything he touches is turned into gold? while I, who would make a much better use of riches, if I had them, am permitted barely to make a living. They needn't tell me about a wise and impartial Providence; I don't believe a word of it."

In this state of mind Mr. Willis returned home in the evening. His children ran out to meet him when they saw him coming, but he had no kind words for them. His wife stood at the door to welcome him, but he did not return her pleasant smile. There was a warm fire in the grate, and soon after he came in cheerful lights burned in the family sitting-room. His comfortable chair was moved up to its usual place by one of his children; another brought his slippers; and all seemed rejoiced that he had come home again, and were anxious to show the love that was in their hearts. But all these great blessings, freely given by a good Providence, Mr. Willis did not then feel to be blessings, because he had been disappointed in the adventure he had made with a cargo of flour.

By the time the tea-bell rung, the cold and silent manner of Mr. Willis had caused all of his children to shrink from him. Two of them had taken their books and were reading, and the two youngest had stolen quietly away, and seated themselves at a distance. No cheerful conversation passed around the table at tea-time, for Mr. Willis had nothing to say, and a single glance at his face was enough to check, in the children, all desire to speak.

After tea, Mr. Willis retired, alone, into the parlour, and sat down there to brood over his disappointment and complain against Providence for permitting Mr. Jones to make several thousand dollars profit on his flour, while he made nothing. The more he thought about it the more unhappy he felt, for, in complaining against Providence, he permitted murmuring and complaining spirits to have access to his mind, which they filled with doubt, dissatisfaction, and unhappiness. He had been in this unpleasant state for nearly half an hour when a drowsy feeling came over him. He leaned his head back against the large chair in which he was sitting and closed his eyes. He had been sitting thus, it seemed to him, for only a moment or two, when he heard the door open; on looking around an old man whom he had never seen before was standing in the room. His face had a serene and benevolent look. He approached Mr. Willis, and taking a chair that was near him, said, in a low voice, while he looked earnestly at him—"God is good."

The words and tones of the old man thrilled through the heart of Mr. Willis. He tried to speak, but his tongue refused to do its usual office.

"God is good," resumed the old man. "He is good to all, and kind even to the complaining and unthankful. His tender mercies are over all His works. But man, poor, short-sighted man, is ever doubting His goodness—is ever seeing His gifts dispensed with a partial, instead of a wise and generous hand. Your complaints have been heard. He who, because He knows what is in man, knows what is best for him, has, thus far in your life, so disposed all events as to make them subserve the best and highest interest of your immortal soul. He gave you all the good things of this life that it was possible to give you, without doing your spiritual part an injury. But, because He would not curse you with wealth, you murmured against Him, and called His providence partial and unjust. Behold, you are given up to the desires of your own heart. Money you can now have in abundance."

The old man, after saying this, arose slowly, and turning away, walked silently from the room. He had been gone only a few moments, it seemed to Mr. Willis, when the door opened, and one of his clerks walked in, holding a letter in his hand, which he said had been sent to the store after he left by a merchant in whose package it had come. The letter proved to be from the captain of the vessel in which his flour had been shipped. It stated that he had refused to sell at the price he had agreed to take, as mentioned in a former letter, and had sailed for a neighbouring island, where he obtained a very handsome price for the whole cargo. This made the profit of the voyage just four thousand dollars to Mr. Willis, who was now as much elated as he was before depressed. The singular visit of the old man was at once forgotten, in the gladness of mind that followed this unexpected intelligence.

From this period the life of Mr. Willis seemed to be one whirl of excitement. There appeared little or no intervening space between the time of his reception of this letter and the morning—nor between his parlour and his counting-room. He next found himself at his desk, busy with schemes for making money. Another adventure was planned, and executed in great haste. It was even more successful than the first. Business increased at every point, and all his operations were profitable. Money flowed into him rapidly from almost every quarter. In his eagerness for gain, he scarcely allowed himself sufficient time to eat or sleep. He took no pleasure in his family; the old evening home-circle was broken up. He had no time to indulge in pleasures of this kind. The consequence was that his children, as they grew up, felt but few attractions at home, and wandered away.

Before these prosperous times came Mr. Willis used to go regularly with his family to church every Sabbath; but he had no inclination to attend public worship now. It was irksome to

him. He would much rather stay at home and think over his plans and business for the coming week.

Years went by with the almost speed of days. His children grew up and passed from under his care. One son had become dissipated, another fell into dishonest practices, and his oldest daughter was married to a man whose unkindness and evil courses were breaking her heart. These things began to disturb seriously the mind of Mr. Willis. Eager as he was for more money, and successful as were all his efforts to attain it, he could not be indifferent to these sad consequences of his neglect of his children.

One day there was presented to Mr. Willis the opportunity of making a very large sum of money, provided he would enter into a scheme that must certainly result in serious loss and injury to others. The only thing that made him hesitate about entering into this scheme was the fear that his reputation might suffer. He thought nothing of what his neighbours might lose, nor of the spiritual injury that he would himself sustain. All day he pondered over the golden opportunity that had presented itself, and in the evening he still thought about it, while sitting alone, as he was now accustomed to do, in the parlour, musing on plans for getting more gain. Every argument for and against the scheme was carefully weighed, and at length it was deliberately settled in his mind that he would enter into it, and risk all danger of suffering in the good opinion of others.

While contemplating, in a pleasant mood, the rich return he would get from this new mode of acquiring wealth, he was disturbed by the entrance of some one, and looking up, he saw the venerable old man who had visited him, in the same place, years before. His countenance was mild, as then; but upon it rested a severe expression. He advanced close to Mr. Willis, and stood looking at him for some time in silence. At length he said:

"You have had your wish."

A tremor and a fear seized upon the heart of Mr. Willis.

"God has given you over," continued the old man, "to your own evil lusts. Wisely He withheld from you that which He knew would prove to be your ruin and the ruin of your children; but you complained against Him. With a pleasant home, innocent children, and all things needful for bodily comfort and worldly well-being, you were not satisfied. You envied your neighbours the goods they possessed and made yourself miserable because you were not as rich as they were; and now, in your eager pursuit of wealth, you are about doing a great wrong—you are about robbing, in fact, your neighbour of what is rightfully his. Will this make you happy? No! only the wise and good are happy. A conscience stained with evil is no pleasant companion. Are you a better man for the wealth you have been permitted to accumulate? No; you are a worse man, and your eternal condition will be a hundred-fold more miserable. And how is it with your children—the precious jewels given into your care by God? What account of them are you prepared to render?"

At these words the mind of Mr. Willis was filled with anguish.

"Come," said the strange monitor, and he moved toward the door. An impulse that he could not resist caused Mr. Willis to follow him. As he stepped into the hall he started at the sight of one of his sons lying in deep intoxication upon the floor.

"There is one of these precious jewels," said the old man, sternly. "His ruin is the price you paid for gold—but come!"

The unhappy father moved on after the mysterious old man, who passed into the street and walked rapidly along for a considerable distance, until he reached the court-house, where he entered. At the bar stood the oldest son of Mr. Willis, arraigned for forging the signature of his employer to a cheque and drawing the money. The trial, it seemed, had drawn to a close, the jury had brought in their verdict of guilty, and the judge was pronouncing sentence upon the trembling culprit—a sentence of imprisonment for many long years.

"While you were in the eager pursuit of wealth," said the old man, as the officer took the criminal in charge and bore him away, "you scarcely thought or cared for your children. This son, inheriting from you a desire to possess what was not his own, was never taught the evil of theft, and led, with all possible diligence, into the practice of honesty, in little as well as great things. No, you had not time to think about or care for him. The getting of money was of far more consequence than the spiritual health of your children. But come!"

The old man turned from the court-room, and the wretched father followed him. In a little while they entered a house and went up into one of the chambers. A low cry of fear and pain fell upon his ear as he reached the door of this chamber. As he entered he saw the husband of his unhappy daughter Jane, with a face like that of a madman, raising a billet of wood with which to strike her. The blow, if it fell, he was conscious must deprive her of life. Instantly he felt paralyzed in every limb. The missile hung suspended in air over the unprotected head of his child, but he could not move a step for her defence; nor could he even cry out. For a moment or two there was a wild struggle in his

bosom ; then his senses reeled and he felt like a man falling through space. Suddenly all was changed, and he was sitting alone in his parlour, with his head resting against the back of the large cushioned chair in which he had seated himself. Starting up, he stood for some moments on the floor, striving to collect his scattered senses. These were not fully restored until he heard the voice of his little daughter Jane at the door, calling his name and asking him to let her in.

"Thank God that it is all, all a dream," he then said, drawing a long breath.

"And was it, then, only a dream, father?" eagerly asked Henry Barton. "Didn't Mr. Willis get rich?"

"No, Henry, he didn't get rich. And all this was only a dream," replied the father.

"Wasn't it strange that he should have just such a dream as that?" said William. "It seems as if it were sent to him from heaven, to make him see how wrong it was to find fault with Providence."

"No doubt it came by the permission of that very wise and good Providence against which he was ever complaining, and for the very purpose you suppose," replied Mr. Barton.

"And do you think, father," inquired Mary, "that if Mr. Willis had been permitted to get rich, that he would have acted just as the dream made him act?"

"That I cannot tell, my daughter. But as he couldn't get rich, although he tried very hard to accumulate money, I am very sure that there was something in him that would have caused riches to have injured him very seriously."

"Spiritually, you mean, father?"

"Of course I do. Always when we think of the operations of Divine Providence towards us, we should bear in mind that they, in every case, regard, as I have before told you, eternal ends."

"I will try and not forget that as long as I live," said Mary. "Often things do not happen just as I could wish them happen, and then I am very apt to feel fretted, and wish that it were different. But this, I see, is very wrong."

"It certainly is, Mary. In everything, little and great, that happens in our whole lives, the Lord is present in His Divine Providence, overruling all for good. Our disappointments, our losses, and our crosses, are all permitted for our spiritual good. And if we will but bear this in mind as we travel on through our journey of life, we will be happier and better men and women than would otherwise be the case."

"And all this is perfectly true, as well with the richest as with the poorest," remarked William.

"Yes, my son. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and He could give bountifully to all. But it would do very many more harm, spiritually, than good, to receive liberally of these benefits, and therefore all don't receive them alike. It is no respect for persons that causes the Lord to make some rich and some poor; but it comes of His infinite love to all, and His effort to save all from the evils and corruptions of their own hearts. The Lord not only seeks to save all in Heaven, but if men would let Him, He would save them even into Himself. This being so, you can easily see how everything in the Lord's Providence must have reference to man's salvation."

The children listened to their father with great attention. They all looked more serious than usual, but still they felt a deep quiet in their hearts ; and there was peace there, and a feeling of confidence in the Lord that He would order every event of their future lives for the best.

FANCIES.

WHILE the Christmas moon is shining
On the white untrodden snow—
There comes back to me a fancy
Of my childhood—long ago—
When I used to think the angels,
Down some mellow golden track
Of the sunbeams on the water,
On each Christmas night came back.
'Tis not all a childish fancy,
Though we see them not they come—
Lovingly to cheer, and guard us,
On our weary journey home.—H. M. B.

THE NEW YEAR.

THEY say that the year is old and grey,
That his eyes are dim with sorrow ;
But what care we, though he pass away?
For the New Year comes to-morrow.
No sighs have we for the roses fled,
No tears for the vanished summer ;
Fresh flowers will spring where the old are dead,
To welcome the glad new-comer.

He brings us a gift from the beautiful land
We see in our rosy dreaming,
Where the wonderful castles of Fancy stand
In magical sunshine gleaming.
Then sing, young hearts that are full of cheer,
With never a thought of sorrow ;
The Old goes out, but the glad Young Year
Comes merrily in to-morrow.

MRS. E. HUNTINGTON MILLER.

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137 Mrs. Brown's Valentine Lesson ..... 2 males and 3 females.
90 Mysterious Stranger, The ....3 males
34 National Beverage, A .....2 males
139 Old Offender, An ..... 4 males
107 On the losing side..... 3 males
97 Only Two Sides .....7 Males
102 "Our Band of Hope" ..... 3 Males
93 Out of the World..... 2 males

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131 Over the Line ..5 Males and 1 Female
64 Pillars of Drunkenness, The ..4 males
12 Policy of Licence, The .....3 males
133 Pot-house Politicians ....5 males & 5 fe
114 Power of Example, The .....4Males.
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132 Professor Gregory's Academy..9 males
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140 Why they failed ..... 5 males
50 Widow's Mistake, The.1 male & 1 female
144 Wine, a Mocker .....3 females
130 Women's Rights—4 males & 2 females
17 Worth Makes the Man 3males
14 Youthful Debaters..3 males & 2females

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1 Sing, speak, work and pray; Scatter smiles; Out on the mire; The mountain rill; The cooling spring; Work for the night is coming.

2 Marching home; No one cares for me; Who will go for father now? (Solo and chorus): Truth shall be victorious; Let us sing in praise of water.

3 Nottingham, C.M.; Love at home; Let it pass; Right over wrong; The bubbling spring; The bluebird's Temperance song.

4 Pledged in a noble cause; The children are gathering; See our ranks; Sunday School Volunteer song; Have they brought our Nellie back? (solo and chorus).

5 Drink water; Sound the battle cry; The young abstainer; Father's a drunkard (solo and chorus); The father reclaimed; The evening bell.

6 The conquering band; Glorious News; The Temperance rallying song; The sister's appeal (solo and chorus); The mill by the rivulet; National Anthem.

7 The beacon light!" Temperance boys and girls; The true teetotaler: (words by the Rev. Chas. Garret): My native land; Yield not to temptation.

8 Warrington, L.M.; Sign to-night; Pic-nicGlee; Sweetly come those strains; Temperance battle song; Arouse, ye patriot band (solo and chorus).

9 Houghton, 11's; O Come and join; Sleighing Song; Work and win; Laughing Chorus; All alone.

10 A song for little girls; The footsteps on the stairs; I wonder why he comes not home (solo and chorus); Look not upon the wine; Love shall be the conqueror (solo and chorus); The crystal fountain.

11 Anniversary Hymn; The social glass; Learn to say no; Merrily o'er the waves; Here in the dawn.

12 No; Your Mission; Ye noble hearts of England; Dare to be true; Onward, Onward John Alcohol.

13 Leoni,P.M.; Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, (anthem): The Temperance ship; Mabel (solo and chorus); Stand to your arms; They say there is an echo here.

14 Vote it out; Work and Pray; King Alcohol (tune, "Dame Durden"); Drink not thy dear life away (solo and chorus); Water pure for me; Wilton, L.M.

15 Welcome, brothers, 7's; The revellers' chorus; A glorious day is breaking; Rock me to sleep, mother; Go, child, and beg (solo and chorus); We the undersigned.

16 March of the temperance army; Farmer's song; Battle cry of temperance; I want to do right; Simeon.

17 Exercise bone and muscle; O hasten from; Fill the ranks; The Three millions; Hold the fort

18 Steal away to Jesus; Call John; The bells.

19 Water give to me; Men for the times; I have been rambling; Merrily all our voices; Clap, Clap, Hurrah; Because he loved me so.

20 Shall e'er cold water be forgot; O praise the Lord (anthem); Melcombe, L.M.; Follow your leader.

21 Light-hearted are we; The contest; Escape from the city; Whistling Farmer Boy.

22 The flowing spring; Good night; Autumn winds; Old Hundredth, L.M.; The sea.

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We mourn the ruin; O praise the Lord all ye nations (anthem); The Temperance life-boat; Swell high the joyful chorus; Men of Britain.

4 Merry mill wheel; March and sing; I have wandered through the Meadows (solo with vocal accompaniment); Stand by the flag.

25 To the tap of the drum; Long, long ago; Renounce the cup (solo and chorus); Excelsior.

26 Brave Sir Wilfrid; We'll rally around our standard; Guard the Bible; Where have you gleaned; The fire brigade.

27 Hail, to the Lord's anointed; Hark, the temperance trumpet; Round the spring; Dear fatherland; Rescue the perishing.

28 Temperance is our theme; The deadly Upas tree; The Brooklet; Meet me at the fountain; Hear the call; Lift him up.

29 Look not upon the wine; Dash it down; Beautiful spring; Safe and strong; The gushing rill.

30 The Temperance banner; Merry farmer's boy; Cry out and shout (anthem).

31 The winning side may laugh; Silently the shades of evening; May morning; Praise ye the Lord (anthem).

32 Before the brewers; I have seen the gilded palace (solo and chorus); Star of peace; Down where the Bluebells grow.

33 Hallelujah, marching on; Father, won't you try? (solo and chorus); No surrender; Drink from Crystal Fountain.

34 Don't fret; Day is dying; The world is moving on (solo and chorus); Stand, firmly stand; The open air.

35 Hold fast; The children; Victory! victory; God made all nature free; Winter Glee.

36 Gentle words; Open the door for the children; The Herdboy's song; Freedom's land.

37 In the Olden Time; Lift up the Temperance Banner; Shun the tempting snare; Fatherland.

38 Save the Boy (solo and chorus); Answer them, No!; Praise Him (Harvest Anthem.)

39 Poor Thomas Brown; Ringing Cheerily; The Skylark's song.

40 A Foe in the Land; Lead on the cause; The Temperance Army; It pays the best.

41 Song of the Gipsies; Where is my boy to-night?; Come silent evening.

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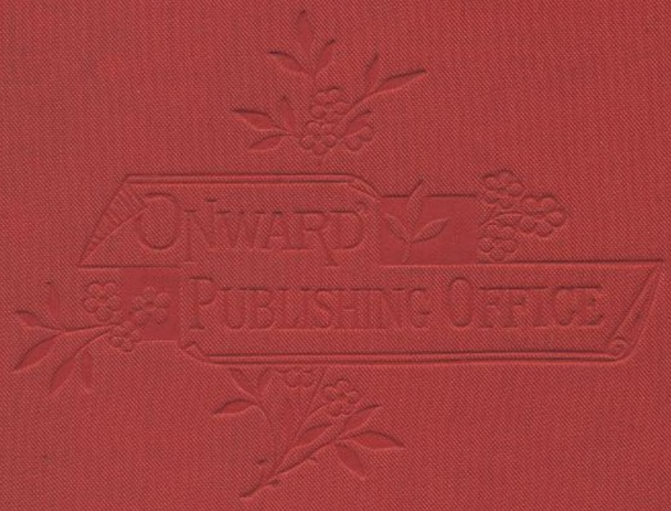
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